

**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: 1884**  
**Date: 12/9/16**  
**Start: Clearbrook**  
**On Down: Rock Inn, Yelverton**  
**Hares: Pony & Von Trapp**

Racey, Ram Raiders, & Well Laid, between them gave this sage advice to writing a hash mag, that I should just write 'any old crap', and that 'hashers are just stupid it doesn't matter what you say', but it was added; 'Apart from us, we're very clever, we'll know the fact from fiction' Then it suddenly came as an epiphany: I had been writing crap in my essays and exams for years

Looking at my hieroglyphs, I realise I am struggling with note taking, so apologies in advance for wrong names, times, dates, words and all.

I realised that making things up for the hash mag was not the easy bit, but making the real things sound like they weren't made up. Maybe it was the 'plate licking seminar and debate' Headed by Gnashers, and co-chaired by Bat and Hobo that changed my whole perspective of life.

Debacle had a spot of late onset post exam distress order, and talked of the heretical form of exercise 'cycling'. Whilst Aimless, when asked 'What did you think of the Hash', stayed in a contemplated silence, clearly awestruck by his experience.

The Hash to Bellever Tor was surveyed by Ginger Rogers as an ideal location as it:  
A: Has good even ground with the option of making rekeying routes into the dense pines without getting lost.  
B: Has an absence of ponies, which often ruin the run whilst getting that cocaine snorting look, and the same enthusiasm for the white stuff.

Unfortunately, the Sun conspired to have him roasted and bitten with midges anyway, he devolved a self-asserted 'war wound' and 'a stone of sweat' from his hard days labour. The very same Sun then leaked scandalous stories that he couldn't run his own run because he'd been 'Slut Dropping' at the well frequented ale house, and that after the long

night his leg was a bit sore, so his performance was awfully off-peak. Credit goes to On All Fours for staying upright, and Hot Socks helping bring up the rear.

On a different note, Wobbly Nob needed a Biffing for being too drunk and disorderly at the Hash Hush, well done to Biff's good projection and firm biffing keeping everyone in check. Borat got searched by a bemused bartender, who was clearly new to the novelty of shouting out bizarre and filthy names. Princetown is very isolated from outside and worldly affairs.

For those who don't know Princetown, it is a thriving heart of high fashion and culture, which exports rain, fog, and problems to the rest of the UK. Its Napoleonic era prison built by prisoners also brought a whole deeper meaning to 'We Don't Like the French'

Princetown is also home of the 'Hasherendum' to which the contentious issue of keeping to larger shandy or ale shandy instead. Unfortunately the country as a whole voted differently, so we are looking for solutions of getting one drink to have the marmite/rotten cabbage tang of ale in the wider world of tastes, with the benefits of keeping full access to the cat piss flavour of larger.

Chopper had a special freshers shave to stop the facial hair impeding the alcohol, and on a side note, I was asked to give memorandum that Sturmeroid is entering the 'Best Corybn Beard of the Year' award, and Arguille was now running a Boris Johnson appreciation society. All cobblers of course, I can't talk being part of the lost political archaeologist team, we've discovered manuscripts about electoral reform from the Lib somthings, not sure, Irrelevant in this era of certainty, and friendliness to one's neighbours over the seas.

A new scheme is now coming round after people have been complaining to Hashers committee of 'Payments In Statutory Standards Enrolment Divvying up' (PISSSED) over allegations Hashers have been defrauded over £1000. Said one Hasher: 'I had no idea that such a scam would be carried out on me, only I received a plate stating the fact and mocking my ineptitude to the fraud' So as a warning to others who are wary of this con, take note of the following:

- **Getting Old.** Getting old, mad, and spending too much time in a sociable running club is bad for your health. Age can be avoided with large doses of Denial.
- **Exercise.** Exercise is known to cost time that could be better spent idling about or pursuing what is left of your broken dreams.

Finally, to sum up the run, it was wonderfully temperate, with a fantastic view at the top at the end, which really made you think 'This makes it all worth it' then the cramps later tell you 'defiantly not'.

#### Overheard Hasher Words:

Getting a bit of gorse – Going for an overly masculine number 2 in the open moors

Slut Dropping – A sophisticated dance move not for amateurs

Australian Run – I've written it down, but I forgotten what it actually means, something like 'goin' walkabout' maybe? Or does it just mean going off on one? I think Hurricane said it, That reminds me of going off on one one time that I went off on one...

