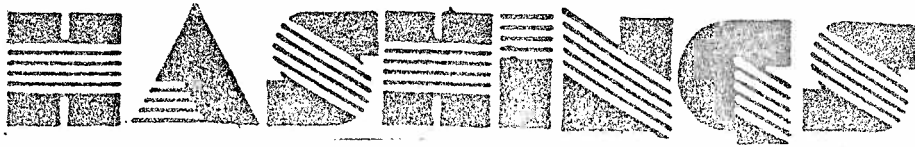


VICTORIA HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



26th May, 1987.

RECEDING HARE LINE

Run No. 114	Sunday 31st May	Hares: Dallas & Mickey Mouse
115	14th June	Double Dutchman, D'Animal & Bluebeard
116	28th June	VOLUNTEERS PLEASE
117	12th July	VOLUNTEERS PLEASE

Misdirections for No. 114: Volunteers' Hash

Outside Digana Village gates set tripmeter to zero and turn RIGHT, or ON-ON if coming from Kandy; in old Digana bear RIGHT towards Main Project Office at 0.7 kms/0.4 mls; turn LEFT (down) at 4.2 kms/2.6 mls; turn SHARP LEFT at 5.6 kms/3.5 mls and park beside Haremobike.

URGENT!!!

The next edition of this erudite and up-market publication will be the LAST unless some saint/idiot comes forward and volunteers to keep it going. Much as it grieves me to admit to it, editing Hashings is NOT a demanding and time-consuming job - on the contrary it's FUN, especially for anyone who likes hurling insults at people, nagging, and being bossy. So, please could one kind soul either volunteer him/herself, or bully a friend/spouse into keeping the show on the road.

Bumble.

HASH BEER will continue after the departure of John Cleese, thanks to CUB-BUSTER. (VHHH is lucky because on many Hashes worldwide you have to bring your own.)

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

VH3 RUN NO. 112: "Rajawella Here We Are Again" starring Damp Squib & John Cleese

It was a typical Sri Lankan Sunday morning: hot, humid, sticky. "This is no morning for Hashing," I told myself, sweat already running down my back. The Hares looked mean, sadism written on their faces. They obviously knew something I didn't. I suspected only one thing - a tough Hash. I felt good, ready for whatever came up. Hell, I've seen all kinds of Hash, I'd make out.

We set off - not many of us, but enough to make it interesting. Problems soon came our way. A flat area, big as a football pitch, with no visible paper. Where was this Damp Squib guy? At last he showed. Stupid jerk must have thought we had tele vision. We ran on through tough terrain. Guys were starting to wimp. The hills, heat were beginning to tell. I still felt good but wished I hadn't followed all those false trails. Still, I figure if you FRB you gotta take the consequences. People started to shortcut. That Hare guy was earning his keep. The trail started to go up. It hurt bad. "Keep going," I told myself. My thighs started to burn. Guys stopped and bent double. I stuck it out to the top. We were down to four by now. I was the only Limey left. One Dutch guy said he knew the area, knew where the beer truck should be. We all followed. By now the terrain had flattened out, but we were all pretty beat. We stuck together, nobody wanting to risk getting lost. It could have been fatal. The trail left the road, went into brush. It stank. Jeez, he's taking us through the local john. That Hare guy has a pretty wierd sense of humour. We passed a levvy. It looked inviting. Thoughts of jumping in and to hell with the Hash crossed my mind. Two dead fish made me think otherwise. We struggled to the road again. Any time now it should turn right. So that Dutch guy said. It did - doubled right back on us. The trail shortcutted. Great. But that SOB Hare played us for suckers. A goddam bar! Cursing his family history I sweated back to the road and round. And there it was in the distance - the beer wagon. I wanted to look good coming in. Hell, that wasn't so bad. I failed, I was really beat. I bent over double, my chest heaving, sweat pouring off me. I felt like a worn-out rag doll. I needed a drink. Fast. Three bottles brought me round. Other guys staggered in. Boy, they looked in bad shape. Funny thing, after a beer or two they looked just great.

I guess it's pretty tough being a Main Run Hasher. But a guy's gotta get some exercise, ain't he? After all, who wants to look like a slob, like any poor Joe on the street? You gotta get out there, you gotta see it through, you gotta earn your beer. That Hare guy certainly earned his Down-down. He didn't do me no favours. That was one bitch of a Hash. Like I said, it was a typical Sri Lankan Sunday morning.

