

Drake Hash House Harriers

Grand Master: The Beast

Hash Cash: Pherognome

Hare Raisers: Endo and HT2

Hash Haberdash: Rover

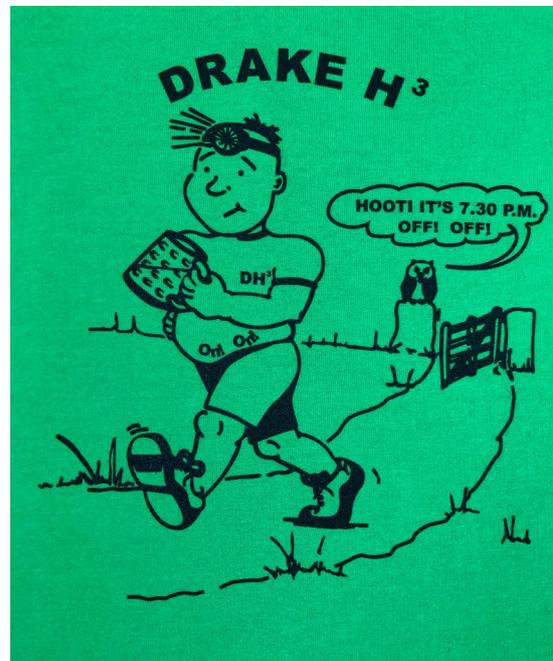
Hash Gob: Dallas

drakeh3.co.uk

Next Hash: Monday 28 March

Venue: SX547692 – Lowery Cross CP

On Down: The Walkhampton Inn



Post Mortem Hash No. 1944 **Where:** Pew Tor **Hare:** Crackle Snaffler

Hashers: Squelcher, Chippendale, Loupy, Tumbleweed's Sister, Bog Snaffler, HT2, Endosperm, Charlie (yet to be named), Good'n'Ard.

Pub Dwellers: Spruce Goose and Isla, Rover?

We arrived in dribs and drabs to our Pew Tor rendezvous with some early enough to smell the freshly laid parts of the trail that Crackle was still completing at 7.29pm.

We were sent off in the **wrong** direction a.k.a. away from Pew Tor. Not a great start if we're being honest and the hare rubbed salt into our wounds telling us that there would be no straight dash down from the tor at the end either. Sacrilege! Anyway, after an uncomfortable amount of flat running, we veering round towards the tor and were treated to a great many loooooong checks. It should be noted though that these worked rather well at keeping the pack together so we shouldn't complain too much.

It seemed each time we started to clamber up Pew Tor we were scuppered by a twist or a check, but just as we were beginning to feel we'd never make it to the unpromised land, we were allowed up top to the RG, where ground breaking confectionary was shared around. Take note, future hares, that Vimto sugary things are wonderful. You all need to take note because I bought the sweets for this week before I wrote this and had forgotten how good they were!

It got a bit dark after that and headtorches came out for the downward dash. We were treated to the full gamut (I've gone for that spelling but it may be very wrong or may not even be the right word) of moorland hash hobstacles; the razor sharp bracken of the ascent was replaced by appropriately prickly gorse on the descent. We dodged, ducked, dipped, dived and dodged through the bushes, crossing the brook/stream/creeky/wet thing more times that this primary school teacher has numbers. It was rather a lot of fun to be honest.

After the last crossing we appeared on something hard and rubbish but it was accompanied by an 'OH', so a speedy little jaunt back to the cars was had by most.

Which of course leads us to the highlight / lowlight / uplift of the evening. Many a hasher will forever remember the sight of Chippendale, squatting in a less than salubrious pose akin to *Rodin's Thinker*, semi-clothed with his torch lighting him from below. If anyone got a snap, I'm sure the committee can sanction this as the official image of the hash Christmas card.

On Down at the Walkie, where some had cheesy chips with gravy in Dallas's absence.