



## Drake Hash House Harriers

*Grand Master: Beast, Hare Razors: HT2 & Endo,  
Hash Cash: Pherognome, Hash Tag: Good'n'Ard,  
Hash Haberdash: Rover, Religious Advisor: Up  
for grabs*

[drakeh3.co.uk](http://drakeh3.co.uk)

### Upcoming Run:

**Date:** 14<sup>th</sup> March 2022 – **Live Trail!**

**Location:** Princetown CP (SX 5889 7349)

**On Down:** Prince of Wales

## Post Mortem - Run #1941

**Venue:** Quick Bridge, SX 593 608

**Hares:** Loupy ft. Woof Woof

**Hashers:** Beast, Bog Snaffler, Boot Basher, Crackle Snaffler, Dallas, Goldfish, Good'n'Ard, Gully Bull, Justin Thyme, Pherognome, Wimpers + Wimpout as pub dweller

The hare had led us to what I thought was virgin territory – at least it was for me. Peruser of the archives, **Loupy** found that Drake last ran from here on 15<sup>th</sup> August 2011 (2 months before Pherognome et al even moved to Dousland).



Called to order, **Bog Snaffler** and **Beast** were snapped out of their 10-year *Déjà vu* just in time for the off into the woods, where a gauntlet was run in Newpark Wood over deceased pines, usually used to keep cavalry at bay (aka *Cheval de frise* - another Frenchism...), and through top-quality bogs, giving **Gully Bull** the chance to practice uphill hydroplaning before collapsing from exhaustion.

After a brief but painful road crossing, some zigs and zags, we were treated to a gymnastic interlude on a mysterious cargo belt ropeswing, with a crossover performance of *Cirque Du Soleil* and *Close Encounters*, courtesy of **Good'n'Ard** and yours truly.



By the time we'd teased our limbs apart, and **Justin Thyme** had his solo debut, there was some catching up to do, which meant leaping over the stream with such gusto that my phone leapt out of the pocket of my running vest, unbeknownst to me. Fortunately **Justin Thyme** was behind me (unusually) and picked it up, overcoming the temptation to find out how deep into the mud it could go.

PSA: keep phones in zip pockets.

There followed a long hill, a lavish regroup, some *evil* back-checks (**Woof Woof**), quite a bit more hill through wonderfully gorsey gulleys, and a blast along the edge of the clay pits, where **Goldfish** had already disappeared, a mere glimmer in the distance.

And so to the on down at the Mountain Inn, found atop the identity-confused road, Mountain Hill (!?), where we learned that **Zip** is a player, everyone was grabbing handfuls of **Good'n'Ard's** nuts, **Crackle Snaffler** was bombarded by shrimps and bananas, **Woof Woof** loves a Canadian muffin, and I failed spectacularly at art thievery.

On on!  
Pherognome