VH3 RUN NO. 113: "Hantana Mystery" with Pukka Sahib & Mr. Pastry

On a sunny Sunday morning Hashers were directed to the residence of the Pukka Sahib family, close to "Hantana Mystery". Were Pukka Sahib and Mr. Pastry going to take revenge for the all the comments they got after their "Hantana Horror" run on 23rd November '86? Anyway, the attractive Hash Flash competition and imported beer attracted quite a good turnout.

After a short delay (Dutch coffee break!) the misdirections were given by the Hares and the main pack set off ON-ON back to the main road. ON-UP the road they went, a chatting small group of main runners (again no lady Hashers -

Stripes is getting lazy), until the conversation was abruptly stopped by a bar and confusion reigned. It was one of the late comers, still hanging behind, who checked back (or forward!) to a smiling Hare before shouting ON-ON again. Quickly the pack caught up and were led by the energetic Mickey Mouse and Dallas ON-RIGHT, ON-BACK, ON-LEFT, ON-BACK. The trail went straight (or curved) around the hill to the first Hash View. Keep Fit spotted the Hilltop Hotel. "No, it might be the Hantana Hotel," shouted Dallas. After Dutch intervention all agreed that it was probably the Topaz Hotel. Front runner Damp Squib turned back - run out of paper?! but I saw the Hare waiting further on. D'Animal spotted some paper uphill, but ending in a bar. After a cross-check by Damp Squib the pack decided to go back to the Hare. The Hounds went on to the left, finding a trail leading into labyrinth. Paper everywhere but in all directions there were also bars. The front runners of the lemonade run joined the main pack, offering them a helping hand, resulting, however, in more confusion. Double Dutchman took the initiative to run, walk, creep back to the place where the Hare was last seen. With calls of ON-UP and ON-UP the pack went into tea country and numerous check circles. D'Animal and Strauss, checking a downhill trail, ran into the Hare again, telling him it is prohibited to join the lemonade run, and ON-BACK D'Animal and Strauss went. All the bars were tracked down (or up) - a compliment to the Hares, or Hounds? Confusion again. D'Animal's eyes spotted some paper on a down path and ON-DOWN the pack went. Mickey Mouse, running in another direction, also shouted ON PAPER, ON-ON!! The main pack closed its ears and ON-ON it went. Later Mickey Mouse confirmed to us that we had short-cutted at least 187.5 metres. After some left and right down and ups (one leading Double Dutchman into a cattle shed where he straight away started consulting the farmer on calf rearing) the pack suddenly found itself on a familiar road. The front runners, smelling beer, carried ON-ON around the bend, glad to see the Hare on his way down, but were suddenly faced with a neatly drawn bar in front of their noses, leaving only one solution - ON-ON to the right where the Harriers awaited a devastating climb before reaching the beer.

Compliments to the Hares for their breathtaking run, and on-on to the next!

After the Hares had thrown and spoiled their beer down-down it was time for the Arsehole of the Week competition. Again the nomination came from the nominator. This week the honours went to a lady (?), Bessy, for booming the room rate at the Habarana Lodge. Afterwards the illiterates were called into the middle, leaving only a few for the Hash song. The long awaited Hash Flash was also awarded. For the occasion Damp Squib had travelled to Bangkok (was this from the Hash Cash?) to select the prizes. The first prize went to Oll Drum for a lovely picture of Gnome taken on the 100th Hash. Dirty minds selected "Daddy I want to go home" taken by Double Dutchman as first runner-up, and a group photo by Heart-throb was awarded third prize.

VH3 is diversifying! Look out for Double Dutchman, Cub-buster, D'Animal, Dallas, Running Bare, Appropriate Technology and the Carpenter starring in forthcoming Hollywood production, "Sacrifice (also starring David Keith). Damp Squib refuses to comment on the rumour that Hash Cash is trying to negotiate a percentage of the profits. Meanwhile if Dallas appears to be acting a little strangely, please be sympathetic as he is suffering from a chronic attack of "adressbumadorationitis" which has nothing to do with a certain prestigious trophy!