

**Grand Master**  
Jeremy Rickeard (Hot Rocks)  
**Joint Masters**  
Sarah Jones (Pony)  
Angela Sykes (Gannet)  
**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 (Do Do)  
**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: 2020**

**Date: 22<sup>nd</sup> April 2019**

**Start: St Andrew's School, Buckland Monachorum**

**On Down: Drake Manor, Buckland Monachorum**

**Hares: Ernie, Bin Liner & Amy**

**Scribe: Commando**

**GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETM**

I think I am measuring out my life, not in coffee spoons, but in AGMs. Riffing through my desk last Monday for a notebook, I happened upon the very same one that I used for our 2018 extravaganza, complete with pen portraits of the outgoing committee, fresh faced ingénues as they were then. Same venue, same process, same unfettered lunacy. Hurrah for TVH3!

While The Burrator Inn was being prepared for the evening's entertainment, the remaining hardy foot soldiers waited at the quarry car park, rather concerned, as time wore on, that it was to be another one of those nights when the hare was going to be AWOL at the start and we would run off blindly into the mist/gorse/forest, with even Giani becoming disheartened by the confusion and ultimately lost. This didn't happen because at two minutes to half past 7 Raunchy duly appeared with her trusty acolytes and sent us off for twenty minutes of micro – hash. Back at the bucket I marvelled at how I could be wet, muddy and tired nevertheless.

Upon arriving at the pub we were greeted by our hostesses for the evening, an unholy triumvirate of feminine allure. Scrotey, wearing a Julien Macdonald cocktail dress, Boris Johnson wig, Racey Tracy's false breasts and crotchless tights, was having his lipstick touched up by a Geisha girl. Hurricane had stolen Can't Remember's Daenerys Targaryen outfit but had assumed that his chest hair would disguise the fact that his cup size was distinctly inadequate. Nice wig, shame about the tits! Last but not least, resplendent in red tutu skirt, size 9 car to bar heels and cascading magenta curls was a vision of loveliness not seen since Kenny Everett's Cupid Stunt left our TV screens. "So many women and men are finding me attractive," she flirted, while adjusting her costume in the best possible taste....

So we were all set for *The Degeneration Game*, hosted by Pimp in an eerie Bruce Forsyth mask and looking rather like a big chinned Chucky doll out to murder people.

I had every intention of faithfully transcribing all details of what ensued, but I was immediately dragged up along with some other poor saps to make an origami version of a beanie hat in 5 seconds. Of course, this was sexily modelled with great sleight of hand by Dirty Oar, making our attempts look very rubbish. Pony and I were judged to have made the best ones and I can only turn to Cupid Stunt for the most accurate comment upon the proceedings “ This whole thing is rigged! It’s irrelevant how anyone does!” More fun with paper and scissors followed as a mad professor who could have been Commando showed dirty old men how to make party streamers in the shape of willies. Embarrister was heard telling Ginger Rogers that in her capacity as Brownie leader she couldn’t wait to introduce her charges to this particular craft challenge. The Mother of Dragons whipped out her swanee whistle to train an orchestra of Clangers, Bear Grylls aka Fergie showcased Posh Pinny’s rope tying skills (nudge nudge, Nippledeep, eh??) and I laughed while Slush’s task of wiring a plug was momentarily halted by the contestants frantically trying to borrow specs because of universally failing eyesight.

By the time Miss Stunt and Omen were teaching how to get mouths and tongues around some tricky Celtic syllables and odd shaped brass mouthpieces, I had given up trying to record who had been selected for the new committee. “Good game! Good game!” shouted Pimp, his Brucie head wagging. Next Scrote demonstrated the art of shelf building from a ready made kit but not surprisingly his contestants made a right b-----x of it (except Racey Tracy who proved very handy with a power driver). Someone who can’t be named for legal reasons actually managed to screw his wood to the pub table!

All too soon the big moment had come – the Top Job as Princess Diana used to say.

Clearly the ability to walk in a funny way is the most important requirement for being in charge of this bunch of deviants. Congratulations Hot Rocks! The crowd bayed its approval and the grass roots hoped for a year of free beer....

All that remains for me to do is to summarise the qualifications of the officers who will guard the traditions of the hash for another 12 months:

Joint Masters – Pony and Gannet. Two women who have been used to Being In Power and ordering people about. Both notably stingy. Run costs may well rise.

Chamber Pot – H. Voice of reason and common sense. An influential part of the Calstock Cabal. Not sure if she will be able to get out of the village for the first few months now the bridge is out of action.

Hare Master – Scupper Sucker. Was ‘In The Navy’. Say no more. Ooh err missus.

Scribemaster – Spike. Known for trying to promote a more PC culture in the hash mag.

Haberdasher – Mudsucker. Married to Spike, so not scared of much. Was last seen instructing Pimp on the scandal of how the original Hash House would not admit women. Sounds nearly as bad as the early days of the TNB.

Hash Cash – Posh Pinny. ‘Now *you* can go to the bloody bank!’ crowed Nippledeep. See her for prescription drugs.

Hash Horn – Vlad the Composter. Currently in South Africa so that’s useful. Known for his home made sauna (with ‘natural’ roof) on the edge of a field in Lewtrenchard.

Hash Flash – Do Do. Can make anything out of wood. Likes a dress – was eyeing up all the female fashion on display tonight. Also currently trapped in Calstock.

On Sec – Sausage Pincher. Don’t let her near your processed pork products. Gave me a lot of dirt on Good Head this time last year, so is obviously open to bribes.

GM – Hot Rocks. Polymath. Organic farmer. Brewer. Knows about rotovators. And feral cats. Geology wizard. Best pogoer at hash dos. His first dictum was that from now on the bucket will contain Proper Beer, the hash will be laid in organic flour and there will be Proper Running from everyone including the walkers. The king is dead! Long live the king!

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