

Grand Master
Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)

Joint Masters
Angela Sykes (Gannet)
Sarah Jones (Pony)

Scribe Master
Stirling Way (Spike)

Hasherdabber
Lily Loo (Mudsucker)

Hash Horn
Martin Hampton (Vlad the Composter)



Chamber Pot
Hayley Sampson (H)

On Sec
Tracy Donnelly (Sausage Pincher)

Hash Cash
Tricia McGurk (Posh Pinny)

Hare Master
Mark Preston (Scupper Sucker)

Hash Flash
Steve Darbyshire (Dodo)

HashTag
Julie Williams (Commando)

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: 2050

Date: Monday 18th November 2019

Start: 'Just past' Ringmoor Cottage

On Down: White Thorn, Shaugh Prior

Hares: Spike and Mudsucker

Scribe: TBD. Hopefully not me again, otherwise there will be rumours of a takeover.

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LOST KIDS, LOST SHORTS, LOST CAT.

Last week at Ginger Rogers' excellent hash those of us who enjoyed the lovely weather (yes, really) and well laid trail were rather sad that there were only a dozen runners there to enjoy it. A few extras turned up at the pub afterwards, and it proved to be a fun social evening as usual, but at this rate each member of the rapidly shrinking core of TVH3 will be setting a run every couple of months.... Scribes have been very thin on the ground recently too, and that's why it's Groundhog Day with the hash mag at the moment.

On to happier things. Anyone living on the North side of Tavistock right now is feeling smug that they can get through town without getting diverted via Penzance. We arrived at Lewtrenchard in good time to be greeted by a dapper looking Arguilles, all shiny brogues and chinos. Having immersed himself in pond water while helping Compost to lay the dust, he then had a sense of humour failure and went home for a bath and a G&T. Not wanting to soil himself a second time, he donned some gentlemanly garments and declared that tonight he would be hareing from his cosy BMW, listening to Radio 3. Compost was unperturbed; he had little Mia to help him shepherd the faithful round the fields and woods; her stamina puts most of us to shame.

So we had everything in place for a successful evening. There were a few more runners than last week and it wasn't raining. Off we went on a pretty little path in the woods behind the church having been warned that the last long loop was, well, a bit long. Footloose was going well; I had trouble staying with her as she ran with determination uphill. Suddenly I was in familiar territory – I shouted to Aimless as I remembered the location of the great Do Do broken collarbone disaster on a Thursday Night Bikers' night back in the summer. Aimless had swiftly converted his Land Rover into an ambulance and organised an off road rescue. The Doooo, as he

is affectionately known to his biking mates, has made a full recovery and is back in the saddle.

The longs went on and on and eventually came to a farm. After that came wet, lumpy cow fields, the dust leading to a stream, swollen with recent rains. Scrote was amazed to find a small half grown kitten wandering around, almost hidden in the long grass. It mewed as we waded across the river, trying to follow. Compost said it had followed Arguilles from the farm that afternoon when he was laying the long route and had not gone back home. Now most at the hash know I am a cat lover and before you could say Whiskas Supermeat I had grasped the little fella to my chest and ordered Scrote to light the way back to the farm with our one remaining torch. If you have ever tried to climb wiggly farm gates holding a equally wiggly kitten then you will know that the next ten minutes or so was warm, but not that cuddly.

When we arrived the yard was deserted and the farmhouse in darkness. Another cat appeared out of the barn, an identical size and shape. As I let my kitty jump down, its mate came towards us and the two of them ran off, jumping and playing. We were in the right place! By now it was 9 o'clock and I thought regretfully of the pub kitchen, and how it was going to be closed when we eventually got to Bridestowe.

Fast forward the next 5 minutes as Scrote and I tried to retrace our steps while being followed by TWO cats who thought that this game of Grandmother's Footsteps was the best ever.

Good job I already have a hash name. Pussy Galore, Cold Pussy, Wet Pussy – it doesn't bear thinking about.

On the lane past Compost's house we were met by Glani and Biff in their car, who told us that half the hash was missing, having inexplicably decided to follow no dust at all as far as Jethro's and then continue along the old A30. This group had last been seen heading for Okehampton, led by Racey Tracy. Good Head's kids were lost too, having been magicked away at the very last check only yards from the cars. Typical hashing – you are convinced that you are tailed off, with everyone waiting for you anxiously, only to find that actually you are one of the first back at the bucket. Lost cats notwithstanding.

At the pub the very kind landlord had kept his staff working (phew) and was happily providing a range of hot food. Many thanks to Mike and Sarah at the White Hart. If only all hostelries were as welcoming. Of course all the lost ones turned up eventually and there was no harm done. At this point it was revealed that some who shall remain nameless had gone to the wrong pub, and had been Billy No Mates over at The Blue Lion.

We sang Happy Birthday to Scrotey (60 the next day) and Glani (long past 60) and Hot Rocks made sure that Mia was presented with the treacle tart of the week because her Dad had failed to collect the cups and left the washing up to the GM! She looked as pleased as punch and it is about time she is given a hash name, methinks. Suggestions please...

ON ON!

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