

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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Next Run No: 2034

Date: 29 July 2019

Start: Ringmore Way, Plymouth, PL5 3RX

On Down: Seven Stars, Tamerton Foliot

Hares: Raunchy and Chopper

Scribe: Anyone's guess

This was an evening of firsts, for me anyway. For a start, I don't recall a hash being set in this beautiful location, home to Slush and Jan. But more amazing was that we were then due to have a BBQ, and the heavens showed no sign of opening as they have on every other hash BBQ I've been to!

We had a couple of hash virgins with us, in the form of Emma and James, friends of Alice (Glanville) from Swansea Uni.

Slush started off with a few words of warning about tunnels and rope bridges on the hash route. It would also seem that the landowners, who had kindly (or foolishly) allowed Slush and us access to their land, had stipulated that all hashers should hold hands when crossing the rivers. I think we smelled a rat, but Slush has such an honest and trustworthy face that we set aside our doubts and launched off around the fields.

The hash itself was largely uneventful, in that no one got lost in tunnels, fell off rope bridges into ravines, and no hand holding was required due to the only water course encountered being about 2 foot across. The only hazard of note was the multitude of brambles that regularly ripped at our legs.

So we arrived back at Slush's gaff and looked around for the storm clouds, which still had not appeared. Omen had supplied his monster gas barbecue and Slush ably tossed our meat until it was ready, firm on the outside, soft and juicy in the middle. Add baps and some sauce, and everyone seemed happy.

Jan had knocked up some amazing spicy spuds, and I extracted from her the special recipe. She did however swear me to secrecy, such that I am not permitted to share the details with you, so you'll have to ask her nicely yourself.

It turned out that we were quite lucky to have a trail to follow, as the landowners had omitted to tell the farmer that a hash was being set with their permission, and he had gone round removing some of the flour. Fortunately the misunderstanding was discovered and the flour relaid in time.

Spike pronounced the hash to be "satisfactory", bemoaning the lack of rope ladders, tunnels, and the excess of fields, grass and brambles. You can't please everyone! He then went off on a rant about how speaking French in North Belgium makes the locals hate you, people in northern France are so arrogant, and conversely the Germans are lovely!

Uncle thought it was a great hash. She had also thought ahead and brought with her a bottle opener and a glass; sadly her good planning ended there as she forgot to bring any actual bottles with her to drink! Thanks to Slush and Jan for a great hash and for your hospitality.

I remarked to Fergie about my hayfever woes, hoping to elicit some sympathy. Instead, I was offered the advice that I should flagellate myself with nettles, on the basis that this would have the effect of a natural antihistamine. Now I can appreciate that this would take my mind off the hayfever, just not quite in the way I was looking for.

Dodo was present with his arm in a sling, after a "gentle bike ride" that culminated in him breaking his collar bone. Top marks for still making it to the BBQ. Russ Abbot was busy tracking planes as they flew over, using his new app: Freedar.uk. Is my conversation really that boring???

Finally, a couple of dates for you: there is a camping weekend in the Brecons 9-11 August, see website for details; also another camping weekend was announced, this time at Polzeath 6-8 September, there are great reports of the last one held there. Sadly I understand this one tragically clashes with Biff's book group!

"I have absolutely no recollection of anything that happened after 9pm. last night. **Thanks very much!**"

B.K., Glasgow

"This morning I awoke with my head in the fridge, the kettle had melted on the stove and I had vomit in the turn-ups of my trousers. **What a smashing beer!**"

A. M., Newcastle

"I came around at about 8.30 a.m. in a police cell. I had dried blood on my shirt and my trousers were cold and damp with urine. I have been charged with Drunk and Disorderly. **Cheers!** I would recommend your fine beer to anyone!"

F. W., Birmingham

"I have appalling diarrhoea and my bottom lip has turned green. I am in hospital being treated for serious head injuries. Is your **magnificent ale** available in cans?"

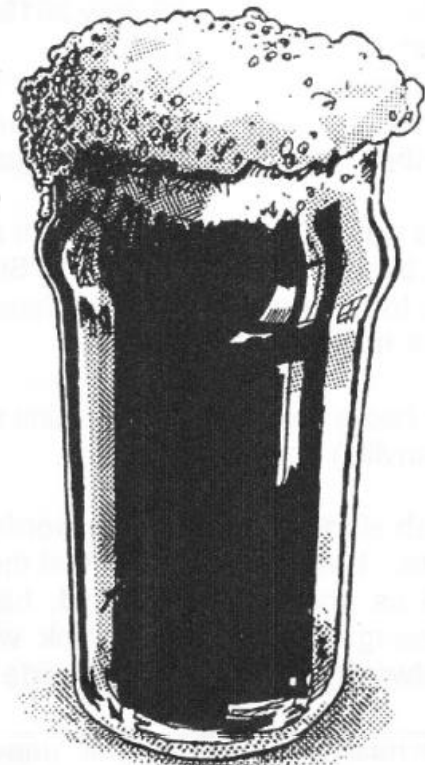
D. P., Manchester

"...I had locked my three children in the coal house and later awoke in my neighbour's dog's kennel with a galvanised steel bucket on my head. I have no money left. My wife has left me. **Your beer is a winner!**"

J. F., Stockport

"I cannot remember my own name. Where am I? God help me I think I'm dying. **What a beer! What a beer! Thanks!**"

Anon., Sunderland



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