

**Grand Master**  
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)  
**Joint Masters**  
Matt Hampe (Chopper)  
Bob Westlake (Grandpa)  
**Scribe Master**  
Henry Thornton (Turd)  
**Hasherdabber**  
Tracy Windemer (Racey)  
**Hash Horn**  
Anna Luff (Hot Socks)



**Chamber Pots**  
Peter Argles (Arguilles)  
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)  
**On Sec**  
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)  
**Hash Cash**  
Hayley Sampson (H)  
**Hare Master**  
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)  
**Hash Flash**  
Steve Andrews (Russ Abbot)

**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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**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk

**Next Run No:** 1853  
**Date:** 01/02/16  
**Start:** Bere Alston station  
**On Down:** The Old Plough Inn – Bere Feres  
**Hares:** Hot Rocks & Vampire Slayer



Musings from Dildo

Well, it was a very 'threadbare' hare..... or was he just..... 'Shabby chic'?....Turd, sporting the remains of what looked like last year's Christmas present (shirt) from Luffly dutifully directed a keen and cold Hash off from Wear Quay that night. Was it the dog who got it or you just didn't like it, Henry?

No matter; the Shorts, spearheaded by a spritely Glanni, followed with equal alacrity under the false apprehension that they had their own exclusive hash: being dispersed in the opposite direction to the Longs.

Glanni soon had a lapse of concentration and gave the lead to the recently returned, lapsed hasher 'Cool Kev' and companion Kate Dribble – can't wait for the Hash naming I hear you say.

Meanwhile Glanni went off running this way and that enjoying his own private Hash for a while as he does, to re-join along with the Longs. All very disappointing for those shorts hoping to have an easy time of it.

Well not a bad thing as the Shorts were all getting very lost running about behind themselves and without much incident, apart from some manly, lion-type roars, bellowed from Windy; no particular relevance to the Hash, just roars. What's Racey been feeding him on lately.....or doing for/to him?

So it was with much relief, reports came through from Hurricane of some unusual posturing by Racey. She never lets a scribe down! Picture the scene, Hurricane arrives at a dark and windy dell to find Racey assuming a yogic-like posture, bent up/against/over a wall; use your imagination for this one, it is Racey!

What are you doing?' hailed Hurricane.  
'Stretching my calf,' bellowed Racey.  
'What! Scratching your arse,' exclaimed Hurricane.  
'No, my gastrocnemius is itchy,' shouted Racey.  
'Your jockstraps whiffy, you should wash it' yelled Hurricane.  
'No pillock,' screamed Racey.  
'Yes I have, I've got two!' mumbled Hurricane, running on.



The moral of the story: Hurricane, you should have gone to Spec Savers, they also do hearing aids!



All in all, all were most pleased with Henry's haring, considering the weather, sorry....and Luffly's. Pimp and Uncle got so carried away/lost, they squeezed in some short cuts, Later, Uncle, proudly sporting an impressive device of Astro-navigation in the pub fessed-up and claimed to have completed 5km in the process. Wasn't that longer than the actual hash?

Chopper was reported doing some sort of face-planting Kamikaze impressions, obviously taken the lead from Gannet and Slush, who both look remarkably unscathed, and for some time now. Have they given up mountain biking?

Glanni declared he was altogether delighted with the shiggy and wet bits, and then lapsed into mutterings about damp patches and always letting your loved one sleep in them: being a token of 'True Love' and adding, knowing when you're a true Hasher is when you volunteer to sleep in said patches!

Back at the Inn, Biff was accompanied by some distant cousin from 'Down Under': a youngish, dark haired youth bearing an uncanny resemblance to Hot Rocks.....is there something we don't know? When asked for a hash comment Streaky did a faultless impressions of an astonished Grouper; that's 'Grouper' Glanni, not groper. Scribes be sure to ask Streaky for a comment in future, it's worth it!

