

Grand Master
Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)

Joint Masters
Angela Sykes (Gannet)
Sarah Jones (Pony)

Scribe Master
Stirling Way (Spike)

Hasherdabber
Lily Loo (Mudsucker)

Hash Horn
Martin Hampton (Vlad the Composter)



Chamber Pot
Hayley Sampson (H)

On Sec
Tracy Donnelly (Sausage Pincher)

Hash Cash
Tricia McGurk (Posh Pinny)

Hare Master
Mark Preston (Scupper Sucker)

Hash Flash
Steve Darbyshire (Dodo)

HashTag
Julie Williams (Commando)

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: 2030
Date: 01/07/2019
Start: Dartmeet Car Park
On Down: The Forest Inn, Hexworthy
Hare: Arguilles
Scribe: Naughty Boy

Tides, Ploughs, Marshes, and Cows. Bullocks said Grandpa.

So there we were all eagerly assembled for a Pimped out Hurricane of a run around the nether regions of Bere Ferrers. And that was after the usual excitement of squeezing as many cars as possible into the smallest spaces possible and as close to the Old Plough as possible. Dodo and I did contemplate a space right across a householder's front gate but, discretion being the better part of valour, thought better of it and parked half a mile up the road. Ok, so maybe it wasn't half a mile but I was never very good at accurately judging 6" based on eye or hand measurements.

Well, what a run! Pimp and Piston Broke had brought out their fresh out of the box running shoes just for the occasion. Naturally, Pimp managed to keep his clean having insider Hare-y type knowledge of where the run was going and knowing the best routes. Forgot to check Piston Broke's although judging by the state of the rest of him they probably weren't in much better condition.

There was a distinct lack of horn at the start as it had taken a somewhat torturous route from Dodo to Scrotey to Gannet to get there and once it had successfully managed that, Gannet left it in the car.

With a very comprehensive briefing by Hurricane about water, gates, and bovine hazards, we were sent off along the trail which predictably went through the incoming tidal reach. There was a collective nano-second thought that maybe this might be a double bluff given that it was a higher than usual tide but nope, we were all herded through it and into the reed marsh beyond, with a trot along the small footbridge halfway across. Minnie, our informative local tour guide - who retains the crown as the longest serving virgin hash hush attendee - pointed out that the bridge is quite often under water. She might yet win another award the next time we hash at Bere Ferrers as the first harsher to canoe to the start of the run and the back again after it.

Methinks Scupper Sucker was looking for his own award after he attempted a swallow dive and bog snorkel manoeuvre in the marsh but only succeeded in missing the actual marshy bits and

face-planted on firm ground and into dog poop. Best Diver In Dog Kack maybe? Probably an award he wouldn't lose any time soon.

Sounds like Scupper Sucker and Piston Broke had been inveigled into Nipply's second childhood after they found themselves swinging a 5-bar gate back and forth with Nipply aloft it in jockey position. Such a jolly jape - Nipply was even screaming to go faster. Our errant gate jockey was so hooked on this particular extreme sport that he went back to play on his own for a while.

Elsewhere on the run - described by Hot Rocks as "definitely a hash and very devious" - the Longs found themselves cursing and swearing about doing a couple of circuits of a field, whilst the rest of us joined them in cursing the very steep uphill climb halfway round. It was expertly hared as usual by our two sneaky hares though.

Argles was awarded the Tart of the Week award in a strong field of fellow talent (I use the term loose!) for reminding everyone else that he and they MUST do the Burrator Horseshoe - and then forgot to turn up himself. His excuse was that he had no time to do a mid-week training run. Hurricane, Nipple Deep, Ginger Rogers and Chopper held up hash honour though and Chopper thrashed the pants off the other three by coming in first of the TVH3 contingent. Other Tart contenders were: Slush for wimping out of the run and only managing the pub, Scrotey/Gannet for forgetting the horn, and Gannet again for failing the intelligence test at a horse rider's gate. It's probably the fact she'd forgotten the horse that caused the confusion or a recent incident with a vibrator with Krakow. It was suggested Ziggy, Slush's new pooch, deserved an award for managing to stay on the back of his motorbike.

Footloose, fresh after a recent fortnight of partying for her 22nd birthday, already has plans afoot for her 23rd - complete with a band. I asked which band she was thinking of booking and she said 'Wait and See'.

It's become quite clear that Sausage Pincher is definitely keeping some very strange company, it's no wonder she could only remember Hot Rocks as being the current hash Chairman but not who else was on the committee. Yup you read correctly. Chairman. Poor woman so completely discombobulated by Good Head who - aided and abetted by Stop Cock and On The Khazi - was trying to get her to do wet t-shirt dancing for their benefit. On The Khazi has it in his head (but only in his head) in a blokey way that Sausage Pincher thinks he's hot and she's going to give him one. I suspect it's more he's in very hot water and he's going to get a slap one of these days.

Things seem to have taken a decidedly un-regal turn at Buck House with Queen Biff but the reason I cannot fathom from my notes as they only say 'weekend - spurting forth earlier - now dried up - bunking on top and underneath'. Just as well Buffy the Vampire Slayer has magical powers. Apparently when she's wearing Queen Biff's glasses, Biff can read and do all sorts on her phone but not when they're in her glasses case.

Weather looking good for Glasto! Yay! Hmm - must remember to pack breathing apparatus as long drops are gonna have a fragrance and miasma that you'll be able to knit. Unless they get Hozier'd down frequently, the Pong Killers are about, the Chemical Brothers get to work, or a Stormzy blows in. Still, there's often some quite good Vaccines these days even if there's no Cure. Peace and love, peace and love.

On On
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