

**Grand Master**  
Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)  
**Joint Masters**  
Angela Sykes (Gannet)  
Sarah Jones (Mrs Von Frankenjones)  
**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 (Senior Management)  
**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)

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**Next Run No: 2044**

**Date: 7 October 2019**

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

**On Down: The Who'd Have Thought It Inn, St Dominick (who'd have thought we would be going there eh?)**

**Hares: Tampax & Gernashers**

**Scribe: No Idea**

## **THE DIRTY DOZEN HASH (WELL THE SOGGY AND COLD DOZEN)**

There comes a time in the history of any great institution when certain people have to stand up and prove their strength and worth, such it was last week when a glorious few braved the cold, rain, fog and cows\*\*t to zigzag rather drunkenly up the side of Black Down to Gibbett Hill and back down again – courtesy of our masterful hares Vampire Slayer and HHH Hot Rocks. An object lesson in hash-setting in lousy conditions that made a boring hillside quite a lot of fun to run up – how did they do it?

Getting to the start was a challenge for Ernie who said he always gets Peter and Mary confused – apart from the biological difficulties what happens when Paul turns up?

Star performer was undoubtedly Mia Hampton who should probably be named Hash Hardcase and expects to have her application to join the SAS approved next week.

There were some rather misleading calls on the hash of “Onny-Onny” which in the dark and the fog may have led to disaster. The culprit for casting around these superfluous syllables was Wobbly-dobbly-Knobby-obby (he’s got me doing it now) who clearly has too much time and energy now he is no longer among the gainfully employed. Let’s hope that by the time you read this his own hashy-washy from Laney-Endy in Bucklandy..(oh I give up) was as good as his promise.

Alas with great achievement also comes disappointment – NippleDeep’s car was full on leaving Tavistock yet only he did the hash, the remaining four passengers having demanded that they be taken straight to the pub. Stand up and be counted Posh Pinny, Biff, K2 and Glanni, these utter Snowflakes gave the pathetic excuse that “it’s

raining"! To be fair Glanni had done Dartmoor Runners the day before but he knows so many short cuts it probably only took him 20 minutes.

Once there Biff complained that it was rather hard and she wanted to get her leg over on the table, but everyone else was relieved she could not as they wanted some space to put their pints down safely.

There was also concern for poor Pony who had been abandoned at home alone for the week with only the dead carcasses of road kill for company. She then explained that the roadkill had been moved from the freezer to "make way for the deer" – oh that's better then. But what has happened to those other unfortunate remains?

Information recently obtained under the Freedom of Information Act reveals that Von Trapp is not the mild-mannered litter-picker he seems, but is in fact Piter von Frankenjones, notorious performer of bodily resurrection experiments and the evil genius behind the Rolling Stones' continued touring.

Clearly his explanation of : "I want to stuff them" has a darker meaning and the results of his manipulations could be loose on Dartmoor right now. It is well known that every time the lights dim in Clearbrook it means Dr Frankenjones has been plugging the corporeal remains of some poor creature into the national grid to get it twitching again.

Clearly there will have to be a public enquiry but in the meantime, can we all please keep an eye out for piles of decomposing, and defrosting, animals in the Clearbrook area. Although if you see any zombie squirrels molesting the landlord of the Skylark, leave them to it. Did anyone notice that Uncle didn't make it to the pub? HmMMMM.....

Spike got the Tart Of The Week for, er, being Spike I think.

Don't forget 12 October is the next Beer Beer beer taproom 4pm to 9pm, and 21 October is the Brahn Gin with auction.

On On