

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: 2036
Date: 12th Aug 2019
Start: Dunna Bridge
On Down: Forrest Inn, Hexworthy
Hares: Aimless
Scribe: K2

NOT-A-GANNET-MAG NOT-A-GANNET-MAG NOT-A-GANNET-MAG

A colon can completely change the meaning of a sentence. For example:

Jane ate her friend's sandwich.
Jane ate her friend's colon.

So, we mustered, somewhat sheepishly, in an area of what seemed to be a mix of Beirut's town centre (after it'd been given a good going over by the Israelis), a Somali pirate village down on its luck and Chernobyl on a particularly bad day, "West Park" they call it in Plymouth. The scene was further set by Raunchy denying all responsibility for the trail, "It was Chopper's idea, I just laid it" during her preamble; which included a litter collecting option and a warning to "Watch out for abandoned shopping trollies".



Taking heed of the H+S warnings (including hepatitis injections) and having secured all possessions of value about our person, we set off under, mood-matching, heavy and darkening skies. The Long trail was cunningly clever with little nips here to little nips there, around the litter-strewn football pitches and surrounding copses. We danced over damp roots, squashed plastic bottles, random debris and detritus (all evidence of vaguely humanoid lifeforms) to join the Short trail into the Woodland.

Would we be ever seen again?

Actually, the trails were pretty darned clever, with wee switchbacks and short checks a plenty to keep us together – which was the safest thing to do! Dark deeds in ditches were always a threat! Meanwhile the Longs and Shorts criss-crossed over and under the woodland trails, ploughed



through undergrowth and overgrowth before a climb to the pedestrian viaduct crossing the Creek.

After that it was a tumble back towards and around what we were to learn later was Woodland Fort – one of a series of Royal Commission Forts built in the 1860s as part of Lord Palmerston's ring. Oh sorry... Lord Palmerston's ring of land defences for Plymouth. Despite being nearly derelict, the Hares (the fort, not the Hares) ensured we were treated to seeing how robust the staunch defences were; they were certainly impressive to say the least (the fort, not the Hares!).

After what was universally recognised as a fine Hash, and very definitely in Virgin territory, we all made it back safely and miracles of miracles, our cars were still in attendance! Well done to Raunchy who was ably directed by Chopper. Chuffed for you guys, you did a great job. Thank you.

Back at the pub:

There was a request for a Multi-Sensory Hash Mag to match the Hash... fart on this if you like! Like a Knight in shining Armour, Scupper Sucker apparently was looking out for Man Traps - or more correctly Maiden Traps – into which Hash fair maidens might fall and be never be seen again. Racey Tracey however, reckoned he was looking for traps to draw the Maidens into, so he could watch the ensuing devilry. That's a shocking claim Racey, he's an engineer! Umm... yeh upon reflection you may be right! (I didn't know we had any Fair Maidens).

Naughty Boy was caught lying! "Yes, I've stretched off" he claimed when directed to do so by Dirty Oar. Oh no he hadn't, so yes, a very Naughty Boy.

Fergie was happy to announce she'd seen two trolleys; but her jubilation was short-lived because Dirty Oar claimed (and you gotta believe her) to have seen 5 and a pram (sans Baby we hope). Slush meantime didn't see any – oh well... better luck next time.

Posh Piny was looking forward to something to eat (well done to the Hares for getting the pub to serve food) but was near inconsolable with what appeared before her. Oops! Like Slush, better luck next time!

Pony stood up to deliver an inspirational Hash Hush during which she led the congratulations for the Hares, their imagination and endeavours. A Hash to remember – and all for the right reasons.

Coming Up



Brecon Camping Weekend at
Bishops Meadow caravan & camping park
Friday 9th - Sunday 11th August

See Dirty Oar / Naughty Boy for details (and remember to s t r e t c h)



Polzeath Weekend 6th – 8th September
Camping with Roger
See Pimp for details

On On