

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)

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Next Run No: 1977
Date: 25th June 2018
Start: Plym Bridge
On Down: The Lopes Arms, Roborough
Hares: Ginger Rogers
Scribe: Nipple Deep

All that Clitters is not Cold

Having negotiated the constricted hill from Gunnislake village up towards Chilsworthy on another balmy summer's evening in early June, Arthur and I assumed we were home and dry only to be greeted within sight of the White Hart by the alarming spectacle of Dodo waving his arms like a demented semaphore. Back! Back! He cried as if the early arrivals had been transformed into a pack of zombies threatening blood crazed revenge on their more punctual fellow hashers. We then proceeded to do a motorised version of the Hokey Cokey; Backwards, Forwards - Shake it all about until the convoy of vehicles carrying citizens desperate to escape from Chilsworthy before the start of Hot Rocks' and Buffy's hash took flight out of the village.

Rather unwisely, I missed the saturnine Hare's introductory comments and found myself inadvertently on the Long option which of course went up before looping down past the start and plunging down a rocky path towards the River Tamar glistening in the evening sunlight far below. I have never been an aficionado of running downhill, probably in the sure and certain expectation of having at some point having to proceed in the reverse direction. Fortunately, the hares had included at least two loops down by the river which meant that laggards simply had to enjoy the sylvian tranquillity and wait for the keen hash purists to return.

Windy was hoping that the run would cross the river as he had with Plympton at some past hash lost in the muddled mists of the old chap's memory. Mention of swimming made me even more determined to maintain a pedestrian approach firmly anchored to the Cornish side of the river. As sure as night follows day, we slogged up through Gunnislake Clitters mine workings and through the buildings at the top which had rarely seen such activity since mining ceased in 1908.

The White Hart made us welcome with a good spread of food and wonderful views across the Valley. Racey pointed out a large palatial white structure nestled in some trees in the far distance which she claimed as home. There once was a hasher called Graham Broach, a freelance journalist who as a scribe, used to come armed with the tools of his trade, namely a Dictaphone. The man has long since departed but with a week's hindsight, I can't for the life of me remember any of the gems of hash gossip or wisdom which were no doubt liberally scattered in my path during the hash or subsequently so please forgive this paltry effort. I enjoy the concise perorations of our GM who has not yet let his elevated status go to his head. Doubtless, in due time he will be regaling with his Thoughts on a whole range of subject so let's enjoy brevity while it lasts.

Saturday took me to the Meavy Oak Fair for possibly the final Burrator Horseshoe (since Zippy has relocated to Bere Ferrers and is planning to retire). Apart from one or two occasional or retired hashers, the only representative from TVH3 was Arthur who participated under a certain amount of paternal duress and turned in a respectable if not outstanding time well behind the 38 minutes of the winner. I bumped into Hobo (Treasurer for the Fair) and Von Trapp (inspecting mobile homes) and attempted to enter the Dog show (as a participant) but no-one could decide which class.

ON ON!!