

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: 1849

Date: 4th January 2016

Start: Buckland Monachorum School

On Down: Drake Manor Inn

Hares: Aimless

Twas the 3rd night before Christmas, when all across the moors
Not a creature was stirring, not even a horse.
The tea-lights were hung by the pipeline with care,
In hopes that St Hasholas soon would be there.

The hashers were nestled all snug in their car,
While visions of mince pies and pints by at the bar.
And Pony in her tinsel, and I in my hat,
Readied are loins for a long winter's lap.

When out over the moor there arose such a clatter,
Clans Argyles and Fang having a natter.
Away up the hill we flew like a flash,
Scramblin', slidin', oh what a hash!

The beams of the torches on new-trampled snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below.
But what should my wandering eyes have founds,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny hounds.

With a little old driver, so lively and rash,
I knew in a moment it must be St Hash.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name!

"Now Mayhem! now, Quackers! now, Chopper and Fergie!
On, DoDo! On, Turd! on, on Raunchy and Racy!
On through the river! to the top of the tor!
Now hash away! Hash away! All over the moor!"

They were dressed all in lycra, from head to foot,
And their clothes were all tarnished with shiggy and toot.
Except poor Dodo dressed as a fairy,
Though more could be seen as he is a little bit hairy.

What a wonderful run set by the Von Trap family and a magical ending descending through all the tea-lights to warm mice pies and even warmer mulled wine. Arguilles' true full meat mince pies were amiss this year and the great man stayed home in protest at the vegetarian alternatives. DoDo, the flashing fairy, had appeared from the bottom of Tweadle Dee's garden. He was more hairy than fairy though putting off many of the locals at the on down

The Burrator was its normal busy self though we were plagued with imposters from Drake. Sturmeroid was sent over to deal with them but ended up sat down enjoying a pint BAH HUMBUG! It was decided he would be our Christmas gift to them, if Sturmer can be seen as a gift.

The hash hush ensued with a random scattering of news, not that I caught much as I was jotting down with the helpfully supplied colouring pencils attached to the hash mag. They may be good at shading but came out barely visible. Thus I can't remember who was named but it's alright as he didn't know his name either. In the gamble that followed Auld-Zheimer was decided upon.

A few classic hash carols were sung, celebrating many of the oddities that is TVH3. Glanji was disappointed not to hear his favourite "O little hash of stannary" and sang a solo rendition once everyone else's throats had become hoarse.

Captain Well-Laid's Caribbean Caper

27th February - Lamerton Village Hall

GET KEEN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

HOHOHO ON ON

Hobus Knobus xx