

**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**  
Sarah Jones (Pony)  
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)  
**On Sec**  
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)  
**Hash Cash**  
Hayley Sampson (H)  
**Hare Master**  
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)  
**Hash Flash**  
Steve Davis (Hurricane)

**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:** 1858  
**Date:** 7<sup>th</sup> March 2016  
**Start:** The Seven Stars, Tamerton Foliot  
**On Down:** The Seven Stars, Tamerton Foliot  
**Hares:** Scupper Sucker & Pissed'n'Broke

#### **Wobbly Knob reporting on Hash 1856 c/o Messrs Golden Rivet & Spurdy Shorts**

Once more we awaited the mad meanderings of our hares, mulling over the madness Golden Rivet & Spurdy had prepared for us. Our breath steaming, shoes in damp puddles, listening to odd murmurings (usual hash chat) time passed when a worthy couple appeared five days too early for the Hash Bash, for Capt'n Well Laid's Caribbean Caper. What was Raunchy doing in her summer dress? Why was Chopper in shorts and flip-flops? Some quick interrogation revealed little. Something to do with wet shoes, something about the sultry heat on this tropical isle. Where's the beach, the sun, the driftwood bar and palm trees wafting in the summer air? Just madness? Maybe not!

Our tormentors gave us the usual smorgasbord of claptrap about the trail, the divides, the tips for short-cutting bastards before giving the nod north and off went the keenest hounds along the west side of the Meavy, scrambling along over the rocky banks, working together, looking for the trail and possible crossings, on again to the cycle track, down to Goodameavy and a regroup just after the gate. But where were Spike and Glani? Methinks they'd buggered off ahead by themselves. Together again the rest of us meandered south, past the miniature ponies, through treacherous mud, avoiding the cesspit from hell, on through the old railway bridge and along the bank before the sharp climb up to the old scout hut. Meantime the shorts crossed over the Meavy and travelled along the east bank towards the Dewerstone Cottage – I'm not sure what they did as there was no gossip.

Then it was up, up, up the stairway to heaven, heaven only in the "pain is good, more pain is ecstasy" sort of way. There was nothing kind about clambering through the woods past the old tramway pulley house, then more up and more on to Wigford Down for the divide. Still ahead, Glanji, fearful of a lonely trail doing the long-legged it back to the cars and a "what kept you". However those with athleticism, power, fitness and youth, you know who you are, sadly hash names escape me, but perhaps Chopper, Creaming It, Superwoman, a couple of Browns, Molar and Canine, but not Ginger Rogers, and no, not you Spike, led the way to and fro over Wigford Down, with the dust wandering, hounds dividing, searching and calling, baying like the headless dogs of the Dewer, or Devil. Eventually the way led to the rocks themselves and after a regroup to catch breath and admire the vista there was a scramble down loose earth and clitter, 200 feet to the base of the crag and the Plym. Home was along the bank, across foot and road bridges, then back to the bucket, Bin Liner just losing out to some wily old git.

The walkers meanwhile had climbed with K2, who showed her mountaineering skills honed in Nepal, effortlessly ascending the boulder field of the lesser known face of Mt Dewer, before beating a hasty retreat in the face of a storm of hounds, arriving back at base camp in time for a shandy.

We rejoined at the White Thorn to enjoy a fully staffed hostelry, value beer and quality food. Sadly we have a new landlord. However Gannet had at least £16 worth of fun, enjoying their four drinks, and that included a J2O and a bottle of Bollinger. Scrotey loved his butcher's sausages and megabowl of fries.

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers

Having decided to have dry Monday night (no bar service) I had a chat with Fergie. Have you ever had cold feet? Well apparently the solution is to buy some chilli foot oil, go for a randomised trial and decide which foot to apply it to, rub it in liberally and wait. No heat for six hours but then scalding, for 48, no matter how cold and wet the trail, nor at night hanging it out of the duvet, nor after dousing it in liquid nitrogen. And remember to wear gloves 'cos otherwise who knows what will get rubbed by mistake.

With beer at least a 20 minute wait some had drifted away but for those who stayed we were once more reminded that Well Laid knows how to rabbit. There was an introduction for Dobbie, from somewhere far south, the 'Otter hash. Plank of the weak rightly went to Hurricane for his man flu. Dobbie wondered out loud why we bothered counting the runs but DoDo looked mighty pleased with his 500 plate and had many an offer for a swap. H too had reason to celebrate, a rather lovely 400 run glass goblet. We sang Happy Birthday to no-one in particular and before I could catch him Underlay had removed our GM for some cosy time on the back seat home.

#### BASH MAG



Lamerton Hall was transformed, your committees last effort before another band of reprobates is appointed. H had gone to town (well, to the internet) and a tropical scene was before you, complemented by Windy and Racey's bar, Grandpa's surf gear and Wobbly's erections.

As everyone arrived we invited to partake of Racey's Creamy Pussy. Relax, sit back and remember how you enjoyed it, the aroma, the flavour, the texture, how you drank from the well and licked it out. And for the very lucky this could be followed by a Silk Panty, an Angel's Tit, a Blow Job followed by a Screaming "O" and from Windy a Spunky Monkey!

There were plenty of pirates, but also H as Nemo, Fergie as a parrot but I though more like Sylvester, Von Trapp more like a parrot, Hurricane as Bloodnock on a Caribbean Cruise, Hot Socks as a mermaid, Chopper as Che, to name a few. And then there was Dildo Baggins as 007; right party but wrong year!

After a sumptuous feast we has 2 hours of frenetic dancing to the Banana Thieves. Spike was relentless, Sister Sludge and Cabin Boy were relentless together, and Footloose was, well, footloose.

And then it was over. And according to Well Laid it was the best ever, and that's an objective opinion.

On On!

