

The BH³ Challaborough Diary

Holidaymakers

Aqua, Babe, Butterfly, C4, C5, CabinBuoy, Donut, Dribbler, Dumper, FalseTart, Florence, Hashgate, JJ, Lilo, Lonely, Ms Whiplash, Mr Blobby, Mrs Blobby, NappyRash, OldDog, PennyPitstop, UtterlyButterly, Shifty, Slippery, SlowSucker, Snowy, Swallow, TC, TinOpener, Uplift, WaveRider, Whinge, Zebedee

This diary has been written almost entirely from one perspective. i.e. mine. Therefore, if I was not in your vicinity when an amusing incident occurred, it will not be in it. However, given that whenever members of BH³ get together something amusing happens, if I had even managed to record everything, this diary would probably exceed War and Peace (687,287 words) in length and you'd all get dreadfully bored reading it. I hope it gives you just a lick of the delicious ice cream that was this Hash Holiday. I know all the organisers have been thanked already – they did a superb job ☺

Saturday, 13th June

Pleasant interlude in car journey to Challaborough. Stopped at National Trust Tyntesfield for sustenance in converted cow byre. Smiling old dear behind counter proffered thick saus. roll. Looked like slice of someone's wrist. Hadn't heart to refuse. After wrist ingestion Donut steered self towards NT shop. Awoke 20 minutes later driving hell-for-leather down M5 away from organic retail opportunity.

Pulled in to Parkdean Holiday Park in Challaborough Bay after hair-raising descent on narrow, winding Devon lane designed for single-file llama travel. Found Whinge had almost demolished car's tow-bar by backing into unseen rock size of Gibraltar. He had tried to lessen irritation by quaffing beaker or two in bar with TC, NappyRash and WaveRider but found venue infested with heavily tattooed chavs discussing benefits payments. Withdrew rapidly.

Since now late afternoon first Hash, laid by Zeb and Flo, started. Too late for us to change (crafty eh?)



so wandered up hill on opposite side of bay to enjoy sunshine, watch Pack gather and start on opposite side of bay. Pack disappeared up steep cliff away from us, slowing dramatically after first hundred vertical yards. Had already met Mr Blobby who advised Trail went our way, then across sea to Burgh Island. Decided to join walkers coming our way, led by C5. Walkers included Mrs Blobby, FalseTart, UtterlyButterly and Lilo with dog Minx. Dog pulled hard on lead as Lilo exited field via grass and sand slope, causing Lilo to fall heavily on a*se. Stifled enormous snigger

and solicitously enquired as to her well-being. Leader C5, with map, managed to miss out part of Trail so headed straight for sea-tractor stop. Sighted tall sea-tractor advancing toward us through waves. Looked forward to spotting marlin and pilchards from its viewing platform. When on said machine looked both forward and backward but no marine creatures in sight. However, 13th century pub The Pilchard Inn was. As soon as tractor grated on to slipway, walkers raced off and occupied idiosyncratic bar in proprietary manner, enjoying beer and sight of Mr Blobby, SlowSucker, WaveRider, TC, NappyRash, CabinBuoy et al wearing yellow T shirts and striding, like failed Moses's, through ebbing tide. Enjoyable live Trail around island where the mad Minx only saved from hurtling lemming-like over cliff by WaveRider and TC shouting "NNNOOOOOO!!!" Black and white dog mildly red with embarrassment. Tide having mainly ebbed, strode back in manly way over sand bar.



Convivial evening of BBQ and drinks in marquee by organiser's chalet. V. pleasant evening though everyone quite knackered so retired quite early.

Sunday, 14th June

Morning. Sun firmly located in blue sky. Minor hangover firmly lodged over right eye-socket. Big fry-up only proven remedy so headed for bar/restaurant. Latte and fry-up later felt much better. Hangover moved to over left eye-socket. Bay looking serene and glittery. Slippery and Snowy had organised jumbo-yomp pleasant walk from middle of nowhere so jumped in Swallow and Slowsucker's car (they knew we were going with them...) and headed off. Official sign on one road advised 'CATS EYES REMOVED'. Unsure if new veterinary service being offered by government highways department. Remote car park on top of cliffs in midst of superb, sunny pastureland. Swifts darting about. Skylarks singing. Almost too nice for walk. Headed off across cliff tops. Snowy so entranced with wonders of nature he tripped over and fell like plummeting skylark on receiving attention of 12-bore. Failed to suppress enormous, gasping snigger which spread like infectious disease to others in group. Enquired of Snowy if *de rigueur* to fall over like prat at this point on South West Coast Path. Was advised firmly in negative.

Whinge, realising hot sun might penetrate to brain via thinly-haired area, now wearing trouser leg on head. Curious sight. Like face on end of windsock. Even more curious, attempt of several Hashers to



photograph butterflies posing daintily on spiny furze bushes. Hashers cursing and licking fingers. Butterflies taking off immediately before shutter-click. Walked on to meet herd of soft-eyed brown cows with calves. Youngsters that is. Not sure if cows have calves. Or shins. Donut slightly worried by bovine curiosity, though entranced by youthful, cuddly beeves. Worry dissipated into laughter as cow relieved internal liquid pressure like Old Faithful. We also relieved that cow was facing towards us.

Stunning views of Starehole Bay and towards Salcombe from top of cliff. Photos of smiling Hashers much easier to take than of butterflies. Delightful, swinging descent to and past Overbecks National Trust house. Then way up and down steep hills to The Winking Prawn at North Sands. Certain unnamed naughty Hashers unofficially renamed venue as

W*inking Tadpole. Our table debated (was mass debate since were many of us) on relative merit of renaming. Decided new name better but might attract wrong clientele. Enjoyed delish food. WaveRider got outside mammoth baguette in record time. Still managed to stand up (though swaying slightly) when time to go... up more massive hills. However, stopped at beautiful house and garden in cosy village on way back where home-made jams and cake on sale for charity, with friendly lady of house and even friendlier golden retrievers. BH³ consumed entire stock, apparently purchasing ambulance helicopter in process. Helicopter might have come in handy if nutter who swept round corner in huge pick-up had hit either us or car coming from opposite direction. Richard Head drove off in cloud of particulates. Mrs Blobby (I'm guessing a bit here) gave him finger.

Swifts and skylarks still flitting and singing on return to remote car park under wide sky. All agreed walk excellent. Retired to cars and returned to Challaborough in v. happy mood.

Early evening cocktails and glamour at Ms Whiplash and PennyPitstop's bay view chalet. Theme Agatha Christie-based since grand dame of English murder mysteries frequented area and had holiday home at Greenways near Dartmouth. Lilo particularly fetching as Jane Marple. Not sure if steel grey hair wig or natural. Slippery frighteningly convincing as Hercules Poirot *avec les moustaches magnifique!* Snowy, as Captain Hastings, had v. stiff upper lip. Possibly caused by over-glué of moustache.



On to The Pickwick Inn at top of hill into bay. By coach! Merry driver exhibiting manic glint in eye while flooring accelerator driving up 3 feet wide, winding road. Hashers fortunately already merry, so enjoying close brush with nature on both sides of coach and possible annihilation should out-of-control Devonian combine harvester career down road to meet head-on. Pub, beer and food great. Dumper insisted on eating my starter, so thoroughly enjoyed his. Noise level rose as more and more booze consumed. Great deal of appreciation for Aqua who sported stunning red dress and pretended not to notice



appreciation. TC unable to eat whole of pizza size of sombrero. NappyRash spurring facial perspiration as own pizza, covered in chillies, slipped over swollen tongue and entered personal food-processing area. Felt pang of sadness for wife WaveRider who would be sharing small bedroom later. Almost suggested hire of bio body suit with personal air supply but decided against. Enormous fun after dinner trying to slide/tease After Eight wafer mint from eye into mouth without hands. Zebedee took so long chocolate semi-melted, sticking After Eight to face like slipped brown eyepatch. Curious method of ingesting pleasure centre reward food. Today also Lonely's birthday and he enjoyed plateful of

spaghetti amid the ladies of the Hash while being photographed. Staggered out of pub (not just Lonely, most of us) with much thanking to landlady for 'Shplendid meal'. Coach driver slightly surprised at state of chocolate-covered, stumbling clowns tripping up coach steps. Probably also amused when Lilo fell off seat on journey back.

