

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: 2000 (Woop Woo!)

Date: 3/12/18

Start: Whitchurch Down

On Down: The Bedford Hotel – where it all started

Hares: Hurricane & Pimp

Scribe: Gannet

Well, where do I begin? What with this being my first Hash Mag. I think I'll start with a little history lesson. It all began on a typical day at Lewannick Primary School, where the usual was happening; Children learning (questionable) parents moaning (definitely) Stopcock restraining or chasing a child (possibly) Good Head preaching, chatting, waffling, babbling, yakking, rabbiting, winging it (obviously!) when Stopcock asked if anyone was interested in going Hashing. Sounded Interesting and having just finished Launceston's 'couch to 5K' sessions I felt ready for something a little more exciting! The next one was going to be local and somewhere that I was familiar with so...

The fatal Monday arrived and off we trotted to Trewortha Farm, down a long and very bumpy track, which I know some of you are now familiar with, along with your car's suspension! I was greeted by a group of (dare I say it) mostly middle-aged people wearing top of the range to slightly dubious running attire, along with someone carrying a brass horn?? Next thing, Good Head jumps up, obviously onto something that elevates him to a higher standing, (due to his height deficiency) and prattles on about longs, shorts, checks, health & safety, the on down??? I genuinely had no idea what he was talking about but then that's nothing new as Stopcock and myself found out at staff meetings where we would often find ourselves gazing out of the window, dreaming of sunnier climes, sea, sand, cats, apples, etc etc.... anything, other than listening to the constant drone of Good Head's voice, opinion or rant which could go on forever and ever.....

Next thing I find myself running, walking, scrambling, wading through water, trudging up hills (I hate hills) crawling through a tunnel whist trying to breathe and pretend that I was really fit. Eventually, I found myself back at the start, wet, muddy and sweating and then being offered some slightly dodgy refreshment which I later found out was shandy.

Next, came the tricky task of having to change whilst trying to be discreet and not letting anyone see anything they shouldn't or look at anything I shouldn't!! Very difficult in a mini, I might add, when off we drove to the local (The Caradon Inn). Here things really became strange! I began to hear people calling each other by some very odd names such as Cannon Fodder, Nipple Deep, Naughty Boy, Scrotum, Dirty Oar, Pimp and Wobbly Knob to name but a few. Alarm bells started to ring, what was this? Who were these strange people with very questionable nicknames, had I been lured into some sort of weird cult? What would happen next time I was alone out on the moor with only a head torch as a weapon to defend myself?

Needless to say, all was well and as the evening went on and having since attended a few more hashes I came to realise what a lovely bunch of weirdos you actually are. Thank you for welcoming me into the wonderful world of Hashing.

Some things I've learned:

There are a lot of tactics employed by 'In the Know' Hashers

- **The 'on to check', finding the On-On arrow, but holding back and pretending to walk back towards the check before turning and shouting "On On".**
- **Claiming it is an 'on short' when in fact it is an 'on long' as well 'On-On'**
- **There is the tactic, my favourite and one I employ regularly, of hanging back in the pack so you don't get to the check too early and have to run off and check all routes.**
- **The short cut, especially employed on the moors when you can see the fit hashers running well out in front, when the course bends you can cut across the open moor and short the corner.**
- **Then there is the tactic employed by the very fit of not only running out in front, and completing the entire course, but usually running up and down many of the 'Check backs' and still passing me several times on the course.**

The Hash

Omen lost his torch and had to rely on Stopcock (never a good choice). Scrotie or was it Slushie (both begin with S and have skinheads) went to the Skylark carpark and wondered why there was nobody there? Cannon Fodder and Russ Abbott apparently bypassed the end and strategically repositioned themselves and I quote "to help the Ladies, Minnie and H". Glanni and Goodhead waited at the top of that very long and steep hill for the stragglers at the back, which included me, Biff and Dirty Oar, who said chivalry was dead?

Back at the White Thorn, Cheesy chips were served by none other than a member of Mad Dog McRea (Whoever they are), although Chopper was happy to show me an old photo of himself with 'said' celebrity, back in the day. There was a possible case of animal cruelty as the brown Lab was apparently stepped on and his cries nearly brought the pub to a stunned silence. More worryingly there was another Hash in the pub, (how dare they) Stannary Hash House Harriers to be precise, who declared that they were the better Hash. I have to say, they did have some rather good Hash names: Wrong ring, PG Ski tips, Pretty Vacant, Quick Lay and Fiddler. But I won't be discussing my first Hash name! Glanni did try to tell me a story of ancient rivalry and also the fact that they only charge 50p!

Some Quotes from last week:

Scrotie: "Well that was unpleasant, Christ Almighty, Shit".

Biff: "All I could hear was Goodhead talking, I thought we were back at the carpark".

Someone said: "A long long, a short short and a few checks" (I don't know who!)

Naughty Boy: "I've never heard Sausage Pincher laugh so much" (hysteria at having to write the Hash mag!).

And Finally,

Don't Forget the 2000th hash next week, starting from Five Ways @ Whitchurch Down, On Down at The Bedford Hotel (very Posh) celebrations all round, woop woo.

Thanks to Dim wit & knobby wobb or is that Wobbly Knob, for a great hash (apart from that bloody hill). Sorry! just realised the Hares were Scupper Sucker & Pist N Broke. (forgive a beginner).

Check out the competition!



On On!