

**Grand Master**  
Simon Snowdon (Slush)

**Joint Masters**  
Steve Statham (Krakow)

Mo Rujak (On All Fours)

**Scribe Master**  
Angela Sykes (Gannet)

**Hasherdabber**  
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)

**Hash Horn**  
Alan Eddie (Pist 'N' Broke)



**Chamber Pots**  
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Bruce Trower (Ernie)

**On Sec**  
Paul Ames (Aimless)

**Hash Cash**  
Paul Waters (Stopcock)

**Hare Master**  
Kate Glanville (Biff)

**Hash Flash**  
Elena Stamp (Come Forward)

**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:** 1729  
**Date:** 16<sup>th</sup> September 2013  
**Start:** White Thorn, Shaugh Prior  
**On Down:** White Thorn, Shaugh Prior  
**Hares:** Dog Catcher & Marcus,

GlanitMug! GlanitMug! GlanitMug! GlanitMug! GlanitMug! GlanitMug! GlanitMug! GlanitMug!

Woobly repotting on the bog run care of Hobgnob, the Pratt, Mary the Placenta, Tom-Tom and Josh. A parting gift from boys of DHSB, from the Gnob, now enjoying the fresher's fare at StAn, mostly whiskey and haggis, and from the rest will soon depart to pastures aknew.

We was well impressed, wernt I. Says Gnobless

The Pratt gave a chat said we'd fall flat, innit. So off with a splat and a splash went the Hash for a thrash in the bogs with the dogs, got the legs and the neck covered in shig, wile Will and Ed flu past like the stig. But Argylls went for a swim in the grim (all gone but for a limb) **Wobbly Knobbly in da house.**

Its to hard to keep this up, gannett so their.

Onto the run, where long and short surrounded the scout hut then rushed headlong into Gutter Mire, steps sinking, bog stinking, ooze sprinkling, feet wrinkling, hares thinking of Pimp and Hurricane.. Arrh> The pirate zone. Nipple tried hard but only managed umbilical deep, Nicker deep kept her feet dry. Luffly enjoyed the site of wet shorts and beer bellys. Henry was outgunned by his virgin sun, James. Fergie strained at the leash, pleased when a man through himself at her feet. You, in blue, solidly built, kindly introduce yourself next time! Uncle deployed her back pack, helium baloon and outboard witch soon saw her through. Von Trapp was thinking of Naked and Marooned (next instalment). Slosh the 4 toed sloth was back on the turf. Lost had lost his glasses but thinks he has a few shots of our dashing and splashing.

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers

Once out of the mire, it was up towards Gutter Tor, onto the moor, then back and threw again, more up and down, along the stream and up back to Ditsworthy, with keenies, wimps and tarts intermingling, energy dwindling, legs stiffening, along a half-pipe up and down then through the Plym, finally over Eastern Tor and a stretch then a retch at the bucket. Angus Hogg limped in, holding his knee, sounded like a howling banshee "Ooh Mummy it does hurt".

They're was Kakky Knickers doling out rock buns, 60 not enough for the hungary whored of hashers, or Glani. But luvly thanks! Wun Hung Low had apples as competition but the rock buns wun out. So did the midges so off we raced to On-down at the Burrator Inn

In the Inn we listened to the Whalers wile ordering our beers and stupid steaks, then most of us retreated and found sanctuary but Canon Fodder and Dddddddd were beguiled; lost in the 1970s. We were pleased to see faces old and new. A heard of Hoggs, Slasher, Edmund and Angus, friend Ollie, Plod of Drake and his daughters, virgins Brad and James. Also Tommy Cooper aka Waldorf aka Ken Klean, but cant he keep quiet?

Hawker Mo was still on all fours peddling his wears, hurry up, hurry up, only £15, TVH3 running tops to be paid for, more to order, polos to if you wish. He kneads your money cos he has a new house. So far he has curtains but no bed. All contributions greatfully recieved.

Meantime Well Laid and Underlay were baffled as they raffled 20p tickets for a mystery prize, pox and pus they said.

At length Slush drew us together. We welcomed the old and new. The bog snorklers came forward, Scrtoie, Gannet, Arguilles, and K2.

K2 was sent on her way with a down-down, to Nepal, near Pokhara, to Lamjung Himal, to repair her bike. Two years she thinks it'll take – please follow Ann at <http://annmarcerinnepal.blogspot.co.uk> Good luck. Theirs even a Hash nearby.



Arguilles had left a item of lingerie in the morass and looked pleased to be reunited with it and to be officially named as the double breast stroking champion. The raffle was drawn and rather than pox and pus their was a EuroHash Tallinn shirt for Gannett. After some delay we remembered Bambi Ben Dover was 18, street legal, tonight drinking lemonade, and we sung are favourite tune. And what were Uncle Barney up to?

On-On to a Nepali Joke (K2 will translate on return)

Ek nepali himalaya ki pahari par bhede chara raha tha. Tabhi wahan se ek tourist nikla aur usne ladke se pucha; Tourist: yeh bhede kitna doodh de deti hain? nepali: ji safed wali ya kaali wali? Tourist: safed wali. Nepali: ji 2 ltr. Tourist: aur kaali wali? Nepali: ji wo bhi 2 ltr. Tourist: yeh uun kitni de deti hain? Nepali: ji safed wali ya kaali wali? Tourist: safed wali. nepali: ji 4 kilo. Tourist: aur kaali wali? Nepali: ji wo bhi 4 kilo. Tourist: sale agar dono barabar doodh deti hain aur barabar unn deti hain to yeh kya safed wali aur kaali wali laga rakha hai?? Nepali: ji wo baat aisi hai ki jo safed wali bhede hain wo mere pitaji ji ki hain.. Tourist: aur kaali wali?? Nepali: Wo bhi Pita ji ki hain....!!

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