Monday, 15th June

Drake's Trail Bike Ride Day. No bottom-hugging lycra for BH³. Variety of different length trousers/shorts adorned hairy, knobby objects poking out of them (not ladies, of course☺). Probably best covered up. Hashers wobbled about in car park by bike hire, rang bells, checked spare-tyre pressure (not bike's) and set off on ride North. South for wimps as only few miles to Plymouth Hoe (no, not lady of night all you homies). Trail mainly ex-railway line through superb, rolling countryside. Stopping at sunny viaducts offering opportunity to feast eyeballs on superb, rolling c and, since viaducts exceptionally high, watch Slowsucker turn as green as landscape when vertigo kicks in. Also turned green followed by bright red when ignored my warning of "Cyclist!" as 15-stone of lycra-clad muscle hurtled towards him. Missed by about a foot which believe was one of personal appendages cycling gent wanted to plant on face of Slowsucker.



Some kind of military installation half way along which is why couple of groups of well-muscled young men out running. WaveRider, TC, Slippery and Donut gained sudden concern for troops. WaveRider physically restrained from fainting in front of one group. Caught up with Snowy and Slippery and all particularly enjoyed long, dark, dripping Shaugh tunnel where unseen riders from opposite direction swept past like silent, biking owls. Almost fresh cycling shorts scenario. Out on common and uphill in sunlight spotted small, cute foals lying in sunshine next to Mums. And, according to she-with-knowledge-of-all-things-beef, Swallow, Banded Galloway heifers, also with young. Fine creatures look like black yak with broad white stripe painted around middle. Seen Lonely before now, in similar rugby shirt.

Stopped, like many others, at Yelverton for coffee and catch-up. Coffee and cakes like manna. Assumed pig seeking truffle position and hoovered up delicious cake almost in single attempt. Regretted this when returned to bike since spare-tyre now over-inflated. In group with Slippery, Snowy, Swallow and SlowSucker. On advice of Snowy, "It'll all be downhill on the way back." had decided to cycle few more miles to go over Magpie Viaduct and Gem Bridge, then through Grenofen Tunnel. Immediately we left Yelverton, all hurtled screaming with eyeballs on stalks down perilously steep and lengthy hill. At bottom

had intended to duff up Snowy but too depressed at thought of climbing Chris Froome-like (well, maybe not) up s and l hill. Grenofen Tunnel even longer version of previous Shaugh Tunnel, especially for those wearing sunglasses(!). Like being swallowed by cold whale. Made it through. Changed mental shorts and retired to pub for refreshing Chota Peg. On way back, much muttering under breath and sideways glances at unrepentant Snowy. Especially when puffing up bloody great hill. However, met TC, NappyRash, Whinge and WaveRider at top and commenced very fast and pleasurable express ride on mainly downhill slope, frightening various dogs and youngsters on way.

Evening a free-choice so chose not to drive out but to enjoy number of drinks and meal in on-site restaurant. Real pleasure to view calm sea in bay, enjoy Atlantic Ale and be served with lots of tasty food by friendly waitress. Left restaurant with spare-tyre now super-inflated.

Tuesday, 16th June

C5 and Mr Blobby's Hash in Malborough today. Wondered how one with shooting pains in strapped-up leg and other with gyp rather than healthy hip would cope. Surprised to report, well, maybe not, Trail laid with panache and brio (no, not helpers from another Hash). Warm, sunny day certainly did help. Great to see some of Looe and Liskeard Hash had joined us. Found self running initially with UtterlyButterly who disappeared as entered delightful country environs. Quiet, green tracks and trails until slightly ran out of steam on steep, wet hill threatening to suck off shoes. Stop for more than 2 secs and would be up to neck in cow poo and general shiggy. Rest of Pack appeared, then disappeared. Since day pleasant and Trail winding through lovely countryside, decided to take it easy and trotted happily around until bumped into Mrs Blobby and Uplift towards end.

We On To'd The Fisherman's Rest for buffet lunch – chicken in't basket type of thing and served by friendly person of whose sexuality Mr Blobby was unsure. Decided he was a gent, finally. Nice chap. V helpful. Like the landlady. She agreed to pay for half the cost of the Down Downs. Not exactly Greece bail-out financial proportions but a nice gesture. C5 had sidled up to me while I was buying a drink, asking, "Fancy doing a couple of Down Downs as RA, Hashgate?" Found out a little later that "a couple" meant all of them so scurried about mentally to think of awards. Did the business by the stream at back of car park (hmm, that sounds rather rude) and here are awards:-

Aqua –	Wearing 'that' red dress last night to the delight of all.
TC, NappyRash –	Today's Hash Crashers.
Shifty -	Or 'Smarmy' as he came to be known. For assisting NappyRash out of the nettles.
Dribbler -	For joining Hashgate (on the Trail) in one of the most surreal conversations of all time. The topic was road-kill clearance by red kites and how streets would fill with dead rabbits and hedgehogs if they were not around.
Hares -	C5 and Mr Blobby were given a resounding cheer for their excellent work.

