

**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**  
Nicky Pratten (Underlay)  
**On Sec**  
Tracy Donnelly (Sausage  
Pincher)  
**Hash Cash**  
Tricia McGurk (Posh Pinny)  
**Hare Master**  
Mark Preston (Scupper Sucker)  
**Hash Flash**  
Steve Davis (Hurricane)  
**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: 2053**

**Date:** day # 737,396 of CE  
**Start:** Walkhampton church car park  
**On Down:** Walkhampton inn  
**Hares:** Nipple deep, Posh pinny, Spike  
**Scribe:** he / she / it who shall not be named

**Numbers unknowable**

What is mentioned within the hash mag should be the truth, but then truth is a belief system based on Morals and prone to revisions, inaccuracies, and out right falsehoods. So how can I write about a hash that I didn't actually get to . . . easy . . . so long as I have reliable third hand information. Interesting that everyone I spoke to across the floor of the crowded noisy pub was utterly trust worthy as I know they would never tell porkies.

It was dark and cold (so far so good), some hashers hashed, some walked, some kept the landlord company and some dropshorts "wellied". Amongst the throng were 2 virgins from Plymouth, Anna and Yvonne, (these are all known knowns)

The Hash hush from Nauhty Boy included the truth that there were NO river crossings, that truth was revised to `3 river crossings` in the pub and blamed it on politics, with a number of whimps and tarts deciding it was little too dangerous to attempt the last crossing. Uncle thought the hash was `fantastic` so I guess she didn't hear my question very well, or she just loves being lost in the wilderness on a cold dark knight.

33 (pallindromatic number) runners set forth into the black, and all, came back. Virgin Anna is a real hasher, she hashed all the route and has a favourite number of 7 which is pretty well mainstream ( 7 is the first `nice` prime number according to Giani but then I guess it depends which end you start from !), My father asked her for her number as well and I think she changed it to `1` as that was the number of fingers she held up as it

was very noisy.

Virgin Yvonne is trying to be a real hasher as she walked and took in the ambience of the night event.

Putting that into context for the contextually challenged our dear GM (lucky number 57) `drove` instead of `hashed` (Animal Farm anyone ?)

Herrn Von trap hid behind a Cravat in the pub all night muttering about being left high and dry now Pony is off being a person of Welsh colour and the said Cravat hides the rope burns *but I guess it was just love bites.*

Was Cadover bridge a bridge too far for Well laid, apparently he`s joining a group of 25,000 others cyclists to ride 100 miles to get nowhere next year (is that a `lemming` of cyclists)

Someone said Slush was missing a pair and that`s why he couldn`t run so they gave him a tart *and then made him wear a pair on his head instead which jiggled every time he moved* My father said he`s had a few tarts in his time but cant remember how many (number dysphoria I guess.)

### **Overheard overhead (it helps being short)**

Gnashers was telling of a "liaison dangeux" in the dark old days of the hash (1997) about *how she had a box full of goodies or something but was only happy while it lasted, just like champagne really* (known unknowns)

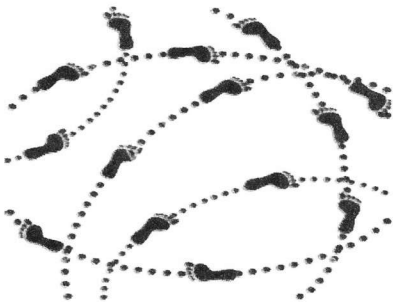
I tuned in further afield to hear Scrotey Wang on about Wellies (that`s an `e` if you haven`t I got your glasses on) What he doesn`t know about wellies (unknown knowns) would fill a very small book. prices, colours, makers, styles, USP`s he knows the lot, probably he`s a phantom shopper for JD Williams. *(or Gannets getting a £300 pair for Crimbo)*

Somewhere in the dark, not at the pub, Arguiles fell over due to an Aura (unknown unknowns), unfortunately Cabin boy had given up on his Walter Raleigh impressions earlier and Mr A and landed in a puddle.

*Mia has now concluded 6 (six) hashes and should now find her true names amongst hashing greats, we all miserably failed to find a suitable one so suggestions to Hotrocks in the next week or two.*

I have a real job, doing real work, and being paid lots I am now really grown up (most of the time. and except when my father gets upset at me for drinking his beer or ordering the most expensive food in the pub)

Friends forever



Footloose (me)