

Grand Master
Kate Glanville (Biff)
Joint Masters
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)
Colin Sturmer (Sturmeroid)
Scribe Master
Tony Bairstow (Tampax)
Hasherdabber
Laura Sadler (Embarrister)
Hash Horn
Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)



Chamber Pots
Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)
Diann Davis (Can't Remember)
On Sec
Jess Hilton (Raunchy)
Hash Cash
Angela Sykes (Gannet)
Hare Master
Ann Marcer (K2)
Hash Flash
Jake Boswijk (Ginger Rogers)

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

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

Next Run No: 1904 BURNS NIGHT SPECIAL HASH

Date: Monday 23rd January 2017

Start: The Old Plough Inn, Bere Ferrers Wear kilts and tartan!! No pants!

On Down: The Old Plough Inn, Bere Ferrers Scottish theme. Cuddle a haggis!

Hares: Vampire Slayer and Hot Rocks

Scribe: Wobbly Knob

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Before the literary reflections and musings on Slushy's hash, a bit of shameless plugging.

**'OUT OF THIS WORLD'
HASH ANNUAL BALL**

'SPACED OUT' Fancy Dress !!!

Saturday 11th March 7pm until 11.45pm

Lamerton Village Hall

Great food starting at 7.15 sharp

Bar

Dancing to 'The Rock n' Roll Outlaws'

Tickets on sale from tonight – only £22

Fantastic themed tickets made by Scrotey. A collectors' item!

So dust off your Princess Leia bagels girls, grab your Han Solo and book your Tardis ride to Lamerton. Boys, don't worry if the old body is not what it was, a Captain Kirk corset can work wonders! (Yes, William Shatner really did wear one.) And if Star Wars or Trekking doesn't appeal, there are lots of different ways to make a fool of yourself....Dr Who monsters - I want at least one Dalek please as there are no stairs in the hall to make things awkward for domination of the universe, Dr Whos, Dr Whos' assistants, Red Dwarf holograms and cats, Hitchhikers' Guide to the Galaxy dressing gowns, 2001 A Space Odyssey, Alien, Tim Peake... the list is endless. I am expecting a whole group of Dr Brian Coxes (with moptop wigs) and one hasher who shall remain nameless could go as Patrick Moore without having to dress up. Dogcatcher can go as himself. Remember, your costume needn't cost the earth (ha ha) because anything is possible with Lidl tinfoil.

Back to the delights of last week's hash at Grenofen. As the hare stood up to speak, there were a few fearful souls who, remembering the infamous 3 Tunnel Epic, querulously asked for reassurance about how long they were going to be out. None was forthcoming so off we went all ways; both long and short were soon split and disorientated in spite of the familiar territory. I ran uphill with Pony, Milko, Half Pint, Sturmeroid and Dildo Baggins only to find an arrow at the top pointing straight back down again. Upon re joining the trail we could see no more dust, so decided to run to Doublewaters, cross the bridge and come back along the other side of the river.

Now this was all very well but I had forgotten the nasty swamp on the return route, crossed with fallen trees and broken walls. Serves us right for making up our own hash. I was back just after 8.30, very damp and dirty below the waist, to find a changed and fragrant GM in the car, who informed me that the introductory episode of scrambling on hands and knees up a precipitous muddy slope was certainly not fit for a Queen, so she had spent the time much more profitably polishing her tiara.

Drake's Café was rockin' as usual, packed with Diners' Clubbers: aka the ancient, crooked, infirm, tunnel phobics and couldn't find the start-ers. The latter included Arguilles who informed me privately that for the last hour he had been on a pub crawl, trying to locate the hash. Do you know we are supposedly over Peak Beard, but a quick glance around showed that this is patently not true of the assembled, who seem to love the facial fungus. Sturmeroid and Arguilles (never been seen without), Dildo (makes him look like a very old hobbit, needs to get rid of it pronto), Aimless (outdoor man), Nippledeep (arty), Well Laid (pirate style), Tweedle (In The Navy), Chopper and Ginger Rogers (dude look)not to mention all the stubbly chins, which may or may not be beards depending upon one's attitude to whisker length.

Dogcatcher has found a use for a torch at last. This evening, he told me, he used one to "shepherd the hash around." Hashers have been compared to sheep in the past, and this alarming event confirms it. The verb used cannot be accurate either. Shepherding is done by shepherds, who tend their flocks with care and keep them safe from danger and predators. Not maverick inventors with a perverse sense of their own invincibility. He may even see himself as The Good Shepherd himself, which is such a scary thought I won't even go there.

A cheque for £82 was presented to Krakow, Head of the Hos., which was the money raised by the Christmas card appeal. We have had a lovely thank you letter from St Lukes' head of fundraising which will be posted on the website. Krakow was looking very tough for one employed in the caring professions, having just moved a car that was blocking him in the car park. With his bare hands!!! You could see his green muscles bulging through his tattered shirt....

There was not a lot else to report from the hash hush; we are now gearing up for the most exciting event of the year, the Big Do. Mayhem was concerned that you little tribbles (joke especially for Miss there) might need some help to think of a suitable costume. Loads of ideas have already been suggested above, and here are a few more: triffids, Smash instant potato aliens, Michael Jackson doing a moonwalk (stretching it a bit I know) The Clangers, Soup Dragon, Iron Chicken, Neil from the Young Ones, Blake's 7 etc etc. You could even go as a Russian space dog.

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