

**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: 2026**

**Date: 3<sup>rd</sup> June 2019**

**Start: Lopwell Dam**

**On Down: Who'd Have Thought It, Milton Combe**

**Hares: Nipple Deep & Posh Pinny**

**Scribe: Ernie**

A select bunch gathered at far flung Golitha Falls, where an efficient lady with a list, otherwise known as Fergie, stood addressing the group. After a precise delivery of information was clearly imparted, involving animals, and gluten free hobbits, we set off downstream, alongside the river.

Your scribe fell into conversation with Uncle as we scrambled over the rocks, and it soon became apparent that she also thought she was scribing tonight, after being reminded by Spike a week or so ago. After a short discussion, it was decided that Spike had got his Kate's mixed up (he had asked me on the night of the AGM and I immediately put it in my calendar) and that as Uncle was about to go AWL (like AWOL but Absent With Leave), I would do the honours. If Spike keeps this up, he should have absolutely no trouble ensuring there is a scribe each week. Quite an impressive skill.

Dirty Oar was spotted sporting some squeaky-clean new trainers, no doubt replacing the ones she crossed the estuary with, the day before, whilst Racing the Tide on an 8-mile run.

My sources told me that Slush had missed out on the hard option – no doubt he went for the soft and slushy alternative instead.

It was reported by a Dangermouse lookalike, that on the longs Hot Rocks relentlessly did all the check backs so that he could then race athletically through to the front, "like some Olympian".

Dodo, scampering but less athletically, through from the back (he was late), told me that he had finally caught some of the last episode of Game of Thrones the previous night. He managed three quarters of an hour before falling asleep. Maybe that's why the 'youngsters' have been missing from the hash for the last few weeks. They're really catching up on their beauty sleep. Gannet & Scrotey plan to catch up on theirs on Tuesday, though whether it is related to their "try something different" habits on a Tuesday night is not known.

On a stunning evening and after 3.7 miles of beautiful hedgerows, a few brambles, glorious views, some reminiscing by me at Sibleyback Reservoir (I've been inside the dam and sailed on the lake), we arrived back at the finish and on to a very hospitable Crow's Nest Inn at Darite. Everyone seemed happy with the night's offerings. Good Head told me that he had taken 1 hour and 9 seconds that evening but whether that was to drive to Golitha Falls, eat his supper or before

drawing breath, I'm not sure. He, Sausage Pincher and Stopcock had completed the Bideford 10k the week before, but no indication of speed, thrust or aerodynamics were given. Dirty Oar not content with the hash, had also cycled 15 miles that evening, AND had kept her new shoes clean.

Argiles had something of the mad professor look about him tonight, but then again, he always looks like that, or as Glani would say "wild, windswept and interesting".

Stopcock was noticeably absent but was instead starstruck at a science lecture in Exeter. I wonder if he has a big thingy to look at them with, like Hot Rocks. I was impressed when he last got it out and erected it.

Chopper was looking forward to his mates returning next week after their 5 Week Big Sleep and, more importantly, their driving him for 5 weeks so that he could have a pint or two, or three, or four, or five ...

Cannon Fodder said something about "intelligence" to a local propped up at the bar. Glani pondered over whether Cannon Fodder looks like an authority on intelligence.

Well done to Fergie on her completion of the Plymouth Half Marathon at the weekend.

Hot Rocks was sad to announce that P60 has died, becoming P45. Our thoughts go out to his family and grand-daughter Enema, who also used to run with us. A one-time regular hasher (we believe P60 was on the 3<sup>rd</sup> TVH3 run), he was also instrumental in the creation of Stannary Hash many years ago.

Tampax was awarded Tart of the Week for trying to pay for his run with a 20-cent euro.

**BREAKING NEWS>> BREAKING NEWS>> BREAKING NEWS>> BREAKING NEWS>>**  
Gannet couldn't finish her "massive" fish supper; Dogcatcher's disappointment was palpable when his food arrived. He thought he had ordered a burger ('Mini-Mac and Cheese') only to find it was macaroni cheese. Dogcatcher was last seen munching through a packet of crisps whilst Naughty Boy and Good Head polished off the pasta. Dodo was somewhat perplexed when his chips and gravy arrived looking more like chip soup.



Dirty Oar, meanwhile, had trouble getting her mouth around her edible arrival, it was sooo big, more like a door stop for an aircraft hangar.

News is that Stannary Hash drove out locals at the Whitchurch Inn recently and aren't welcome to return. As we are there next week, we need to be on our best behaviour.

Commando will be jumping out of a plane on 17<sup>th</sup> July (presumably with a parachute), to raise money for VSO, Leukaemia and Muscular Dystrophy). If you would like to sponsor her, go to her Just Giving Page (Julie Williams and Graham Parker).

**AND FINALLY**, if you are interested in a hash camping weekend in the Brecon Beacons on the 9<sup>th</sup>, 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> August 2019, see Fergie.