

Grand Master

Jess Hilton (Raunchy)

Joint Masters

Stirling Way Spike)

Paul Ames (Aimless)

Scribe Master

Paul Waters (Stopcock)

Hasherdabber

Heather Smyly (Sister Sludge)

Hash Horn

Paul Storey (On the Khazi)

Beer Master

Charlotte Watson (Footloose)

**Chamber Pots**

Diann Davis (Can't Remember)

Simon Snowdon (Slush)

On Sec

Eve Jones (Clever Dickie)

Hash Cash

Jon McGurk (Nipple Deep)

Hare Master

Brian Martin (Naughty Boy)

Hash Flash

Paul Glanville (Glani)

Life Pee'ers

Angus Colville (Agnes)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Hereditary Pee'ers

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

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Next Run No: 1930**Date: 24th July 2017****Start: Combstone Car Park Grid ref: SX670 717****On Down: Forest Inn, Hexworthy****Hares: Aimless****Scribe: Pony****The Rocky Horror Show or He's too Raunchy for his Shirt**

Before I get into the mag proper I have to tell you of one life's amazing coincidences. Hurricane and I were in Derbyshire staying with my daughter, Breezy and 2 Dinners and on the Saturday we decided to go into the Peak District to walk and visit the plague village of Eyam. Who should we bump into but Dildo Baggins and his family wandering around the village eating ice creams! He had seen me and thought to himself I must tell Di there's someone in Derbyshire looks just like her!!! It's a small world indeed as Dildo was actually staying in Ashby de la Zouch in Leicestershire and just happened to choose a day out in Eyam! Can't get away from TVH3 anywhere! Other holiday adventures, Hurricane and I joined the QUORN Hash (**Q**uite **U**nfit **O**ccasional **R**unners **N**ot racers) there were 10 of us! Lovely Sunday morning for it as it turned out and 9 out of the 10 got a down down at the on down! I got mine for crossing the stream over the bridge, sigh! That's the way to do it!!!

The Start

The opportunity for unbridled innuendo has never been greater. We were instructed to appear in Raunchy gear to celebrate our one and only Raunchy GM's Birthday, just a handful of Hashers rose to the challenge. Hurricane put on his best string vest, that's as raunchy as it gets in our house, Spike let his buttocks take some air and Gnashers slipped into something black and off the shoulder. Clever Dickie's fishnet tights were a little bit Raunchy but were overshadowed by Anal Vice's mankini shorts. Why Hot Rocks thought wearing a purple wig was Raunchy only he knows but he liked it so much he kept it on in the pub. Cannon Fodder set everyone going towards the first arrow which pointed straight to the ford. Only Von Trapp bravely waded through all the rest of the wimps ran round it. Although it was a short Hash it was packed with incident. Whilst setting the run Cannon Fodder fell into the bog of eternal stench and narrowly rescued his mobile phone by hurling it clear as he slid gracefully into the mud.

He took pity on everyone else and left this particularly bog out of his trail. This didn't stop Arguilles falling into another bog, the same one he fell into the last time we hashed at Gutter Tor, his muddy and scraped knees said it all. Naughty boy and Spike came across a platoon of camouflaged soldiers who, dazzled by the sight of Spike's retreating arse, decided to let them continue without challenge. Spike was wearing a T-shirt bearing his motto "Multum in Parvo" which he translated as "Much from Little" I did try to get him to expand but was unsuccessful. I did enjoy the splendid sight of the longs racing up Gutter Tor and then racing straight back down again. H and Mini were very concerned about getting ticks in their respective and quite low to the ground bottoms. No one offered to take a look though. I was bitterly disappointed that not a single Tim Curry look alike turned up and we didn't do the Time Warp either. So not that Raunchy then.

On Down

When I got to the bar who should be there before me greeting me like a long lost friend but Grandpa, he actually wanted to borrow a tenner as he'd forgotten his money. Hope I can remember to ask for it back next Monday. Having paid for his chips for him I almost had to feed them to him as he suffered a bird strike all down his black T-shirt by squeezing the mayo a little too enthusiastically. Gannet put me off my scribing stride for a worrying moment as she was seen accosting Hashers with pen and pad in hand. It turned out that she was carrying out her own survey though, prompted by Scrotey's need for speed. Other drugs are available; I personally like to pop the odd co-codamol for an instant mind altering dizziness. I digress, Scrotey had to attend a speed awareness course spending the day scratching his scrotum and staring into space. Be sure to read Gannet's Mag as the results of the survey are to be published.

Hash Hush

Raunchy welcomed King Ma, a virgin Hasher, and told the assembly he's had so much fun he's going to come back again. Lovely. She then held a Raunchy dress competition, we all voted for our favourite, Spike won a cigar, Clever Dickie a lighter and Anal Vice a wrist band. Splendid last minute prizes purchased from the bar, well done Raunchy for improvisation. Several younglings were congratulated for their efforts in the Saunders, H3 was awarded a tiny cup for her 4th place with her brother Ed, Anal Vice and Chopper were 12th and Clever Dickie and Raunchy also completed the course I believe. Scrotey was given a down down for his speeding, a pint of coke which he couldn't bring himself to drink. We sang happy birthday to her Raunchiness and then it was all over for another week.

And finally...

~~They say that during sex you burn off as many calories as running 8 miles.
Who the hell runs 8 miles in 45 seconds?~~

Future plans...dates for your diary

Monday 7th August RED DRESS run

**Monday 14th August BRING A VIRGIN run at Cadover Bridge followed by BarBQ -
Bring a Virgin and get a free pint and the Virgin gets their first hash free- Bargain!**