

Grand Master
 Hairy Dickhard (Hot Rocks)
Joint Masters
 Granny Yikes (Gannet)
 Sarah Jones (Pony)
Scribe Master
 Stirling Way (Spike)
Hasherdabber
 Lily Loo (Mudsucker)
Hash Horn
 Vegan Hampster
 (Vlad the Imposter)

THOSE HAND
 SANITIZER
 MANUFACTURERS
 MUST BE
 RUBBING THEIR
 HANDS TOGETHER

Chamber Pot
 Nicky Does (Frequently)
On Sec
 Missing in Action (Pork Pincher)
Hash Cash
 Tricia A-Tricia (Bless you)
Hare Master
 Mech Annie-Call (Spanners)
Hash Flash
 Cliff Thorburn (Lord Snowdon)
HashTag
 Jodie Whittaker (Dr Who)

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: 2067

Date: 16TH MARCH
Start: 1930 WHEAL JOSIAH
On Down: BLACKSMITH'S ARMS, LAMERTON
Hares: SCUPPER SUCKER & PIST 'N' BROKE
Scribe: TBC

We gathered in the chilly wind, up behind the Dartmoor Inn, nervously huddling close to each other trying to keep warm. Still, at least it was dry – momentarily. Then before we knew it we were on our way, two ways actually. Longs one and Shorts another; both over High Down. We trudged in knee deep water and mud for most of the trog down to and across the River Lyd. A clever laid trail had us hashing in / over / through bracken, brush and bog with repeated switch backs that saw us skirt along the edges of Doetor Common. And if that wasn't exciting enough.... it rained – that cold, hard, piercing rain that hurts where it hits.

Hash

Distance	Elev Gain	Time
2.79 mi	435 ft	39m 24s



To keep our spirits up, Naughty Boy went knackers deep in a **A hawk in flight or some Tackle?** bog – I leave it to you to determine how far he went down into it... Twas funny to witness and helpful too because everyone else knew not to take the route he'd taken. Here's to Naughty Boy, he's true blue, he's a Hasher through and through. He's a piss pot so they say, he'll try to go heaven but he'll go the other way! Anyway, after a quick jink to miss the Knacker sucking Bog we were soon on our way back across the Lyd and to the On Home.

At the On Down, Rough Tackle was announced to the Hash – as a Lady Rugby Team trainer, "Put it in the Hooker" was muted as were variations of the final choice. Welcome aboard Darragh Turley. The Posh Frocks was also advertised which by now everyone that matters, knows it was a great success. Well done to Scrotey and his team of support, including Dodo for a

wonderful Tardis. It, along with the other props are going to be put on Ebay I think in the hope of raising further funds for the Hash. Well done to everyone for making it oh-so worthwhile, and again to Dave. Your craftsmanship and time is very much appreciated. Cheers to you.

Back at the On Down, the Hares / Haresses were heartily congratulated for the quality of the Hash trail. Their time and forbearance with respect to the weather was also lauded. Fergie and Commando? Well done from all of us who took part, you did a great job. Those that didn't? You missed another stupendous evening. There was open moorland running, bog snorkelling, rock clambering, river crossings and mud-slinging. All very wonderful – another classic Dangerous Sister Hash. Cheers to you both ☺



Away from Hash, there's the Zombie Apocalypse that has taken the world's media by storm. No doubt everyone that has an ounce of sense recognises there are greater things to worry about and act upon, but heah it's diverted the media from Megxit or whatever else is equally puerile in the popular press. For us, I'm sure the topic on everyone's lips is the up-coming AGM due for next Monday – stand fast any mad notion of cancelling gatherings greater than one. My vote for GM (if ever there was one elected by popular vote?!?!?) wouldn't be for that pillar of purity from Sweden. Just imagine what we'd be doing. Perhaps we should try to imagine what we couldn't do... Drive to Hash – fuel; waste flour on earth – resources; tipping unused swill from the grog bucket –

pollutant; for instance. We'd just stay at home using whale free candles in the evenings to see each other being miserable because we'd be on lock down. Umm curious and scary!

Some people worry about what sort of planet we are leaving for our children.

So the Hash AGM is upon us...
At the Blacksmith's Arms...
Be there, or be nominated!



Incidentally, a light buffet is going to be generously provided by the outgoing Committee.

I'm honestly more concerned about what sort of children we are leaving for our planet.

Here's looking forward to it...



On On