

Grand Master
Jerry Rikeard (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: 2024

Date: Monday 20th May 2019

Start: Golitha Falls (Off B3254, Liskeard) Cornwall!

On Down: Crows Nest, Darite

Hares: Fergi (vintage tractor, black eye pea, 1980's princess) Naughty boy '50 bags'

Scribe: Uncle

Sometimes the thought of writing a hash mag can cause writers block, with to few inputs from the hounds and a boring bunch of old farts bringing up the same old tosh. Not this time.....

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When asked to sum up the Hash the cartoon say's it all.

The hash may have been a tad long so I have included a simple rules to follow

#1 Food normally stops at 21.15.

#2 Garmin app has a clock

#3 Running away from the cars at 20.30 is not a good thing

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers

If all above fails go to rule 5

#5 Harden the **** up and train some more!

Gathering at Sharpitor car park a goodly crowd of keen hounds warming up, telling each other of daring do's and living on the edge in a highly competitive lifestyle. Today we would be pushed to the limit and some would have to go to straight to bed without any supper! But more of that later...

Our Hares Greasy Rowlocks and Dirty Oar found a 4foot boulder to stand on, then looked the rest of the pack in the eye. one run (that should have been a warning) 2 loops (should be 'set by' 2 fruit loops and very naughty boy) and we have a new idea taken from a hash somewhere north of Okehampton. (up country) An explanation of how the front runners must return to the last runners, before setting off again... As If! It worked to a point, that being that the Plympton Tarts being last decided to run away from the front runners, It was a short race ;-)

As we had been walking it was good to see how the hash worked at following the trail, puffing and panting across the open moor cresting the tors and then blasting down to the valleys. At this point common sense should prevail but no, The low point means water may gather there as it has done for many 100s of years. No problem for the lighter ones, the brighter ones 'Maintained their Height' while some floundered around up to their armpits, didn't they Well Laid? Balance not your forte arhh. Normal stuff fell in bog, he said/she said, nice train, moors look good , bit windy and cold. Dodo pictured a bromance in the making on top of a tor, you will need to check facebook to get the lowdown, nice picture though.

Can't remember found the food portions huge and sent back ham and chips as she had been unable to finish them- Steve did not have that problem as the food stopped before some runners got back. Gannet and Scrote drove off just as the landlord brought out a large silver salver of GF chips and Steve's face of thunder subsided into a pinkish glow of satisfaction.

Hash hush - should have paid attention

A nice tart was pressed into Well laid. We also have a masterchef contestant running with us, so my notes said!

Tonight's virgin Helen, part of Dartmoor Rescue loved the run, looked after by Sludge and Cabin Boy promised to come back, but was last seen on the 1st ship out of here.

It was good to see Dildo Bagins back after jumping off his motorbike, may your hashing be long and adventurous- Gandulf.

Some runners went out to the South Hams and a brief account from Physco

Meanwhile, in a parallel universe, TVH3 leg ends cloaked in an old hash t-shirts gathered in time-honoured tradition to follow the flour. The extra-curricular hash, planned in subterfuge by the Trehanrehan Clan was a 70th birthday surprise for Simon Trehanrehanranran, a TVH3 Founder. He was duly stunned when the family stroll bumped into 'checking' hashers Tampax, Endosperm, HT2, RAZ, Stella Artois, Psycho, Wobbly, K1, and K2 meandering down Harbeton's lanes so narrow they pre-dated wing mirrors. The on-down was in the 13th century Church House Inn with steps worn down by centuries of revellers, which we duly wore done a little further. Hearing aids were turned up and hash paraphernalia on show; the Grandma hat adorned, Raz's loo seat showing his bare bum when the seat was lifted and tales told of Tavistock Carnival Zulu warriors, turning hoses on the fire brigade, crucifying Worthless and Sturmer 'borrowing' Biffs camera for naughty boy photos.

Trehanraehanran, was *sic*, Smallholding In Cornwall, or *sic* in youngster speak, a wonderful example of embracing septuagenarian-hood in style, irreverence and good fun. He sends good wishes to all. Trehaneranran may you grow older but never grow up.

A final word from Auguilles

To see a World in a Grain of Sand . And a Heaven in a Wild Flower Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand And Eternity in an hour.

May the road rise with you

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers