

Grand Master
Roger Thorn (Pimp)
Joint Masters
Julie Gitlin (Dirty Oar)
Bill Stacey- Norris (Lost)
Scribe Master
Steve Davis (Hurricane)
Hasherdabber
Ben Towe (Good Head)
Hash Horn
Damian Weaver (Omen)



Chamber Pot
Hayley Sampson (H)
On Sec
David Sykes (Scrotum)
Hash Cash
Sarah Cohen (Fergie)
Hare Master
Simon Snowdon (Slush)
Hash Flash
Paul Waters (Stopcock)
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: 2011

Date: 18/02/19

Start: TBA

On Down: TBA

Hares: TBA

Scribe: TBA

Writing another one of these hash mags reminds me that when the GM is looking for a volunteer that I should not sit next to Chopper as he will always do his best put my name forward instead of his own. To be fair to him, he does have to write his own hash mags now instead of passing it off to Raunchy and I know he doesn't have time to write one out as he spends a lot of his week at work having a nap. At least next time I'll know to disappear quickly or hit him harder to keep him quiet.

Now that my small rant is over, we can move onto the actual hash and I can't be the only one who wants the warmer weather and lighter evenings to hurry and turn up as winter seems to have dragged on for too long now. Certainly, Nipple Deep must have been wishing for drier conditions as he set out to lay the hash solo, although I think he was glad that no one else was there to see him split his trousers and fall over into the mud a fair few times.

I could tell it was going to be an exceptionally muddy hash as Chopper decided to park his car in a patch of quagmire for some reason while missing the completely dry area next to it. Opting to sort out his stranded car after the hash we all set out for the run having been warned about various hazards such as river crossings and barbed wire and only one long short divide of all things.

Any feelings of confidence that I had at the start of the hash, where I even ran off following a trail at a check, were quickly squashed as I realised that even if that run loops back to the car park right at the start you're not allowed to just get back in the car and go the pub. The long uphill sections in the ankle-deep mud hammered home my feelings of despair especially as I'd made the foolish decision to run with the longs who have a bad habit of running up hills instead of trudging like normal people.

Having made it uphill past rivers, muddy lanes and the odd treacherous cattle grid, we made it to the single long short divide on the hash where I thought that since the car park was at the bottom of the valley, then it would make sense for the rest of the run to be downhill. I decided to continue the longs with this belief which turned out to be a good idea as letting Chopper park wherever he wanted as we soon ended up on a long stretch of repeated up and down paths. This would normally have been fine, but I'd been out playing in the snow on the moors all weekend and spent much of the remaining hash wishing I had not eaten so much food before running like an idiot.

Having made it through the hash, I was happy to see that Chopper had roped some fellow hashers into helping him remove his car from the quagmire. Sadly, I had fallen behind and returned too late to help him in this endeavour otherwise I would obviously have put my back into it and not completely abandoned him to his muddy fate.

After making it to the pub and quickly inhaling two pints of cider and some crisps, I was cornered by Hurricane who asked if I could write this mag as I'd missed one, I had said I'd do recently. While I accepted this task, I had already slipped into a half-awake state and didn't get around to finding stories about the hash from people. However, I was informed that there were a fair few shortcutters on the hash but I'm not going to shame them as I tend to use any shortcutting options I can, so I don't end up lost by myself on the moors.

In actual hash news we are approaching the hash bash with the theme of Eurotrash and people should book their tickets with Fergie soon along with their menu options and don't forget to ahead and kidnap anyone you know who doesn't think that getting smashed all evening with a bunch of nutters isn't a good time. The hash quiz is also coming up soon and tickets should be on sale by the time you are reading this. Raunchy is helping to organise this along with Can't Remember and Hurricane and I've been told tat the rounds are devilishly difficult.

That's all I can make out from my hastily and drunkenly written notes from last week so I'll leave you all with some empty space at the end of this page and the hope that the warmer weather will hurry and turn up soon. Although I don't look forward to having to spend all my wages on sun cream to protect my lily-white skin.

On on!