

Grand Masters

Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)

Joint Masters

Judith Nash (Nashers)

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: 1651**Date: March 19th****Start: Shaugh Bridge, Shaugh prior****On Down: White Thorn****Hares: Penny Farting, Hornblower, & Come Forward****The Charge of the Hash Brigade**

Shiggy to right of them,
 Shiggy to left of them,
 Shiggy in front of them,
 Squelched and mired;
 Stormed at with water and mud,
 Boldly they ran and warmed the blood
 In through the doors of the Royal Oak,
 Into the house of Beer.

(Apologies to Lord Tennyson)

A hash at Norsworthy Bridge is always a treat, as it is the perfect venue for the perfect hash. And, so it was, last Mondays hash was absolutely marvellous. A cunning and deceptive jaunt through some of the muddiest ground on Dartmoor. It was time to throw off the shackles of adulthood and release the child within. The hash was summed up by Well Laid. "Some dirty buggers, set a dirty run, through some dirty dirt, so we ended up with the dirty dirt on our dirty legs". Well Laid reckoned that he had been willy deep (as opposed to Nipple Deep) in the goo, and was still wearing his underpants in the pub to prove it. Old Ernie was being shown up by Tosh Potty, who was clearly revelling in the mire, and running like a demon. Scrotey was in his element too, and well chuffed at getting to the front of the longs for once. Throwing off his Boris Johnson wig, pot belly and bike,

he was delighted that the young keenies were struggling in this serious shiggy. The youngsters hadn't encountered anything like it before, and he was able to power past them and into the lead. Not that the hash is a race, of course, but one up for the old farts. Penny Farting, said that it was by far the best has he had been on. So, Penny Farting, Hornblower & Come Forward, the standard has been set. Can you take up that challenge for your hash next week?

Whilst all this mad haring (or should I say hounding) about was going on Minnie, Uncle & Gnashers were doing a very sedate hash. So sedate in fact, that by the time they got to the pub, it was locked up and in darkness. At least Mr & Mrs Cannon Fodder along with Russ Abbott had the sense to short cut back to the car park and thus the pub. Mrs Cannon Fodder was very appreciative of the hares coming back out into the woods and checking that all was OK with them.

The sick and infirm list grows longer by the week. Underlay and Luffly went for a jog round the reservoir and on on to the pub. Sounds simple, but turned out quite tricky as they both encountered some nipple problems. They should have come on the hash and rubbed some dirty dirty mud onto the affected parts. Hornblower, was on the hash nursing a broken jaw, courtesy of colliding with some ones fist on a wild night out in Plymouth on the Friday. He even made it to the Hash Olympics on Saturday night, AND went rock climbing on the Sunday. Heroic stuff. Slush on the other hand was not quite so heroic. The Delphic Oracle (Gannet) predicted that Slushy would come a cropper on his 47th birthday bike ride in Wales. And sure enough one dislocated and broken shoulder later he wound up in Newport Hospital late Saturday afternoon. Unheroically he decided to stay in hospital overnight, rather than rush back to Yelverton for the Hash Bash. What a drop short. At least he was in the pub for us to sing Happy Birthday.

Gobby Roslin (Biff) has found a new way of keeping Grani quiet. If he gets to boisterous she just binds his lips together with cable ties. It's true, she had them with her on Monday, and I didn't here any verbal diarrhoea from Glayni all evening

The lighter evenings are on the way, and this means that the Wednesday road bikers will soon be out and about again. Allegedly, Racy Tracey's new bike weighs a massive 2.5kg, excluding the shopping basket. If anyone would like to join in see Well Laid.

New Committee: This year's incumbents are coming to the end of their reign. So are there any volunteers for GM etc out there. Please make yourselves known to Wobbly Knob and the rest of the crew.

Future Events: River Dart Camping Weekend 22nd-24th June 2012. All families welcome. Orienteering, chilling, hashing, bar-b-q and getting very wet. See Glans and Biff for details.