

Grand Master
Jess Hilton (Raunchy)
Joint Masters
Stirling Way Spike
Paul Ames (Aimless)
Scribe Master
Paul Waters (Stopcock)
Hasherdabber
Heather Smyly Sister Sludge)
Hash Horn
Paul Storey (On the Khazi)
Beer Master
Charlotte Watson (Footloose)



Chamber Pots
Diann Davis (Can't Remember)
Simon Snowdon (Slush)
On Sec
Chris Hall (Squits)
Hash Cash
Jon McGurk (Nipple Deep)
Hare Master
Brian Martin (Naughty Boy)
Hash Flash
Paul Glanville (Glani)

Life Pee'ers

Angus Colville (Agnes) Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Hereditary Pee'ers

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan) Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

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Next Run No: 1941

Date: 9th October 2017

Start: Bickleigh

On Down: The White Thorn, Shaugh Prior

Hares: Ernie & Mayhem

Scribe: Von Trapp

Wotter Chopper

Tempted out by the balmy charms of an equinoctial evening, we were rewarded by a delightful hash; a veritable tour-de-force of technical hashing in a limited area of unpromising terrain. Four or so long short divides kept the hash together and although some were heard to moan at the amount and tempo of running uphill, the views from the higher elevation of the china clay spoil heaps of Plymouth Sound and beyond fully merited the exigencies required in achieving them.

Arriving unaccustomingly early for the start, Glani sidled up to confide that he had taken a leaf out of the Argles text book (and following my treatment of Edward at Norsworthy Bridge earlier in the summer) had locked Kate and Gannet in his car for the duration of the run. The reasons for their confinement were a little obscure but some sort of domestic contretemps was surely at the root of it. Unfortunately for him, the plucky pair succeeded in activating the car alarm and drawing widespread attention to his dastardly scheme.

Arthur had foolishly left his torch at home and after plaintive enquiries about spare illumination had fallen on stony ground, the beaming features of Von Trapp shimmered into view with a spare mega lumen headpiece which saved Arthur's bacon from being cast into the same mould as Dogcatcher and his carrot crunching ilk.

Shunning my old friend Ernie, I have now discovered my true vocation is with Shorts and we set off at a cracking pace up a gravel track only to meet the On Home arrow heading purposefully towards us.

Consternation gripped the Short runners who milled around like Gadarene swine searching for the nearest precipice until the right arrow was spotted lurking in the grass and we headed across a stream and up a muddy, wet and rock-strewn gully, by this time joined by our Longer comrades. Running short seemed to be a sensible choice as the keenies engaged in a number of choreographed loops which kept the hash in perfect harmony.

Towards the end of our peregrination among the spoil heaps, I was overtaken by Bilberry and Judah navigating the uneven terrain with considerable finesse given the higher centre of gravity the wee lad lent to the daring combination. I noticed Aimless was in attendance to catch the little fellow if Will decided to lob him into one of the numerous gorse bushes decorating the path on the way home.

A welcome return to the White Thorn, re-opened 2 days earlier by the redoubtable Mad Dog McRae band leader Michael Mathieson, the scent of fresh paint mingled enticingly with chile con carne and rice. My feelings of bonhomie betrayed me into scribing when Stopcock confessed that On the Kharzi, true to his name, had chickened out, although why actual attendance should be a pre-requisite to scribing, I am at a loss to understand.

Many of the more distinguished attendees had disappeared into the night by the time GM Raunchy popped up on the podium and addressed the residue of ne'er do wells propping up the bar. Despite assurances earlier in her reign, Raunchy has lapsed into the pattern of most of her predecessors by declaiming for ever increasing lengths of time on an exhaustive range of topics I let the words wash over me like a warm bubble bath and only a few fragments lodge in what little is left of the grey matter located between my ears.

Until that is, she announced that she was going to "name" Arthur who has achieved the enviable distinction of 70 runs without this accolade. A few feeble suggestions were batted around until the most feeble and witless was selected by half hearted acclamation. "Not Nigel" – not, I think a reference to Whinge (a rare visitor these days), although clearly accurate, but to the extinction of "Nigel" as a name of choice – only 2 "Nigel's" in 2016 as opposed to 5,273 in 1962. What this has to do with Arthur in an unfathomable mystery. Let's face facts: is a popular mandate the best way of selecting hash names? – perhaps the choice should be left to one of the more distinguished (?) members of the Committee, whose wit and wisdom sharpened by years of exposure to hash culture to come up with a short list to put before the collective herd.

On! On!

Hash Quiz. Nov 4th 7p.m. Clearbrook Village Hall). Please bring a dish of food to share BYO Drink