

Grand Master
Jerry Rikeard (Hot Rocks)

Joint Masters
Angela Sykes (Gannet)
Sarah Jones (Pony)

Scribe Master
Stirling Way (Spike)

Hasherdabber
Lily Loo (Mudsucker)

Hash Horn
Martin Hampton (Vlad the Composter)



Chamber Pot
Hayley Sampson (H)

On Sec
Tracy Donnelly (Sausage 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 Run No: 2035

Date: 5 August 2019

Start: Trewortha Farm, North Hill, Cornwall (GR SX241753) – Don't use SATNAV!

On Down: BBQ – BYO food and drink

Hares: Good Head, Stopcock & Sausage Pincher

Scribe: Fergie

Run No: 2033

Date: 22 July 2019

A rollicking good run from Rilla Mill

I wasn't sure how I felt about a return visit to Rilla Mill – it's quite a trek from the southern end of Dartmoor and my satnav seems to take me a different, convoluted route every time. Last time, due to two accidents, and unexpected road closures, I found myself driving round and round the same roads as the satnav kept trying to take me back to the same place – needless to say, I didn't make it to the hash, on that occasion ☹.

This time, despite being on my own – again - I had a better navigator who provided me with a more sensible route choice, and arrived surprisingly early. Mayhem had a more eventful journey, rather dramatically killing a pigeon en-route. She said it went 'Pooph' (is that the right way to spell it and is it the right word?) to describe an explosion of feathers – apologies to those of you with a vivid imagination....

Anyway, onto the hash itself. An enthusiastic, slightly unruly mob gathered in the pub car park (no food provided but happy to lend us their car park) to hear Stopcock describe our imminent adventure around the local countryside – lots of long/short divides - rather disappointingly there was no mention of tunnels, rope bridges as last week - just the opportunity to cross the river by log for those with a good sense of balance – and warnings of more brambles.

With that, we set off into the centre of the village and soon the longs and shorts were going in opposite directions – the first of several pointless, but enjoyable loops for the longs. There was much praise for another Cornish hash although, as with last week's, the rampant brambles ripped many legs to shreds. I am sure I am not alone in frequently receiving comments from non-hashing friends about the state of my legs – and they are not complimentary!

Other than the brambles, and scrambles up and down steep banks, my memory of the hash is rather hazy. It felt like a long way despite some of us being accused of short cutting through the field at the end. Moi? Apparently Hurricane was the only one to go through the tunnel at the end.....where was

the tunnel?

It's a good job I made some notes when I arrived at the pub otherwise this would have been a very short hash mag. The anecdotes includes:

- Scrotey going off to check and hearing a rather far away (plaintiff?) cry of 'On On' – when we caught up with him, he'd had to run back rather a long way so we could have any chance of hearing him!
- Cabin Boy and Arguilles giving the rest of us a good run for our money – both clearly putting in some rather effective training
- Reminiscing with Ernie as we revisited the spot of his accident last year
- Some notable kindnesses at the aforementioned river/log crossing – Mayhem encouraged Arguilles to take the 'log route' and Hurricane and Biff held hands to cross the river
- Gannet and her fellow walkers were adamant the longs were going the wrong way so sent them off in the opposite direction searching for dust – only for the hare to turn up and re-direct them the way they went originally – the joys of hashing!
- Slush has taken to joining the walkers so he can bring the new love of his life. Ziggy, along (watch out, Jan!) to the hash. Any excuse!

Back at the pub, there were some issues with parking, but more of that later.... Very friendly staff served enormous plates of chips to the lively crowd that is TVH3. A good plate of (cheesy) chips always goes down well.

Somewhat randomly, Stopcock came over to Underlay to give her the cash he had collected. It was a case of mistaken identity, he thinking that Underlay was Posh Pinny. I can think of more similar looking people in the hash, but Underlay and Posh Pinny?!?

Glanni was nearly Tart of the Week for not kicking out the dust – but he was pipped to the post when the bar person came to ask who the owner of the red VW van was. I don't know, these Cornish obviously don't know the width of their vehicles – there was plenty of room – evidenced when I parked it, by our GM managing to get his lovely van, unscathed, through the gap!

Needless to say, I was deemed to be 'Tart of the week' and received the now, very popular, individual treacle tart 😊

I can see from my notes that Biff added to them whilst I was out of the room moving my van! And that you all sang Happy Birthday to Gannet.

Hash Camping Trips:

9-11th August

Brecon Beacons camping weekend - £30 per person for the 2 night stay

Book directly with the campsite:

Website: www.bishops-meadow.co.uk

email: info@bishops-meadow.co.uk

Call: 01874 610000

6th September – 8th September

Polzeath camping weekend

The Valley Caravan Park, Polzeath

Speak to Pimp if you are interested

On On

Pony

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers