

Drake Hash House Harriers

Grand Master: The Beast

Hash Cash: Pherognome

Hare Raisers: Endo and HT2

Hash Haberdash: Rover

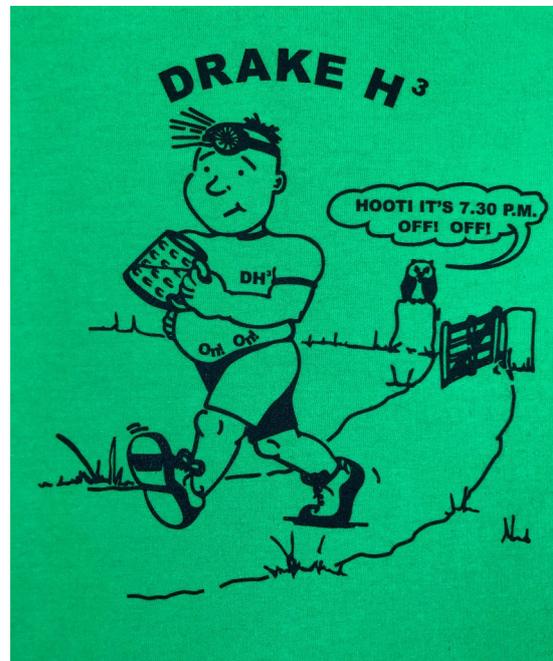
Hash Gob: Dallas

drakeh3.co.uk

Next Hash: Monday 18 April 7:30 pm

Venue: SX674 582 – Wrangaton Moor Gate
aka Wrangaton Golf Club car park

On Down: The Anchor Inn, Ugborough



Post Mortem Hash No. 1947 Where: Cold East Cross **Hare:** The Beast

Hashers: Bog Snaffler, Chippendale, Dallas, Deadly, Endosperm, George (yet to be named), Goldfish, Good'n'Ard, GullyBull, HT2, Just-in-Thyme, Loupy, Pherognome, Rover, Snakehips, Squelcher, and I have left someone out because we counted eighteen.

Pub Dwellers: None, they were all on the hash that night.

Great turn out, even all the Hash Veterans (Deadly, Endo, HT2, Rover, Snakehips) made an effort to follow some of the trail.

Deadly welcomed Squelcher and Chippy back stating he had not seen them for over two years and seeming astonished that they even still existed.

Dallas was over Covid and delighted to be back. Apart from myself who only walked around, Dallas was the only Harriette on trail. Come back ladies wherever you are, we miss you.

By the time we were half a mile into the trail the Drake Racing Team (Bog Snaffler, Goldfish, Good'n'Ard, GullyBull, Just-in-Thyme, Loupy, Pherognome) had broken away from the rest of the pack and gone into the lead. Ha! Ha! They were caught out by the confusing marks, is it a check, or a check-back, or a back-check, no it's a fish hook. Personally I hate fish hooks because on the rare occasions when I reached one, having got the check right first time, it was galling to have to return to the back of the hash never to get to the front again all night. So I won't be using fish hooks on my hashes, not ever, never ever, ever, ever....

The trail, according to Strava, was shaped like a pair of butterfly wings with nineteen falsies. Did The Beast do that deliberately or did he just keep meandering off, blobbing away, happy in his own thoughts before remembering he was laying a hash?

The Aspiring Drake Racing Team consisting of Chippendale, Dallas, George, and Squelcher kept on trail and were relieved to find a nice little long/short split after two miles.

Dallas was noticeable for her neon-pink socks, Goldfish told George he was wearing too many layers which were holding him back from achieving his best, I was wearing my snazzy black+green hashing socks, and our Hash Haberdash is determined to source proper hash shorts for us all. As long as they are black I don't mind what colour they are.

At the back of the hash the Hash Veterans (who that night had an average age of 73) maintained the high ground, pausing frequently to spot the bright green t-shirts far away on the hillside. Even from that far away it is possible to identify hashers by their running style or their dulcet tones calling "On! On!" Dallas's voice carries the most clearly, obviously an essential asset for being Hash Gob.

For those who like statistics the Hash Racing Team ran about 4.5 miles, the Aspiring Racing Team 2.5 miles, the Hash Veterans 1.5 miles and in laying the trail the Hare covered about six miles. The average elapsed time was 45 minutes so I think there is scope for another mile on the long, 0.75 mile on the short and half a mile for Veterans!

Everyone was checked as being back by the Hare at the end of the hash and then experience showed in the mad rush to The Rugglestone. The Veterans turned right out of the car park whilst everyone else turned left. The Veterans were drinking their long-awaited pints by the time the rest arrived. Next time, follow the Veterans to the pub!

The Hare had booked a table for Drake Hash. It seated six. We got ten round it and the rest stood blocking the doorway until other visitors left when we got the whole room and three tables to ourselves. It was at this point that Hash Gob cried out, "Where's George?" There was consternation as hashers looked around for him with a dawning worry that they had lost the New Boy out on the moor. It was quite funny to watch but eventually I explained he had returned but gone straight home. The relief was obvious, everyone could return to drinking their beers.

Chippy then displayed his skills at metal machinery and produced a wonderfully shaped solid aluminium object. It was passed around, played with, guesses were made as to its purpose. The music stopped when Chippy said he did not want it back and suddenly it was no longer interesting and nobody wanted to keep it. So I did and it will reappear at the next Hash Awards ceremony. If anyone else has crafted something that they are proud of but don't want any more pass it to me, I am sure we can do something with it!

Don't forget Crackle Snaffler has put out a call for your old running shoes because she can get them recycled for charity.

On! On! Horse Trough Mark II (aka HTTtwo HT2 HT Too)

PS there was a superb sunset at the end of the hash. Our GM can arrange anything.

