

**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: 1774

Date: 30<sup>th</sup> June 2014

Start: Bel Tor Corner Car Park, GR: SX695732

On Down: Plume of Feathers, Princetown

Hares: Arguilles

**HELLO! WEDDING TIMES**

Well there you have it, you make the effort to run just frequently enough to make a mess of the run list and put in a guest appearance slightly more frequently enough at the On Down (especially when Sir Sloss is putting on free grub) just to keep tabs on what's going on, and you suddenly find yourself Lost. Up the creek without a pen or a sufficiently plausible excuse to avoid scribe duties, especially when said scribing duties are on your own manor and especially when a hash wedding is involved (also on your own manor) and especially when your fellow omnibus edition-mag stitched-up scribbler is Crutchless (ditto manor) and especially when you've been royally appointed by none other than your own, and Crutchless'sss, ex-Grand Master (2003 vintage). A fait accompli or even a done deal. And a teensy bit incestuous. Blimey, what with being doubly stitched up at the last minute to do the checking in/out, Crutchless'sss gusset must have enough reinforcement in it by now to repel a herd of Vikings and the Russian naval fleet.

The up-side though is you get to be insulting in writing, nay you'd be falling down on the job if you didn't. But that's nothing when compared with that jaw-dropping, heart-stopping moment of rocking up to someone who's quietly contemplating the size-quality merits of a Hot Rocks porky banger versus an exotic vegetarian specimen, and saying something totally awful to them. That moment when the world stops turning for the briefest of moments, eyes swivel to stare followed shortly after by the heads they're attached to, and the room falls silent following the receding wave of a collective intake of breath. And then you go and compound the transgression by the inappropriate placement of your hands acting completely unauthorised and claiming having not seen the memo when questioned later. Now inappropriate handling of Delilah is one thing - even legal - but that was a completely different ball game (or is it the other way round?). Must be how David

Cameron feels whenever he meets up with Angele Merkel. Not that I'm saying Bad Girl is anything like Angela Merkel. I wouldn't - the restraining order for the current offence has yet to be lifted.

But on with the news ... brought to you by our royal wedding correspondent, Nickerless 'H' Witchall who was on the scene at the Calstock Wedding Theme run, on a beautiful balmy evening here in Calstock Quay last Monday.

So there I was at the start of the run with a confusing picture before me. The groom-to-be was a pink hen having previously been a DoDo, there were a number of bridal contenders, a complete lack of the renowned hash cross-dressers, the bride-to-be herself was conspicuously absent, and the 7.30 Hogwarts Express had just rattled its way over the viaduct. After a welcoming speech, the congregation then shot off in different directions without a best man copping off with one of the bridesmaids or a mother-in-law being thrown. Although the beveiled Gannet was seen eyeing up a lanky whiskery bird in a netted-beribboned bonnet, before realising it was Scrotey so anything could have happened. Added to that a very frisky Racey (no change there then), sporting a very prominent come-and-get-me garter, picked up on the inappropriate handling theme and endeavoured to find out if your very own reporter was in fact Nickerless.

Where the long guests went was a mystery - however a Windy but reliable (allegedly) source told me that for a while they were doing a crocodile conga behind the behind of their pace-setter, Racey, before the path widened and they could get past. Meanwhile, puffing along at the back of the short half of the bridal party, found us following the tow path by the gently meandering river Tamar, along to the sewage works and then off up into Okel Tor and parts of Calstock only previously seen by a very privileged few - at which point Gnashers (managing to avoid any diving manoeuvres this time) and I decided to employ short-cutting tactics to get ahead of these speedy youngsters, aided and abetted by hare Luffley. But as Gnashers pointed out now that we are 30 and 28 respectively these youngsters are bound to be a smidgen quicker off the mark than ourselves.

Half way On Home there was bit of a Railway Children meets 3 Brides 1 brother moment when James emerged at the railing crossing looking outnumbered and outgunned by Hotssocks, Big Drawers and Embarista (oh is there not a story to weave with that lot if family relations weren't involved), and this was after the Watership Down experience (the bit before the bunnies got bulldozed) in the meadows. But then the missing bride-to-be was found. Surrounded by flowers, cool under the shade of a parasol and popping the bubbly! My kind of run! Dodo, Clare\* and Luffley you can set a fab run like that again. Anniversary theme?!

*\*known affectionately round these parts as Trigger for calling Delilah, Dave on more than one occasion. Those in the know and a certain ex will know how hilarious that is! Chortle!*

Trudging to the Tamar pub for the pre-wedding hen DoDo was a downcast Underlay, empty-handed after discovering that Hot Rocks' cucumber didn't come with batteries but was cheered when Well Laid offered the prospect of a handful of Vampire Slayer's blood red strawberries with a dollop of cream later. Meanwhile inside and outside the pub were a lot of sweaty bodies, having not had the good fortune to nip home for a quick shower as did your correspondent. There are allegedly a lot of sweaty Brazilians at the world cup at the moment but no doubt there were quite a few here in Calstock too after that hot run.

