

Grand Master
Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)

Joint Masters
Angela Sykes (Gannet)
Sarah Jones (Pony)

Scribe Master
Stirling Way (Spike)

Hasherdabber
Lily Loo (Mudsucker)

Hash Horn
Martin Hampton (Vlad the Composter)



Chamber Pot
Hayley Sampson (H)

On Sec
Tracy Donnelly (Sausage Pincher)

Hash Cash
Tricia McGurk (Posh Pinny)

Hare Master
Mark Preston (Scupper Sucker)

Hash Flash
Steve Darbyshire (Dodo)

HashTag
Julie Williams (Commando)

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: 2039

Date: 2nd September 2019

Start: Alder Farm, Lewdown

On Down: Castle Inn, Lydford

Hares: Scupper Sucker and Pist 'N' Broke

Scribe: ??????

Though bereft of my usual spy (still hobbling with his plantar fasciitis) for detailed reports on tonight's hash, I was bombarded with 'excellent!' 'really good!', 'great hash!', 'suitable even for the elderly' and Footloose waxed lyrical about the rocks, the hills, the ups and the downs. So well done and thanks to H and Uncle, though Uncle apparently still managed to get lost despite claiming to have recce'd it 8 times.

Main events of the run were a visit to New Quay – deemed really lovely, and a near death experience for Chopper, deemed hideous to witness and necessitating a speedy run away by Roger. Poor Chopper, only just back from birthday celebrating in London, swallowed a fly whilst at full pelt. He then attempted to turn his guts and lungs inside out to eject it, and all he could hear in what could have been his last moments of consciousness whilst retching himself to death, were kind and sympathetic hashers asking if he was alright from over their shoulders whilst they ran away. I think the accepted remedy for fly swallowing is to swallow a spider isn't it? Meanwhile, Dogcatcher was leading the research at the regroup into how high dogs wee, and therefore how low to the ground it is ok to harvest and eat blackberries.

In other news;

HUGE congratulations to Jess on her place to do a Speech and Language Therapy degree at Marjons, and also to Hash House Harriet, wherever you may be, on graduating with a 1st. Tremendous both of you. Also evident tonight were Jess' birthday cake creation skills – an impressive and scrumptious chocolate affair that had been geotechnically engineered with diggers. I don't think anyone else heard Hot Rocks declaring that he should confiscate it for a full scale site inspection, borehole drilling and ~~taste~~ lab testing before allowing anyone else near it. I'm amazed that Chopper was prepared to share it at all, given the earlier heinous display of mass disregard for his health and wellbeing.

Really great to see On all 4's back again, accompanied by virgin Will. Apparently he has spent the last 3 years clearing up all the variously stabbed or shot bodies from the streets of Croydon. He claims it was nothing less than the lure of the hash that enticed him away from this life of blood, gore and high drama. Hope you'll both be back again. Tart of the week was awarded to Ginger Rogers for wimping out with sore knees. I'm beginning to be fascinated by what each recipient achieves with the silver boppers – on Ginger Rogers they swung to and fro in a slow, mellow metronomic manner (so cool!), on Arguilles they were firing off loops in ever changing directions in a frenzy of energy, and Scrotey had some incredible precision rap dance stuff going on. Has anyone else noticed? (note to self; get a life)

Big congratulations to Pony on her 600 runs golden shoe, which really needed sunglasses for all of us in the front rows – somehow Windy had incorporated something akin to nuclear fusion in the spray paint. Apparently the shoe is one of a pair that Pony is very sentimentally attached to though I never found out why. (Finding myself to be rather concerned about the feelings of the other shoe on having not been turned into a trophy is bothering me slightly. Is that a bit weird?).

After this, my notes fail me, possibly something to do with becoming increasingly overwhelmed by the psychedelic clashing of my green tee shirt and red jumper that dearest Hot Rocks had (somewhat incredibly) selected for me out of my large and entangled pile of clothes (the dizzy heights of Racey Tracy's wardrobe talents having eluded me for life) when he realised that I'd failed to pack any for after my ride. Perhaps Von Trapp's recent packing omissions experience had touched him deeply. Anyway, there was something really funny from Slush, something not quite fully explained about Footloose working in/buying up the entire jewellery department of Oxfam, and something very surreal from Bill which involved mixing Cara Dillon with the Stranglers and a nasty leg gash sustained by tangling himself, hardly heroically, in his own walking boot laces. At this point I decided to give up.

On On from the Vampire Slayer (FLOTH)