Narrow stream by Down Down area provided excellent opportunity for engaging plastic duck race. Ducks not too competitive after being hurled into slow-running water and many sought comfort in groups attached to banks at various points. Eventually, Lilo duck bumped up against umpire Ms Whiplash' legs and was declared outright winner. Ruminated on amazing how much pleasure derived from event by apparently intelligent Hashers.

Drove back by foreshore road, enjoying sight of egrets fanning about on mooring poles. Road underwater when tide in so really quite pleased tide was out.

Afternoon on sun-drenched beach with Donut (in swimming costume – amazing!), Mrs Blobby, Mr Blobby, C5, Shifty, FalseTart, WaveRider, Uplift, Swallow and Slowsucker. Mrs Blobby chatted up well-muscled, young lifeguard using nearby dead crab as conversation starter. Thoroughly enjoyed watching wmyl poncing about on surfboard in sea, allegedly to catch her better (and live) crab. All agreed when he failed that better not to catch crabs.



Mrs Blobby also pointed out amply-breasted lady further down beach having trouble controlling unruly bosoms when bending over. Mr Blobby, in effort to change focus of group looked aloft to house perched precariously on cliff and asked "Are they stable up there?" Group collapsed in laughter since still observing wobbling-top lady.

After *apres-plage* at C4, C5, Uplift, Mr & Mrs Blobby's executive chalet evening spent at Oyster Shack after death-defying coach drive down even narrower lanes than before. Driver kindly parked almost inside restaurant to ensure passengers had minimal walking distance. Restaurant decorated in bright orange and blue, with variety of dead sea-creatures and items for catching them on walls. Staff exceptionally friendly. Seemed friendlier after few bottles of local ale. Chalet quiz winners Whinge, TC, Swallow and Slowsucker presented with stunningly expensive prizes. Since evening cooling rapidly, OldDog adopted sombrero and blanket crying out "Riba riba!" at intervals. Never figured out what this means. Perhaps "This sombrero makes me look like a complete dick, muchacho." (Have just checked spelling of 'muchacho' in Google and found Urban Dictionary meaning. Suggest you do not look this up.)

Wednesday, 17th June

Grand day out. Paignton and Dartmouth via coach, steam train and ferry. With Dartmouth Castle guided tour thrown in. Wow! On coach Whinge takes photo of coach occupants. When sitting down NappyRash, behind him, takes photo of thinning pate and sends it to him by WhatsApp. Whinge threatens to fill in NR.

Alighting from coach on main Paignton tourist road interesting experience. Old and young zombies shambled past tattoo parlours, tat shops and fast-food outlets. Buttoned up polo shirt in case of neck-oriented attack by adjacent ancient zombie with Zimmer (however, since teeth not appearing to have been Polygrip'd recently, may not have needed to).



Hash formed close 'flying wedge' formation and made it to railway station where sleek locomotive steamed quietly, oozing power and nostalgia. Took picture (photo-bombed by Zebedee!) and sent to Shitfor (renowned train enthusiast) who replied, advising me I more anorak than he! Sat with Donut, PennyPitstop and Ms Whiplash during enjoyable, chuffing train ride. Slowsucker nearby commented that he remembered he and other children used to give seat up to old people on trains. Penny riposted quickly with, "And now they give their seat up for you!" And collapsed, like many of us, in fit of giggles.

On arrival at Dartmouth went straight to ferry for breezy, slightly bouncy jaunt across harbour. Enjoyed delicious coffee at independent coffee shop with Donut, CabinBuoy and Lonely then raced off, full of caffeine to Castle, half a mile away. Arrived zingily at ancient

edifice where rest of Hash group milled about listlessly, eyeing ice-cream shop, or visited loos whether need or not. Go when you can, not when you need to. Fascinating, if lengthy, guided tour by lady who certainly knew stuff. Castle agglomeration of medieval and Victorian buildings with dirty great big guns at logical points of defence. C5 flagging with information overload, Shifty and CabinBuoy whizzing about investigating powder store, uniform changing rooms etc. whistling 'I was Kaiser Bill's Batman' or was it 'Colonel Bogey'?

