

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)



Chamber Pot
Kate Glanville (Biff)
On Sec
David Sykes (Scrotum)
Hash Cash
Sarah Cohen (Fergie)
Hare Master
Simon Snowdon (Slush)
Hash Flash
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 Run No: 1979

Date: 9 July 2018

Start: Whither? What? Wotter!

On Down: White Thorn at Shaugh Prior

Hares: Dirty Oar and Psycho (now there's a dangerous combination for you!)

Scribe: K2

AHHH! THE SWEET SMELL OF (the) HASH.

While some of us may enjoy the fresh summer fragrances to be found at this time of year (you know: dog poo, exhaust fumes, rotting sandwiches and barbecue fat) DoDo decided to take things a bit far and cover himself in ladies perfume. Apparently this was an attempt to repel the attentions of unwanted beasties (or maybe Uncle) when he forayed into the wilds of Plymbridge Woods - but it had the rest of us fervently wishing for our regular Monday night smell of Eau D'Swettymuddierunner, as modelled by our own Adonis Embodied - one Chopper (more of him later unfortunately). According to Scrotey - DoDo smelled like a ladies lavatory, but I cannot confirm this as I do not frequent such establishments myself.

And so on to an enjoyable but very hot hash set on a solo outing by our very own Ginger Rogers - easily identifiable as the Hare as he was the only one covered from head to foot in flour - many thanks Ginger - now get a bath.

Our Supreme Leader remarked that this was the first time in 130 years that he had hashed in Plymbridge and kept his feet dry and by about halfway we were all in need of cooling off.

Some of us were prepared - Scupper Sucker and Russ Abbott made rare and frankly terrifying appearances in shorts - displaying sets of pins which may be charitably described as 'Gnarled'.

Chopper took things a bit further with a Britney Spears fashion moment, though we were spared renditions of "...Baby one more time" or "Hold it against me" as he did not have the puff!

At one point the more sedentary hashers were terrorised by Fergie returning from a check-back by exploding out of the bushes "....like a case of diarrhoea" as she put it.

But a good hash, lots of Czechs leading on to more Czechs. Dogcatcher said there were some nice rocks (?)

Back at the On Down: On The Kharzi suggested the area we had covered would have been really useful for hiding one or more dead bodies, though after some discussion we figured they would be too likely to float up to the surface or be dug up by Hurricane's dog. This led Stopcock, Pearly and Good Head to contemplate more suitable sites for corpse disposal, and they settled on either Princetown (where many corpses can be see walking around and even drinking beer in the Plume of Feathers) or somewhere in the far North that was remote and unpopulated, you know, like Bude. And these people are left in charge of our children?



(party time at On The Kharzi's)

I left OTK reminiscing about the time he had his nuts examined by a very pretty lady doctor, apparently this taught him a lifelong lesson in self control (!) to such an extent that to this day he never buys a beer and his mates say the best way to get a drink out of him is to stick two fingers down his throat.

Ram Raider put in a rare appearance though when he realised that Wales were not in the World Cup he went home again in a sulk.

Scrotum Factotum was extremely pleased with the low-GI, Gluten-Free vitamin-rich menu at the Lopes and said he wished he could eat here more often. Gannett suggested that he could indeed eat here every Monday, and the hash could go somewhere else!

And finally.....

**PUMP ROOM - EXCELLENT BERE BEER AT BERE ALSTON - SATURDAY 7 JULY
FROM 4P.M.!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**



Yes yes! Hot Rocks and Buffy will be opening the hallowed portals of the Bere Brewery this Saturday from 4-9 p.m. to allow us to sample (and purchase) some of the finest craft beer Devon has to offer (or anywhere else for that matter). Come and relax in the luxurious surroundings of the gazebo, drink beer, chat to your mates, drink beer, admire the sylvan beauty of the Bere peninsula in summertime and drink beer. Your humble servants Nippledeep and Posh Pinny will be trying to help out and not spill too much.

Nibbles may be available and you will be relieved to know that there is absolutely no chance of Nippledeep doing a Britney Spears impression! so come and have a lovely time anddrink beer.

On On