

**Grand Master**  
Ruth Luff (Luffly)

**Joint Masters**  
Dave Sykes (Scrotey)

Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)

**Scribe Master**  
Mick Peach (Bumsen Burner)

**Hasherdabber**  
Jack Southward (Penny Farting)

**Hash Horn**  
Lee Renshaw (Hornblower)



**Chamber Pots**  
Steve Darbyshire (Do Do)

Judith Nash (Gnasher)

**On Sec**  
Jane Colwill (Plain Jane)

**Hash Cash**  
John McGurk (Nipple Deep)

**Hare Master**  
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)

**Hash Flash**  
Ollie Luff (Dingleberry)

**Cross Dresser**  
Stirling Way (Spike)

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville

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

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

**Email:** tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk

**Next Run No: 1676**

**Date: 10/09/12**

**Start: Whitchurch Down**

**On Down: Trout & Tipple**

**Hares: Nipple Deep**

**Scribe: Come Forward**

The Peter Tavy Hash!



It was a wild and stormy night.....well..... just a bit wet really; however, unperturbed, Whinge was diligently waiting at the Mary Tavy Inn holding something impressive in his hands to point the way. Luscious sensibly remained in the car to check in the undaunted.

Despite the severe weather warning the Glanni mobile, free from smells of burnt rubber, arrived with some fairly enthusiastic hashers who promptly stayed seated inside until forced out to admire Hobo's shorts; which are apparently older and worth less than him or his new bionic knees. Whinge conducted a heckle-free rally; the most attentive listener being a fine looking horse in the adjacent field.

On on we went, down the new Peter Tavy path followed by persistent drizzle but soon found shelter during a brief foray into some woods; however, once on the wild and windy rain swept moor the full force of the weather became apparent; much to the alarm of the "Longs", who were greatly concerned about being "blown-off" at the top of Gibbet Hill.

There was also talk of trainers being "sucked-off" too as we descended to the boggy parts of the moor....was that personal trainers, could someone please confirm?

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers

For a brief moment Racey thought her luck was in with a new approach to hashing: she heard a cry from behind..." keep moving, I think I'm going down", only to realise it was Nipple Deep living up to his name. It has been suggested from an anonymous source that she only joined the Hash for the "heavy breathing".

Nipple Deep was later heard to retort: "bloody muddy, blood wet....near sank into it were it not for Racey's indiscretion".

Gannet, already unhappy with the precipitation, was even more alarmed when Lost leapt into a puddle beside her. References to Hippos and the impressive amounts of water Bill was able to displace soon followed.

Hot Rocks at some point, lost his shoes in the woods and later claimed that it was the 2<sup>nd</sup> best Hash he'd been on. Great praise for Whinge's haring ability as Jerry has over 800 runs under his belt.

Now the curious case of Nipple Deep and Glanni: rumour control has it they were seen at one point curb crawling down a dark lane, whereupon Glanni forced Nipple Deep to proposition three ladies who promptly climbed into the back of the Glanni wagon. Is there any photographic evidence?

Back at the Peter Tavy, Hobo now delirious having overdone it with the new knees, claimed he saw a "full moon" in the back of Windy's car. Well it was getting dark; maybe it was only one headlamp working?

### **On Down at the Mary Tavy Inn:**

Were Bat confirmed that Sturmeroid is in fact half baked or half Scottish. Apparently they're off to the Highland Games at Braemar next week to help Sturmeroid get back to his half roots. This does explain Bat's fascination with "tossing the caber" and waiting for "kilts to fly up".

Rumour also has it, that Gannet was lucky enough to have had a front row seat at the Olympic, men's 100 metre final and took a pair of binoculars to exam Usain Bolt more closely. We're still waiting for Gannet to clarify if he lived up to the Linford "lunch box" status.

Dog Catcher confirmed he is off to work for David Brent in Sluff next week. He was propositioned for his knowledge on injection moulding, something to do with male AND female enlargement devices....or was it something to do with maintaining the NHS. Never did find out.

In all a fabulous Hash and Wet Wet Wet..... Oh no..... I feel a song coming on!

To the tune of ...."Love is all around us"



I felt it in my fingers  
And in between my toes  
Mud was all around me  
And even up my nose

Just wind and rain before us  
It only lacked some snow  
So if you really loved it  
Come on and let Whinge know

I know I love it and always will  
My minds made up by the  
Pains in my heel  
There's no whinging  
There's always an end  
Cause on the beer you can depend

I saw an arse before me  
As I fell on my head  
I kinda got to thinking  
Was that really Racey or Tosh instead  
Lost leapt in a puddle and he  
Soaked Gannet through  
"You don't need a Hippo  
Running next to you"

Got to keep on hashing

Oh it was the biting wind  
Oh it just lacked some snow, yeah, oh well  
So if you really loved it, loved it, loved it  
Hash on and let Whinge know  
Hash on and let him know  
Hash on.....etcetera and (fade)

# TVH3



YOUR SCRIBEMASTER NEEDS  
YOU

Is there 50...60....70 or more Shades in you? Unleash the lust and dig up that dirt. Enlist as Scribe today?

Stop Press.....next comity meeting 5<sup>th</sup> October at Mayhem's house.