

Grand Master
Simon Snowdon (Slush)

Joint Masters
Steve Statham (Krakow)

Mo Rujak (On All Fours)

Scribe Master
Angela Sykes (Gannet)

Hasherdabber
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)

Hash Horn
Alan Eddie (Pist 'N' Broke)



Chamber Pots
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Ann Marcer (K2)

On Sec
Paul Ames (Aimless)

Hash Cash
Paul Waters (Stopcock)

Hare Master
Kate Glanville (Biff)

Hash Flash
Elena Stamp (Come Forward)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Hereditary Pee'ers
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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Next Run No: 1721

Date: Monday 22 July 2013

Start: Wheal Josiah (Devon Consuls)

On Down: Copper Penny Inn, Chipshop

Hare: Uncle

AN ARGUILLES EPIC, or....."WHERE'S ARTHUR?"

As always we contemplated the prospect of an Arguilles Hash with a degree of uncertainty not to say....trepidation.

"Where are you setting the hash Peter?" asked Biff von Heermeister optimistically the other week: "Oh, somewhere interesting".

Our doubts grew. Let's face it, most people would ask:

- Will he remember his map and his flour?
- Will he remember where the hash is once he has set it?
- Will he finish the day with the same number of children he started it with?
- Will they remember where the hash is if he forgets?

In the end, Arguilles did us proud, he only forgot:

- The key and money buckets
- The Hare List
- A pen

So many thanks to him, 'cos it must have been hot work setting it. We had an excellent hash in the woods, lots of them. Such were Arguilles' efforts that we actually got two hashes for the price of one ("BOGOF", which is also exactly what Grandpa said to Glani, but more about that later). In fact it was three hashes for the price of one as Arguilles' provided a super-short Economy Hash allowing runners to save valuable shoe leather – a smart move in these Austerity times.

For the avoidance of any unnecessary stress and tension among my readers I can also confirm that Arguilles also finished the evening with approximately the correct number of children, including Arthur – who seems to have avoided being left at home, locked in the car or abandoned on Dartmoor this time, much to his relief, if perhaps surprise.

But anyway we had a lovely run on a summer's evening through the beautiful woodland around the Inney valley and just when we had enough of that, more woodland around the Inney valley. Even those not struggling with injury like myself were hard put to it at times: "My God, another Peter Epic!" puffed Hot Rocks as he sprinted past up a hill; "Someone should have warned me – you know I don't like running!" gasped Scrotey at the end. Some of us felt that those who took the super-short had made the best choice. Still it was a good one, plenty of checks, some scrambling, and a couple of river crossings – great stuff.

Not all of us had such an easy time though. Barney was heard to mutter that he couldn't get his leg over while running, this caused me to drop back a few paces. Given that he later complained of someone whacking him in the crotch with a wet Lupin I was glad I did. There is some stress there, I feel.

Tampax followed his basic human urge (no, not that one) to tame his environment and construct a bridge of stepping stones across a stream to aid his fellow hashers, only to be told off by K2 for disrupting the river bank – oh dear!

And Grandpa decided to follow Glani as the best way to get back to the bucket before everyone else. Glani thought he remembered the area from his orienteering days and charged off, certain that he could navigate with spectacular aplomb this time as well without a map and compass. Now, most of us will have spotted that the whole idea of orienteering is that you do it with a map and compass otherwise you go the wrong way and end up in the wrong place. Unsurprisingly that is exactly what happened to our dynamic duo. Grandpa was apparently so exhausted at the end of this trek that he went straight home and missed the On Down!

Shame – because it was a nice place with good beer. The heat of the evening continued to have its effect and Underlay was seen squirting cannon fodder's (water) pistol (apparently he had left his actual cannon at home), and this was after he found £2 in the mud to pay for his beer – lucky man!

More general news.....

Krakow and Caught Short organised a very successful hash bike ride the previous day – so many thanks to them.

And a big congratulations to Gannett and Pony for doing the Saunders Mountain Marathon that weekend, coming 32nd overall as a team and 16th in the vets- so Gannett came along to the hash to relax and unwind.

Sir Slosh has run out of his own clothes to give away at Hush and so has resorted to stealing ladies' underwear from washing lines (didn't Pink Floyd have a song about that.....?).

On On