



Drake Hash House Harriers

*Grand Master: Crackle Snaffler, Hare Razor: Fitbit,
Hash Cash: Pherognome, Hash Tag: Good 'n' Ard,
Hash Haberdash: Rover, Religious Advisor:
Wimpout*

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Upcoming Runs:

Date: 23rd August

Location: Quarry CP, Burrator (SX549676)

On Down: Walkhampton Inn

Post Mortem - Run # 1912

Hare(s): Dallas (assisted by Soggy Bottom and Pherognome)

Hashers: Goldfish, Pherognome, Soggy Bottom, Good'n'Ard, Loupy, Justin Thyme, In Tit Deep, Bootbasher, Rover, Lone Dipper, Crackle Snaffler, possibly others?!

Where: Four Winds CP

As the faithful arrived in dribs and drabs and some made (poor) excuses for why others were absent, we discussed the ~~unseasonably warm weather we were experiencing~~ the bloody ridiculous chill in the air and how everyone was so looking forward to the swim at the regroup. Dallas and Soggy Bottom regaled us with tales of how lovely it was when they laid the trail, presumably back in mid-July before the sun defied travel restrictions and swanned off elsewhere, which raised everyone's spirits greatly.

Cheered on by the thought of freezing our appendages off and then running back to the car with delirious visions of thawing them at the bar in the pub, we dashed off blindly in the direction we were sent. Hashers are nothing if not a carefree bunch of lemmings, and the FRBs soon realised their folly as they came to a wonderfully laid checkback miles from the real trail and down a suitably annoying slope.

The FRBs caught the rest of the pack on their meandering way towards Kings tor and we were all treated to a classic moorland feast of obstacles including tussocks, rocky bits, boggy bits, rivery-streamy bits, bits with up and bits with down and all manner of other bits. This included a rather wonderful little leg stretch down the tramway to Foggintor Quarry, which was to be our regroup point.

Sweets and Whisky were reserved only for those brave enough to take a dip, so pretty much everyone did without a moment's hesitation. That is except JT, who chose to scout a few climbing routes and then use his hash shirt to create a sort of 1960's-American-housewife-just-came-out-the-shower-in-a-movie-head-towel vibe, which we're told was to keep his top dry

but may perhaps give insight into how he spends his weekends. This was then trumped by Loupy, who simply couldn't countenance any of his running gear getting wet and, well, use your imagination...

After a few wee drams we headed off again, and once again the FRBs were led a merry chase to nowhere whilst everyone else waited a few seconds and went the other way. We had about the same distance to cover on the way back, but it all seemed to go a lot quicker. Almost like we were all running in cold, wet clothes (except Loupy and JT) and needed to stave off hypothermia.

On down was at the Prince of Wales and a thoroughly rubbish hash was had by all.

On on!