

Grand Master
Ruth Luff (Luffly)

Joint Masters
Dave Sykes (Scrotey)

Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)

Scribe Master
Mick Peach (Dildo Baggins)

Hasherdabber
Jack Southward (Penny Farting)

Hash Horn
Lee Renshaw (Hornblower)



Chamber Pots
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Judith Nash (Gnasher)

On Sec
Jane Colwill (Plain Jane)

Hash Cash
John McGurk (Nipple Deep)

Hare Master
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)

Hash Flash
Ann Marcer (K2)

Cross Dresser
Stirling Way (Spike)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville

Hereditary Pee'ers

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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Next Run No: A big number

Date: 18th February 2013

Start: Heathfield Down GR 602602

On Down: Cornwood Inn

Hares: Arguilles and Aimless

Literate Limerick

The hash has one or two nerds,
Who are history buffs, so I've heard.
But at all those run starts
In those Devon car parks

They never found Richard the Turd!

Well, there I was last Monday, glued to the internet on my day off, while Dildo Baggins and Scrotey were out laying the hash with expert precision, trying to ensure that you were all thrilled by the danger of crossing the dam at the last possible moment before the waters tumbled over and swept you away like that scene in Lord of the Rings. Waiting with much anticipation for the RIII press conference, I had a hunch that the old skeleton that they had dug up before Christmas was our last Plantagenet king, identified from battle wounds and shock horror, a hump to boot....hmmm something tells me that maybe you don't give a shit about Dick the Shit , but more of that later.

So on to the items of real interest for you young and careless folk; the run, the pub and the hash hush. The hash was, of course, brilliant – carefully laid and hared by our little hobbyist friend and his mate. Things started off in the usual fashion with P60 asking if it was ok to park on the dam slipway, Biff anxiously eyeing the water levels and the GM marching around the car park (no mysterious R letters painted on the tarmac at Lopwell, alas) shouting 'I need Dildo!' in a voice that we dare not gainsay. Dildo was duly produced, fortunately.

I am finding myself nearer and nearer the rear of the longs these days. You can't get away forever with a slothful regime of reading story books by a blazing fire eating lots of chocolate under a blanket of pussies. Pony will no doubt be nipping at my

heels before long, as the days lengthen and thoughts turn to days in the hills. Being at the back though, means that I can appreciate the historical sights along the trail (great mine, chaps!) and chat to Ernie and Krakow, the latter a little sore from a long, hard, wet Open Adventure with Whinge at the weekend. Aimless was on the same adventure and it seems that trying to make up for lost time, he recorded the fastest transition. (For all you ignorant souls, that's the change over from the wet to the hard.) For a moment, it seemed that the hash had gone perfectly, but as I returned to the bucket all was consternation. K2 was checking in, but nobody could get changed because Dildo had run off with the keys in his pocket. No matter-Mayhem used all her special car crime skills to break into the Baggins shagginwagon and save the day.

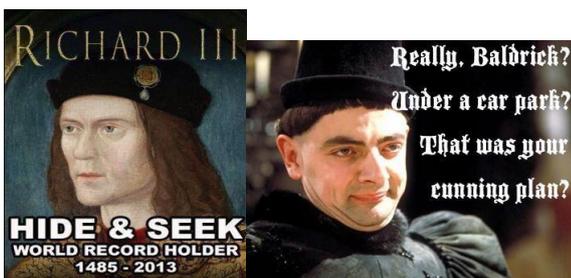
Sir Slosh has been practising his knightly duties by rescuing a fair maiden who would otherwise have been condemned to a lonely evening 'like patience on a monument, smiling at grief.' He grasped the hand of the lady, and guided her back along the narrow shard of rock over the great void, telling her not to look at the surging torrent below. He smiled coyly when praised for his gallantry. 'It was nothing, really', he demurred. 'My torch ran out so I was left behind and needed to run around the back of the car park a bit to keep warm.' Cue clunking sound as hash hero falls off his pedestal.

Back at the Drake Manor it was Down Down Dildo! as Luffly gently chastised him for not photocopying his hash mag back to back (the TVH3 eco police, headed up by Uncle, had taken a dim view of this) as some of the more discerning hashers eyed their burgers, and even their cheesy chips, with more than the usual suspicion. Prat in the Hat was heard asking the question 'what hash name wouldn't you want?' (remember Syphilis?) and Knob(!) complained that Hob Nob hadn't been sufficiently grateful that his old dad had gone all the way home to retrieve his forgotten shoes. Grandpa is happy to visit Treyarnon Bay now he has heard that the hash weekend is cancelled and he won't have to slum it in a youth hostel.

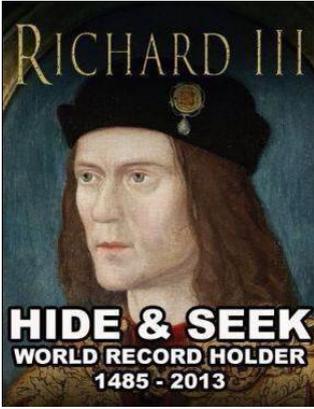
Meanwhile, I was trying to convince Slush (he has forfeited his right to the Sir bit) that the identification of the Body in the Car Park was really a momentous and historically significant event. With the absence of my erudite friend Luscious, Arguilles in a far corner and even Ram Raider occupied, talking about 'The only way is Swansea', here I was ploughing much stonier ground, and I was taken aback by Slushy's curt dismissal. 'What does it matter?' he barked, fixing me with a challenging stare as he devoured his horsey lasagne. Shame on you, Slush and to think Radio 4 is his station of choice, too.

Aye, reader, forsooth it seemeth that our minds are fixed upon present cares, such as the problem of the spare monies, found by the good men and women of the committee under the Nippledeep, with little time for those great mysteries of yesteryear.

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Hares:

