

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
 Kate Glanville (Biff)
On Sec
 David Sykes (Scrotum)
Hash Cash
 Sarah Cohen (Fergie)
Hare Master
 Simon Snowdon (Slush)
Hash Flash
 Sam Bicknell (Well Shafted)

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: 2017
Date: 01/04/19
Start: Cadover Bridge car park
On Down: White Thorn Shaugh Prior
Hares: Scupper Sucker, Pist 'N' broke
Scribe: TBA

'TVH3 prepares Tavistock for NO DEAL Brexit'
 – Fake musings from Dildo



Having lost all faith in the dilatants at Westminster TVH3 has imposed an emergency, 'Backstop' boarder control measure across the South West of Tavistock. Customs & Excise, "Nudge, nudge, wink, wink, Say No More", All Things HASH and Chief Spokesperson Mr Steve (Hurricane) Davies claimed: "It's simply not enough to entrust those unelected, faceless fools in Strasbourg with the future of our precious pasties and Jail Ale".

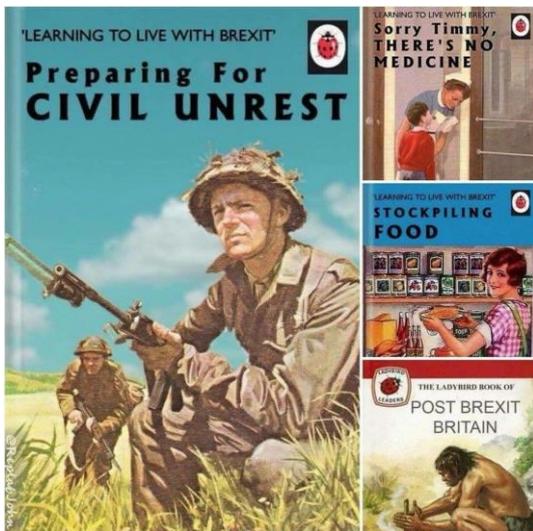
Once his comments went 'viral' panic ensued in several neighbouring Hashes, followed by frenzied stockpiling of all essential commodities. Within minutes supermarket shelves were swept clean of cheap flour, lemonade and larger.

So alarmed were the bureaucrats of Brussels by the threat of potential pasty tariffs with this challenge of bucolic belligerence, they immediately dispatched ace storm trooper Oberstleutnant Von Trapp. With no Junkers 88s available from which to parachute into Tavistock he was obliged to use a Pony! Cunningly disguised in Aryan Haute Couture Von Trapp seized control of the boarder as Mr Hurricane went to the relieve himself; once there he prepared his ways 'of making people talk' ha, ha, ha (cynical laughter-thwack-sound of cosh hitting leather glove!).



The tight-fitting lederhosen fooled no one (but thrilled Von Trapp) especially the only available member of the Gilet Jaunes (Monsieur Guillaume Norris), who upon sighting said fiendish foreigner, spontaneously erupted into a typical frenzy of Gallick rioting: perhaps suspecting Von Trapp of an enactment of the 1938 Anschluss land grab.

However; former MFI surveillance officer and now EU double agent Fergie, had already covert knowledge of the Jaune's intended anarchy and he was soon placated by the sweet fragrance of her home baked Macron tranquilisers that wafted in his direction. These tasty morsels, strategically placed outside passport control were all that was needed to divert the attention of this belligerent gastronome, once overwhelmed by the mind-altering toxins he gently floated away to the bar, mumbling: "we'll fight them on the bitches..... oh, merde is it les plages"?



Meanwhile behind the scenes at TVH3 HQ the committee was seeking a much-needed solution to the civil unrest that would inevitably follow a 'Hard Boarder' – the Hash Bash. Keeping to convention all attendees were obliged to dress sympathetically with their European neighbours.

Raunchy and Embarrister apparently having some sense of Von Trapp's minor Blitzkrieg enrolled into 'Allo Allo' thinking there would be ample supply of men in uniform but I think it was 'only once'.

The 'On Sec' formerly **Bigus Dickus** in a previous incarnation, led the way by adopting the sporting persona of that legendary Dutch footballer Johan Creutzfeldt-Jacob Disease! Gannet encouraged by the consumption of much alcohol gave support in the form of a French tartlet or was it Edith Piaf, no matter "elle a regretté rien!"

And the dark mind of Dog Catcher was revealed in a self-confessed manifestation of Bavarian transgenderism or somewhere in between, the high waist band, highly strung pants kept him upright as he gyrated through the night by the music and merriment, provided by the 'Banana Trees'. This inspired dancing of various forms: Dad dancing, limbo dancing, How's it go again type of dancing and this is how we did it in my youth dancing. Still it all seemed passable, especially the more the alcohol was consumed. Not a single hip was hopped or popped nor any a disc was slipped, such stamina was displayed by all those of a certain age®.

So encouraged by all this gyration of hips and limbs the enthusiastic Hashers upped their antics in the Lydford Wood hash several days later. Hared by Naughty Boy, who like our Brexit leading parliamentairans expressed much uncertainty and confusion: longs being short and shorts being long. A cunning plan as the shorts got away first with some futile loops for the longs in amongst the boggy bits off the beaten track (nice alliteration Gannet). Krakow being a local didn't fall for any of these ruses and sneaked off on his own Grandpa-like short cuts. However; Gannet crippled from a Tamar Trails park run the previous day still made it back to the bucket before Scrotum. She and Nippledeep are on a fitness kick and upping their exercise regimes but not to the Olympian levels of Pony, who not sufficiently challenged by even the 'Grizzly-type' scramble up White lady waterfall, is now practising for a 100mile run by doing training feats of immense length that would for most people be an event in themselves.

Meanwhile Glani attempted to moderate this collective outburst of energy by pleading that he had a cold (the kilt was responsible) and went rather niftily, straight to the pub.

COIN TO COMMEMORATE BREXIT



On Down at the Castle in Lydford where the ham egg and chips of immense portions defeated everyone who ordered it, even Dirty Oar. The cheapskates who never order their own food soon fell upon her leftovers because she said she could not possibly eat "all that carbohydrate"! All expressed satisfaction with the hash and N Boy as he did not put the 'On Home' 2 miles from the end like he did last time.

Hah hush is now getting later and later. Good old Pimp - it stops the early to bed crowd from leaving before 8.45.

And there was much debate as to the outcome of this Brexit with no one being any the wiser or informed... oh 'F**** it' as there'll always be a Hash!

® Trade Mark D. Baggins

ON ON!

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers