

Grand Master
Jess Hilton (Raunchy)
Joint Masters
Stirling Way Spike
Paul Ames (Aimless)
Scribe Master
Paul Waters (Stopcock)
Hasherdabber
Heather Smyly Sister Sludge)
Hash Horn
Paul Storey (On the Khazi)
Beer Master
Charlotte Watson (Footloose)



Chamber Pots
Diann Davis (Can't Remember)
Simon Snowdon (Slush)
On Sec
Chris Hall (Squits)
Hash Cash
Jon McGurk (Nipple Deep)
Hare Master
Brian Martin (Naughty Boy)
Hash Flash
Paul Glanville (Glan)

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: 1967
Date: 16th April 2018
Start: Sharpitor Car Park
On Down: TBA
Hares: Nipple Deep, Glani and Bumless
Scribe: Embarrister

A Year or more in the Life of a Scribe Master – Was it all Stopcock and Bull or did our Essex Boy pull it out of the bag (the role, as opposed to a stopcock or any other cock for that matter!)?

A stopcock is a form of valve used to control the flow of a liquid or gas. The term is not precise and is applied to many different types of valve. The only consistent attribute is that the valve is designed to completely stop the flow when closed fully (Definition sourced from Wikipedia - a highly trustworthy font of global knowledge).

On paper, a stopcock would in most circumstances appear to be a rather unassuming and, quite frankly, uninteresting piece of equipment. There to do a vital job but in a rather unobtrusive, yet strategically significant manner. You're already seeing the parallels aren't you?

Well I have news for you!!! Having done some intensive research, interviewed key members of the TVH3 hashing community and spoken to close family members, I have uncovered a series of true stories and events which put to bed the idea that Stopcock is nothing other than a grey man, leading a grey life, in a grey world. Read on, to find out more...

Stopcock, the grammy award winning musician

In his spare time, Stopcock is a musician, record producer, songwriter, singer, and sound engineer; however, he is most recognized for his work in the field of music. Otherwise known as Paul Waters, Stopcock began his writing career at the age of 13 in the small non-descript town of Saffron Walden, and by the age of 16 had won the battle of the bands in Braintree with his group Mindfold. Stopcock soon left home and made a cross country trip in his 1977 Morris Marina, he called "Irene", on his way to Littlehampton, West Sussex to pursue his musical career as a singer/songwriter/actor. By the age of 21 Stopcock had worked and performed with Grammy Award winning musicians and recorded music in

Europe, as well as all over the United States. He has worked alongside the Robb Brothers "Credited with over 250 Million Records", Bill Bottrell, Tony DeNiro, Natalie Noone, as well as Sjoerd Koppert, and has continued to shape and mould his cutting edge and original sound. His music can be described as a twist of extremely catchy heart felt ballads and an original alternative rock/pop sound with a shot of the blues and classical, fuelled by his unique and powerful vocals. Stopcock/Paul Waters currently has over 1 Million plays on the popular social networking site myspace.com as well as accumulating well over 1,000,000 profile views.

Stopcock, the historical novelist

Although Stopcock was born and schooled in England, prior to his musical dalliances, he says his real education did not begin until he was seventeen, when he ran away to sea. He spent the next two years travelling the world on a tramp steamer. It was during this time, somewhere in the Indian Ocean, that he picked up a copy of Herodotus, and began a love affair with the classical world of Greece and Rome. Later he returned to England and studied Classics at University College London. Since then he has lived and worked in France, Greece, America, southern Africa, Saffron Walden, Congdons Shop and Trecrogo.

Stopcock, the firefighter

Not content with dicking about being a 'creative' type, our friend Stopcock has also dallied with more masculine pursuits. In the days when only real men became firemen, Stopcock decided that such a role would put to bed the idea that he was a bit 'fluffy'. Therefore, in October 1993, he joined the Essex Cat Retrieval arm of their renowned County Fire Brigade. Although this was as a retainer, he did save 3 tabbies, a tortoiseshell and a kite during his 19 years of distinguished service.

Stopcock, the higher level teaching assistant

After suffering PTSD, following the trauma of his experiences in the Cat Retrieval Unit, Stopcock and his long-suffering wife, Claire, moved to Cornwall so she could work really hard and pay for him to live the Life of Riley. Feeling mildly uncomfortable with this situation, and trying to regain some self-worth, Stopcock joined Lewannick School as a token male member of staff. Highly effective with IT and brilliant at dealing with over emotional women, he was a natural fit for the role of higher level teaching assistant (HLTA).

Stopcock, the hasher and scribe master

Although it was difficult to find anyone who had a distinct opinion about Stopcock, let alone his year as a scribe master, his good friend, Good Head, was keen to point out that "...things were really well organised. Scribes were signed up well in advance and although, on occasions, three people were down to do one hash and on others the one that was signed up wasn't there, everything worked out really well in the end." Good Head also pointed out that although Stopcock's illustrious career would inspire arrogance and egotism in many, Stopcock has always managed to maintain a commendable sheen of dullness.

Suffice to say, Stopcock has had a huge impact on many people (and cats), in many different ways, both locally and abroad. As a scribe master, many would say he is unrivalled. I would tend to agree. It's been a very successful year on the hash mag front and this is largely down to Stopcock's tireless dedication to the role. Despite all the above b***s, he's a genuinely decent bloke who always goes out of his way to help others. So next time you see him, or bump into him at a hash, give him a cuddle and tell him he's lovely.**

And finally...

Last week's hash laid by Tampax and Gnashers. Though mildly low on numbers, it was a splendid evening. I unfortunately left my notebook at the pub and have forgotten most of the gibberish I jotted. However, I do remember there were lots of checks, no long/short divides, two new people, two kids, a quiz, some people navigating a rampaging torrent, a steep down, a steep up and a cat stuck up a tree.

On on...