

**Grand Master**  
Simon Snowdon (Slush)

**Joint Masters**  
Steve Statham (Krakow)

Mo Rujak (On All Fours)

**Scribe Master**  
Angela Sykes (Gannet)

**Hasherdabber**  
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)

**Hash Horn**  
Alan Eddie (Pist 'N' Broke)



**Chamber Pots**  
Bruce Trower (Ernie)

Hayley Trower (Nine-Inch)

**On Sec**  
Paul Ames (Aimless)

**Hash Cash**  
Paul Waters (Stopcock)

**Hare Master**  
Kate Glanville (Biff)

**Hash Flash**  
Elena Stamp (Come Forward)

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville  
**Hereditary Pee'ers**

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk

**Next Run No: 1743**

**Date: 25/11/13**

**Start: The Lifton Hall Hotel**

**On Down: The Lifton Hall Hotel**

**Hares: Fergie and Nashers**

Greetings, hash-fans! Crusty Gusset reporting here, still reeling from his naming ceremony (I've sworn a blood oath against whoever coined my hash-name), and keen to have his first stab at Hash Mag scribing. Some of you might be thinking it's a bit unusual for one of the hares to scribe their own hash, and that there could be a danger of personal bias in the writing, however I assure you that I'm above such things, so lets review what was clearly THE BEST HASH EVER:

It was a rather moist hash through Cornwood, and aptly enough for Remembrance Day, there were quite a few muddy trenches to get stuck in. We even had a hasher come back with his own war wound, Barney Rubble managed to gash his arm on the hinge of a gate (I'm sure there's a joke in there somewhere about him being a bit unhinged to start with...).

Starting off with a lovely smooth road, the hash took us down a few rabbit holes reminiscent of Alice in Wonderland, but with 55 very wet Mad-Hatters. Then it was up through the moors and woods to worry the cows and sheep.

It was certainly a mixed bag in terms of run-time. Being the official registrar, I was excused from rehashing (pun VERY intended) the route that Posh Frock and me laid during the day. I was looking forward to a pint and read of my paperback in the warm, dry and largely sheepless Cornwood Inn (where I was joined by the lovely Can't Remember and Posh Pinny, the newly termed 'Hash WAGS'). However, there I was, halfway through my fudge cake and only a few pages into my book when the first group of sweating and soiled hashers came bursting through the pub door demanding their shandy! Sensing foul play, I investigated and found myself in front of a bunch of self-styled short-cutters, Glani had even brought a map! The cheater! Hobo had stronger words, branding them "Wimps and tarts!"

The time-keeping issues continued with a few extra late arrivals, Aimless and Hash House Harriet (H<sup>3</sup>) tried to sniff out the route like bloodhounds (hash-hounds?) possibly getting the scent of blood in the mud from Barney. Then to top it all at the end we had a few lost souls who seemed to be determined to walk to Exeter, “not enough dust” was the excuse, however this totally impartial and unbiased scribe thinks that the short route was dusted beautifully.

Our latest naming ceremony has produced ‘Spurty Shorts’. Take it from Crusty mate, you never really get used to the nicknames... Although I suppose the whole point of the ceremony is to give a poor unsuspecting innocent a horrific new moniker, and in the spirit of this I’d like to start a petition to rename ‘Golden Rivet’ to ‘Golden Shower’ instead (I’m not jealous of the name, honestly!).

As a new(ish) hasher, I thought I’d put a bit in this about my experiences at TVH3 over the past year. I remember when my housemate first suggested that I join him for ‘cross-country running’, at that time I didn’t have an outlet for ruining my knees in the name of health and fitness (I had assumed that I gained enough daily exercise from my frequent voyages from the sofa to the fridge), so I foolishly agreed and attended my first hash on what must have been the wettest coldest run on record (and certainly the only one I’ve been on where we were forced to climb up a land-slide). As we drove into the woods in the middle of nowhere, and I saw all the cars parked up with steamed up windows, I had to admit I was suspicious that Posh Frock had brought me along for an activity slightly less wholesome than running, but nonetheless I did my first hash and promptly declared it “AWFUL” and that I would never do it again, the whole running about in the woods with a torch felt a bit too ‘Blair Witch’ for me, or as a work colleague described it “running through dark woods like some kind of deviant!”

But I did keep coming back (possibly out of sadomasochism), and grew to enjoy the sport of continually falling in mud and losing my £50 Nike trainers. I think part of the fun came from the fact that TVH3 was not a group of humourless, super fit youngsters clad in lycra, all of them much faster than me, but instead was a group of friendly families, young and old, all of them much faster than me...

So, many thanks TVH3 for letting us newbies join in, without you I’d never have been able to use my carpet to collect mud from almost every single part of Devon and Cornwall.

Much Love,

Crusty Gusset