

**Grand Master**  
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)  
**Joint Masters**  
Matt Hampe (Chopper)  
Bob Westlake (Grandpa)  
**Scribe Master**  
Henry Thornton (Turd)  
**Hasherdabber**  
Tracy Windemer (Racey)  
**Hash Horn**  
Anna Luff (Hot Socks)



**Chamber Pots**  
Peter Argles (Arguilles)  
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)  
**On Sec**  
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)  
**Hash Cash**  
Hayley Sampson (H)  
**Hare Master**  
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)  
**Hash Flash**  
Steve Andrews (Russ Abbot)

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville  
**Hereditary Pee'ers**  
Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock) Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut) Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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**Next Run No: 1835**  
**Date: 28 September 2015**  
**Start: South side of Pew Tor - Grid Ref: SX533727XFHST3546**  
**On Down: Devon Tors, Yelverton**  
**Hares: Mayhem**



### IS FACIAL HARE (?HAIR?) AN ISSUE?

As many of the more observant among you may have noted, and as pointed out by Her Raunchiness a couple of weeks ago, the noble art of Face Furniture is becoming increasingly popular - noticeable even among the quiet byways of Devon.

Forget the furry and tattoo-festooned trendy types of the metropolis, and newly-elected leaders of the Labour Party, your very own hash has welcomed two new members recently (including Tight Arse named this week) sporting visage fluff of respectable proportions.

And of course our new sporting superstar had an excellent example - though as the photo shows by the time he got 'round the Dartmoor course he needed to trim it a bit before Raunchy could give him a congratulatory kiss:



Our senior hashers are also famous for their topiary down the years as this picture of a young and sprightly Tweadle Dee shows:



taken when he was still in the Navy this was surely useful for standing up to North Sea gales as well as providing a suitable perch for homing pigeons should the fuse blow in Her Majesty's Satellite Navigation System.

The only naysayer was disgruntled Hurricane who, upon allowing his features to acquire a mild down-like coating, said it made him look too much like Tweedle Dee, Sturmeroid, Hobo and me -



Thanks!

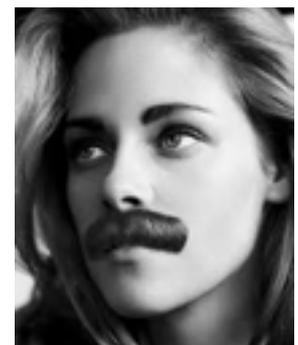
Anyway with the post of Hash Cross-Dresser falling into disuse (because nobody else shows quite the same enthusiasm as Spike for running around Dartmoor in December wearing a basque and stockings), I propose to our swashbuckling GM that he create the post of : HASH 'TACHE!

The rules for this would be simple - anyone holding the post would be required to sport at least a suitable Lip Caterpillar for the whole year which would then allow them to join the jolly fun of the committee and do all those jobs nobody else wants to do - like setting runs, scribing and washing out the beer bucket and cups.

In these enlightened times this should not be just a male preserve - oh no - this applies to the gurlies as well. Though it must be accepted that this may need them to resort to the stick-on variety (far be it from me to suggest that some of our noble hash dames could grow their own).

In that case ladies should note that the article should have the necessary plumpness and fullness - none of your Brazilian nonsense here thank you!

"We call 'em 'Bugger's Handles'!" said Evil Allan Plug rather worryingly (I must remember not to stand with my back him at the bar).



At least Slushy could lead the way as I have been told that.....



Anyway there was a run last week where Stopcock fell off a log which everyone else had run over quite happily. But he said it was slippery and he asked me not to mention it.

Nearby Pony apparently landed on Hobo (strange as I didn't think he was out last week) who said he hadn't been jumped by a Pony for a while!

Many thanks to Streaky for setting an excellent run which everyone enjoyed particularly as they didn't fall off the same log as Stopcock. It was alleged 17 bags of flour were used though where it was used remained a mystery to some! 7 out of 10 for style and not falling off a log.

We had three virgins and a returning near-virgin (how can you be one of those? - Maybe his name : Tight Arse could explain that?) - they all said they enjoyed it and before they ran off sobbing some of them actually paid their fiver! Welcome to the madhouse as they say.

In a major temperature miscalculation Tweadle Dee who had been sunning himself next to his new Aga all week - came to the run in shorts and a vest - but at least he has a good beard to keep him warm and he sensibly avoided all logs.

Psycho recalled that when walking 'round London the other week dressed in a wetsuit and corset, she was severely embarrassed by the bus driver not accepting her offer of cash for a journey. Apparently she needed an oyster card which she then lost when she put it into the ticket machine. When you consider that she was supposed to be there to row a boat this becomes either truly mystifying or an example of the effects of age and the application of strong drink!

There are lots of other things people told me in the pub but as usual I can't read my own writing and anyway I get pissed after the first pint so there is no hope.

However, Underlay did mention that the GM has a knee injury which she is very keen for everyone else to ask him about as she is sick of hearing about it.

And did I mention Stopcock falling off a log.....?

On On

(Hairy) Nipple(s) Deep