

**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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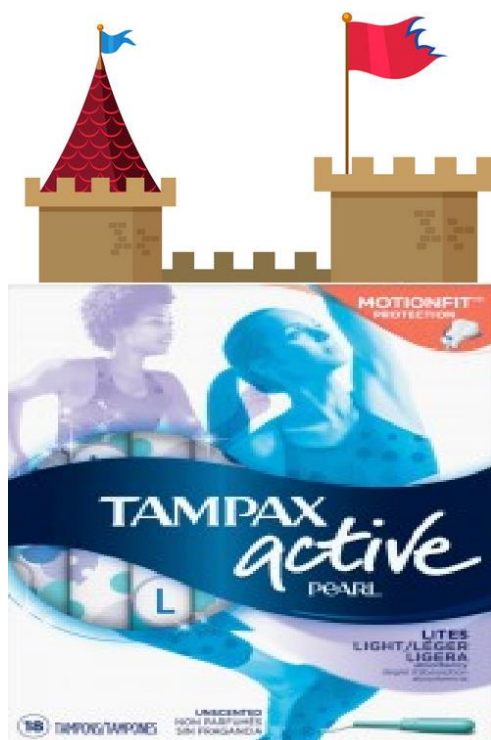
**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk

**Next Run No:** 2029  
**Date:** 24<sup>th</sup> June 2019  
**Start:** Burrator Arboretum - Grid Ref: SX568689  
**On Down:** Burrator Inn  
**Hares:** Glanni  
**Scribe:** Chopper / Raunchy

To not upset / irritate / cause offence to anyone I have filed the following as the Hash Mag....

On On

## Hash and BBQ at Tampax Towers



In perfect BBQ weather conditions, the massed TVH3 clan gathered for what became recognised as the best BBQ Hash since the last one at the Swilly of Dartmoor – Cadover Bridge.

In a scene of beauty, the quintessential Cornish idyll, the Hash were honoured to muster on the mown lawns of Tampax Towers, under the gathering storm clouds coming from foreign lands – Devon.

Tony took cash and names in his marquee while others regaled each other of tales of daring do on mountain bikes and garden parties. As 1930 came and went we continued in anticipation for the majestic (later than the usual late) entrance of his Holiness the Grand Master, as Biff flapped about not wanting to get her new rain jacket wet. The suggestion of perhaps tying it around her waist was met with, “It’s too big for my Bum..... bag”. So, no hope there then!

Once everyone had been registered, we set off with the promise of some shiggy, some wet, some dry... a lovely Hash then. However, it all could have quickly gone so wrong. Just moments after we’d set off Scupper Sucker was leading the pack and came across a ‘ye olde gate’ that absolutely baffled him. He pulled, he twisted, and he turned the locking device but was completely befuddled by the technicality of it all. Thank goodness he doesn’t have anything to do with mechanical engineering – well, other than being a mechanical engineering project manager with a well-known marine engineering company in Plymouth that maintains the Royal Navy (allegedly!). We’d still be there if it hadn’t been for Nipple Deep coming to the rescue and carrying out a very clever, precision manoeuvre called.... ‘Slide the latch across’. Yeeeahhh... we were free again 😊 Free to Hash wherever and whenever we please – just so long as you get permission from Landowners / Forestry Commission gurus / farmers / National Trust wardens / etc...



So, through fields of dreams we dashed, well actually we mostly skipped and tripped through fields of nettles; jumping, scratching and yelping as those without leggings were mercilessly penalised for being so brave, baring their wee white legs to the gnashing *Urtica dioica* – stingers – to most of us. Yeeeoouuch! They tingled (for a couple of days afterwards for me).

Up to his cunning stunts was Tampax (ably assisted by Omen) who were both keen to mislead and trick the Hash into taking wrong turns up hills and down dells while on the way to the Charity Trust Mill (or thereabouts) and beyond. Ancient bi-ways and highways were

traversed with twists and turns, as “Checkback” and “On on” was frequently called.

T’was in passing I did hear an ex-GM of certain regal bearing claim she wasn’t able to blow the Hash Horn very well; meanwhile DoDo was holding a trumpet!?!?! I guess what goes on Hash, stays on Hash, so please don’t take this any further.

We didn’t, because after 45 minutes the Hash was damp enough and headed back to Tampax Towers to be met by the welcome sights and heart-warming smells of BBQs being fired up. Spirits were not dampened by the rain (of which there was plenty) because everything was under cover... The Changing and Hanging out tent worked a treat, while alongside was the (what for a while) became the Smokehouse tent. It was in this that Delilah was caught warming his chipolata on the BBQ.. Oooherr???? Speaking of which Pist ‘n’ Broke said he really enjoyed the taste of Glanni’s sausage – I don’t care to imagine. (There’s something strange going on in that household!).

On On to the On Down. Thanks, and applause were given to Tampax, quickly followed by a Happy Birthday for his 75<sup>th</sup>. Fantastic eh? “Ace”, I’d say. Really.

“Tart of the Week” was given to K2 for being awarded the OBE for all her hard work with Children’s Charities and being a bloody good egg all round. So, Ladies, Gentlemen and Hashers, we have someone to look up to and admire. We’re all so very chuffed for you, “Well done Anne, bloody well done”.

So, Hash number 2027 was quite noteworthy:

- Dippy and Tonto turned up – great to see them again and of course to hear his cutting wit.
- For them to attend, Tampax put on his best Hash to date – despite it being too dry, too flat, with nothing to look at or do – other than dance around a few nettles.
- It was Tampax (and Kate’s) significant birthdays – but not the same.
- K2 was awarded her gong – and we are justifiably proud for her.

### Coming Up



Brecon Camping Weekend at  
Bishops Meadow caravan & camping park  
Friday 9th August - Sunday 11th August

See Dirty Oar / Naughty Boy for details

### Conundrum

Why was Tampax previously known as Lost Adjuster, when did the nom de plume change, and why?

On On 😊