

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 (Glani)

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: 1944

Date: 30 October 2017

Start: Who'd Have Thought It Inn, St Dominick

On Down: Who'd Have Thought It Inn, St Dominick

Hares: Tampax & Gnashers

Scribe: Underlay

After much characteristic old person faffing we arrived 20 minutes early in the car park and were surprised to see we were not the first. Grandpa, the bionic man of the hash was already present; Slush was lit up in his portable changing room and Stopcock and Good Head pulled up next to us just as Noah, Two by Towe, asked his dad excitedly "When are you going to be in charge daddy?". Of what I'm not sure, but it was Good Head's turn to drive so maybe he was already?

Some had their excuses in early. Well Shafted had food poisoning over the weekend so had conveniently forgotten his head torch. When offered the loan of another one he decided to decline and practice 'The Dogcatcher Technique' of relying on carrots instead. Embarrister was also missing apparently preferring to stay at home with her pussy - it was her first time apparently and she was very excited about it. Von Trapp, without his family this time, had chosen choir singing over the hash - but left the rest of us 'Climbing every Mountain' en route instead.

Hurricane and Pimp called everyone to order and we all raised a glass of brown gin to remember Angus Colville (Agnes) who was murdered 20 years ago in Guatemala City whilst on holiday (when Ginger Rogers and Raunchy were only 6). Pony then confided in me that she only put it to her lips briefly as she isn't very keen. I only wet my tongue before passing it on to a grateful Ginger Rogers.

And we were off! Squits nursing tired legs after the Great West Run the day before and Gannet, Scrote and Krakow stretching theirs after cycling the Tour de Moor. [Top tip: don't go cycling with Scrote as any ride is likely to involve the Air Ambulance].

Mayhem soon ensued (and she wasn't even there!) as Wobbly Knob did a Tom Daley in 10" of water, Chopper went flying whilst trying to corner and spiralled out of control and Biff bounced off the bedrock. Testosterone was running high too as Nippledeep unceremoniously pushed Racy off a precipice into a bog, jumped on her and then went off laughing. Later Naughty Boy shoved Uncle out of the way after struggling to get past the rucksack (what is in that rucksack?) and hat.

Good to see the return of Posh Frock, Spurdy Shorts and Jack "Otter's Pocket" (as he was 'wetter than' with soggy underwear - although I refused to verify this). Another wet hasher was the Grim Reaper who told me that in all his time in the marines doing amphibious landings and the like, he had never got as wet as he did on this run.

Spike is officially wonderful as he helped your scribe and deposed Queen through the river twice in order to keep her crown jewels dry. Although, he was shocked to see Hot Rocks shortcutting on tonight's run. My spies also reported that wherever Spike went they could smell a Dodo yet he was nowhere around - again I am unable to verify this as each time I was with Spike his feet were underwater.

Scupper Sucker whilst 'Climbing every Mountain' confessed to doing it quickly so that he didn't have Racey's gargantuan posterium in his face. What a gentleman.

And finally have you noticed how easy it is to recognise who is coming up behind you on the runs? Naughty Boy is good on sighs; Dildo's DIY talk got louder as he got closer. He had a Farrow & Ball versus Dulux dilemma and knows someone who can do a paint job down a back alley. [Apparently he is a happy fool (his words) if he has dust to follow and a tongue to chase].

Back at the cars to more chaos as Psycho went to the wrong husband and the wrong car (and then told me she went back to Tavistock rather than Magpie Bridge). Gannet also chose the wrong car (and presumably therefore husband too). Should have gone to Specsavers - as did Angela Rippon spotted this week, badly parking her Rover outside the popular opticians. Can't Remember was asked by a young man if she had the first aid kit as he gave her a finger so she gave him a tissue instead. Arthur, adorable Skye's new friend, successfully completed his first hash.

Back at the pub and Slush's changing room had let him down as he was still wearing his muddy trainers. Well Shafted excitedly told Hot Rocks and anyone else who listened that he had scored at the weekend, that it doesn't happen very often and that the last time was 5 years ago. But when questioned further he was very defensive.

Two locals playing chess changed tables shortly after we all arrived and then gave up altogether. Check mate!

Ginger Rogers told me that he zones Raunchy out. Hurricane and Pimp were awarded a down down for sending everyone up that horrible hill and we all sang happy birthday to Good Head who was given the pink fluffy tiara much to the amusement of Two by Towe. Nashers was awarded a bottle of personalised champagne for achieving 1200 runs (Raunchy and Gingers Rogers would have been 1 when she started hashing!).

Lost who does his own thing on Monday nights was anxious not to get blown off by Ophelia whilst doing it. Nippledeep made scurrilous comments to me about Posh Pinny, and within her earshot, before losing his nerve and hiding in the gents. Posh Pinny then told me about the time he appeared wearing a bra over his ears only to be mortified when he was told it was his daughter's not Pinny's.

Vampire Slayer and Hot Rocks have had several enquiries already about their 5 litre mini kegs for Christmas. If anyone else would like one please can they let them know what they would like by the end of October [2017!] to ensure they get their choice of beers. There are only 5 brewing days until Christmas.

And finally, don't forget the Quiz at Clearbrook Village Hall on Saturday 4th November at 7pm. Bring a plate of food to share and your own drink. Tickets £3.