

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
 Diann Davis (Can't Remember)
 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)

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Next Run No: 1933
Date: 14th August 2017
Start: Cadover Bridge
On Down: Cadover Bridge (BBQ do it yourself)
Hares:Raunchy
Scribe: Hot Rocks
“Bere Brewery BEER ON SALE” Bring your own legal measure !!!!! Best inTown

OFFICIAL Hash MAGNEWS.....

Once upon a time 3 intrepid Hashers Ernie, Mayhem & Well Shafted & a Dog named Jimmy set out from plymuff with the Postcode supplied by Goodhead, eagerly inserting in their Sat Nav, but alas a terrible thing happened we became victim of the Dreaded HVG truck drivers curse, (→←↻confused.com) a postcode supplied that does not take you to the correct destination as the bloody road comes to an end in the middle of the forest which is the wrong side of the valley where we needed to be.

A vote was cast resulting in a unanimous decision that we should make a dash through the Virgin forests of Smallacombe Tor Plantation, across barren landscapes, through small hamlets where the locals were amazed as they had never seen such the likes of this before as they marvelled at the toned physiques of this intrepid trio. We explained what our mission was & we were told the direction of a stranger who was seen earlier that day acting very strangely placing blobs of flour throughout the area. After some expert tracking from Mayhem using the sniffer Dog instincts of Jimmy we came upon the Trail. We pursued this trail through Knee deep bogs, along dismantled rail tracks up to our necks in water, through mud churned tracks over barbed wire through brambles until we reached the foot of Twelve man's moor ridge where our final challenge lay to scale the dizzy heights of Kilmar Tor, we carried out our mission & at the top were able to afford time to pose for some lovely selfie snaps taking in the fantastic views of the surrounding area.

