

Patterson file

OMNIBUS  
EDITION

# HASHINGS

September 5, 1985

## Forthcoming Events

Run No. 70 : "Rive gauche"  
 Time : 4.30 p.m. Sunday, 8th September 1985  
 Hare : Cecil and Podiboss  
 Directions : Digana Gate - Right, Old Digana - Left onto new road,  
 Moragahamulla (20 km) - Right onto new dam access road -  
 stop at BBN security gate on N side of Victoria Dam  
 (28 km) (40 minutes)

Run No. 71  
 Date : Sunday, 22nd September  
 Hare : Lancelot and the Wife of Bath  
 Location : Unknown, uncharted and unbelievable

Run No. 75  
 Provisional date : Weekend 16/17th November

In conjunction with that other well know group of mismanagers, the Digana Social Club Committee, a weekend outing to Humas Falls Hotel is being planned with a BBQ/games night on Saturday and a hash on the Sunday morning. It is hoped that a mass conversion and baptism of the Social Club Committee will be achieved and to mark this special occasion, it is rumoured that Tee shirts will be available - Sponsors and designers of T-shirts please step forward.

Interested? names to the mismanagement please.

## VHHH Run No. 66 : Kundasale

"Mark & Berties Farewell"

July 21, 1985.

The insufferable smile on Vigorous face as we returned from yet another false trail eventually had the effect of rendering your scribe speechless - only now can he take up his pen without fear of apoplexy. A novel course this, in well-trodden territory, on either side of the new road to Kandy and down to the water's edge of the reservoir. Also through it, just after the "On-On", to the general dismay of the pack. A series of warnings at the start - "Watch out for the coconut tree with roots 20' in the air", "don't step on the cabbages in the vegetable patch" (were the others fair game?), "watch out for traffic on the main road" set the pack in a state of perplexity, which was continued by the deviousness of the false trails. Still, an interesting and well paced hash - both packs finished at the same time, just as it should be.

Hash No. 67 - 11th August 1985

Hares : Electrozoom and Damp Squib

The hash gathered on a cool morning down at the septic end of Digana. A motley collection of horrors were reinforced by aged hashers coming out of semi-retirement ("midriff bulge blues do we hear") and a couple of fit interlectual types from "Strand Poly", one of the educational establishments spawned so regularly out of the affluent S.E. capital of England, London.

When Hash Cash had finished his verbal abuse and collected his spending money for the next fortnight (that's why he doesn't need any local allowance), the hares headed off downhill to more septic pastures. But foresight was wrong as the pack steered left and began tacking upwards. Ably led by Geoffrey. Surprising he knows what paper is! They forded a rushing torrent of Mahaweli Electric Water 1" deep due to local rainfall and merrily jogged upwards through semi-residential coconut plantations explaining to the new starts the relevance of the patches of paper and oops, a check circle. But old heads prevailed and it was ignored much to hare's delight as three long false trails all radiating from the same point were eagerly followed.

Pilgrim meanwhile, back on the main hash just to show that he was able on his anniversary, wandered off on the proper trail and was overtaken ten minutes later by a startled main field at the foot of an escarpment. A check circle on the main path confirmed all suspicions; ON-UP it was, but well worth it. Jogging like a tribe of Zulus through head high grasses and foot deep hash dung, the pack scrambled to the top of the escarpment where the fresh air and breeze went to everyone's head as they eagerly followed hare's false trails in order to appreciate the views of the homelands flooded in accordance with parliamentary order by an organised band of multinationals. Such interlectuality on a hash on Sunday mornings!

The descent following the ascent was even more revitalising! Dust covered rock and fresh hash dung kept the pack alert but not always on its feet. Strand Poly and Geoffery in a show of bravado descended rapidly, followed closely by Owl. This trio deserted the main field and undeterred by paperwork, hustled off never to be seen again until the Down-Down where they were encountered giving free force to the motion that when you are tired and over 'forty' an early hash "drink" is best found by following the lemonade run.

The main hash digressed and unfortunately scribe got waylaid at the local ladies swimming pool and ended up piloting the effervessing (or is it ever-sweating) Pilgrim plus son on a celebrity run-walk? - some twenty minutes behind the main hash. Distant views of the main pack were noted but so distant were they, that their vocal outgoings were never heard. Luckily hare played a good sheepdog - came, sought and found, pointed out all the false trails and navigated us back to the Down-Downs.

Verbal abuse was rife and the Down-Down was very joyous. Hash mobile was drunk dry, "what mismanagement!", a beautiful rendition of "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang" by hares choir was enthusiastically cheered and then the pack returned to Digana for roast beef & yorkshires.

LEMONADE RUN

The run started at the salubrious location adjacent to the sewage pond which didn't do a great deal to help Pilgrims's feeling of the "morning after"!

It was a remarkably good turnout with 24 Starters and even an observer from K.C. (minus the Sunshine Band).

The keen lemonaders had to be restrained from disappearing off in the direction of the return route but with a Maori war cry from the hare they were soon re-directed off through the coconut plantation.

Sweetie and Micro Mars started well but then soon abandoned footwork. Sniffer Dog also opted for the shoulders after being rescued by the novice, Marietius, from his usual scrape with mother earth.

True to form the number of runners was boosted by the local "hashers" who surprisingly hadn't tried improving on the route.

The run headed off into the bush along a narrow path which wound its way through the local houses, where, although by that time Sunday lunch was being prepared, the aroma was definitely not roast beef and yorkshire pud! It was then back into open territory and a panoramic view of the lake (and the dam for those carrying their binocs).

