

Patterson

# HASHINGS

04 August, 1986

RECEDING HARE LINE

RUN NO. 91 :

Sunday, 10th August at 10.30 a.m.

Km Miles

Directions (from Digana)

Turn left at Main Gate to Teenekumbura Bridge. Cross Bridge turn left	0	0
Straight on down Right Bank road to White Escort.	8.7	5.44

Directions (from Kandy)

At Teenekumbura Bridge straight on down Right Bank Road to White Escort	0	0
	8.7	5.44

Hares: Der Fliegende Hollander and Double Dutchman

Run No.92: Sunday 24th August

Hares: To be announced

Run No.93: Volunteers please.

## RUN REPORT

Run No. 90: Kotmale Run

Sunday 27 July 1986

Hares: Post Tension, High Tension, Captain Birdseye

## Main Run

'Allons ici' 'Non, Non, c'est la-bas' 'Ah merde' - all this and more before we even got out of the factory gates; an auspicious beginning to this truly cosmopolitan event.

ALLONS-ON-ON-ON off into the sea, these trails being found right, left and centre bringing grunts of dismay and a fine selection of expletives from the novices. Lancelot, Running Ber, Blondie and Neep foraged briskly picking up the scent - onions, garlic, stale wine - ON-UP to the top for the compulsory Hash View, formidable. ON-ON with Sauerkraut, Stars and Stripes and The Pip all vying for pole position (No. 476) on the meandering and slippery downward trails. However, after a tricky false one, the front running was taken on by Blondie and Napoleon and this unlikely twosome led the way, albeit silently, into the paddy.

Running Bear took a swim whilst the flagging muscles of the front runners got the incentive they needed, in the form of a large brown snake, and pumped on to the next check. Sadly, with hooter dangling dismally, Lancelot was soon to retire, complete knackered, and join the L.R. (steroids, multi-vits, and wee heavies to No. 218 please).

People waved, children laughed, dogs yapped and cows panicked as this multifarious lot tripped and stumbled by. ON-ON to the parting of the ways (painful without anaesthetic) and a resplendent Captain Birdseye, a hare for once capable of issuing the correct directions. ON-DOWN to the river banks with Damp Squib, Blondie, Neep and Running Bear sniffing out the trail, but why was the grinning hare with arms folded not following we mused? 'B-----d' was silently mouthed beneath congenial smiles.

Time for Pilgrim, Stars and Stripes, Superstar 11 and the Carpenter to take the helm. The soft sand of the river bed took its toll on aching muscles and a bit of local interference with the paper confused all but the hare. Undeterred, Mais Oui and Mais Non continued to jabber away contentedly while Small Change and The Invisible Man did some trail blazing back into tea. 'On up the drain, On up the drain' cried Running Bear, we were all secretly hoping that no-one at the top would pull the chain.

Home was sighted, but what lay ahead? Adam's Peak to the left and Eve's Peak to the right, who, in their right minds, could have built all those bloody steps? ON-UP we staggered gallantly, the hallucinations of Royal Pilsner becoming clearer and clearer as the air grew thinner and thinner, but the summit was reached and, at last, ON-IN for the welcome brew. The Down Downs ensued and this boisterous part of the proceedings was clearly as popular as the run and the issue of 'a la mode' T-shirts helped us on the road to nirvana, or at least on the road to the Clubhouse for another quick one (or two or three....)

#### LEMONADE RUN

A familiar feeling of déjà-vu came over me on reaching the venue of this run, scene of KH3 run No. 3 in those heady days when Kotmale had its own Hash. The large number of Victorians (including the tee-shirt-run-only brigade) was swelled by a huge crowd of Swedes, French and Mr. Pastry's Geisha Girls.

After the usual Hash Misdirections, this time in franglais for the benefit of les grenouilles in our midst (though they didn't seem at all impressed by the efforts made on their behalf), it was a strangely silent pack of lemonaders which set off a few minutes after the main run. Perhaps the Grand Master

