

Grand Master
Mo Rujak (On all Fours)
Joint Masters
David Sykes (Scrotum)
Ruth Thornton (Luffly)
Scribe Master
Judith Nash (Gnashers)
Hasherdabber
I.P.Knightly (Rusty Spring)
Hash Horn
John McGurk (Nipple Deep)



Chamber Pots
Sarah Jones (Pony)
Vinnie Jones (Hacker)
On Sec
Kate Royston (Uncle)
Hash Cash
Mark Carney (Guv'nr)
Hare Master
Basil Hare (Stag)
Hash Flash
Peter Argles (Arguilles)

Life Pee'ers
Angus Colville (Agnes) Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)
Hereditary Pee'ers
Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan) Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

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Next Run No: 1864
Date: 18/04/2016
Start: Wheal Josiah chimney
On Down: The Blacksmith's Arms (Lamerton)
Hares: Well Laid & the New GM

Scribe: Ask the new Scribe master?

Above you will find
That all but one
Are only there
For a bit of fun.

AGM 2016



The time has come for Captain Well Laid to walk his own plank and make way for a new GM.

Alas I was unable to participate in the choosing of the new committee, (due to an engagement at Center Parcs), but am confident that it includes some truly inspired choices.

I would like to thank the members of the outgoing committee for their support, especially Well Laid and Racey who unfortunately didn't find the time to write a Hash Mag, everyone else did!

It is I fear also time for me to relinquish the most sought after and coveted title of Scribe Master, I leave the post confident that all those who have failed to write a Hash Mag this year or indeed any other year for that matter will be queuing up to offer their services to my successor.

Indeed I shall take this opportunity to offer my successor some hopefully handy hints. Firstly, it is not necessary to write a Hash Mag yourself, all you need to do is to arrange for a Hash Mag to be available each and every Monday. This involves persuading one's fellow hashers to participate; alas you will encounter quite a few "I don't do Hash Mag's", it is most important not to get irritated by this thoughtlessly selfish attitude, alas some people just cannot help themselves.

Secondly you will encounter the excuses, some of which are really quite inventive if somewhat baffling, here are a couple of examples;

When asked Windy always responds with "I do shoes", initially I thought this was an engaging appeal for a new hash name, until eventually discovering that it had something to do with spraying trainers. I freely confess that to this day I have been unable to ascertain as to exactly what this has to do with writing or in Windy's case never writing a hash mag. Now I move on to the hashers who will go to any expense to avoid writing a hash mag. Sturmeroid having initially agreed, then as the due day approached and presumably in a fit of panic, goes and books a three week holiday in the Lakes. He without a doubt wins this years Pikers prize for renegeing on an agreement. Lastly but never least there is poor Gnashers, the ravages of advancing years have left their mark, not content with leakage and other indignities they have been robbing her other faculties, as when asked to do a hash mag, her frail response was "I cant write".

The above examples are luckily just a small example of the wealth of untapped scribing talent that has yet to be exploited, I ask when did we last read a Glanni mag or for that matter a Grandpa mag, indeed when have we ever read a Scrotey mag, or one originating from the pen of Pist 'n' Broke or Mayhem for that matter.

Whoever you might be, you have this extraordinary wealth of under used talent on which to draw. I feel that we can all look forward to a year of new and exciting hash mags from some unfamiliar scribes.

Moving on to last weeks Hash, and what a fantastic turnout it was too, several fair weather hashers emerged from hibernation, also a joy that the light nights have returned, only tempered by being able to see just how butt ugly some of us really are. I feel that we owe a huge vote of thanks to Nipple Deep and Lost Norris. Not only did Nipple Deep arise from his sick bed in order to fulfil his duty, between them they created an excellent hash in a beautiful and different location. The weather co

operated which was more than can be said for Harry Hayseed, who with impeccable timing of almost military precision, decided to proceed down a single tracked road against an advancing column of cars, causing some confusion which was not helped by an abandoned BMW just outside the entrance to the car park, indeed it was the self same vehicle that is often abandoned in the vicinity of hashes.

Mayhem was overheard asking Aimless to assist her with dogging, I assume that Aimless was able to satisfy her request, if not the second car park on the right off the road leading to Clearbrook from Roborough Common after 11pm on a Friday evening should render further questions superfluous.

It was so gratifying to see Gnashers and Cheddar finishing the hash together, just one of those feel good moments observing two elderly hashers enjoying each others company.

Once again the venue for the On Down was the Fox Tor café, who valiantly managed to serve all of us be it with a bit of a wait at times. Alas a case of repetitive whining about the slow service was brought to my attention, the culprit Cannon Fodder, who else!

On the good news front, well good news if you ordered a T shirt last year or before; they had arrived at last, well done to Racey on such a prompt turn around.

I have often wondered about the Hash naming conventions and the origins thereof. Perhaps this little tale from North America sheds some light on the matter.

A Native American brave was curious as to how he had received his name. So he went to speak to his father, the chieftain of the tribe.

"Father," he asked, "how is it that I acquired my name.

The noble chieftain began a long narrative for his youngest son.

"Well, my son, I named you and both of your brothers for an event which occurred on the day each of you were born. For example, the day your eldest brother was born, I saw a deer running swiftly through the forest, so I named him Deer Running Swiftly.

"Likewise, when your middle brother was born, the rain was pouring hard outside of the wigwam, so I named him Rain Pouring Hard.

"Why do you ask, Two Dogs Fu**ing?"

Finally my thanks to all those who have written a Hash mag this last 13 months, without you there wouldn't be one. I am sure you will give full your full support to the new Scribe Master whoever she (or he) might be.

Just 73 days till the nights start drawing in again!!