

Hazy Memoirs of the SH4 500 th Run on Sunday April 1 st 2007 contributed by Gary Glitter and HT2	
Coach from Halwell to Totnes	<p>GM suicidal dash. Our Grand Mattress, Pulliit and her daughter Roxy, pulled into the Old Inn carpark at Halwell just as the Hash Coach rumbled down the hill. Grabbing face paints, rucksacks and Dog Tatu, the two clowns made a manic dive across the road to the coach under the wheels of the local milk tanker. Floater sat on Troughies knee on couch. If he'd known it was her birthday he would have given her a present!!</p> <p>Jailer turned up with wonderful hair and nose and a large bow tie with the label left on which displayed in large letters "Big Dicky" which was heartily disputed by Meavy!</p> <p>The GM and Roxy looked like they were auditioning for "Joseph and his Amazing Technicolour Dream Coat"!</p>
More passengers at Totnes	<p>73 into 50 don't go! A circus of clowns thronged the Steamer Quay car park at Totnes as we drove in. Our 53 seater surely would not contain so many? Problem resolved as most of Plympton Hash, led by Fu Man Chu, tried to exit the coach against the incoming tide of jolly jesters. Alas, they only wanted the loos and soon returned, clambering over Gomez and Morticia's large labrador puppies. All packed in like sardines (but not as smelly), we were then driven off to Clennon Valley.</p>
Arrival and briefing at Paignton	<p>Who stood on the chalk! 73 clowns and jesters popped out of the coach door and were joined by the Paignton people. We jostled for the front row in an effort to see and hear the Grand Clown welcome all hashers plus a virgin. Yes, A virgin on this 500th SH4 Hash, what a start to her hashing career.</p> <p>And so, at 11 a.m. on April 1st 2007, began the longest hash in the SH4 history, it was to cover over 50 miles, include running, walking, falling, trains, coaches, ferries and river boats, and numerous tea, lunch, dinner and beer stops, ending at the Smugglers Inn at about 7 p.m.</p>
Hash to teashop and station	<p>Cheesy Feet</p> <p>Lovely run round Paignton sea front. The first section of the trail, laid by Troughie, was from Clennon Valley, It turned out that there had been a long/short route on this section of the trail but because of the crowding clowns standing on the marks, only 4 hashers noticed it. The majority ran along the seafront, across a green park area where Woof-Woof entertained with cartwheels, and into a newly-refurbished Tea-Shop. The AAs went straight for the beers whilst the more refined clowns sipped tea and nibbled muffins. A wonderful addition were the neat little cheesy feet (cheese pastries) baked by Sinless from PH3 and generously shared all around. Yummy, thank you.</p>
On the train	<p>Goody Goody Bags</p> <p>Mega thanks go to Lesley, Mum of Doggin, Bimbo and Philippa. Having taxied them to Clennon Valley she then drove Ali G with hundreds of goody bags to Paignton Station,</p>

	<p>saving protracted negotiations with the coach driver to divert from his route. Thus, when we had left the teashop and arrived at the station and boarded our Specially Reserved Clown Coach, Ali G was able to hand out goody bags galore. We had water, orange juice, nuts, crisps and chocolate. Little did we know that this was essential sustenance for the forthcoming marathon section of the trail. Happily we cavorted around the carriages as the train wheezed and puffed its way along the tracks to Kingswear. Wonderful steam train ride to Kingswear. Gary, TB and Piddler reminiscing about their school days at Churston.</p>
Race to the Ship	<p> Fallen Woman's Race Tactics Those of us quick off the mark tried to sprint to the Ship Inn to gain a pint of Otter Ale before setting off on foot again. However, Fallen Woman's tactics of stopping me overtaking her up the steps by crushing HTTtwo against the wall worked so well that she got to the bar first – Bully! Once there it was dump bags, quick beer and make a decision about going Long/short or walkers route.</p>
The trail	<p>Big Bird's Beacon and Ollie's jolly Beer Stop. Mustn't forget Ollie and Big Bird's talk, something about Big Bird's scooter, arm in plaster and Ollie finding a large bush but couldn't remember her name! Big Bird took the walkers off down hill while Ollie led the seasoned runners uphill and uphill and up steps and uphill. My God we were getting hot even in that wind. Lots more ups and downs and finally we gasped our way up to the Daymark for a Cider, Beer and sweetie stop. The wind here was pretty gusty and what with cups and sweet papers flying everywhere it suddenly started to drizzle. Wrong it was Troughie peeing into the wind! On we went out to the coast and then flying back through the woods down the steps and down the hills! Hills, steps, beer stop,</p>
The Ship	<p>Beer, dinner, Tshirts and down downs. Woof Woof went in to the Gents at the Ship Inn with her camera while Jailer, Piddler and Ali G were in action. However, nothing come out on the screen! In the pub TB was heard to say to Dulux that he was amazed that someone could turn up with a hangover and drink four pints of lager and not go to the loo. It was suggested she ought to be called "Reservoir" and Topshelf behind him added "Dogs"! Some of the hashers, TB, Floater, Nokkers and Nashers, Troughie and Cowpat heard a whisper that there was a Beer Festival at the pub below and so shot down there to explore. Gary turned up in the pub and was puzzled by the overpowering smell in there. It turned out to be WinterGreen which they had been massaging on each other much to Nokkers delight! The pub seemed to be strangely empty probably driven out due to the smell.</p>

Crossing the Dart	Quay congestion caused by 100 hashers trying to get on the boat before the previous passengers could disembark. Tina and Hatrack nearly missed the boat because they left something at the Dart Marina.
The Boat Trip	Beautiful scenery On board the Cardiff Castle Happy birthdays were sung to Floater and Marigold. Although there were only four other people on the boat the captain said that we were making too much noise and would we quieten down a bit!
The Smugglers Inn	Plympton and South Hams had a convivial last drink (in fact several) whilst reminiscing over the day's events.
One last coach ride	Hashers stumbled back onto the coach and Fu Man Choo was rewarded with yet another subby for making it from the pub to the coach without falling over. The coach trundled along its homeward route, disgorging happy hashers at various points from Totnes to Plymouth via Kingsbridge. A BIG THANK YOU to all involved in the organising of this great SH4 500 th run.