

Grand Master

Diann Davis (Can't Remember)

Joint Masters

Sarah Cohen (Fergie)

Treeve Gillan (Bin Liner)

Scribe Master

Bill Stacey-Norris (Lost)

Hasherdabber

Mark Preston (Scupper Sucker)

Hash Horn

Sam Sparks (Erectus)

**Chamber Pots**

Bruce Trower (Ernie)

Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)

On Sec

Tricia McGurk (Posh Pinny)

Hash Cash

Roger Smyly (Cabin Boy)

Hare Master

Sarah Jones (Pony)

Hash Flash

Shelley Davis (Last Minute)

Life Pee'er

Angus Colville

Hereditary Pee'ers

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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Next Run No: 1778

Date: 25 August

Start: Fourwinds car park

On Down: TBA

Hares: Gannet & Scrotey

Henry Carey's take on Scottish devolution.... In 1574

"Lord grant that Marshal Wade

May by thy mighty aid

Victory bring.

May he sedition hush, And like a torrent rush,

Rebellious Scots to crush. (Get in you beauty)

God save the Queen!"

Of Maps and men.....

Oh lost didn't look at the map, thought he knew the start at Buckland green,
 So off he cycled very keen. He cycled with all his might but not a single hasher in site,
 so up the hill and down dale cursing oh F***king hell, around the lanes he did fly just in
 case flour could spy.

So after going round the bend he thought his torture would never end. No hashing
 tonite so will have fill the mag with shite.

The moral of this rhyme is leave the house with plenty time, read the map you'll get
 there just fine! So to the pub he must go and gather notes from hashers slow.

I must mention our literary queen, once employed by Babcock Marine
Now finds running and cycling more to her taste, leaving hashers in her wake
When we see the aging punk rocker flying on her bike most think she's off her rocker!
But then a real shocker she has picked up the language of a docker!

All the younger hashers sat quietly in the snug with crisps and coke,
Talked of new university's their exams so much hope,
In the bar we all joke, we are really the forlorn hope!

Sat in the pub was a lone well laid he came prematurely and then passed comment on
Underlay keeps him waiting for ages, there seemed to be frustration so I thought it best
to move on.

The run, well what a cracker long loopy, few said too fast but I say man up or short cut
ask Goonville or Grandpa for details. Anal vice did a great job although Pony tried to
claim it for herself, Hey Robin empowerment is great!

Pub speak, 2 unnamed hashers pointing at a 6' 2" cyclists shirt managed to translate -1
car to wanker! In most cases this would end up with a ride in a private ambulance,
luckily the cyclist had to go to the Great British Bake Off. So Hurricane and Well laid had
a lucky escape.

The duck head was presented to our GM for not doing the whole walk on the camping
weekend, just walking half way then walking back (the scribe is 'write' your all wrong)
The bar lady shouted Slush 40 so we all sang happy birthday!

Hash Camp Report – The Pony & Von Trapp 50 years young weekend

The Hash faithful gathered at the West Luccombe campsite on Friday afternoon / evening. Several with tales of derring do on their journeys northward from Plymouth / Tavistock. Scupper Sucker in his mighty camping machine managed to lose a wing mirror in one of the very narrow lanes. Biff having set off from Tavy at the same time as our mighty GM took an hour longer to reach the campsite, having gone the shorter route, but climbing nearly every massive hill on Exmoor on the way. Pony even tried to upend her vehicle in a small passing place, but she was safe as the other car (a Range Rover) just nudged her back upright. Surprise guest was Aimless in his classic Land Rover. Apart from the obvious, this versatile vehicle doubled as a mirror (so Can't Remember could put on a bit of slap), a dog sitter and bike garage.

So having pitched tents, where to go for Friday's soiree? Enter Windy and his trusty iPad. He soon located a pub in Porlock, so all was good. Or was it? A phone call to the landlord said that the inn was full. However, Windy with his subtle

negotiating skills (“Make room we are on our way – NOW!”). Later Windy upset the landlord, who had a stressed and sweaty demeanour, even further by trying to palm off fake £20.00 notes, made that very afternoon with his John Bull printing kit. Whilst waiting for our food we noticed that there were some ‘kinda funny looking’ people sitting around. Cue the duelling banjos. Long hair, drooping moustaches and that ‘just dropped in from Glastonbury ‘71’ look was all the rage, and this would haunt us for the rest of the weekend.

So, to the Saturday shenanigans. Up at dawn, ready with rucksack, running shoes and half a Twix waiting for the bus to take a large number of miles away? Nah!.. Leisurely breakfast, read the newspaper, get ready for sedate country ramble. Coffee stop in country café after 10 minutes. That’s more like it. Scupper Sucker, Pimp, Millbay Road, Pimp and Anne managed a pub crawl from The Bottom Ship to The Top Ship in Porlock, and took all day to do it. Pony Von Trapp and Aimless managed an all-day bike ride crossing swords with the walkers briefly, and nearly sending Aimless’s old headmaster to an early grave. Now in his dotage Windy has given up map reading. Even with Biffs reading glasses he could barely see his fingertips. This led to our walk going from an estimated 6 miles to 11 miles. Windy miles are a quantum step up from country miles and can be calculated from the following formula:

$W = P^3 K E_w / B$, where energy expended $E_w = \int M_w t^2$, P = Pony Miles, K = Constant of Buggeration and B= The Ernie Wind Up Factor at values > 0

Genteel afternoon tea was taken at Selworthy, where Hurricane declared he ‘liked it both ways – on top and underneath’. Her GMness who had wimped out of the walk at halfay and driven to the tea shop managed 2 humungous great pieces of lemon meringue pie, whilst Biff with her saurian legs just sat waving at Pimp (who was in a pub several miles away????)

Back at the campsite, birthday boy Von Trapp had old ladies twitching the net curtains in caravans as he paraded his 50 year old svelte(ish) body to and from the shower block, wearing just a skimpy towel. And On! On! to The Top Ship for Saturday night where Aimless caused total mayhem as the pub couldn’t cope with there being 14 of us instead of the booked in 13. Great meal, but with the obligatory long hair and drooping moustaches in attendance, and the bizarre surroundings of all things James Bond and Star Wars.

Sunday morning saw the hard core of Pony, Biff, Race, Windy, Ernie & Hurricane head off for a 5-6 mile all terrain (road, stony track, grass track, shingle, mud etc.) run finishing in Allerford where they met the non-runners for a WI Big Breakfast at the Community Hall – a slap up breakfast for £5.00. Biff managed to get some ‘extras’ when Ruby (who was licking sweaty salt off her legs) strayed a bit higher. Cue Biff collapsing into hysterical fits of laughter in only the way that Biff can.

All in all a fantastic weekend, with big thanks to Pony (and Von Trapp??) for organising a great campsite and some great weather. Here’s to next year. On! On