Almost before you knew it, Fergie was up on a chair flashing her fascinator about to get in a memorable hash hush before being demoted to the ranks by the return of Can't Remember. It could have been worse; she could have got a sweaty brazilian out. Almost immediately the congregation launched into a rendition of '*I'm getting married in the morning*' in honour of the happy bridal couple, Clare and DoDo. The singing must have been particularly bad (or good, depending on your perspective) as hard-guy black Labrador(ish), Pip from Glasgow, who'd brought his humans in for a quiet pint and bag of pork scratchings, was forced to take refuge behind the pub woodburner. His agony persisted when that was followed by two happy birthday sets, one for Hobo's 81<sup>st</sup> birthday and the other for Cabin Boy and Sludge becoming grandparents.

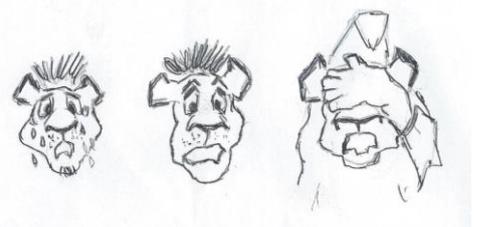
Course having been forced to take his eye off the ball, his human, Grr (can't read own writing), ran amok and asked to take a photo of my chest! Well, that was a novelty! If it weren't for my nose and bum most people would be hard-pressed to know which way round I was facing.

Two virgins were outed during the speech - well in actual fact 1 ½ virgins. Two turned up - Jessica and Duncan from Calstock - but one was just a tease after claiming a broken bone in his foot after someone fell on it during a stag do in Le Mans. Nicknames Duncan Disorderly and Non-starter were the first nicknames thrown into the ring.

Mingling with the pre-wedding guests after the best woman's speech, Canon Fodder reckoned he couldn't stitch Russ Abbot up anymore but it doesn't seem he needs to when Russ Abbot interjected that when it comes it's always a good one. Tampax, sitting in hopeful anticipation in front of the widescreen TV watching the footie, got quite confused as to why Nickerless Witchall would be asking him about the wedding. He wasn't the only one. Clearly a long career spent upsetting Prince Charles has failed to make its mark on this corner of Cornwall.

Meanwhile Glani and Hot Rocks were discussing Penny Farting's application of manure to help his beard grow as he was shy and bashful. Went completely over my head, but then it would, they are at least a foot taller than me. A point noted by Biff who wondered whether Racey and I were shrinking. Weebles wobble but they don't fall down! Rumour has it that Debarkle has finally given up entertaining nauseating malingerers at the surgery and taken up diving and cycling - presumably not at the same time - and throwing himself around dance floors despite the gammy knees.

A couple of days later I asked our sports correspondent Nancy Delilah-io in Brazil how our Three Lions were doing. Wella whatta can I say, Nickerless, ifa Italy (ah bellissimo!) hada beata the Costa Ricanos anda the Uruguayanos anda Senor Gerrardo had worn Adidas and FA Nike it woulda been ok. But okay? No. The Tre Leoni laze abouta ina the sun anda ledda alla the others doa the work.



And finally ... during the week, our esteemed agony aunt, Crutchless Proops, received a letter from the happy wedding couple. So over to Crutchless to end with some very sage and timely advice.

### **Crutchless Proops Agony Aunt Page**

*Dear Crutchless, We're getting married during the Summer Solstice on 21<sup>st</sup> June and would like to know if this is the luckiest time to marry and what we can do to ensure it's perfect. Can you help? Clare and DoDo, Cornwall*

Dear Clare and DoDo - I'm very pleased to hear of your wedding plans and that you've chosen the sun-stopping Northern Summer Solstice when the sun is directly over the Tropic of Cancer and the day is long. You have clearly followed the Ancient Roman tradition of studying pig entrails which determines the luckiest time to marry so you're off to a great start. If you want to really ensure it's the most talked about event of the season you could also aim to beat Queen Victoria's wedding cake which weighed a whopping 300 pounds. Elsewhere in your longer letter you describe having both become lepidopterists and whilst it is engaging that you have named your donkey Eyeore I'd be a bit careful about the stuffing else he'll be more sore than Eyeore, and it won't do Clare's knees much good.

After the ceremony I suggest you follow the Czech tradition of having your guests throw peas rather than rice although if you have both you could rustle up a quick pea and rice salad if the wedding breakfast is starting to look a bit meager. Looks like DoDo got away lightly at the Hash Wedding Theme run with just a bit of confetti! Has anyone got a few dried kippers they could take along?

A good idea would be to follow South Korean tradition and after the wedding ceremony, friends of the groom could take off his socks, tie a rope around his ankles and beat the soles of his feet with a dried fish. This is supposed to make the groom stronger for his wedding night! And waste not, want not, the dried kippers could then be used to add a bit of fish protein to any left-over pea and rice salad.

On leaving the ceremony I suggest the bride does not throw her bouquet but permits guests to scramble for her garter for good luck. So if you find your guests crawling around the floor Clare, you will know what's going on! And finally, it would be a good idea for the newly married couple to confine themselves to their home for three days and three nights. They are not allowed to empty their bowels or urinate during this time. The Tidong community in Northern Borneo swear by this and it's a test of compatibility if ever there was one! If you follow all of this you will be well on course to beat the longest marriage recorded of 86 years.

And on that note we all wish Clare and Steve a long and happy life together. On On!  
Especially for reader, Pimp, after Last Minute's clever hash mag.

