

Grand Master
Sarah Cohen (Fergie)
Joint Master
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)
Scribe Master
Jake Boswijk (Ginger Nuts)
Hash Grogpot
Roger Smyly (Cabin Boy)
Hash Horn
Matt Hampe (Chopper)
Webmaster
Roger Thorn (Pimp)



Chamber Pot
Nicky Pratten (Underlay)
Hash Whipper-In
Paul Glanville (Glani)
Hash Cash
Alan Eddie (Pist 'N' Broke)
Hare Master
Diann Davis (Can't Remember)
Hash Flash
Ann Marcer (K2)
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:
Date: 24 August 2020
Start: Gutter Tor
On Down: Gutter Tor
Hares: Wobbly Knob
Scribe: TBC



Great to see all of you who turned out for our first post lockdown hash at Prewley. That's Prewley, pronounced by locals as Prewley. Out hares were Fergie and almost not K2, who had to rush her puppy Sam to the vets to be induced to vomit after wolfing down half a fruit cake.

Fergie brought new runner Andy, who is her new lodger. Joining the hash is apparently a new and permanent requirement of the tenancy agreement.

Also good to see other hashers emerging from their covid closets, such as Grandpa, Nashers, Tampax, Scrotey and Gannet, Dogcatcher and Footloose, Dominique and Poppy (of hash Zoom Countdown fame), K2's grand-daughter Bella and Minnie, who even made it to the on down for the first time this century!

Biff has become desperate to short cut now we are allowed back out to play and set off half an hour early on our GM's Birthday Bash Hash Bimble. Didn't do her much good though as she'd hardly gone anywhere, frequently losing the trail before a host of hashers had caught her up again.

After a number of long shorts and river crossings, we ascended to Shilstone Tor, much to the amusement of some families camping there. The front of the shorts was then caught by the front runners of the longs, who came by thick and fast, otherwise known as Wobbly and Spike. Not sure who was thick or who was fast. Then followed a fast descent back to the empty bucket (by order of the committee). Several hashers could be seen there, bent double, gasping for air and all sounding like they had a death rattle, luckily, they stopped, short of bereft.

On down to a large open sided barn where Slush took control of the BBQ, probably because he has fewer fingers to risk burning. Food consumed, beer drank, then Fergie stepped up for her first official hash hush, only to be interrupted by Commando who presented her with a spiky GM's covid hat and a birthday cake. Omen was presented with his potty for completing his hundredth run.

A great evening and so nice to see everyone!

Finally:

There was a young man from Cork,
Who got limericks
and Haikus confused.

And, Biff says I have two faults: I don't listen and something else.

