

**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: 2007**

**Date: 21 January 2019**

**Start: Now there's a thing.....**

**On Down: Funny you should mention that but.....**

**Hares: Spike, Spike and Spike**

**Scribe: Hmmmm**

**DOGS, DOGGING AND BROWN WILLY!**

Greetings my fellow hashers and hashesses and a Happy New Year to you all.

Last weeks hash was easily the best of the year so far and many thanks to Hot Rocks and Vampire Slayer for weaving their magic, as well as their dust. They lived up to their names as the hash was completely clear of Vampires and there were surely plenty of rocks, I know because I fell over a lot of them.

La Slayer experienced adversity in setting the run as she was assailed by a number of dogs who according to their owners took a great interest (possibly of a sexual nature) in her dust and her hat. Nevertheless she proved adept at repelling Cornish Weirdos and their amorous mutts and now knows not to wear a bobble hat in exposed locations.

Sadly those on the 'shorts' were subjected to the front-running presence of one Scrotum Factotum. He normally sails off on the 'longs' but this time because he was 'poorly' he decided to inflict himself and his germs on us lesser plodders. Not satisfied with having Dengue Fever and infecting all his immediate family he managed to do the entire hash at the front of the shorts while continually sneezing snorting and coughing-up obnoxious substances leaving us to run along behind in a thick fog of virulent virus. This has had its effect on me and Hurricane (who is also suffering from lack of food as apparently Can't Remember has given up feeding him due to her commitments to 'retirement activities!') and others will surely fall soon.

You may have noticed a mysterious camper van parked up near the top of Kit Hill next to which was a pagan offering of roses, briars and hard-boiled eggs. That well-known man of the world: Well Laid, advised us the van was there for the strange sexual practice of

'Dogging', and that the offering of roses and eggs was 'connected' (how the hell would he know?).

This baffled me a bit but then I think of the canine arousal resulting from Vampire Slayer's flour and it all begins to come together (pun intended). Clearly: "Let's bake a cake" has a saucier meaning west of the Tamar and all hashers should be aware of the dogs and digging implications. I will stick to my fish finger sandwiches.

Dogcatcher was wearing a tee-shirt with 'For Sale' on it but had no takers....wonder why....?

En croute to the On Down our very own Thelma & Louise, aka Can't Remember and Posh Pinny were forced to rescue Underlay who was marching off in the direction of the Rifle Volunteer where she would have been press-ganged into the Foreign Legion (or at the very least the Gunnislake Women's Institute) never to be seen again!

Dirty Oar did her first and admirable Hash Hush where tonight's venue was selected by popular vote or referendum – if only every such vote worked out that well! The pub were very nice though and decided that as we looked like such a nice bunch of P!Pheasant FPluckers they would offer us some free pheasants to be fplucked at our leisure. Alas we ran out of eggs and flour before things could really get going.

I also found out a number of interesting facts about our Hash Tag – one Commando. After artfully hosting the Hash on new years eve just past such a party girl was not satisfied so she then went and rocked it on in a local pub until four o'clock in the morning – as evidenced by bar-surfing photograph below:



As if that is not enough she then did the Brown Willy run later that morning! When asked to explain herself she said (and I quote) : "I felt a bit bad about doing Brown Willy the next morning but it wasn't as hard as I was expecting"! Definitely a contender for Biff's crown in the Car-crash Innuendo Awards.

And lastly but not leastly a message from our Hair for next week: Spike says the run is to be #MeToo-themed festival of diversity and nothing less than a Ladies' Run. This means that those who are not ladies (and some of us may have to check I know) will have to dress as ladies (Get Down Scrotey). Plus those of us not ladies are not allowed to get to a check before a lady or there will be some kind of forfeit – no I don't understand it either but it will be a Spike Special so make sure you come along!

On On