

Grand Master

Diann Davis (Can't Remember)

Joint Masters

Sarah Cohen (Fergie)

Treeve Gillan (Bin Liner)

Scribe Master

Bill Stacey-Norris (Lost)

Hasherdabber

Mark Preston (Scupper Sucker)

Hash Horn

Sam Sparks (Erectus)

**Chamber Pots**

Bruce Trower (Ernie)

Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)

On Sec

Tricia McGurk (Posh Pinny)

Hash Cash

Roger Smyly (Cabin Boy)

Hare Master

Sarah Jones (Pony)

Hash Flash

Shelley Davis (Last Minute)

Life Pee'er

Angus Colville

Hereditary Pee'ers

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

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Next Run No: 1789**Date: August 18th 2014****Start: Cox Tor Car Park****On Down: Whitchurch Inn****Hares: Bat and Sturmeroid****If the hat fits.....**

We all need to thank Fergie for a beautiful and picturesque run that could have only been set by an outstanding committee member. Many hashers delighted in the gentle slopes, the meandering trail and the superbly placed flour. What a star you are Fergie, a truly all round good egg! Despite all her best efforts though Grandpa and Glani did their usual shortcutting just back in time to meet Cannon Fodder and Russ Abbott who were so late they were only just setting off! Luffly got back but turned round and went straight back out on the trail again, apparently she lost her phone whilst weeing in the wild. Pimp told her she should stop keeping it in her knickers, it's the vibration she craves Pimp! Scupper Sucker, obviously jealous of Pimp's recent Italian trip was sporting a snazzy little Armani leg support just off the calf; I think he's trying to be a trendsetter.

Meanwhile back in the pub:

I did my usual "let's not mess about walking when you can head straight to the bar" and prepared myself for the gruelling evening ahead planning both the Hash Hush and scribing. This is because yet another brilliant and outstanding committee member – Lost - somehow conned me into being the scribe by some sort of sleight of hand or maybe hypnosis. I feel I should offer praise to other committee members doing a marvellous job, Posh Pinny for example who managed to send me to Tavistock to the bank that wasn't open on a Saturday morning or Ernie who manages to keep me amused with his tall tales of fastest erection yet! (He means his tent of course but don't let that stop you congratulating him for a 40 minute record!) I had a rather confusing conversation with Glani about urticaria, or nettle rash to you and me; he said Roman women used to beat

their men about their privates with nettles as they hadn't invented Viagra yet! Honestly what did the Romans do for us? Apart from the roads, the drains.....and apparently fairly deviant sexual behaviour. Where does Glani research this stuff?

Nipple Deep was sporting a nifty new hair style, all I can say is he wouldn't look out of place in Princetown. Mind you I may have to consider growing my hair a bit longer or getting some chicken fillets for my bra as the barmaid called me sir!! How very dare she! Perhaps it's just the Mary Tavy gender confusion due to being a bit remote from the rest of civilisation and I definitely heard the faint strumming of duelling banjos! Being so unsophisticated she also couldn't help Pimp who, suffering from withdrawal symptoms from his Italian hols, tried ordering a cocktail made of Campari and Prosecco, aka cough mixture.

Hash Hush:

At the sound of the horn everyone gathered round flushed with excitement in anticipation of one of my ever so slightly exceptional Hash Hushes plus the thrill of what hat will it be tonight? It actually was a rather fetching tartan tam'o shanter, complete with orange fringe at the back, to acknowledge the success of the Commonwealth Games. I declared the run "good" and gave it a score of 8/10 and Biff supplied the techno data that 560 calories had been burned per hasher. You've all done very well. I welcomed 2 visitors from Lewes, Sussex who knew nothing about hashing but have a pretty good idea now to give it a very wide berth. We droned Happy Birthday to Ernie who just about wore the superb new Birthday hat recently introduced by yours truly and Luffly was awarded my equally lovely Duck Head for weeing on her phone!

Events:

Pony, yet another exceptionally brilliant committee member, is organising a Camping Weekend in September. You need to tell her as soon as you see her if you want to go. She'll be back on 18th August. Details as follows:

Date: September 12th – 14th at West Luccombe, Porlock, Exmoor

Cost: £15 for one tent, one car, 2 people per night, flat pitches in a sheltered valley

Opportunities for walking and cycling in the area and shops, pubs etc. in Porlock just 20 minutes' walk away, even I can manage that!

To find out more go to the web site <http://www.burrowhayes.co.uk/index.htm>

I don't know if Pony is planning anything for Saturday evening but I'm sure Hurricane and I can help her, know what I mean nudge, nudge, wink, wink!! Haven't been in Ann Summers for ages.

And finally.....

As it is my special birthday coming up any day soon, Hurricane arranged a special evening for me with a male stripper. Well I nearly had a stroke, but I couldn't quite reach!

ON ON