

Grand Master
Simon Snowdon (Slush)

Joint Masters
Steve Statham (Krakow)

Mo Rujak (On All Fours)

Scribe Master
Angela Sykes (Gannet)

Hasherdabber
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)

Hash Horn
Alan Eddie (Pist 'N' Broke)



Chamber Pots
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Ann Marcer (K2)

On Sec
Paul Ames (Aimless)

Hash Cash
Paul Waters (Stopcock)

Hare Master
Kate Glanville (Biff)

Hash Flash
Elena Stamp (Come Forward)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville
Hereditary Pee'ers
Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville
Hereditary Pee'ers
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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Next Run No: 1718

Date: 1st July 2013

Start: Fox and Hounds, Bridestowe ????

On Down: Fox and Hounds, Bridestowe

Hares: Slap and Wheelnuts

Pulling into Lowery Cross car park for Hobo's 70th birthday run confusion reigned, masses of runners, not all familiar, milled around and we were seeing double - two check ins. A choice of checking in with our lovely Miss or that lad Staedtler from Stannary Hash. Unbeknown to even your humble haremster, Hobo had devilishly connived and created a joint run with the lesser known hash. Amazingly, Stannary's hare list now runs into two columns of names, although it was in capitals, large font and on A5 paper.

Did anyone see Dildo Baggins before the run? Baseball cap on back to front, an illusion of youth - until he turned around. He was spotted having a good rummage down the front of his shorts though I don't know what he expected to find there. Then en route he was seen trying to outrun Penny Farting. C'mon Dildo, he's half your age do you really expect to beat him to the bucket? ... but I'm impressed with your attempt!

The ever youthful Nashers was on form tonight, jumping into a big puddle and splashing everyone within a mile radius of her before we had even left the car park. Gannet later got her revenge by crushing Nashers' toe in the pub under her quite considerable size 8s. Revenge is a dish best served cold - with puddles of gravy presumably.

Back to Penny Farting, he is apparently having a house party soon which, according to Bin Liner, is "going viral" but you have to "bring your own bacon". What did he mean? Do you now have to bring a pig as well as a bottle to a party and do you leave with a nasty rash? I have noticed, however, that Bin Liner is now habitual, at least on a Monday.

CP Seth, so called because she was caught with her knickers down in front of local celebrity Seth Lakeman (I wonder if he was having a fiddle at the time?), spent her run whistling loudly to Rollo the cocker spaniel who was rewarded with numerous shouts of "good boy" as he clipped our heels and stopped dead in front of us. Maybe he was in training for "Falls Awareness Week" which was actually this week but, disappointingly, there were no actual fallers on the run.

King Charles Spaniel Olive with her well-behaved owner Kate thought the sky was interestingly full of chevrons. Meanwhile my sources tell me that Racey tried to put a lively On All Fours into a ditch tonight, sounds like she could have done with being controlled by Rollo's whistle.

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers

Part way round the run, Miss loomed ahead with cold beers for all to celebrate Hobo's 70th birthday at the weekend and Hobo announced that he was first (and last) in his class aged 70 at The Burrator Horseshoe - yet again he was in a class of his own. Not bad for an old 'un - eh Dildo?

Finally, after a particularly steep climb, we peaked on Peak Hill with a mass regroup although galloping Grandpa said that there hadn't been much point in him regrouping by himself. I suppose he could have pulled himself together. Uncle wished to point out that despite everyone dashing off for the finish no-one had kicked out the regroup circle by the time she, Mini and Cheddar had their own personal regroup on the summit. How could we know, we weren't there to kick it out.

Back at the car Nashers had to move Tampax's car so that she could squeeze through the gap and Scrotey and Slush, bless them, saved Tamar Valley's hash funds by drinking from Stannary's bucket instead of ours.

In the pub, the Burrator Inn bingo caller was in full swing 66 Clickity Click, whilst Slush found a quiet corner to prepare himself for his weekly moment of fame. Meanwhile Argiles unused to hash company managed to lock son Arthur, freshly back from University, into the car and carried on into the pub only remembering much later to return and let him out.

Sore Arse and Pony were comparing their toe nails but not the lovely painted kind, no. The blackened stumps produced by 44 gruelling miles in the Coastal Quarter Challenge. Now Sore Arse is 50 her next challenge will no doubt be a more relaxing Saga Holiday perhaps?

Stannary's Gutter Rubbish stood up many times to impart Big Hash details to the masses. He seemed to be having trouble getting his point across. Over to our Sir Slosh who put it more succinctly: 29th June Big Hash £2 per pint. You don't have to do the run to get the cheap beer and Stannary can come along if they want to.

Two more items of lost property this week. A glove with two fingers only and a rather fetching pair of red knickers which seemed to provoke Streaky into out of character fevered animation for some reason.

Happy Birthday was 'sung' to Cheddar, Tampax, Hobo and Sore Arse, and Hobo, Miss and Staedtler were thanked for setting such a good hash. "Must have missed that one" uttered someone in the cheap seats.

CP Seth whistled for Hobo and once collared, gave him a free drink, followed by a quick towel down and a brush.

And finally, **BIFF'S BITS:**

- ❖ Barney has been surprised that no-one is missing Indian Rules.
- ❖ Cannon Fodder apparently has a treadmill in his kitchen and is believed to be up for challenging Mo Farrah in 2016.
- ❖ I'm reliably informed by Scrotey that Windy "has got wood". Whatever that means. Did he get it from Lumberjill?
- ❖ Tampax has put all his eggs into one basket and is selling them now to Plain Jane only. His other customers are egg-stremely upset however.
- ❖ Whilst ferreting around the pool table I came across Mini Metres' notes for the SH3 hash mag (thanks Hob Knob). Make of it what you will ... "*November Wormer - broad leaf boys brigade. Car park - Grandpa being bossy git. Arthur Physics Kent. Hob Knob crap at pool. Red spotted pants shown*"... should be a good one.
- ❖ Pony has been spotted wearing new high heel floral wedgies which has given her a new perspective, that of conversing eye to eye with Ram Raider.
- ❖ Great to see Mrs Tweedledee recently on a visit home from Aussie Land.
- ❖ Congratulations to Crutchless and Nipple Deep on their new jobs.