

VICTORIA HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



10th April, 1987.

RECEDING HARE LINE

Run No. 110	Sunday 19th April	Hares: Gentleman Jim, Jimbo, Sanatarium & entire Scott Willie Ensemble
111	26th April	Blondie & Nag at HABARANA
112	17th May	Pukka Sahib & Mr. Pastry
113	31st May	Dallas & ?
114	14th June	VOLUNTEERS PLEASE

Note the three week gap between 111 & 112. This could also be filled if anyone is willing to be a Hare, but not Double Dutchman who has done far more than his fair share, which is most gratefully acknowledged.

Run No. 110: EASTER PARADE - prize for best Easter bonnet, so please join in the fun and make something worthy of the occasion - **yet** another great opportunity for the HASH FLASHERS!

Time: 10.30 a.m.

Directions : At Colombo end of the Peradeniya Bridge set odometer to zero and proceed on Colombo road. At 1.3 km/0.8 mls turn RIGHT into Aladeniya Road. At 6.2 km/3.9 mls turn LEPT at Mt. Franion tea factory. At 9.4 km/5.8 mls turn sharp RIGHT at yellow gate, and drive up to parking area.

HASH FLASH : This long-awaited competition will be held at Run No. 112 on 17th May, so still plenty of time to take some memorable (and perhaps embarrassing) snaps. Don't miss this fantastic opportunity to win a special prize from BANGKOK!!!

Main Run

They came in droves, bumping and bouncing along over the dirt tracks and potholes to arrive looking nervous and weary after their journeys from the far flung outposts of Kandy, Kotmale and even Balangoda. Why should these itinerant migrants, many of them mere waifs, undertake this harsh, gruelling and somewhat irrelevant Sunday morning ritual? (answers, on postcards only, to reach Bumble not later than 15/4/87) But the spirit runs deep and strong and fills the soul without regard for the dangers, punishment and pain to follow. To Hash. There is nothing else.

One important caveat; there is something else and it happens to be writing these bloody reports. Why should I be experiencing this mental turmoil when we clearly have so many literary giants in our midst? In addition, one mustn't forget the aforementioned waifs, yes, those little darlings who happen to be on their hols at the moment with plenty of time to spare during these rainy afternoons! Enough said, I shall dwell not. On - on.

The previous day's rain had dampened the ground but not our spirits. (groan!) On - on was called by the birthday boy and, with fellow countryman D'animal misdirecting the main pack, off we stumbled. Now, at this point it's easy to understand why our erstwhile reporters digressed into the realms of anthropology, film sets, Zen and the art of Hashing etc.as, after 109 Hashes, it takes a great effort to try and make footpaths, piles of paper, check circles, bars and very sweaty people sound in the laest bit interesting. Do you really want to read that Dallas, Keep Fit and Running Bear were the F.R.B.'s checking out the trails through glades and paddy, and that a worn out Lancelot was plodding along at the rear? (answers, on postcards...) Perhaps we could persuade I.I.M.I. to compile a data-base of esoteric names, phrases and sentences which could be 'randomised' by the computer at the press of a button to give suitable reports, wherein everyone gets a mention, of exactly one page in length. Or, how about 'Confessions of a Hasher' featuring xxxxxxxx + xxxxxxxx + xxxxxxxx in a torrid love triangle, hopelessly lost on a lonely false trail deep in the Sri Lankan jungle. One lurid tale every Hash and we'd soon be able to publish a book.

Not this time though, it's back to ON-ON, ON-UP, ON- ON, ON-DOWN and finally ON-IN. Congrats to Running Bear who managed to be first in twice, a worthy recipient of the F.R.B. Trophy. Congrats also to the

Hares for a short and sweet Dutch Treat.

On-on to the Down-Downs, very much a part of the Dutch Treat, with Gouda cheese, birthday cake, Heineken beer, Necto and cream soda. What more could one ask? (answers.....)

A very enjoyable Hash outing so a big thank you to the intrepid Hares and to Bluebeard for the cheese and beer. Roll on No.110, and the best of luck to the next unsuspecting sucker to receive the black spot from Bumble.

