

**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: 1946**  
**Date: 20/11/17**  
**Start: Pew Tor**  
**On Down: The Whitchurch Inn, Whitchurch**  
**Hares: Well Shafted**  
**Scribe: Uncle**

If you are reading this on the 13<sup>th</sup> try to cast your eyes back to last week's hash. I know it may be hard after the stupendous run you have just done set by the magnificent quadrumvirate of Wobbly Knob, Hob Knob, Psycho and virginal Patrick.

We set off for this week's hash 5 minutes early giving me plenty of time to faff about in the car park with the heating on full before venturing out for the run. Unfortunately after setting off it was revealed no one in the car knew where on Whitchurch Down we were setting off from. We thought the wonders of 4G would save us but Wobbly's phone was down out of juice. We plugged it in through his cars USB (fancy eh?) but the twists and turns by Grenofen (along with his driving) left the phone spending more time rolling across the floor than charging. Eventually reaching Tavistock flickers of life appeared to tell us 132 apps needed updating before it would let us access the Googles. Reaching the top of Down Road we were sure Whitchurch down wasn't that big and we would persevere onwards. Eventually lost in the dark and feeling rather silly we pulled another phone out the boot. This one had power, internet and the ability to tell us we had driven completely the wrong way and to promptly do a U-turn. Screeching into park I caught the end of the hash hush to hear that it would be a long Slush hash. Fears worsened after Dildo Baggin's announced Slush had been practising his motorbiking while laying the dust.

So off we set down footpaths and through fields of endless mud. Clambering over a style we saw a vulpine dash as the perplexed vixen thought "What the fox going on?" Quite rightly she scampered off after the hash horn came blaring and the hounds of the hash raced along the hare's route. Eventually us longo's finished our loop and started to gather pace chasing down the shorts who had helpfully kicked out their checks for us to use before we reached Slushy on Plasterdown who was busy redesigning them and giving us hints down the check-backs. We continued trudging across the moor and reached confirmation that it was still a Slush run as we hit his favourite feature, A TUNNEL (though Dildo promised me it was his discovery). As tunnels go I would rate it a sound 2/10 with the gorse walls and roof protruding to allow only a safe passage for those sub 5 foot. Venturing through I came out soaked from the stream underfoot and the splashing from Hot Rock's feet being only inches away from my face as I bent down to avoid any eye gauging from the gorse spikes. From here we headed back to the cars. Thank you to Slush and Dildo Baggin's for a cracking hash- really enjoyed it!!

My recollection and notes of the On Down are rather sparse after only being informed that I had been signed up to scribe (while still in Scotland) on the way to the pub. Raunchy settled us all down to pass jury on those who have sinned TVH3. Slush was first up to the dock accused of theft of Milko's pumpkin and then leaving it for all hashers to see as we jogged by. Embarrister was called to question the pilfering hasher. The jury called for him to be sent to Stannary for his crimes but that was deemed too harsh even for the most evil of offences. Stopcock was next to be called up for failing to perform his committee duties as scribe master and had failed to print the hash mag. Unlike the government the hash decided the best course of action would be to promote Stopcock rather than to sack him as this would have been too much like a reward. Raunchy suggested he could take over GMship from her but this was shot down by the crowds. Chopper was then called up to the stocks accused of signing Raunchy unknowingly up to do next year's Grizzly. The jury instantly came to a unanimous guilty verdict after Chopper had incriminated himself in last week's mag. Despite the guilty verdict the juror thought it was much too amusing to inflict any punishment but the GM insisted so a very out of time down-down was dished out.

On On!!  
Hob Knob xx