

HASHINGS

July 21, 1986

RECEDING HARE LINE

Run No. 90 : Kotmale Run
 Sunday, July 27 at 10.30 a.m.
 Directions (from Kandy)

	Km	Miles
Turning left after Peradeniya bridge, proceed to Gampola	0	0
Taking Nuwara Eliya road, turn left over Gampola bridge across Mahaweli River - Set tripmeter to zero		
Turn right at Kotmale sign	2.1	1.3
Stop at Gate 1 for security check	4.4	2.8
Turn right through Gate 3 (more security)	9.7	6.1
Turn left up tea estate road (before bridge)	10.0	6.3
Park at tea factory	10.9	6.8

Travelling time from Kandy clock tower about 1 hour
 Parking limited ; please share.

Hares : Post Tension and High Tension

Anybody who has not provided details to P Taylor of vehicle registration, lunch, T shirts sizes etc, please advise A. Speirs immediately. (Vehicle Registration required to smooth passage through security).

Run No. 91 : Sunday 10th August Hares: Der Fliegende Holländer and Double Dutchman

Run No. 92 : Volunteers Please.

RUN REPORT

Run No. 89 : Flash Hash
 Sunday, July 13th

Main Run

With a slightly damp start on several false trails, the main run forged ahead of the lemonaders, dashing through scrub and mud (as STP was to find to his joy), on down and up and back and up and on and back - what is this !!! The hare was in fine form with more than the usual running forward, doubling back and leaping sideways...as is the way of hares.

Superman and the Flying Dutchman steamed ahead leaving Mr. Pastry slowing down the Galloping Minor in the rear. With less trepidation than was wise, Small Change and Parleyvoo plunged happily into the prison camp never to be seen again...well until the hashmobile anyway.

A team of escaped convicts filed slowly past, weapons on their shoulders - or were they hoes? - and crossed the wire back to camp - or may be it was the nearby nursery

The Carpenter seemed to stop, intending to join them, but then thought better of it and puffed on back. Someone trying to work off too much cabbage leaped ahead and miraculously avoided being landed on by a flying doughnut trying to avoid the mud - perhaps with the help of the Magician, though he was far away at the time.

Zebedee & Plod sprang happily down a long trail which the hare seemed curiously reluctant to follow and finally caught up again, not so happily half an hour later.

Now what's this - main tracks to left and right and a tiny hole in the hedge straight ahead - no fooling us on that one (well not with a hare casually not running right after Stars and Stripes). On-On went Post Tension and On-On we staggered after him and for once it was the right track with Guinevere chasing the Sword and Scabbard through the scrub to surface again with the beer in sight.

The Wizard of Oz and Tulip seemed well up to the eccentricities and will hopefully make as big a hash of it in future.

N.B. If anyone doesn't recognise themselves - blame Hash Trash for a very incomplete set of hash names - so half of you have been renamed !

LEMONADE RUN

The post birthday party pack set off showing more signs of exhaustion at the beginning of the run than is normally evident at the end of most Lemonade excursions into the surrounding countryside.

The disconcerting perspiration (alcohol?) on the Hare's brow boded ill for the pack.

The On-On down the track had all the appearances of a gentle stroll and John Cleese and Swagman set off well in the lead showing signs of enthusiasm and over-confidence. The pack ground to a halt with Galloping Major, John Cleese, Swagman, Joey and High Tension casting vainly about the long false trails, whilst your reporter stood and waited and took notes on back of hand. Aeons later, or so it seemed, we were back on course again only a hundred yards from the start! Leprechaun and Scotch Jock suddenly appeared in front of us. Having been sent back for another crate of nectar, they had been primed on avoiding the first false trails.

Leprechaun, casting about like a demented bloodhound down every false trail, was showing signs of great energy never before suspected due, we assume, to the absence of Kangus who opted for the main run.

On-On, On-Down, On-Up, On Back, Oh hell we were yet again lost and a despairing Pilgrim attempted to keep his fast flagging pack together. The more we searched the more we were convinced we were well and truly lost and after a haul round one hill returned to find that the Raft, Oil Drum and Tick-Tock had decided to sit one hill out. Lost again "The cars are over there", "No over there" said weary voices, all wondering if this Hash could go into the Guinness Book of Records for the longest ever.

Brace shoulders, deep breath and On-On again only to bump into Lancelot and Kangus, which to our befuddled minds indicated that the Hares had switched runs and we were marching, waling, staggering (depending on the intake the previous evening) round the Beer Run

and gloom, doom and despondency. The Main run had probably finished and there would only be the melted ice left to drink.

On-On, then a glimpse of cars in the distance - faster pace and our two stalwart walkers, Swagman and John Cleese broke into a canter in a vain attempt to bluff the main pack that they had managed to run all the way, the former to get to the beer the latter to join Bumble who was so keen to get to KIA to collect Beetle that she neglected to wear her hash apparel or her Oderess accoutrement. All in all a rather wearing morning, made even more so by the main hash who all looked as if they had been on a short stroll.

SONGS, POEMS ETC.

Reprinted below for the sake of posterity are the first offerings from our very own Hash Oder, Bumble. These were first introduced at Run No.87. We look forward to further epics and odes in the future.

Victoria Hash Song

(to the tune of the Eton Boating Song)

Jolly Hashing weather
And a hot mid-day sun
We'll Hash together
We'll have such fun

Chorus and we'll drink, drink together
At the end of the bloody run
and we'll drink, drink together
At the end of the bloody run.

We're international
None of us gives a ----
If our fellow Hasher
Is an Aussie, Yank or Brit

Chorus

We're all fit and normal
None of us are queer
We like the good things -
Sex, swearing and beer

Chorus.

Far away from dear old Blighty,
Far from my ancestral home,
Lancelot and Smar Tars Franglais
Told me I must write a poem.
"Make it topical and witty; make it all about the Hash."
Yes sir, no sir (stupid bastards), but I said I'd have a bash.

Once upon a time, three stalwarts:
Deep Throat, Superstar, Drag Queen,
Organised the first Victoria
Hash, and since then we have been
Chasing bits of shredded paper round the bloody countryside.
Are we totally demented? Nobody can quite decide.

Hashing has a special lingo
Only Hashers understand,
And noms de guerre for every regular
Running with the motley band.
ON-ON! DOWN-DOWN! ON-UP! CHECKING! Then a BAR to halt THE PACK.
Bloody HARE, let's jug the rotter, turn around and then ON-BACK!

Running in the steamy tropics,
Sweaty tee-shirts, filthy shoes,
Bleeding legs from hungry leeches,
Dashing ON-ON to the booze.
Jungle, paddy, mountains, rivers - they're no problem 'cos we're fit;
Sod the paper - we can shortcut. OOPS! the reservoir! Oh ----!

After Hashing comes the drinking
And perhaps a dirty song,
But the fair sex put the kibosh
On that when they came along,
Sometimes bringing hordes of offspring, so the air just can't be blue -
Not quite nice to call them bastards (even though it might be true!).