The Lemonade Run

There was a distinct reluctance among the lemonaders to leave the cool shade of the parking area and embark on yet another Sunday morning of on-on, on-up and so-on. No one had taken much notice of Double Dutchman's misdirections but when Blue Beard eventually gave the signal to start a few enthusiasts set off at a run while the remainder ambled gently after them. Even Tick-tock reluctantly sheathed his sword and set off in search of dragons. The trail was broad and easy at first and this lulled the front runners into a false sense of confidence; before long they had taken a wrong trail and were soon retracing their steps looking crestfallen and a bit sheepish. In the best tradition of a flock that has lost its shepherd the main party milled around bleating loudly and looking lost. After this little episode much of the enthusiasm for running ahead waned.

Once back on course it was discovered that the trail was generally well marked except for some confusing bars that had to be crossed to find the right track. The beautifully drawn circles seemed to mesmerize the more energetic into scattering on inwardly directed spiral searches like the proverbial bath water being drawn to the plug hole (but being so near the equator no one was quite sure if they should proceed clockwise or anti-clockwise). The more philosophic-al just relaxed and considered the problem while awaiting the outcome. At one such juncture, when confusion reigned and lemonaders turned despairingly to Blue Beard for guidance he merely shrugged and said plaintively "How should I know. I have only been over this route once." Luckily some sharp eyed horror (was it Kangus, Juniper, Bryngel or Latin Charmer?) found the hidden trail and cries of "on paper" set the motley crew on the move again.

Almost everyone was pleased with what turned out to be a very civilized route with ample shade and modest on-ups and on-downs. A cheerful atmosphere prevailed throughout with only young Cromarty objecting when anyone other than Wee Rosie tried to carry him. There were, of course, a few hazards to be negotiated to add a little spice to the walk (run?) such as a tree trunk crossing of a wide stream. Here John Cleese came into his own as, like Sir Walter of old, he gallantly strove to help fair damsels keep their dainty feet dry - or did those shrieks belie the honesty of his endeavours?

The zig-zag trail along bunds between rice paddies was negotiated without feet getting too wet and muddy while silent but amazed farmers leant on their hoes and took a well earned rest to watch the crazy antics of perspiring foreigners. If the torrential rain had come a little earlier it would have been a very different story! A gentle climb up a tree covered slope saw a sudden quickening of the pace. Could it have been the smell of Gouda wafting on the breeze? There was a sigh of relief as the beer-mobile loomed over the horizon and proved to be the real thing, not just a mirage conjured up by thirst crazed imaginations.

As well as the FRB trophy, won this week by Running Bare, VH3 now has yet another little piece of nonsense, or Hash Trash: the "Arsehole of the week" seat, current holder of which is ^BBluebeard.

And finally, while on the subject of posteriors, recorded herewith for posterity is the Oder's latest demented scribbling.

Oh hear ye, hear ye, Hashers all,
 The Oder has been working;
 It's ages since she penned a poem -
 Fair Bumble has been shirking;
 But now that Lancelot is back,
 She thought she'd better have a crack,
 And on behalf of all the pack
 Welcome him in true Hash style.
 So, Hashers, listen for a while
 As words of rubbish I recite
 Of sentiments banal and trite.

My pen's too humble for the task
 (And so why bother? - you may ask),
 And yet, the occasion cannot pass
 Without a verse, albeit crass,
 from VH3's elected Oder
 To greet our friends from Balangoda.

Our ex-Grand Master hasn't run
 With Vic Dam Hash since one-ph-one;
 His family bid the Hash goodbye
 At Kotmale back in July.
 We're sorry they (and Beetle too)
 Missed the Tun Run - quite a do -
 Champagne and whiskey as well as beer
 For Lancelot, but dear oh dear,
 Drunk and tired....there's a tale
 Over which we'll draw a veil!

So, Speirs family, look around -
 You'll see we've not been lazy;
 A lot of newcomers we've found
 And made them like us - crazy;
 The stupid sods can't get enough,
 So come on, Angus, do your stuff -
 We're all impatient for the day
 When Sam Dam Hash gets underway!