

Grand Master
 Roger Thorn (Pimp)
Joint Masters
 Julie Gitlin (Dirty Oar)
 Bill Stacey- Norris (Lost)
Scribe Master
 Steve Davis (Hurricane)
Hasherdabber
 Ben Towe (Good Head)
Hash Horn
 Damian Weaver (Omen)



Chamber Pot
 Hayley Sampson (H)
On Sec
 David Sykes (Scrotum)
Hash Cash
 Sarah Cohen (Fergie)
Hare Master
 Simon Snowdon (Slush)
Hash Flash
 Paul Waters (Stopcock)
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: 1997
Date: 12 Nov 2018
Start: Plymbridge Road – near Wrigley's
On Down Lopes Arms, Roborough village
Hares: Plympton Tarts
Scribe: promised not to tell, double secret !

The winters tale (Bill shakespeare)

Well, ~~how cool extra cool~~ ultra cool, It was on the cold side of freezing ! (273.15 K)
 Daddy turned up with Glazunov Op.67 blaring from the CD just in time to hear Giani talk about no walls, no fences and only a few river crossings which was probably not true but you just cant tell with Giani, he`s devious like that. Daddy said Giani reminded him of E.W. Korngolds famous ballet suite written when he was only 11 year old.

A shortish, flatish, coldish, checkish, zigzagish sort of Hash with 2 river (stream) crossing at the end for those in need. Maximum altitude gained during hash 1.2 m, which is a little less than the Rigi I climbed on holiday (1,365m)

Giani remained in control all the way though telling peoples where to go, where not to go, which way to go, which way not to go (reminds me of that famous yank who said "if you see a fork in the road, take it") when to run, when to check. etc etc etc etc its so PC nowadays, your not even allowed to get lost, not like the god old days I remember of being out for hours with my father searching for hashers lost or in need of help.

I don't like to say as its probably defined as mental mis-appropriation but out there tonight there was `Deranged` (shorts and t-shirt). `Challenged` (t-shirt and leggings), `Cautious` (jacket and leggings), and `Paranoid` everything plus mittens, wooly hat and thermal (I don't care, still best friends, but you all know who you are). Me, I opted for the extreme Lucy Walker (1871) style, skirt and boots but after I caught up with Psycho et al. I was told to go and sit in the car and weight. I tried thinking heavily but it didn't seem to work.

As typical of a Giani hash (or so gnashers said) it was laid on a circuit never more than 20 yards from another part of the hash so there was lots of to-ing and fro-ing with hashers never sure if they were lost, checking, shortcutting, on, or on a check back)

Someone back at the bucket after the hash described it as a night at the opera, The start was very Tchaikovsky Symphony # 1 ish as you lot plowed off into the night to the strains of Holst and his planets (Jupiter was out there in the inky blackness along with cassiopeia) and when they split into 2 groups she said it reminded her of Borodin`s Symph # 1 & 2. which confused a number of less well trained hashers

When you all came back I just stayed in the car and cogitated till we *Zoooomed* off to the London Inn via a bit of bumpy green stuff but once we got back on the road it was ok.

At the London Inn (that`s the pub with the slow bar service) Commando bounded through the door looking like Nanook of the North in fur lined parka but with a normal complexion rather than the `chilled to the marrow` look of others which gave the game away that she didn`t run, followed quickly by Good Head, whose hands were so numb, he let his pint slip from his digits and spilled it all over Tracy`s leggings.

Pimp turned vegan for the night, I know as he was wandering around asking people for dates, I`ll bring some for him next week.

He also expounded (orally) about our new hero of the week . . . Glarni . . .but the words were coming out too fast for me to write down.

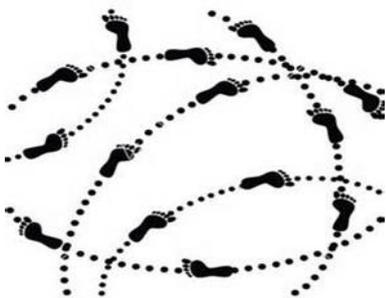
Gannet was with glazed eyes and `en-rapture` and was repeatedly muttering `Its just Luuuurve` but to me it just looked like ham, egg and chips.

Birthdays were cacophonied to Breezy and Hurricane in the usual manner.

Hash flash was also on the list for glorifications and congratulations for his outstanding achievement of actually having a camera this week, Stopcock decided to show everyone what he could do with it by flashing at everyone and pretending it was important and that he knew what it meant. My father has a camera as well and has lots of pictures of his left ear in his album.

My father (same one as above) bought me a new book called Englysh diktionery to read and its brilliant, not a good story line but at least its all explained as you go, my favourite word so far is :- Apophenia, once you start checking this out it all falls naturally into place.

friends forever



Footloose (me)

Hash errata of a more serious note :-

Our thoughts are with Hobo and Miss this week as they are both quite poorly