

Grand Master
Ruth Luff (Luffly)

Joint Masters
Dave Sykes (Scrotey)

Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)

Scribe Master
Mick Peach (Bumsen Burner)

Hasherdabber
Jack Southward (Penny Farting)

Hash Horn
Lee Renshaw (Hornblower)



Chamber Pots
Steve Darbyshire (Do Do)

Judith Nash (Gnasher)

On Sec
Jane Colwill (Plain Jane)

Hash Cash
John McGurk (Nipple Deep)

Hare Master
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)

Hash Flash
Ollie Luff (Dingleberry)

Cross Dresser
Stirling Way (Spike)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville

Hereditary Pee'ers
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

Next Run No: 1679

Date: 01/10/12

Start: Cadover Bridge

On Down: White Thorn, Shaugh Prior

Hares: Stammer and Come Forward

“Are you ready yet?” were the words that greeted me as I arrived home last Monday from work. “Are you ready yet?” five minutes later. After being nagged every five minutes, we left the house earlier than usual and set off for Norsworthy Bridge.

“Are we nearly there?” was uttered, just like a child going on holiday, all the way to Burrator. Why was Well Laid so keen to get to the Hash? Was it the thought of Streaky and Ramraider’s dusty trails? Was it the lure of the shiggy that lay ahead.....

On arrival at Norsworthy, he was out of the car like a flash and at the same time, Ernie arrived, whereupon on seeing Well Laid, screeched to a halt and shot out of the car and the pair ran towards each other like a scene from Wuthering Heights.

“ere ‘t is! I’ve been hugging this blooming thing on my lap all the way from Plymuff!” With these words, man and wheel were reunited. Handy tip for Well Laid, when cycling with the Wednesday night bikers, don’t forget your front wheel when you put your bike in the car – you’ve been moping around like a love sick teenager all week!

Buffy never made the Hash as she’d been having such a terrible night she got to Chip Shop and she was bonking. Not sure who with but she looked pretty knackered when she got to the pub.

What a lovely Hash that our hares set last week. I was so excited about the thought of getting wet and muddy that I decided to do my own thing and run to the pub- luckily Well Laid, in a moment of guilt, decided to accompany me- which was just as well as I was going to run to Meavy and not Dousland!

Lovely to see Barney is now regular, especially when he arrives bearing gifts – well, one bag of flour- which my spies assured me was the only bag of flour used on the Hash, despite Streaky buying 15 bags of self- raising. She had found the route on-line but don't take offence as in fact it was a 3 mile walk for old ladies.

This was right up Hurricane's street as he was soon down on all fours and doing it doggy style. Quote afterwards "It sucked me in and blew me out!"

Meanwhile, Gannet was running like a demon as she was determined to get ahead of the youngsters- how dare they try and run faster than her. She decided that the Gannet principle should be applied at night to all Hashers under 20– no torch, tough luck, you'll be abandoned.

Tampax thought it was a very sociable Hash although fancy making it arduous in places. He committed the greatest of sins last Monday by forgetting to check the GM in so that's the last time she'll lend him her bra.

In the pub, Grandpa confessed that he'd enjoyed his run but had been daydreaming about when he comes back in the next life, he wants to be a ladies' clothes shopper as he'd always wanted to be big in ladies' underwear. Barney, clutching the same hard wooden thing that Grandpa had been twiddling with all night, was deep in conversation with Uncle. Not only had he donated a bag of flour to the Hash, but he also bought Uncle tea. This was the shock of reaching the grand young age of 70, almost the same age as Penny Farting.

Despite the local TV story about Hobo going missing he was very much at the Hash. Some shaggy dog story about going missing and finding his way home. Anyway, they both looked the same. Contrary to popular belief, Miss is not buried under the patio and Hobo promises to prove it soon.

Waldorf, undercover from Stannary Hash, was picking up much needed tips about Hash Hushes. Bet their GM doesn't have apples dangling from a gigantic double JJ. Poor old Wobbly Knob was desperately hoping it was apple bobbing time until someone told him it wasn't Halloween yet. Meanwhile Luffly had to call a halt to the Hash Hush as she realised her apples had turned to puree.

It was lovely to see that our part-time, retired hashers had returned to the Hash. Whilst on tour in Istanbul, they gate-crashed the Turkish Hash where the locals couldn't remember Windy's name so called him Blowy and somehow, Racy was renamed Racehorse – can't think why!

Can't Remember had been sitting very quietly throughout the evening, despite being the proud owner of some Chinese eggs. Well Laid was discussing the merits of Pilates instead of eggs when Ramraider butted in and claimed that women's vaginas are his forte and reckoned that he knew best about pelvic floor exercises. There could well be a fannytastic round especially for him at the next quiz. Hurricane meanwhile had his mind on other things rather than Can't Remember's nether regions as he's applied to be on Strictly Come Dancing but Can't Remember hasn't got the heart to tell him that it's to sit in the audience.

A huge "THANK YOU" from K2 to everyone who supported the Myeloma UK charity do in memory of Plankton. £560 was raised but hopefully this was added to with the GM's apple raffle. The evening was a great success and who would have realised that there was so much talent, or not, in the Hash. Can't Remember is now thinking of taking up pole dancing after her episode with the microphone stand whilst Racy Racehorse is thinking of taking up drumming, or was it milking a cow?

Handy tip 2– write a crappy Hash Mag and you won't get asked again!

Underlay