

Grand Master
Ruth Luff (Luffly)

Joint Masters
Dave Sykes (Scrotey)

Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)

Scribe Master
Mick Peach (Dildo Baggins)

Hasherdabber
Jack Southward (Penny Farting)

Hash Horn
Lee Renshaw (Hornblower)



Chamber Pots
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Judith Nash (Gnasher)

On Sec
Jane Colwill (Plain Jane)

Hash Cash
John McGurk (Nipple Deep)

Hare Master
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)

Hash Flash
Ann Marcer (K2)

Cross Dresser
Stirling Way (Spike)

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: 1688

Date: 3rd December (22 days till Christmas Day)

Start: Pick Pie Drive, Woolwell Grid Ref: SX 512 6170.

On Down: Lopes Arms, Roborough.

Hares: Hobo & Miss.

Oh yeah baby. It was wet and slippery and we had no problem sliding straight in. It was going to be a dirty night and we loved it. Very soon everyone joined in and there were hot wet bodies everywhere. Cries of pleasure were soon heard as rhythmic wet slapping sounds echoed around the estate.

I am of course referring to the mud and water and pitter patter of the feet of the dedicated and enthusiastic hashers that turned out for the excellent hash set by Grandpa and Plain Jane. They had worked very hard and repeatedly re-laid the route as it had been washed away time after time by the rain.

As it was pitch dark and we went round and round on bits that looked the same and sometimes were the same and sometimes weren't, I can't give you an accurate description of the route. There were muddy up hills (that Grandpa owned) and muddy down hills (that Grandpa owned) joined together with muddy flat bits (that Grandpa owned). We had forests (that Grandpa owned) and fields (that Grandpa owned) and beautiful "dry" tunnel sections through close growing evergreen forest (that Grandpa owned). There was even a short section through a vineyard (that Grandpa owned) before finishing back at Grandpa's house (which he also owned). As we refreshed ourselves from the bucket (which is owned by the hash) we gazed back upon the work of Plain Jane (who is not owned by anyone, being an independent woman and all that) and Grandpa (who is owned by Mrs Grandpa) and we said it was good.

The pub, The Harris Arms, was further away than one might have guessed from the map but it was very good. On route to the pub many hashers would have driven past a lone figure walking in the opposite direction heading back to Alder Farm (owned by Grandpa). This lonesome figure was none other than Rob Pearce, a young hasher who had managed to get lost yet again. Back in the pub he crossed someone's palm with a fiver and was duly named "TOM TOM".

At the pub there was a mini celebration with a Down Down for Hob Knob who had reached the grand old age of 18. For women this age can probably be seen as adulthood, but Hob Knob, being a man, will probably not leave his childhood behind and become an adult till well into his 70s.

There was another celebration for Hurricane who received his 800 runs trophy, an inflatable Zimmer Frame. Congratulations, that's 15 years and 4 months of runs, if you didn't miss any at all.

Other stuff that was overheard.

Hot Lips was seen to be wearing two pairs of trousers to run in. It's possible she was in fear of unwanted attention and advances in the dark wood and was just taking precautions. It's also possible that she didn't have any pockets in the first pair of trousers to put her phone in and so put a pair with pockets on over the top. I expect that makes perfect sense to half the population. A bit like Psycho losing her torch only to find it later in the hood of the coat she was wearing. Evolution can throw up all sorts of interesting anomalies.

Plain Jane to Slush "Can I have some.....Oh that's nice.....I like it rough".

Slush to Plain Jane "Oi that's my cider, I said you could have a taste not drink it all."

Krakow was in a cheerful mood until he sat down with his bowl of chips. From the look on his face and his moaning you would have thought that someone had just burgled his house, stolen his bikes and trashed his car in the car park. It was far more serious than that, the price of his cheesy chips; £3.

Over the fireplace in the main room of the pub was a painted picture of the GM naked. I asked her about it and she denied that it was her but I'm not sure. Being positioned above the fireplace made her look very hot. More important than naked paintings of the GM, the subject of Movember was brought up. Several hashers have joined in with this yearly charity event and are sporting interesting moustaches to raise lots of money for charity. As most ladies can't grow moustaches the GM has agreed that the female members of the hash can take part in the February event next year. Judges to be decided. (Ram Raider, if you want to take part you can, just do that trick that you showed me the other day, the one Slush showed you.)

On the subject of Ram Raider, he has grown a tidy little moustache. What with his full head of luscious locks Gannet thinks he now bears a striking resemblance to Errol Flynn. (For younger hashers, he was an actor, most loved for playing Robin Hood) Gannet, being a mine of useful information went on to tell me that Errol Flynn allegedly had a very big penis. She then went on to say that Errol, just like Ram Raider, started this rumour himself in order to boost his reputation. The things she knows!

Dildo Baggins would like to know if someone could give him a hand setting his hash on the 4th of February 2013. See him if you can help.

Whilst trying to sing the Down Down song to celebrate Hob Knob's birthday I realized that I didn't really know the words so I tried to look them up on the internet. I never realized that there were so many hash drinking songs, some of them with rude words. TVH3 hasn't been a singing hash for quite some time, which is a shame because it's good fun. I expect that over the years we have started going to posh pubs that don't really approve of raucous singing. Singing and banned from the drinking or drinking and no singing. I know which I'd prefer. There are loads of songs on the internet if anyone is interested in learning a few. See the GM.

Forthcoming Events

Saturday 1 December – Quiz Night – Yelverton Church Hall – 7.00pm sharp. Maximum six people to a team. Bring your own booze and food, or use the chip van conveniently situated nearby.

Saturday 5 January – 12th Night Ball. Tickets on sale now.