

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)

Email:
tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

Facebook: www.facebook.com/Tamar-Valley-Hash-
House-Harriers -114194325261427

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

Next Run No: 2012

Start: Norsworthy Bridge

Hares: Glani and Biff

Date: 25 Feb 2019

On Down: Burrator Inn, Dousland

Scribe:

Swingletree

After a nail-biting wait in an empty Swingletree carpark, Tampax's lone labours setting the hash were rewarded when a goodly bunch of hashers swooped in virtually en masse at 7.25pm. Once he'd hared and ✓'d everyone in, as well as handwritten everyone's names, Gannet finally emerged from her car. She'd got very cold and very wet on a long bike ride somewhere the day before and wasn't chancing the elements until the very last moment. After a preamble, missed due to loaning out spare torches, and with a long-short divide at the start, off everyone went. Mini counted 7 on the shorts route who found themselves heading in the general direction of Downgate.

Taking advantage of Tampax's tactical intelligence the usual short back-markers hung a left at the crossroads and in so doing missed out the crafty 1.5mile short and long loop around Downgate. As we headed off towards Stoke Climsland, the longs had already caught us up at the crossroads before then streamed off on the loop. After about 800m (give or take) another left turn saw us puffing up a long long hill on the way back to Kelly Bray with a brief stop to admire Tampax' 'Danger Runners' sign.



Always a good idea to warn the local residents that there are nutters running about following dollops of cheap self-raising in the dark. Superb planning by Tampax saw everyone back at the pub at about the same time and all in under 60 minutes. Result! Short-cutters' run clocked 4.52km. Longer than usually managed but didn't feel as long. Don't know how far the longs went but they all came back very pink and sweaty having had a great, if dry (ie a bit roady) run by all accounts.

Back in the pub, I found a very muddy-footed Hurricane. K2 had picked out an interesting looking circular walking route for them both. But after a very muddy long downhill, the track they were on turned into a lake which meant they had to turn around and trudge back up through the mud the way they'd come. Hurricane blamed K2 for leading him astray and for his muddy best shoes, he not having a change of footwear in the car.

Talking of 'fingers' K2, it seems she was in the spotlight this week having had her collar felt by a Morrison's security rozzer for lifting a security light bulb. Yes really, a bulb for a security light. Aided and abetted by the shop manager it has to be said. Since she was stopped in the car park with the empty box, presumably the manager has the bulb.

It's amazing what you pick up just standing and observing (and stuffing face with chips). There was Slush showing Buffy his dick pics – she was laughing an awful lot and told him that Hot Rocks does the same but poses for them. So that's what they mean when they get the big telescope out to look for the astronomical Big Dipper. Earlier Dodo had asked Cabin Boy "Did you go all the way tonight?" and he replied "Yes." Whether this is odd behaviour as a result of the impending Valentine's day it can't be said but things took a turn for the worst when I heard that Good Head goes past Fergie's house every day stalking, that Piston Broke had developed an addiction for the cheap knickers and gadgets in Lidl's middle aisle, and Tampax was overheard telling Stopcock they needed to exchange fluids before both disappeared outside. Then a firmly worded Gannet note appeared in my note pad imparting that the Thursday Bikers (Scrotey, Slush, Dodo to name and shame a few) had discussed whether to take their loved ones out on Thursday evening in appreciation of everything said loved ones do for them - much of which involves strange mysterious household white goods that every house seems to need but they haven't a clue what for – and decided "Sod it. Let's go biking." Much like the comment "Ridiculously overpriced and not worth it." on seeing a chap exiting a very fragrant florist's clutching a large beribboned hand-tied. Oh-oh! Skating and thin ice spring to mind.

Oh yes, Piston Broke. In bad books. How so K2 and I considered too old to be going to music festivals (Chagfest and Glastonbury respectively), yet not a murmur about Pimp's upcoming gigs (Eagles, Billy Joel, and Steely Dan). Double standards indeed.

Hash Quiz: Sat 23 Feb – St Paul's Church Hall, Yelverton – quiz masters Can't Remember, Hurricane and Raunchy, who've apparently Gannet proofed the questions, or it'll be somewhere other than where Gannet is. Tickets: £3.00 - Bring your own drink, and food for the shared buffet. Can't Remember coordinating who's bringing sweet/savoury.

Park Run: 9-10am Sat 23 Feb – Tamar Trails Centre. Hash outing to entice park runners to come hashing. See Stopcock if you can be a mobile advert by wearing your hash T-shirt on the park run and/or help with marshalling and handing out hash flyers.

Eurotrash: Sat 16 March – Bedford Hotel. £25 per person. See hash website/FB for menu. Tickets to be paid for and menu choices to Fergie by Sat 2 March at very latest.

Never having seen the Eurotrash, what do you wear to a Eurotrash bash? It seems anything goes according to t'interweb: tight jackets, drainpipe trousers, transparent tops, heels and hot pants (like Ibiza cage dancers or in the 'Macarena' video whatever that is) to silk scarves and plastic tiaras like minor European royalty. Aka trailer trash. Although combat/camo gear is considered very late year. Some say it's like a continental European who spends most of the time partying and jet-setting around the globe in the most conspicuous (sometimes rude) manner to seek fun and sunshine in designer gear in bold colours and animal prints. Too tanned and always adorned with excessive gold jewellery and sunglasses. Far from subtle and often newly rich. Quote unquote. Still, could be worse than that EU-Brexit hokey cokey, the theme could've been a take on Don T's (Mexican) Inferno.



Chamber Pot over and out.