

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
Chris Hall (Squits)
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)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

Facebook: www.facebook.com/Tamar-Valley-Hash-House-Harriers -114194325261427

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

Next Run No: 1938
Date: 18/0/17
Start: Long Ash
On Down: London Inn, Horrbridge
Hares: Scupper Sucker & Pist 'N' Broke
Scribe: Deep Throat

Checks, Topiary and Jon Snow

Well Grandpa you're slipping, a paltry 32 checks! Research would suggest that whilst the newer members of the TVH3 fraternity were generally taken aback at the number, we know better. Statistically the previous 5 fine efforts have produced a mean average of 35 checks with a median of 34, however the Granddaddy was some 5 years ago which topped out at 39 ish (the 'ish' being the Scribe lost count). Joking apart, the checks made for a Hash where we all stayed in a relatively cohesive group which needs to be considered as we move into the twilight and evening darker nights ahead.

Checks aside, as is the norm Grandpa made full use of the Alder estate, visiting ponds, streams, the odd hill, a bit of road and a visit to Plain Jane's, all in all a pleasant evening. Thanks Bob and Jane! (that includes the swimmers who inspected the new pool tiling).

And so merry hashers on to the pub. The Blue Lion – well a new experience to most of us, and may I say very pleasant. So dirt, surprisingly not a lot to report. All appeared to be very tight lipped, so why let the truth get in the way of a good ditty.

Can't Remember was overheard reminding Posh Pinny that it was almost time to brush up on the Autumn topiary, having a straggly 'bush' at Christmas just was not on!



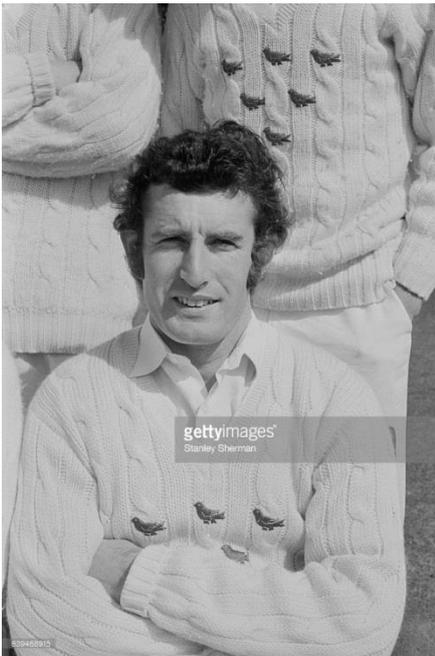
In the meantime there was a strange conversation unfolding regarding Jon Snow (who and why?)

For those wondering Jon Snow!

Pist N Broke was in deep discussion all about Game of Thrones this Jon Snow. No idea what he was wittering on about?



Whilst Scupper Sucker was musing to his heart's content about John Snow's multi coloured sock collection! Why?



Hurricane by this time had drifted off into the realm of cricket; his 'boyhood' hero was clearly this John Snow.

So how many other Jon/John Snows do you know?

What this has to do with Hashing?

So now you are all as confused as I am, that's all for now folks.
ONON!

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
Chris Hall (Squits)
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)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

Facebook: www.facebook.com/Tamar-Valley-Hash-House-Harriers -114194325261427

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

Next Run No: 1938

Date: 18th September 2017

Start: Long Ash

On Down: London Inn, Horrabridge

Hares: Scupper Sucker & Pist 'N' Broke

Scribe: Deep Throat

Evening all, I'm here in place of Clever Dickie who shamelessly passed her job as scribe off to her brother

Last week's hash was at the Alder Estate – thanks go to Grandpa and Plain Jane for setting it and doing a very good job of it indeed. There were rumours going around that it was to be Grandpa's last hash. Everybody will be pleased to hear that this was FAKE NEWS and he will continue to throw flour around his property for us to run around in for the foreseeable future.

A new hasher Jack left his shoes behind so rushed back to get them. To be fair to him it was his first hash in 15 years. When asked if he'd come back he said "If you could tell me where the one in 15 years will be that would be great – I expect a pool"

I glanced around before the hash started but couldn't see him, not in the cars, not in the crowd. The man I was looking for was nowhere to be seen. I felt a pang of sorrow in my heart. Chopper was not there.

We set off on the chimes of seven thirty, much to the displeasure of Hot Rocks. "Bob needs to adjust his clocks – they're obviously running fast" he said, "Doesn't matter that I arrived after Ames".

Not long into the hash we reached a check; one of the trails went over a stile – surely it must be that way? Cue everyone hopping over and searching only to reel in disbelief when faced with a check back and a large hasher jam getting back over. I heard Grandpa laughing about that one at the finish – you don't get to over 1200 hashes without acquiring a few tricks to keep up your sleeves.

Try as I may I couldn't spot him. I was losing hope. would it be another whole week before I ran beside him again? Chopper was not there.

It was a fast hash with many short checks keeping people together. The new hasher Jack followed the trail until it got near his house, then lost it. Fang was reported to have been a wimp despite being off like a shotgun, and Windy and Gannet were seen flashing at cows.

The hash ended and all those who wished to go swimming did – myself included. As I walked in who did I spot but Chopper soaking his beautiful bearded face (and the rest of himself) in the water. Turned out he just couldn't get away from work in time. He had *still* managed to cut his leg despite not running and was leaving a bloody trail on the wet floor.

When we arrived at the pub Embarrister quickly informed me she was not wearing pants then returned to pouring love and affection over a puppy I can only imagine she stole from someone. I shocked a group of the hashers by using my phone to write notes down instead of a pad of paper; ah the wonders of technology. Good job I didn't bring my robotic friend Killbot-5000 to write the notes or they would have had heart attacks.

You may remember a few hash mags ago that Pony defended herself against claims from Gannet that she drove at 90mph everywhere and responded that she had *not* taken a speed awareness course. Well it's quite possible that as she was writing those words in her hash mag a letter was making its way to our house informing Pony that she had been caught speeding and will have to take a speed awareness course. Gannet has named it *The Curse of The Gannet*.

In the hash hush we were informed that there was a special announcement but I can't remember it for the life of me. Might have been about Hot Rocks. Ask Raunchy.

I'll end with my hash version of the Nights Watch Oath from game of thrones that I wrote for a hash mag three years ago that I think more people will appreciate now.

Night gathers, and now my Hash begins.

It shall not end until my death.

I shall eat the chips; drink the shandy, tell my friends.

I shall wear shorts that are too small.

I shall live and die a hasher.

I am the head torch in the darkness.

I am the closer of the gates.

I am the jacket that protects against the cold.

I am the light that guides the lost.

I am the horn that sounds from the front

I am the long that waits to help the shorts.

I pledge my life and honor to the Hash,

For this night and all the nights to come.

ON ON

On on,

Analweiss