

Grand Master
Sarah Cohen (Fergie)
Joint Master
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)
Scribe Master
Jake Boswijk (Ginger Nuts)
Hash Grogpot
Roger Smyly (Cabin Boy)
Hash Horn
Matt Hampe (Chopper)
Webmaster
Roger Thorn (Pimp)



Chamber Pot
Nicky Pratten (Underlay)
Hash Whipper-In
Paul Glanville (Glan)
Hash Cash
Alan Eddie (Pist 'N' Broke)
Hare Master
Diann Davis (Can't Remember)
Hash Flash
Ann Marcer (K2)
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: Pseudo Hash Run No 8

Date: 11th May 2020

Start: Wherever you want it to be

On Down: Your Living Room

Hares: Yourself

Scribe:

Hash Monday 27th April 2020

The story of humankind starts as a footprint in the Rift Valley and leads on to a track, a trail, a path, a lane, a road, a motorway, a vapour trail. We got on our hind legs, shaded our eyes and thought I wonder ...

So, onto last Monday. Let's just look back and see who was out for a makeshift hash run:



Hob Knob's Strava. Most devious hash Hob Knob (and Wobbly)

Also, Racey Tracy, Windy, Well Laid, Naughty Boy, Cabin Boy, Glani, Biff, Uncle, Biking Lost, Hob Knob & Wobbly and Hurricane and possibly others unknown.



Naughty Boy's Strava, most stick like

Well done all for getting out. Are any of you ploughing a lonely furlough?

This social distancing is certainly changing our lifestyles. Biff and I have taken to watching box sets back to back, luckily, I'm the one facing the TV.

We're all having to make do with using a lot less, minimalism, well, it's the least we could do.

Payments are now mainly contactless, just like a bachelor's sex life.

The Flat Earth Society are worried that with all the social distancing, it might push some people over the edge.

'Theiyr're'- take that hash grammar nazis.

I finally understand why dogs get excited when someone passes by the window.

Has anyone tried the new NHS phone diagnostic service? 'Can you describe the symptoms?' 'Yes, Homer's a fat bloke and Marge has blue hair.'

Have been having a problem with weight so I phoned, and they said, 'don't eat anything fatty'. 'What, like a fried breakfast?' 'No, don't eat anything, Fatty!'

Finally getting to use the surplus toilet paper. Having diarrhoea is like a closing down sale, everything must go.

I'm finding I have to sleep on old hash mags, I've got back issues. And, since I had my neck-brace fitted, I've not looked back.

It's been nice to have time to reflect and just be:

'Oh! 'Tis pleasant with a heart of ease,
To make the shifting clouds be what we please'

I might be accused of plagiarising Coleridge but that's his words not mine.

So, to the post hash DIY On Down Zoom which consisted of an indoor scavenger hunt, ably organised by Commando and fairly judged by Fergie. Various items asked for such as something flashing, something you can blow and something that can be used a face mask. The game was won by Pist 'n' Broke who received his prize through the post:



Finally, Trump believes the germ is so clever he's now focussing on flattering the curve ... and if you have to be told not to inject or ingest bleach, the virus is not your biggest problem!