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Next: 11-04-22 7.30pm

Location: Cold East Cross CP 741743

Hare: The Beast

OD: The Rugglestone Inn, Widdecombe

### Last Monday : Live hares kick some butt

A fine night (well not so fine to be honest) saw Lowry Cross car park looking most inviting in all its glory (probably not so glorious either). Whilst avoiding the potholes, your scribe took a double take as he thought he saw two hashing ghosts from the past who most assumed had died years ago. But no, **Squelcher** and **Chippendale**, both in rude health, had returned to haunt us and see if the rumours were true. Yes they were but **JT** had actually turned up on time this evening. Live hares tonight, they were informed. **Goodnhard** and **Goldfish** were doing the honours. We never saw **Goldfish** despite all his labours, since he now inhabits a plague house where **Phero** and **Dallas** survive by the odd loaf of bread being thrown at their door and thoughts of **Jale Ale** at a future date. **Crackle** had convinced herself that she had a full grasp of what was going on, organising hares by remote control and delegating RG logistics to **HT2**, **Boot Basher** and **Endo**. From Bittaford **George** joined us for an initial visit. More on him later.

Some one pointed us off across the side of Yennadon down and off we duly trooped (well, not all of us – you scribe employed a cunning contouring move) in low level loops to come back over the ridge and down towards the leat above the reservoir. En-route the hares, having stopped for a fag and a cup of tea, decided that time was not on their side and employed the infamous J-hook mark and thus your scribe had the un-nerving experience the main peloton of DH3 circling him as if in some strange ceremony. Anyway we reached the leat and meandered along its balmy banks. I was somewhat impressed when the aforementioned **George** decided to follow the hares where they had waded the leat but chose to take it in one mighty jump at its widest point. We have not seen this sort of ambitious foolhardy athleticism for some time in DH3. Well done **George**. A sweetie RG at the road followed, where **Boot Basher** subsequently admitted she been bribed by the hares to hold us up for as long as possible. No chance once the sweets had gone.

Then up through the forest and onto the moor beneath Peek Hill. Whilst the enthusiasts continued after the hares, your scribe and **Chippy** followed the edge of the forest to the main road and thence back to the car park whilst, amongst other topics, discussing the quality and price of beer during lockdown. Back at the CP it was apparent that your hares had evaded the chasing hashers. Just proving that if you start live haring at 6.30 pm the bastards will never catch you.

And so dear reader to the Walkhampton Inn and (thankyou Lord) **Jale Ale** on tap. **Rover** was enthroned with his usual bag of garments. Despite his 01/04 rant about changing calls, I seem to remember a few years ago it was he who proposed that anyone who left the OD before 10.00pm

would have to shout 'nighty night' rather than 'of off'. **Crackle** and **Loupy** compared activity colour codes on their phone diaries. With lots of yellows, blues and reds for running, meetings, work deadlines etc I then erroneously assumed that brown meant a toilet assignment. I apologise for that. **Loupy** is still coping with low temperatures in his house and is desperately getting ready for his parents imminent visit by getting a coat of gloss on the bucket which currently serves as his WC. His Mum is expecting a heated seat, oh dear. He then enquired of **Gullybull** whether he was capable of doing an entire bathroom refurbishment within 8 hours. We suspect not. After a plea from **HT2** for hares, **Sugar Rush** admitted that she had no idea where she was going to be each week. All I can say from personal experience is give it another 30 years and you will have no idea where you are each day. **HT2** then shamed the GM into laying a hash next week (1 pint and I will do anything) and **Squelcher** realised why he had stayed away from DH3 for so long. Excellent work **Goldfish** and **Goodnhard** – never forget, DH3 is still out to get you.

Nighty night.