

Drake Hash House Harriers

Grand Master: The Beast

Hash Cash: Pherognome

Hare Raisers: Endo and HT2

Hash Haberdash: Rover

Hash Gob: Dallas

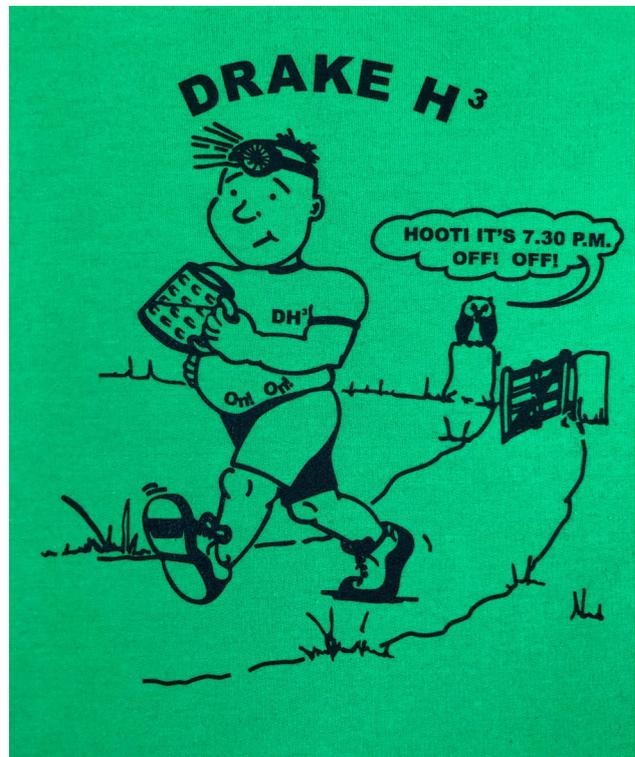
drakeh3.co.uk

Next Hash: **No. 1943** Monday 21 March
19:30 hours

Hare(s): HT2 with helpers

Venue: Top of Davids Lane, Filham
Grid Ref: SX653 568

On Down: Trehill Arms, Ivybridge.
2 minutes walk from the free parking in Town
Hall car park.



Post Mortem Hash No. 1942

Where: Princetown Visitor Centre car park and on down at The Prince of Wales

Hares: Pherognome assisted by Goldfish

Hashers: Beast, Bog Snaffler, Boot Basher, Charlie, Crackle Snaffler, Dallas, Endosperm, Good'n'ard, HT2, Loupy, Sugar Rush, WoofWoof.

Pub Dweller: Rover

A perfect night for a live hash. The hares raced away at twenty past seven, carrying seven bags of sawdust. This left a bemused Hash Gob in the car park who when we circled up wailed that she did not know where they had gone! Well that's the whole idea isn't it?

A quick snapshot of several hashers ready for the On! On!

....and they were off, aided by a helpful arrow just outside the car park.

With only a ten minute start, the Hares were already puffing their way uphill towards North Hessary, off-loading huge handfuls



of sawdust. They cleverly laid a fish hook with the intention of gaining a few yards. This could have worked well but naughty Crackle Snaffler who reached the fish hook first then sent the others to the laggards at the back before racing ahead keen to catch the Hares.

Further downhill Dallas and Boot Basher were wavering between following the trail or getting chips at the pub. Unluckily for them, they met Endosperm and me on the upward trail, determined to get to the top of North Hessary so they retraced their steps and stayed with us. I have to say that Boot Basher is a great conversationalist for whilst I was keeping my breath for the uphill she chatted away about the delights of hashing all the way to the top.

By the time we four were at the top, the Hares had headed west over some awfully tussocky ground at ankle-breaking speed but even so the hashers were steadily gaining ground, being only about six or seven minutes behind. To stop the hashers catching up further, the Hares blobbed frantically each side of a deep and gooey bog then raced away in a south westerly direction leaving all sorts of mayhem behind. Crackle Snaffler tumbled over the tussocks; Sugar Rush tried jumping fences to avoid getting muddy, others fell into the gooey bog. From his position at the rear of the hashers our Grand Master, The Beast, was able to observe these antics and pick his way wisely downhill.

Whilst all this was going on, we four were playing around on top of North Hessary Tor. Dallas found a real fairy's house tucked under the top rock. It was only an inch high.

We looked up at the television station mast whose red lights glowed eerily in the approaching mist, just like some alien about to land.

We then retraced our way downhill but Dallas' torch packed up and a minute later so did mine, so Dallas held hands with Boot Basher and I held hands with Endosperm so we could share the light and get down without breaking our ankles.

Back on the trail the Hares had now reached the disused railway track leading back to Princetown so they absolutely legged it, ran out of sawdust and just made it home before the pursuing hashers.

Thus it was that the main body of hashers were in the pub well before the slower walkers. As usual in pubs these days the kitchens had closed at eight o'clock but who cared? There was plenty of real ale and, for the starving, packets of crisps. I went round with my mobile microphone getting feedback on the hash but most comments were too !***! to repeat so I will only say the well-known saying, "What goes on in the Hash stays in the Hash."

Well done Hares for not getting caught!

Another "Well Done!" goes to several of our hashers who are so dedicated to their hashing they do their utmost to get to the Hash every Monday. Recently, Loupy set a trail fresh from a holiday up north; Sugar Rush flew in from France yesterday, Endo and I arrived back from Scotland yesterday afternoon, Rover finally got his Rover back on the road and rejoined us. Long may this commitment and dedication to "get me to the Hash on time" continue!

On! On!

Horse Trough Mark II