

Grand Master
Simon Snowdon (Slush)

Joint Masters
Steve Statham (Krakow)

Mo Rujak (On All Fours)

Scribe Master
Angela Sykes (Gannet)

Hasherdabber
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)

Hash Horn
Alan Eddie (Pist 'N' Broke)



Chamber Pots
Bruce Trower (Ernie)

Hayley Trower (Nine-Inch)

On Sec
Paul Ames (Aimless)

Hash Cash
Paul Waters (Stopcock)

Hare Master
Kate Glanville (Biff)

Hash Flash
Elena Stamp (Come Forward)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville
Hereditary Pee'ers

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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Next Run No: 1757
Date: 3rd March 2014
Start: Magpie Bridge (again)
On Down: London Inn, Horrabridge (again)
Hares: Ram Raider

Firstly the event of the year – St. Valentine's Moules with Rouge Mascara or, Some Like it Tepid.

For those who weren't there you missed a great do with excellent and plentiful super-scrummy food provided by Plain Jane and the committee and a great set by The Gruffnuts. Lots of saucy strumpets and very dapper looking gangsters, notably Cabin Boy who looked like he'd walked straight out of The Godfather. Outfit of the night was clearly Hurricane, dolled up as Tony Curtis in Some Like it Hot (just Google it kids) with Can't Remember as Jack Lemmon. Not sure though if Caught Short was Marilyn Monroe or Dolly Parton. And why was Penny Farting the only gentleman to ask Hurricane for a dance?

Cross-dressing/frock-swapping was clearly a theme as Buffy and Caught Short decided to swap costumes/identities half way through the night – I still haven't fully recovered.

Meanwhile Sister Sludge and Cabin Boy had clearly had a bit of a domestic but Sister Sludge wasn't going to let a mere bullet wound to the head stop her dancing. (I could make a very cruel, cutting comment here but I need Sludge's assistance with a report this week.)

Just in case we were all getting too excited Sir Slosh and Krakow decided to treat us to a round of Irish Bingo which was, mercifully, as short as the GM's fingers.

I do, however, despair at times at the direction in which THH3 is going. A gangster theme

and only one person turns up with a water pistol – whatever happened to the days of food fights, crucifixions etc?

Well done all for organising a great evening.

On to Monday night and a valiant effort by Aimless and H3 to set a hash in driving rain at Peat Cott. There are some refuseniks who believe the hash shouldn't be venturing out in to the depths of the moor in the middle of winter but this was a fine example of how to set a decent hash on the wild and windy moor without losing people or boring them silly. Don't rely on the hare for advice during the run though – Aimless' advice at one point was to follow the leat. That'll be the water feature then eh?

Greasy Rollocks clearly needs to come hashing a bit more regularly. She became very excited at the sight of snow, until it was pointed out to her that it was actually the decomposing remains of a dead sheep. Always nice to know you can rely on the medical profession for an accurate diagnosis. Still, not all's lost Lisa – I was initially informed (by someone still in their tender thirties) that the person who mistook sheep's wool for snow was "one of the youngsters".

Hurricane announced he was going to carry out a ritual burial of his torch after it packed up on him. He's only had it for 20 years. Even worse, Pimp had a spare torch with him so Hurricane couldn't slope off back to the cars.

Luffly walked to the pub from the start and was perturbed by the amount of horse poo alongside the road. How does one pony manage to poo so often she wondered. Clearly being all loved-up has addled her brains.

Welcome back to Hotlips who was holidaying at Burrator for the week. She was going to cycle up the track from Norsworthy to the start of the hash but was put off by a bit of drizzle and a gentle breeze. Clearly moving away from West Devon has turned her into a southern softy.

Don't ask Penny Farting for advice on cycling routes – he recently managed to cycle 70km just getting from Plymouth to South Brent.

Finally, back by popular request, the return of the Hash multiple choice :

Now the eagle-eyed amongst you may possibly have noticed that next week's hash is starting from the same place as this week's. Is that because Ram Raider :

- A. Knew it would rain and wash away all Dogcatcher's dust and besides most Hashers can't remember which planet they were on the previous week never mind where the trail went.
- B. Knew Dogcatcher's run would be a disaster and by setting the run in the same area he could show everyone what a proper hash should be thus winning enormous kudos with the younger, impressionable hashers.
- C. Couldn't be arsed to set his own run and thought he'd just rely on the dust from the previous week still being visible.

Answers in the hash mag in 2 weeks time.

On On, Hot Rocks.