

**Grand Master**  
Roger Thorn (Pimp)  
**Joint Masters**  
Julie Gitlin (Dirty Oar)  
Bill Stacey-Norris (Lost)  
**Scribe Master**  
Steve Davis (Hurricane)  
**Hasherdabber**  
Ben Towe (Good Head)  
**Hash Horn**  
Damian Weaver (Omen)



**Chamber Pots**  
Hayley Sampson (H)  
**On Sec**  
David Sykes (Scrotum)  
**Hash Cash**  
Sarah Cohen (Fergie)  
**Hare Master**  
Simon Snowdon (Slush)  
**Hash Flash**  
Paul Walters (Stopcock)  
**Hash Tag**  
Julie Williams (Commando)

**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

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

**Next Run No: 1992**  
**Date: 15/10/18**  
**Start: Plymbridge Wood, Wrigleys**  
**On Down: The Lopes**  
**Hares: Mayhem and Ernie**  
**Scribe: TBA**  
**Snow on the line**  
**Rain on the line**

A select few Hashers turned up at the Bearsdown Inn, near Sourton on the edge of the high moor. What a pretty sight the pub was with its thatched roof and discreet carpark lighting. Fergie explained that there were two runs that merged into one run, pointed to the moor and let the eager pack of hounds go – leaving behind one solitary walker – your scribe!

I followed up the track which resembled the vaulting of a medieval church, as the trees came down to cut out the sky and the stars. Walking up the track I could not help noticing horse shit the size of elephant turds on the ground and began to worry about some prehistoric animal leaping out from the bushes – but “nil desperandum” and I plodded on until I reached the viaduct.

When I got up there all my long chats to Russ Abbot about the “inland route” came flooding back, and I started to envisage the Dawlish section of the GWR completely flooded and destroyed, and the new railway coming back across Dartmoor to Plymouth, avoiding the Dawlish Sea Wall. I can understand one of my heroes (besides Dogcatcher!) went for the coastal route because it is so easy to imagine the difficulties of the inland route:

“British Rail announce the closure of the line between Okehampton and Plymouth due to:

➤ Snow on the line

- Rain on the line
- Leaves on the line
- Sheep, cattle and ponies on the line
- Hashers on the line!"

The list is endless, but think of the number of folk who live on the moor who could enjoy watching the trains running across Dartmoor.

Well enough of the railway – what about Isambard? It could become a more popular first name for all genders; and then, maybe, our national engineering prowess could flourish once again. The viaduct is a fabulous example of design and structure, still standing for over 100 years, and the stonework can only be equalled by our own Hash Master Mason, Dogcatcher. I am currently searching for some granite posts, and tried to persuade said Dogcatcher to move some from the railway to his car; but on environmental grounds (he would need new wheels for his barrow!) he declined.

Having finally reached the summit I could see the Shorts traversing the moor, and then being joined by the Longs, coming in from the North. The two lines looked like a carefully orchestrated troop of glow-worms on the look out for romance! From my vantage point I could see Fergie flashing in my direction – which would have been very exciting if only my eyesight was better. So far the run had been going perfectly – but it soon went downhill.

Fergie insisted that no one got lost – the Hashers just got mislaid and disorientated as they raced downhill. Glanni short-cutted drastically and made it back to the bucket about 15 minutes before anyone else! There were several heroes on the night, and Good Head and Nipple Deep need a special mention for rescuing Ernie, Gannet and our 3 virgins (Minnie, Nashers and H) who would otherwise still be wandering out on the moor. Nipple Deep even collected his lost flock by car which must make him an honorary hero of the Soviet Union. Eventually everyone got back to the bucket, having thoroughly enjoyed the adventure.

Medical News: Dildo Baggins is in hospital in a bad way, having fallen off his motor bike on a motor cross track in Cornwall. Apparently he flew off the bike at considerable speed and hit the ground at some distance from his starting point. He has broken his femur, cracked several ribs and punctured a lung! We all wish him a speedy recovery.

Thanks to Fergie for a long and partially baffling run over a lovely stretch of Dartmoor.

ON! ON! .....