

**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**  
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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

**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk

**Next Run No: 1656** (AD1656- Artificial pearls first manufactured in Paris made of gypsum pellets covered with fish scales!)

**Date: Monday 23<sup>rd</sup> April 2012**

**Start: Princetown Car park**

**On Down: Prince of Wales, Princetown**

**Hares: Cheddar**

Krakow had agreed with the weather gods to stop the rain for exactly an hour from 7:30, but didn't tell the hashers, who turned up expecting the monsoon to hit Lydford. Glanny in particular looked like a right plonker as opposed to how he normally looks which, you know... he... er... erm... anyway...hmm. So, what a great selection of Easter bonnets on the hash!! My favourite were the bunny ears which appeared to be so tight as to cut off the circulation to the left side of the brains of those adorning such headwear, which explains all the falls and trips. Some hashers slipped on mud, some in the river itself, some in the car park outside the pub. However no-one owned up to diving down a steep bank head first doing a version of the Klinsmann dive; and all the witness statements (and there were plenty) were ridiculously vague. Getting detailed information from hashers is sometimes it's like trying to get blood out of a stone!!

So off we ran in bogs and streams amid feeble attempts by some hashers to stay on the banks to keep their feet dry, delaying the inevitable of course. The water had a nice soothing effect after running through the gorse bare-legged. Not only did we leave our blood on the moor but wrapping paper from the Easter eggs handed out at various stages of the hash. A nice thick coating of chocolate on the roof of your mouth is just what you need after 40mins of hashing. Especially if you're trying to explain to Hornblower the finer details of blowing a horn rather than sounding like a flatulent elephant in pain. Perhaps the sound was impeded by years of chocolate-spittle accumulated in the bowels of the horn itself. Hornblower did say he would practice playing so I think let's hear him perform for us all: will he trumpet like a strumpet or will he do us proud? It's a big responsibility so make sure you all impart your wisdom as to the best lip-pursing techniques.

We're not the most sensible or normal lot but we're all sane enough to leave our houses wearing matching shoes... almost. Again, lots of hearsay: according to some, Biff left her house to go shoe shopping in Tavistock wearing 1 pink slipper and 1 sandal. Some say a wellington boot and a high-heel. Others told tales of an Ugg boot and a work shoe. Some even said she wore a Chinese wooden clog on one foot and a roller-blade on the other. We may never know the true details. Before this 'softening of the brain' spreads to other hashers, it has been deemed absolutely necessary to train your minds. The challenge set is to see if you can match one item of footwear to the other. If you're not sure of the correct match then do not, I repeat DO NOT ask Biff for help.

One pair has been matched for you. Good luck. Take your time.



Finally, this is a pirate themed run so:

*What did the pirate say when his wooden leg got stuck in the freezer?*

*Shiver me timbers!*

*How long is a pirate's plank?*

*A YARRRd!!!*

*Why does it take pirates so long to learn the alphabet?*

*Because they spend years at C!*

ON ON!