

**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**  
Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)  
Diann Davis (Can't Remember)  
**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:	1910	Date:	06/03/2017
Start:	Brisworthy Plantation	On Down:	Royal Oak, Meavy
Hares:	Wobbly Knob	Scribe:	??

**\*\* GOT YOUR 'OUT OF THIS WORLD' TICKETS YET?  
LAST CHANCE TONIGHT 27<sup>th</sup> FEB - SEE CAN'T REMEMBER\*\***

It's amazing what you can learn when you've been made redundant, suffering the effects of woman-flu (Why now? Why not when I was being paid to be sick?), and, for want of the energy to do anything else, you find yourself chasing down useless facts on the interweb, such as: Did you know that a blocked nose is due to swollen erectile tissue? And there was me thinking it was just not. No wonder I've not been able to breathe properly lately. And also explains Delilah's recent enthusiasm for doing handstands.

What a lovely night for a run / hash. A pleasant change from the rain-swept, foggy and water-challenge ones we've had recently. Gnashers set everyone off promptly at 7.30pm after very strict instructions to the Longs – well Glani – to not ignore the checks and actually follow the trail and please could they do the Long loop. I made myself briefly useful helping hare viz short car ride, short stroll across field, lean on gate to stop Longs on the long loop injuring themselves on said gate, short stroll/car ride back to the pub. Briefly shattering the peace and quiet of a night punctuated hitherto by owl calls, the Long Loopers looked like a swarm of large fireflies as they hoofed it across to the gate – well all except Dogcatcher who'd left his torch at home. Well done to Gnashers for slogging all day to set it all on her own when Tampax was medically excused due to an eye op. He was, however, manfully at his post checking people out/in. Hope eyes back to fully working order soon Tampax. All agreed it was a great hash/run and led to Gnashers being awarded HRH Biff's first Gold Star Award of the evening.

There was one dissenter, apparently Grandpa was complaining about the lack of checks. Is this down to him still getting used to his recent dose of radioactive Kryptonite in his knees or is he just a Grumpy Ole Duffer. Still he's ahead on the costume front for the Hash Do – just needs to wear his incontinence pants outside his Lycra and he'll be well away.

One thing with scribing is it gives one a sense of purpose and the opportunity to legitimately be nosy, ask inane questions and generally lurk and eavesdrop on everyone else's conversations, thus making up for inadequate conversational skills. So after vigorously massaging the swollen erectile tissue with a couple of cheesy chips, I set to.

Word has it that Chopper was recently indulging in the more cerebral pursuits of working out how little he can wear hashing without anything dropping off due to frostbite, whilst Raunchy, Embarrister, and Ginger Rogers were bricking it The Batman Lego Movie. This after Raunchy's unplanned 10-mile run at Burrator, which she thought too light-weight to mention. What!!! Respect!

Windy and Racey were just back from their first holiday of their 2017 season and regaling us with tales of getting your legs in the right positions for 6-20% ups and downs, troubling wet patches, and finding their Balearics got hot and sweaty at higher levels. They then got into deep discussion with Underlay and Vampire Slayer about balaclavas and dressing gowns, whilst Posh Pinny and Can't Remember were discussing the merits of Kentish apple abrutment and not trimming your bush more than once a year to avoid repetitive strain injury. Elsewhere, Cannon Fodder was reminiscing about the one hash he'd set which was in poor weather and involved a torrent and a wet gully. Amazing really since a train-spotting source alleged he'd spent that particular hash in the pub and didn't actually get his anorak wet at all.

Nearby, Half Pint was quietly contemplating which of the two pints he was holding he'd sup first, and Nippledeep was seen blatantly stealing chips as he nonchalantly steered a course the long way round one table and the short way round another to scavenge from Gannet's egg and chips. Playing with fire there my friend, playing with fire, she is Her Biffness's HenchBiffer you know. Talking of Nippledeep, he was very upset that as he trotted up the hill on the On Home he was very nearly run over by an orange van which left him invisibly shaking in the road. He was indignant to see Hot Rocks pause briefly 50 yards from the pub, survey his handiwork, then drive on. Gnashers and I drove past him too, briefly thought about stopping to offer a lift, then thought 'Nah' and also drove on!! Probably karma for chip theft and decapitating a pigeon. Still at least Nippledeep's trying to educate himself as, unlike his 4-year old grandson, he doesn't know his Hebe from his Thyme so has taken to wearing floral wellies and reading Alan Titchmarsh books – probably 'cos there's lots of pictures. Nice to see Hot Rocks had spotted my eco credentials: that I hadn't changed my Glastonbury t-shirt since Friday – the same day that Vampire Slayer had reckoned Hot Rocks' battered whale would keep her going til at least midnight.

The Queen was at home with her feet up watching EastEnders - which must have been a last minute decision as Her Maj Biff was all of a to-do when she mounted the chair and realised she was exposed and unprotected having left her Biffer in the corner. Just for a change there was a roll-call of birthdays and party hat presentations but no virgins: Blossom (50), Windy (70) and Underlay who was 60, and apparently a long time since she was a virgin, who swiftly responded to her birthday announcement in much the same way that Mexico's Enrique Pena Nieto did when El Trumpo told him he was going to have to pay for the US-Mexico wall. Well Laid found out it was Pist N' Broke's birthday too but I don't know if the range I was given of 52-67 was his age or his height.

HRH Biff had to get quite stern at one point with Consort Glani, threatening to leave him at the pub or give him a good sorting out later if she should relent and take him home, due to his heckling whilst she was trying to speak. Thank goodness she took him home – the Who'd would have wondered what they'd done that was so terrible to have been left with the GlaniMeister. Bit too close to Calstock for Dodo's and my liking too.

I can't keep up with these youngsters, first it was all fun and engaging games with plastic interlocking men on the big screen and the next, a worried Ginger Rogers finds himself married to Raunchy and, having been given the task of dishing out cardboard to committee members, he's then impaled on the end of a long royal stare by Her Biffness who utters the instruction – heavy with the reek of dire consequences - that he should make sure the Committee do with it what they should be doing with it. The jury's out as to whether he'll be able to quick-step his way out of this particular Raunchy-Biff sandwich.

On On, H (guest scribe and religious advisor)