

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: 2016
Date: 25th March
Start: Quick Bridge, Wotter, Grid Ref: SX591608
On Down: Moorland Hotel, Wotter
Hares: Chopper
Scribe: (Your name here)

A hash of parts

What could possibly go wrong ? My Father, me, and Gnashers laying the hash on home turf and me scribing for the night. I'm 21 now, and now I have a 100 run teapot I can pretend to be grown up for a while (it wont last).

For those of you (all of you) who didn't do the trail we laid I can explain, the first uphill leg of over a mile was decidedly a bit `uphilly` so at 1700hrs that bit was eradicated (new word), a new part of the trail was laid down through the "Georgies" at Endsleigh house. Now that's ok, BUT difficult to translate to the other hares 5 minutes before the off. And lo and behold there was mayhem ! (more on that later) as check backs were run thru and everyone went a different way but finally got it together 5 minutes behind the church. The cunning trick of not putting a `Long` sign at the first check did its trick to let the shrots get ahead and everyone ploughed up through the mud to the Milton Abbot cricket pitch. The longs were coerced into the lambing fields and off down to Endsleigh. The number of legs on the longs decreased by 2 at almost every field junction. A bit like the battle at Balaclava but silently. so the final small band of keanies made it to the shell grotto for a quick `ooh and aaah` (no, not pirates, that's spelt aaargh) and then over the waterfall and via various strange aberrations (extra new word) of the trail led up through path long foegotten and thru Swiss cottage`s garden (clue . . . looks like a Swiss cottage) and back up to the main endsleigh drive.

By this time the numbr of legs on the longs had evaporated to 6 (divide by 2 to get number of hashers) so a minor detour via the tunnel was arranged. A pleasant (fake news) long loop back to the dry bucket ensued with hashers drifting back in in groups

As for the shorts . . we went this way and that way and the other way under the expert guidance of Gnashrs who by that time didn't know where dogcatcher had relaid the run but we finally reappeared on the main road and back to the bucket without even the slightest river crossing

Mayhem and Ernie provided the evenings merriment, by not being lost and not forgotten about. That is until Cant remember remembered at 8:45 and told the hare they had turned up late, not signed in and ran off into the dark, at which point they were noted as `lost`. Dogcatcher thought long and hard about the best way to proceed :-

Ignore them and let them find their own way back as it was their fault, or leave his pint and head off into the cold to search, or just leave the pub and pretend to search for them by sitting in his warm car.

Luckily (?) after some minutes of procrastination in the main road he spotted them honing in on the bucket so returned to warmth of the pub quickly.

Is the Hash getting older or was it just just colder ? the bucket was not seen to be in use tonight as everyone just went straight for the pub, or was it just the committee running out of money in advance of the posh frocks do ?

Harpy Birfday was strangled to My Father (Dogcatcher) and Pimp then made a few other noises about the posh frocks.

One for the Techies in the hash :_ strava and other gps thingies don't work 12 foot underground ! the illuminated line goes dark at the point of descent.

Nipple deep was eyeing up his mistress (a certain Mrs B Stoggs) behind the bar and hoping to get one (or more) `in` by the end of the night. Wheelnuts or Hubcaps or someone made a welcome return and made sure Slap didn't make a play for Mrs Stoggs as well.

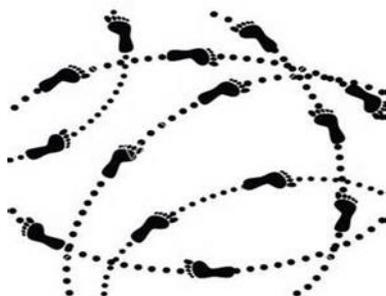
My Father (Dogcatcher) and me (Footloose) were left propping up the bar as the evening drew to a close (at the ungodly hour of 10 pm !!) and pretending to be locals till mummy came in from Bingo and we had to pretend to be normal again.

Errata ;_

Posh Frocks doo was a success by all accounts once everyone has gone through passport control, best group singing while waiting for food was lead by Gannet and Scrotey (even the band joined in) we ate, drank, danced and partied and put the world to rights one more time until the church clock stood to attention and sang the start of another glorious day in the Tamar valley.

One thing I didn't understand was why the German table was decorated with a solitary brick ?

Friends forever



Footloose (me)