

**Grand Master**

Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)

**Joint Masters**

Angela Sykes (Gannet)

Sarah Jones (Pony)

**Scribe Master**

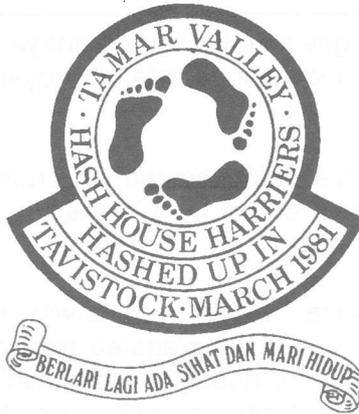
Stirling Way (Spike)

**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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House-Harriers -114194325261427

**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk**Next Run No: 2041****Date: 16<sup>th</sup> September 2019****Start: Norsworthy Bridge****On Down: Burrator Inn****Hares: Cannon Fodder and Russ Abbott (Plympton Tarts)****Scribe: Spike**

## The Wines of the Dordogne Valley

The art of growing and tasting wine is one of the most distinctive features of French culture. The Romans were the first to introduce wine into the Dordogne Valley, benefitting from the sunny weather and the warmth of the area.

Nowadays, thousands of Appellation wines – red, rosé, dry and sweet white – are produced throughout the valley, from the hills of the upper Quercy down to the Gironde, opposite the great châteaux of the Médoc.

*In this week's newsletter, we asked Good Head, one of our regular contributors, the usual incredibly privileged, white, middle class, university educated male of British origin, to provide us with an insight into one of the lesser known vineyards of the Dordogne Valley, the Alder Vineyard, near Bergerac. Read on below for Good Head's rather unusual visit in the early Autumn sunshine.*

### About Alder Wines



Alder Vineyard

Alder Vineyard is set in the hills of the picturesque Dordogne region. Currently spanning two acres of French countryside, it is home to over 3,500 vines. The family have been living on the Alder Estate for well over 100 years. Since planting the very first vines in 2009, they have established two varieties of grapes which are already producing award winning wines across France and Europe.

Having visited many of the Dordogne's better known vineyards in recent years, I was fascinated to explore the environs of one of its upcoming talents, a vineyard that offers more than a simple bottle of vin blanc to its lucky guests.

My visit coincided with a well-being evening, hosted and organised by owner Bob Westlake (lovingly known as Grandpa) and some gruff ex-pat from Yorkshire, in England (Scupper Sucker) and his mate Piston Broke.

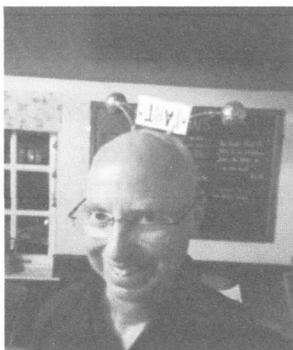
As I arrived in the courtyard entrance, I was presented with a rather peculiar sight. An array of lycra clad ladies, gentlemen and children, all congregated and ready to 'feel good'. Taking one of the regulars aside, I asked what this was all about. 'It's the hash', she replied. 'We do it every year. We run around the vineyard, on a pre-set trail and give our bodies a good going over. Meanwhile, all the vibrations from our yomping about causes some strange reaction within the grapes. Grandpa reckons it gets the juices in the grapes to develop their unique fizz. It's the special ingredient that makes the wine what it is!'

Fascinated by this extraordinary narrative, I decided to join these 'hashers' as they leapt off in search of 'dust'. Up hills and down dales, over gates and under leafy branches, we galloped through woods and meadows and vineyards, of course.

Though running was an important factor in the evening's events, there was some room for social interaction and I used this opportunity to garner the thoughts of some of my fellow athletes. A hairy chap called Nipple Deep was less than amused with 'nice guy' hasher, Stop Cock, proclaiming that 'the worm had turned' when Stop Cock led him up a steep and hilly check back. One experienced hasher, 78 year old Scrotey, reckoned the hares had been playing foul or were simply incompetent, following some confusion over a long/short divide or some such nonsense. Another elderly hasher, Slushy, thought he heard a deer in the woods. Speaking of the older generation, one young hasher, Footloose, commented to me that Pimp 'ran so fast'. Following this statement up with the aforementioned Pimp, it was clear that it had been a long time since he'd last run, let alone fast! However, throughout the evening, I was struck by the sense of camaraderie, empathy and unity shared by this disparate group of people. Gnasher, another experienced hasher summed up the run by exclaiming that though it was 'hot, steamy and sweaty', it was 'worth the drive out!'

As with all such small scale enterprises in this part of rural France, Grandpa has had to offer more than simple wine as a lure to this remote, yet remarkable retreat. Situated in a stone outbuilding, was a final, welcome treat. Encouraged by two youthful hashers, I was ushered into the joys of a rather warm and wonderful indoor swimming pool. Splashing about with the future torchbearers of the hashing world, I reflected on the rather lovely evening I'd enjoyed in the company of these weird and wonderful people. And as I joined them in the local café afterwards, as tradition apparently dictates, I suddenly realised that not a single sip of wine had passed my lips all evening. Now if that isn't a sign of intoxication, I don't know what is. Alder Vineyard: A small piece of French heaven!

#### In Other News:



- The hash auction (in aid of Devon Air Ambulance) will take place on 21<sup>st</sup> October. All offers to Gannet. Two mystery parcels are up for grabs, one fab and one crap! Underlay has also advised that Well Laid is also up for grabs but all bidders should be aware that he does come with a gout impediment...
- Tart of the week was Dodo, who's chopped his finger off. Finger crossed, it'll grow back...

Sur sur, Good Head