

Grand Master
 Kate Glanville (Biff)
Joint Masters
 Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)
 Colin Sturmer (Sturmeroid)
Scribe Master
 Tony Bairstow (Tampax)
Hasherdabber
 Laura Sadler (Embarrister)
Hash Horn
 Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)



Chamber Pots
 Sarah Jones (Pony)
 Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)
On Sec
 Jess Hilton (Raunchy)
Hash Cash
 Angela Sykes (Gannet)
Hare Master
 Ann Marcer (K2)
Hash Flash
 Jake Boswijk (Ginger Rogers)

Life Pee'ers
 Angus Colville (Agnes) Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)
Hereditary Pee'ers
 Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan) Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

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Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

Next Run No: 1865
Date: 25/04/16
Start: Prewley Moor
On Down: Castle Inn Lydford
Hares: Plain Jane Grandpa

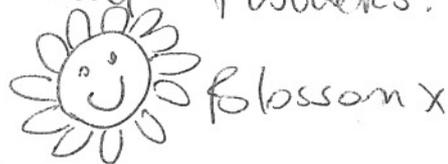


An ex grandmasters lament of his passing wind office 'words'

It little profits that an idle Grand Master,
 By this still hearth, among these barren moors,
 Match'd with an aged glam wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That shag, sheep, and drink, and know not me.
 I cannot rest from shortcutting: I will drink
 Life to the lees: All times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That know me, and alone, on moor, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Mondays
 Vext the dim moor: I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a pirate's sword
 Much have I seen and known; hashes of men
 And hashettes, climates, committees, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
 And drunk delight of hashing with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of Dartmoor.

Note:
 Lost asked me to
 do some drawings
 to go with his
 office 'words'

Sadly as usual I
 cannot make head
 nor tail of em
 so have just
 drawn some
 pretty flowers.



Here is our hero, our own Biff,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the comittee,—

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers

← COLOURING COMPETITION - ONLY OPEN TO THE RETIRED
 MEMBERS OF THE HASH (ABOUT 50% I THINK!) SUDVIKO NEXT WEEK

Well-loved by me, discerning to fulfil
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A new team, subdue them to the useful or grind them down.
 Most blameless is the, scribe master in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
 Now to the Hare Master, has travelled well, organised, has maps!
 Runs will be set in the Tamar catchment with determination, skill,
 To subdue hounds and please our GM.
 Others will be involved, planning, counting, cunning, linguists.
 As how dull it would be to make a pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd not to shine in use!
 As tho' to breath air into the hash horn of life:
 Then every Monday is saved from that eternal silence.....

(Note to Argville
 See what happens
 when you give
 Lost a poetry
 book for his birthday)

It was a very good hash. (cracking)

Grandpa missed the hash (yes setting it) as he had to check his offshore funds just like the PM.

At the changeover, never have so many magicians been in the same place at the same time! Or was I not paying attention. There seemed to be some good tricks and lots of audience participation with gasps and cheers, just no Paul Daniels.
 For more information, check the top of the mag, or ask someone you don't know.
 You may find someone more interesting than the people normally talk to!
 The assembled mob feasted on the free buffet and awaited the sword of Damocles to come down on some poor Biff.

As scribe of the day, cornered by the Plympton Tarts loads of notes and antidotes recorded although making a sensible paragraph alluded me, without bringing legal action or exposing their pervish leanings!

The best quote came from Hot Rocks overheard while running.
 Wobbly to Plympton Tarts: "Could you have set a better run" ?
 Plymton Tarts in return: "Yes better than you did" !!x ?

For sale

1 Hashing sculpture for 800 runs	£800	See windy
1 Tea pot Hand crafted	£99	See Turd

Well done you 2 for all the hard work and good fun you have put into our hash over the many years.