

Grand Master
Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)

Joint Masters
Angela Sykes (Gannet)
Sarah Jones (Pony)

Scribe Master
Stirling Way (Spike)

Hasherdabber
Lily Loo (Mudsucker)

Hash Horn
Martin Hampton (Vlad the Compos)



Chamber Pot
Hayley Sampson (H)

On Sec
Tracy Donnelly (Sausage Pincher)

Hash Cash
Tricia McGurk (Posh Pinny)

Hare Master
Mark Preston (Scupper Sucker)

Hash Flash
Steve Darbyshire (Dodo)

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: 2023

Date: 13/05/2019

Start: Plymbridge Car Park (Wrigley's side of the river)

On Down: The Seven Stars Inn, Tamerton Foliot

Hares: Spike and Mudsucker

Scribe: Mayhem

This is novel – at the 11th hour and throwing a hash mag together. Still probably no different to throwing it together at any other time. So what's there to report from last week?

Quite frankly the evening was pants! Pants, pants and no pants. All due to the both ways swim that Scupper Sucker had craftily built in to his hash set from Long Ash. That was mainly the talk in the pub: of it being a great evening for a run and how many times the trail went across the river. Mini, Pimp, and I - aided and abetted by co-hare Piston Broke (who hadn't set the run and had no idea where it went) – used wit, guile and tactics and detoured / got all the way round without getting so much as a toe wet and did 6km!

It was difficult to tell if Piston Broke was pistoning around at attempted Hinduism or really had sustained a forehead injury at a recent Plymouth Albion match where he'd, allegedly, been warned about his behaviour. Talking of injuries, Windy was showing off his lump (again) and Buffy shared the news that it should lessen in c.10 years as Hot Rocks has also got one and it's taken 10 years for his to go down and it isn't nearly as lumpy as it was.

In the pub, a number had gone commando. In the interests of serious social research Racey - who had Windy's spare pair on complete with handy pouch to conceal a (very small) mobile phone - and I set out to find out how many were actually sans under crackers. The alternative was Racey physically checking but the thought of fondling various hot and sweaty crotches was enough to put me off my stroke. Chopper was sad to report that the old faithful Spiderman ones he'd worn since he was 14 had fallen apart in the river, Hurricane in a voice an octave or too higher than usual said he still had on the very tight pair he'd worn to the Bere Brewery Tap evening, whilst Well Laid was sauntering about in the pub with his trousers undone (apparently) - presumably because he'd forgotten his flannel and was deploying the air-dry method. Whether he was commando or not was left unexplored after Underlay imparted that she uses laundry tongs to handle Well Laid's under garments. It was probably a reckless move to ask Ram Raider if he had gone commando given his choice in tee-shirts from Scunthorpe (think word placement, no on second thoughts probably best not to). There then followed a diatribe involving his preference for normal padded pants and an industrial supply of Sudacrem, which when placed under extreme buttock-saddle pressure resulted in an environmental disaster the size of Wales for which the Welsh have yet to forgive Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers

him. Apparently, Scrotey has photographic evidence which should forever remain under lock and key. Commando was pleased to report that hers were in her pocket although it wasn't clear if these were the same ones from the hash weekend last September or clean ones. Omen smugly reported having a lovely time on the run as his nether regions were nearly 6' above the water but wondered if Racey's bra had dried out. He'd also said he'd deliberately run past the car park just to make sure he'd got 6km in. Yeah, likely story.

Stopcock, with a very large tube of mayonnaise in hand, related the tale of his and Spike's intimate moment on the hash involving running into that same jolly tar who had inexplicably dropped to all fours in front of him. Then Good Head gleefully reported that Sausage Pincher had shed a few tears on the hash after she'd momentarily misplaced herself and the first two who appeared were shortcutting pair Stopcock and Good Head. Sausage Pincher we feel your pain – of all the rescuers in all the world... Dogcatcher had managed to rip the skin off the back of his heel in the river – amazing, manages to run around in the dark with no torch all winter and injures himself in broad daylight.

During hash hush, that Celtic troublemaker Ram Raider was told to 'Shut Up' by the normally calm Hot Rocks for talking. In turn, Ram Raider blamed it on Buffy, claiming she'd led him astray. Not a clever move blaming the GM's better half, especially since GM-ship has apparently made Hot Rocks very naughty in the hops lately. An example being waiting until Caught Short and Krakow had cycled down a long, virtually vertical hill with gravel down the middle and an awful camber, before telling them they'd gone the wrong way and would have to go back up. Apparently, Hot Rocks was compelled to give Caught Short a very juicy good listening to on the error of his ways.

Glani & Biff had happy anniversary sung to them for Biff's sterling care in the community over the past 25 years wedded to Glani. Hash happy birthday was sung to Pimp and he was presented with the Tart of the Week award for his and Sally's sensible move of swopping bunk beds in a room next to the communal bathroom in a youth hostel for a nearby 5* hotel with en suite and a hearty breakfast on the recent TVH3 Lake District trip. Said Lakes weekend was reportedly a roaring success albeit the wet weather thwarted that merry band of Fergie, Dirty Oar, Naughty Boy, Millbay Road and Pimp, Dogcatcher and Sonja's attempt on Helvellyn but a couple of them did manage a climb or two of the Old Man and Pimp had a 69-er involving cake and candles.

Further news (if it can be called that): Spike wanted to thank his well wishers after he'd managed 2 hours 50 of the London Marathon – before he changed channel. A number of reports were received re Gannet upsetting all sorts of young men on the Tamar Trails Park Run. And finally, Slush seems to have had a name change recently to 'Snowy' but my notes are a tad confused at this point or misheard from Dodo's dictation as to whether it's to do with a lack of underpants in the pub, a shed he'd built recently that resembled an outhouse privy, or a white knuckle excursion to Scotland.

On On

'H' – there's no truth in the rumour that I have any connection with nefarious caddies.

Or do I?

Saving the best til last! The 500 run award goes to 'H'! It's only taken nearly 30 years but finally, 500 runs! I hear tell it should have been Pimp'd out at the AGM but a certain fellow Calstock resident who shall remain nameless (Dodo) forgot to pick up the trophy from the artist. Still fitting really that Hot Rocks presented it as my very first run was his and Vampire Slayer's c.1992 at Denham Woods.