

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: 1648****Date: 27 February 2012****Start: Who'd Have Thought It Inn, St Dominick****On Down: Who'd Have Thought It Inn, St Dominick****Hare: Tampax****THE PANTOMIME HORSE HASH**

I come to this as a hash mag virgin so I am very grateful to all who were at the Royal Oak last Monday for the information, gossip, slander and downright lies you provided to enable me to write this.

And so we gathered outside the Royal Oak in the tranquil moonlit calm (sounds like an advert for the Devon Tourist Board) of Meavy Village Green, in expectation of a good route from Pony and Von Trapp. Nice to see some younger hashers in half term.

Iris has recovered from her ankle injury a few weeks ago and was ready to brave another hash, though walking for the moment. Gnashers, en route between Kitzbuhel and Davos (or something), decided to relieve the tedium of the Olympic Skiing lifestyle with a little run out.

The warning signs began before the start with Hurricane hobbling straight up to the bar claiming and Achilles tendon. Windy followed suit with a bone in his leg and the barman began to get busy.

After that the On Down could only be described as Injury Central as increasing numbers of valiant hashers succumbed to trauma and plates of spicy nachos.

At least Underlay and Well Laid had a good excuse as they had been celebrating Underlay's birthday all day gorging on Rick Stein's (perhaps that should be "at" Rick Stein's). Later there was some confusion as to Underlay's age, with the eventual figure of 74 being admitted by the lady herself after suggestions of 67 and 92. Living proof that hashing is good for you.

Unfortunately your intrepid correspondent was suffering from a bad knee and was unable to pursue the Short course with my usual vigour, enjoying instead the muddy tramp led by K2 which went up the hill and.....down again.

Those fitter than me could revel in the excellent course set three weeks ago in the rain by Von Trapp using half a bag of cheap flour from Lidl. Despite remedial action at the last minute from Pony the hash was given added spice by everyone having even less idea than usual as to where they were supposed to be going. Still, they all went up the hill, around the woods a bit anddown again.

Luffly and her accomplices made a swift exit at the first sign of an incline. Luffly claimed this was a result of too much gluteal manipulation by Caught Short, I dared not ask what this actually meant. Sturmeroid apparently did some diving while on the hash to attract Racy's attention to maybe give him the kiss of life (in a Valentine mood?) – this failed completely but Racy went on to be busy enough later as you will see.

Turrro Tom complained as to not enough people shouting out the usual things like "On On", "Checking" and "Where the f*** are we?". A fair point hashers – the shouting bits of our bodies are either the same or very near to the drinking bits of our bodies so we should be able to exercise them a bit more.

The cunning hares managed to lose Krakow and Hobo but by this time nobody cared as almost everyone was back at the pub.

Here the carnage had continued apace. Do Do didn't very much and returned on a bad ankle. Whinge had earlier in the day head-butted a plant pot and about half way 'round decided this affected his ability to run, so returning to the Royal Oak where, according to Trish, the public bar had just about acquired enough good legs for a Pantomime Horse.

At last, dodging and interesting Local Wild Man sporting an Indiana Jones hat and excellent chin furniture, who thought hashing was like very fast Morris Dancing, K2s Rapid Ramblers finally gained On Down.

The party welcomed some old friends Hot Lips and Dog House who put in a VIP appearance to general astonishment. Dog House earned his keep by diving under the table only to appear between the knees of Can't Remember who couldn't remember the last time this had happened to her and got all hot & flustered!

The levels of injury clearly inspired Racy who spent the time going around giving people a thumb massage, well, if it works for you.....

Slush, standing in for Wobbly Knob, managed to achieve silence among the throng without calling "Hash Hush", this miraculous event will now be known as "Slush Hush" and may be repeated anywhere except the Skylark. The volume was restored however by a lusty rendering of Happy Birthday for Underlay and Windy (maybe the thumb massages were having the desired effect), then Slush reported that many people still owed money for their AGM and Grand Olympic Ball tickets - what a disgrace! Those still craven enough to withhold payment by next week will be named and shamed.

Other than that many thanks to Pony and Von Trapp for an excellent run and we may all be recovered enough to do it again next week.....

On on.