

Grand Master
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)
Joint Masters
Matt Hampe (Chopper)
Bob Westlake (Grandpa)
Scribe Master
Henry Thornton (Turd)
Hasherdabber
Tracy Windemer (Racey)
Hash Horn
Anna Luff (Hot Socks)



Chamber Pots
Peter Argles (Arguilles)
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)
On Sec
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)
Hash Cash
Hayley Sampson (H)
Hare Master
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)
Hash Flash
Steve Andrews (Russ Abbot)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville
Hereditary Pee'ers
Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville
Hereditary Pee'ers
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

Next Run No: 1834
Date: 21/9/2015
Start: Whitchurch Inn
On Down: Whitchurch Inn
Hares: Sister Sludge and Cabin Boy

A phenomenon occurred at Grenofen Bridge this week. The hash, even the wimps and tarts, returned within the hour...on a Slush run. No tunnels, no mountain bike trails, no river swims - oh no there was one! We must have missed a loop but luckily for Slush newbie Shiny and virgin Claire found it and eventually returned once we were at the pub (café?) 2 beers in! However, some traditions must be upheld and losing or maiming someone at Grenofen has ingrained itself in hashing folklore, Hattie, Streaky, Dulcie, Ramraider, Wobbly Knob, Hot Rocks, etc.

Many a hasher was caught out when darkness descended. As we returned through a labyrinth of low branches and tree roots, head torches were definitely needed! Poor Krackow ran at such speed into a fallen log that after smashing it to pieces with both his knees, he returned home without even coming to the pub. We have reports that "it really hurts"! Third timer Carol (or third verse as Wobbly likes to say), having only recently been informed to bring spare clothes managed to bring her torch. Unfortunately, the zip stuck – there's always next week!

We had a lovely hash which was elegantly described as "hills, hills, downhill". We went through the only bogs to be found in the woods, managed a river crossing and even climbed up onto the moors. Something amazing was observed here by Anal Weiss and Clever Dickie of the warm and cold air which apparently changed at every step – maybe they were just running behind Glanni.

A new virgin appeared this week from TVH3, but don't be fooled! Tight Arse comes from the foreign and inferior TVH3, Teign valley. On news of other hashes, we were all thrilled to find out that Drake were kicked out of the Dartmoor Inn. I'm not quite sure how 4 runners can cause such a stir. We also had virgin Orlando who wore an appropriately rude top to run in, much in line of those worn by our more senior members. Clever Dickie and I also managed to coerce him into a swim in the river – very pleasant, if only knee deep.

Our latest plank of the week is Chopper who decided a great weekend pastime would be to do a 50 mile ultramarathon. Having googled the event it seems even more plankish with a 5am start and 2000m ascent, Chopper certainly is plank. Well done on coming third though! Also in the shout, we learnt that our GMs are having a reunion – I don't know when, I've never even been on the committee. Slush is already genetically modified and is hoping to pass on the new edition of GM technology to the exclusive club. You never know, it might speed them up!

We had a lovely rendition of happy birthday for Wun Hung Lo who has reached the ripe old age of 70. However, that hasn't stopped him running at the front of the longs and putting us young'uns to shame!

We have an exclusive report from Gannet that Dildo Baggins was very tired after going on the trail bike with Slush. Apparently he was knackered and had a sore arse... oh dear.

Now, I know you have all been wondering for many years – why do glaciers glow in the dark? Luckily, Hot Socks and Lauren had this question answered for us. According to Embarrister, it's all down to the penguin poo.

What's a horny pirate's worst nightmare?
A sunken chest with no booty!

Why do seagulls fly over the sea?
Because if they flew over the bay they would be bagels!

As I depart to Wales I leave you with this:
I used to go out with a Welsh girl who had 36DDs. It was a ridiculously long name.

On On!
Knob Lass

Ex GMs Reunion – Thursday 29th October, 7.00pm - 7.30pm at the Dartmoor Inn, Lydford. Set menu at £20.00 per head – cash payment, plus any dietary requirements, to Underlay by Monday 19th October.