

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)

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Next Run No: 1642 - Civil War in England began between Royalists & Parliament.**Date: 16th January 2012.****Start: Trout and Tipple.****On Down: Trout and Tipple.****Hares: Nipple Deep and Glani.**

Monday night's run was courtesy of Mayhem and Turbo, courtesy of Debarcle. I wasn't sure what to expect from this Clearbrook run, with flashbacks to Von Trapp's hash with On On's leading 200m down the track to an On On pointing straight back down the same track... Fortunately, Turbo and Mayhem seemed to be more inventive in their hash laying, and we were treated to mud, forest, flats, moors, mud, gauze, mud, rivers, leats, mud and road. Fortunately, the flour was all still there, as far as I know— the Donkey Sanctuary had all their donkeys accounted for and no flour had been eaten, despite Turbo's initial concern in the matter.

It was quite a week for the still-not-named Virgin Mary. Within moments, she was showing off her party trick of undoing her bra with one hand, and then pleading with any hasher-by for them to help her re-attach it. She may be new, but you can't fault her confidence. Fortunately Crumpet was kind enough to assist in the re-adjusting and attaching of the undergarments, not without looks from said hashers-by, might I add. I'm sure they were just making sure neither girl was lost or wounded. Talking of which, Mary celebrated her first 'not getting lost' hash, but sadly took a tumble along the way and gave herself a swollen ankle. With every victory comes a defeat, clearly. Unfortunately, in this case, both were Mary's.

From one virgin to another, this week's Virgin Runner, Chris, was successfully initiated by being taken on the entire long loop. He was still smiling by the time we got to the pub, though, so he's clearly not too perturbed. Well done to whoever managed to get him round Turbo's longs.

It would seem that all this time on two wheels has led Turbo astray, and he's forgotten how to set hashes that are suitable for those on two legs. Posed with this cutting accusation at the Pub-That-Shall-Not-Be-Named, Turbo issued this statement 'I think that the quality of the hashers is depleting'. He also apologised for pushing the Virgin Mary. I'm starting to wonder whether he had anything to do with Iris' painful fall a couple of weeks ago... I'm not saying he pushed her too, but I'm not NOT saying it either... You be the judge.

Grouper thought she'd found an opportune place to take a sneaky toilet stop this week. Someone had even kindly drawn a circle on the ground for her to spend a penny. However, the ensuing cries of 'CHECK BACK!' were a certain cause for concern, but not as concerning as the sea of head torches heading straight back in her direction. Oops. Lesson to be learnt here: don't pee at the check.

In less important news: Aimless got a jumper for Christmas. Funnily, so did Bilberry, which I think has something to do with why Aimless got a suspiciously familiar jumper to one he used to own that went missing around the time Bilberry went to university... Also, Glani's absence was noted, but there was a sighting by the Hares during the setting. According to Turbo he was driving a "National Trust" van, which looked stolen and had bloodstains and clumps of wool on the bumper. Back onto Christmas presents though, Krakow's most enjoyable present, other than Caught Short of course, was one he bought himself. An air rifle. What he's going to shoot at is anyone's guess but it's probably a good idea to make a lot of noise when coming up his drive (pardon the expression) so that you are not mistaken for a fluffy woodland creature. Debarkle got a Kindle full of Charles (Bah humbug) Dickens books.

I have always wondered what you give to the man who has everything, and now I know. Scrotie's favourite present was a custom made book of photos describing the construction and unsurpassed beauty of his Summer Palace. No cut out picture of a shed for him. Check out the English Country Cottages brochure if you want to see pictures and rental prices. Slush was complaining he was pretty sore on this run, and frighteningly there was lots of talk of the 'Brown Willy'. I'm hoping the two are not related. I've been told it's a run, and lots of mad hashers, Krakow, Bidet, Slush, and Pony amongst them took part on New Year's Day, kicking off some exercise related resolutions, no doubt!

In perhaps the most entertaining or controversial news of the night, we have now blacklisted the Skylark pub. At the ungodly hour of 9:20pm, the Landlord made his first (and only) appearance of the night, rudely interrupting the GMs' Oscar winning speech and review of 2011. Just as we were deciding whether or not to name James 'Seedy' Sutton 'Salty Dribble' or 'Seaman Dribble', amid roars of laughter, we were silenced. The Landlord was not a happy bunny; he had "people upstairs". Overall I would say that the response from the Hash was incredibly restrained as we did not come straight back at him with witty if discourteous banter. He really did not seem in the mood. Well Laid made the mistake of speaking and was told to leave, BAARRRRD.

Flush with success at his new found people skills and business acumen the landlord then he uttered the fateful words that should not have been uttered for his own sake, 'Does anyone else want to leave?'... And just like that, he'd successfully evacuated the pub and lost our business forever. Not letting the interruption put us off, we went to the 'Public Highway' to continue the Hash Hush, and settled for the much tamer name of 'Skylark' for James, forever immortalising our banishment. Since I didn't get involved in the Student Protests at all this term, this kicking out (albeit self-inflicted) made me feel rowdy and ready to fight the system. I soon realised I was in the middle of Dartmoor, and quickly lost all revolutionary flair and went home and blogged about it instead.

Speaking of blogs and all things interweb, did you know that you can rate pubs etc on the internet. Just type in the name and location of the pub you want into Google, look for the listing that has the "read review" and star rating by it. Click on "read review" and you can then give the establishment a star rating and leave a comment yourself. No rude words.

We had some very bad news about a bicycle that got scratched when Barney fell of it. The story as relayed to me goes like this. Barney was out with other people (don't know who) and came up behind a horse and rider. Somehow Barney managed to fall off the bike scratching it. Very sad.

Only kidding about the bike, sorry I know it was a mean trick to play, the bike was ok. Anyway Barney fell off behind the horse and frightened it. The horse kicked out hitting Barney on the shin breaking it in two places. Screaming agony, one can only imagine how painful that must have been; it hurts enough bashing your shin on a chair let alone a horse breaking it for you. Barney has had two operations so far trying to sort it out. Best wishes and a speedy recovery to you Barney if you get to read this.

Ticket sales for the Quiz night are going well. All the ones I've been to in the past have been great fun and I have my tickets already. Don't miss out. Quiz on Saturday 28th January, last ticket sales Monday 23rd January. Be there or be cuboid.

On a final note has anyone else noticed how our beloved dear leader has changed his name from "Wobbly Knob" to just "Wobbly", dropping his "Knob" so to speak. He wasn't at all keen on the favourite names put forward for James Sutton either. I don't think he's very keen on the slightly dodgy ones. What's wrong with 'Salty Dribble' or 'Seaman Dribble'? They are both perfectly good hash names. Any rude connotations are only in the polluted mind of beholder. Shame on you beholder. As Hashes go I have always understood ours to be relatively mild when it comes to naming. If someone is genuinely offended by their hash given name then I am sure it can be changed but otherwise it's a lot entertaining fun. I'm sure Sore Arse, Greasy Rollocks and Dirty Oar will back me up.