

**Grand Master**  
Ruth Luff (Luffly)

**Joint Masters**  
Dave Sykes (Scrotey)

Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)

**Scribe Master**  
Mick Peach (Bumsen Burner)

**Hasherdabber**  
Jack Southward (Penny Farting)

**Hash Horn**  
Lee Renshaw (Hornblower)



**Chamber Pots**  
Steve Darbyshire (Do Do)

Judith Nash (Gnasher)

**On Sec**  
Jane Colwill (Plain Jane)

**Hash Cash**  
John McGurk (Nipple Deep)

**Hare Master**  
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)

**Hash Flash**  
Ollie Luff (Dingleberry)

**Cross Dresser**  
Stirling Way (Spike)

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville

**Hereditary Pee'ers**

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

**Email:** tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

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**Next Run No:** 1664  
**Date:** 18 June 2012  
**Start:** Pick Pie Drive, Woolwell (park on the north side of the road only please)  
**On Down:** Lopes Arms, Roborough  
**Hares:** Hobo and Miss



**The Pedants are Revolting**



It all started when Whinge announced that he was taking me to Endsleigh for the Jubilee Bank Holiday weekend. Full of excitement at the thought of staying at Hotel Endsleigh, I was not a little disappointed to find out that he was not taking me to Hotel Endsleigh, nor even the garden centre next door, but to the lodge, aka Dogcatcher's gaff, and we would be camping. I became even more confused when the tickets for the event said that there was going to be a barbeck. No, I don't know what one of those is either, but surely if it's spelt barbeque it must be pronounced barbeck? I mentioned it to a committee member, who first of all tried to ignore me (fair enough – I would probably have done the same in his place), and then to blame his secretary (fair enough again – we secretaries are used to taking the flak for our bosses' failings), before confessing that he'd downloaded the words from the TVH3 website. Turns out there was going to be a barbecue! I like barbecues. Barbecues are great – who doesn't love a good barbecue? Do you think I've mentioned it enough now for you all to learn how to spell it!?

So, we arrived at Dogcatcher's to be greeted by Caught Short, resplendent in an orange bodywarmer of such virulent hue that she'd narrowly avoided being put on car parking duty. Tea was served soon after our arrival, and a wonderful spread it was. There was cake, jelly and ice cream, cucumber sandwiches with the crusts cut off, and jam sandwiches, which Whinge soon turned into poor man's cream tea by the judicious application of clotted cream. Caught Short had finished her detox diet and was busy retoxing, while Streaky had jelly, ice cream AND cream!

It was the 13<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary of Hurricane and Can't Remember, who forgot. They've decided to celebrate with a chocolate labradoodle. This got Krakow's taste buds salivating, until he realised that chocolate referred to the colour.

## Treasure Hunt

Dogcatcher had devised some devious clues, which were really no use at all. By the time the more mature among us had solved some and gone to find the 2p pieces which passed for treasure, the youngsters had just turned the place over and found most of them. Gannet's plan was to shadow someone who looked as if they knew where they were going, and then at the last minute elbow them aside and grab the treasure for herself. Not all were found and when Dogcatcher finally took pity and solved the clues for us, there was keen competition amongst Streaky, Gnashers and Turbo Tom for the missing ones. Prizes, if you can call them that, were then presented. This was really just an excuse to get rid of all the old teeshirts that various committees haven't succeeded in selling over the past few years, but everyone seemed happy.

## Silly Games

As there was now a lull before the run, we decided to put on Spacehopper races. It's a lot harder than it looks and it's a long time since my inner thighs have felt so chafed. You'd think Scrote's legs would be the ideal shape, but he was rubbish. All the oldies reliving their youth who thought they'd show the youngsters how it should be done ended up completely humiliated. This jollity was followed by a unicycle demonstration and then Penny Farting on a penny farthing.

## Hash

And then on to the run itself. I heard no complaints, but then again I didn't hear any reports of any kind. The run took place on private land and in the grounds of Hotel Endsleigh, and as it had stayed dry and the sun was doing its best, it was a wonderful experience. We walkers had a lovely time, although Whinge and I made the mistake of listening to hare Scrote's instruction of "walk all the short but ignore the last bit". That's fine if you know when the last bit actually starts. Still, the views were amazing and we got back at 9.00pm expecting to be cheered back in, only to find that the barbecue (there's that word again) was in full swing and no-one had missed us.

## Hash Hush and Other Bits

Mrs Nippledeep now has a name of her own – Posh Pinny.

Happy Birthday was sung to the 40 year old virgin, aka Vampire Slayer's sister.

K2 was stopped by the police on her way to an illegal rave disguised as a Morris dancer.

Gardening tip – If you want any weeding doing, invite Spike round and then phone him up. While he's on his mobile he likes to wander round pulling up weeds.

An anonymous hasher was heard to say that he's known Dogcatcher for many years but never ceases to be amazed by him. Who else would build a tunnel in their garden accessed by a spiral staircase? There was no canary to send into the tunnel, but there was a very annoying little dog, and Hot Rocks mused that it was a shame Ras wasn't with us..... I got a bit confused at the shouts of "Gnasher get down" and "Gnasher, stop that" until I realised that these cries were also meant for the dog.

At precisely 10.15pm Dogcatcher lit his personal beacon and promptly set fire to the overhanging trees from the adjoining field. Serious conflagration was averted by the summoning of all males who'd had a few pints to gather round and aim high.

And the evening finished with the sight of Gannet seeing how many layers of other people's clothing she could wrap herself in.

Many thanks to Dogcatcher and Sonja for letting us eat, drink, generally make merry, and sleep all over their domain.

## Future Events

Monday 2 July – Mexican tepee run at Alder farm with Mexican meal. No doubt a committee member will stalk you until you give in and say you'll be there.



ON ON from Luscious

