

Grand Master
Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)
Joint Masters
Angela Sykes (Gannet)
Sarah Jones (Pony AWOL)
Scribe Master
Stirling Way (Spike)
Hasherdabber
Lily Loo (Mudsucker)
Hash Horn
Martin Hampton (Vlad the
Composter)



Chamber Lay
Nicky Pratten (UnderPot)
On Sausage
Tracy Donnelly (Pork 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)

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Next Hash No:

Date: 2nd March
Start: 1930 Sheep Wash CP (Behind the Dartmoor Inn, Lydford)
On Down: Fox and Hounds
Hares: Commando and Fergie
Scribe: tbc

Aimless Ambles

An excellent Hash. Well done to the Hares – Harriet, Will and his dear Children, who were all ably assisted by Aimless. Over the recent weeks the Hares have all received glowing accolades for their commitment to the cause, laying trails in the most challenging of weather; this was no exception. Well done too, to the many Hashers who turned up because the evening wasn't the most tranquil or dry we've had. They clearly knew an Aimless Hash is always going to be a good one.

So, in the pitch (and very blowy and rainy) dark we mustered for a quick brief about there being only one LOOS divide and off we went. Trudging gingerly down from Lowery Cross and very quickly being hoodwinked into going the wrong way. Clever / sneaky trail laying indeed! And so it remained throughout the trail.

A well reconnoitred or the benefit of good local knowledge always makes for a great trail, and this Hash very firmly confirmed the idea. Peekhill Plantation was wonderfully exploited using MTB trails and a number of dodgy ladder climbs into and back out of the adjoining moorland. Plenty of opportunity to slip, trip and fall which the Scribemaster certainly did – worryingly (to him). After twists, turns and climbs in the squelchy mud, the Hounds were led towards Leather Tor to then pick their way down to Croft's Plantation. Through here the trail was easy to follow because it was the stream! So soft underfoot, but equally rather wet – yep, the environmental conditions were on one hand challenging, while on the other put to great use! Crossing the road – oh there was so much tarmac on this Hash?! – to Lowery Plantation, we again had to trog carefully over the roots while looking out to not slide into the muddy pools of water. All so wonderful. Then it was a turn to the right and a slow climb back to the On Home... hopping over Devonport Leat and even more roots and shiggy. A really good Hash, well contrived, well laid, well executed. Thanks to the Aimless Gang, we hope you enjoyed it as much as everyone else.

At the On Down – The Walkhampton Inn is fast becoming 'The Hash Pub' – a warm welcome greeted us. Well everyone but me! Because I was wearing my running shorts, Fraser (barman) did

mention he would normally throw me out for exposing my legs (little white things hanging out my shorts), so I covered them up to ensure continued conviviality. Well ya gotta try haven't you?!

Once everyone had settled and cosied themselves up and snuggly, your Scribe did some digging and ferreting around for snippets of info. Raunchy looked resplendent in her Tesco wellies – she'd look great without them, but Matt might give me a slap for saying that. It was noted by some there was something missing on the Hash??? Dogcatcher!!! Which probably was a further reason for everything going so smoothly 😊 As noted excitedly by Argles, who was rather keen to let me know how much he enjoyed the evening. Unlike Ernie who just complained and complained... Too much wet, too much mud, too much road, not enough this, not enough that, too difficult staying upright (uptight more like!).... Nah, he loved it – as we all did 😊



Sister Sludge clearly needs to get out more or have someone lead her a more exciting life. Why? Well, to see her gesticulating so enthusiastically when, "Chips for Sister Sludge" was hailed across the room was so heartening to see. Like a baby in a high chair excitedly and repeatedly, quickly stretching their legs out and back, clapping their hands and with a huge smile in anticipation of being fed another bread stick to munch down on – oh the innocence and pure joy of seeing her smiling and jumping up and down was wonderful to witness. Please note, "Chips" in the People's Republic of Scotland, are known as, "A Glasgow Salad".

Heard on the grapevine... The GM looks very fetching in a Monsoon dress, "More like Jordan than Jordan", according to *Buffy*. Now this needs more investigating! Why is GM trying on Jordan-like dresses? How often does he dress that way? Why? (Again). Is it only Monsoon dresses? Weird / disturbing 😊

Equally intriguing – if not funny!!! Scupper Sucker dislocated a finger getting his socks off – is that not a euphemism??? Anyway, Mayhem came to the rescue and snapped it back in. Interestingly, Ol' Scupper coming from the staunchly irreligious Hull was in town when it was surrounded by the Nuns of Beverly trying to convert the heathens to a more righteous life. This is the only recorded time Hull was visited by the Beverly Sisters!



More digit news, Harriet lost the top of a finger when a colleague of hers let slip some sheet metal they were holding. So with that in mind, Finger Painting lessons that were previously the responsibility of Slush are now being taught by Harriet with support from Scupper Sucker.

Hash Hush was called during which *Buffy* was presented with her well-deserved 400th Hash Walk glass. A cunning plan was hatched by GM, fooling Buffy that he was rather nonchalant about the whole idea of presenting anything, he snuck it in his Hash bag to pleasantly surprise her on the night (dressed as a man this time!). Well done GM!

HRH K² was sung to regally for her birthday – she receives cards from Buck House regularly now – so further congratulations were passed to our Outreach Project Lady.



Well done to Gannet for getting together all the names and menu choices for the forthcoming Dr Who fest, 7th March. Let it please be known she's been the drive for this year's Do, which I hope everyone realises is quite a task. Fergie did a wonderful job last year and has been a constant source of info to help this year's too. Thumbs up to all involved... No doubt, we'll all do our best to make the evening another great success.

Meanwhile, cheers and beers to all.

