

**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**  
Bruce Trower (Ernie)

Hayley Trower (Nine-Inch)

**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)

**Hereditary Pee'ers**  
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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### **Next Run No: 1738**

**Date: 21st October 2013**

**Start: Sharpitor Car Park**

**On Down: Burrator Inn**

**Hares: Pony and Von Trap**

**Scribe: Special Secret Scribe: he knows who he is!!**

### **Arachnophobia amongst others...**

I was listed as one of the hares but my real job was making sure we had the table and cups to toast Agnes with Brown Gin and to take the names, money, look after keys etc. Very important work I think you'll agree. It all started to go a bit awry on the way to Princetown as my nebulaphobia\* made me feel very uncomfortable especially when large cows loomed at us at the side of the road. Not quite as scary though as P60 looming in the car window to give me a pound in very small change. So Hurricane made the toast to Agnes and set them all off very much hoping that no one suffers from hydrophobia\*\* or nyctophobia\*\*\* come to that. Once everyone had gone I carefully locked all the money and keys in the car and went to the pub for a warming coffee, only to be greeted by masses of cobwebs, fake spiders and all things Halloween. Well I had to suppress my arachnophobia as I sat at the bar sipping my coffee and feeling like Miss Havesham. Then, Lost came in and cheered me up with his Pip-like tale of Great Expectations of cycling to the Hash in memory of Agnes only to have been held up by a puncture on the way. He ordered a drink and some crisps and then looked at his hands and with a cry and a shudder due to his mysophobia\*\*\*\* rushed off to the gents. This was a good time for me to return to the car and make the shandy. Shock, horror I discovered I'd left the car window wide open, good job all the bad guys are locked away in Princetown. Anyway, phew, all was OK and soon I heard the merry cries of returning hashers, including Grace who did well as she didn't get lost this week. I listened closely to the talk at the bucket and soon learnt that Penny Farting thought he would approach the hash as a commando and forward roll through all of the bogs. Nashers told me that Martin Head, (does he have a name?) completely missed a very large arrow and was setting off down the road instead of across it and when questioned he replied "didn't look" sounds like a name to me! It was around this time I noticed Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers

Glani's legs or what they were wearing, set my arachnophobia off again, he actually thought he was spiderman, striking poses in the car park! Please don't all rush to Lidl for more of these dubious tracksters. Later in the pub Glani said that the spiders were probably teganaria as they like to come indoors in the autumn and share your bath. Not mine they don't. Sturmeroid shouted to Hurricane that it was a terrible run but a terrific Hash, praise indeed. Abby, running for only her third time, sported a white (yes white) Norwegian sweater; she wasn't to know that the Brown Gin run is the night of the living bog. Bless. 9inch won the wet t-shirt competition and was rewarded with a swift rub down with a damp sporting life by Boil. Psycho (excellent mag last week by the way) was a bit concerned that Noblass ran out of batteries, not Duracell then. The run was described as "cracking"; "fabulous" "a bit short" "lots of bog" and someone commented that there was too much road! So thank you Pimp and Hurricane for a job well done.

#### On Down

All Krakov had to say was that his chips were f\*\*\*\*\*g hot. Pist'n'broke was feeling somewhat disgruntled as he was accused by Sir Slosh of not blowing the horn when in fact Pist was blowing it for all he was worth, just nobody heard it. Sir Sloshalot awarded Pist'n'broke with the 2 bras, I think for either falling over or for not blowing the horn, choose one. Anyway Pist proceeded to wear these offensive items as a man-kini thus bringing on a severe attack of my Boratophobia (no explanation necessary) I beat a hasty retreat to the Ladies to have a lie down for a few moments with a damp flannel on my head until I remembered the spiders and shot back to the bar pronto. To add insult to injury I later found that Pist'n'broke had left his dirty laundry in the boot of the car! I had to beat it with a stick a few times before putting it in the washing machine, a fate meted out to spiders lurking in my house, just the beating with a stick part. Nice of Ernie to pop in, he's looking well, has he been ill? Streaky's dog was carried into the pub wrapped in a towel; he now has a new name BogDog. Anal Vice has just celebrated his 18<sup>th</sup> birthday so we all groaned to him; and he introduced a new runner, Ashwin Smith; I look forward to his naming. Also joining us for the first time was Jane Postgate; already several names have been suggested for her: Clanger, Soup Dragon or maybe Iron Chicken? Nashers has asked Scrotey for just 6 inches, apparently he has just the thing for her! Biff is having troubles with her eyesight, apparently when it gets to intimate things she can't see what's going on! A blessing I feel when married to Glani! Everyone wish Bon Voyage to Hornblower who is off to HMS Montrose shortly. Hope Luffly and Mr Perfect are having a wonderful time in Cornwall. Their party on Saturday was a classic hash do in all but name, bit like rent-a-mob. The Gruff Nuts were in excellent, did you know that Lost was in the sixth form with most of the band members? No I didn't either. I was glad to see that no one suffered with realaleophobia but I stuck to the coffee as I was driving.

**Don't' forget the Barn Dance on November 9<sup>th</sup>, buy tickets.**

And finally.....

A man in a movie theatre notices what looks like a spider sitting next to him. "Are you a spider?" asked the man, surprised. "Yes." "What are you doing at the movies?" The spider replied, "Well, I liked the book."

Arachnophobia - fear of spiders

\*nebulaphobia - fear of fog

\*\*hydrophobia - fear of water

\*\*\*nyctophobia - fear of the dark

\*\*\*\*mysophobia - fear of germs

Realaleophobia - guess!