

**Grand Master**  
 Roger Thorn (Pump)  
**Joint Maltsters**  
 Julie Gitlin (Dirty Oar)  
 Bill Stacey- Norris (Lost)  
**Scribe Pisser**  
 Steve Davis (Hurricane)  
**Hash-doer**  
 Ben Towe (Good Head)  
**Hash Porn**  
 Damian Weaver (Omen)



**Chamber Maid**  
 Kate Glanville (Biff)  
**On Sick**  
 David Sykes (Scrotum)  
**Hash Splash**  
 Sarah Cohen (Fergie)  
**Rabbit**  
 Simon Snowdon (Slush)  
**Hash Flasher**  
 Sam Bicknell (Well Shafted)

**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 Hash No:** 1978  
**Date:** 2<sup>nd</sup> July  
**Start:** Venford Reservoir  
**On Down:** The Forest Inn, Hexworthy  
**Hares:** Arguilles  
**Scribe:** Vampire Slayer

Upon arrival in Russia, the England Football Team – keen to make friends – went to visit an orphanage near Moscow. “It was so sad to see their desperate faces, with no hope in front of them”, said Vladimir (aged 6).

And so to the Hash, of which there were notable absentees. Anglin and Biff were tired apparently, while Well Laid and Underlay were feeling charitable by deciding to stay at home and watch a bunch of millionaires ponce around with a bag of wind trying to look like they're worth a dime. A shame really because they missed good one!

So a smattering of Hashers gathered under the rain-heavy clouds of Calstock for what turned out to be a jolly jaunt around the paths, tracks and plains of the local area. With sneaky – well-hidden – checks and switchback turns we had to keep our wits about us (well those that had them in the first place of course). Though for those that braved the narrowest and overgrown track of all were rewarded with a glass of water (with lemon if fancied) as we quietly trekked passed someone's cute little house. (There were sweet pastries but Nipple Deep ate all the pies; allegedly the slower Longs enjoyed a slurp of gin by all accounts!)

Well done to Gannet for keeping the Longs roll call / body count atop each hill (of which there were many strangely enough), and well done to Spike for working out the river wasn't going the wrong way, it was just the tide coming in! Just imagine if he did something really important like work on Submarines keeping the Baddies away! Scary eh?!

What was scary was seeing Nashers (No G!) taking a pee – freestyle of course – while waiting in a layby for some hot, sweaty men. No that should be ... sweaty men. No wait a mo... Men ... full stop!



THIS IS NOT GNASHERS

Talking of freestyle, Racey Tracey is learning to swim, though to put it correctly “More like a stroke” said Windy. Which one and with what were the questions that came to mind.



Fang was keen to divert attention from major television events so regaled those that were close / unlucky enough with Grim Reaper-esque tales. Mind you his attire should be applauded for the rather muggy evening, indeed Theo and Piers looked to be sweating it out too. Top tip, hashing in long pants is not recommended guys! Particularly when there were the ‘let your legs flow fast’ bits like the last mile or so along the banks of the hitherto reverse flow river!

Once back at the beer stop / check in we were tantalisingly close to sources of refreshment but those with no sense of entrepreneurialism were not keen to serve food after 8.30 can you believe. Mad!

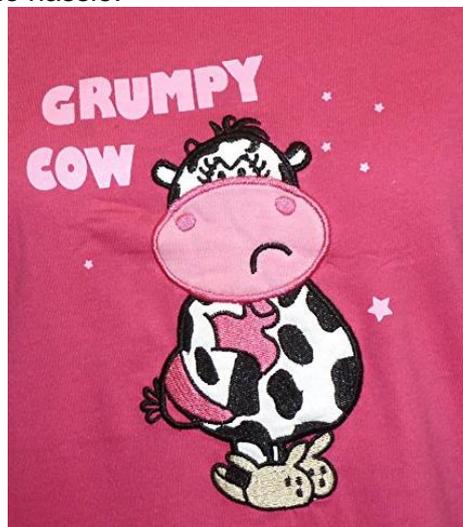
Nonetheless, everyone once back at the quay were full of platitudes to the Hares, H and Gnashers for laying a good, long, and cheeky hash. You did a great job Folks; and yes we know Delilah was involved but, “Not much” was heard to be said!



Thank you all for your hard work and time, it was certainly appreciated.

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers

So on to the pub that would serve food after 8.30, but only if you didn’t mind being herded like cattle into the kids’ play school area. Really? Plaudits to H for weathering the landlady’s diatribe, spewed forth because we were not all in the same place at the same time at the back of the pub. Grrrr... hearing about it made my blood boil, I mean, how impertinent? Maybe she got off her broom stick the wrong side or something? Who knows? Who cares? Thanks H, but sorry you had the hassle.



Back in the pub after Arguilles had dist’ed his mag, it became clear that Nipple Deep doesn’t know his Clitters from his Elbow – which everyone else realises are geographical features of course! Oh how we tittered – which ND is a term for chuckle!!

Meanwhile, Can’t Remember demonstrated her ability to be a tv pundit when a huge roar erupted from the second room, “England 2, Camels 1” she proclaimed! How wonderful the mighty nation of ours can defeat some beasts of burden! CR assured everyone in earshot she’d undertaken all required D&I courses; whether she passed any is subject to conjecture though.

For the On Down, we all melodiously sang Happy Birthday to Hobo to help decimate / celebrate his 75<sup>th</sup> birthday. Brilliant job Hobo!!! Really chuffed for you! Happy daze!

And as we sauntered off, all were reminded of our invite to Slush and Jan’s, Post-Wedding gig, evening of 8<sup>th</sup> Sept at Callington Town Hall. Something else to look forward to.

**ON ON**

