

**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**  
Sarah Jones (Pony)  
Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)  
**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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**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk

**Next Run No: 1871**

**Date: 7<sup>th</sup> June 2016**

**Start: Down Road, Tavistock, by the Golf Club**



**On Down: Whitchurch Inn**



**Hare: Dogcatcher**



### **BLOODY HELL! It's Nipple Deep's fishy hairstyle**

So after the magnificence of the bluebell woods last week, we had the joys of china clay this week. This hash really was the pits. Well done to The Knobs (Wobbly, Lass, Hob & Psycho) for a 1<sup>st</sup> class hash enjoyed by everyone. (What sort of image does Psycho Knob conjure up in the mind). The exceptions, of course, were the short cutting fraternity (Pimp, Grandpa, & Cannon Fodder). Poor Grandpa was suffering from sciatica, and Pimp felt duty bound to look after him. Grandpa claims that running is not the problem, it's the walking.

The pre-hash entertainment was given by Cheddar. Whilst reversing in to a parking space, virgin hasher Clare Baldry nipped into Cheddar's chosen spot. I saw the air change an odd shade of blue, and mouthed words from Cheddar that went something like "You f b w c b f f †\*\*\*\*r"!!! Maybe Clare's hash name should YFB.

Nipple Deep was sporting a nifty new hair style; well, a hair and beard trim. I think he must have found a can of Grecian Urn 2000 that specialises in 'That all over grey look', specially designed to make you look like John Major. All I can say is he wouldn't look out of place in Budleigh Salterton. Apparently, back in the 80's (a decade that is not synonymous with taste or style) Nipple Deep sported a very dodgy mullet, and Posh Pinny had a very blonder than blonde poodly poodle perm. It was love at first follicle. Photographic evidence is needed I feel. Talking of dodgy mullets, does anyone out there remember Hoddle & Waddle's classic eighties hit Diamond Lights. Check it out on YouTube.

Cannon Fodder & Gnashers were seen frolicking off into the china clay in search of the elusive Bonny Black Hare, but ended up lost in the bush. Later Gnashers said, 'It was a jolly good hash, but the fast running BASTARDS need to keep a look out for those that like it long & slow

How the High & Mighty have fallen. Glanni, Wobbly Knob and High Mighty were seen comparing wounds in the pub. There was more blood than a bloody thing on the bloody battlefield of Wounded Knee. Maybe it was their way of remembering our recently departed founder, Bloodnock. Embarrister was also amongst the fallen on the hash, but was too embarrassed to come into the pub afterwards. There were also a couple of anonymous fallers too (my spies failed me). A short cutter was seen short cutting, across a bog. Inevitable result was said person was soon up to their nether regions in goo. That'll learn 'em. Stopcock wasn't sure who it was, but it could have been Hot Rocks (who out flashed the flash), Hornblower (home from Hornblower duties) or Ginger Rogers (tripping the light fantastic).

Underwear related news. Shock horror, Dirty Oar, who also had a significant birthday this week (40, 50 or 60, who can tell?), managed to avoid going commando in the pub this week. And talking of dirty oars Gannet was seen to be giving Slush a dry wall screw, whilst Srotum Factotum looked on.

News for you old timers, former TVH3 stalwart, Jane Head, will be making a comeback at tonight's hash. She has been away looking for her old soul mate, Silent, but has failed to find him anywhere. So keep a look out for her and buy her a drink for old time's sake.

And finally, our Punctuation and Grammar Mistress, Gannet, has finally conceded in her war on correcttishness. So from now Scribes anything goes, and you will not have to endure Gannets Glacial Glares ever again.

**Sunday 12th June 10.30 am at Weir Quay £5.00 on the day**

Limited to 27 hashers - first come first served (see Raunchy), will also have a reserve list in case of drop outs.

Bring canoes if you wish whilst awaiting your turn to row; Bring food for a communal BBQ; Chance to race Stannary

Caption Competition - Free T-shirt to the winner - Submissions to Biff.

