

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)

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Next Run No: 1996

Date: Monday November 5th 2018

Start: Wooda Farm, Townlake, near Horsebridge Grid Ref: 405750

On Down: The Royal, Horsebridge

Hares: Windy and Wacey

Scribe: Fergie

About Autumn and Dogs

They gathered on a brisk evening with almost a full moon in the Leg'o Mutton car park. The autumn leaves were golden, orange, copper and 50 shades of brown, it was a great shame it was too dark to actually see them! True to form I hopped it straight to the pub to warm up leaving the hares to deal with what looked like a close encounter of the 3rd Kind behind the car park. Apparently the lights and sounds were road mending tarmac lorries and not aliens after all. Some clown on a child's motorbike with NO lights thought it was huge fun to drive straight through the middle of the hashers and said lorries. Next came boy racers swiftly followed by a Police car, so a very exciting start to the evening. Well Laid and Underlay insisted on parking where they usually go dogging, Dirty Oar seemed to know all about this popular dogging spot and referred me to Facebook for more details. I don't think I'll bother though I know all about dogs, there' 3 of them with us on holiday in the Lakes, Logan Ruby and Tor. What a love triangle that turned out to be! Ruby was definitely out flirted by Tor who bounced around Logan like a 2 year old, she's actually 10. Logan seemed underwhelmed.

Psycho and Wobbly set a good hash memorable for the precision of the blobs of flour, consistent in their size, resembling a measuring spoon, and the checking circles probably applied to the ground with a surgical instrument. Wacey speculated that this was a syringe secreted in Wobbly's pocket; he denied this and said he was just very pleased to see her.

Dodo has a new name, he was handed a sock by H who declared he was now a free Dobby. Arguilles was quite disturbed by Dogcatcher who was wearing Footloose's purple hoodie and looked like he had stepped out of Don't Look Now.

On Down

So onto the pub. Hot Rocks said all those hashers who drove across to the Rock should be named and shamed, so that'll be me then! Slush said the hash was good, a man of few words and even fewer steps apparently. The Plympton Tarts said they were out short-cutted by Slush.

I was impressed by Commando's burger which reminded me of Hurricane's Dog's Bollocks burger in the Fat Dog Café, NZ.



Lost told me that when he takes the trouble to run he thinks the longs should at the very least keep up as he and Scupper Sucker found themselves out in front. Somebody wrote in my notes: suddenly, nothing continued to happen. I missed Gannet this week I had no one to discuss Strictly with or to analyse the celebrity misdemeanours.

Hash Hush

Pimp thanked the hares and then called Spike forward presenting him with his 400 runs award, a tankard engraved by Dogcatcher. We sang Happy Birthday to Well Laid, H and Pony. Sadly Psycho was missed off the Birthday honours I'm sure she was devastated! Happy Birthday Psycho xxx Suddenly nothing continued to happen.

And finally

A three legged dog walks into a bar in the old west. "I'm looking for the man who shot my paw"

On On - Can't Remember