

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'er
Angus Colville
Hereditary Pee'ers
Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville
Hereditary Pee'ers
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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Next Run: No 1844
Date: 30 November 2015
Start: Lydford car park.
On Down: Castle Inn, Lydford.
Hares: Tight Arse.
Scribe: Slush

Wet - Wet - Wet

Surely I cannot be the only one who whilst sitting in the car at 7 25 pm, parked in a dodgy Woolwell housing estate (PL6 7TE), felt like asking my fellow hashers "Do you really want to go for a hash run or would you prefer to go straight to the Pub?" We went for the Hash along with 43 other brave hearted souls, however at least a dozen cry-offs, Wimps and Tarts mainly, showed up only for the pub, and not just the Sick, Old and Lame, but fit and healthy hash(ette) specimens with a variety of pretty weak excuses.

The Hash Run was good, the weather truly appalling, Storm Barney (that's the Met Office name not the hash interpretation) was climaxing, but the group went up and down hills, splishy splashy through the mud and water flooding down the roads and shiggy everywhere, even managing to stay together as a group, much fun was had by all and thank you to the hare, Last Minute, for a terrific job in dreadful conditions.

The On Down

The GMs Arrr, Arr, Arr pirate bit - although late, was interesting. No shoes, no pants, no knee pain, house trained Hoover operative, kept man, and all that, but what about the ~~run~~ "HASH"?

Happy 50th Birthday to Lost Norris - lovely cakes, shame the singing was out of tune.

The naming of young Lauren was in true hash tradition embarrassing not just to the pub staff, other guests, hashers even her close friends and loved ones, but how is she ever going to tell them and even more importantly why? Welcome to TVH3 "deep throat".

Why is it when you are scribing everybody wants to “*Dob*” in their mates? What has happened to Hash Fraternity, the Brotherhood & Sisterhood of hashing? I can understand the numerous outrageous comments about Barney and his total lack of fashion sense, outrageous for even a TVH3 Hash Club with no rules. He was described as “Social Suicide” - Orange Crocs – never ever trust a man who wears socks with sandals let alone Crocs – especially in winter.

We welcome the hash-virgin, Jake, wearing the virgin hat, he has promised not to be put off and will come again!

Did you hear the one about the new Hash Flash, turned up for his first major public engagement – the Monday Night Hash Meeting without his camera – well it would probably get damaged in the rain if he had remembered. Hurricane aka Tweedle Dum (not to be confused with Tweedle Dee or Tweedle) but also answers to Steve or Tim but ~~that was a long time ago~~ gets the plank of the week again, that makes his sixth, not enough to build a kennel for Ruby, or even a garden fence, but he is getting there. Can't Remember, what to do with them? Note to GM could you make them metre rules instead of 6-inch rulers, better for the male ego!

The new TVH3 car stickers are in, but need to be stuck on the outside of the vehicle, as the stick is on the wrong side, so, as is ever true in life the olds ones are always the best.

Now for the cultured bit:

Rain

It rained and rained and rained
The average fall was well maintained
And when the tracks were simple bogs
It started raining cats and dogs
After a drought of half an hour
We had a most refreshing shower
And the most curious thing of all – A gentle rain began to fall
Next day but one was fairly dry
Save for one deluge from the sky
Which wetted the party to the skin
And then at last the Rain set in.

By anonymous (taken from a card in an Oxfam charity shop)

Now for a serious bit:

Hares to set a hash-run are always needed, especially in the winter, if you enjoy the hash please volunteer to lay a trail, if uncertain or nervous of how to go about it team up with an experienced hasher and give it a go. The Haremaster will always be delighted to advise you. The more you put in the more you get out!

On On
A not so loyal hasher!

Ps For hash sprogs please note the letter font size is 12 so us old farts can read the mag in the pub half-light without having to find our reading glasses, and that's if one remembers where one left them!!!