

**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**  
Sarah Jones (Pony)  
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)  
**On Sec**  
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)  
**Hash Cash**  
Hayley Sampson (H)  
**Hare Master**  
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)  
**Hash Flash**  
Steve Davis (Hurricane)

**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: 1857**

**Date: 29<sup>th</sup> February 2016**

**Start: Burrator Dam**

**On Down: Burrator Inn, Dousland**

**Hares: Glani and Biff**

**Post Valentine's Day Blues or Blue with cold in Princetown**

So Hurricane's idea of a romantic Valentine's Day is to invite me to walk with him and the dog on Seaton beach followed by lunch in the beach café, a sausage bap and some chips, which I ended up paying for! After a little rest at home he then disappeared for a 13.1 mile run in preparation for the Widecombe half marathon! Super! When he got back he did his usual checking his route and time on the PC from his Garmin and was amused to see that the contours suddenly spiked, plateaued and then spiked down again. This was when he needed to avoid doing a Paula Radcliffe and had to visit the loo in the Vue Cinema! As there was no loo paper in the downstairs Gents he'd had to nip to the ones upstairs!!

Now I've got that off my chest let's talk about the hash from the Fox Tor Café. It was very cold. The sky was clear and full of stars and if you knew where to look you could see the International Space Station fly past, all wave to Tim Peake. Posh Pinny and I made a dash for the warmth of the café only to find that he wasn't really expecting to serve anyone before 8.30pm but after a bit of gratuitous begging we finally got a coffee and something to eat after 8.0 clock. Our GM and Underlay were next to arrive swiftly followed by Von Trapp sporting a very nifty hat with ear flaps. He thought the hares cruel to send the company through what can only be described as the Grimpen Mire although the infamous hound was nowhere to be seen. There was a bit of snow on the moor but poor Well Laid picked up more than he bargained for as he had managed to step in some dog pooh, he was sent out to clean up sharpish! When he returned he told us a rambling tale about Windy and Racey in Grand Canaria, temp 24°C, having the misfortune to see 2 young men, holding hands and wearing nothing but cock socks! I was glad when people started to come in as I really didn't want any more details about this incident! Hurricane had more problems it seemed as his shoelaces were frozen and he couldn't get his hash trainers off! Once I started to make enquiries I found out that everyone else had frozen laces as well but they did manage to get their shoes off, I don't know what this says about Hurricane really.

Answers on a post card please. Hobo said that given the conditions a 10% attrition rate was just about acceptable. There were several more rather fetching hats on show, Spike was wearing a policeman's cap, Russ Abbott a bright purple confection and amongst the younglings hand knitted woolly hats with pom-poms seemed to be the trend. According to Deep Throat everyone had cheated and Hot Socks had left the light on in the car for the whole hash so they were lucky it was shorter than anticipated. Scrotey couldn't find his ticket for food much to the despair of Gannet who looked completely devastated by this news. She wasn't wearing a hat but instead a very fluffy jacket complete with pictures of my little pony, yet another trend setter.

### **Hash Hush**

Being a Gentleman, Well Laid took his shoes off before standing on a chair to scream at the throng. Underlay had earlier expressed relief that her Captain has finally got over his man flu and stopped coughing all over her. Cheddar though complained bitterly that he had the cheek to stand on HER chair. He beat her round the head and asked her what she thought she was doing down there! That's pirates for you and apparently not such a Gentleman after all! He then pronounced that if you don't all pay up for your tickets for his Caribbean Capers you won't get in. We all sang beautifully to Underlay and K2 to celebrate their birthdays but Windy has managed to escape yet again, he was in New Zealand last year but only slumming it in the Canaries this year. Bin Liner has got engaged so congratulations to him and his fiancé and guess who got the plank of the week? Yes, once again, Hurricane was recognised for his unfortunate adventures mentioned earlier and we are one plank nearer a new floor in the futility room.

### **And finally**

#### **It was so cold ...**

It was so cold tea cosies were being used for things that tea cosies should never be used for.

It was so cold we had to salt the hallway.

It was so cold when I turned on the shower - I got hail.

It was so cold the mice were playing hockey in the toilet bowl.

It was so cold we had an ice-fishing shack in the bathtub.

It was so cold we had lunch down at the "Greasy Spoon" - just for the heartburn.

It was so cold our aquarium didn't need any glass. The downside? The fish were motionless.

### **On On**

#### **Can't Remember**