

VICTORIA HASH HOUSE BARRIERS

# HASHINGS

6th May, 1987.

RECORDING HASH LINE

Run No. 112	Sunday 10th May	Hashes: Damp Squib & John Cleese
113	17th May	Fakka Sahib & Mr. Pistry
114	31st May	Dallas & Mickey Mouse
115	14th June	Double Dutchman & D'Animal
116	28th June	VOLUNTEERS PLEASE

Misdirections for Run No. 112 have already been sent out. If you didn't receive yours, check with Bumble (Kandy 74387) or look on the Digana Club snackbar notice board.

The ON-ON for Run No. 113 is 195 Heerassagala Road, Kandy, i.e. Fakka Sahib's residence. Parking limited so please share transport if possible. Heerassagala road leads down to and over the railway line from opposite the Eo tree on the Peradeniya Road. Coming from the Clock Tower it's shortly after Dhanasiri's. Once over the railway line, keep going ON-UP. Digana Hashers be sure to allow plenty of time to get round the obstacle course which Kandy has now become.

HASH FLASH: This long-awaited competition will be held after No. 113 and the winning snaps will be chosen by vote. The prizes are from Bangkok where our Grand Master went, at great personal expense, for the express purpose of obtaining really special and suitable items of great value and beauty. A maximum of three snaps per person may be submitted either on the day or by Nesak to Damp Squib, John Cleese or Bumble. If bringing them on the day, please try to arrive early. If you have any other Hash snaps which you are not entering, bring them along too to show us, as Hashers are morons and easily amused.

SITUATIONS VACANT: Once again the prestigious position of Hash Odeur/Hashings Ed./On-Sec/typist/general dogbody will shortly be vacant. In the unlikely event that any one of you semi-literate riffraff is altruistic enough to be willing to take over these thankless tasks, contact Bumble.

And now ON-ON to some run reports.....

At the next halt Captain Birdseye sniffed the air, pronounced that the beer wagon was near and to the right so there was no point in taking the left hand path. Confidently he descended a steep flight of steps to the right, took a sharp left turn, but what was this - a bar? "This must be the way" he muttered. Hare Jimbo and Ms Brodie, who also thought they knew where they were going stared in disbelief at the bar. But wait, we had a joker in our midst (who shall be nameless) laying a false trail as he went along. Meanwhile Wee Rosie with young Cromarty aloft, whose complexion was by now matching her name, had spied an easier way down and joined the path ahead, whence it was just a cockstride back to the beer wagon where the fleet-footed main runners were already imbibing.

A word of praise now for the Scott Willie team who are to be congratulated on what proved to be a most enjoyable hash, commencing with the magnificent vista at the meeting point and ending in a jolly down-down with an amusing song from the Hares and a knees up at the Easter Bonnet parade. Bringing their considerable road making expertise to bear on laying a hash trail, your Hares provided a clear and well-signed run with super views (although to be fair perhaps the Almighty had more to do with the latter than the Scott Willies.) It was very disappointing that there was such a poor turnout, but the non-participants (Church-goers excepted - it was Easter Sunday after all) were certainly the losers, having missed out on a most enjoyable morning.

#### Hashbarana Weekend - Run No 111

An informal game of volleyball on Saturday afternoon provided a leisurely curtain raiser to the events of the weekend. With the onset of heavy rain the game became more akin to water polo, which itself was a fitting prelude to the Sweden versus The Rest of the World tug of war across the swimming pool. Sweden had the upper hand and took the series 2-1, but considering their 'Rent a Gravity Dam' heavies just returned from playing with Tonka toys at Kantalai, the result was not unexpected. An interlude gave Blondie time to patch up his damaged leg after which the spectators and numb-fingered combatants assembled in the bar anxious to imbibe some of that Dutch elixir known to refresh all parts of the body, only to discover that although the hotel were offering a very special deal on imported beer, they had, in fact, none in stock.

Nag then took charge of proceedings and cleverly arranged the table seating plan for the 'Grande Ball' such that each lady was seated between two gentlemen; on hand to restrain any lady who became too rowdy. Formal permission was given by Nag for the gastronomical battle to commence which was gratefully acknowledged by those already on their second bowl of soup. The Ugly Tie Contest was judged during dinner with Gentleman Jim just pipping Captain Birdseye and Jersey Racer for the first prize with a very becoming woolly sock tie - one of Miss Brodie's bed socks we were later to learn. The prize, a tie of unbelievable ugliness was triumphantly modelled by the victor, although he was careless enough to spill beer on it during the ensuing down down, thus requiring a rerun without spillage. The delights of Swedish Punsch

were then discovered or in some cases rediscovered before the party adjourned to the bar to prolong the revelry and engage in meaningful discussion which as the morning wore on became preoccupied with such fundamental considerations as how to negotiate the maze back to the rooms.

