

**Grand Master**  
Roger Thorn (Pimp)  
**Joint Masters**  
Julie Gitlin (Dirty Oar)  
Bill Stacey- Norris (Lost)  
**Scribe Master**  
Steve Davis (Hurricane)  
**Hasherdabber**  
Ben Towe (Good Head)  
**Hash Horn**  
Damian Weaver (Omen)



**Chamber Pot**  
Hayley Sampson (H)  
**On Sec**  
David Sykes (Scrotum)  
**Hash Cash**  
Sarah Cohen (Fergie)  
**Hare Master**  
Simon Snowdon (Slush)  
**Hash Flash**  
Paul Waters (Stopcock)  
**HashTag**  
Julie Williams (Commando)

**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: 2002**

**Date: 17<sup>th</sup> December 2018**

**Start: Lydford Forest GR SX496850**

**On Down: Castle Inn, Lydford**

**Hares: Omen and Naughty Boy**

**Scribe: TBA It could be you!! But it won't be me.....**

**GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETM**

'At the inaugural meeting, Chris (Bloodnock) had rather optimistically booked a room at the Bedford and put out 100 chairs, so all 7 of us, including Chris, me and Dave Simmons, had to sit in different rows to give the appearance of a well attended meeting! Anyone else but Bloodnock would have given up after this!!! It just shows, from little acorns....' Sara Laurence – King

Thirty seven years later, Bloodnock's vision of building a hash in West Devon's green and pleasant land is alive and well. As the year turns, we are far more than seven in number, and confident enough to share our celebrations with Stannary- scion, offshoot, call them what you will.

Gathering at 5 Lanes for the start of the 2000<sup>th</sup> hash, the car park was filling up much earlier than usual and there was an air of expectation. Krakow was asking the hares if he could do a contactless payment due to the massive 100% inflation that had occurred since he last ran. Other old lags returning were, (in no particular order, as Tess says on Strictly), Sturmeroid (on crutches), Dildo Baggins (on crutches), Wun Hung Lo (no visible means of support), Wheelnuts and Slap, 'Orrible Ogle (escaped from Somerset), Trehanrehan (exiled from Cornwall), Grandpa (post op.), Luffly, Greasy Rollocks and Whinge. Add to those a fair number who have only hashed now and then in the last months, like Half – Pint and Arthur, and we had 69 x £2 coins in the bucket, thanks to Scrote's sound business sense in recommending that the price rise, - index linked ! - should take place just before tonight's gathering of the clans. Poring over the first ever hash mag, kindly loaned from Giani and Biff's archive, I was surprised to see that Hash No.1 cost a whopping 50p, so get over yourselves all you cheapskates who have been muttering about the iniquities of Gringott's committee and its bean counters.

Thanks to Hurricane and his trusty band of helpers for laying the dust; Spike said later that he would have liked to congratulate the hares on a well planned, well laid hash, but he

couldn't. Hurricane lost the trail and had to send the shorts on a reverse thrust. Others though, like Nipply, who did a full Deep, were happy to get back for 8.30 and not be washed away. Trehanrehan, reminiscing like a true old git, told me of a hash one Bank Holiday, when human chains had to be formed to pass runners safely across the raging rivers. Gasman Moody stood tall, as a GM should, swigging from his hip flask. Another time, hashers started from Mary Tavy, in bitter cold. They ran on and on, towards Lydford, and the faint hearted turned back. Those stalwarts who continued were picked up by a coach when they reached the village car park, and were bussed back to the beginning, passing the wimps who had lost faith on the way.

The On Down was at The Bedford, as was fitting. I only ever seem to go there for funerals, so it was a nice change of occasion, even if the food was a tad dear and the bar queue was longer than a long thing on a long day. Scrote bought me a big dinner because it was a special night. Pimp had rigged up an excellent slide show of images and if anyone wanted a retro style experience all the old photo albums were available around the room for people to marvel at. The AGM when we did the Bushtucker Trials and Debacle kept cow leg bones in his garage for a week before asking initiates to (blindfolded), extract them from a fish tank of slime. And what happened to the Dickhead? Where is Rhesus? Von Trapp identified me as Pony and I thought a photo of Scrotey was Von Trapp. Weird. And why did most photos seem to have Barney Rubble in them? A world of the past, still strangely connected to the present. Such thoughts made me muse in a philosophical way while I stuffed down my deconstructed burger (pulled pork on a bit of flatbread), standing up because Stannary had nicked all the chairs and were in the corner, planning a Haka, according to Sludge.

#### Things that are the same:

- Waldorf wants to join us, but is forever on the waiting list.
- The quality of awards remains marvellous. Proved by the presentation of a 100 run teapot to Ginger Rogers (Sobering thought – that trinket will now cost £200!!) and a 200 run 'sweatshirt' to DDD, who was given an old cast off fluorescent vest instead, six sizes too big.
- Someone always forgets to check in. Tonight it was me...
- Gnashers' leather trousers. Evidence on photo from 1986 where she was wearing the same ones.
- Sturmer walking around with his flies open.
- Trehanrehan's advice to the assembled: 'maintain height!!'
- Ogle went to Barney Rubble's pub, and they had never heard of him.

#### Things that are different:

- Like George Clooney, Dildo is selling his motorbike. (Source: 'Heat' magazine)
- These days even Gareth Malone couldn't make TVH3 sing the Down Down song better than Stannary. Posh Pinny thinks cups of Horlicks, instead of beer, might help.
- The first hash mag looks like it was done on a Banda machine and is illegible.
- A sizeable minority of hashers spend time in the pub discussing, not the finer points of hash lore, but whether Faye from Steps will win Strictly and why Joe Sugg has the public behind him. Hem hem.
- Bat is raising money for her favourite charities by selling her old hash T shirts.
- Slush has a new love in his life called Cassie, who he brings out of his van to cuddle at lunchtimes. ON ON! for the next 37 years!

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