

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: 1845
Date: Monday 7th December 2015
Start: Scrubtor Woods GR 414744
On Down: Blacksmith's Arms, Lamerton
Hares: Windy, Racey, Well Laid and Underlay

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"We haven't been here for years!" observed Hot Rocks as we puffed our way to the start of the hash. No loitering in the car for the last minutes before the off, tonight we had to climb up to Brentor church on its rocky outcrop, ready to start at the usual time. At the top everyone crowded inside, making it feel like an outing for over excited pensioners. (Sorry young 'uns, that means you too. Blame the beards. Very ageing.) Slap advertised a carol service on Sunday 6th December, Dildo Baggins admired the bell ropes and Cheddar filled in the visitors' book. Meanwhile Scrote and Windy did a quick building survey and hired Slush on the spot to carry out renovations to the gargoyles. Sadly, he pronounced Sturmeroid's phizog beyond repair. Others were concerned at leaving their vehicles unattended. Brentor car park is the crime hot spot of West Devon apparently, a magnet for car thieves from miles around. Suddenly, stentorian tones rang out from the pulpit. Hash Hush! It was our hare for the evening, Fergie, looking as earnest and pious as The Vicar of Dribley, (but a great deal prettier). Then we were off, with Slush confiding to me that he had foiled the criminal masterminds who might nick his van by placing his keys on the front wheel. No- one would ever think of looking there, would they?

We had only trotted a few yards down the path when On The Khazi fell and broke not his crown, but his arse, which spewed out some foul brown liquid that stuck to his shorts and looked like a big cow pat. After fifteen minutes or so Glani had finished the long run and was having a quick rub down with Biff's copy of Data Protection Weekly. He had sneakily sussed out the hash earlier that evening when pretending to take Alice to her piano lesson and this meant he could go straight to the end and not bother with those pesky bits in the middle. Genius!

Krakov got the Pointless Extension prize for getting back to the finish then returning to the final check because he realised he had taken a short cut home.

Windy and Arguilles went one better and turned right deliberately and willingly at the Brentor Inn thus committing to another half hour of tarmac. I got back to the bucket at exactly 8.30 having run over the check back without even noticing it.

At The Castle in Lydford there was the buzz that comes after a successful social event. Can't Remember and Hurricane had organised an excellent quiz the previous Saturday night, with questions designed to test the most brilliant minds. It made University Challenge look tame- after all, Paxo is poor fare compared with the real Ross Poldark and Demelza! I will never think about 'cakey tea' in quite the same way again.... I asked some of the participants to sum up the delights of the evening for those who were not lucky enough to be there.

"We were in line for the wooden spoon, then we cheated, and so we didn't get it!" *Windy, hoist with his own petard*

"Wot? No topless scything? Half- arsed." *Raunchy, disappointed with Hurricane's abs*

"Intellectually challenging" *Barney, clearly of limited experience*

"The best team came second" *Hot Rocks (not at all bitter)*

"Is it possible to play the joker and score 0?" *Hot Rocks (get over it, loser)*

"We was robbed" *Pony and Slush*

"I only went because I wanted to wear my Sid Vicious T Shirt again" *Von Trapp*

"Break the buggers up on that team!" *Cheddar*

"Gannet needs to be handicapped." *Racey*

"Scrotey was a really big handicap. He sat through the whole quiz drinking beer and reading the Screwfix catalogue." *Gannet, not really caring as her team enjoyed a CRUSHING VICTORY*

" We might not have known all the answers, but at least this year we understood the questions." *Chopper, having found a silver lining*

After this diverting episode it was time for the GM to make some piratey noises and give the plank of the week to Can't Remember who has been taking some pretty serious instruction from Hurricane it seems. She somehow managed to make the computer screen go blank and lose the quiz scores - not just once but twice. She then asked the hashers present to tell her how many points they had amassed so far and she would write the numbers in again! Clearly, the prospect of a cakey tea had addled her wits. Frigid was named Frigid and it was Gnashers' 87th birthday.

My spies tell me that Cheddar was waiting for someone to accompany her on a walk this evening. Dogcatcher offered to go with her, and then shockingly offered a snog as they set off. So now he's snoggin', not doggin'!

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