

**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)

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

**Facebook:** www.facebook.com/Tamar-Valley-Hash-  
House-Harriers -114194325261427

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

**Next Run No: 2014**

**Date: 11.3.19**

**Start: Edgumbe Arms, Milton Abbot**

**On Down: Edgumbe Arms, Milton Abbot**

**Hares: Dogcatcher**

**Scribe:**

Thankyou to Glanni and Biff for, as my spies on the run informed me, what was another jolly good hash full of the usual Glanville trademark round and round the mulberry bush and any other available bush and plantation, even if it had been cut down, with a great deal of zig zagging thrown in to fox the wily old shortcutters. And everyone back by 8.34pm. My own dual mission, of a complete circumnavigation of the reservoir (which turned into a there and back to the dam because I was spooked by the Other Side) and a good naked eye view of the Andromeda Galaxy (for those less nerdy than me the furthest 'out of our galaxy' object to be visible from the northern hemisphere at 2.5 million lightyears away, ie the light seen from it tonight set off from it just as the earliest human species' were emerging) were both nearly thwarted by Grandpa who was shifting along after me a great deal faster than I could go, light pollution from his 763 lumen torch bouncing everywhere, apparently convinced I had inside info and was on to a cunning short cut myself. Really great to see you back running Bob. Even better than tonight's superb sky, according to Hurricane, was that to his great relief K2 hadn't led him astray again and so no sogginess or dampness was involved this week. Other things 'impressive' was Stopcock's mid run Double Toe Loop complete with perfect 10 landing back on his feet – methinks that the potential inclusion of Break Dancing in the 2020 Olympics has inspired him – perhaps we'll all come and cheer you on if you make the team. That would be nice for you wouldn't it. Unfortunately it seems that poor Dirty Oar, repeatedly attempting to emulate Stopcocks prowess, merely ended up throwing herself on the ground so won't be up for selection, but far more wounding was the complete lack of sympathy from those she'd rashly counted as friends.

Back at the pub it was great to see that the beautiful evening had enticed some temporarily lost faces out, including the ever youthful Brenda, the ever lovely Betty Swollocks and Krakow, and of course Ramraider on his second attempt at a triumphal victory parade after Saturday's Rugby – the first (at the quiz) having gone somewhat underwhelmingly not to plan when his carefully timed late entrance, designed to attract as much adulation as possible, failed miserably as everybody else arrived even later. More of the Quiz later.

However, tonight's highlight had to be 'guest of honour' Tina (itinerant) (captured by Stopcock et al's superb recruitment plan at the Park Run on Saturday), who had run her 296<sup>th</sup> to 299<sup>th</sup> out of

1000 mountains in 365 days in the British Isles, today. (High Willhays, Yes Tor, Hanging Stone Hill and Cut Hill achieve mountainhood status in the Southwest, being either old fashioned imperial mountains of 2000ft or new-fangled 'Metric Mountains' of 600m). All in aid of Mountain Rescue and Mountain Search and Rescue dogs. And after a day's flap jack fuelled mountain running, for relaxation and light relief Tina searches out local running groups, then camps in her compact camper van, and sets off the next morning for more mountains. When she's not wandering the country's wildernesses she works on a boat somewhere in an ocean, but once upon a time hailed from Lancashire. Tina's announcement that we were the best ever group she'd run with (thank you so much!) says something important about how special (and unusual?) a group is that is secure and confident enough in itself to be welcoming and inclusive to any and all 'outsiders'. Let's hang on to that folks. Tomorrow's (tues) Mountains (which for some incomprehensible reason had me humming Velvet Underground's All Tomorrows Parties, all the way home) are the 3 Marilyns of Somerset, then Wednesday it's South Wales. Wherever you are when you read this Tina – thanks for coming along, it was really great to meet you.

Loved Julie and Bill's Hash hush double act – something not seen since Pony and Von Trapp attempted to stand on the same chair at the Blacksmith's Arms early on in their joint GM ship. Congratulations to Footloose on your 100<sup>th</sup> run Tea Pot, complete with smiley face on top.

### THINGS I LEARNT AT THE QUIZ

Ginger Rogers knows every word of every film ever shown and pretty much every word of every book ever written and now has Gannet's eternal respect.

Posh Pinny was one of the few to accurately guess (unfortunately after we'd surrendered our answers for marking) that the most common/numerous bird is a chicken. As Gannet's sister (possessor of a Chicken PhD) succinctly told her, (possibly with a slight air of condescension?) 'it is a common mistake to think of a non-domestic species'..... oh well.

Delilah can accurately identify any song by the particular qualities of the silence just before the opening chord – his team are all still on a high with this tie breaker success propelling them to second place, after the No, Not Yet team, having hung on in there to the final anagram round, succumbed to too many pieces of paper flying around.

Arguilles and Ramraider are true Plantsmen, recognising only 5 out of 10 wildflowers.

That Gannet's clothes drawers are sufficiently well organised to enable the retrieval of a several years' old unworn pair of tights to completely colour match with her new gorgeous frock. (a feat beyond my comprehension...).

Thankyou so much to Can't Remember, Hurricane and Jess for all your work for a tremendous quiz, and your immense efforts to be heard above the rabble (not a voice between them on Sunday morning). Particular mention must be made of Young Jess's efforts to think of songs that all us old fogies would stand a chance of recognising for the music round (I'm still intrigued by Goodhead's insistence that Hot Rocks was of the wrong demographic (???) to have possibly recognised the House of Pain one). Of course, the highlight as always, was the dramatic re-enactment, this time of one of the Star wars films (complete with light sabres – the most coveted prizes of the night going to Slush's team) - I didn't care which one as I was laughing too much. Jess was superb in her debut supporting role, and if they ever decide to go feature length I shall be first in the queue for tickets.

Meanwhile, back to Monday evening, which finished with Gannet, very disconcerted and discombobulated by Choppers dubious fashion choice of the evening – high viz orange furry tracky bottoms. Her concerns that he was going commando underneath were not allayed by his somewhat ambiguous declaration that he was very happy in a supreme state of fleece lined comfort.

Right. That's enough of this drivel now. Having just received a letter addressed to me as Bere Brewery's Managing Director (!) I have to go and soothe Hot Rocks who is flinging malt around the brewery muttering darkly 'and I thought we were an autonomous collective....' Oh Dear. Such a sensitive soul.

Well Tina, if you ever do decide to put down roots, we'll find a nickname for you at TVH3. On On up those mountains.

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers