

**Grand Master**  
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)  
**Joint Masters**  
Matt Hampe (Chopper)  
Bob Westlake (Grandpa)  
**Scribe Master**  
Henry Thornton (Turd)  
**Hasherdabber**  
Tracy Windemer (Racey)  
**Hash Horn**  
Anna Luff (Hot Socks)



**Chamber Pots**  
Peter Argles (Arguilles)  
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)  
**On Sec**  
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)  
**Hash Cash**  
Hayley Sampson (H)  
**Hare Master**  
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)  
**Hash Flash**  
Steve Andrews (Russ Abbot)

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville  
**Hereditary Pee'ers**  
Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock) Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut) Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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**Next Run No: 1823**  
**Date: 6<sup>th</sup> July 2015**  
**Start: Grid Ref: 681818 - Car Park near Warren House Inn**  
**On Down: Warren House Inn, near Postbridge**  
**Hares: Arguilles**

### APPARENTLY IT'S THE BIG SWAMP INDIANS

What do you do after you have finished your last 'A' level exam? Go set a hash, apparently. Thanks to Knobless & Hob Knob for a great hash last Monday. If you weren't there you missed it, apparently. And I missed it, due to an ancient injury incurred at Minions the week before. That's the last time I'll follow Fergie anywhere. According to my army of spies, apparently, it was a good hash, started off in exemplary fashion by Cannon Fodder's mega tsunami, although apparently, Ram Raider, Wobbly Knob and Krakow were slightly underwhelmed by the deluge. I don't know why as the hash was described to me as a bit boggy, boggy, boggy, boggy, boggy .....WET!

Ernie, apparently, was crying (not sure if it was tears of sadness or joy) as he managed a face plant in the bog. He was so upset / elated he didn't bother coming to the pub as he had to rush home and get Donna to give him a 'good washing'. In my day it was a case of 'It's mine and I'll wash it as fast as I want'.

Apparently a tribe of Native Americans has moved to Devon. The Big Swamp Indians, originally from Florida, were seen lurking around Gutter Tor and The Burrator Inn. They were looking pretty ferocious with their full war paint markings. Chief Running Hob Knob was looking particularly fierce, or was he just trying to deny all knowledge. Admiral Tweedle was keen to explain that to remove war paint requires a special lotion only found in the darkest depths of the Devonport Stores..... or suffer the ghastly quincyquonces.

Meanwhile back at the bucket a tragic situation of epic proportions was developing, apparently. Mama Bear Psycho and Medicine Man Wobbly Knob were fleeing the scene complete with all the car keys. Kemosabe DoDo gave chase, flashing his horn and blowing his lights, and apparently it was a good couple of country miles before he was able to attract the attention of the disappearing criminals.

Apparently, meanwhile, back in the pub, First Sea Lady Underlay, Captain Well Laid, Can't Remember and Hurricane were sitting around dinking grog and discussing various ailments. Can't Remember declared, 'I'm suffering from terminal idleness', whilst Capt. Well Laid, who had been bruised from neck to toe, told the doctors, 'Take away the pain, but leave the swelling'.

Welcome back to the fair weather hashers of yester year. - Mo, Whinge, Wun Hung Lo Exocet & Ram Raider. Has anyone noticed the apparently uncanny similarity between Wun Hung Lo & Exocet. Are they, like Arguiles & Sturmeroid, long lost brothers?

Aaaaagggggggghhhhhhhparently our leader had to stand up and apparently address the heaving masses. Cabin Boy had Happy Birthday sung to him - a week late, as apparently he left the pub early last week to avoid the raucous celebration. For his sins he was then given a down down. Probably the slowest down down in the 13.5 billion year history of the universe. Sludge was then forced to the front and we sang Happy Birthday again to celebrate their 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary.

All hail to that great man Chopper, for he has confounded the theories of Einstein, Stephen Hawking et al, by achieving the impossible - time travel. At the Meavy Horseshoe Race he was able to run as Hurricane and himself, but by not running as Hurricane, was able to complete the race 6 minutes quicker by not running as himself, although he finished six minutes ahead of himself running as Hurricane. Confused?

Apparently, Quackers has discovered a new science, for the new age. The Glastonbury Theory states that for those proposing not to wash for 5 days must liberally apply fake tan to the skin, to give the appearance that washing has actually occurred. Fake tan to be applied,  $F_t = (\beta_0 \rho^2 / HUM) + \mu^3$   
Where  $\beta_0$  = Body Odour,  $\rho$  = rain in millimetres &  $\mu$  = mud factor

Hash Events - Climbing at the Climbing Barn - Milton Abbot, 11<sup>th</sup> July. £5, entry, £1 climbing shoes, £2 climbing harness. BYO drink. See Chopper & Hot Sox

And finally, where's Hurricane going for his summer holiday? - Sprain!

Here's to ..... (s)he's true blue  
(S)he's a hasher through & through  
(S)he's an arsehole so they say  
And (s)he'll never go to heaven, cos (s)he's gone the wrong way  
Get it down, down, down.....