

Grand Master
 Kate Glanville (Biff)
Joint Masters
 Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)
 Colin Sturmer (Sturmeroid)
Scribe Master
 Tony Bairstow (Tampax)
Hasherdabber
 Laura Sadler (Embarrister)
Hash Horn
 Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)



Chamber Pots
 Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)
 Diann Davis (Can't Remember)
On Sec
 Jess Hilton (Raunchy)
Hash Cash
 Angela Sykes (Gannet)
Hare Master
 Ann Marcer (K2)
Hash Flash
 Jake Boswijk (Ginger Rogers)

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: 1905
Date: 30.01.2017
Start: Pew Tor
On Down: The Whitchurch Inn
Hares: Sister Sludge & Cabin Boy
Scribe: (Please see below)

Scribe Plea (Also known as a cry for help) – We are running low on Scribes for the future, please text Embarrister or talk to Raunchy tonight.

As you may have noticed we did not make the hash, probably because it wasn't as noisy as it normally was. By we I mean Raunchy, Ginger Rogers, Hot Socks and myself. Although we were told by Chopper it was excellent.

In the true spirit of the hash a pub was involved, although we went straight there and did not go one a detour as is normally insisted upon of a Monday evening. Also, there wasn't really space for a detour as it is only two doors down from my house. Therefore, we ensured more time to sample the delights of my local establishment – The Seymour Arms.

Please see below a full and comprehensive review of this Watering Hole and our alternative Hash.

Located in the centre of the city this is a quiet pub frequented by a few locals. Locals who took it as



their sworn duty to teach Raunchy the fundamentals of pool, which she decidedly became more proficient at the more she sampled what goods the landlord had to offer (Translation: the more she drank the better she thought she got). The locals ignored me, taking me to be a lost cause from the start having watched me miss the white ball completely. Poor Embarrister.

Ginger Rogers turned out to be alright at pool, he probably cheated.

Following on from the above we decided (in a moment showing remarkably good sense for once) we opted to not try our hands at darts. We can probably but this decision down to the reason we are all still alive.

Chopper joined us at the pub after the hash, apparently we missed a really good one as well (Apologies to the Hares, we'll do better next time). Upon his arrival we debated my skills at operating the Juke Box. Apparently Chumbawumba only had one good song! This was news to me as I had allegedly selected the wrong one! I have been given a lifelong ban forbidding me from selecting the playlist on any future outings of any sort (I'm so persecuted).

But in all seriousness we do need some scribes to come forward for the next few weeks. Especially if you're able to scribe for 30.01.2017. If you haven't scribed for the last 6 months we would really appreciate you stepping up again. If you haven't scribed in the last year, we're coming for you and nothing can save you now. Also, how have you managed to dodge it for this long? Shame on you!!

In the instance you don't remember the last time you scribed, please follow the below instructions taken from Chicken Run (2000):

Nick: *[aboard the flying machine]* The exits are located here and here. In the quite likely event of a emergency, put your head between your knees--

Fetcher: And kiss your bum goodbye!

Should you take steps and put your name down on the list as soon as possible, you need not follow the above.

Hope you all had a fabulous hash and see you all next week!