

**Grand Master**  
Simon Snowdon (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**  
Bruce Trower (Ernie)

Hayley Trower (Nine-Inch)

**On Sec**  
Paul Ames (Aimless)

**Hash Cash**  
Paul Waters (Stopcock)

**Hare Master**  
Kate Glanville (Biff)

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

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville

**Hereditary Pee'ers**  
Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock) Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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**Next Run No:**

**Date:** Monday 10th February 2014

**Start:** Silver Mine Car Park, Weir Quay (Grid Ref: SX436644)

**On Down:** The Plough, Bere Ferrers

**Hares:** Mincer

We're in love with mud,  
It's sad, we know, but true.  
We just can't help but splash in it,  
Or stomp a path right through

*You can't resist, you know we're right,  
It's fun to play in mud!  
Look at it just sitting there,  
We really think you should!*

It's sticky and it's dirty  
And it covers all our clothes.  
But when we see it lying there,  
A voice inside us grows ...

We splatter in the grimy gloop  
We can't resist the ooze!  
We run, we jump, we stamp about,  
It drips into our shoes!  
*(With apologies to Gareth Lancaster, 2003)*

Krakow called a hush to the huddle of hashers hovering around his passion wagon at Mary Tavy Village Hall. "It's a bit long" and "you are in danger of being sucked off" was all I managed to catch before we all sped off in the direction of the bushes we had frequented earlier as part of our pre-run routines.

With life in the old dog yet, Windy sped off knowingly looking forward to that evening's run. For once he was confident of the route as Whinge had posted it on Strava the previous day. Oh to be at the front, always finding the right route, opportunities too for sneaky shortcutting whilst the pack, none the wiser, admired his hashing prowess of remaining 'up there' amongst TVH3's iconic speedy characters.

Meanwhile two gurlies from Plymouth were still en route to the hash having got lost after coming through Tavistock. They went through the village three or four times before eventually finding the start at 8pm. Luscious was then left with the difficulty of trying to send them off in the right direction when she didn't actually lay any dust! What a shame their names are unknown as I'm sure Slush would have loved to have publicly sympathised with them in the pub.

Virgin hasher Marie on her first run absolutely loved it. This was despite getting lost with Sister Sludge in the sludge. Bet she wasn't wearing her Kurt Geiger footwear though.

Up onto the moor above Cholwell we ran, where Hot Rocks wearing the yellow hash jersey raced past the shorts at the front of the longs. Then across the valley and back down a shiggy filled bobsleigh track, luge-ing forward skeletons all with a variety of techniques to get to the bottom and the bulls-eye first. "Keep to the dust" shouted Krakow as we careered into the field "as there's a bull in this field." Not sure what difference that would have made if the bull had decided to charge!

Nippledeep in the mire, Jon was commemorating World War I and said he felt like Baldrick. Hot Rocks hoped Nippledeep had enough turnips with him - whilst no doubt hoping to keep him supplied.

Barney had a tussle with a barbed wire fence around a stile and was keen to show a leg. My informants tell me that Fergie likes it when her dogs are covered in shit as she takes them to bed with her. Streaky requested that all runners, especially on the long, remember to kick out the dust so she knows where to go next. I think she means the checks because if we kick out the dust she definitely won't have a trail to follow. Four-legged Gnashers was getting under Sturmeroid's feet but Streaky said he was a good companion when she was lost. Sturmeroid wondered if this was because she could eat him when he was a hot dog? Henry had a moan about the amount of mud on the run and reckoned that he should have stayed in Hampshire where there is less mud apparently. Perhaps he was still traumatised from being startled by a wooden cock in a holly bush early on in the run.

All those in the pub felt it was an "excellent" "brilliant" run even without any extra bits which the hares had planned.

Talking of extra bits ... Sturmeroid was having his piles injected (*what during the run? Ed*) and a pile cushion was spotted on a front car seat of someone who shall remain nameless, unless I have this wrong and it was a pile of cushions in Wacey's car??? Nippledeep had a horn in his ear but he was standing next to Slush. Pist 'n' Broke was finding it hard to swallow and was suffering from a chocolate overdose caused by his wife force feeding him. So much so his beer tasted funny. "Anyone for a portion" came the shout across the pub .....? I think there were several takers. Well Laid was amazed at what you could do with a wet nose - I'm not sure where he had been putting it.

Slush announced that it was an excellent hash with not enough shiggy and too much road and Virgin Marie was given the pink sash for her efforts. Mincer won the free ticket to the Big Do.

Understatement of the evening: Nippledeep - "It was a bit muddy".

And finally, there was a new budding relationship in the hash. Overheard in the pub: "Oh, we must exchange phone numbers ..." "I'd rather start early than late", "we need to do it in the morning and then do it again in the afternoon and, if it's wet ...." Ahhh, bless 'em Wun Hung Low and Nippledeep.

TVH3's Big Do: St Valentine's Day Massacre at The Moulin Rouge. Saturday 15th February 2014. 7.30 pm till 1.00 am. Tavistock Town Hall. Dancing to The Gruffnuts. Food. Bar. Tickets £20. Get your tickets from Krakow. Posh Frock or Fancy Dress - your choice! Come along and help to celebrate Windy's birthday!

Carting in Plymouth. Saturday 29th March 2014. 6pm. First come first served as limited spaces. £35 per person to include food. Deposit £10. Get your tickets from Krakow.

An inspector was conducting an inspection of a hospital and going to the first patient on a ward, the patient was reciting the first verse of a Burns poem. He went to the second patient, who was reciting the second verse of the Burns poem, then to the third patient who was reciting the third verse of the poem. The inspector turned to the Matron and said "I presume this is the psychiatric ward" and she replied, "No, the serious burns ward". Thanks Gannet!

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers