

**Grand Master**  
Simon Snowdon (Slush)

**Joint Masters**  
Steve Statham (Krakow)

Mo Rujak (On All Fours)

**Scribe Master**  
Angela Sykes (Gannet)

**Hasherdabber**  
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)

**Hash Horn**  
Alan Eddie (Pist 'N' Broke)



**Chamber Pots**  
Hayley Trower (Nine-Inch)

Bruce Trower (Ernie)

**On Sec**  
Paul Ames (Aimless)

**Hash Cash**  
Paul Waters (Stopcock)

**Hare Master**  
Kate Glanville (Biff)

**Hash Flash**  
Elena Stamp (Come Forward)

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville  
**Hereditary Pee'ers**

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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**Next Run No: 1737**

**Date: 14.10.13**

**Start: Who'd have thought it. St. Dominick**

**On Down: Who'd have thought it .St.Dominick.**

**Hares: Tampax and Nashers**

Psycho reporting on Lost and Blossom's hash that didn't go up Pew Tor.

This was a hash where you got what it said on the tin. A Lost Blossom run, and we got lost and it was floury. We'll not lost in a physical sense, as we knew where we were e.g. Devon, UK, planet Earth etc. and we were on dust but we went round and round in circles, more lost in thought, lost our marbles and lost as in what am I doing with my life. Actually being 'lost' in the dark with 3 knights in shining head torches Brad, On All Fours, and Nipple Deep...are you hashettes now lost in fantasy? My daughter, Rosie, meanwhile was 'lost' with Hobo, Ernie and Russ Abbott... should I be concerned? Who were you 'lost' with? Can't Remember was 'accosted' by a farmer concerned about old dogs running wild, but Ruby, who actually is a dog, reassured him. She does pet therapy if you need some.

Meanwhile we started at pew tor but didn't actually go up Pew tor. Lost you are too clever for us, we are like hefted sheep, we *always* go up Pew tor. So the longs and those with 'wobbly' navigation did (Tampax and Rosie's owner n.b. this Rosie is a dog) until Whinge put his underpants on the outside of his lycras, donned a cape and rescued the lot of them... Fantasies... it's what we psychos do.

Speaking of which I had the whole hash mag pre-written, you know how you do. A whole Psycho special on the hush; the naming ceremony to be precise. How throngs of hashers with nice polite, witty names, abbreviations of their sur-name or subtle plays on words and their profession and the like, project their wildest fantasies on to some poor unsuspecting youth. Using Freudian free association, Sir Snowy-Slushy-Sloshy has them cathartically barking 'Anal vice', 'Dictus erectus', 'Bend over Bambi' etc. This was a great wheeze for a hash mag, loads of psycho babble mileage in that I thought. Anna Freud eat your heart

out. Referrals to Ruby for therapy even. (Note if there is a real name Rosie or Ruby etc. it probably refers to a mutt or is spoken by a mother). But heaven forbid for the first time ever, EVER in 25 years of hashing, we had a beautiful rendition of a national anthem. What is going on? I didn't understand a word of it, Well Laid thinks, Shrink and Shrek have been in Cornwall and learnt a new Kernow folk tune.

E Ihowa Atua O ngā iwi mātou rā, āta whakarongo na; Me aroha noa. Kia hua ko te pai; Kia tau tō atawhai; Manaakitia mai Aotearoa.

We responded with a Hash Hakka. Hurricane, the veritable Mr. Tumble of Hash Hakkas, will demonstrate all the actions at the slightest provocation. We also in a very sensible way learned it was not advisable to cycle across the moor on the darkside. Sensibly welcomed 9 Inch to her new role as Chamber Pot, I like a girl who knows how to party on the committee. And sensibly donated via Krackov a large cheque to St. Luke's hospice. Well it was a big bit of paper, I didn't see the sum but Julie Appointed, my friend in finance, tells me when that happens to her she just says a cheque for a 'very large sum' was kindly donated by men wearing red dresses in bogs. Actually the last bit is fantasy... they only wore the red dresses once... and it was damned lucky we didn't end up in casualty. We also very sensibly and sincerely wished happy wedding and happy ever after to Luffly and Henry. Luffly says he's Mr. Perfect but they will be Mr and Mrs. Thornton by the time you read this. Thorntons.... I free associate to the word chocolate. Don't you?

Random notes are:

Hot Rocks was on his way to Guernsey at 4 a.m.

Bill asked Blossom 'How much is stupid steak?' Now how stupid is that? Lost -your wife is a vegetarian. At least he didn't say 'how much is steak stupid'.

There is a barn dance and Gannet, SW spelling champ, asked me, get this *asked me how to spell* Kayleigh. She obviously doesn't move in the same youthful circles as me, you can spell it K.Lee too or even Céilidh and Céilí but that is just ridiculous.

By the time you read this we'll have raised our glasses to remember hashers past at the Brown Gin run. We'll also be working out just how to tell the Sat Nav Who'd have thought it St. Dominick is not a rhetorical question or road or mis-spelling of Dominic no matter what Gannet says about spelling Kay-Lea. We will also be at the semi final of the Great British Bake Off. One of the highlights of my year. So hashers, get ready, get set and BAKE!

High energy bars for hungry hashers & those who soothe the soul with chocolate.

150g butter

220g dark chocolate

250g digestive biscuits

200g soft light brown sugar

300g crunchy peanut butter

1 teaspoon vanilla extract

20cm square tin lined (with some spare paper /foil around the edge)

Melt the butter. Blitz the biscuits in a blender (or put in a plastic bag & whack with a rolling pin). Mix up the biscuit crumbs, vanilla, peanut butter and tip into to the melted butter & combine. Press it into the tin with the back of a spoon 'til it is compact and compressed. Melt the chocolate and pour it over the mix. Chill for 30 min in freezer and 1 hour in a fridge. Divide into to16 squares; keep in an air tight box. Ho ho! cakes in boxes?

Good grief!

p.s. for sale loads of GCSE revision guides and 3 good GCSE Science text books (AQA) See Physico!

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers