

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)

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Next Run No: 1993
Date: 22nd October 2018
Start: Leg of Mutton, Yelverton
On Down: The Rock, Yelverton
Hares: Wobbly Knob
Scribe: Can't Remember

The Brown Gin Run courtesy of Pimp and Hurricane

Another evening with a select band of Hashers assembled at Norsworthy Bridge. Maybe it was the thought of having to drink the 'Brown Gin' that put people off. Excuses for absence ranged from 'ill with the lurgy' to 'too tired after a busy weekend', but the best one was from the Glanvilles who stayed home to do their packing as they are going away at the weekend!!

A few words of remembrance of Angus were said – odd socks, wonderful singing, cycling to the hash, never using bridges, the wetter and muddier the run the better.

According to Argiles it was "a brilliant run!" Another said "lots of fannyng around, in and out of the river, under fences and bridges." Thank you to the Hares.

There were reports of lots of blood and gore from the run. Hurricane head-butted a branch and came off worse. Commando told of Stopcock rolling a massive boulder onto her foot – only saved as she was carrying her (spare) pants in her left trainer and they cushioned the blow. Dog Catcher managed to remove the skin on both shins and insisted on showing me the blood. Ugh! Cannon Fodder fell in the river making a big splash – those nearby waited until they were safely across, before checking if he was ok.

On down at the Burrator was a segregated affair – The Landlady said "Drake to the right, TVH3 to the left." I don't know what she expected – a good fight to erupt??

I noticed most of Drake left well before we did, so the Landlady gave us their leftover sandwiches. Gannet, you missed out on extra food by leaving early. After helping himself to the free sandwiches Stopcock had a problem. How to go to the loo without putting the sandwiches down, and having them nicked? A very novel solution – he balanced them on his head!!

At the Hash hush Cannon Fodder was awarded his golden trainer for 600 runs, although several meanly pointed out he had in fact only done 600 half runs.

Don't forget the 2000 hash on 3rd December. More details to follow.

Well done to Rosie Lloyd for running the Cardiff half marathon in 1hour 59 mins and to Dimwit for doing The Long 50, running from Minehead to Combe Martin. Mad!

Lost said the Padstow Peddle on Sunday was fantastic with fine weather, a perfect mix of people, scenic views and wonderful autumn colours. Thanks Lost for organising it.

On their return car journey Lost struck again with Dirty Oar following. He blamed it on his satnav but did admit that they had gone down many remote and unknown roads, possibly twice around Bodmin Moor.

The anagram game with the letters wishing Dildo Baggins a speedy recovery kept everyone amused. The Hash manages to mess up the most carefully organised things, but hopefully he got the message. Here is my take on the letters.

WOT NOSE GELL or maybe GOT NO SWEELL

Can you make a better one?

On on! From K2