Grand Master
Roger Thorn (Pimp)
Joint Masters
Julie Gitlin (Dirty Oar)
Bill Stacey- Norris (Lost)
Scribe Master
Steve Davis (Hurricane)
Hasherdabber
Ben Towe (Good Head)
Hash Horn
Damien Weaver (Omen)



Chamber Pot
Kate Glanville (Biff)
On Sec
David Sykes (Scrotum)
Hash Cash
Sarah Cohen (Fergie)
Hare Master
Simon Snowdon (Slush)
Hash Flash
Sam Bicknell (Well Shafted)

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: 1970

Date: Monday 7th May 2018

Start: Magpie Bridge

On Down: London Inn Horrabridge (TBC) Hares: Pimp and Raunchy – Joint GM's run

Scribe:

GANNETMAG!GANNET

As ever there were some poor fools who stayed away on the night of the seismic shift in power aka Committee Changeover Night, hoping to be forgotten about. This didn't work – it never works – so, Dirty Oar and Sam Bicknell, you have been Well Shafted. Lost disappeared via the gents loo halfway through proceedings in a futile attempt to escape responsibility, and one post was deleted altogether in the hope that it would make the committee more streamlined and efficient hem hem. The deleted person was just given another job, to stop his feelings being hurt. Nippledeep had offered to stay on as Hash Cash for another year but was taken quietly to one side and put on gardening leave. The whole evening had a veneer of jollity but was really The Sword of Damocles disguised as a Where's Wally game with daft props. Nice to see Cheddar and Bat back to join in the schadenfreude.

For the hash itself we were in the capable hands of Psycho, Wobbly and Hobnob who set a perfectly timed trail around the moors and woods of Burrator. Scrambling along the ridge of Leather Tor was a particular highlight. Other stand out memories included cherry blossom, some very scary sheep and another tumble (Humpty Dumpty style) for Ginger Rogers, who then sat wimpily in the pub with his knee on a stool moaning about its (almost) dislocation while his acolytes massaged it with some damp serviettes.

MEET YOUR NEW COMMITTEE

Omen - Hash Horn

A member of the Callington Massive. (Tampax is his brother's father in law and he is mates with Naughty Boy and Delilah.) I sort of bonded with him over Fergie's fiendish dingbat quiz at the Prince of Wales in Princetown where we worked out the answers together. Plays footie and is a Spurs supporter. Was cut to the quick over a small child's comment on the run tonight who 'said I ran like a Tyrannosaurus Rex.'

Scrotum - On Sec

Ask to see his hamster bollocks! DIY king of West Devon so will be useful when the hash needs anything constructed out of plywood. Super keen mountain biker – even keener now he has 29 inches at his disposal. Can't intercept an escaped porcine in a confined area.

Biff - Chamber Pot

Superb levels of experience relating to all things hash. She has an eye for detail combined with a prodigious memory. Currently enjoying (!) her eighth stint on the committee. Loves TVH3 nearly as much as she loves Glani. Has an enormous grey and white fluffy pussy. Or two.

Fergie – Hash Cash

Has two gods, according to Footloose, and enjoys arraying them in all sorts of dubious costumes. When told that she was on the committee again she punched the air and shouted 'I'm not GM! Yes!' Maybe not this year, Fergie, but watch this space.....

Hurricane- Scribe Master

Having a competition with Biff to see who can be on the committee the most times. They are currently neck and neck. Loves Monty Python and all things silly. Has had a running renaissance recently and this has put all us old 'uns to shame. Competing honourably in marathons and half marathons and still has the energy to hash the day after! Respect.

Slush – Hare Master

Usually to be found in a corner of the car park or bar earnestly comparing notes with Dildo Baggins about their latest motocross exploits. The new GM has combined Slush's very important run organising role with a new one of Risk Assessment for which he is exceptionally well qualified.

<u>Dirty Oar – Joint Master</u>

Rumour has it that she wanted to be on the committee because she thinks she has missed out on a lot of fun. I am not sure where her information has come from. Has been a hasher for a long time, but has been away in the South Hams and returned to the fold. Hurrah! Likes rowing, sailing and other watery pursuits.

Lost Norris – Joint Master

Don't let that road bike lovin' bluff exterior deceive you, Lost is a cultured soul who appreciates poetry and a good novel. Buttonholed me tonight with a book recommendation even before I had chance to check out the free food. A big softy at heart who allows his three cats to sleep on the bed at night.

Well Shafted - Hash Flash

Easily recognisable due to his long socks with shorts which is actually his hockey kit. Likes scoring but does not get the opportunity often. Won Raunchy's award for the best hash dresser upper narrowly beating Do Do. At present he has gone to ground in Tenby hoping to avoid being on the committee. Ha ha.

Good Head - Hash Haberdabber

Resembles Penfold from Dangermouse. Crumbs! Used to disappointment- supports Hull City FC and like Omen, is a footie fan. Once scuppered a school trip ferry journey by losing his boarding pass and had to be smuggled aboard. Likes to get his lawn mower serviced weekly. Has to have a pee every 30 minutes and upon arriving (late) to the AGM exclaimed 'Where's my pint?' Perhaps that's why.

GM - Pimp

What can we say? A true legend whose technological wizardry has dragged TVH3 into the internet age. Is thinking of re locating the hash to Polzeath where he has his beloved caravan. 'His beetroot dip is amazing!' confided an admirer when asked for a relevant soundbite. Congratulations on being GM and upon your 1000th run, Pimp!