

Grand Master

Jess Hilton (Raunchy)

Joint Masters

Stirling Way Spike

Paul Ames (Aimless)

Scribe Master

Paul Waters (Stopcock)

Hasherdabber

Heather Smyly Sister Sludge)

Hash Horn

Paul Storey (On the Khazi)

Beer Master

Charlotte Watson (Footloose)

**Chamber Pots**

Diann Davis (Can't Remember)

Simon Snowdon (Slush)

On Sec

Chris Hall (Squits)

Hash Cash

Jon McGurk (Nipple Deep)

Hare Master

Brian Martin (Naughty Boy)

Hash Flash

Paul Glanville (Glan)

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: 1935****Date: 28th August 2017****Start: Pew Tor****On Down: Drake's Café, Grenofen****Hares: Cabin Boy and Sister Sludge****Scribe: Raunchy****PIRATE RUN – AAAARGH!**Run 1933 : Cadover Bridge

Yes it's that time of year again – the annual hash barbecue. This usually means disparate groups of hashers wrapped up in winter woollies and huddled around dubious pieces of meat smouldering away over a poxy disposable bbq. Unless there's the faintest hint of rain, in which case everyone heads off to the nearest pub, whether they're expecting us or not. But Raunchy wasn't having any of this. Despite the promise of rain, contingency plans were put in place – shelters were commandeered from Glani, supplies of sausages, burgers and booze were procured and Slush was press-ganged into cooking for the masses. Sure enough 7.15pm, the heavens opened and it continued to pour for the next 3 hours. But despite, or possibly because of, this a great evening was had; instead of splitting into little groups everyone was crammed in together and ended up talking to one another. Mind you there's always one group that insists on maintaining their distance from the rabble by claiming the need to ensure their food is uncontaminated – as if any speck of gluten would survive Slush's pyro tendencies (more of which later).

Of course before all this there was the matter of the hash itself. After spending most of the day braving the rain and attempting to lay a trail/feeding the local wildlife, Raunchy and

Squits succeeded in ensuring that there was a trail to follow and, where we lost the dust, showed us the errors of our ways and provided guidance. Well hared (probably not something anyone has said to Squits for a long time). Feeblest excuse on the hash came from Well Shafted who, when asked why he was doing the short rather than the long, replied “I didn’t bring a coat”.

So by 8.30 we were all back to the car park where Slushy was cooking up a storm and Nippledeep was eagerly lightening people’s wallets for the bargain price of £3 per indeterminate blackened protein source plus a pint. Bargain! Slushy obviously likes his meat well done – no danger of undercooked sausages tonight. Older hashers will remember Slush’s trick involving a bra and a blow-torch and before too long his enthusiasm was getting the better of him and the flames were leaping ever higher. Glani was starting to look worried and Milko and Half Pint started to wonder if their professional experiences were required but things were soon brought back under control. No takers for the last few sausages though.

The “bring-a-vgin” special offer was clearly a success with several new runners, although I failed to catch any names. Arguilles tried to pass Arthur off as a virgin in order to claim a free pint but Nippledeep is far too canny to fall for tricks like that.

Talking of Nippledeep, eldest offspring Cameron has yet to be named but I understand that he currently spends most of his days hanging around Cadover Bridge car park with a sign proclaiming Willys for sale. I gather he’s not been short of custom.

Scrotey was pleased to have the chance to finally put his 4WD vehicle properly into action and proceeded to park on the grass a full 5 yards from all the other cars.

The Glanvilles had obviously had a wonderful time in Scotland in their own separate ways. When asked about the highlights Glani waxed lyrical (ish) about the prehistoric stone shelter he discovered whilst Biff enthused about having the opportunity to fondle a magician’s furry balls!

And finally :

For Sale : Event shelter – hardly used, good condition but slightly singed at the edges – see Glani.