A surprising number of cheery hashers gathered for breakfast, though some seemed reluctant to take full advantage of the breakfast fare. Blondie gave the misdirections after which the pack set off along the polished floors of the hotel's reception rooms, out into the grounds and then into the neighbouring Village hotel restaurant where an unconventional bar (unfortunately closed) brought the pack to a halt. The correct trail leading out around the tank was found and the pack set off apace with Mickey Mouse leading the way. Various trails, all proving false, were investigated to the left and right of the path until the front runners found a bar and were called 'on back' down a small path through dense jungle and then up to and along a road. After some confusion with the pack milling about the hare came to the rescue and led the pack into the paddy adjoining the road, which had been the route suggested by a local helper, even though D'Animal claimed there was no paper. The pack zig-zagged across the paddy back to the road and then down a track leading to the base of a large rocky outcrop which was assaulted and afforded a fine hash view. The front runners plunged down the side of the outcrop only to have to reascend further along enabling those still on their way to the summit to amble along the crest before descending at the far end of the ridge which led to the hotel drive. With the end in sight the pace hotted up, but the runners were directed on a long detour before reaching the final watering hole where thirst could at last be quenched and brows mopped with commemorative faulty towels before collapsing into the pool which was soon littered with wallowing hashers.

After a lengthy recovery period the hares, Blondie and Jersey Racer were summoned for their down-down which they discharged with alacrity, although their 'song' received little acclaim (but it was at least short). Blondie was required to accept a redown-down for wearing sunglasses round his neck a la 'Dame Edna' after which novices were introduced in the usual manner. Shortcutters were called to answer for their misdeeds and the proceedings became rather confused at this point because of the inordinately large number of SCR's. Order was, however, restored and nominations for 'Arsehole of the Week' were requested. Double Dutchman suggested Blondie and this was unanimously carried (ie only one objector). The justification for bestowing this honour on Blondie was rather vague, but it seemed a good idea at the time and Double Dutchman did mumble something about having no batteries in his flash which seemed to clinch the matter. In retrospect, producing faulty towels

with no faults or even bleeding copiously at inopportune moments may have been more appropriate citations for the honour. Following Blondie's seated down-down the mismanagement - Nag, Jersey Racer and Blondie (again!) were invited to perform a final down-down as a token of VH3's appreciation for their skilful mismanagement and generous hospitality which resulted in a very successful HASHBARANA weekend.

### Lemonade Run

The pack set off at the novel time of 9.45 ON-UP to the gallery above the reception area, and then down to the paths through the grounds of the beautiful Habarana Lodge. John Cleese, fearing that the flat terrain around Habarana would make the main run very fast had opted for the slower lemonade run, which in the event proved rather too slow, so until the runs diverged he was up with the heavies. I was not too far behind with fellow-Harriette, Marietius, and Steadfast, the rest of the pack doing a gentle trundle miles behind. Away from the bungalows of the Lodge I could see the main runners and J.C. down by the lake, but then, to my delight, I noticed a breakaway group of Harriers milling around near the bar of the Village. Aha! the thoughtful Hares had organised a refreshment stop, I thought, short-cutting to join them, but no, it was back to the rest of the pack, some of whom seemed rather bewildered, and I was even able to keep up with Keep Fit for a time. However the main runners plus J.C. and Marietius soon forged ahead leaving me somewhere between them and most lemonaders with young but keen Little Sahib. The trail took us above and round the lake - in temperatures about 20° cooler it would have been perfect. Way ahead J.C. was shouting and gesticulating. Was he warning us of terrorists? No, an even greater danger faced us - we might end up on the main run if we were not careful! He then sprinted off into the wide green yonder and was not seen again until back at the beer. Little Sahib and I then slowed down to misdirect the rest of the pack and to watch a family of monkeys which the main runners had probably been going too fast to notice. Meeting up with the Hare we were then directed ON-RIGHT, down a slippery slope and onto a path through jungle, this time High Tension keeping me company. Crossing a stream, the path eventually joined up with the Habarana - Anuradhawhatsit road where we headed right, going quite a distance on tarmac before we were directed to the right. Main runners had been seen minutes earlier on top of a rocky ridge, but we managed to avoid it and ambled without further diversion to the quaffing area, where the main runners plus J.C. and Marietius were already well into elevenses.

An excellent run, and many thanks to Blondie and his crew for all their efforts.

HASH TEECHIRTS: Most of you will by now have seen the sample and placed your orders. If not and you are interested, contact Bumble before or at the next Hash.