

**Grand Master**  
Kate Glanville (Biff)  
**Joint Masters**  
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)  
Colin Sturmer (Sturmeroid)  
**Scribe Master**  
Tony Bairstow (Tampax)  
**Hasherdabber**  
Laura Sadler (Embarrister)  
**Hash Horn**  
Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)



**Chamber Pots**  
Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)  
Diann Davis (Can't Remember)  
**On Sec**  
Jess Hilton (Raunchy)  
**Hash Cash**  
Angela Sykes (Gannet)  
**Hare Master**  
Ann Marcer (K2)  
**Hash Flash**  
Jake Boswijk (Ginger Rogers)

**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: 1894**  
**Date: 21<sup>st</sup> November 2016**  
**Start: TBA**  
**On Down: TBA**  
**Hares:**

### **Sparkling Success!**

Rising from her bed on a grey Monday morning, K2 ploughed through the deep pile Royal blue carpet of her boudoir to contemplate the panorama of slate roofs and autumnal leaves laid out beneath her gaze. Her mind was already far away passodobling its way through the warm, sun kissed avenues of Barcelona. As she tucked into a steaming mug of hot chocolate and croissants and considered the groaning boards of Catalonian gastronomy in store, the telephone in the corner harshly interrupted her reverie. "Hola" she said

"Is that K2?"

"Si, I mean Yes" said our hapless heroine brought crashing down to earth from her premature reverie.

"Anne, its Mo. Look here, I know I'm supposed to be laying the hash this evening, but you know how it is.... Fate, I mean Work commitments..... absolutely vital... dog's breakfast..Can't apologise enough... Drinks all round.... leaving you in the lurch etc..etc...."

Now, as we know, K2 is made of Teflon coated grapheme and rose effortlessly to the challenge.

"Rest Assured, Mo, I have just the team to remedy this problem" and indeed she had, because the hapless triumvirate of Nipple, Turd and Luffly were summoned from their beds to assist our noble Hare Master in laying the run.

So, a select bunch of 28 hashers congregated in the chilly confines of Bere Alston Railway Station to enjoy an excellent run laid at such short notice. In case anyone had forgotten to

bring a torch, we were issued with sparklers and headed off along the railway and down through the woods to Tuckermarsh. I think there was a Long Short divide at some point but I was so engrossed in the company of Aimless and Ernie that I failed to spot the first such bifurcation. Bruce regaled us with news of his recovery from a knee injury which seemed to involve a 3 month cruise around the Aegean. It was difficult to distinguish whether it was the injury or the rigours of Mediterranean gastronomy which accounted for his gentle pace. Meanwhile, Paul and Harriet turned in a creditable performance in the OMM in Galloway with Will and Ed coming in 14<sup>th</sup> in the A Class and Ed and Chris Argles 10<sup>th</sup> in group B.

We learned subsequently that Nipple Deep had had an altercation with the owners of the cottage down near the river at Tuckermarsh. Hearing the sounds of Orpheus wafting through an open window, our worthy hare took it upon himself to inform the occupants of the evening's activities. One can speculate on the conversation along these lines:

"Good Afternoon' my name is Deep, Nipple Deep and we are proposing to lay a run past your retirement cottage this evening. I thought it wise to let you know".

" Oh you are, are you? You people with your barking dogs, whistles and horns, you ignorant philistines couldn't tell Bach from Bartok. How dare you disturb the peace and tranquillity of our declining years etc etc."

Nipple could make no impact on their high minded intransigence and swore to lay a 24 hour marathon hash around their garden in the near future. Meanwhile, some dust was obscured in the vicinity which as John pointed out would make it much more likely that the hapless hash would spend several minutes milling around the neighbourhood.

Anyway back up to the periphery of Bere Alston and I thought an early bath, but my expectations were dashed as the route took us once again down towards the Tamar by Whitsam Farm and (avoiding the final long loop) back by way of Braunder. A very enjoyable outing.

Given the low turn out, attendance at the Plough was also thin on the ground. Gannet has been seeking to establish a reputation as Tavistock's answer to Jackson Pollock by spraying paint around with great enthusiasm although how much reaches its intended destination is open to question.

Krakow. Ed & Arthur Argles and Dulcy Atkinson also completed the Drogo 10; a fine run in lovely weather last Sunday.

I was delighted with Do Do's economical summary of the evening's activities and forecasts of pleasures to come in his role as Chamber Pot. So often, the GMs perorations seem to ramble through the highways and byeways of hashing subculture with no clear sign of when a satisfactory conclusion is going to be reached.

On that note, Happy hashing!! On On!