



**D**<sub>rake</sub> **H**<sub>ash</sub> **H**<sub>ouse</sub> **H**<sub>arriers</sub>

*Grand Master: Crackle Snaffler, Hare Razor: FitBit, Hash Cash: Pheregnome, Hash Tag: Good 'n' 'Ard, Hasherdabber: Rover, Religious Advisor: Wimpout*  
[drakeh3.co.uk](http://drakeh3.co.uk)

**Upcoming Runs:**

**Date: 19/05/2021**

**Hare : Loupy**

**Location : Burrator Arboretum**

**On Down: The Walkhampton**

## Post Mortem - Run #1907

**Hare:** Dallas plus

**Hashers:** Gully Bull, Crackle Snaffler, Good'n'ard, Loupy, Goldfish, JustinThyme plus others. Damn it where's that photo gone. Sorry

**Venue:** Plymbridge

Well that was some week. And it all started last monday...

With a lovely compact hash in both number of participants and geographical area. Hare Dallas called order and the usual excuses were given and we were sent off under one bridge and over the other, then under so we found our selves pottering upstream along the western side of the river Plym. The inevitable happened and we were forced to climb, at least twice it felt like, up the hill towards Wrigleys. A few checks had us playing chicken by following the Mountain Bike trail, thankfully deserted. It then became clear that one - Goldfish hasn't laid the trail, or rather if he had his old age had caused a rapid loss of memory as he was merrily leading the pack. And two, Hare Phero was cursing the mysterious god of hash laying oddly named 'Maid'. I think this unknown deity had laid the trail upside down or something? Who knows?

Having returned to the safety of the lower reaches of Cann Woods - home ground :-)) we pretty much followed the river back On-Home. Whereupon some idiot, ok yes it was me, suggested a little leg stretcher up the tramway. Unfortunately JT got the bit between his teeth and legged it. The rest of followed in his wake cursing and wishing he'd stop going up hill. Near the top of the woods he ran out of puff thank god (maid?). Once back home for a second time most of us went for a swim and played chicken by seeing who dared get closest to the deadly eddies under the bridge. No one died. Excellent hash, Thanks!

And the week ended with the hottest thing ever know - a 25\* Haytor Heller. Utterly Horrible. If you werent there, then you really wouldn't understand. Best summed up with the words of Oaty - 'I walked up all the hills and I still wanted to cry'. Suffice to say there nobody got anywhere near their PB's! Oh and JT nearly died of heatstroke. Good man. Later it became clear that our four leading men did really rather well, and had it not been for that ambiguous online application form which didnt have room for non uk Athletic clubs, ie Drake, then we would have actually won the team comp! Yay! Go team Drake! Roll on next year.