

**Grand Master**  
Ruth Luff (Luffly)

**Joint Masters**  
Dave Sykes (Scrotey)

Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)

**Scribe Master**  
Mick Peach (Bumsen Burner)

**Hasherdabber**  
Jack Southward (Penny Farting)

**Hash Horn**  
Lee Renshaw (Hornblower)



**Chamber Pots**  
Steve Darbyshire (Do Do)

Judith Nash (Gnasher)

**On Sec**  
Jane Colwill (Plain Jane)

**Hash Cash**  
John McGurk (Nipple Deep)

**Hare Master**  
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)

**Hash Flash**  
Ann Marcer (K2)

**Cross Dresser**  
Stirling Way (Spike)

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville

**Hereditary Pee'ers**  
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

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**Next Run No: 1679**

**Date: 24//9/12**

**Start: Whitchurch Inn**

**On Down: Whitchurch Inn**

**Hares: Sturmeroid & Bat**

**Scribe: Cabin Boy and Sludge**

Nipple Deep is a very, very, very naughty boy. He was so bad he had to spend 3 days in bed. Glani, also stricken, missed Hash for the first time in 10,000 runs. To get an idea of the scale of the malady he even hashed when Kate was in labour. Still this epidemic did not deter our fevered and frenzied hare who deliriously scattered flour across the moor on a damp evening, then squeezed us in to the smallest pub in Tavistock. He is very kind to a) set the run b) impress with his sexy deep voiced rasp c) provide perfect conditions for cross contamination. For this he was awarded Rhesus to cuddle up to in his sick bed. Thank you ND for your heroic efforts; a good hash and next time give us a shout we'll help you out.

In an attempt to get an account of the run, what with me being in permanent transition from walking to jogging at the back, I got the low down from the younger runners who ... erm run. H3 Hash House Harriet said she didn't see anyone - try a torch Harriet, marvellous inventions. New boys on the block Joseph Dax and Rob Pearce said it went down hill and up hill, sort of 'When they were up they were up, when they were down they were down and when they were only half way up they were neither up nor down'. Well they did meet in nursery school. Little Richard, the hasher not the rock star...but again who knows what he might grow up to do, gave me a very accurate account of the run. He clearly has excellent visual-spatial memory and is to be followed when lost, particularly as he has a neat reflective bit on the back of his shirt. He reports the shorts had 10 minutes looking for dust, a 20minute loop on dust, then we came back past the cars, (ha that fooled us you devious hare) 10 minutes more not on dust, down the hill, back round across the moor and back to the cars. Thanks Richard. Scrotey apparently had intuition and premonition and led the longs from the front. Sadly the wrong way. Underlay meanwhile did her own thing,

wild anarchist that she is, and ran on the road to the pub hoping to get picked up by a man in a car. Well Laid she said. But no such luck apparently. Speaking of posh cars Aiguilles arrived in a BMW. Sparkling is an adjective more usually associated with his literary technique rather than his car.

At the on down "The Queue in Triple Doubt you'll Tipple" Slush told me that Ram Raider and Von Trap were discussing a method to get the bar maid's attention before Tuesday's breakfast. It was a new bio-physics device 'the Fanny Magnet' with prototypes currently being evaluated at Exeter University. No wonder Hob Nob was at the open day.

At the shout our lovely 9 Inch Hayley, cloudier, flood and famine who has completed 50 runs, got a big mug for it. Von Trap who had a birthday sported a go faster Bradley Wiggins style side burns. He (VT not BW) wasn't running tonight so we will need to wait to see if they work.

Here it is the season for nuts, we don't gather them in May but in the autumn, so Luffly attached some seasonal fare to her bra to announce that Tweedledum and Mandy Haley are going to Australia where apparently they do gather their nuts in May. We wish them very well on their new adventure and will send all our teenagers on gap years to stay with them (Ho Ho)! We will miss you and are green with envy that you are escaping the recession for the land down under where women glow and men chunder (especially those gap year students). Curiously you didn't take my copy of the Essential Aussie song book so here it is to haunt you.

"Tweedle dum sits in the old gum tree, merry, merry king of the hash is he. Laugh Tweedle-dum Laugh Tweedle-dum . Fab your life must be"

### **Notes and news and obvious hints**

- There's a new section on the web site, news and events and info on the non rules of hashing and its history. Top job who ever wrote it.
- A weekend of hashing drinking, eating and a sleep over. If this appeals in its entirety or parts, Teign Valley Hash have a weekend of delights in store for you. 28<sup>th</sup>, 29<sup>th</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> Sept at Powder Mills bunk house see our web site for more details.
- If you haven't noticed dusk gets earlier each week (amazing), people tend to switch on car headlights. This is a hint that it is time to bring a torch to hash and to Dogcatcher to keep your progeny in sight before I have kittens.
- Cycle helmets and space blankets are wanted by Mill Ford Special School (ages 3-19 years). Please pass any surplus to your requirements to Psycho or Wun Hung Lo. Thank you.

### **Stop Press. Saturday night news.**

- Gig rowers thrash GB Olympic rowers! Cue Lost and Psycho bursting with pride.
- Princetown heaves with Mamils. Middle aged men in Lycra, Tour of Britain amazing, route lined with hashers, some in lycra some not but hopefully not the man thongs.
- TVH3 presence at a Myeloma Fund Raiser gig in tribute to Plankton was appreciated, particularly the Hashettes' Status Quo karaoke and Hashers' Under the Boardwalk performance. Good memories, good fund raising K2 and Night School. On On.