

**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: 2037**

**Date: 19<sup>th</sup> August 2019**

**Start: Gawton Gravity Hub Car Park - Maddacleave Woods**

**On Down: The Copper Penny Inn, Chipshop**

**Hares: Uncle**

**Scribe: Whoever Spike forces to write it**



If there is anything to be said about a hash BBQ, its that it will always rain and the word 'Sausage' will be used for numerous innuendos.

It was the annual BBQ at Trewartha Farm in the depths of Bodmin Moor laid by our ever in-efficient hares who for the purpose of this hash mag I am renaming, Bad-head, Flour pincher and Cock.

It started off so well.. Off we set and were soon running around someone's garden, into the forest, along a track, through a tunnel (Occupied by the resident hash troll – Cock. How impressive that health and safety had been considered and that lighting had been provided! There were insults to be heard about shortcutting whereby myself and Nippy were ACCUSED of short cutting and avoiding the tunnel – although it should be noted that the harshly accusing Wobbly did retract his words with an apology!!

So further we went away from the start (and food), and further.... Across a stream, over open moorland, always on dust... With slush leading the way we keenly ran in the direction of the dust which seemed to be correct... until the flour vanished. There was plenty of granite impersonating dust, sheep wool also resembling it but no flour!! Spread out as if we were searching for a missing person there was NO flour to be found. Flour-pincher – Help! She swiftly responded with words to the effect of "I don't know where im going" so we searched, and searched and then ran back to search again, at which point Bad head appeared to direct us back the same way. I think we should consider this a 'bonus' hash with the extra half mile for free at which point flour appeared again at the end.... Hmmm..... an hour in we were still no-where near the on home and still running away from it. Grunts of "I've had enough now""Im tired" were resounding from the hills, particularly when the next check was no-where near the actual route the flour took Oh. And then it rained. It rained a lot. It was cold. Grrr.

A trudge across a bog and over a tor and at last the farm was in site... If anyone notices the absence of the hares then they may well have been buried somewhere in the grounds for their somewhat long (Even longer than a Naughty Boy) hash!!

Of concern for the evening was the amount of blood that seemed to be coming from various hashers legs – if you haven't drawn blood you haven't worked hard enough! I also understand that there were several reports of ticks being located sucking what blood was left.

For the benefit of the hares there were complaints that the hash was too short, too flat and without enough gorse or brambles. Please try harder next time.

However positives and notable events of the night:

1. Aimless arrived at the hash ON TIME
2. Chivalry isn't dead!! Whilst crossing the river on the stepping stones Scrotey had a fine opportunity to push me in but DIDN'T! And neither did Wobbly! – Well done!
- 3 Nippy also commented at his displeasure about me being faster than him and him having to look at my backside all the hash – a lucky man!
4. Gannet and Dodo are back to running – they both optimistically started with the shorts! (5.5 miles although Dodo has seen sense before this
5. Ernie and Mayhem also made it to the hash – Ernie explained that the good old map technique worked better than sat nav.
6. It was observed that Mayhem's medical training was clearly evidenced by her sausage handling technique.
7. Lots of animals to be seen, cows cows and more cows, ponies and sheep.
8. Gannet FORGOT FOOD!!! However this would appear to have been strategic for her to win 'Tart of the week' so yet more food!
9. Ginger Rogers apparently gave Gannet his sausage...
10. Thank you to Raunchy for sacrificing her walk to prepare the BBQ.



## BRECONS

And on to the TVH3 Brecons weekend. After a somewhat slow journey through the M5 car park we all made it to our campsite. Tents were pitched and a fine meal was had with Birthday cake (Had I mentioned it was my birthday?). The weather forecast was pretty grim, so a late start to the Saturday and off we went to the visitor centre for hot drinks before starting off on the waterfalls walk. A gentle stroll by the river which wasn't so gentle after the rain. The rivers were raging. Pony had suggested she might be going for a swim... she did see sense although Von Trapp had checked her life insurance. We reached the final waterfall and were able to walk behind it, getting soaked doing so but it was definitely more powerful than the camp site showers! Off to the Brecons jazz festival in the evening – which was somewhat lacking in any Jazz, one trumpet being played was not considered 'a festival' then a nice meal at a Ghurkha restaurant recommended by Windy. Excellent meal had by all! Day two and from 12 we went down to 6 of us who trudged up Corn Du Pen Y Fan and over to Cribyn before getting soaked in the downpour. An excellent weekend!! Hopefully we will do it again next year but NOT in summer to make the journey better!

On On