Marched back to town after tour, starving, Overtook Babe and UtterlyButterly, then Swallow and SlowSucker, then Snowy and Slippery in desperation to eat. Nothing too appealing so finally purchased two large pasties and headed for quay where sat among the agéd slowly gumming soft food and watching endless parade of old people and walking wounded, mooching up and down. One ancient couple, on spotting Black-Backed Gull decided to photograph nasty creature. "Ooh. Isn't it beautiful." Screeched desiccated wife, while husband struggled with F-stops and apertures (believe these may also be geriatric medical terms). Wife now exhorting bird to open beak by issuing "Aark. Aark" noises. Almost decided suffocation by pasty preferable to scenario being presented. Photograph finally taken (with open beak) couple struggled away. Glared at seagull which glared back in supercilious manner.

Apparently, NappyRash attacked by vicious gull while in vicinity. Bird still recovering in local PDSA and suing for GBH (Grievous Bird Harm).

Returned to Paignton by sea and steam and shunted through even more tattooed droids and zombies to rush on coach and slam door. As we pulled away bloke easily 55 years old strolled by with poodle attached to lead. Was wearing flip-flops, jean shorts, black AC/DC T-shirt and hair (grey) shaved short at sides and spiked around top. Looked utter and complete prat. Drove past rough-looking pub named 'Winston's' outside of which lurked and loomed the nastiest collection of tattooed, muscle-vested, pox-raddled, benefits-claiming, smoking, lager drinkers we've ever seen. All agreed BH³ would be perfectly at home in pub and that lurkers and loomers jolly nice people.

Hash with South Hams in evening, from Journey's End pub, opened especially for us by landlord and landlady who were supposed to be on honeymoon. Superb, calm weather for mainly coastline Trail. But, crikey, those blasted steep cliffs! Even Zeb, who won the Hash, was panting a little after running up them – don't think anyone else did. About 100 Hashers filled lovely old pub later. 8 or so beers straight from barrel. Two great big alsations and the largest St. Bernard ever seen. Latter came and sat by our table. Dead friendly and silky, soft coat. Since was comfortable with our group decided to lay down in middle of way through tables so everyone had to step over. Since kitchen overwhelmed and food slow Whinge and SlowSucker offered help. Ended up as scurrying waiters. At least got our table's (rather delicious) food. Seriously long but very entertaining Down Downs by South Hams RA wearing Indian, feathered headdress and waving coloured fly-switch. C5 finally got to do the BH³ side and awarded Lonely (for his birthday), Donut and me (for sharing our honeymoon with BH³ this week). Delightful moonlit walk back along dark country lanes with Whinge, TC, NappyRash and WaveRider.

Thursday, 18th June

Swallow and SlowSucker joined us at bay restaurant for a full English breakfast. Half-way through, Donut, saying was rather full, forked and handed over item from her breakfast plate. "Oh Claire." Said Swallow. "You've unloaded a sausage!" Call us childish if you will, but all four suddenly found this hugely funny, with much snorting and eye-watering.

Hash Walk with Ms Whiplash and PennyPitstop today but Donut and I have friends in Buckland Monachorum so drove there and spent very pleasant few hours with them. Friends have two huge, hairy and very friendly Spinona dogs. When sitting in sunny garden drinking coffee doggies showed friendliness by resting hairy chins on each leg of shorts and staring up soulfully. Sadly, hairy chins soaked in saliva so shorts legs tad sticky for rest of day.

Returned to beach just as rounders and circuit training finished. Excellent timing by us. Whinge mentioned rounders setting-up viewed by woman who strode down to advise on placement of bases. Whinge smiled at woman, "Thanks very much." He said. "Now go and get another drink."



Circuit training offering fascinating glimpse of older blokes trying once again to be well-muscled young chaps... and failing. Number of people swam in sea. Including me. Pleasant but temperature of water ensured certain parts of anatomy resembled walnuts. How Mr Blobby and C5 stayed in for so long beyond me. Perhaps walnut-free after many years of marriage. As Butterfly said at time, "It's vvvvery ccccold bbbut mmmmost enjoyable."

Curiously themed chalet do later at Dumper, Old Dog, Cabin Buoy and

Lonely's crib. Blokes asked to wear false eyelashes. V strange looking. Snowy looked creepily like Eddie Izzard on bad day. Dumper, with huge butterfly eyelashes, frightened us. Then frightened lady behind bar at bay restaurant when she turned to serve him.

