

Grand Master
Jess Hilton (Raunchy)
Joint Masters
Stirling Way Spike
Paul Ames (Aimless)
Scribe Master
Paul Waters (Stopcock)
Hasherdabber
Heather Smyly Sister Sludge)
Hash Horn
Paul Storey (On the Khazi)
Beer Master
Charlotte Watson (Footloose)



Chamber Pots
Diann Davis (Can't Remember)
Simon Snowdon (Slush)
On Sec
Chris Hall (Squits)
Hash Cash
Jon McGurk (Nipple Deep)
Hare Master
Brian Martin (Naughty Boy)
Hash Flash
Paul Glanville (Glani)

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: 1940

Date: 2/10/17

Start: Lifton Hall Hotel Car park, Lifton

On Down: Lifton Hall Hotel

Hares: Fergie

Scribe: Nipple Deep

Mayo: Drive time comes and it's time to On Home.

Do you listen to Simon Mayo on Radio 2? Confessions? Well here is the confession. I have been diagnosed with a specific hearing loss. I specifically cannot hear cuckoos and owls, much to the merriment of Hob Nob who jumps behind me and shouts 'cuckoo'. But of course I can hear that because he's not a cuckoo. This some-what unseasonal confession, for which I seek forgiveness from the Scribes and Religious Advisors and hash collective, is I have been making the most terrible Freudian slips for which I beg your forgiveness. I was under the impression you all thought I was a 'Psycho' but it was that nice Welshman Lamb Saver urging me to cycle faster 'On On! Biko!'.

Anyway Run no: 1938 began at Long Hash Car Park. The Hare began by shaking out an empty box of flour, that's probably why he's called Supper Tucker. Meanwhile his mate Kissed a Bloke, chose the right night spot for that. Canny, our resident Park Ranger, is quite liberal and as long as it's monogamous. Cue that drive time muppet song 'Mn num num nah nah dah da ha', and conversation ensued of other words we can't say; Saltash Passage, Subliminally, Malmerby.

At the start I was greeted by Slush. He is known for chopping off his fingers and loves dressing as a pirate so when I saw a captain hook like prosthetic hanging out of his shirt sleeve I was not surprised. He told me it was his 'Naughty Person Stick'mmm cheeky! Damn Tax, and I took this as the cue to start walking. I cringe to think I've been shouting a brand of sanitary wear, across the countryside far and wide for 3 decades when attracting the attention of this fine country gent. Anyway we, the partially hearing and partially sighted (he's had a detached retina), were soon flanked by the partially deluded Plympton Tarts. Cannon Fodder is off on his hols to Florida.

He's so used to being told 'F.O. Cannon Fodder' he doesn't realise it's the Foreign Office calling about Irma's, Marias and other combinations of the letters MRSA. Camping courtesy of Shelter Box might suit him. He's been in the forces I've heard (sometimes specific hearing loss let's one down).

We didn't see any hares but 43 hashers and lots of hounds. Izzy Argles making a biennial appearance with her brother Arthur Dent from the distant galaxy we know as Oxbridge. Fergie's hounds Hindi and Rosary, Mayhem's Jimmy, who ate my bag because it smells of cats. Jimmy that's just rude. And the hound that melts my heart Skye, (with an E says Milko with an O). He wanted a blue flashing light for her but could only get a red one. She is a bit of a damsel in distress and was carried home by Milko in a fireman's lift. Ahh.

At the pub thank you for your concern about my husband's Wobbly Job. Despite rumours; he is not retired or redundant but just fantasising about it; a common condition in the public sector. Although I might be the last to hear of course but I can safely say he does go off with Mayhem all day, comes home tired and money comes into the bank account. Food was served. Von Trap ate Charlotte's sausage (whoops), snooze and you lose Footloose. Dave, who has allergies, went off on one yelling 'DAMN IT! Pie and Chips. 'DAMN IT!'. His wife kindly devoured it for him like a hungry sea bird. So to the G.M. shout. Jess who was not wearing a dress this week, made Ginger Bodger drink a pint of clear fluid. He is more accustomed to vodka so pure Dartmoor Spring water was a bit of a shock. Lost has lost a splinter in his foot ... this required the full services of A& E on a Saturday night thereby Blossom missing 2 parties. He must have a big foot.

Hash Home-work Sucks! *(more Drive time Radio 2 for those who work or are young)*

Why does the land at Long Hash undulate so? Lump, bump puddle in such a rhythmical fashion? Canny, our resident archaeologist, says it could be 1920 road works, medieval ridge and furrow farming or pre-historic practices. As truth has many versions opinions also sought from resident geologists and agriculturalists, 'Can't remember' and Grandpa Chestache who may. All preparation for the:

Hash Quiz. Nov 4th 7p.m.
Clearbrook Village Hall (no why fies)
Please bring a dish of food to share
BYO Drink

Finally in my jotter I found notes from a 2011 scribing venture in some woods near Lockett. Canny our resident tree expert, said they had Phytophthora Sporulate. Aimless had completed The Polaris. Angela and Sarah said 'It was too long, too hard and too sweaty', Wobbly was safely ashore after the 3 peaks race and Barney Rubble had lost a shoe with a vibrating sole.

This week Krakov has some pretty new shoes! Hah! Is there a connection?

On On Biko! (thank you those who came to the gig club barn dance)

Audiologist report.

Naughty Person Stick= Multi-purpose stick used by builders with an inbuilt torch function often confused with a pirate's prosthetic limb.