

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
Sarah Jones (Pony)
Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)
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: 1870
Date: 30th May 2016
Start: Lane End, near Hornden
On Down: Mary Tavy Inn, Mary Tavy
Hares: E.Coli and Uncle

Is it worth the risk?

Little did I know the risk I would be taking by assisting the Hares, Hurricane and Pimp at this week's Hash. You would think it was safe just to tick off names on a list, take the money, look after the keys and make a bucket full of shandy. But no, it was the shandy making that left me bereft and wishing that someone had put some sort of controls in place. As I opened a can of lager I BROKE MY NAIL! Not amused. Biting at this now ragged nail I waited for the hashers to return. First back was Von Trapp strolling in without a bead of sweat in sight. Next Tampax appeared at a positive gallop shouting, I'm back first... Oh there's no one here to see! Then Glanni and Hash House Harriet literally raced back to the finish, neck and neck in a dead heat. And Glanni looked about dead actually, he should have assessed his risk before taking on a youngling like that. Next time he should stop and think about it and put a control in place such as tripping her up - that would do it. H told me that DoDo claimed to be very tired and couldn't stop yawning, so she thought more Dormouse than DoDo! Soon everyone was back and very complimentary they were about the route, much waxing lyrical about bluebells and how marvellous it all was. Well done Hurricane and Pimp you've managed to please some of them! Even Sturmeroid who emphasised how much it pained him to say it; said it was a very good Hash. Nashers moaned about the shandy saying she wants the Hasherdabber to buy only the best bitter or she wants 50p back from her sub. Dream on is all I can say.

On Down: Hashers were tripping over themselves (Health & Safety Executive Hazard: Slips, Trips and Falls paragraph 21b controls to be put in place: Hashers should form an orderly queue to report to the scribe) to tell me that some lady hashers were going commando! With a little further investigation I found out it was Dirty Oar who fell in the river* (she surely should be renamed Clean Oar) and Pony. Pony confessed she had no underwear on at all, shameful, doesn't she know "ne'er cast a clout until May is out"? I've never known if that is the month or the blossom, whichever, her risks are obvious and she needs to put a vest on. During this conversation Vampire Slayer casually told us that she had just bought her first new bra in at least 10 years. *(HSE paragraph 22c controls: To reduce the risk of falling in the river one should try crossing the bridge thus avoiding nasty wetness and having to walk about sans pants.) Nipple Deep ignored all safety regulations and had the audacity to have the best fun of the evening by pushing Cannon Fodder into the river, wished I'd been there to see that. Cannon Fodder had been splashing all the Hashettes so deserved this dunking. According to Russ Abbot, Cannon Fodder got his payback though by removing two large branches that formed a dry crossing over the river, so that everyone would get wet feet.

To reduce the risk of getting splashed by the said Cannon Fodder he must be controlled by either tying him to his car thus preventing him from accessing water or alternatively we could just drown him. Chopper pronounced the Hash to be very hilly, brutal even. I was sitting at a table enjoying a drop of reviving ginger ale when her illustrious GM ness asked if she could put her box on the table. (HSE Hazard: Hygiene and Cleanliness paragraph 8a control, to reduce risk of cross contamination use anti-bacterial wipes for all hard surfaces.) I did feel like asking "What's in the box?" have you seen the film 7? Too scared of the reply, I kept my mouth shut. Anyway she decided against my table and went bothering someone else, phew. Slush likes to put personal bits on the table too, in his case a billiard table; ask Racy Tracey she has photographic proof! Slush is definitely a risk taker he demanded that "come on you slow people move out of the way", this was to 3 ex GMs and her Biffness! Wow swift retribution will follow or the sky might even fall in! Won Hung Low became very excited at the cheap beer and chips at the Moorland Hotel and said it was the best pub we'd been to in years, he needs to get out more methinks. Between them, Slush, Scupper Sucker and Pimp managed to fail to get us a Hash mag this week, although it is on line, Pimp said. It was all about wrong email addresses and printing.

Hash Hush: Time for a Biff up the bum. Our magnificent GM welcomed a returning Hasher from years ago, High and Mighty, back for a visit from Portugal. Apparently he was there at run number 37 and at Biff and Glanni's first date when he was still in nappies, High and Mighty that is not Glanni. (Our little group from Plymouth stayed until everyone else had gone to see him across the car park to his camper van, so civic minded!) Biff then allowed Captain Well Laid to award Ernie a pair of engraved champagne glasses to celebrate his recent marriage, congratulations Ernie and Donna. I heard later that Tampax couldn't see properly and asked if Ernie had been presented with a glass condom. Now we don't have to look to the HSE for the possible hazards involved with that! Back in the zone Biff announced that Raunchy is planning to do the Welsh 3 peaks for charity, actually for the special school where she works where they need more sensory equipment, so a jolly good cause. Biff also called yours truly forward and placed her hand on top of my head to identify me as the scribe of the week. It was like being blessed by the Pope, possibly, as I Can't Remember experiencing such a blessing. Cannon Fodder got the Biff of the week right on target but not nearly hard enough! Nashers also got Biffed up the bum by Hot Rocks and Slush whilst she was bending over the back of a chair; she liked it way too much. Actually so did they!

Biff asked me to remind you all about the Gig Rowing:

Sunday 12th June 10.30 am at Weir Quay £5.00 on the day

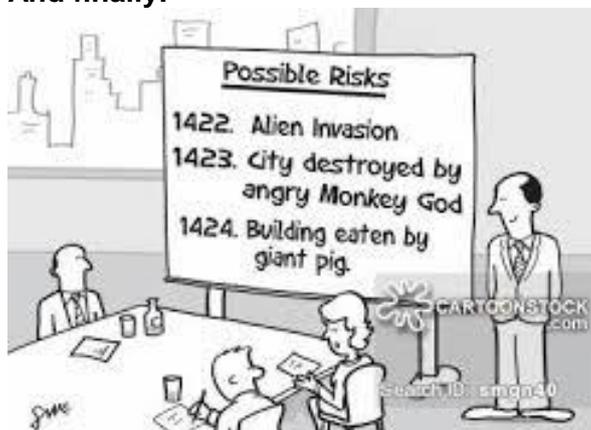
Limited to 27 hashers - first come first served (see Raunchy), will also have a reserve list in case of drop outs.

Bring canoes if you wish whilst awaiting your rowing turn

Bring food for a communal BBQ

Chance to race Stannary

And finally:



"Well he certainly does a very thorough risk analysis."



Was it worth the risk? I think the answer must be a big fat YES! A good time was had by all.