

**Grand Master**

Kate Glanville (Biff)

**Joint Masters**

Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)

Colin Sturmer (Sturmeroid)

**Scribe Master**

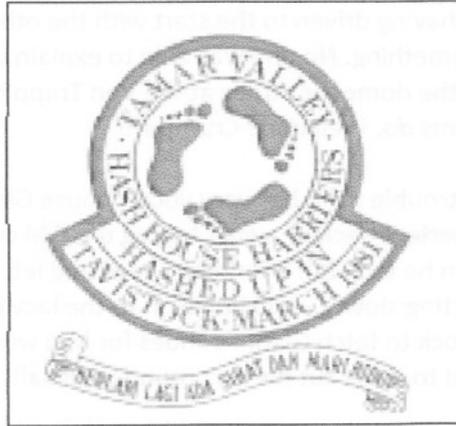
Tony Bairstow (Tampax)

**Hasherdabber**

Laura Sadler (Embarrister)

**Hash Horn**

Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)

**Chamber Pots**

Sarah Jones (Pony)

Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)

**On Sec**

Jess Hilton (Raunchy)

**Hash Cash**

Angela Sykes (Gannet)

**Hare Master**

Ann Marcer (K2)

**Hash Flash**

Jake Boswijk (Ginger)

Rogers)

**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:** 1876**Start:** Calstock Quay – BBQ**Date:** 27 June 2016**On Down:** Calstock Quay**Hares:** DoDo **Scribe:** Scupper Sucker**Uncle's Wild Wood Wun by the Chimney**

After a hastily rearranged start for the run, due most probably to a computer error, several members of the Hash went to the start as indicated in the Hash Mag the week before. PAY ATTENTION!! Are you following all of this as explained by the Keep the Hash Running Team?

However many hashers had as usual looked online so they arrived at the Chimney as per The Webmaster's instructions. Then there was no sign of the Hare, or the Assistant Hare (Uncle and Kz), so confusion started to reign. Half the Hash were not present and the other half were without any direction from their short-term leader, Uncle. What to do? The position called for a Man of Action and Leadership. Fortunately up stepped Scrotey with a ruse to resolve the chaos. The run needed to start – but which way were they to go? Without a leader the position was desperate but eventually everyone present ran off into the woods.

When the last person had gone the Hare turned up – and was distraught to find that everyone had disappeared! Fortunately all the hashers who had gone to the wrong start arrived so the happy Hare was able to give firm instructions as to how to proceed. Unfortunately these were totally different from Scrotey's orders! Yet more confusion – does this now begin to sound familiar?

Everyone then decided to carry on doing their own thing – and the run continued with the exception of Cheddar and Nashers who decided to walk round looking at all the flowers etc. (So they said!) The keener runners thought that they had got lost – but then the tardy pair turned up and explained – “Uncle had laid a great run, albeit very confusing (should be start from here or there) but the flowers were pretty and no one else spoilt the peace of the Wild Wood.”

When Uncle got back to the pub she was dismayed to find that the “Check yourself in and out (NO FAVOURITISM HERE)” approach to hash records had produced a shortfall of 3 at the bucket. So if YOU forgot to pay last week, please put double in this week and our balance of payments will be restored!

Meanwhile, back at The Blacksmith's Arms the service was slow, and getting slower as the Hash began to drift in. Grandpa seemed to be back to his normal form. It was quite clear that we were all shell shocked by the result of the Referendum – nobody knew what to do or how to register a protest vote.

Crumpet was looking very pleased with herself, having driven to the start with the other foals as Pony was at home in Plymouth, flat on her back recovering from something. No one was able to explain what had happened to Pony but apparently Crumpet has now taken over all the domestic duties at the Von Trapp house, including driving, washing up and whatever else busy working Mums do. Well done Crumpet!

Our illustrious leader HRM Biff is having a lot of trouble from her very vocal spouse Glanni, who seems to be getting braver by the week in his quest to become the perfect heckler, never letting the GM complete a sentence. This week Glanni exceeded his normal nuisance value when he took Biff's running shoes and left his own at home. Is this the start of Glanni's cross-dressing career? Is he starting slowly – will he go on to the lacy bodice next week? Only time will tell! The Hashmobile had to return to Tavistock to fetch Glanni's shoes for him with the result that, like so many this week, he missed the start of the run and had to short cut his way round as usual!

Wobbly Knob had had more than he could handle over the weekend. He cycled 105 miles on Sunday, then was too tired to run on Monday. He must be getting old! Slush could do it standing on his head after 105 miles!

Hobo was anxious to explain that he had NOT short cut this week after he was exposed last week for committing the dastardly act. But he was also heard talking to Nashers, who explained that having got lost with Cheddar in the woods, they were so late back that they had to finish all the beer shandy left in the bucket. Having finished the drink she then began to tell Hobo that if he cut his hair and shaved off his beard she thought he could have it!

Glastonbury has been and gone in the usual sea of mud, but after checking round the pub nobody from the Hash seems to have ventured forth this year.

HRM Biff is still considering her response to the Referendum vote and along with her Cabinet Committee is thinking of providing tap water to drink at the end of each run and thus being able to reduce subs to 50p per run – but no doubt that decision is for a new GM in 2 years' time!!

Thank you Uncle for what everyone regarded as a brilliant run with the bears in the woods.

ON, ON .....