Enough of this Crap, Cheers!

## PISSING DOWN AT POLZEATH

Twenty hardy hashers gathered at surfers' paradise Polzeath on a beautiful sunny Friday evening. Glani not content with his own small erection (Queen Biff was still impressed), swiftly knocked-up another much larger erection for Hurricane and Can't Remember who with perfect timing, arrived just as Glani had reached his climax and was emerging from his creation flushed, content and in dire need of a beer.

As we all staggered back to the campsite from the pub Chopper and Raunchy were spotted working on their own erection in the dark. Whilst Raunchy groped her way in the gloom working out which bit went where, Chopper thoughtfully assisted by flashing at speed with helicopter arms - anywhere but where Raunchy needed the light. Sadly, they were unable to have a successful inflation however.

Next morning, Hurricane was overheard rather eagerly telling Raunchy that he was happy to pump her up when they got back from the walk.

Biff was bemused by her phone power pack which didn't seem to work until Glani pointed out that she needed to turn it on first.

Saturday morning and the talk was of the day ahead's activities and when exactly was the rain due to appear? It was noted that many years ago on the famous Windy and Wacey weekends, groups of runners would make their way back to the campsite having been deposited up to a marathon distance away. This time the longest walk was only 9 miles to Port Isaac - undertaken by Windy, Wacey and Aimless - and bus passes were liberally exhibited.

After much dithering Glani and Biff eventually found enough loose change for the bus - but not before an impatient Scupper Sucker had thrust his into the tray and made a dash for the back seat, dragging Scrubber behind him. Can't Remember was pleased to see that the bus company was dementia friendly - they must have known we were coming.

The other main group of Milbay Road, Pimp, Scrubber, Scupper Sucker, Biff, Glani, Chopper, Raunchy, Can't Remember and Hurricane started their day with a hearty breakfast before setting off round the coast back to Polzeath. Scrubber and Milbay Road cut a dash (and almost their behinds) as they slipped and slid their way around the route wearing diamante flip flops. It was not long before the rain appeared, having hidden behind the headland and for those who still had them, teeth were gritted and loins girded. Everyone arrived back at the campsite in good spirits though despite squelching into the campsite wetter than if they had been in the sea.

Mr & Mrs Dodo meanwhile had been on an adventure in the Camel Estuary in their two-seater kayak. An experience that Mrs Dodo found a bit too thrilling.

H, in preparation for her beloved Delilah arriving later that day, spent her time walking to Rock and catching the ferry across to Padstow.

That evening a good time was had eating in the campsite bar and receiving awards and sticks of rock for notable incidents and successes:

- Scrubber and Milbay Road - for their synchronised flip flopping display.
- Glani - for his impressive two erections in one evening.
- Chopper and Raunchy - for the most entertaining erection in the dark.
- Windy & Racey - the Moist Gusset Award for going all the way in their wet underwear.

- Hurricane and Can't Remember - The Cone of Shame Awards. They left their dog Ruby with the Nippledeeps for the weekend. Nippledeep and Posh Pinny's own dog Logan got injured and so couldn't be walked, but because the Nippledeeps had Ruby, she still required walking in the pouring rain. Not surprisingly Can't Remember and Hurricane were in the doghouse.
- Mr & Mrs Dodo - who turned up in their mobile love shack and workshop. So they had all the tools to hand but could Mrs Dodo find the right one for the job?
- Fang, Piers and Theo - received the bull's-eye targets for trying to gatecrash Christian's "meet the girlfriend's parents' meal" (unsuccessfully).
- Scupper Sucker, H, Pimp and Delilah - were given sticks of rock with the choice of either getting their lips around them or to just give them a suck.

But you can only have too much of a good time and when Graham and his accordion arrived to entertain us we all decamped hastily to the nearest pub where a live band serenaded us and Chopper in his own words "got smashed".

Settling down for the night Glani and Biff were amused to hear pumping noises coming from H and Delilah's tent. H had obviously prepared well. However, next morning Delilah was not forthcoming as to whether he had got it up or not.

Thanks to Glani and Pimp for organising such a successful weekend in a great location - giving us ample opportunity to ride the waves, run the coastal path (Hurricane), turn an ankle on the coastal path (Hurricane), explore the headlands and get very wet!

On On and Squelch Squelch!

Biff