

Grand Master

Diann Davis (Can't Remember)

Joint Masters

Sarah Cohen (Fergie)

Treeve Gillan (Bin Liner)

Scribe Master

Bill Stacey-Norris (Lost)

Hasherdabber

Mark Preston (Scupper Sucker)

Hash Horn

Sam Sparks (Erectus)

**Chamber Pots**

Bruce Trower (Ernie)

Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)

On Sec

Tricia McGurk (Posh Pinny)

Hash Cash

Roger Smyly (Cabin Boy)

Hare Master

Sarah Jones (Pony)

Hash Flash

Shelley Davis (Last Minute)

Life Pee'er

Angus Colville

Hereditary Pee'ers

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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Next Run No: 1782**Date: Monday 22nd September 2014****Start: Mary Tavy Inn****On Down: Mary Tavy Inn****Hares: Hornblower and Bottom****GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETM**

So Lost Norris has eventually caught up with me after I managed to cunningly foist (split infinitive, don't worry- I am aware) the least favourite committee job onto his broad and capable shoulders. He can't do a mag himself at the moment as he is competing in the Great British Bake Off using the pseudonym of Richard the builder. (It's true take a look and the scales will fall from your eyes.) This obsession with kneading and proving is getting out of hand. Hurricane is so keen on baking now that he gets the GM to clean their car while he attends to his raising agent.

On the journey to the start Scrotey and I were entertained by Biff, who was surprised that attending a pop concert with her teenage daughter was not to be found in the activities book for sensible parents. (Can't imagine my mum accompanying me to a Slaughter and the Dogs gig at Grimsby memorial hall.) Needless to say Glani has not been drawn in to this deviant behaviour and prefers to stay at home and listen to his collection of Led Zeppelin ringtones..... We were all flustered on arrival by the sight of pay and display machines in the Tavi Woodlands car park and the need to pre order meals from a motley selection of foods. *Courgette soup???!?*

Irrelevant musings, begone! The important business of the evening was of course the trail set by Uncle, who on one of the hottest September days in memory, laid the hash wearing woolly knee socks, gaiters, boots, flak jacket and Crocodile Dundee hat. The café which was to be our home for the next few hours looked very smart. There were even tablecloths...and nice pots with colourful flowers. Happy hashers gathered round, their healthy faces beaming with good humour. The sun was a red orb suspended over the wooded horizon, with a suggestion of mist just rising from the valley...Chiz! Curses! Wot am I saying?* These dolts do not deserve such poetic heights. Back to more prosaic jottings.

Uncle instructed that we would be running on paths with some woody bits. I heard something about a long obstacle and a big shaft, which was to be avoided, much to Gnashers' dismay. On we went, up and down hills to the very depths, down, down to the river and up again. There were *lots* of woody bits, (where it was a bit airless and sweaty) and some negotiating of the main road where Wun Hung Lo showed all dog owners how to negotiate a hazard – leads are a must when faced with bad light and cars. One would work wonders on Dogcatcher who resists all attempts at control. I heard afterwards from those who experienced the shaft that it was disappointingly short, and not as deep as we had been led to believe.

Back at the bucket, TVH3's answer to Paul Hollywood, Tony Tampax, could be seen through the café windows, 'helping' the lady behind the counter dispense sausage sarnies and slices of pizza. As the evening progressed, she became more and more tight lipped; perhaps her assistant needed a little more training in the difficult tasks of plating up and keeping the dogs away from the bacon.

The hash hush was conducted by an impostor in a flat cap who declared herself to be 'knackered'. Young Marcus now has the hash name of 'Bark', which your scribe supposed to be linked to his dad's dog herding abilities. Later on I was informed that I was wrong and it was all a witty reference to pianos, nocturnes and other such sissy stuff and spelled with a *ch*. I prefer my version, naturally.

Gannet's Gossip

- The Fat Controller is still alive in France. According to my EU spy he rescued his lady love from a rabid horse with his gammy leg. (That sentence could do with re ordering but now I am no longer a literacy guru I sha'n't bother.)
- Russ Abbot bought *his* lady love a train set for her birthday. Is this in any way mitigated by the fact that he spent £160? I thought not.
- Slush turned up with a huge throbbing machine between his legs which is working hard going in and out of Newquay every week. Rumour has it that it can't stand the pace and will be replaced soon by a mobility scooter.
- Arguilles' dog (I didn't know he had one) has bitten a Stannary hasher. Cheers! Cheers! Underlay told me that the dog now has a severe bout of colic.
- Browsing through the Tamar Trails Visitor Feedback Book in the café I came upon another voice from the past. On! On! caught my eye, in an entry dated 21st August - signed by none other than 'Orrible Ogle. The good doctor's chest hair was legendary; you would have seen nothing like it west of the Ural Mountains, according to Sturmeroid. We have had a diverse collection of medics at the hash over the years, the most sane of the lot being Wobbly. If the latter fact doesn't worry you, nothing will.
- Do Do left his wedding ring in a pot of yogurt on a patio in Tavistock recently. All the Calstock hashers were in some way deployed in a convoluted plan to return it safely. It is now somewhat sticky, but has been rendered more cultured by the experience.
- Well Laid is to be re named 'Dog Shit'. He managed to attract it, then effortlessly spread it all over his shoes, car and wife.

Message from Windy and Racey

We would like to thank everybody who contributed to our fund raising for Cancer Research UK. Together we have raised about £1300! You can see how we got on at various car boot sales etc by looking at virginmoneygiving.com and searching for Richard and Tracy Windemer. We have finished now for this summer but will probably do some more next year. Thank you.

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*Apologies to N. Molesworth