

Grand Master
The ultimate honour! (so they tell you)
Joint Masters
Ministers with no real portfolio
Scribe Master
Billy No Mates for a year
Hasherdabber
Supermarket Sweeper
Hash Horn
A sinecure



Chamber Pots
57 old farts, collectively

On Sec
Authority now usurped by
Uberwebmeister Pimp
Hash Cash
Keeper of the Privy (Purse)
Hare Master
Without runs, we are nothing
Hash Flash
Rotten borough

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: 1916

Date: Monday 17th April 2017

Start: Norsworthy Bridge again

On Down: Rock Inn, Yelverton (Farmers' Bar)

Hares: Biff and the new GM (It could be you!)

Scribe: Various ex committee hacks - collated by Gannet

GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG

I don't know why I am slaving over the content of this week's mag – nobody will bother to read it in the febrile atmosphere of the AGM, as hashers anticipate the deposition of the Old Guard and its figurehead, Queenie. However much the proles cry out for change, you can be sure that dear Biff will be a tough act to follow for even the bestest of Grand Masters. Well done and thank you for all your efforts this year, Biff! Can't Remember summed up an outgoing GM's dizzying reversal of status as she ruefully thought back to that time... "One minute you're surrounded by sycophants and other really important hangers on wanting to talk to you all evening; the following week – phit! you're a has been who is widely ignored as you sit in a dark corner of the bar drinking alone." How are the mighty supplanted!

Actually this is all very healthy and is the same principle that makes sure that no president will still be in post aged 93, regardless of the stupidity of voters. Now here's a subversive proposal. Our beer referendum was just great, wasn't it? Let's have an election at this time next year, for all the committee posts! Just think what a right old horlicks the outcome would be.... Pimp of course is currently in Sir Humphrey mode, resigned to the thought of training up another useless wet behind the ears ministry. So don't worry hashers, the new

government will be just as effective as the old one, better looking, and not so tired.

I am supposed to report on the antics associated with last week's Lydford hash, even though truthfully it is of no interest to anyone now except the hares, who are always fearful of written criticism and who look for some thanks and acknowledgement of their huge efforts and superb trail laying skills hem hem. I know Naughty Boy is on holiday somewhere exotic this week and will not give a flying fart about the reputation of his run so I will merely say that the weather was bloody horrible and Naughty Boy was much assisted by his pals Fergie and Stopcock, all of whom were duly crowned with shower caps in the pub afterwards. Poor Mudsucker must have wondered what on earth she was doing in this northern hemisphere hell hole with no warm clothes, having to try and make friends with people like the madman in The Castle who was wearing something that resembled a leather horse's muzzle. (That was Glani, not Spike.)

The Queen must be de mob happy as she forgot to talk posh and momentarily resembled an ordinary person in a Dumbledore cloak doing...yes! an impression of The Queen! Happy Birthday was sung to Footloose, who was celebrating her 20th birthday with lots of cake and champagne. Gannet's special prize for the greediest gutses goes to Windy and Racey, who ate two or three slices each, leaving Slush and Dogcatcher only crumbs. The committee members were given medals by Biff for doing nothing really and virgin Hannah was made welcome in the sort of way that must be most terrifying for newbies. I am now fed up with writing proper paragraphs so will summarise briefly the other things that happened:

- Krakow showed me his new £1 coin, which is worth – a pound!!!
- Milko went to a hotel that had seven puddings.
- One hasher managed to get the pub landlady to tumble dry his kit.
- Do Do thanked Nippledeep, Wobbly and Hurricane for pushing his van backwards when the wheels were spinning. I am not sure why he didn't want it to go forwards.
- Hot Rocks and Vampire Slayer are still eating left over sausages days after their brewery opening event.
- Some very stupid hashers were reported to the GM for trying to unlock a five barred gate with some car keys.
- Half Pint was a hero at the weekend as he helped to rescue Gannet's little sister who had ridden her bike over a cliff.

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