

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**

Peter Argles (Arguilles)

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

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk**Next Run No: 1804****Date: Monday 23rd February 2015****Start: Shaugh Bridge Car Park****On Down: The White Thorn, Shaugh Prior****Hare: Last Minute**

I come to this as a hash mag virgin so please be gentle!

Well on on to the hash let's go
 My god, hope there's still snow
 Now we can see who can run faster
 Oh what shall we tell the great grand master
 On to the right and up the hill
 Look forward to the pub where we can chill

On through the wind we all go through
 I wonder why it smells of poo
 How many of you are guilty of farts
 With people behind you who have weak hearts
 It's not good enough so lay off the beans
 Your forfeit will be to hash on in jeans!

Shorts complain of a field with no dust
 Maybe it's sheep that may now combust
 Or maybe it's just they went the wrong way
 They may admit that later one day

With the hash finished, it's back to the pub
 For a well earned pint and some tasty grub
 Lovely fires thanks to the Old Plough

Let the staff out the kitchen, come take a bow
It takes a great deal to put up with us lot
Especially when we're covered in snot
Luckily though our shoes are clean
Thanks to the hares for not being mean

Now for lessons to be told
To the young from the not so old
Glani gave out some relationship advice
He says make sure to always treat her nice
"Why do go on" we said to he
"Just answer us these questions three
What does it mean when she says she's 'fine'?"
"It means you must buy her a bottle of wine"
"Why is it that I can never get it right?"
"Just hold out and don't take flight"
"When she says that it 'doesn't matter'?"
"Well that phrase makes me madder than a hatter!
Why don't you take them out for a date
Maybe the cinema if it's not too late
How about 50 shades of grey?
I wouldn't bother reading it by the way
Trust me, it's written worse than this mag
Just a writer clearly in need of a shag"

Let's move on to the hash virgins tonight
I promise that we folk don't bite
Don them in our traditional pink
Look to grand master for a cheeky wink
I hope you have enjoyed the hash
Don't forget the upcoming bash!

Good ole Chopper wrote this prose with hardly leaving his house,
With tea and typewriter kept so near soon alleviated fear.
The words still did not flow, so to the pub he had to go,
So when he downed the beer, the writer's block soon disappeared,
And these words above all appeared.....