

**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**

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

**Email:** tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk**Next Run No: 1805****Date: 02/03/15****Start: Lowery Cross****On Down: Burrator Inn, Dousland****Hare: Pony**

Welcome to this week's edition of the Hash Mag. The usual collection of utter bollocks on two sides of A4, this week's edition attempts to plumb new depths of bad taste and trivial nonsense.

Firstly our thanks to Nipple Deep for last weeks hash, he stepped into the breach at the last minute due to lack of volunteers.... "Pudeat te omnes".

Luffly being away on her Saga!! Holiday in Spain, allows your scribe to produce an uncensored version of this week's mag, and most probably the last.

Before the off, Nipple Deep requested that a modicum of decorum be observed as the route led through the grave yard and that sheep and ponies might also be encountered on route. He requested that the sheep remain unmolested but the ponies would have to fend for themselves, I can report that having scoured this weeks edition of the Tavi Times I can find no mention of bestiality in the Whitchurch area on the night in question. I feel duty bound to sound a cautionary tone here, as omission may only be due the act being so common place on the moor as to be no longer be newsworthy.

It was brought to my attention by Uncle that some checks had not been kicked out, indeed I kicked one out myself, a pointless act I agree, as when last who the hell is going to benefit.

Dodo managed to rather carelessly lose two virgins (Kate and Alice) that he had brought from Calstock; frankly virgins from Calstock must be about as rare as hen's teeth. One is left wondering as to whether he lost them or they lost him?

A well behaved and attentive group, observed the hash hush (Glanni was not present). The GM awarded the hash 8/10; heaven knows how many calories were consumed or is that burned or both. She informed us that Pist N Broke had a birthday but was not present as his wife had taken him to the cinema as a birthday present, (I don't think it takes the brains of Lloyd George to deduce that 50 shades was the film in question), anyhow must crack on. She welcomed the aforementioned Dodo's virgins and informed us that Uncle's niece Emma had finished 11<sup>th</sup> in the New Zealand coast to coast. Slap was awarded the Duck head for failing to find the previous weeks hash, this despite the usual location map on the website, how the staff at Kelly must miss him.

The GM (Can't remember) then moved to the naming of James who was introduced as Turd's son as she had forgotten his name!! A consensus was reached and James was duly named "Floater".

It would be remiss of your scribe not to mention that there were several absentees, Zack alas could not be with us due to gastric problems and presumably Hot Socks was busy cleaning.

Now the more refined section of the mag and all in the best possible taste.

I remember the first time I had sex- I kept the receipt. (Groucho Marx)  
One ought to try everything once - except incest and folk dancing.

A husband and wife are in bed, after a couple of minutes the husband starts stroking the wife's back. She tells him she knows what he wants but there's no chance as she is seeing the gynaecologist in the morning and doesn't want any messing around down there. A few minutes later he starts stroking her back again, she says I have already told you there is no chance of that as I am seeing the doctor in the morning. To which he replies, I know but I bet you're not seeing the Dentist.

Finally found in the car park after the Weir Quay hash, presumably fallen from someone's pocket or car.  
So who was in need of a stiffener???



On On!