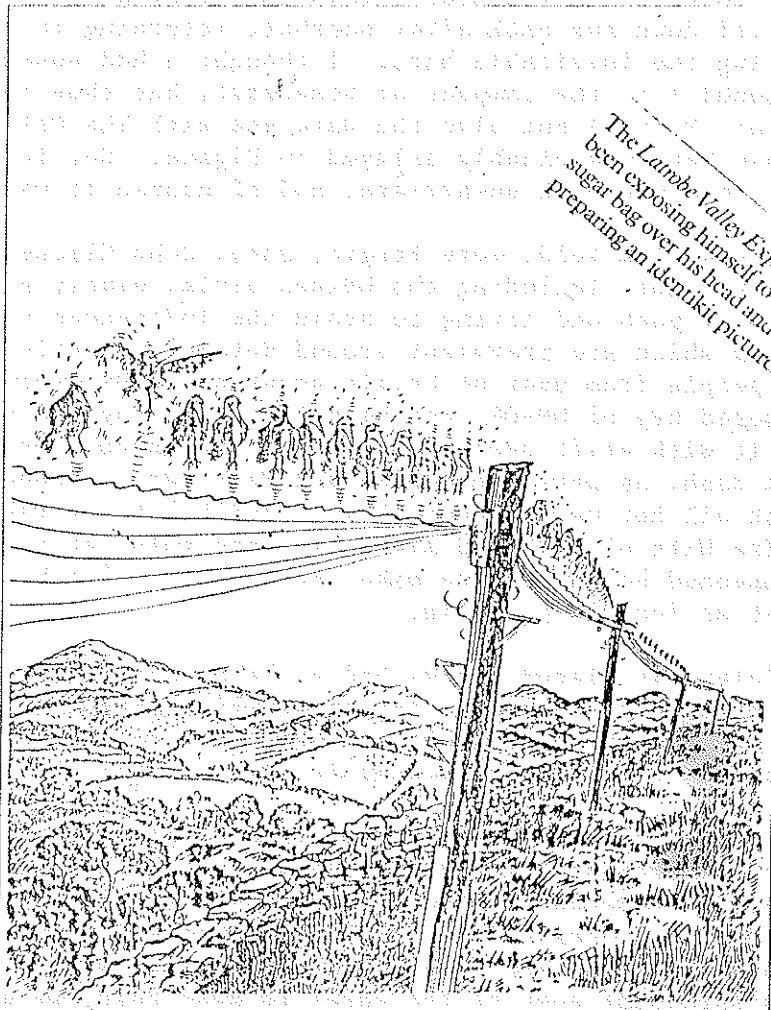
could supply us with a Hash Horn on his return from bothy-ing in Blighty? As this was supposed to be the valedictory stroll of the Galloping Major, The Memsahib and the Invisible Man, the more thoughtful souls among us were a little inquietes because they hadn't turned up. However ..... Down the road, On-Droit, along a path, and then utter confusion. Cries of "Où est le papier?" took on a new and un-lavatorial meaning as the old-timers went dashing off down one path after another, returning to the fray after discovering the inevitable bars. I thought I had sussed it along one track going downhill in the company of Steadfast, but then round a corner was not only a bar (Merde!) but also the Hare-ess with The Galloping Major and family - they had been unavoidably delayed in Digana. So, it was back along the track to join the pack en-arrière, and of course it was ON-UP.

With the van, I'm told, were Fergie, Joey, John Cleese, Swagman, and various assorted visitors including the Geisha Girls, nimbly picking their way along the slippery path and trying to avoid the indigenous wildlife such as centipedes which are prevalent around Kotmale. Beetle got a bit fed-up with certain people from east of Calais shouting UN-UN every time he uttered the time-honored cry of ON-ON, but being a pukka English public schoolboy, treated it with stiff upper-lip disdain. Guinevere was enjoying her last Victoria Hash, as were Leprechaun and Hash veteran Kangus, but poor Nessie wasn't at all her usual cheerful self and had to be taken back to the car park. The Wife of Bath and A. Postle were going at a good pace, but Miss Huntley seemed determined to make her "last" (I've heard that one before!) Hash last as long as possible.

Various cleverly placed checks had us re-grouping from time to time, though Pot Block, Bumble, Deuce and Advantage were content to stay en-arrière, especially Deuce and Advantage who were more concerned with taking happy snaps to show the folks back home in Arizona than beating any Hash records.

ON-ON along a path, we finally came to a deserted house (one of several on the track) where Captain Birdseye was standing to sort out the sheep from the goats and the lemonaders turned right. A bit more confusion here, as he was actually at the wrong house! However, paper was found, and after the Hare had pointed out to a few non-believers that the pixies who live in the woods had been spreading some of the paper to make bars, we were once more on our way and going at a considerably faster pace along the long, steadily uphill and very pleasant homeward stretch. Catching up with The Memsahib I observed that she had done most of the run on the usual part of her anatomy, i.e. sur le derrière.

Back in the car park the main runners and most of the lemonaders were already well into the ample stocks of booze. There is obviously a conspiracy afoot these days to make the lemonade runs longer than the main runs so that the MCPs can get back to the beer wagon first, and I am saddened to see that Keep Fit has seen fit to join in this ungentlemanly practice. Nevertheless he and High Tension are to be congratulated on setting an excellent bum-slide and organising the tee-shirts and lunch which were so much enjoyed by all. But how sad to have so many leavers among the Hash regulars. Happy Hashing to you all in the future and thanks from one humble scribes for contributing so much to the Victoria Hash.



The *Larobe Valley Express* reports this week that a persistent liar has been exposing himself to teenage girls in the Traralgon area wearing a sugar bag over his head and nothing else. The police are said to be preparing an identikit picture.

"That's all we need, a bloody fitness fanatic."

**BOMBAY, August 27:** For the first time in Asia and perhaps in the world, a car rally for the blind will be held in the city on October 6.