

**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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**Next Run No:** 1874  
**Start:** The Chimney, Wheal Josiah  
**Hares:** Uncle

**Date:** 27 June 2016  
**On Down:** Blacksmith's Arms, Lamerton?  
**Scribe:** Tampax

### TALES FROM WEIR QUAY

Well where to start? It's Monday, at the 11<sup>th</sup> hour, scribbled hieroglyphic notes to decipher after a weekend away, and a trip into Tavi to fit in as the XL HP black ink cartridge inserted on 3 May (3 May!!!!) showing empty already after printing c.40 pages (30 of which being the last hash mag). This only a couple of weeks after my last offering as spiritual advisor – getting like the olden days when there were 4 x scribes. But then when you get (a) Tampax in your ear and warm honeyed words from a practiced smoothie, how can you refuse to pick up the pen again? No, how can you. And given early senility is setting in after I'd managed to leave my car unlocked with keys in ignition outside Tavi Golf Club last week; had failed to find Dodo's keys in the bucket having forgotten I'd driven us there; had forgotten my shoes at this week's run; and as for the gig rowing - that had gone out of my mind completely, it's a miracle I've actually remembered to write up the hash mag.

Anyway, Uncle and I got to the hash late and were very nearly flattened in the rush of lycra-clad bodies already on the off and heading westwards. Turd cruised past in his mobile commode, calling out directions as he passed, then Luffly, seeing we were quite a bit behind the pack, give us a lift up the hill only to drop us where there were most witnesses! Still, Pimp and Dogcatcher must have forgotten their glasses and hearing aids as they didn't appear to notice - and of course there are certain advantages in being scribe even had they turned their myopic rheumy old eyes in our direction.

It was another lovely evening, the rain having stopped albeit it was quite warm and humid around certain parts. Cheddar spent most of it admiring the scenery, which included spotting an elderly pig in a field - although it wasn't clear if she was meaning a porcine trotter or a lycra'd lepus as Turd (clearly afeared of straying too far from his mobile convenience) was at that same moment bent down tinkering about with the trail. There seemed to be a lot of mammals out and about as at one point someone requested passage by hollering out, "Make way for a small, grey, child-sized elephant". Expecting tusks, testosterone and a large trunk, we stepped back to see Nipple Deep who politely gave thanks as he trotted past. Grandpa commented that the nettles were really tall as Racey had sustained nettle rash on her armpits – maybe she should have traversed the trail backwards and kept her arms in! – and Annie (Grandpa's grand-daughter) was chuffed to have finished in front of him. No mean feat considering the years of experience he's had short-cutting. At various moments, various sweaty keenies crossed and re-crossed our (slow) progress and virtually all of us got back to the bucket at the same time. Virtually all.

Whilst most were wrapped around their pints and enjoying the tasty and imaginative hash fare in that lovely ever-welcoming hostelry The Old Plough (Bere Ferrers), Theo was only there in our virtual imaginations, he having got lost on the hash and Dad, Fang, had left him to it along with the other (quote) “front-running, fast-running bastards” (unquote) who hadn’t made sure their compatriots had safely made it out of the Weir Quay Vietcong jungle.

Back in the pub, Windy had got up out of his sick bed to hobble to the pub looking for sympathy. He’s more Spotty than Windy these days suffering as he is from a dose of shingles. It must be bad as he and Racey have yet again had to delay the latest in their long season of holidays. Still what with her nettle rash and his shingles they now have endless hours of fun ahead with a felt tip plying joining the dots. Not there was Dodo who was taking Trigger out for a meal as he thought he’d been neglecting her recently. Ahhhh!

Getting up for her Hash Hush, Our Grand Mattress had wasted no time in setting the serfs to work having employed Gannet as Chief Biffer (a bit like giving an arsonist a box of matches). She then thanked hares Turd, Luffley and Squits for their Monday dose of diarrhoea. Thanks also went to Psycho and Wobbly for the Sunday gig rowing, which was a success, with TVH3 was coming a close third after Weir Quay Gig Club and SH<sup>3</sup> (who’d surprisingly had managed to raise enough able bodies, let alone still breathing bodies, to bung in a boat). Apparently a good time was had by all as, according to my Chopperry Raunchy sources, Deep Throat was still a drunken mess and hadn’t made it to the hash at all.

Medals were awarded to Gannet, Scrotey, K2, Hurricane, Stopcock, Posh Pinney, Psycho, and Lost for something to do with the Buckland Bounder and having a Lanky Dick (or was it won by a Lanky Dick?), and Ken (Bin-liner’s dad), who apparently works in Kuwait and Iraq, was named Trouser Snake by the masses (knowing the mentality of many it could have been so very much worse!).

Then up popped the Queen resplendent in tiara, a spangled coat (which Naughty Boy was very taken with) and knightly sword (no Glani not that nightly sword)! After a loud rendition of ‘God Save The Queen’ from the masses, and with queenly enunciation, HM the Biff dispensed her Biffday Honours:

- Arguilles was awarded the Order of the Garter for sartorial elegance – as he’d gone home (his head will roll for that and Gannet’s probably already limbering up to give him a good Biffing next time he makes an appearance), it was bestowed on Turd instead who immediately attempted to put it on his trouser ferret (oh please, dear lord, no). Talking of whom, I couldn’t help noticing he and Luffley later sitting in earnest conversation in a corner of the pub. I suspect she was trying to tell him his wig had parted company with its headband;
- Then arise Sir Pimp – a Knighthood! – for single-handedly keeping the Cornish Tourism Industry going (in Polzeath at least);
- An MBE (Monday Best Endeavours Medal) went to Aimless for aiming to get to the hash on time but as he wasn’t there either it went to Hotrocks instead (off with his head too – crumbs Gannet will be in 7<sup>th</sup> biff heaven);
- MBE for Services to Hash Performance Improvement to Gnashers for trying to improve the beer – along with an enthusiastic biffing by Gannet for being bloody annoying;
- Hash Longevity & Services to the Hash in Nepal to K2 (the person not the mountain). Here Here!
- BEM (Biff’s Enthusiasm Medal) to Raunchy for trekking up Snowdon (the mountain not the Slush), Cadair Idris & Pen y fan to raise money for a sensory swing for Woodlands School. Raunchy had special words from Her Maj who told her it must have been jolly hot and well done! Here here! Well done Raunchy.

And lastly from Gannet:

On On, H

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers