

**Grand Master**  
Jerry Rikeard (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:** 2043

**Date:** 30 Sept 19

**Start:** Lane End, near Buckland Monachorum, Grid Ref: SX491697

**On Down:** The Drake Manor Inn, Buckland Monachorum

**Hares:** Wobbly Knob

**Scribe:** tbc

## Plympton Tarts Hash Report

So, there you are... That's it.

Meanwhile I can report in a little more detail there was an interesting meeting. The fall out and actions arising from which were actually jolly exciting, if not worthwhile and almost certain to produce wonderful results. I'd like to keep you up to date with developments but the Official Secrets Act 1989 kinda prevents me from divulging too much.

However, it was confirmed that Tinky-Winky, Laa-Laa and Po are not subject to any Diversity and Inclusion scam. However, Dipsy had better keep a low profile. This by the way has nothing to with TVH3, it was just something to report and fill up space normally utilised for scribing about the wonderful, free-flowing Hash the previous week. In this case, around Deancombe Farm, Down Tor and Newcombe Lake (for some - others wrapped to do their own thing, or just wrapped).

So, I'm sitting here procrastinating, putting the inevitable off – that being to scribe. "Why oh why was it this week?" It's no good, I'm gonna have to do it, so here goes....

The Kennel was pretty much kept together due to the challenge presented by not being able to find thimbles of flour. Finding blacked up marines in full combat armour was a breeze by contrast. On a plus note, we all got back safely having taken various routes back, so that's all lovely then.

At the On Down (which was a bit of a surprise to the pub) everyone spoke heartily of what they'd done over the weekend. Slush had gone motor-crossing, while those that supported Spike's cross-country ride had a wail of a time under Saturday's stupendous sun; up there on Birch Tor then over to Hookney and Hambledown Tors. Other exciting events undertaken by us motely crew included trips to B+Q, the Beach, Gardening, Bush trimming and Sainsbury's – but not bush trimming in



BREXIT ELECTION CAMPAIGN

Sainsbury's because that would be uncouth! Lidl maybe, but definitely not Sainsbury's and certainly not Waitrose!

I'm distracting myself... apologies....

The Burrator Arms were the saviours of the day, being able to quickly pull out the stops to feed and water us – which was noted by GM during Hash Hush. Before that, Good Head recalled hearing someone prophesising as we set off from Norsworthy Bridge, "This is going to be shit". While Posh Pinny upon receiving receipts for Beer, Lemonade and Wet wipes from Mudsucker giggled imagining what on earth?!?!? Hand-shandies perhaps? Sturmeroid reported that while atop Down Tor he almost gave birth to a Haemorrhoid with laughter watching us run hither and thither as if aimlessly searching for something that wasn't there. To finish up, CONGRATULATIONS to Raunchy on starting her Uni Course... her excitement is infectious, so I'm sure we all wish her the very best of luck.

The Hash Hush was (initially) noisily received – meaning no one was listening. But all drew quiet as Sister Sludge was awarded, 'Tart of the Week', for doing her own thing by completing a Burrator Lap!! After much guffawing, order was sharply restored for Bat to be called forward to receive her 700 Hash trophy. "Yeahhhh, well done Bat", was cheered. Though we were most curious to know who the model for the Gnome's arse was. If anyone has an idea, please keep it to yourself 😊 With all business taken care of, the Hash Hush was brought to a close and off we jolly well went. Back to spinning gash dits and drinking further beer.

Meanwhile the Damage Control Committee sat to discuss... Stuff; including...



The **Brown Gin** Run  
21<sup>st</sup> October

To be followed by an Auction to raise funds for



So please bring **CASH** for this worthy cause. It'll be a non-too serious affair, with plenty of items, novelties (including, Fodder and Abbott, 2019, *Hash Trails We've Laid*,) and experiences (caving with Dog-Catcher, Motorbiking with Dildo Baggins and finger painting with Slush for instance) to bid for. Remember, "You gotta be in it to win it".

Commando did wax lyrical about Mud Wrestling (naked)? Spluttering in my pint I did a double-take, but the moment had passed. Typical bloke eh?!

No doubt we had a blast tonight. An expertly laid trail, with magnificent views in the dark and supremely marshalled by our very own Mr and Mrs GM. Thank you in advance.

Deep thought for the day:

When you clean a vacuum cleaner, you become a vacuum cleaner.

On On