The run turned back inland and was led home by Croaker, Spiral, Terrier, Mini Mars, Tricky and Marathon Man who had one foot tied up as his handicap for the lemonade run!

Run No. 68 - Arratenne

Saturday, 24th August 1985.

Hares : Owl (as Proxy for Monarch of the Glen) and Tricky.

The schedule was tight indeed. A considerable drive there : unveiled hints from the hare of a long and testing run : a latish start to suit the guests from Colombo.

The ON-ON was in the school playground at Arratenne, a previously unknown village countless potholed miles up the Hulu Ganga. By the time that the visitors were convoyed to the location, it was not just the radiators of the scratchless, white seat covered, automatic window windered, chauffeur driven, UN supplied limos that were boiling. No doubt they mistook the location as the Arratenne MOT test station having glimpsed the assembled wreckage of the home teams Escorts, Chevettas and Land Rovers.

The word having gone round the village that something was 'On' at the school, the pack of nigh on 70 hounds was swelled by an even larger number of locals determined to extract the most from the goings-ON.

Order was non-existent, <sup>and</sup> the eagerness of Hash-Cash to maximise profits from the well-healed city folk a positive embarrassment. Muddled directives from the hare about arrows, by way of guidance to the pack, were drowned by the general din and the only way out was ON-ON. So ON-ON and ON-DOWN it was, main runners and lemonaders alike.

The trail led almost uninterrupted down a track towards the river and, as if possessed by an evil spirit like the Gaderine swine before them, the pack too hurtled down. A check circle on the track at the bottom stalled the final rush into the water and while Owl sat bemused the pack sniffed.

The arrow was obviously for the lemonaders and it was only after assorted false trails that the real trail was stumbled upon down at the river's edge. Having negotiated every form of aquamarginal obstacle, the trail needless to say led back to join the lemonade run. However this gave the home team a chance to weigh up the main run opposition "Surely the owner of that backside's not a main runner?", we all thought. It emerged that this phenomenon was the CH<sup>2</sup> Harriettes. A formidable group of Amazons whose behaviour is only paralled by the gangs of roving grannies of Monty Python fame.

Shortly after, the trails genuinly diverged leaving the lemonaders to battle back UP-UP again in the shade of the hill shepherded by Tricky.

The main run trail led precariously across one of the Hulu Ganga's famed and previously uncharted, suspension bridges ("I've found the lost suspender") and ON-UP through lemon grass.

After an interminable distance up, the trail headed ON - Down but, horror of horrors, it was still heading away from the beer. After further excesses of ON-DOWN it became apparent that the sun was going to bed even if we weren't. The prospect of benighting in the wild reaches of the upper Hulu Ganga without having reached the beer was too much and after another river crossing and another momentous ascent the sight of familiar Land Rovers hastened the weary pack ON- IN.

"What ! The beer's not here". Well we understood why the hare had lingered at the back to avoid lynching. Was it sheer mismanagement or another sly ruse by Hash Cash to further improve the profit margin.

Ten thirsty minutes later the advance guard of the pack disgorged on to the beer. The light was fading fast and Downs- Downs were brief to avoid every empty bottle disappearing dimly under a sarong.

Verdict - the main run was epic and seemed to well please the dedicated amongst the visitors.

VHHH RUN NO. 69 : "DIGANA COMMUNICATIONS"

Sunday 25 August 1985 at 10.30 a.m.

Hares : Late Starter & Pilgrim

Venue : Digana Telecom. Relay Tower ("top of t'hill")

Sore head? Did I say sore head? This hash promised to be entertaining from before the start. After the previous days mountaineering and socialising, bets were even, on whether Colombo HHH would turn up at all for more punishment on a hot, sultry morning. They did, in force, to create an entertaining traffic jam which was in no way improved by Cecil's attempts to imitate a traffic-warden - one job he's got no hope of, back in Bromley. The smell of burning tyre rubber had hardly abated when VH<sup>3</sup> largest pack of recent months trundled into action.

Downhill. If you start a hash at the top of a mountain, there is only one place to go. Down. And did everybody realise it? They did. So what happens later? You have to go up, that's what. Morale was not v. good for the first 10 minutes.

After descending to level ground (easy to say) with both packs together, Cecil & Electrozoom showing well for Victoria, frequent short false trails keeping the herd in reasonable contact. A nasty bit of up, led to where the trails split, Late Starter (with a bloody silly grin on his face, as usual) kindly directing the main pack along a contouring path going away from our eventual goal. At what turned out to be the furthest point of our loop along the ridge the hare obligingly ran a false trail just to encourage us to keep going - we did. On discovering the deception, we were all far too polite (i.e. shattered) to tell him what a clever chap he was.

The return along the other side of the ridge (due to sympathetic trail setting, we did far less upping & downing than first feared) picked up the lemonade runners, who had short circuited the main run. What on earth were a pair of pelicans doing on top of a hill miles from any water? Strange. A fast run-in to plenty of beer.

At the "Down-Down" it may be recorded that out of deference to our visitors we allowed the Colombo chaps to win a boat race (fortunately "Deep Throat" wasn't rowing for them, otherwise we would have lost out-of-sight). However, out of pure chauvanism, we made sure to beat the Colombo Ladies. Sportsmanship only goes so far! Gratitude to the hares, for making the run better than the ground promised.

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