

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: 2013

Date: Monday 4th March
Start: Pentillie Castle
On Down: The Swingle Tree, Kelly Bray
Hares: H, Minnie & Dodo

And on the seventh day God as he rested he finished creating Lewanick! Being a bit half arsed he forgot to iron out some of the lumps into the nice rolling hills of Devon and left the rough edges so producing Cornwall.

At the edges of this green table cloth he laid to create the grass lands and moors of Cornwall there was mud and puss. From this a gene pool developed then over several years this became the Cornish race..... The pasty is still based on the mud and puss left over from the seventh day and served as an delicacy in every town / village and school.

It must be said that this was unquestionably the best run of the week so far. I can only go from reports as I failed to get to the start on time or at any time... Even after firing up the turbos and hitting to go-cart button; a nasty accident at Callington blocked the road and then the road closed that led to the start point of the hash it, was never going to be.

The start had been in a fantastic little hamlet just outside Lewanick even the sat nav knew the start, Billy didn't so after diving around and arriving late the pub seemed to be the best option.....

The hash was awesome the most incredible terrain that Cornwall could throw at the hounds with knee jerking downhills and lung bursting uphill in full moonlight. There where rivers lanes open land and all the 30 odd (very) hounds loved every mile. There was not even the slightest sound of discontent from any of the hounds and it had been recommended that this hash should be re-run in the spring, summer and Autumn. To think that the amalgam of puss and mud that god started off with

could be moulded to form Stopcock and Goodhead, give them a bag of flour or two and kept in control by sausage pincher the perfect evening had started.

Arriving at the pub I was surprised there had been no wicker man built although a sound of dueling banjos and squealing noises could be heard. But all was calm, the older-men shuffled off leaving the gamblers saying the “ash woz coming” better get another tap water in, while the gin flowed and ruin set in to the mothers. While outside Grandpa was having a full conversation with his new car. Heard shouting I only want to turn the f***ing lights on! While the Merc concierge service was trying to make sure he hadn't had a accident. While Can't remembers headlights caught Scuppersuckers pale blue underpants in full bloom and it looked like he had had an accident! Or was it those steep downhills and slippery ground!

The pub was excellent, the food was well priced and there was plenty of it, a shining beacon to other pubs that do not hit the mark. Everyone was friendly even the land owners where pleased that the footpaths had been used and the runners where supporting their local pub. (a breath of fresh air)

Pimp called for Hash hush and announced

A fantastic park run last Saturday, February 23 hope you didn't miss it. A fantastic turn out from all hash members and has had a positive effect on social media thanks to Hash tag and all involved.

A fantastic quiz last Saturday, February 23 can't of missed this as well

Hash do at the Bedford in Tavistock 16 March see a committee member for booking and food choice. Great band, fantastic theme to boot. No yellow jackets (Vive la France)

A lake district break 25-28th April see Fergi or Dirty Oar for details £19 pp Birthdays: K2 2k and Sausage pincher 28 on the 50TH of January!

The mystery of the sticky sock bomb

It had been brought to my attention that a issue needed addressing from the smallest room in the pub. There are several different types and I will try and make it easy to understand.

The sticky sock bomb / goo poo Consistency of hot tar grips like gorilla arms on the porcelain.

The Teflon or Glutinus You know you've had it, but it ain't there at the finish!

The Belgrano / Kursk Large broken in half and sunk in deep water and highly radio active

The corky No matter how often you flush it's still there!

I need to let you make your own decisions on the guilty party of this heinous crime but I can assure you that the gents where fine!