

**Grand Master**  
Jess Hilton (Raunchy)

**Joint Masters**  
Stirling Way Spike)

Paul Ames (Aimless)

**Scribe Master**

Paul Waters (Stopcock)

**Hasherdabber**

Heather Smyly (Sister Sludge)

**Hash Horn**

Paul Storey (On the Khazi)

**Beer Master**

Charlotte Watson (Footloose)



**Chamber Pots**  
Diann Davis (Can't Remember)

Simon Snowdon (Slush)

**On Sec**

Eve Jones (Clever Dickie)

**Hash Cash**

Jon McGurk (Nipple Deep)

**Hare Master**

Brian Martin (Naughty Boy)

**Hash Flash**

Paul Glanville (Glani)

**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: 1963**

**Date: 19/03/2018**

**Start: Burrator Dam**

**On Down: The Burrator Inn, Dousland**

**Hares: Dogcatcher**

**Scribe: Scrotey**

Musings from Dildo on such matters as **Monty Python and the Holy Trail**

- a tale of **'Boogie Kniggits'** Ho ho, I really should have my own show!



Well, well, Middle Earthlings certainly know how to celebrate their coming of age or whatever it is/was they justified for such an occasion! It truly was a splendid display of costumery that took place on the night of last/last Saturday at the place of the Moorland Gardens. Resplendent they were, in all manner of finery: 'English Kniggits', False Witches, Lumberjacks, Pythons, Mr Gumby and sons, daughters/off-springs and several of those slightly confused as to what they were.

King Arthur humbled all with his presence and at various times was seen to be earnestly communicating through one of your mobile phone type apparatuses - a somewhat incongruous picture! A rather imperious Biggus Dickus escorted by his concubine was looking for someone to stwyike and thwrow to the floor, meanwhile the Spanish Inquisition arrived offering discounts on Absolutions and Bar Mitzvahs. No one expected that!



Introductions for the evening took place in a scarcely appointed bar: lacking in ale of any calibre, merely offering something of a continental flavour: yellow, fizzy and smelling a bit like Hobbit piss too! No matter, mustn't grumble as you folk say for it certainly brought the spirits alive before supper was eventually served. There followed a variety of Python re-enactments, from the 'Fish Dance' initiated by the Hurricane and Can't Remember to the lady of the lake(Embarrister) lobbing swords at King Arthur, it was supposed to have been 'handed aloft from the bosom of the water, signifying by divine providence that Arthur was to become King' - but some folk know.....?:

'Strange women lying in ponds distributing swords in no bases for a system of government!  
Supreme executive power drives from a mandate from the masses not from farcical aquatic ceremony,  
You can't weld supreme executive power etc.

No doubt a few mature or not so mature Python devotees amongst you will know the 'Constitutional Peasant' dialogue faultlessly! Being a Hobbit and unfamiliar with this form of entertainment I had to resort to your Googling apparatus to extract these very words!

However; either before or after this point in the proceedings an intoxicated Gumby tribe proceeded to rush the stage and imitate the great apes, while doing various things to a shrubbery. This galvanised that ancient order of Kniggits to arms, the De Glanvilles, who having sprouted some fine whiskers and having forgotten their steeds, mustered coconut halves and galloped amongst the attendees!

There was an alarming follow on from a much-troubled lumberjack (Dog Catcher) who attacked a defenceless slice of bread with a mighty axe, no doubt making a point about the standard of cuisine; that inspired the gathering to a rousing rendition of a lumberjack song, prompting a need for a rehearsal of the lyrics or at least the order in which their sung, rather in the spirit of your birthday chanting!



A Watery Tart, A Shrubby and Lumberjack

For future reference:

Oh, I'm a lumberjack and I'm Okay  
I sleep all night and I work all day  
Chorus  
I cut down trees, I eat my lunch  
I go to the lavatory  
On Wednesdays I go shoppin'  
And have buttered scones for tea  
Chorus  
He cuts down trees, he skips and jumps  
He likes to press wild flowers  
He puts on womens clothing  
And likes to hang around in bars  
Chorus  
I chop down trees, I wear high heels  
Suspenders and a bra  
I wish I'd been a girlie  
Just like my dear Papa



Kniggits

And there was merrymnt and music provided by the 'Rock & Roll In-Laws'. This inspired much dancing of various forms: Dad dancing, limbo dancing, How's it go again type of dancing and this is how we did it in my youth dancing. Still it all seemed passable, especially the more the alcohol was consumed. Not a single hip was hopped or popped nor any a disc was slipped, such stamina was displayed by those of a certain age.

Several days later, all or most were sufficiently recovered to attend the weekly bog trotting. And what another fine do that was, laid diligently by the Spike, all on his lonesome and in most challenging of conditions: all was dark, wet, icy, cold and errie out on the misty moor; and many a strange and unexplained happenings were witnessed: several stragglers bore witness to the ghostly light of the legendary lost Hasher of Dartmoor.



So convinced were Ernie and followers of this apparition they mistakenly waited for said phantom as it tantalisingly gained upon them - only to see it fade into the ether!!!!  
Stopcock at some point was reported to have lost his connection, with who knows what and Spike his memory!  
Was it a full moon that night, for Streaky was observed relieving herself on/near the wheel of Ponies car, although no howling in the direction of said moon was noted.

Mutterings were also aplenty, in particular the Gannet was heard to confess that she: 'perfers to take things home and do it over her fish pie', well we trust the Scrotum had a pleasant surprise that night, although the kitchen table would have been preferable!

Oat Cature Gumby Fashion.....ON ON!