

**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**

Kate Glanville (Biff)

Simon Snowdon (Slush)

**On Sec**

Chris Hall (Squits)

**Hash Cash**

Jon McGurk (Nipple Deep)

**Hare Master**

Brian Martin (Naughty Boy)

**Hash Flash**

Paul Glanville (Glani)

**Life Pee'ers**

Angus Colville (Agnes)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

**Hereditary Pee'ers**

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

**Email:**

tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

**Facebook:** www.facebook.com/Tamar-Valley-Hash-

House-Harriers -114194325261427

**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk**Next Run No: 1959****Date: 19 February 2018****Start: Peter Tavy****On Down: Peter Tavy Inn****Scribe: Gannet****Hare(s): Arguilles****MYSTERIOUS FOODIE STALKING THE HASH, AND HOW TO REGURGITATE IN POLITE SOCIETY**

Well, eventful news is a bit thin on the ground at the moment so I will have to do what any hashmagger does in the circumstances – pick on a fellow hasher.

But before that many thanks to Sir Slosh for an excellent hash, our first foray over the border this year. Nice bits of extreme shiggy, interspersed with some road but compensated for by some forest and 'mine workings' - very entertaining.

However, on returning to my car I was surprised to discover a mysterious onion which had apparently been left there. Pondering this strange event in the pub I was informed that some months previously the redoubtable Embarrister had returned home from a hard day's legalising to discover a small wet fish had been posted through her letterbox. This led us to speculate that there could be secret gastronaut stalking the hash by leaving a series of ingredients with various people. Is this perhaps E Coli's secret revenge for us giving her such a daft name? Or is Gannet spreading the burden of feeding her insatiable appetites? Or maybe everyone just thinks my car would smell better of onion than it currently does of Nippledeep (in which case what does Embarrister's house smell like?).

Anyway, while on the subject of Embarrister, as you know she moves in rather more elevated social circles than us humble plodders, and so she and her boyfriend recently took a top-class skiing holiday to mix with the jet-set.

Imagine if you will the mountain scene, dark woods, yawning precipices, snow drifting past a cosy chalet, warm from the blazing log fire, where the successful youth of today relax by the fireside, champagne in hand, designer clothes neatly pressed for dinner. Straight out of Tatler.

Embarrister and her Beau were settling in nicely to this luxurious scene, bonding with people who they had only met an hour before but delighted to find shared their socio-economic grouping and love of the finer things in life. The first course had passed with nary a scrape of silverware against bone china plate.

When suddenly Embarrister thought it would be a really good idea to projectile vomit over the entire scene and promptly did so. While we are still gathering data (and bits of diced carrot) we understand that this particular expulsion was impressive. Completely covering said boyfriend and a sizable proportion of the chalet interior. Apparently there were concerns that if they had been located further up the mountainside the vibrations from Embarrister's diaphragm and stomach muscles could have triggered an avalanche.

Showing herself to be a true HashGal of exceptional vigour, she immediately decamped to the bathroom to clean herself up, leaving her boyfriend to unstick himself from his chair and help their fellow diners hose down the walls and mop up the floors. Refreshed, Embarrister returned to the fray declaring herself quite recovered, and proceeded to demolish the Entrees and Desert (with second helpings) as if she had just trotted in from a jolly hash jog around Sheepstor in the rain.

Needless to say their companions realised that when among the elite, such events should not be allowed to interfere with the social flow, and so can be quietly passed over. The rest of the week was without incident and greatly enjoyed by everyone, even if mealtimes were somewhat muted. Perhaps appreciation of the stunning alpine views from the well-appointed chalet interior was a teensy bit below par as even copious amounts of Chanel and Paco Rabanne could not remove the slight whiff of stomach contents.

But, On On Embarrister, 9/10 for style and 11/10 for, er, impact.

In a less digestive channel – tickets for the SuperWonderful Posh Frocks Extravaganza – Monty Python at Morrland Garden – 3 March – available from any committee member who will talk to you, cost: whatever we feel like at the time. Be there or be a dead parrott.

OnOn

Nipply