

HASHINGS

January 17, 1986

Run No. 78 - 'Heart Burns'
 Date : Sunday, 26th January 1986
 Time : 11 am
 On-On : Digana Village - Planter's Club
 Down-Down : Maybe
 Hares : Smar Tars Franglais and Pilgrim

RECEDING HARE LINE

Run No. 79 8th February - Hare : Marathon Man
 Run No. 80 22nd February - Volunteers Please

RUN REPORT

Run No. 76 11.00 a.m. - December 8th 1985.
 On-On : 'Twixt Digana and the deep blue reservoir .
 Hare : Lancelot.

The gently undulating track through the coconut stands which led to the On-On set the tone of this Hash. A variety of identical tracks through scrub and brambles confused many of the navigators, while drivers found their bottoms making frequent contact with the ground. Having parked, the main run was not so different. What dismayed the pack before the start was the complete lack of shevel of the hare - wild and glassy-eyed, T-shirt dirty and covered by vegetation (it was the day after the Christmas ceillidh).

The run started reasonably enough, down a decently wide track, and rapidly reached the edge of the reservoir. Here, there were three stark choices, (a) go straight on, (b) turn left, or (c) turn right. The sort of people who could countenance (a) not now living in the village, the pack, principally urged by Marathon Man and Late Starter decided the course was a left hander and plumped for (b). Off they went.

Ten minutes later, Almanack decided that it would really have been better to go for (c), which involved climbing a steep hill. Obvious, really. Aply led by Pilgrim maj. and Pilgrim min., the morning-after sufferers from the night before toiled up steep terraces, cursing the gradient and lack of shade. Ten minutes later, they were contouring along above the reservoir in trackless head-high

brambles, bemoaning the fact that they couldn't see where they were going. There's no pleasing some people. Bitten, battered, bu**ered and bewildered, the herds morale dropped below ankle height when the hare sat down and admitted that he had been lost when laying the paper at this point. Full marks to STP and Buffalo Soldier for finding the way out of the morasse and averting the first case of White Cannibalism for yonks. Thereafter, the run along the reservoir edge was quite pleasant - in fact, so pleasant, it obviously had to stop.

Uphill and inland, we quickly caught sight of the lemonaders, seemingly miles from the beer-wagon. Miles turned out to be 100 yds - inspired routing by the hares. The beer turned out to be supplanted by a diabolical brew that inspired rooting by everybody. Unequal (and very variable) parts of passion fruit cordial, arrack, beer, lemonade, soda water, grass, and twigs mixed with anything that came to hand (or with hand). Truly revolting, the Bomb Disposal Squad has been alerted.

A report is being sent to the Director of Public Persecutions.

Lemonade Run - Celtic's Confusion

Our hare for the day was The Jock Strap beautifully turned out in dashing blue and white peaked cap, natty off-white vest and shorts and sparkling hob nailed boots. Leprechaun put us under starter's order with 'Mount your cycles pedal' whereupon the pack surged away with Electrozoom leading the croonies up our first steep hill. Jock played the first of many of his aces with a check circle and numerous false trails allowing the stragglers to catch up. Sniffer Dog picked up the scent which lead off right along a grass track to the Beer Wagon. The pack was pleased, thinking Jock had decided to go for the record. Alas, despair set in when our hare moved us on with shouts of 'Fork right' and muttered replies of 'See you Jimmie'.

The pace hotted up with Pilgrim, The Wife of Bath, Miss Huntley and A Postle taking the lead only to stumble across a BAR, not Milky or Mars this time. Back tracking, the trail was taking us further and further from the Beer Wagon to another BAR. Terrier spotted an ominous potent, paper leading uphill. We scrambled up with The Baron making a dash for the lead, and the veterans wheezing up in four wheel drive, on hands and knees. With hearts pumping, pores perspiring and knees knocking we reached the top. Blue Novice thought the view was nice and whipping out his camera started recording the condition of the pack.

But where were the hare and the tail enders? And why was a familar voice extolling the virtues of cycling, rising from the valley below us? Girding our loins, or picking up the kids, we started on our third steep incline, fortunately downhill this time with the horrors gracefully leaping from boulder to boulder followed by Bumble and Fumble.

The pack completed the descent where we met the smirking hare and all was revealed. He also let on that certain members of the pack had short-cut the mountainous route. A definite case of "I'll take the high road and you'll take the low road and you'll be at the beer wagon afore me!".

A quick consensus concluded that the names of the short-cutters should not be revealed. The winner of this petition, Mars, Gingerbread, Leprechaun and Cuddly out-voiced the rest of the pack!

The trail lead downward to a well trodden path, where a heavily laden Gringo with Steaming as brakeman slithered down the bank. A short run/stagger in returned the pack to the beer wagon almost at the same time as the main runners.

The Down-Down started with the customary one for the hares followed by a rendition of gathering Melons in the Snow sung by Lancelot and accompanied in mime by Jock. This was followed by the novice's and leavers down-down's and then the result of the Digana bye-election for the renaming of certain participants. The voting papers were collected on the previous day, and by popular vote, the following are hereby rechristened:

'Candyman' shall be known as 'The buffalo Soldier'

'Geoffrey' shall be known as 'STP' and

'Wise Owl' shall be known as Smar Tars Frananglais

The proceedings were wound up with the dispensing of Passion Fruit Cocktails to these lucky winners. Imbibers of this potion were forewarned not to drive or be exposed to naked flames after quaffing due to the soporific and volatile side effects of this brew.

Run No. 77 - December 29, 1985 : Yuletide Feast

Hare : Lancelot

The start of run No. 77 was close to the spot where Pilgrim was rediscovered after being lost in the wilderness. (Unfortunately the plan to erect a suitably imposing monument to mark the historic spot has faltered for lack of public response - draw your own conclusions).

The middle of Run No. 77 was marked by a confusion of paper skilfully laid by the local residents who appeared to have a private supply of hash paper larger than the hare had.

The end of Run No. 77 was an occasion for thanks giving that powers-that-be had smiled upon us with a single day of good weather in a prolonged spell of bad. (Must have been because of all that Gath stuff in the last edition).