

Grand Masters

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Angus Colville

Hereditary Pee'ers

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk**Next Run No: 1627****Date: 3rd October 2011****Start: Whitchurch Down (Brown Gin Run)****On Down: Whitchurch Inn****Hares: Hurricane, Pimp, Scupper Sucker and Can't Remember**

With a week to go before heading back to the spires of Cambridge, leaving TVH3 to the drawing in of a Dartmoor winter, how could I refuse Glanni's offer of some essay writing practice in the form of this weeks Hash Mag. Here goes.....

Headline: Wanton Wobblyknob Wins over Wigwam

The air was thick with conspiracy as Wobblyknob announced his plans for a viral hash last week. As THIV3 voted unanimously to FI-hash mob Stannary, minds were filled with images of charging down the lesser hash across Horrabridge park while they fled (along the roads) in terror. It was however noted that secrecy was of paramount importance if the plan was to succeed.

Headline: THIV3 Pandemic Hit's Horrabridge

Inconspicuous is not often a word used to describe TVH3. The gathering in Horrabridge football club car park was, however, a good effort, particular credit goes to Richard Jones' black lycra ninja outfit.

Attendance was disappointing for TVH3. The Wigwam excitement, it would seem, had faded by thoughts of the awkward moment when Wobblyknob had to actually explain what we were doing on Stannary's hash. Even Wobblyknob's attempts to recruit unruly youths over facebook and twitter failed after it was realised that this particular antisocial gathering wouldn't result in a new flat screen television. Undeterred, we gathered in the car park for the hash hush.

Headline: Ignorant Welshman Let's the Sheep out of the Bag

Alas, as we prepared to storm the Leaping Salmon it was revealed all our discretion was in vain. Ram Raider, unable to control his excitement had announced the plot in its entirety to a Stannary committee member in the Yelverton co-op. In a cruel blow of fate the Stannary committee meeting on Saturday night gave the perfect opportunity to spread the news through enemy ranks. When questioned about his shameful conduct, Ramraider pleaded (between a merciless series of 'Down-downs') "Ignorance" and "Welshness" in his defence. An unknown source was said to have pointed out that those two were the exact same thing.

Headline: Hashes Reunited over a Run which "Lacked Imagination" (Scrotey)

To his credit, Wobblyknob's short hash hush and quick departure foiled Stannary's cunning plan to leave early and we headed them off as they left the leaping salmon car park. We followed Stannary's neatly laid, if a little illusive dust up the hill and across the main road where the run left the tarmac. At this point the dust of the Stannary hares, apparently out of their depth at the encounter with the grass gravel and grime of Longash Down, went from being illusive to barely existent. This led to a character building game of hunt the flour while conspiracy theories were batted around about how Stannary had managed to set a false trail which led TVH3 into the middle of nowhere. Dog Catcher, in a fit of rage, sprinted off down the railway track only to find the majority of the Stannary hashers in just as confused a state as we all were. The run ended with a light jaunt back to Horrabridge interspersed with the elation of those who managed to find traces of dust amongst the bracken. Thanks go to Windy for diplomatically pointing out that this was, after all, "better than no run at all".

Headline: Joint On Down Brings Stark Reminder of Reasons for Split

When asked if he would like to comment on the evening's events, Wobblyknob gave the insightful summary "Yes It didn't work". He expanded to point out the obvious deficit in Stannary's flour fund and claimed to be pleased that we could donate some extra cash to our struggling brethren. The comments of the masses were much less understanding. An exasperated Glanni couldn't understand why P60 didn't teach them to lay a proper hash. Angry father Von Trap advised Stannary hares to "use some flour next time!" while son Richard lamented "my legs ache". Scrotey was heard calling for "Viral cross infection". He went on to explain his support for inviting Stannary hares to run with us and learn how to "do it properly". Once tempers had died down and pints began to be sipped an eventful series of hash hushes, down-downs and songs left Crumpet so excited that she hasn't talked about anything else all week.

On On!