

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: 1995

Date: 29 October 18

Start: Plaster Down (Grid Ref: SX516723)

On Down: The London Inn, Horrabridge

Hares: Glani

Scribe: TBA

It little profits that an idle hare,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged Helper, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage hash,
That hoard sheep, and feed, and know not me.

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees (**hurrah**): All hashes I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That hashed with me, and alone, on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Princetown
Vext the dim sea: I am become a hare;
For always roaming with a hungry belly
Much have I seen and known; cities of hashers
And manners, climates, land owners, landlords,
Myself not least, but spite of them all;
And drunk delight of down- downs with my pee'res ,
I am a part of all that I have met....

Well only a chosen few descended to Plymbridge for the best run the week so far! Mayhem and Ernie used a bike mounted Debacle to help set the longs, what could possibly go wrong! The longs were last seen heading off to Marsh Mills then Brixton and beyond

The illuminati decided that the long run would be a good idea due to it being set in Plymouth crossing bridges rather than fording rivers, this had been their first mistake. Then by following in the wheel tracks

of Debacle compounded their fate and only the good intentions of the short runners getting to the pub not to close the kitchen.

The run twisted and turned more than a conservative minister in a Brexit debate taking us through the woods in perfect loops with loads of checks so I'm informed a well-planned run.....

The hares must have started very early to set this run, none of the getting there late afternoon and racing to get back just before 7.30 ehh! Mayhem and Ernie. The time management skills put to the test pulled off a real cracking run for both long and short runners.

The Plympton tarts have now taken the short cutting mantle from Grandpa and Glannie managing to get back first and not out of breath wet and dirty. Dirty Oar and Naughty boy did not short cut! Actually Dirty Oar did not get back to the pub, last seen running with the longs towards Brixton, while Naughty boy made the pub and hovered up the free chips like a pro. (turning into a seasoned Janner) Ged on!

It must be said we are down on numbers, the main reason being the Saga holidays have kicked in!

A large group have headed to the Lake District and a fine time they are having. Great weather, fantastic runs and great buns!

This group have balance issues and are unable to ride a bike, but they are allowed to walk alone (in a group) they are expected to check in via social media frequently especially at tea rooms or in front of lakes and mountains. A responsible adult (Fiddler) from another hash group (Stan & Harry) made sure that they all check in and returned back to their ~~secure~~ accommodation at the end of the day.

The second group have gone to Italy with bikes! (yah) Yes this group is a little more advanced than the first group they are quite good at balance but lack common sense! Hence they are only allowed to ride around fields and gentle swoopy grassy Knowles, claiming them to be mountains with fearful trails with names like "pendio della scuola materna" or un piccolo grumo

They then will check in using a app called Strava after doing 7k leaving a route for the next person to follow..... It is possible they will progress to a real road bike and be able to cover large distances unsupervised on a smooth ribbon of tarmac with perfect surface finishing at a café drinking a cool Peroni eating artisan pastry. However at the advanced age this is unlikely, fit pumps and baggy shorts and "cool man" retorts is all you will hear.....

Now to the pub, since last visited by me, has had a re-branding. No longer is it "The Scab & Matter" now a cosmopolitan gaff with no customers! They looked after all of us well, the cries of the kitchen closes at 9.00 soon subsided when they realised that the 10 people there would never be able to eat all the cheesy chips cooked by their 5 star (petrol) chef. It was a good job the Plympton Tarts and Naughty Boy had been there to finish the job.

Pimp did the perfect hash hush, being such a small group he was able to address each hasher individually. Announcing the 2000 run celebration from our birthplace at the Bedford Hotel in Tavistock, no birthdays or anything else, well I was not paying attention anyway! This finished the evening perfectly and we all went home to bed.....