

**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)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville  
**Hereditary Pee'ers**  
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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**Next Hash: 1769**

**Date: 26/05/14**

**Start: Sourton Village Hall**

**On Down: Fox and Hounds, Bridestowe**

So Peter Arguilles suggested I do a hash mag in the manner of T.S. Eliot's *The Wasteland* and since he so chivalrously laid down the gauntlet and I always like to make a task more onerous than it needs to be here it is:

At Pork Hill meaningless fraternity  
Tiresias-forsuffered, eschewed flour  
At Tor, slope, path twixt flower  
Treading softly then cruelly upon skylarks' bower  
At Staple Tor path Mary, Peter, Mungo and Midge  
Carbuncular, astounding view, breathless ridge.  
Lanky, lithe young, shagged out farts,  
Indifferent sheep bleating, incoherent shouts  
Cut across turds and stream, surprise a bog  
On on. Shantih. Danyata. Wallala. Pub.

Whilst I was scribbling, Ram Raider complained about the generic sausages in the pub and seized a moment to demonstrate the maturity of his 50 years by drawing a spurting knob with enormous testicles on my notepaper. That made me feel very nostalgic somehow. Anyway in the interests of research I decided to see if it was anatomically proportioned and measuring the testicles with calipers realised that there is a reason that Chris Lloyd runs with his knees so wide apart.

Did you hear the one about the Turd in a Guernsey who went into a pub? The Spanish barman says, 'What would you like?'

'A leek and pasta bake and a pint of Doom please.'

'Yes and what is your a name sir?'

'Turd.'

'No you are a first.'

'Yes I am thirsty.'

'So your name is thirsty?'

'No I am Turd.'

'No you are a first.'

This went on in a perpetual loop, ad infinitum. Meanwhile I experienced that inexplicable fear and knotted stomach that you get when the barman ignores you and serves everyone else. Those degrading feelings of unworthiness like you've lost your currency and the modern world has crushed you. Like a loyal labrador who's been kicked in the ribs; like the child in the playground with the snot encrusted nose; those three intolerable minutes where you try to make your twenty pound note look enormous and obliterate the sun and you clamber around on the brass rail around the bar, trying to look taller. Then Arguilles got the bill for his brandy and lovage. £5.60. The price of eccentricity is escalating. It used to be a privilege earned for years of dusty academia, liberal values and general bonhomie. Now it appears it has a price, like everything. Soon Russian oligarchs will be drinking brandy and lovage and eating cheesy chips with their Beluga caviar while their surgically enhanced wives squeeze themselves into TVH3 techy tops. Which incidentally are for sale from Cabin Boy. See what I did there? I felt so depressed I committed carbicide with the garlic bread.

I try to write haiku  
Seventeen syllables on  
The pub queue. But fail.

Speaking of oligarchs, striding triumphantly back from haring his hash, Nippledeep swaggered around for some time trying to find Hurricane, Pimp and Scuppersucker. Now that he has come of age Pimp has ambassadorial tinted glass in the Pimpmobile. Some people will do anything to avoid being seen changing...or maybe it's for dogging? Anyway, apparently Pimp has had a 'special birthday'. One with jelly and ice-cream and sex. I've never had one of those. Most of my birthdays are spent in bed with the duvet over my ears, raging against the light.

I thought I'd chat to some young people who were all very enthusiastic about Nippledeep's hash. One person said it made him feel like 'Buzz Lightyear flying to infinity and beyond'. Others said they felt Woody. Ah the vigour of youth. Abby opined that she hadn't been named yet, despite being with TVH3 sporadically for a year, so I asked her what qualities she had which would help with the difficult naming process. Weak ankles. Mmm I feel an elision emerging. Shouldn't be too difficult...

Slush was in a particularly chatty mood after the mental anguish of passing his Advanced Motorcycle Test. That's the one where you have to talc up first because the leathers are so tight. He found having to ride lawfully under the jurisdiction of a police officer particularly stressful. He told me that some miserable bastard was complaining that the hash was too bloody short. Turns out it was his own alter ego. Apparently, when he sets a hash by himself it's a three tunnel extravaganza and takes nearly two hours to complete - if you don't need to call out Dartmoor rescue it's a failure. Somewhat altruistically he hopes to start delivering blood and organs to hospitals very soon. Can you just imagine the carnage if he tries to go off road? Does anyone know a good recipe for black sausage?

Amongst other achievements this week, general forelock tugging must go to Rosie Lloyd and her team for completing the 55 Mile Ten Tor Challenge. You have made your parents eye-wateringly proud. Also to Bill for being a massive cox to the Tamar and Tavy Ladies A team who had two firsts and a second at the World Rowing Competition. The zenith of his achievement was shouting, 'Ladies, tops off!' at six women.

Also to Biff and Fergie who completed the Bideford 10k in just under two hours.....erm hang on a minute. Forget nano seconds for a nano second, the finish clock at Bideford was a full hour wrong. But there were cream teas, so at least they got their priorities right.

Avanti!