

**Grand Master**  
Simon Snowden (Slush)

**Joint Masters**  
Steve Statham (Krakow)

Mo Rujak (On All Fours)

**Scribe Master**  
Angela Sykes (Gannet)

**Hasherdabber**  
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)

**Hash Horn**  
Alan Eddie (Pist 'N' Broke)



**Chamber Pots**  
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Ann Marcer (K2)

**On Sec**  
Paul Ames (Aimless)

**Hash Cash**  
Paul Waters (Stopcock)

**Hare Master**  
Kate Glanville (Biff)

**Hash Flash**  
Eleanor Stamp (Come Forward)

**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: 1704**  
**Date: 25<sup>th</sup> March 2013**  
**Start: Norsworthy Bridge**  
**On Down: Royal Oak, Meavy**  
**Hares: Spike and On All Fours**

Oh dear. Writer's block - it's such a bugger. You sit at a winking cursor and the words just don't come. You have to relax and defocus and let the ideas float to the surface. What has happened this week that could possibly entertain a hoard of thirsty runners whilst they wait for their well-earned pint? Hmmmm let me see now – the 'election' of a new Chinese president? A process as democratic as the hash...but apart from Wun Hung Lo there aren't enough Chinese on the hash to make it relevant. How about the election of a new Pope by a bunch of ancient, out-of-touch cardinals? I could draw some analogies with the previous committee. Nah, too tenuous and besides, the Catholic Church is so embattled it's getting beyond a joke.

Perhaps I'd better start with a description of the run, capably laid by Von Trap and Pony. The wind was still gusting furiously and freezingly as it had all day, so fortunately after a little faffing about we headed for the woods to warm up. And that's where we stayed apart from a brief climb up Peek hill. I do find woods with recently wind-felled trees so exciting to be in – one never knows when the next tree is going keel-over and splat one like a bug on a windscreen. Luckily the Jones's had been instructed to keep it as short as Queenie, which they dutifully did.

At the Burrator Inn a strange wooden sort of S&M cage had been erected on Luffly's orders. And people were wondering around with whips and handcuffs which was most peculiar. It turned out to be an enactment of a Luffly domination fantasy. Various hashers were summoned before her, trumped up charges read out and year long sentences passed with no appeals! And this is as far as I got before my creative juices were once more spent. What could I write about?

Let me just have a quick browse of the sports pages to moisten my cursor... 'Lancaster's selfless strivers are on the verge of glorious confirmation' What are they doing on the verge? Surely the fast lane would be better? I'll read on to find out. 'Victory over Wales would earn the grand slam for a transformed England team that has come of age, writes Robert Kitson.' It seems the only publication that has more nonsense than your average hash mag has to be the sports pages of any paper. They have all the prescience of the horoscope column – but without the accuracy.

So there I was, sat on the settee with my Wales shirt on, firmly clutching my leek waiting for the Six Nations championship finale to start. A group of public schoolboy wannabees taking on the reigning champions. This was going to be close (according to the crystal-ball-gazing sports journos). First the national anthems – one nil to Wales. Who could have predicted that? Then the kick-off - which was when England's problems started. Apparently the English 'strategy' was to kick the ball back at the Welsh. The Welsh ran and passed the ball until they scored. The English then kicked the ball back to the Welsh, and the Welsh did the same thing. Time and time again. Eventually after what seemed like 10 glorious minutes, but was actually 40, the half-time whistle sounded.

Half-time provides a valuable moment for the coaches to analyse what has happened in the first half and devise cunning plans for improvement in the second. Perhaps the schoolboys didn't listen. In the second half England kicked the ball back to the Welsh who varied their playing by scoring tries as well as penalties. Until the score reached 30 points to 3 when the ref called a halt to proceedings to save any further embarrassment. At half time Clive Woodward said the game was so physical it would be won or lost in the last ten minutes. This pin-point accurate Nostradamus-like prediction was spot-on. At the end of the last ten minutes Wales won and England lost.

That's when I started texting my fellow rugby followers for a bit of post-match analysis. Scrotey didn't reply to my message – the signal around here is annoyingly bad. Lost was very fair and simply replied 'Fuck Off'. Tosser suggested I stick my lava bread where the

sun don't shine. So I decided to be discreet about the **WELSH VICTORY**. A dignified silence is what's called for here, I thought. Perhaps just a little humming of Bread Of Heaven. Or a few bars of Land Of My Fathers wouldn't hurt. But singing 'You Can Stick Your Fucking Chariot Up Your Arse' to the tune of 'She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain' would be very undiplomatic... hilariously funny though.

Just a note for new hashers. Glanni is the hash mag archivist and has all the issues right back to 1881. One day they will be a valuable social history asset. With that in mind here are a few important contemporary headlines:

'SLAMMED: RAMPAGING WALES STORM TO SIX NATIONS TITLE AND SHATTER ENGLAND'S GRAND SLAM DREAM'

'WALES FINISH WITH FLOURISH AS ENGLAND LOSE THEIR WAY'

'FORGET ALL THOSE GRAND SLAMS – THIS BRILLIANT WIN BEATS THEM ALL'

'ROBshaw AND CO ARE LOST AMID RED TORRENT' oh and just for balance :

'WE LOST TO THE BETTER SIDE - BUT WE WILL LEARN' Sweet.