

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
Sarah Jones (Pony)
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)
On Sec
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)
Hash Cash
Hayley Sampson (H)
Hare Master
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)
Hash Flash
Steve Davis (Hurricane)

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

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

Next Run No: 1847
Date: 21 December 2015
Start: Norsworthy Bridge
On Down: Burrator Inn, Dousland
Hares: Pony and Von Trapp
Scribe: Hob Knob

On yet another filthy night, we assembled in Scrubtor car park. Despite the evil weather, Tight Arse was living up to his name, saving his petrol money by cycling to the hash, on to the pub, and then back home. Uncle had actually walked to the hash, though scandalously she also admitted to having checked out the route in advance whilst walking her dog earlier in the day. Gnashers and Tampax arrived, took one look out of the window, and decided to head straight for the pub. Hard to argue really.

The rest of us hardier souls (the few left that were not hares) gathered to listen to (or lipread) our illustrious leader as he delivered a comprehensive, detailed and informative hash hush that consisted of 6 words: "Shorts that way, longs that way."

Off we headed into the woods, up and down and down and up, avoiding the usual hazards such as mine shafts, ditches and wires. Pist'n'broke managed to go flying, landing in a crumpled heap, but picked himself up and bravely soldiered on. For the second week running, On the Khazi managed to overtake another hasher as he slid down a hill on his arse. But best tumbler goes to Barney, who fell flat on his face in a bog – he blamed the GM/hare for distracting him.

We eventually arrived back at the car park, whereupon Glani delivered his verdict: "Really enjoyable, but a bit roady." Our husk of at least 5 hares had done a great job, a really good run, sorry hash.

Well Laid was still recovering from having witnessed a rare phenomenon – a full moon in the middle of the day. It turns out that whilst setting the run, sorry hash,

he rounded a corner only to be confronted with Racey's bare buttocks, having just attended to a call of nature! That's the story he breathlessly gave me anyway.

Having made it to the pub, I would have liked to report in detail on our leader's finely crafted weekly sermon, but such was the throng that I could not get close enough to hear more than a few snippets. One amusing moment was when the GM accused scribe Slush of having got the next hash details wrong on the hash mag. Slush was at the bar grinning smugly and waving a big pile of hash mags with the correct details on – our poor GM didn't have a hope, 'twas a trap methinks!

I did manage glean a note for your diaries – the big hash bash will be themed "Cap'n Well Laid's Caribbean Capers", and will be on 27 February at Lamerton Village Hall – more details to follow. Also, Racey is selling her wares again, this time its hash running tops and personalised hash polo shirts, let her know if you want to order one.

Anyway, we are now in December, and I'm starting to feel festive. Here are some suggestions for a singalong after the Mince Pie run next week.



*Arrrrrrrr-ve Maria
Ding Dong Merrily On-On High
Good King Wobblyknob
Oh Little Town of Bere Ferrers
Oh Come Oh Come E-coli
I Saw Three Dots
The Windy and the Racey
While Shortcutters Watched
A Christmas Cannonfodder
A Borat is Born in Bethlehem
Run Ramraider Run
It'll be Raunchy This Christmas
Jingle Bell Hot-Rocks
A Spaceman Came Hashing
Have Yourself a Merry Little Cannonfodder
While Hashers Watched Their Dots by Night
I'm Dreaming of a Shiggy Christmas
We Wish You a Merry Checkback
Driving On-Home for Christmas
Once in Russ Abbott's City
Good King Well-Laid
Here Comes Cannonfodder
Do They Know Its Cheddar?
All I Want for Christmas is Tampax
Happy Christmas Cannonfodder (War is Over)
Running Round in Women's Underwear
Glani the Red-nosed Hasher
The Virgin Mary had a Baby Boy, and They Say That Its Name is Cannonfodder
It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Syphilis*