

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
 Kate Glanville (Biff)
On Sec
 David Sykes (Scrotum)
Hash Cash
 Sarah Cohen (Fergie)
Hare Master
 Simon Snowdon (Slush)
Hash Flash
 Sam Bicknell (Well Shafted)

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: 1976 **Date:** 18/06/2018
Start: Calstock Quay **On Down:** Rifle Volunteer, St Anns Chapel
Hares: H & Gnashers **Scribe:** Spike

Pub have asked for pre-order of food so you get served quickly. Speak to 'H'/Delilah at start.

• Ham & egg • Scampi • Beefburger • Falafelburger & chips (vegan)

All with chips, all £7.50. Or just chips £3 / cheesy chips.£3.50

Hello peeps! H here or, for Pearly, that's Aitch. Hmm ... if the 'H' in Aitch is silent does that actually make me ' ' and thereby incognito? I digress.

It had to happen. Successfully managed to hide in plain sight from hash mag conscription for a whole year under Stopcock's watch, despite volunteering. Yet didn't even twitch so much as an eyebrow at Hurricane and got nobbled for scribe duty 18 June before knew what had happened. Then scribe Nippledeep fails to appear for his allotted pen time for this run, AWOL, off on his toes, nowhere to be seen, and next minute, whilst distracted by a plate of pretty good Royal Oak cheesy chips, found myself scribing for Spike and Mudsucker's super, twisty-turning gnat-y run around Burrator. Still, Spike – his guard down after a successful jaunt around Norsworthy Bridge - volunteered (yes really) to take up the pen on 18th June so all hale the submersible one on both counts.

Anyway, back to S & M's twisty-turny gnat-y hash. All agreed it was a great evening, perfect weather, great run hash, kept everyone on their toes, twists and turns, plenty of water crossings, only lacking a crawl through a muddy water-filled pipe in full combat gear. Cannon Fodder managed to keep his powder dry at the deepest bit preferring to take his chances with a barbed wire fence, whilst Mini and I foolishly followed Russ Abbot – water up to his knees, knicker level for us. Apparently, Glani became unusually and momentarily disorientated, being heard admiring the view from Sharpitor only to find he was actually on Leather Tor – or so my anonymous digitally-challenged petrol head soon-to-be-walked-up-the-aisle informant told me. Dodo was away with the fairies completely, as he thought he'd been up Sheeps Tor. Least I think that's what he'd been up. I couldn't comment, since Mini and I spent our evening trying to catch up with the super speedy Footloose and Uncle and failing to find the dust after we'd crossed the road to pick up the 2nd part of the hash run. Tor? What tor? Shoulda turned right at the gate, though to be fair the check had been kicked out left, your Honour.

Chocolate Labrador, Tilly, nearly went into a meltdown. Spent ages chasing around trying to find Pist n Broke, then decided he'd gone off chasing squirrels again so she wisely rejoined the main phalanx until he came to heel. She confided that he'd only got her as it reduced the risk of him being arrested for accosting people in the park if he had a cute dog in tow, than if he was out on his own. Slush reckoned it was the fastest he'd ever seen Pist n Broke run. Squirrel chasing obviously good training for avoiding the park rozzers.

Back at the bucket, Penfold was turning out to be a bit of a Bad Head having failed to provide any lemonade for the bucket. Apparently, he thinks it's a way of getting sacked from the committee. Sacked? Highly unlikely. More likely to get stuck with the job for another year.

Wet bums seemed to be a bit of theme. Back in the pub Gannet's gusset got rising damp from the bench seat cushion (allegedly). And K2 was anxious that I publish a public apology to Bat for accidentally knocking Bat's pint of orange juice all over her. However, the spilt orange juice and the soggy gusset incidents were reputedly unrelated as each were on either side of the very small cramped hasher infested back bar.

And as for Windy - having accosted your virtuous scribe from behind in a very unsavoury Weinsteinesque grindy-type fashion (no Magic Mike incident) - proudly announced he'd gone commando having left his wet incontinence pants in the car. And this after he'd, a) without so much as a by your leave, snatched up and sucked on Can't Remember's lemons, b) positively salivated whilst recounting an '80's colonoscopy experience with a large diameter black mamba of a pipe, and c) searched his person for a long lost condom to secrete in Uncle's money bag that she'd left unattended on the table (That's not a condom Windy, it's your colostomy bag). Can't Remember, for reasons best known to her and Hurricane, suggested a Rennie if he couldn't find the ancient johnnie. Delilah wouldn't let me back in the house until I'd been hygienically cleansed after the Windy encounter. Although I did think the Jeyes fluid and a pressure wash was going a bit far. Can only think Windy's current errant behaviour is due to Racey earlier having to cool her arse off in the leat having spent too much time in downward dog position using it as a sunshade (allegedly).



Thank goodness Pimp got up at that point to address the assemblage¹, things could have got really messy. First up were virgins, Zinna Warrior Princess and Chloe. Although Zinna (Fergie's lodger – I think) had actually hash walked the week before. Welcome both. Then the usual tuneless cacophony for Mudsucker's and barmaid Claire's birthdays. Third day in the job at the pub and already inducted into hash birthdays. Life in the Royal Oak can only improve from now on.

Another Happy Birthday was wrung out to the Posh and Becks of the Hash, Can't Remember & Hurricane, who were on a loving quiet night out celebrating their 19th Wedding Anniversary in a public display of togetherness carefully orchestrated to debunk tabloid rumours of a split. They've also recently upped-sticks and moved house from the Big City to Bere Alston. Sounds like they're already into the swing of Bere Alston life since Hurricane, whilst contemplating the big portion in front of him, recounted finding a crack in Can't Remember's back passage. In recognition of their relocation bringing 24-years of hash car-sharing with Pimp and Scupper Sucker to an end, they were each presented with a Car Share mug. Great mugs, but what I'd like to know is which one of this car-share cabal was the one in the pink glasses? I'm sure Pist n Broke was once car sharing with them. Maybe the seat watering incident precipitated his ejection from the car share circle. Must ask Tilly if he's got the glasses. If not, it must be Pimp (there is a certain similarity ...) since Scupper Sucker's too tall.



Other news: I hear tell that, after leaving the pub, Omen came over all unnecessary and forgetful, and ever since has been feeling decidedly less horny than usual. Missing something Omen?

Last words are left for Dodo. You know why Dodos became extinct? It's because they agree to set a run on 18th June, coerce yours truly to help lay it, only to bail out two weeks before after realising he'd double-booked himself! Revenge is a dish served cold, very cold, very very cold. Tee Hee!



Roaring in and skidding to a fire breathing, gravel spitting, halt at the 11th hour of writing this was a message from Slush recklessly inviting the hash en masse to his and Jan's nuptials evening do on 8th Sept at Callington Town Hall. They do like to live on the edge.

On On, 'H'

¹ Aggregate of artifacts and other remains found on a site, considered as material evidence in support of a theory concerning the culture or cultures inhabiting it (Yup, sounds about right)