

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: 1943

Date: 23rd October 2017

Start: Plymbridge Car Park, Wrigley's side.

On Down: See website.

Hare: Spike.

Scribe: Underlay.

Thank-you to Ernie and Mayhem for a cracking hash all around Bickleigh and the woods. I certainly ran down various slopes and through woodland I'd never covered before. No one got lost or badly injured so a pretty good evening really. We were warned before we set off that the "long" was quite long and it was.

This seems like a suitable time to say thank-you to all the Hashers who volunteer each week to get out there and set the hashes. None of these Monday night shenanigans would happen without you.

Back at the pub (The White Thorn again, and slightly improved) I did my best to record things of note, but as usual all of my one word reminders are meaningless now. Embarrister was saying something about having or getting a ginger pussy, she also received her 100 runs (Hashes) Tea pot. Congratulations. I was jokingly asking Arguilles whether he had a Wikipedia page devoted to him yet and he said he didn't, but did have an entry in Burke's Peerage. I looked him up when I got home. The whole family are there!

One of the great things about righting the hash mag is you can wright about anything you want and can include all sorts of harf-troofs and errurs. This though is a true story about getting a takeaway pizza.

Last week I finished work later than usual and picked up G-String who had also been working late at collage. Pony was away. It was late and I didn't have any quick or simple ideas for tea. We stopped off on the way home to get a takeaway pizza. As we waited in the shop for it to cook I started thinking about how lucky I was. Here I was driving home from work in a car and could, on a whim, call in to a takeaway and buy a freshly made pizza.

So many of the things we do, we don't even think about, let alone wonder at how lucky and privileged we are. Let me expand a little. First of all I was returning from work; I've got a job, a way to get money to swap for other things. That's lucky. I could have no job and be struggling to make ends meet with all the worry and stress that comes with that. I could have a horrible, exhausting job that makes me ill where I get paid next to nothing like some children on this planet.

I was driving home in a car. That's lucky. Lots of people don't have cars and if you look at the population of the planet most people will never own a car.

All the way home I was going to drive on a nice smooth road covered in tarmac. When the road gets damaged the council will fix it. (Maybe not straight away.) It won't become impassable when it rains. When I got home I was going to walk into a house, streetlights lighting my way. If I had been born in another country I might have been walking along the side of a muddy field in the dark to a sheet of plastic with nothing but the clothes on my back. Tens of thousands of Rohingya people will do that tonight.

On my way home I wasn't going to be stopped at a militia roadblock and asked to prove who I was, I wouldn't have to pay a bribe or fear for my life or have a gun shoved in my face just to get home. There are countries where that is an everyday occurrence.

When I went in through my front door it was going to be warm and dry and clean. I would reach out my hand and turn on the light. That's fantastic, instant light. Lots of people don't have that, when the sun goes down it's the light of a flame for millions of people.

I've got chairs to sit on and a table to eat at. If I didn't pick up the pizza I could look at the food in the cupboards or the fridge or the freezer and make something. I wouldn't go to bed hungry. Millions of people do go to bed hungry. How amazingly lucky and privileged I am? G-String and I would eat our pizza whilst watching the TV in the front room. How lucky is that? We have more than one room in the house and we have a TV. After we had eaten I would make us a cup of tea. I would go into the kitchen and turn a tap and clean safe drinking water would come straight out. 24 hours a day I can go to the tap and clean, ready to drink, water comes out. Not everyone has that. I wouldn't have to walk outside into the middle of the village to the communal tap, or miles to a water hole, I've got clean water in the house. For so many people that's just a dream. The next bit would be beyond comprehension. There's another tap next to the cold one. If I turn that one, HOT water comes out. For billions of people we share this planet with that is not far short of a miracle.

I would boil the water for our cup of tea in a kettle in about 1 minute. I wouldn't have to light a fire first. Before I go to bed I could have a shower and use the toilet. Two more miracles. Did you know that today about 950,000,000 people (just short of a billion) don't have access to a toilet and every day use the great outdoors to relieve themselves with all the dangers and disease that come with that? When I got into bed it would have a mattress and pillows and warm clean covers and nothing would bite me whilst I slept apart from the odd Dartmoor tick. If I got sick I could go to hospital and all the treatment I would need would already be paid for through my taxes. The list of good fortune goes on and on. Education, access to food from around the world in the supermarket, washing machines, it's all amazing.

The more you think about it the more you realise how lucky and privileged we are to have all these things that are so ordinary to us that we barely consider them. We have all these things because we were born in a wealthy, stable, democratic country. A privilege of our accident of birth. That's incredibly lucky. We hit the jackpot of places on the planet to be born.

It's no wonder that families and individuals are willing to risk everything, including their lives, to join us. I know that it's not perfect and there are all sorts of things that could be better. I know that for many people things are not easy, but you have to admit that over all we're a pretty fortunate lot.

When all these all these things had whizzed through my head whilst I waited for my Pizza I turned to G-String and put my arm round his shoulder. I smiled at him and said "we're so lucky" and then tried to explain it all to him. He just smiled, rolled his eyes, and probably thought "my crazy dad's off again".

On On my lovely fellow hashers, thanks for putting up with me.

Hash Quiz. Nov 4th 7p.m. Clearbrook Village Hall). Bring a dish of food to share & B.Y.O. drink.

Remember, one tap with cold clean water and another one with HOT water.

A miracle we don't even think about!