In evening enjoyed mass Hash dinner in bay restaurant. Opted for Vindaloo and was pleased when expectation of milder than usual version proved to be right. Drinking everyone's beer on table as well as water from flower vase not always appreciated in polite society. Or by BH³.

Indulged in game of pool with NappyRash and Whinge after hugely enjoyable dinner party broke up. Found baize on pool table required mowing. Attempts to send cue ball further than two feet doomed to failure unless ball struck by cue with force approximating to battering ram. Difficult to play anyway when

laughing socks off at antics of balls. And, indeed, players. NappyRash executed blistering shot that resulted in white ball missing all others and hurtling into corner pocket in embarrassment. Self carefully cued-up tricky shot requiring slight right-hand screw on white ball. Screwed shot instead by missing white with end of cue but brushing it with side. Not surprisingly, Whinge ultimate champion. Not so much by winning but by making less stupid shots. Great fun.

Back to caravan of WaveRider, NappyRash, Whinge and TC to drink to reasonable excess. WaveRider almost as sozzled as me. While assuming almost supine position on couch with red wine in hand advised us she had "Snowed showy" something. Then described the bread heating machine in the kitchen as a "Toashter." Almost too funny for words. This occasion when I magnanimously offered lift to NappyRash for following Monday and forgot all about it five minutes later. Doh!

Friday, 19th June

Final day. Weather treated us with bright, clear skies and lovely, hot sunshine. Off to Salcombe today for complex and challenging quiz created by Lonely and CabinBuoy. Both harangued by competitive Hashers in car park before leaving. Understand bribes offered by unscrupulous. Object of quiz to answer as many questions as poss. while using A4 sheet of questions to assist navigation. Since questions not in particular order was mite difficult. Opted for nonchalant, devil-may-care approach. Not quite same as team member SlowSucker with serious competitive instinct. Other team members: Donut and Swallow supplied intelligence. SlowSucker whizzed up and down roads. Self ambled amiably along, enjoying sunshine and lovely views over Salcombe Bay. Reached point where amiability would be seriously compromised if ingestion of caffeine not imminent. So found very good café and got outside



latté and muffin in record time while watching confused Hashers bumble past window. Uplift, the Blobbies, C4 and C5 eventually realised benefits of brief rest after beasting up and down hilly roads all morning and came into same café for refreshment.

Realised quiz taking toll when SlowSucker and Swallow announced were bailing out of team and bugging off to National Trust Overbecks house. Then Donut pretended to faint with exhaustion by 'accidentally' tripping over pavement. Several passing gents, on viewing spread-eagled Donut, offered kiss of life. Fought off interlopers and assisted fiancée to unsteady feet. Luckily for team, Donut had spotted answers to two quiz questions while lying in gutter and rapidly disappearing SlowSucker had texted answer to another. Flushed with achievement, filled in answers on

paper sheet and went for tour of shops.

Was interesting, different attitudes of people to quiz. Zebedee and Shifty actually running along streets while NappyRash advised that only reason for attending was that wife WaveRider would not talk to him if didn't.

Finally ended up, exhausted and thirsty, at The Fortescue pub where all were to meet, hand in quiz papers and have a bit of sit down. Handed pathetic excuse for answers sheet to smiling Lonely and CabinBuoy. Smiling probably due to inane and incorrect answers on most sheets in front of them.

After final, stiff-legged walk back up blasted hill (again!) to car sank gratefully into comfy seats and let machine take us back to Challaborough. Once there, changed into swimming stuff, ran down hot, sandy beach and entered sea for full immersion challenge. Sixty seconds later exited sea as if cello-playing Great White racing towards water-wrinkled, frozen legs and ran back up hot, sandy beach. Though sun dried body off swimming gear remained resolutely damp in regions best not mentioned in family journal.

In evening all boarded now familiar coach and headed to distant Crab Shack for final nosh-up. Pleasant surprise on arrival when Zebedee handed out £20 to everyone from organising committee coffers.

Treasurer and ex-bank manager obviously not following Greek methods of financial administration. Following excellent food and more than one alcoholic beverage Lonely presented quiz winners Babe, UtterlyButterly, Aqua and JJ with magnificent award. Joint second were team Dribbler, Butterfly, Lilo, TinOpener and Florence and team FalseTart, Shifty, Dumper, Zebedee and OldDog. Wooden spoon awarded to self and Donut.



Lengthy break waiting for C5 to finish pudding before he presented awards of week so decided to go to loo. Met pleasant young chap with cerebral palsy in gents struggling to open door and wield crutches, so assisted. He advised with much laughter from us both that, "I'm legless before I even start drinking."

