

Grand Master
 Roger Thorn (Pimp)
Joint Masters
 Julie Gitlin (Dirty Oar)
 Bill Stacey-Norris (Lost)
Scribe Master
 Steve Davis (Hurricane)
Hasherdabber
 Ben Towe (Good Head)
Hash Horn
 Damian Weaver (Omen)



Meat Feast

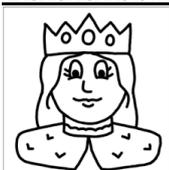
Chamber Pot
 Hayley Sampson (H)
On Sec
 David Sykes (Scrotum)
Hash Cash
 Sarah Cohen (Fergie)
Hare Master
 Simon Snowdon (Slush)
Hash Flash
 Paul Waters (Stopcock)
HashTag
 Julie Williams (Commando)

Life Pee'ers
 Angus Colville (Agnes) Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)
Hereditary Pee'ers
 Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan) Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

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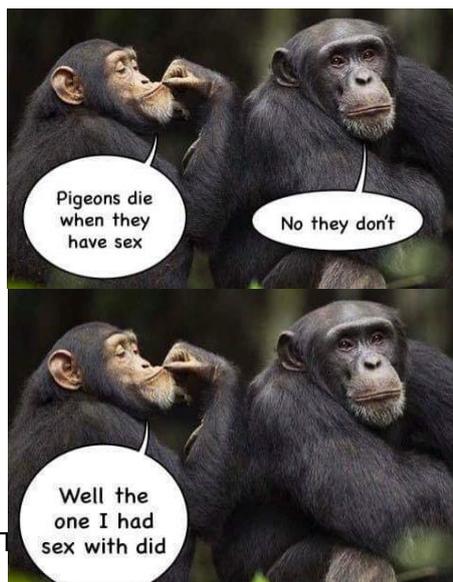
Next Hash No: 2008
Date: 28th Jan 19
Start: Lewtrenchard Church Car Park
On Down: Blue Lion, Lewdown
Hares: Arguilles
Scribe: Open to conjecture

Referendum Hash



After a controversial Kennel-splitting vote, the Queen's Head Hash was decided upon by Theresa May Dirty Oar! And a fine decision it was too!

So, we gathered in great anticipation (milled about aimlessly) outside the pub until brought in line by the Commander of the Evening, DoDo. Wearing splendid headdress, he took charge forthrightly and orft we went. The shorts one way, the longs a cheeky little wrong way and Glanni with Pist 'n' Broke goodness knows what way; but they were



momentarily all alone and ahead of everyone... which **IS** exceedingly hard to believe.

Along country paths and through people's gardens we hashed, precarious precipices were plodded pre-cautiously while climbs were clambered if not scrambled up and down. Cheeky check-backs and down-trodden daffs were also experienced.



Interesting DAFFODIL facts from K2:
 They naturally come from the Picos de Europa a mountainous region in northern Spain, just south of Santander - the Romans brought them over. In a recent survey of the Tamar Valley, over 150 varieties were identified, including one dating back to the great Fire of London – Glani remembers planting it. They are predominantly in hedgerows because when having to dig for victory during WW2, all non-food productive plants were transplanted into the hedgerows for us to trample over. So now you know.

All in all, a pretty darn good Hash – though we still didn't quite fathom the biker garb. Well done DoDo. Just wondering if he was bi-polar would he be known as DoDon't??



And that ladies and gentlemen is how vegans are made...



A horse and a chicken are playing in a meadow. The horse falls into a mud hole and is sinking. He calls to the chicken to go and get the farmer to help pull him out to safety. The chicken runs to the farm, but the farmer can't be found. So, he drives the farmer's BMW back to the mud hole and ties some rope around the bumper. He then throws the other end of the rope to his friend, the horse, and drives the car forward saving him from sinking! A few days later, the chicken and horse were playing in the meadow again and the chicken fell into the mud hole. The chicken yelled to the horse to go and get some help from the farmer. The horse said, "I think I can stand over the hole!" So, he stretched over the width of the hole and said, "Grab for my penis and pull yourself up." And the chicken did and pulled himself to safety.

Moral of the Story: If you're hung like a horse, you don't need a BMW to pick up chicks.



Once back, we had to break into DoDo's Passion Wagon to access our own car keys etc. (make note, Glani can't operate keys) before we hit the shandy spot. It became evident Gannet doesn't like hand (poured) shandies too sparkly so she used the flat stuff from last week for the bucket. Weird I know, but there's a dit in there somewhere!

In the pub, Tampax sat regally holding court as us minions tried hard to think of any amusing anecdotes arising from the evening's events. The

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers

square-root of %\$£*all was the exact sum total; as determined by Goodhead, Stopcock et al!

It was good to see Granny Basher as 1/3 of the Three Witches at the pub with Saddlebags, both seriously long-term "Blasts from the Past". G-String was another while Sarah (what was her name?) the final third – where are they now?!

Our own up-to-date witches, Posh Piny and Fergie, were in the background predicating over their smouldering cauldron of potions and juices. Whose next GM maybe? "All Hail Macbeth" you might be thinking! If only we had a Macbeth! Whatever they predicted would all have been for nothing though because there was/were only two of them.

Curiously, Lost Norris went into great detail about Pantomime Farts relating to an incident at the latest Mis-Management Committee meeting. In the general hubbub of the pub I kinda lost the ~~will~~ ~~to~~ live thread, suffice to say it was about a lot of hot air – and not taking responsibility - who would have known?!

A couple of Gig-Rowing Virgins joined us from Weir Quay, oh and another dog called Rosie. We hope they return in the not too distant future. Interestingly, the more Hash-wise Rosie wanted to do the Long Hash, unlike her owner / caretaker who didn't! Ooh dear Fergie ☺ who incidentally is collecting deposits (for the Hash Ball, 16th March that is – see website for details).

Helen Keller walked into a bar; then a chair; then a table. Meanwhile, Pimp re-asserted himself as GM by holding the On Down, "Long live the King" but I really can't remember anything about it other than the possibility of a walk taking place 2nd Feb. which has since been canned! Oh well.

Did you know that alligators can grow up to 20 feet, but most grow only four! **ON ON**

And remember: If rum doesn't solve the problem, you're not drinking enough rum.

