

**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: 1999**

**Date: 26/11/18**

**Start: Quarry Car Park, Burrator**

**On Down: The Royal Oak, Meavy**

**Hares: Dimwit & Wobbly Knob**

**Scribe: TBA**

Its been a while since I last did one of these Hash Mags and it turns out that sitting in a pub telling Chopper about that fact is a good way to end up having to write one. Especially if you do so in earshot of the current Scribe Master. So here I am writing my first Hash Mag since Raunchy was GM and trying to remember how to do it without trashing her good name for half of it but here goes.

I did expect to get absolutely soaked during this hash considering it had hailed for half an hour earlier in the day, I can't imagine it had been much fun setting the thing in the first place either, but it turned out quite mild which was good for those of us risking hypothermia by continuing to wear shorts and vests in winter. Having avoided arctic conditions, I was still quite concerned as we were starting the hash at the top of the hill outside Plym bridge woods and I could already envision the long uphill section that was bound to follow.

With the thought of a giant uphill section already warming me up, we set off on the hash down into the woods. I did think at times that someone was going to break an ankle running down the rocky, leaf covered paths and that someone was almost me one or two times but everyone made it all the way down and over a very slippery wooden bridge, where Dogcatcher displayed an impressive display of balance by skidding across while I tried not to fall ass over face.

The rest of the hash continued along without much incident apart from the longs getting lost now and then and we didn't have to go through the river which was a mercy as I may have lost my legs to frostbite at that point. Then we ended up at what was clearly the bottom of the dreaded hill where some intrepid longs decided to run at least part of the way. I would have joined in with them obviously but myself and a few others thought it best to conserve our energy and walk briskly up behind the others.

This walk soon became continually less brisk rapidly until it could only be described as a trudge at least for me as long, slow uphill sections are still beyond my ability to run. To describe my uphill endeavour, not helped by all the baked goods I had foolishly consumed before the hash, would be to trudge: the slow, weary, depressing yet determined walk of a man who has nothing left in life except the impulse to simply soldier on. This may seem dramatic to some of you, but I have strong opinions about hills obviously.

Having survived the hill and the hash and made it to the pub, I found that a common opinion was that the hash should have started from the bottom carpark on plym bridge but at least everyone was warm after the challenging uphill trial, so it wasn't all bad in the end. Also, I found that next weeks hash mag is being written by a hasher who has never had the pleasure of putting one together before. Obviously, I made sure to advise her to make a lot of notes on the evening which won't make any sense when you write the thing a week later at the last minute. At least that's how I do it and it hasn't turned out so badly so far not matter what Raunchy tells me. I have also decided to make sure this mag is not up to my usual quality to give next weeks issue a fighting chance and has nothing to do with bad note taking last week.

During Pimps hash hush, he informed us that due to lower attendance numbers the committee has been forced to raise the cost of a hash up to £2 per run. According to my source in the committee this is a good thing though there were concerns that this would task the maths skills of certain hashers when adding up the collected money after a hash. This extra income will mean that everyone will continue to get trophies in the future, though apparently Glanni has enough of them now.

Pimp also informed us of the passing of Hobo (Stephen Hughes) on the previous Thursday and our wishes our with his family at this time. A service will be held to celebrate Stephen's life at St. Peter's Church, Meavy on Friday 23rd November at 2 pm and attendees have been asked to wear something bright. There will also be a collection in aid of the Dartmoor Rescue Group.

Looking forward we have the 2000<sup>th</sup> hash coming up and everyone will need to bring as many people as they can, including hashers who have gotten too used to sitting in on a Monday evening in front of a warm fire instead of running around in the cold. I would suggest using various means of persuasion to get them to attend such as a promise of a pint at the pub after or a cattle prod but that's up to you.

Having made the most out of my hastily written notes from last week, though this is still better than any mag that Chopper has written, I will remember not to mention anything about hash mags near Hurricane at least for the near future.

On On!