

Grand Masters

Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)

Joint Masters

Judith Nash (Gnasher)

Simon Snowden (Slush)

Scribe Master

Paul Glanville (Glani)

Hasherdabber

Bruce Trower (Ernie)

**Chamber Pots**

Steve Darbyshire (Do Do)

Chris Lloyd (Ramraider)

On Sec

Erika Smith (Tosh Potty)

Hash Cash

Vron Maynard (Sore Arse)

Hare Master

Heather Smyly (Sludge)

Hash Flash

Stephen Langton (Frothy Top)

Life Pee'er

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: 1641****Date: 9th January 2012****Start: Grenofen Bridge****On Down: Halfway House, Grenofen****Hares: Slush****GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETM**

If you missed Glani and Biff and Nippledeep's holiday hash on Boxing Day evening don't worry. Those who were: trapped at home by family responsibilities/out of the country/ couldn't be bothered/ were weather wimps/ were too full of turkey to move/ were watching eighteen consecutive episodes of The Killing should be assured that they could have predicted that the following would happen:

- Glani's run would be devilishly intricate and hashers would see parts of Tavistock they never knew were there (ie Nippledeep's estate in Glanville Road. I've lived round the corner for 23 years and it was like going through a magic gate into Narnia);
- Our passing would be jollied by breathtaking glimpses of Ho Ho Houses in all their tastefulness;
- Dogcatcher would wear a strange outfit that would make him look like a pantomime dame;
- Blossom would emerge from the dim light of florists' prison nursing her poor little prickled hands;
- Young scantily clad party goes in very high heels (and that was just the blokes) would be surprised by us in dark alleys;
- The usual hash cries would be replaced by seasonal alternatives – 'Merry Christmas! Bah, Humbug! (or was it Bum Hug?) and Ho! Ho! Ho!';
- Gannet and Scrote would go home for a shower and only get to the pub in time to hear the last 30 seconds of the hash hush.

This year's variations on the generic entertainment are listed below:

- Stopcock showed great promise in the arcane and noble hash art of running whilst stuffing himself with mince pies;

- Gannet managed to do a Goldilocks and break one of Mrs Nippledeep's garden chairs;
- The GM awarded Rhesus to himself;
- In the corner of the pub were seated three Anton Du Beke lookalikes. I was told that these suave interlopers were Glani's brothers;
- Biff was proudly sporting a pair of Russell Grant Paso Doble specs which were her special present;
- The Christmas virgin hasher was promptly named Jesus;
- Aimless was recovering from hosting a highly successful party for the biker boys but his person was strangely adorned with clothes pegs;
- The scribe knew when it was time to move on from one group of lightning sharp wits when the subject turned to fish quotas. Other scintillating topics eavesdropped upon included The Shortcomings of Modern Vehicles and how it is easy to forget the Yorkshire puddings when it is Christmas dinner and not an ordinary Sunday roast.

So there you are, my little cranberry tartlets. And whatever seasonal crisis you may have endured, nothing can be as bad as Scrote's little festive offering.....Two hours before the arrival of the rellies we have all the drain covers off outside and are frantically rodding twenty yards of blockage (all the way to Drake's statue, it seems), as a murky tide rises in the downstairs bog. One heartfelt tip for the New Year - do not believe the manufacturers of cat litter when they state that 'this natural product is bio degradable and can easily be disposed of by flushing.....'

Many thanks to Glani, Biff, Alice and Nippledeep and his family for providing such a great run and additional food and entertainment at a very busy time of year.

On On into 2012!

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