

**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**  
Sarah Jones (Pony)  
Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)  
**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)

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**Next Run No: 1891**  
**Date: 24/10/16**  
**Start: Peat Cot Grid Ref: SX 603708**  
**On Down: Prince of Wales**  
**Hares: Aimless**

Well the last time I wrote a Hash Mag I was complaining about it being too hot before and on the run for my pale and easily sun burnt body to handle, but this time around its gone all the way to the other end of the spectrum and I can safely say that I'm going to have to dig around my pit of a room to find my running coat as waiting around outside the car before the start of the run last week brought my body temp to around frostbite level. Though I'm sure even these low temps won't stop some of us, such as Chopper, from hanging around in their vests and shorts like it's no big deal. I will say that at least I prefer the freezing cold to the boiling heat because at least I have quite a few layers of body fat mostly around the belly to keep me somewhat warm whereas in the heat I'm more like a beached seal than anything else.

Luckily it was also the Brown Gin Run, in honour of our Life Pee'ers Agnes and Bloodnock, where at least there was some strong alcohol available at the start to fight against the cold. I'm fairly certain when Raunchy was looking for more people to write these Mags that I volunteered to write one for this hash as I was never going to miss one where there was free whiskey on offer. I was also never going to miss seeing my friends' reaction to drinking a shot of whiskey as I've pushed them to try it on various drunken nights out but would never succeed. Happily, their reaction was everything that I wanted especially Raunchys one as I know she can't stand the stuff normally.

This Brown Gin Run was set by Hurricane and Pimp who made a good job of making it as muddy and wet a hash as possible in keeping with tradition. Hurricane stated that the hash wasn't too muddy and I thought that maybe I wouldn't have any good material for a whole Hash Mag. Fortunately my good friends Raunchy and Embarrister were on hand to provide plenty of entertainment for myself and the other hashers fairly quickly. Due to Embarristers great enthusiasm to shoot off ahead, or maybe she saw a dog that she had to go make friends with, she quickly discovered that an area of grassy looking ground was in fact a very deep bog that she ended up to her chest in. She was soon followed by Raunchy, who

having decided that this was the correct course to take, came bounding in after her. However, as Embarrister is fairly tall and so could reach the bottom of the bog with her feet and Raunchy is fairly short in comparison, she ended up swimming in the murky water. She was soon helped out by another hasher as I was too busy laughing and stepping around the bog to properly help out. At least Raunchy had the good sense to sit down in a nearby stream to wash the worst of the smell off her but Embarrister didn't seem to notice until we got back to the car, which made the trip to the pub require the windows be open all the way there. The rest of the actually very muddy and wet Hash went without much incident apart from a few treacherous river crossings and suffering through On all Fours attempts to blow Dogcatchers horn.

Over at the pub, after I had Embarrister hosed down to protect people noses, the Hash Hush started late due to some mix up with people checking in and Hurricane being late to the pub because of this. As Biff, wearing a fancy tiara, started the Hush she pointed out the plethora of birthdays that were occurring that week including On all Fours which I'm pretty sure he only turned up for so people could wish him a Happy Birthday. We had two virgins on the hash, Chris and Natalie, so hopefully they weren't scared off by the wilder members of the Hash. Special mention goes to Hurricane who finished the Westward cross country on the weekend with an impressive sprint finish from what I was told. There was also a very amusing down down race between Lost and Embarrister which Lost easily won even though he gave Laura every chance to win but she was busy making a variety of disgusted faces throughout.

That's all I can remember and make sense of the notes I took on the evening so to fill space I'll just put in two pictures that sum up my friends dip into the deepest bog I've ever seen

On On!

