



Date: 20<sup>th</sup> October 2021

Hash No.: 129 – CP rear of Finch Foundry, Sticklepath

Hare: Woody

Hashers: Barnes Wallis; Buzby; Dogger; Drop Off; Gymslip (KH3); Hairy Mollusc; Lizbien; Mad Max; Night Screecher; Pasha; Roxanne; Tickety-Boo; 'Abigail'; 'Sarah'; 'Fran'; 'Kate'

It was a select band who gathered in the car park behind Finch's, and despite the narrow access, everyone to my knowledge managed to get through without harm ... although a few were wise to the entrance and as it was quiet came in through the exit.

It was a really special evening as we were given the opportunity to welcome first-time-hashers **Abigail, Sarah** and **Fran**! This is a very unusual event for the Loonies as most hashers usually start with a local weekly hash. They were given a befitting welcome and **Woody** re-assured them they'd be looked after on trail. Ha! Also new to Loonies was **Kate** who, as is generally the case, has run with another hash previously ... but I don't recall which one! It was good to see a considerable gathering of Kirton hashers too, here to offer support to our hare, **Woody**, including **Gymslip** who we haven't seen since Hash 108 and declared herself to be a co-hare to avoid subs! ☺

The weather was not looking good, and whilst we were kept dry in the welcoming circle, once we were off it was "on-on" trail and "down-down" rain! The promised storm arrived and did not abate until we were well into refreshments in the Devonshire! The point here is that the last trail **Woody** hared was our now famous 100<sup>th</sup>, way back in November 2018 when she took 53 hashers around the fields of Crediton ... in the pouring rain! There seems to be a pattern forming here. Perhaps if she lays more trails she'll be able to break this trend! ☺

It's a sorry sight. Both GMs, **Hairy Mollusc** and **Buzby**, turn up to the hash crocked. Achillies, calf's, knees, quads, hamstrings – all they could do was compare injuries in top trumps style, and yes, I know, I'm showing my age! Their long-suffering wives, **Lizbien** and **Night Screecher**, don't fare any better and are also part of the 'gang of four' who elect to walk the trail as guided by **Woody**.

As the pack disappeared out of the back of the car park and onto the Taw River, heading towards Belstone, a sneaky check saw them held up until the walkers caught up and found the correct route! Where would they be without these aging, but experienced, hashers? We'd find out later ...

As the pack disappeared into the distance, leaving the walking injured behind, the rain seemed to be coming down heavier ... or maybe it was the sound of the river thundering down alongside us?

Anyway, we soon became tired of getting wet and so when **Woody** appeared and suggested we should turn back at Skaigh Bridge, how could we resist?

Part way back there was a weir and a concrete pillar that looked like an old bridge support and it was here we saw the main pack across the river. I recall seeing **Dogger** and I think, **Roxanne**, but others were milling higher on the rocky path, probably hiding, although they'd say they were checking! Initially lost and confused, they were soon back on trail and disappeared into the woods ... never to be seen again by yours truly until we were inside the Devonshire!

Back at the car park, the 'shorts' were already there having left the 'longs' to their own devices. It was still raining and those gathered included hares **Woody** and **Gymslip**, who had failed in their mission to keep up with, and so look after, first-time-hashers **Abigail**, **Sarah** and **Fran**! They were discussing the fate of the 'longs' to such comments as: "Why would anyone want to do the 'long' trail in this weather?" and; "How are they going to find trail without the walkers?" But it was "They have the virgins with them!" that spurred **Tickety-Boo** into action. He declared his local knowledge and single-handedly put himself at no insignificant risk (of less time at the bar!) and went off to round them up. Whether he actually achieved this is unknown as the rest of us used common sense and headed out of the rain and into the pub!

To reassure the reader, we elected not to leave the pub until everyone was home safely (or it stopped raining), and thankfully the rescue party achieved their aim and everyone gathered, dishevelled, but happy, in the pub for beer, cider and ... eventually ... pasties!

Numerous 'drivers' declined down-downs, more in fact than there were cars, but I think they were awarded as follows:

Woody – Hare

Tickety-Boo – One hasher rescue party!

Dogger – Who only turned up to 'win' the next Kirton hash, which was to be hared by Woody, from same location

Sarah – Representative for the virgins (the others were driving!)

Kate – Loonies virgin

Note: Errors probably occur due to the effects of beer. Also, I've been unable to name check everyone due to being on the 'walkers' trail, so if you wish to add anything, please let me know. Finally, how can so much drivel be written about so few events?! Your turn next!

On-on,  
Buzby