

Grand Master
Diann Davis (Can't Remember)

Joint Masters
Sarah Cohen (Fergie)
Treeve Gillan (Bin Liner)

Scribe Master
Bill Stacey-Norris (Lost)

Hasherdabber
Mark Preston (Scupper Sucker)

Hash Horn
Sam Sparks (Erectus)



Chamber Pots
Bruce Trower (Ernie)

Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)

On Sec
Tricia McGurk (Posh Pinny)

Hash Cash
Roger Smyly (Cabin Boy)

Hare Master
Sarah Jones (Pony)

Hash Flash
Shelley Davis (Last Minute)

Life Pee'er

Angus Colville

Hereditary Pee'ers

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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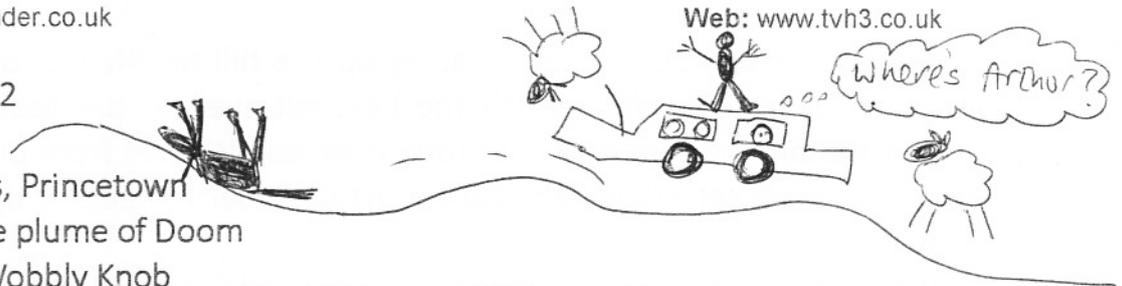
Next Run No: 1772

Date: 14 July

Start: Whiteworks, Princetown

On Down: Not the plume of Doom

Hares: Psycho & Wobbly Knob



Where's Arthur!

As long as the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, stereotypes and stigmas abound the hash. We all know that Scrotey will take all day to design and build a bike holder for his shooting break, Aimless will be late and then thrashed by H3 on the run, Cannon fodder will walk around with the shorts and Glanni and Grandpa will shortcut around the car park claiming they did the long. This is the day it changed Arguilles sets the best run this ~~Monday, Month~~ ^{Humvee} Year. (Lost may have helped as well as he is scribing).

Monday at 3.45 the Arguilles mobile screeched into Copperfields, BMW tinted windows 3 dodgey looking individuals inside. On opening the boot no bodies found just lots of white powder divided into unmarked packs.

Arguilles broke the uneasy silence "I have a cunning plan" I have 2 runners "(oh where's Arthur?) And we will soon be able to get drop off this lot and end up with a bag of money! Perfect.

Warp factor 10 engaged we soon made it to Bell tor corner, Peter had a near perfect plan maps, ~~drugs~~ flour, pre run the route and contacted the pub. So we went about our tasks so well set after finding Arthur, the flour flowed and like a well-oiled

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers





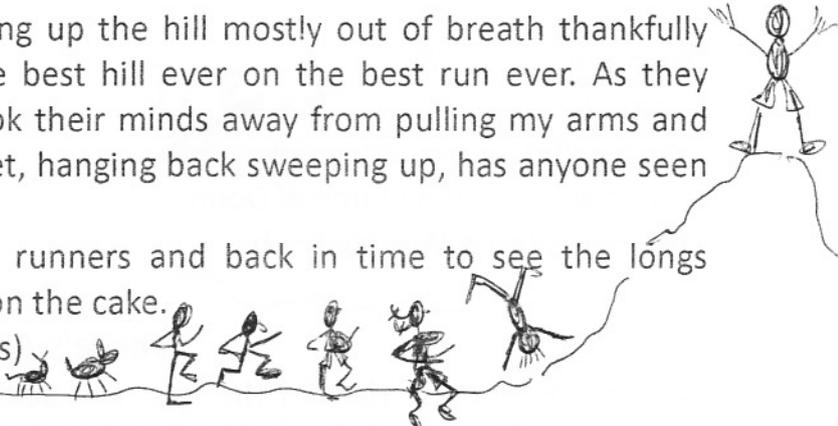
machine we set the best run ever. We even had time for a nice cup of tea and cake before the unruly mob arrived. The 1st to turn up would be Krakow already casting aspersions "I thought if I start now I would be back half an hour early" (A wise choice as it would work out! edd). Arguilles not used to public speaking "don't you know" gathered the assembled masses, and sent them scattering across the moor towards Pondsworthy. Splitting the longs and shorts with deft ability. Lost then made to the upper slopes to a point that I could survey the complete run from on high, this also gave me the right to play God and hurl down bolts of lightning on the mortals running below, instead I just turned the heat up..... long sleeve top Krakow, good choice bet caught short thought the car smells nice.

They say you can't see the battle you can only hear it and this is the case of the hash down in the valley shrieks and calls echoed, occasionally a glimpse of a chain of runners following the river, crossing fields. Some are more audible than others Raceys voice carries a few miles, then you have the drop shorts that call "is anybody on" knowing all too well that they are on but calling this means they will short cut! All clearly seen, now how I laughed that short cut is certainly not shorter!

Writhing glistening bodies came racing up the hill mostly out of breath thankfully although lip reading tells me it's the best hill ever on the best run ever. As they crested the hill the fantastic vista took their minds away from pulling my arms and legs off. So they set off into the sunset, hanging back sweeping up, has anyone seen Arthur?

A gentle jog to the cars with new runners and back in time to see the longs silhouetted against sky was the icing on the cake.

Then the pub. (not the Prince of Wales)



Conduct me to mine host peter. We love him highly and shall continue our graces towards him. Macbeth

If you went to Glastonbury to see Dolly swing her ditties, you may have missed the landlord, he got quite shitty.

Bitter and twisted were his ales, served by ladies looked like ~~ard~~ as nails

His manner surly and rude, then at nine o clock he stopped serving food.

A cunning wheeze if only for his staff to please, this brought his accountant to his knees.

Saving nearly £4 wages the hash won't go back there for ages!

So in the winters tightening squeeze landlord and accountant would be pleased to see the hash loyal, although their more likely to be at the Royal!

So different pubs we must hunt because the landlord acted like a not very nice person.

