

Grand Master
Kate Glanville (Biff)
Joint Masters
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)
Colin Sturmer (Sturmeroid)
Scribe Master
Tony Bairstow (Tampax)
Hasherdabber
Laura Sadler (Embarrister)
Hash Horn
Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)



Chamber Pots
Sarah Jones (Pony)
Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)
On Sec
Jess Hilton (Raunchy)
Hash Cash
Angela Sykes (Gannet)
Hare Master
Ann Marcer (K2)
Hash Flash
Jake Boswijk (Ginger Rogers)

Life Pee'ers
Angus Colville (Agnes) Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)
Hereditary Pee'ers
Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan) Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

Next Run No: 1867
Date: 9 May 2016
Start: Pew Tor
On Down: Drake's Café, Grenofen
Hares: Gannet and Scrotey

TALES FROM PREWLEY MOOR

This was going to be a Janet & John a la the departed Sir Tel but task abandoned after, a) half the hash wouldn't have a clue, and b) struggling to wring out sufficient innuendo to make it remotely funny.

Although a bit chilly round the extremities, it was a lovely evening for a trot around Prewley Moor. On the drive out, the sky was blue, birds singing, primroses in the hedges, wild garlic coming into flower, etc, etc, etc. Briefly spoiled by some woman squealing tunelessly on the radio, which Delilah would have mistaken for my singing had it not been for Meryl Streep's comedic talents.

Having calculated energy vs exertion, Luffley had decided to miss the run and hop on her bike to cycle from Prewley to the pub, with the idea of being comfortably settled in with a pie and a pint well before the hordes arrived. Great idea were it not for Turd and Squits (named by Chard Hash apparently) who, on getting back to the car after the run, forgot to turn left for Lydford and were heading into Cornwall instead. Turd was probably off to do some early panic buying at a Calstock pensioners' bring and buy sale. Gossip around the village is he's a regular.

Did you see the "Beware of hang-gliders" sign that was fixed 2' off the ground to the post next to Grandpa's battle bus? Nipple Deep did. But then Nipple Deep's not far off the ground himself.

Puffing to catch up, having missed the off, a stream of hashers could be seen heading off in the direction of Green Tor, making it easy to head them off at the pass – especially when they turned around and headed straight back over what looked like the same route. Lost dust methinks or a quick wiz round the Logan Stone perchance.

Not only laying a great hash, and in her spare time removing K2's glass recycling, Plain Jane had taken on caring duties for the evening by taking some dodderly old codger out for a walk whilst haring. See Jane try to lose Grandpa on the hash. Led by Slush and Scrotey, the runners then loped past, with Gnashers, me, Uncle, and Footloose bringing up the rear as usual. Didn't see Dogcatcher though. Probably off scamming some poor prospective gardener with weird email tests.

It's amazing what you can learn these days, especially from the more senior hashers. Did you know that Sturmeroid used to cover frozen water with straw at Sourton Down Ice Works, then cut it up for Queen Vic and the other posh people so they could keep things cold in their ice houses. And that Naughty Boy has just come back from a People's Front of Judea reunion/working holiday, cruising up the Corinth Canal. Apparently it's just as tight as it was when he was there in 1893 but not in a bad condition considering the sides have a habit of falling in.

Apropos of Chagfest, K2, Biff and I then got onto the subject of the festival benefits of she-wees and x-fronts vs long skirts and no knickers. Party to the conversation, Naughty Boy was left wondering whether she-Wiis would run on his Xbox via an x-front interface.

Talking of holidays, Dodo was away (again) this time whisking his better half, Trigger, off on a romantic birthday break to Paris. Get you Sir!

Cheddar was indignant that her aura was seen on the run and both hash cash and the hare demanded its run money with menaces. C'mon! It couldn't have been Cheddar, it was running! Cheddar then regaled us with a tale of going too fast, an A over T spectacular over a wall, and an upside-down landing in a wet patch, and a bruised bum. Talking of indignance, Cabin Boy, sailing very close to the wind, asked if I'd run!! Luckily for him my mind was elsewhere on getting my hands on some salty nuts and something to wet my whistle.

No doubt Glani had to give Biff a good listening to after getting himself and Scrotey a drink but not buying Biff and Gannet one too! Glani was later to be seen deep in conversation with a lady from Birmingham (one of whom was distinctly in their cups) discussing how wet it gets and Hurricane revealed that he likes it both ways. No doubt Can't Remember will get her spirit level out and verify the grain and alternate directions of his plank later.

Biff gave another great hush and even had Dogcatcher as her own horny blower. Well, why have a misery pipe and blow yourself. Sturmer was getting distinctly over-excited at the view he had of Biff's rear and spent all of the hush hopeful of a strip-tease. Although he did have to be slapped down by the GM for, a) revealing that he'd slept with the GM, and b) for not missing an opportunity to ride on it ever since. These days it seems he's not snoring as loudly as he did in the days when he was the fattening (or similar) pig pitched next door to a very unhappy camper who couldn't sleep. A pillow also makes quite a good Bat(ty) sound muffler. At the same time as all this was going on, Gnasher (it's not her fault, she's a Northerner) commented about not forgetting the vibrator in her pocket but not sure if she was meaning Biff or herself, or an entirely different conversation altogether.

Happy birthday was sung to Pimp who was off in his caravan for an 80th birthday treat; and virgin, Barefoot Ben from New Zealand – who obviously can't afford shoes – was welcomed to the hash and congratulated for making it to Lydford, when it hadn't escaped the GM's attention that few of the Plymouth contingent had.

Biff did mention Hurricane entering for the cake at the end, after a 10k run, but still chuckling over the earlier hush banter, I missed the detail.

News from foreign parts: apparently the old croc-meister, Barney Rubble, is now an old clog-meister having joined a Spanish Morris dancing troupe; is still getting to grips with the tassels but says 'Hola'. Which is curious, as when last heard of, he was heading to China.

Wanted notice: Hot Socks (07398253404) is looking for a new housemate – double room in two bed house near the Barbican.

PS. Gannet's gimlet-y 'Hash Cash' eye is on you! Non-payers will not be tolerated.

On on, 'H' – your DisH of the Disir spiritual guardian* (*1 Feb mag)

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers