

HASHINGS

2nd February, 1987.

RECEDING HARE LINE

Run No. 105	Sunday 8th February	Hares: Damp Squib Darling
106	22nd February	Gauche Flamenco Bumble
107	8th March	Never Again Cleopatra
108	22nd March	VOLUNTEERS NEEDED <i>3.30pm - 4.30pm</i> <i>Saturday</i>

Run No. 105: "A Bridge Too Far" with all-star cast featuring Damp Squib and Darling

Time: 10.30 a.m.

Directions: At camp gates set tripmeter to zero and turn right, or carry straight on if coming from Kandy; in Digana (Old) at 0.4 mls./0.6 km. turn left along road to Hula Ganga; park beside Haremobil at 2.4 mls./3.9 km.

NOTE TO THE SWEDES

The Ed. is very conscious of the fact that the rest of the rubbish in this publication may be of little interest or comprehension to some of you. This is much regretted, but unavoidable. However, I am sure that I speak for the rest of the riff-raff who read this trash when I say that your presence at the Hash is greatly appreciated, as is your good sportsmanship, friendliness and good humour. Please keep coming.

And while on the subject of our Swedish Harriers, Harriettes and Horrors, we have a possible.....

FORTHCOMING ATTRACTION

Nag and Blondie are planning, possibly some time in April, a Saturday night Hash Thrash and Sunday morning Hash at HABARANA.

WATCH THIS SPACE.

RUN REPORTSRUN No. 103: Menthol Mountain Marathonette

A pleasant enough day to begin, reticent Hashers having to be wrenched from their overnight squalor and some unfortunates having been roused from their 'virtuous couches' in the small hours thanks to an errant alarm clock, the way was wended to the On-on.

Fifteen or so unsuspecting athletes, sexual and other, set off on what was to become one hundred minutes of critical self-examination. A reasonably level section soon petered out and then it was ON-UP, more ON-UP, and yet more ON-UP until one half expected to chance upon an ethereal gate bidding entrance to eternal rest - which looked a good deal by this time.

The indefatigable Double Dutchman and Damp Squib, impressively displaying front running at its finest, forged ahead, their ON-ONs soon mere whispers on the wind - yet the deviously numerous false trails bringing them back within ankle biting range of the more mortal pack.

Cries of ON-ON go largely unheeded, focussing capabilities long since gone the way of the rest of the anatomy, fixed glass-like stares and fearful grimaces accompany a death-like obsession to end this inquisition - made even harder to bear by the incessant inner voice chiding: "You chose to do this - stupid!"

Bloody hell, what's that noise - God, it's my heart - pleadings now: Don't let me die, please, especially not on a false trail - they'll never find me. Ahhh paper, main run again, thank you, thank you, I promise to cut down the fags, oh God is there a priest in the (Hash) house?

About thirty minutes gone or is it fifty, it's taking that long to read the bloody thing - the Raft's navigational aids seem to have malfunctioned or is it a sixth sense the reason he's swung on to the Lemonade trail, unerringly followed by Heart-throb (and they didn't get a Down-down - those Shylockian organisers missed that, didn't they - but that was about all they did miss). At last it's ON-DOWN - we poor bloody innocents - a bar shimmering sneeringly in the evil heat - ON-BACK - and yet again down and back - and again and again - this gets one thoroughly pitthed off (bloody vocal chords have packed in now), muttered curses and evil glances at the Hares standing there with bland expressionless faces but with an unmistakable arrogance in their stance (sadistic bastards - they're enjoying this). Will this ever end or are we to spend the rest of our mortal coil staggering around aimlessly in this Kotmale hades?

Ah-hh a saviour - all is not yet lost - Keep Fit appears exhorting us ON-IN - can't be much more - time to expend that precious little held in reserve and finish in style, what a doddle etc.etc.....Bloody hell, it's miles on and no sign of the beer - he must have come in a jeep - never ending trail, evil smelling water, sod trying to find stepping stones - wallop, right through it, mud up to the Y Fronts - this has to end soon, HASN'T IT??? Whooah - what's this? - sounds of merriment, those lemonaders have drunk

all the rotten beer - but sounds are above, distinctly above, too far above for comfort.

How the hell do we get up there? - no, not there, it can't be, this is positively insane, they're kidding, those friggin' bastards - we need ropes and crampons to get up there - and oxygen at the top. This is the last bloody straw. At last, oh joy, staggering stumbling in to the finish led magnificently by Anti P. - yet another notch on the Women's Lib cudgel, followed by a motley array of broken frothing, gibbering bodies - not so all, however, here's Gentleman Jim coercing competition of a squash-like nature, fresh from his morning limber. (No wonder we had to build a wall to keep this lot out.)

Now for that primitive gathering and incantation, the Down-down. Not content with the maiming of the spirit and the knackered of the body, now the intent is alcoholic damage of the brain. All in all a thoroughly enjoyable day - IF you're into S and M; personally I would take the opportunity to announce my Hash nomenclature is now changed from "Once" to "NEVER Again".

Lemonade Run

The Hares weren't kidding when they called this run a "Marathonette", and indeed would have put just plain "Marathon" except they thought it might put a few people off coming. Not at all - Hashers are nothing if not masochists, and love to boast about the really tough Hashes they have done. Well, that being the case this one will be talked about for a very long time.

The gods were kind and gave us one of those incredibly beautiful mornings when you can forget your woes, feel at peace with fellow members of the human race, and even forgive Hares for getting you so knackered. An encouraging number of Kandy and Digana-ites made the trek to Kotmale, some for the first time. The view from the On-on was admired - well, we all like a pretty view, don't we? So, the Hares had decided that the views would be exceptionally good that day.

Hash misdirections having been announced by Keep Fit, the unsuspecting (well, maybe just a wee bit suspecting) pack set off, lemonaders following the toughies who had opted to risk coronaries on the main run. The first stretch of the trail was ON-DOWN and surprisingly difficult due to the extreme dryness of the ground. A check circle had us momentarily confused, but after that it was ON-UP, seemingly forever, with John Cleese, the Child, Meeni and Latin Charmer in the van, Dallas, Flamenco, Mo, the Sahib family (welcome back, Mem Sahib) and Ole in the middle, and High Tension bringing up the rear with the stragglers. Steep steps had the pack milling around wondering what to do, but eventually it transpired that they led onto the correct trail which had meandered round to the top of the steps. Eventually a check circle had the leaders going off to the right and somewhat downhill, but Bumble, as usual mistrustful of such ploys, followed the path ON-UP despite there being no paper, and was pleased to see Keep Fit following. Sure enough those below then had to come back up and meanwhile Bumble and Latin Charmer were well in the lead. But not for long.

The main and lemonade runs then converged and we were greeted with the sight (and smell) of puffing and panting main runners, two of whom then became lemonaders: Raft and Heart-throb. The next part of the trail was the best, being fairly level and through a beautiful plantation of eucalyptus trees (hence the word "Menthol"). King Kong, hallucinating, swore he could see

koala bears in the trees. "People mistake them for monkeys," he advised us. Mmm - another one been in the tropics for too long. It was here among the trees that a breakaway group of Horrors led by Meeni and Goldilocks, who had sighted vehicles far below, unsportingly left the trail of paper worms and headed for the soft drinks (I think), arriving back a good 20 minutes before the rest of the lemonaders. Meanwhile the rest of us searched for paper while Keep Fit sat on a tree trunk like a gnasty gnome. Young Cromarty maintained a dignified silence on Sanatarium's shoulders while the pack went round and round in circles until Keep Fit, getting thirsty perhaps, put us out of our misery and showed us the way. Out of the shade we were now in high grass, slipping and sliding on the downward path, over a stream, ON-ON in single file until.....SHIT! - ON-UP yet again. Talk about the "last straw".....but after numerous expletives the scent of beer became stronger, then a quick dash/lurch/stagger and we were at the carpark and quaffing anything we could lay our hands on.

RUN No. 104: Not More Dan(ned) Views

John Cleese called the Hounds to heel (with no great effect) and issued misdirections with brisk authority, although Never Again appeared unconvinced by JG's exhortations urging Lemonaders to let themselves go and (incidentally) try a Main Run. With further instructions that the beer wagon was at some unknown destination, the pack set off rather timidly, still considering how short cuts could be effected when the location of the post-Hash elixir remained secret.

The hounds soon picked up the scent however, and after an abortive trip inland had a relatively easy time following the paper, even though it was mainly below the reservoir high water mark - the tide being out at the time. Judging by the rather wet and bedraggled appearance of the Hares the tide must have been in when the paper was laid.

A check circle provided the opportunity for a general breather until Damp Squib unsportingly found the trail down to the left. The front runners now got into their stride and forged ahead in a breakaway group, all vying for the much coveted FRB Trophy, rumoured to have been seen being removed from its sacred casket prior to the on-on. The trail continued along a narrow valley and across the river bed by way of a fallen tree which Flying Dutchman tried to sabotage by breaking it in half. After following the trail back down the other bank, the runners were just in time to see Heart-throb and Latin Charmer nimbly crossing the river, having cleverly avoided the detour. They then clambered up and over a ridge, only to have to climb back up onto Ayers Rocklet, conveniently marked by Double Dutchman as the "half-vay" point and affording fine views in addition to the opportunity for parents to carelessly lose unwanted Horrors or, of course, vice versa. A bar had been laid along one side of the plateau although on this occasion the hounds seemed strangely reluctant to uphold the recent tendency of completely ignoring bars and carrying on-on regardless - perhaps all false trails should end in a 20 m. precipice?

After negotiating the ridge the pack made its way to the make-your-mind-up-time junction where the Lemonaders were to head for home. Never Again, tricked into continuing on the Main Run by a cunning offspring, led the middle order in hot pursuit of the breakaway group, who had been observing "radio silence" for some time, but were now sighted on the far side of the reservoir. By the time the potential FRB's had negotiated a long false trail up an embankment, the pack had regrouped and set off up a road where some opted for left, some for right, with the remainder (in the majority) undecided until a bar was discovered to the left and all set off up the hill, relieved (and perhaps a little surprised at the uncharacteristic benevolence of the Hares) to discover the beer wagon around the first bend. The thirst of some was so great that many bottles had been opened by a variety of ingenious means, all seeming to involve a 50% contents loss, before an opener was discovered cunningly hidden in the beer wagon (in clear view on the dashboard).

After a well deserved Down-down for the Hares, an abysmal rendition by the pack of Swing Low Sweet Chariot (which sounded better in semaphore), the novices were initiated in the time hallowed fashion, with Eastern Mountain requiring a repeat performance for not fully complying with the strict etiquette demanded by the occasion. The coveted FRB Trophy was then displayed to the admiring throng and amid speculation about the true value of this Trophy (only a Scotsman would leave the price label on the bottom), Dallas was adjudged to be the worthy recipient after much deliberation by the previous holder Anti P. It should be borne in mind by future holders of this prestigious award when selecting their successor, that while the precedent of (only) kissing the recipient has been set, it is not binding and may be amended as seen fit.

Lemonade Run: "By yon bonny banks" (Please note that the Scribe has changed the title of the run. This is perfectly acceptable and in compliance with Hash Rule No. 6 (or is it 8): There are no Hash rules. Ed.)

After the departure of the fit types, the Lemonaders followed ON-ON, no less enthusiastic but at a more sedate pace. As we followed the trail along the banks of the Victoria reservoir, we were thankful that the tide was out but there was much muttering about missing paper. It was suggested that one of the main runners had a portable Hoover.

Picking up the trail again it was ON-ON and most exasperating to see the main runners - just across the valley. "Can we cut the corner and catch up?" "No!" says John Gleese, as he and Bumble urge us to accelerate our over-sedate pace.

Leaving the waterside it was ON-UP the valley where we were treated to a few enjoyable impersonations of tightrope walkers as we negotiated a tree trunk bridge with a startling resemblance to marsh mallow. No-one fell off but a few with no head for heights chose a detour in the marsh proper. "I knew we should have come that other way" says Steadfast to Super Cooper.

Then there it was, looming above us - the rock. How did these Horrors

(Goldilocks in charge as usual) get up there so fast? We sweated to the top, through green jungle tunnels, over slippery rocks and soon came upon the summit and the promised Hash View. Worth waiting for, but it looked as if we'd come no distance at all. There was much discussion of the interesting flora (bet the main runners never even noticed) and a few cries of: "Horror, come away from the edge!"

Next it was ON-ON and ON-DOWN the rockface and ON-UP to the beer wagon for Down-downs, which were ably led by Keep Fit.

Dallas was FRB and despite protestations obviously relished his Down-down. Keep Fit was not amused by the amassed musical talent but perked up during the Hares' Swing Low Sweet Chariot. A fine day was capped by the Horrors having their own Down-down.

