

Grand Master
Kate Glanville (Biff)
Joint Masters
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)
Colin Sturmer (Sturmeroid)
Scribe Master
Tony Bairstow (Tampax)
Hasherdabber
Laura Sadler (Embarrister)
Hash Horn
Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)



Chamber Pots
Sarah Jones (Pony)
Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)
On Sec
Jess Hilton (Raunchy)
Hash Cash
Angela Sykes (Gannet)
Hare Master
Ann Marcer (K2)
Hash Flash
Jake Boswijk (Ginger Rogers)

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: 1887
Date: 26th September 2016.
Start: Pew Tor
On Down: Drakes Café, Grenofen
Hares: Glanni and Biff

I promise to tell the truth, the whole truth and anything but the truth.

Last weeks hash was without doubt the best hash I have been on. Most likely the greatest hash ever set. It was the hash that everyone will remember and talk about for years to come. In ten years time those Hashers that were there will be telling the new hashers about the run and how nothing before or since has ever topped it, how you had to be there to understand. Like Woodstock if you weren't there then you will never truly know what it was like. I expect also like Woodstock the number of people telling the world they were there at the greatest hash ever will grow. In 20 years time the number of people claiming to have been at the Clearbrook hash of 2016 will number thousands. Only the hare list will reveal the truth to future generations. Small children and grown-ups alike will gaze at the privileged few who ran the Clearbrook hash of September '16, with a look of wonder and respect. You will need to get used to being pointed at by apparent strangers whispering, with awe in their voices, "they were there, they ran the Clearbrook hash of September '16!".

The hash was set by hares Pony and Clever Dickie, two of the finest women you could ever hope to meet. Intelligent, kind, selfless and each with a radiant beauty. To see them is to have your day brightened, to spend a moment in their presence is to have your mind expanded and filled with joy. Their knowledge of the land is unsurpassed and without them the "Clearbrook '16" hash could never have been set. The location, the hares, the good looking man who checked fellow hashers into the run, it really could not have been better, serendipity at its best!

As for the hash itself, words almost fail me. Every aspect of a superlative hash had been considered and included. The weather was balmy but not too warm. The light was unsurpassed, starting bright and subtly changing as the hash progressed, passing through a veritable rainbow of magnificent colours as the sun set. As the runners warmed up through their exertions the temperature dropped. Chance? No, all planned to make the event one to remember. As the light of the sun faded it was replaced by the glow of a beautiful harvest moon lighting up the pleasure dome of the night sky. The lower moorland of Dartmoor, lush and green with hints of orange and yellow creeping in heralding the arrival of Autumn. Ancient fields, tilled and managed, by our ancestors, still supplying nature's bounty to us now. Magnificent woodland of deciduous trees populated by Wood Nymph, Fawns and Unicorn. Rivers, clear and sparkling full of water vole, trout and playful otters. Architectural monuments left for us from a golden age. Every aspect of nature's unparalleled beauty and man's endeavour represented.

The trail was set in organic flour produced from finest Devon wheat, stone ground by eunuchs. The checks looked as if they had been drawn with a compass and the arrows so crisp and sharp you might have wondered if you should remove them lest a baby deer might come to harm. The checks were placed with a care and calculation to promote every sort of hashing opportunity, playfully tricking some hashers to take the wrong route whilst others ran on. This hash had it all. As the hash drew to its end many hashers were in tears. Tears of joy at what they had experienced mixed with sadness, knowing that what they had just witnessed would not be repeated again in their lifetime. It was at this point that the as yet unnamed son of Von Trapp and Pony served refreshing nectar to the emotional hashers. The amber liquid, served from a golden vessel, restoring life and refreshing those who drank of it, bringing the Clearbrook Hash of 2016 to a close. History was written again on that night.

Then we went to the pub where ordinary stuff happened.

Beer was quaffed and Cheesy Chips were consumed by the basket full. Peter Argles still confused and emotional from the hash bought himself a beer instead of his usual Brandy and Lovage.

A long lost hasher called "Milko" returned after many years lost in the desolate wilderness.

Cannon Fodder and Von Trapp had their birthdays officially celebrated by the singing of the Happy Birthday song.

(Please make a note in your calendars and phones that Cannon Fodder's birthday is on the 13th September and that he does not want to have "Happy Birthday" sung to him by the hash.)

Congratulations to Pony for completing the 13 mile Lych Way walk on Sunday. This was organised by Dartmoor Rescue to raise funds. TVH3 managed to raise a team of one whereas Stannary, a much lesser known hash, raised a very well populated team, putting us to shame.

Don't forget the Quirky Quiz on the 1st October. Lots of fun. See Raunchy for a good night out.

The End.