

Grand Master
Simon Snowdon (Slush)

Joint Masters
Steve Statham (Krakow)

Mo Rujak (On All Fours)

Scribe Master
Angela Sykes (Gannet)

Hasherdabber
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)

Hash Horn
Alan Eddie (Pist 'N' Broke)



Chamber Pots
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Ann Marcer (K2)

On Sec
Paul Ames (Aimless)

Hash Cash
Paul Waters (Stopcock)

Hare Master
Kate Glanville (Biff)

Hash Flash
Elena Stamp (Come Forward)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville
Hereditary Pee'ers

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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Next Run No: 1723
Date: 5 August 2013
Start: Meldon Reservoir – barbecue run – come prepared
On Down: If wet _ The Fox and Hounds, Bridestowe
Hares: Bilbo Baggins and Nippledeep

Luscious reporting, and once again I have had to follow a Gannet mag – not only that, but it's her again next time, so I feel like some sort of sandwich filling!

Hare Uncle gave us some strict instructions at the start, including “mind your eyes” (how tall do you have to be? asked a worried Gnashers); “mind the horseflies”; “mind the mineshafts”; and “don't forget to check for ticks afterwards”, at which point an excited Luffly offered her services.

The sun had disappeared, but it was still warm and humid, so I watched as all the ~~idiots~~ Hashers set off at a cracking pace, and then went for a gentle amble with K2, Can't Remember and Tampax. I wasn't going to bother to write anything about the run at all, as I wasn't on it, but I collected a surprising number of comments afterwards, so here goes:

- There was a confusion of dust
- It was too complicated for its own good
- I'm glad I knew where I was so I could cut back
- I wanted a run
- It was great
- I really enjoyed it

So there you have it. I hope Uncle doesn't get disheartened by the negative points – it was obviously better than the last one she set because she didn't get lost this time!

I've been to Specsavers and was having a wonderful time in my new varifocals, meaning I could walk in a straight line and write things down at the same time without falling over. So, forgetting all about the run, I decided I would concentrate on the personal side of things. Who's been up to what, and why?

K2 was nearly renamed Ann Drocles after she removed a huge thorn from the paw of lion-hearted Tod. He celebrated by going for a swim in the arsenic lake – maybe that's why his coat is so glossy.....

When we got back to the bucket, to find just two cans of beer to go round some 50 hashers, we had great fun trying all the keys to find which ones opened Well Laid's car. Apologies to anyone who thought they had locked their car before they went, only to find it mysteriously unlocked on their return. Partway through this exercise, Well Laid and Underlay arrived back, keys in hand, to produce many more cans of beer, but not much lemonade. For this heinous crime, Well Laid was later awarded a very watery Down Down.

At the On Down, Whinge came over all nostalgic at the sight of his old bike, still being ridden by Lost, while Whinge is on about number 6 since then. And he gets on at me about my handbag collection.....

After all the excitement of the Royal birth, I thought we were going to have another one at the bar. At least, the back of Arguilles' shorts looked as if his waters had broken. Either that, or he'd forgotten his incontinence pads. Still, that was a better sight than the one that greeted some of us later in the evening. Gnashers was so revolted she took a photo and then, when the offender turned round, exclaimed "the face isn't much better!"

Biff proudly announced to her book group that on the ferry to France, she's flat on her back the whole way, while Glani is on top. Good staying power Glani! At the same book group, Biff had her first experience of having her boobs licked. Well, poor Glani must be worn out from all those ferry crossings. (And what does go on at these book groups?!?) Mind you, I think she'll get them licked more often if she continues to wear Monday's top at the On Down and lean over tables to talk to people.....

Biff (again) recently invited Scrote round for dinner and immediately took him up to her bedroom. When Glani called up to ask how much longer they were going to be, she replied "just a minute, we're coming together".

Gannet was enjoying a lovely long massage courtesy of Caught Short, gossiping away, when Caught Short, thinking it had been going on quite a long time, checked her clock, only to find it had stopped. Nearly late for another appointment, she fled, leaving Gannet naked on the massage table.

And, finally, Hash Hush was announced just as I was thinking of going home to catch up on some beauty sleep (*"It's not working"* – Whinge). Three runners were named:

Rosie Lloyd	Knobless (or Knoblass)
Martin Kennedy	Posh Frock
Rob Cooper	Crusty Gusset

If you want to know why any of them got those names, you'll have to ask them – it took so long I'd lost the will to live by the end. Also, I made the mistake of standing in front of Mo and was nearly deafened – he truly is a Glani in the making.

The usual lost property remains unclaimed. There was a pipe and an inner tube that apparently belong to Racey Tracey, and a bra that definitely doesn't, judging by the cup size.

Somebody recently had a birthday



ON ON

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers