

**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: 1958****Date:** 12<sup>th</sup> February 2018**Start:** Gutter Tor (Grid Ref: SX578673)**On Down:** The Royal Oak, Meavy**Hares:** Aimless**Scribe:**

It was good to be back to hashing after about 6 weeks, what with Christmas, New Year, then flu, more flu, and eventually recovery. Chatting it appears that plenty of others have suffered in the same way and were coming back for the first time in a while. Well, anyway, Psycho and I arrived at the pot-holed parking at Lowery Cross, found a space and waited for the entertainment to begin. Little did we expect but the fun started early. Dildo Baggins showed us all how to drive a shiny white four wheel drive Chelsea tractor around a swamp, apparently unaware that he has nothing of the sort. Lowery Cross has a new swimming pool, he has a brown car, and as his speedo showed that he was doing 120 mph he has posted this on Facebook in the forlorn hope that the police might pursue him.

After the side show it was time for the main event. It was time, but there was no hare. Those of a certain age lapsed into reminiscence therapy, recalling the Arguilles hash at Holming Beam, with mist so thick that the hares were lost in the miasma. But tonight was clear. Sensing no shout some young and keen set of prematurely towards Peak Hill (read into that what you wish), but as they did Nipple Deep finally made his presence known, spoke briefly and off we set toward Iron Mine Lane. We tramped ever lower on the squelch and came to the end of the dust! Fortunately Ernie had been helping with the run for the last half hour and knew about this new tactic for keeping us together and was stationed up the top of the mine and called us on and up over the common, down to and through the plantation, slipping and sliding before a dash across the grassy common and on home to Posh Pinny, a warm smile and "the keys are on the seat". However she forgot the brownie revivers sitting beside her, expertly and deliciously baked by Arguilles, baked specially to cheer us all up, so these were enjoyed somewhat later down the pub.

There were a few stragglers. Slap joined the walkers in the woods, Tweedle, Lily Way and Psycho. Scupper Sucker was espied returning home after missing most of the run. I think this was his bid for an award, for the most short-cutted, but then again there are always .....

On down we went to the Burrator Inn for the 2017/18 Hash Awards, compered by our master Raunchy who tells me her Grizzly training is going well. In other words it will be grizzly when she gets there. Good luck Jess! Preparation for tonight entertainment had been going on for hours, I mean hours, buying carrots, asking Pimp to prepare the presentation on the world's slowest laptop, negotiating image rights, etc.

There were birthdays to celebrate, Spike at 55 and someone else I failed to register. Well Laid was due his 600 run trophy but is now expecting it in the New Year.

The presentation started with a last minute award to the aforementioned Dildo Baggins and his car. Then Glani presented the Most Dishevelled. I got the wrong end of this as I thought he was the recipient but it turned out to be Arguilles who is now the very proud owner of pink skirt, a fetching number suitable for home wear.

Footloose then proudly announced the Pathfinder Award to Uncle who had tried to be present tonight but was still on her way.

Spike had the Top Gear Award to give away. Dogcatcher looked hopeful as he never knowing drives in any other gear, but it went to Cannon Fodder for his off-road antics. We were treated to a slow motion horror show of the event (nearly). He now has a warning triangle to display at all times. Shaun the Sheep will be watching over him.

The Least Hashiest Hash/Most Runny Run was keenly fought for and without any other nominees went to Nashers & H for a special effort from Gunnislake Station. Myself I thought the eventual winner of the best hash was also a deserving candidate.

Next was the catchily titled Not Set A Hash With The Highest Number Of Runs Award. Ginger Rogers thought it was going his way but turned out to be Embarrister who apparently is too busy, but not on a Monday night! As for the Never Set A Hash In All Time Award, Nipple Deep got down on bended knee for a second proposal and presented Posh Pinny with the Bristol Stool Chart Type 4 Golden Turd In Need Of Burnishing Trophy. PP looked suitably delighted. 'D. I. V. O. R. C. E' chanted the hashettes. The Most Hared Award of a bag of carrots (and Maltesers) was destined for Nashers, but in her absence with aplomb and grace it was awarded by and presented to Raunchy.

The Best Undiscovered Hash Mag Award was keenly fought for. Racey and Windy had palpitations but at 823 and 841 respectively could only muster a win by combining their totals. The inglorious roll call continued. Pimp at 981 (but is the ever present web-meister), Aimless at 991 (trophy maker but could still try harder, sir!), and Nashers at 1029, but in a league of his own was Grandpa at 1254. He now has a blank mag to contemplate. It even has a wipe down surface so he can edit and polish the prose. As for the Most Scribed Award we have Ginger and the Giant Pen to thank.

Good Head was the deserved winner of the Best New Area Award, with Trewortha Farm nowhere near North Hill. Those with satnav they were taken the wrong way, but those who made it reached Bodmin Moor, bounced along for ever and off grid before being treated to bog and tussock, then forest, track, and open moorland and finally home never knowing where you were. Stop Cock, as his deputy, took the prize!

Best Costume Effort with the prize of a sewing kit went to Well Shafted who never allows a bit of pantomime to pass. Oh no he doesn't.

And finally for THE BEST HASH. There was the Tamar Trails run but as Uncle wasn't with us she was a gallant loser to the New Year's Day hash in Princetown care of Chopper and Ginger Rogers at the Prince of Wales. And well done to all 4 of you who attended. Chopper was the gallant recipient of the Giant Pink Satchel and Rosette, a great colour clash with his safety trousers, and tells us he will be producing an extreme satchelling calendar for 2019!

Then finally, again, another award, this time to Russ Abbott, 500 runs and he finally has a train whistle.

And as for this week's run. Arguilles tells me he was supposed to be setting it and had booked the Peter Tavy Inn. But sod it, I hope you have all enjoyed tonight's Slushy effort and the Swingle Tree.

**On- On! And remember the first rule of Hashing. There are no rules.**