

**Grand Master**

Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)

**Joint Masters**

Angela Sykes (Gannet)

Sarah Jones (Pony)

**Scribe Master**

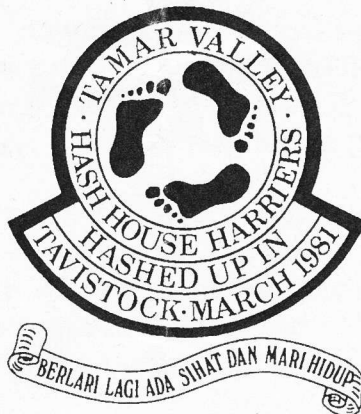
Stirling Way (Spike)

**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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**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk**Next Run No: 2045****Date: 14<sup>th</sup> October 2019.****Start: The Elephants Nest - Hornden****On Down: The Elephants Nest - Hornden****Hares: Fergie Commando****Scribe: Gannet.**

Dear oh dear - 22 "runners" and 8 people sitting it out in the pub!

I read last week's Hash Mag with interest, partly the bit about me stuffing dead animals but more interestingly the list of hashers who missed the hash and went straight to the pub. Posh Pinny, Biff, K2 and Glanni.

Before we set off on a warm and humid hash Spike told me I was 3 weeks late for my turn to scribe and that it was definitely my turn that night. When we got to the pub after a lovely hash who did I see there, dressed and fresh as Daisies? Posh Pinny, Biff, K2, (also Chopper, Raunchy, Hurricane and Mudsucker). The excuse given in last week's mag was "IT'S RAINING". The excuse given again on Monday - "IT'S RAINING". This has got to stop. At the very least you need to pay your money and go for a short walk. Its good for you and good for the TVH3 coffers. The weather had been horrible and rained all day but come time for the hash the rain stopped, and it was great. Wobbly had had a stressful day waiting for a courier but still managed to get out in the foul weather and set us a great hash.

Windy and Racey turned up and ran, all be it a bit jet lagged from their latest holiday in the 'States. Windy gave me a fantastic tip for dealing with Cougars. He said that if you find yourself face to face with a Cougar that's been following and stalking you the thing to do is "stare them out". The last Cougar I met wanted me to buy her a drink and go back to her place, but I'll bow to Windy's greater experience in these matters and try staring her out next time.

Chopper's excuse for missing the hash was rather intimate, but as he told me I think he must have indirectly given his consent for me to put it in the hash mag. That's the way I understood it anyway. It turns out that Raunchy has some competition for his "physical attention". Chopper has met a nice young gentleman student called Sam.

Sam has turned Choppers head from Raunchy by covering his (Choppers) legs in oil and going in very deep. I believed he was telling me about a consensual sexual relationship between two men. If he tries to tell you it was a very deep sports massage from a Marjons student getting some practice he's lying.

On the subject of manly relationships, I was told about a wild fantasy that Scrotie had abandoned his imagination to whilst out on the hash. He had apparently been openly discussing his desire to see Spike down on the floor doing press ups whilst Nipple Deep was on his back covered in baby oil. That was how the story was relayed to me. I expect that there's a perfectly innocent explanation.

On a sensible note, a warm welcome to brand new hasher Josh Bridger who came along with Half Pint and Arthur the dog. He came all the way from Okehampton to slip and slide up and down the hills. Respect.

Congratulations to Footloose for getting her new job at Lewtrenchard Manor. I didn't find out exactly what she was going to be doing but you just know it's going to be done with enthusiasm and a smile.

There were no birthdays last week but Pony and the absent Anal Vice celebrated their birthdays on Saturday 5<sup>th</sup> October.

**All you need is love.**

Love, love, love

Love, love, love

Love, love, love

There's nothing you can do that can't be done

Nothing you can sing that can't be sung

Nothing you can say, but you can learn how to play the game

It's easy

Nothing you can make that can't be made

No one you can save that can't be saved

Nothing you can do, but you can learn how to be you in time

It's easy

All you need is love

All you need is love

All you need is love, love

Love is all you need

All you need is love

All you need is love

All you need is love, love

Love is all you need

There's nothing you can know that isn't known

Nothing you can see that isn't shown

There's nowhere you can be that isn't where you're meant to be

It's easy

All you need is love

All you need is love

All you need is love, love

Love is...

**On On.**