C5 finally spooned last of compote into face-hole and staggered to feet to announce week's awards. To rousing cheers, thanked all organisers, then presented following:-

Whinge	Awarded Mr Grumpy mug for being, well, Whinge.
Mr Blobby	Given a money box to save up for a full gas bottle.
Donut & Hashgate	Sharing award for letting everyone join them on Hash Honeymoon.
Mrs Blobby	Old Lady of the Week. For her excellent Miss Marple with ball of wool.
TC	Waiter of the Week for waiting for ages for an empty loo cubicle.
Swallow	Carer of the Week for looking after SlowSucker so well. He was awarded a card for being so well-behaved and affable all week.
Aqua	Totter of the Week for staggering about on her high heels when dressed in 'that dress'.
Lilo	Waddler of the Week for winning the duck race.
Babe	Winner of the 'Living on Past Glories' award for maundering on about how many thousands of miles he has cycled... in the past.
FalseTart	The Hash Ashes Award. For fortitude and endeavour while walking miles with Whinge.

Butterfly then thanked hard-working organising committee on behalf of BH³. Committee comprising Zebedee, Florence, Ms Whiplash, PennyPitstop, Mr Blobby, Mrs Blobby, C4 and C5 accepted coat hooks and tea towels for excellent services rendered.

Wonderfully enjoyable way to round off superb week.

A Selection of Photographs



C5, SlowSucker and Mr Bobby emerge from the sea reminding us of...





Honeymooners Hashgate and Donut. Aaaah.



Dribbler and CabinBuoy take a break



WaveRider finally runs out of steam!



FalseTart drops some zzzzs



Slippery hides behind sunglasses - to no avail!



The week catches up on Lonely



SlowSucker in deep contemplation

Programme for Not Bude (Challaborough) 2015

Day	Daytime Activity	Early Evening	Evening
Saturday	Hash starting at 4.30 from the Marquee by Cottage Number 3 Flo and Zeb		BBQ and drinks following the hash' Paid For
Sunday	Walk from car park in the middle of nowhere. The co-ordinates are SX713 375. It is just outside the village of Soar on the turning to East Soar Farm. If you haven't got the OS map, the post code for the outdoor centre just past the car park is TQ7 3DR. Lunch near or in Salcombe. Travel in cars, leaving at 1015 Snowy and Slippery	Chalet evening at 6.30 chez Miss W and Penny PS	Dinner at The Pickwick Inn. Paid For . Coach provided, leaving at 7.30
Monday	Bike Ride from Plymouth. Travel in cars, leaving at 0900 . The ride is along the traffic free Drake's Trail and the bike hire is from 'The Bike Bus' at Coypool Park and Ride PL7 4TB Flo and Zeb		DIY - BBQ or whatever you wish.
Tuesday	Hash from Malborough Car Park GR:710398. Travel in cars, leaving at 1015 . On To a Buffet lunch at the Fisherman's Rest. GR: 693473 Paid For Mr Blobby and C5.	Chalet evening at 6.30 chez Mr and Mrs Blobby, C4 and C5 and Uplift	Dinner at the Oyster Shack. Paid For . Coach provided, leaving at 7.30

Wednesday	Day trip to Paignton and Dartmouth, with a return journey using coach, steam train and ferry, (everything except a plane) with a guided tour round Dartmouth Castle. Paid For. Coach provided, leaving at 9am. C4 and Mrs Blobby		Hash with South Hams H3 from the Journey's End pub. Walk there. GR: 651460 leaving at 6.15. The pub will put on food after the hash for which we have to pay. They will be about 100 hashers, so it'll be something like a huge vat (or 10) of chilli. It's a great pub!
Thursday	Walk from the Marquee. Gather at 1045. There is no pub on the way, so if you want to eat and drink, take a picnic. Penny Pit Stop and Miss Whiplash	Chalet evening at 6.30 hosted by Dumper and Old Dog and Cabin Buoy and Lonely	Eat on-site. Restaurant booked for 8pm
Friday	Novelty hash from Salcombe. Travel in cars, leaving at 1000. Lonely and Cabin Buoy	Hash Awards - Grand Presentation at the Marguee at 6pm	Dinner at the Crabshell Inn. Paid For. Coach provided, leaving at 7.15pm.
Saturday	Leave for home having had a spiffing time		