

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)

Email:
tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

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

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

Next Run No: 1985
Date: 20/08/18
Start: Gutter Tor
On Down: Walkhampton Inn
Hares: Chopper
Scribe: Bumless/Dimwit



‘The Truth will set you free. But first it will piss you off’
– philosophical musings from Dildo

Well, well, well there you go/went again! Running around yourselves, up and down, round and about. Tis indeed a strange business this Hashing malarkey. The lengths you Middle Earthlings will go to amuse yourselves; and the compulsion to attend in such great hoards, in all weathers, day or night. It begs the question what is the rational explanation behind these most rustic of forays: nothing much to occupy the grey matter with on a Monday’s eve perhaps, or more to the point - a secular form of ‘Self Flagellation’? One surely must investigate the mindset of a Hasher, no doubt enough material for one of your learned TrickCyclists (Psychiatrists) to hold an entire conference about!

Whilst on my journeys to one such adventure just the other week I witnessed first-hand the zeal that compels one to attend. There I was motoring peacefully along the open, moorland road with not a sole in sight, either miles in front or behind, when all of a sudden appeared man and motorcycle contraption from seemingly nowhere! ‘Possessed’ he was, riding as if the Dark Lord Sauron was after him. Surprised I was - made the hair stand up on the top of me feet it did. Even more surprised to witness the alacrity with which said motorcyclist negotiated a certain series of knotted bends, seemingly horizontal, defying all your laws of that gravity business.



Your learned, wise one Sir Isaac Newton would have been hard pressed to postulate a theory on such observations. Such was the haste to attend said venture by manic motorcyclist, he’d neglected to bring that very essential attire, namely shorts and shirt, shrewdly claiming on arrival ‘a casual walk was all that was intended’! No matter, said motorcyclist I believe responds to a name synonymous to one of your mountains in the land of Gaul!

So, to the place of the Fox and Hounds on the open moor we did meet, to a most unorthodox start, devised by a certain Fergie; not so much a 'park and ride' more a 'park and walk' still a very novel approach! But on to a fine Hash regardless. It was with much running to and fro, up and down, across moor, stream, heather, prickly bits and soft bits and all we did venture.

These moors are indeed a most mysterious place, especially to the one known as Glanni, where all manner of strangeness and imaginings take hold of his mind; rational thought abandoned! For at one point, he claimed to have been pursued by the pounding of 'Phantom feet' and 'heavy breathing' – and not the sort he usually gets excited about. So alarmed was he with visions of Smaug close on his heels and for his own life he scarce looked over his shoulder to qualify the source of this mystical menace. Still, it was an Olympian effort that spurred his return to the bucket before any a fellow Hasher and without witness to his legendary short cutting.



The night's ether played foul with the judgment of many other a Hasher too! Including that most seasoned of minds - Bat's, for there she was observed, sitting amid the mire, in a scene reminiscent of your Monty Python's the Holy Grail and the constitution peasant. Upon enquiries from concerned Hashers she apparently mumbled something to the nature of 'taking Sturmeroid up the bucket'! Well that certainly explains a good deal of his demeanour.

And so back to the bucket and keys it was for all. Whereupon an excited sole (Dirty Oar) mistook this novel approach as an invitation to one of those 'Swinger's' parties, promptly trotting off with someone else's keys as well as her own! This behaviour or absent mindedness has been witnessed in others on many an occasion, however; without 'carnal intentions' I'll have you know! Begs the question was this the source of Glanni's heavy breathing?

Now I have it on good authority that this Hashing has been responsible for many a 'conscious coupling' and even the propagation of mini hashers but this 'lucky dip' approach could certainly hold new and exciting prospects!

And let us not forget the effect of that night on poor Scrotum, for he was seen to be all hot, bothered and bewildered and in his less lucid moments cravings for an 'orchard pig' he did mutter. Well this dark secret should be kept as a closed affair. However; his true alter-ego **Bigus Dickus** has emerged once more with all its impirwious ambitions. For it is said he is transforming his place of dwelling to resemble that fit for an Empowurr and concubine. Resplendent it is becoming with Cowinthian columns and all manner of fine architectural affects; notice has been scribed in your local journals for Vestal Virgins to soon adorn the Grand Staircase! And what of the Gannet on that night, where was she? Nursing back to health many a fractured rib I have been told. And what was the cause to these injuries? Well any such enquiries are referenced with coughing and Colosseums!



It was with much reassurance to witness the return to form of the Dog Catcher: back to his bugle blasting, energetic pace after a considerable period of convalescence. Rumour has it, whilst attempting to remove a few unwanted toes with home surgery, he accidentally slipped with his mighty, mechanical device and sliced through some paving slabs only partially completing the procedure.

And once more Racey indulged all with even more eccentric behaviour: instead of a conventional departure, she attempted to push her own car home on one leg without even the Windy one to steer her by and muttering something to the effect of the damp or was it cramp?

There was some cause for celebration too! In the inn of the Fox and Hounds the afore mentioned Sturmeroid was presented with his 1000th trophy of sorts and a certain Zina – a possible Warrior Princess from Middle Earth, was christened 'Elbow Deep' such bawdiness, what on Earth could have inspired such a title!

So, I must confess as to being no nearer to the true nature of the Hasher, tis still as ever - mystifying as life and the cosmos in general – yes, it is indeed a strange business!

ON ON!