

Grand Master
Simon Snowden (Slush)
07794 265963

Joint Masters
Steve Statham (Krakow)
01822 820445
Mo Rujak (On All Fours)
07833 087192

Scribe Master
Angela Sykes (Gannet)
01822 612480

Hasherdabber
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)
01822 870382

Hash Horn
Alan Eddie (Pist 'N' Broke)
07752 810466



Chamber Pots
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)
01822 890503
Ann Marcer (K2)
01822 615233

On Sec
Paul Ames (Aimless)
07773 456147

Hash Cash
Paul Waters (Stopcock)
07789 145454

Hare Master
Kate Glanville (Biff)
01822 617713

Hash Flash
Eleanor Stamp (Come Forward)
XXXXX XXXXXX

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville
Hereditary Pee'ers

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

Next Run No: 1744

Date: 2/12/2013

Start: Quarry Car Park, Two Bridges

On Down: Prince of Wales, Princetown

Hares: Penny Farting and Come Forward



This is a story of how a Baggins had an adventure and went on a 'Hash', found himself doing and saying things altogether rude and unexpected. He may have lost the vicars' respect, but he gained-well, you will see whether he gained anything in the end.

Hello there Hashers, it's Dildo ~~Bugger~~, sorry Baggins here, from Bag End; home of Bungo and Belladonna in case you didn't know.

Now the one called: 'The Gannet' has asked me to scribe a piece on our last little jaunt to the place of Tor Gate and on all the rousing merriments that were enjoyed along the way, especially down at the Inn of the Horsebridge. Well it does make a welcome change from my usual contributions to 'Kiss My Whip Monthly'. However, back in Dildo's Kitchen where my old clay briar is freshly stocked with the weed, feet are up on the table; feet having had a good combing and bouffant, and where a splendid 5th pint of Goblin Goblin mead awaits my already addled brain.

So it was a thoroughly enjoyable foray, I think, and much thanking went to the ones known as 'Well Laid', 'Windy & Racey' for their haring abilities. From the start we soon disappeared into the dark woods where we half expected to find the infamous enchanter of the forest, Tim Benzadrine, or was it Tom Bombadil to be playing his pipes. Instead it was the human known as 'Pist N Broke' and according to an unnamed source, ~~Krakow~~: 'he can't run and do a decent blow job', he went further to complain: he didn't have the horn?

I presume this might be a sensitive subject for him and at a loss as to why he should take it into the realms of all; presumably it's a cry for help so is there anyone willing or brave enough to take this up with Caught Short?

The two known as the Chopper and Anal Weiss experienced considerable confusion when they thought they were at the oche with Jockey; Jockey Wilson that is: 'we were on a lucky streak, 5 arrows in a row but got lost in the woods'.

'There might be Shakespeare on BBC Two but there's real drama down here', Sid Waddell: darts commentator. Surely now, some one remembers that classic quote from the 80s or were you all happily getting a life instead?

Tim Benzadrine had obviously worked his magic on the 'Ram Raider' who, without the assistance of anything hallucinogenic was seen frequently gazing up to the heavens and not at sheep and mumbling something about 'meteorites' and 'short cuts'. Well short cuts make delays and inns' making longer ones is all that can be said.

However, the views were breath taking (and so were the hills) in our minds as it was unfortunately dark. The darkness and sparingly used white dust lead to more confusion and breathlessness. 'Go back?' Cannon Fodder was heard to say. 'No good at all! 'Go sideways?' 'Impossible!', 'go forward, only thing to do: on we go'. On we did with ample ups and downs, lefts and rights. Out of the woods and into the valleys or was it roads or fields, who knows it was dark.

Meanwhile Racey was reported to be either avoiding or searching for the beast on the rampage at Wheal Fanny. That was completely over my head too!

Back at the start or 'There and Back Again' as I like to call it, was the Slap with a modest impromptu 60th coming-out celebration party with free ale on offer. Yes, free and it was real.

Down at the Inn, where we were all requested to dress to the left and play sardines in the bar; ale and ditties did flow: Barney was reported feeling really good and 22 months crotch less; Racey looked taller sitting down than standing, Windy's into walkie talkies and rubber ducks and Sturmeroid's observations on the posterior of a certain Hasher, who will remain nameless, his vertigo and his lapse of clarity are as you have guessed, libellous.

For those of you who did have a life in the 80s and missed out on the lyrical musings of the late, great Sid Waddell:

'There's only one word for that: magic darts!'

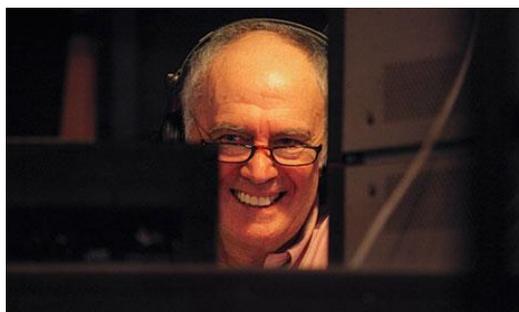
'The atmosphere is so tense, if Elvis walked in with a portion of chips..... you could hear the vinegar sizzle.'

'There hasn't been this much excitement since the Romans feed the Christians to the lions.'

'This game of darts is twisting like a rattle snake with a hernia.'

'Steve Beaton – the Adonis of darts, what poise, what elegance – a true Roman Gladiator with plenty of hair wax.'

'It's the nearest thing to a public execution this side of Saudi Arabia.'



Well has Baggins gained anything from all this? A sense of the ridiculous perhaps, an increased vocabulary of expletives, a greater understanding of animal welfare from Sturmeroid, or the value of Gold from Barney, well:

All that is gold does not glitter
All those who hash are not lost
The old that is strong does not twitter
Deep roots are not reached by the frost

Bear with me on the prose it was a desperate take on Tolkien 5 minutes before printing.

Sid Waddell, any relation to Slap?

ON ON!

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers