

VICTORIA HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

HASHINGS

17th March, 1987.

RECEDING HARE LINE

Run No. 108	Sunday 22nd March	Hares: Double Dutchman & John Cleese
109	5th April	Double Dutchman & D'Animal
110	19th April	Gentleman Jim & Sanatarium
111	26th April	Blondie & Nag at HABARANA
112	10th May	VOLUNTEERS PLEASE

Run No. 108: Nattagampola (this will be a perfect run/walk so the Hares don't need any witty blurb to detract from the awfulness of the Hash)
Time : 10.30 a.m.

MISDIRECTIONS

From Digana: At camp gate set tripmeter to zero and turn LEFT towards Kandy. At 5.5 mls./8.85 km turn RIGHT (if you reach the rock cutting you have gone too far). At 6.0 mls./9.7 km. turn LEFT, then bear RIGHT and continue to quarry at 6.7 mls./10.8 km. and park by Haremobile.

From Kandy: At Digana end of Tennekumbura bridge set tripmeter to zero. At 0.2 mls./0.3 km. turn LEFT. At 0.6 mls./1.5 km. turn LEFT and bear RIGHT and continue to quarry on right at 1.3 mls./2.1 km.

HASHBARANA

By now you should all have received special notices about this fantastic, forthcoming event. If you didn't get one or have lost it, Bumble has a few extras. This promises to be a really great weekend, and Nag and Blondie are putting a lot of effort into organising it so do come along. For those who don't know the hotel and the area, the Habarana Lodge is a very up-market tourist hotel and is ideally situated for trips to Sigiriya, Polonnaruwa and Anuradhapura. It takes about 2½ hrs. to reach from Kandy/Digana via Matale and Dambulla. Please make your reservations as soon as possible, preferably by the next Hash.

REPORTS FOR VHHH RUN No. 107: "WHO GIVES A DAM?"

From a huge expanse of the hot dirt parking lot where the Hashers had been led, the main run began on a deceptively easy note. A good showing from the Kotmale contingent compensated for unusually small numbers from Digana. Did those absent know something that we didn't? Little bits of paper, which only later would appear in one's mind's eye as veritable gems of inestimable value, here seemed merely casual indicators that yes, the trail goes along here, along this little roadway, in a logical progression. A pleasant beginning, with some welcome shade from the glaring sun. A huge, well-marked bar sent the pack back and up into a stream bed for a short diversion, while the Hare, camera at the ready, clicked away in quest of a prize-winning Hash photo.

A bit of struggling over boulders as the pack realized the trail went down, and not up, the stream, and re-joined the road we had just left, and ON-ON along the road, a pleasant journey it seemed. Some confusion as the paper appeared less often, and less densely. The path seemed to follow the road, but the road is remarkably recent; indeed the most recent grading on the road appeared to have been accomplished after the laying of the Hash paper! For lesser Hashers this could have proved an obstacle, but said we, "Are we not men?" (No Harriettes were among the pack for the first all-male run in quite some time.)

The manly pack continued ON-ON along the road, around a bend (aren't all Harriers round the bend? - Ed.) and further, further, trying gallantly, but vainly to sniff out a few more little bits of paper which would indicate a trail in the vicinity. The Hare, busy with his photographic pursuits, seemed to lag behind, perhaps in order to catch a laggard Hound in an embarrassing walk. Meanwhile the advance pack turned back in search of a better trail, the road grader having rendered all trails relative, having more paper, or less paper, or no paper. A turn down to the left, towards the mighty river looked most promising to the impatient pack and they were OFF-OFF, ON-ON, and DOWN-DOWN to the river's edge, past bewildered herdsmen tending their cows. "Ja, jeg var" read one Hound shirt, and so were we all, though little beknownst to us at that particular moment, on a trail which led only ON-ON but would never lead to that glorious beer wagon at the end. Jumping up and down the tiny lyaddes of pasture land, running from clump of paper to clump of paper. No road graders had been this way, and yet the bits of paper formed no perceivable linear path. Hashing as blank verse? Where's the plot? And who are those women and children running this way??

The lemonaders coming straight at the pack, and the manly Harriers trying desperately to appear like dogs on a mission, but alas, the painful truth. "All is lost" or, worse for them, they were lost. What happened to the Hare? And what happened to the resourceful Double Dutchman and his colleague Neep? And where is that clever Sahib they call Pukka? Are they lost as well, we thought hopefully? Or could they be on the proper trail?? Could there possibly be such a trail?? And if so, could we have possibly missed it?

With these thoughts streaming through the dog-like brains of the hotter, and swetier than ever Hounds, they turned in a falsely decisive mass action to veer away from the approaching lemonaders, lest they be accused of followin'

the easier path, and retraced their tracks to the point of probable error, back down the hill, along the river, past the sympathetic herdsmen tending their cows, up the other hill, and back to the recently graded road. Running along in both directions, finally stumbling upon those little bits of paper again, leaving the road and going up and up the hill through more fields. The pack ran on, with Dallas, Keep Fit, Mr. Pastry, plus Stars, plus others, both Brits and Swedes, forming a tightly knit pack, invigorated by their success in finding the impossible trail, in succeeding where once they had failed, in conquering the unconq-- But lo, what lies ahead? A beer wagon so soon, after so short a run? Did we find a short-cut to the main run??

Minutes later, the gallant pack was drinking a private Down-down, somewhat meekly, of lemonade, having completed at least part of the lemonade run as well as other portions of their own devising. Discussion turned to what to do next, and the gallant decision was to set out in reverse following the now-known main run trail from the finish towards, but not to, the beginning. Running backwards, easily avoiding the false trails set for the opposite direction, the pack, or at least some of them, found themselves after only five minutes of this, in reunion with Double Dutchman and Neep struggling along the trail and behind them a few hundred yards, Pukka Sahib and the photographer Hare. "You didn't hear me shout?" asked Never Again rhetorically.

The pack once again re-traced their steps, this time back once again to the beer wagon, and this time for beer. After a short run, but a surprisingly difficult one for running sans direction, the pack settled into the usual festivities and chalked it all up to experience, feeling if not wise, then certainly quite a bit older.

and.....

One of the many joys of Hashing is that all runs are different. For a start this run originated in many different places and at differing times. Unusually too most of it was undertaken in vehicles. The trails, curiously devoid of paper, converged outside Digana Village gates, led via Old Digana to the Hula Ganga and then continued above what used to be Victoria Reservoir until the various dams of the Accelerated Mahaweli Development Scheme changed the climate so much that the rains they had been designed to store no longer came, making the whole project somewhat futile.

ON-ON the road wound, and then, incredibly, a bar. Surely not? However in strict accordance with the Hash Rule which states that "There are no Hash Rules" this particular bar had to be crossed, and indeed the Hares had posted sentinels with realistic-looking guns to make sure that it was crossed, and in another deviation from the norm the sentinels did the checking. It was then left and ON-UP but at this point there seemed to be some confusion as Hashers milled around wondering where to go next, the problem being a concrete obstruction and no-one to misdirect the pack. There was no sign of the Hares and both main and lemonade runners seemed strangely reluctant to go checking. Finally it was The Raft to the rescue, as he bravely led the pack of motorized Hounds over the top of the concrete obstruction, ON-UP, and past yet more bars and more checking sentinels. A brief halt at a final bar, ON-ON for a few minutes, then ON-DOWN, and lo and behold! we had caught up with the Hares.

Never Again and Cleopatra now decided that Hashing by car/landrover/Range Rover was no way to get rid of a hangover, so unsportingly decided that the rest of the Hash would be completed on foot, although judging by the state of Cleo's shoes it looked as if she had done the entire run from Digana on foot already. So a rather hesitant pack set off, the main runners forging ahead. As the lemonade run's two resident anthropologists were AWOL, Stripes had to be forcibly removed from the main run and made to join the more pedestrian pedestrians on their Sabbath peregrination.

Horrors Atey, Dandy, E.T., Mynee, Latin Charmer and Goldilocks led the pack down to near the tail waters of the Randenigala reservoir where there was a total absence of paper. It was later learned that it had something to do with Cleo's feelings for some of the more slimy inhabitants of this tropical paradise. Cromarty was quite content to remain near the rear of the pack with Mee Rosie and Jimbo, who was grateful for any excuse not to do the main run. Ms Brodie, it was noticed, was wearing footgear not approved of by the Mismanagement. As we were ambling along a handful of main runners appeared like mirages and just as soon vanished as we negotiated terraces where bovine creatures grazed peacefully. Well, perhaps not quite. One buffalo seemed to violently object to the proximity of one male Macirema (perhaps it didn't like the smell of his aftershave) and chased him. King Kong, seeing the beast's chain, was at first unconcerned; he then realised that the chain was not actually attached to anything, and for the first time on a Hash (first time ever?) he RAN! So did his camera-toting companion who was in too much of a hurry to take what would surely have been a winner in the Hash Flash competition. But I digress. At last we were in shade, albeit a squelchy, uphill sort of shade. A grove of trees was too tempting and most of us rested for a few minutes, but not so our novices from IRRI-land who were made of sterner stuff.

The final part was all uphill, ultimately on the new road. What bliss to arrive at the beer wagon in the heat of the mid-day sun. Bliss was, however, short-lived when Clinging Vine and The Child failed to appear. A search party led by Olé set out to find them - they had done part of the main run backwards!

Thanks to the Hares for an interesting venue, drive to which via Vic Dam was enjoyed by all, though several late-comers such as the Sahib family and Birky and Bessy only made it thanks to the uncharacteristic patience of John Cleese. Thanks also to Trevor and assistant for doing sterling work organising the barbecue and beer.

HASH CONGRASHulations to Bluebeard and wife Doreen on the birth of JORRIT. We look forward to meeting him on the Hash soon.

HASH FLASH: only a few flashers have been seen to date. Deadline now extended to first run in May, No. 112, in order that happy snaps from Hashbarana might be submitted.

TEESHIRTS: designs and sponsors wanted! Failing that you'll have to pay - OK? Contact Roger or Bee if you feel inspired.