Well Laid was plagued with 'Man Flu' and could barely stand, let alone on a chair to issue the shortest Hash Hush in history. Poor chap, obviously caught something Underlay brought home from the office.



Foot Note from 'H'

- Winston's Wish raised £90 for bereaved children that was topped up to £100 by the Hash, making a total of £125 with gift aid.

On On!

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Sarah Jones (Pony)  
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Steve Davis (Hurricane)

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**BLOODNOCK**  
Chris Laurence-King

Hello you wimps and tarts, this is Sturmeroid reporting. Unless you have had your dozy head firmly buried in a pile of Hash shiggy, you will be aware that Bloodnock, our founding father, has followed his last trail to the great On Down in the sky.

Blooders spent a good deal of his life in the service of his Country. He was posted to the Far East. Apart from saving us all from the ravages of the invading Mongol hordes, he embarked on a personal campaign to win the hearts and minds of the locals through Hashing and supporting the local economy by consuming industrial quantities of beer. His tales of derring-do on jungle trails as well as the regular all night On Down sessions in some down-town bar, with curries that would burn holes in armour plating, are legend. As Major Bloodnock's military career ran its course, his thoughts turned to bringing the delights of Hashing back to good old Blighty.

In early 1981, he hired a room in the Bedford Hotel in Tavistock. Sara recounts "At the inaugural meeting Chris had rather optimistically booked a room at the Bedford and put out a hundred chairs, so all seven of us (including Chris, me and Dave Simmons) had to sit in different rows to give the appearance of a well-attended meeting! Anyone else but Bloodnock would have given up after this! It just shows from little acorns....."

And so the Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers was hatched. For those of you who have not put yourself about (in Hashing terms), we are a rather refined bunch. Unlike our uncouth Hashing neighbours, there are no Down Downs, not a great deal of exposing body parts and only a modicum of bad language. We pride ourselves in being a family friendly Hash (more children have been conceived on a Monday night than any other) which is just how Bloodnock intended it to be. None of this would have been possible without the support and encouragement of his beloved Sara. She is a stalwart of TVH3 and was very much involved in ensuring the Hash survived its early years.

Blooders was accompanied on many a trail by his faithful Jack Russell, Paxo. The name has no connection with the product which is regularly stuffed up the backside of deceased fowls. What the mutt lacked in ground clearance was made up by sheer enthusiasm for mud and rolling in dead things. However, the weekly piece de résistance, was his capacity to time the voiding of his bowels to the darkest and narrowest spot on the trail. Stepping on one of Paxo's landmines was an experience which your nostrils didn't forget in a hurry.

There was one thing that Bloodnock loved as much as Hashing and that was Jazz. Now, this brand of making a noise was not appreciated by most others to the same extent as our man. No matter, at every available opportunity, that's what we got at any Hash Bash. We got wise to this and arranged to have normal bands like the Limping Brothers, Joey and the Lips and Mad Dog McRae to blow our ear drums into next week. Not to be outdone, he organised a "River Boat Shuffle" from Plymouth. Only when we had cast-off did it become clear that we were to be serenaded by his favourite Jazz quartet. You could either be in the warm being tortured by tweeting cacophony and wanting to slash your wrists or out on deck slowly freezing to death. There were mutinous mutterings and plans to jump overboard and swim ashore. Meanwhile, Bloodnock, bless him! was in seventh heaven, oblivious to the scheming of the scurvy crew.

Here we are, thirty-five years on and still going strong. Bloodnock knew he had a winning formula when he started TVH3 and how right we was. As a result several new Hashes sprang up in West Devon and Offa's Dyke H3 in Shropshire, all due to his vision. Will we ever forget that portly jolly fellow dressed in a cap and faded rugby castoffs, chuffing his merry way along a Hash trail in his beloved West Devon, being towed along by his equally beloved Paxo.

Thanks to him, hundreds of folk have enjoyed fun, friendship, gentle exercise and beer. So to Bloodnock a hearty THANK YOU for enriching our lives, we will not forget you.  
ON ON!