

Grand Master
Jerry Rickeard (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: 2027

Date: 10/06

Start: Tampax's Residence, Callington

On Down: BBQ – bring your own food and drink

Hares: Tampax

Scribe: Spike

It's another classic Ginger Rogers hash mag tonight currently being written at the last minute while at work on Monday because if I didn't churn out one of these full of grammatical errors and poorly referenced then people might think I was competent and put me on the committee next year.

Having missed every hash since the new committee was formed, for totally legitimate reasons and not just to watch Game of Thrones last season instead, I was ready to get back to running through bogs and up hills again. In my haste to get back to hashing I had forgotten to check the weather and assumed that it would be sunny and warm as it had been over the weekend, but was soon brought back to earth by the brisk wind and rain showers that are standard for British summer time.

Since Raunchy and myself had left Chopper by himself at hashing for six weeks we made it up to him by having him drive us to the hash where we were told that we had to be on our best behaviour at the pub later. This was due to a hash group who shall not be named (Stannary) causing too much trouble when they were last there. Of course, we all knew that as a sensible and quiet group, we would never cause as much mayhem as the despicable hashers who I won't even dignify by stating their name (again it was Stannary).

Setting off on the hash, which had been expertly laid by Scrotey and Gannet, I found that even after being tricked into running the Bere Pen 10k on the weekend I was still no better at running up hills and that having taken 6 weeks off from hashing to watch tv also didn't help. I persevered though by relying on the age-old tactic of letting the fit people go off and do the checks while I took care of the important job of standing around next to the circle and trying not to die.

As the hash continued and the longs ended up on a long slow ascent up a tor which was concerningly far from the cars, I fell back into the old routine of running up the hill until someone gives up and starts to walk it and then using this as an excuse to give up myself.

We made our way up 90% of the way before deciding that we should go off track and head up to the top for the view and this seemed like a good idea to me until I saw how far behind all the other hashers I had ended up. It was at this point that Glanni and Biffs idea to do the ultimate shortcut and just take a leisurely walk to the pub at the start seemed like the better idea.

After making it down the hill without tripping over all the loose rocks and runaway lambs that were around, I ran into Raunchy who's knee was giving her trouble and wanted me to carry her the rest of the way to the cars. Being the upstanding gentleman that I am I pretended not to hear her and ran off leaving her to her fate though she did end up making it, so I'm still stuck having her tell me how wrong I am about everything for now.

Making it to the pub I resolved myself to take some proper notes so I could fill the whole hash mag with useless comments and information. This all came apart immediately as there was a very friendly dog at the bar and I was completely distracted and unable to write anything of actual use. I was told by a hasher that we had just run the best hash that had been set that week though the hasher in question was Gannet, so I don't think she was a reliable source having been one of the Hares.

I did make a note of there being cake for Sturmeroids 70th birthday and I did wonder if I would be hashing at his age but I think Raunchy and myself would have to tape our bad knees together at the rate we are both falling apart at our young age. Talking of myself and Raunchy it turns out that the new GM, who sports a jester cap for Hash hushes now, did take note of our totally legitimate absences and awarded us joint tart of the week. Being labelled a tart is a new experience for me, though I wouldn't say the same for Raunchy, and the headgear we had to wear was not what I'd wear normally.

Onto actual important information, Fergie is organising a camping trip to the Brecon Beacons on the 9th-11th of August so let her know if you're interested and Commando is jumping out of a plane for charity and any donations would be greatly appreciated.

Now that I've run out of things to write about and the rest of my notes don't make sense, I will leave you all and remind you that next weeks hash ends with a BBQ and to bring your own food along. Picking up a lamb from the moors on the way along with some mint sauce doesn't count though.

On On!