

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
 Hayley Sampson (H)
On Sec
 David Sykes (Scrotum)
Hash Cash
 Sarah Cohen (Fergie)
Hare Master
 Simon Snowdon (Slush)
Hash Flash
 Paul Waters (Stopcock)
HashTag
 Julie Williams (Commando)

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: 2001

Date: 10.12.18

Start: Yelverton Church Car Park

On Down: The Rock Inn, Yelverton

Hare: Lost

Scribe:

If you are reading this it will be 3rd December, the 2000th hash of the fabulous TVH3. Glani and Tampax our longest shuffling hashers will have been at it on a Monday night since 1983 long before Chopper, The Argles clan, Footloose and Bilberry were twinkles, even urges or first swipes or whatever we did back in the day when Tinder was a firelighter. Advent calendars will have been opened, a cheesy one in the Wobbly household this year, we will be astounded that it is so dark, that Dogcatcher has no torch, that it's cold in British winter time. Socks stiff with last week's mud will have scraped over calloused toes, the washing machine ground its weekly granite gritty regime, toe nails will be filled with shiggy, tatty t-shirts donned, people who ought not to wearing lycra will, Biff will share Biffisms and our friendly neighbouring tribe SH3 will joust banter, we will raise a glass of cheer to hashers past, present, our absent friends and those yet to be made and we will sing I am sure.. **ON ON TVH3**. If it weren't for TVH3 I would not be married to Wobbly Knob or have hatched 2 hashinos Hob-knob and Knob-lass. Song and runny mascara alert!

But my task is to tell the tale **of Hash 1999 Brrrrr a torrrr** brrrrr chilly chilly with virgin Hare Dimwit.

It began with a text, as so many modern tales do, prompting Tweedledee's reminisces of the days when hash mags were posted, subs were 50p and postage stamps broke a £1 coin or were they notes in the year of the birth of our hash?

Dimwit to Commando:

Have u got Slush's number I'm meant to be hard on Monday

Err that was meant to be hare

It's more difficult now I'm 40

Dimwit's fiancée 😬!!*

Wobbly, Mentor Hare, had planned music for Hash 1999; cue Prince 'Party like it's 1999' but couldn't work out if Spotify was something Knob-lass uses for pimples. He gave the shout 'Long, Short and **M**'... **M** what was the **M** for? **M**agnificent, **M**aligned, **M**utant, **M**asterful, **M**agical, **M**ysterious? *

The **Meanders** meandered a pine (and a tiny bit of dog poo) scented path as a moon as huge, round and orange as a Terry's Christmas chocolate treat rose over the tors, shimmering across the wintery waters of Burrator. It was all very poetic. Lushious, Gannet & Psycho have picked up a bit of bardiness after seeing roving poet Brian Patten who shared a poem, promptly adapted. I strongly suspect poets don't read hash mags (except for Clever Dickie) but hope BP won't mind if we make him Poet in residence.

Are you across the river or am I?

I was hashing upon a river bank.

A hasher on the other side

Shouted 'How do I get across?'

'You are across' I replied.

The hash, through those pine (and little bit of dog and sheep poo) scented frosty woods was full of derring do, mishap, splash and innuendo. All was reported as we squeezed into the tiny Royal Oak Bar exchanging Fergie's germs and the collective TVH3 pheromones of cold air, pine, dog, sheep & pony poo mingled with sweat. But no more ciggie smoke like back in 1983.

The news came in bulletins 'Have I got news for you Scribel!' then 'oh I can't remember what it was, I'll remember in a minute', repeat sequence x3 then eventually the nugget of news!

Apparently, them woodland sprites were out in force with little tricks to ensnare unaware hashers i.e. 99.9% of them. Vlad was caught in an elfish ankle trap and shock horror last to the bucket; he is so used to being first he filled it up doh! Dogcatcher with his one lumen torch was impishly impaled on a tree, Canon Fodder recounted warning of some danger to Nashers who promptly fell over/into/ on it. Nashers was birthday bod of the week (I can't say girl to a rocking grandma like Nashers... respect old woman I want to be like you when I grow old.. oh I am old I forgot).

Biff has a bit of fit on the side and it vibrated which apparently was quite nice, Lost the Late, (preferable to the late Lost and something worth remembering when you are tempted to break the speed limit or cycle without a crash hat) lost track of time, Biff biffed a bosom, Well Laid wet himself twice, Sausage Pincher found some randomer's clothes in the back of her car..... were we born yesterday Sausage? Chopper loves hard nipples and does the yellow vest version of the knicker trick in his car on cold nights thus getting changed without baring flesh or he's just showing off he has Houdini like back mobility, Windy had something hard in his pocket, Spike turned Greek and threw china across the bar, instead of Where's Wally we played Lost Lily... is she in the loo? Virgin Sian came with Dirty Oar, Sian tell! (ha ha Shan't tell could be her hash name! gettit).

Thanks, all hashers for 1999 and the last 2,000 hashes; lets repeat for the next 2,000 Mondays.

As befits a scribe and religious advisor here are some Christmas book recommendations

Brian Patten The book of upside down thinking.

Colin Pearce's book of Dartmoor complete with white-faced sheep (Dippy's cousin) Colin not the sheep.....

Sue Lewington Dartmoor Villages

Perambulation of Dartmoor

On On Psycho!!!!

*L=long route, S= Short route **M**= route for the **Mad**