

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**

Bruce Trower (Ernie)

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

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk**Next Run No:** 1800**Date:** 26 January**Start:** Bellever Forest Car Park – opposite main Postbridge Car Park (GR: 647788)**On Down:** Prince of Wales, Princetown**Hares:** Arguilles

Now I know why Cornwall is so green, never has so much rain fallen during a hash. This turned St Dominic into something resembling the Somme.

Captain Slack Bladder (aka dodo) and Private Turd gathered the troops and sent us forth.....

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
 Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
 Till on the haunting cotehele lights we turned our backs,
 And towards our distant rest began to run.
 Hounds ran like sheep. Some had lost their boots,
 But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
 Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
 Of the hash horn dropping softly further behind.

On! ON! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of stumbling
 Flashing there clumsy head torches just in time,
 But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
 And flound'ring like a man in a mire or slime.—
 Dim through the dark misty lanes and thick green shite,
 As under a raging sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could look back
Behind the longs,
And watch the shorts eyes writhing in there faces,
There hanging faces, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the snot
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as Hobo, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent feet,—
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To workmates ardent for some desperate story,
The old Lie: *bibes profundum* , *currere ieiunium* .
(drink deep , run fast)

What a cracking pub, great food and service. This is what a pub should be happy to do business on Mondays.

The luncheon club sat looking very content at not being out in the rain and wind, can't remember trying to get a wet "T" shirt contest going with the runners checking in. Then standing up for hash hush and announcing BB as the latest medical condition (no Slush not big breasts)

Hobo has promised to do a hash mag if he runs for 2 weeks. Working this out if he runs 4 miles for 2 weeks every day he will be 56 miles away a cracking result! We'll forget the mag Hobo!

Tampax feels like he runs old like a computer and occasionally needs re-booting – any takers?

Stopcocks eyesight has improved since his fall at Princtown, It's amazing what hashing can do for you!

Parish Notices

- Hash Quiz is on? (Saturday) see Hot Rocks
- Posh Frocks do next month get your tickets now from a committee member (see top of mag)
- For sale 40 sheets of A4 paper see Chimney Kate (cheap shot tee hee hee)