

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: 1961****Date: Monday 5th March 2018****Start: Car Park, Postbridge****On Down: East Dart Hotel, Postbridge****Hares: Spike****Scribe: Dildo Baggins*****GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETM*****Run No 1959 : Peter Tavy Perambulations**

Peter Tavy seemed to be rather a benign and domestic location for an Arguilles hash. I have some enduring recollections of a gallop across Bodmin Moor, (admittedly in the summer) getting maximum value from my pound coin as we straggled in after two hours of proper fell running over the tors. Mr Argles is very much a hands on hare, and on that occasion I remember him, dressed in a pair of gardening shorts and once smart brogues, exhorting us to better efforts while carrying an umbrella* to keep the rain off. Then there was his infamous Holming Beam hash, laid and run in thick mist, where the hounds and hare got lost. At the start Arguilles was nowhere to be seen, so the hashers optimistically followed the dust that led spookily from the car park into the great white unknown. Brave or stupid? Well, for those of you who weren't there that night let it be known that even the great Glani found himself overcome by uncertainty and blamed the Dartmoor Hairy Hands or some other evil sprite for luring him off course, leading trusting hashers away from safety into the mires. Tonight I was hoping that a scion of house Champernowne, the speedy Arthur, was not involved in trail laying as the young man seems to think that the long runners are a lot younger and fitter than they actually are.

Like a true gannet I was also hoping for Arguilles' delectable chocolate brownies to be produced at some point in the evening. These lipsmacking little wonders made their debut at the recent Lowery Cross run and were casually referred to at the time as ' a little something I knocked up in the kitchen earlier...' and that night in the

*semi- collapsed

Burrator Inn I found myself hovering greedily over the tin, ready to pounce if there were any leftovers. I had to keep away from Scrotey as I was munching though as he recently threatened to divorce me over the small matter of a just-like-mother-used-to-make spotted dick and custard which I ate in front of him at the Edgcombe Arms. (GF spotted dick is a rarity it seems, so he couldn't have any.)

As well as being Bake Off king, Arguilles has also a prestigious entry in the TVH3 book of fame for crafting the best ever homemade ice cream at a committee meeting way back in the olden days when nobody shortcuted and we only had to put 10p in the bucket. Sensibly, to preserve his mythical culinary status, he has resisted all subsequent pleas to re-create his signature dish. And last but not least I am in awe of his parenting skills – anyone who reads Anna Karenina to his kids as a bedtime story is a true upholder of literary standards in the home.

So we set off from the heart of the village on a clear cold evening. Again, it was a small, hardy band of hashers; numbers have been a bit low this winter. The trail was well laid; no-one failed to return; we frequented some wild uphill terrain and returned home two minutes after half past eight. 'Weren't the check backs long?' was a comment heard back at the bucket, and Arguilles grinned happily and replied something along the lines of yes, they were deliberately arduous. I think that we were supposed to enjoy them.....

In the Peter Tavy Inn we were treated to their usual friendly service and proper welcome. I do get a bit fed up with some pubs who do not seem to think our money is as good as that of the passing tourist in the middle of winter who is given a room to himself while we all squeeze into a broom cupboard. Whinge over. On a brighter note, Slush and Jan are engaged! Congratulations! There was much joshing about whether Slushy had enough digits left for a wedding ring. One suggestion was for Jan to buy him a gold finger.... Spike stepped in to do the hash hush and I was given the usual titbits of gossip, the most interesting of which was the report of Racey Tracy losing a favourite earring and finding it, hours later and after much searching, in her bum crack. Two virgins were persuaded by neighbour Fergie to give hashing a go. Hope you liked the vibe, Nicky and Matt.

Only one week to go before the Hash Blg Do! it will be a great event; I love the fancy dress themes. Get your ticket tonight and then start work on your costume. Monty Python nights have given us some laughs in previous years; I have been trying to persuade Von Trapp to resurrect his hermit outfit (a long silver wig and a loincloth). Biff, heavily pregnant, once came to a party as Mr Creosote. Don't think she will be able to get Alice to help out in the same way this year though. If all else fails a knotted handkerchief over the bald patch or a lumberjack shirt will get you in the party mood. So ditch the posh frock or DJ and release your inner creativity!

GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETM