

SCRATCHINGS

HASHINGS

The Mismanagement have now completed their takeover of Scratchings (which will only appear when there is at least as much other news as Hash news). The amount that the editor has been bribed paid has not been revealed but is rumoured to be in the region of £222.

Welcome to all new Hashers. Aren't you glad you have finally discovered what really matters at Victoria and what a fun activity Hashing is?

On-on with the news!

First, a number of people were baffled by the reference to the Moscow Hash in the last edition of Scratchings. All is revealed below.

Kremlin-Watchers Are on the Run in Moscow

New York Times Service

MOSCOW — This has been a period of political mysteries in Moscow, but Kremlin-watching is not the only game in town. For some time now, Mondays have been the day for the Hashhouse Harriers to jog through Moscow in packs of 60 to 70.

The tradition, revived by the Australian Embassy, began in

1937 among Britons in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, who jogged to a pub called the Hashhouse. Moscow's Harriers usually end the run at an embassy, where the revelries are a close approximation of what went on at the Hashhouse.

The fine sense of tradition shown by the Harriers does not seem to be shared by Muscovites.

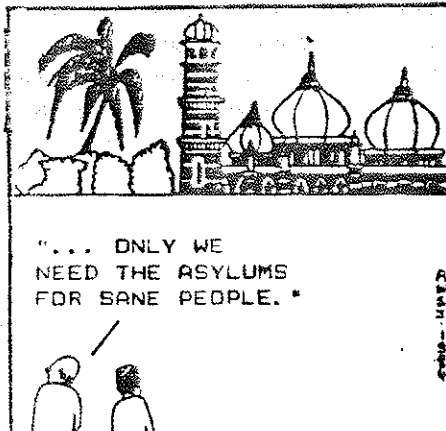
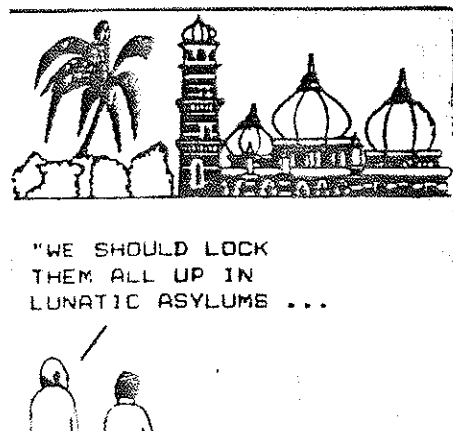
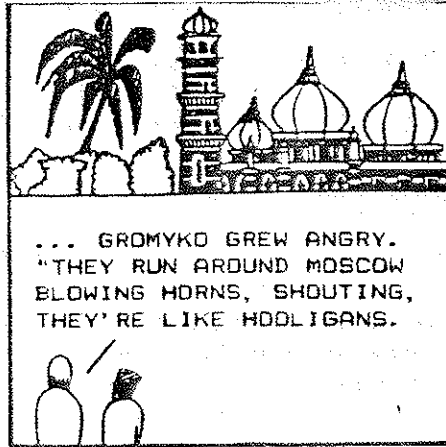
To them, the sweaty foreigners in their loose shorts coursing through sedate downtown streets heavy with pedestrians evidently seem more a nuisance.

Moreover, it is said, the Harriers, while crossing a street against the light one day, may have held up the black limousine of an important personage.

Whatever the reason, the For-

eign Ministry told embassies in a circular last week that group jogging had "led to accidents, with serious injuries to people" and that it would be allowed "only in suitable areas."

Monday's run, accordingly, was confined to Gorky Park, followed by a gathering of undiminished camaraderie at the New Zealand Embassy.



VH3 Run No. 45 Sunday 14th October
Hares: Hash Almanack & Late Starter

The Hash were honoured with the presence of the "loading wall" for this run.
The impressions of one of their number are hereby recorded below.

It happened on a Sunday; it was to Mike's surprise,
The turnout was fantastic - he couldn't believe his eyes.
The thirty lads all stood in wait all ready for the dash,
Then a shout came out and all heads turned for the start of this memorable Hash.
The leaders started down the track all fit & running strong
But only the Hares really knew that it wouldn't last for long.
We gradually started up the hill, all mouths dry and cast,
And some of us would have turned back if we knew it wasn't the last.
There's Bill & Sam, Graham & Paul, all determined not to quit;
When told at the start "You've got no chance", replied "Haven't we? Oh, shit!"
There were lots of surprised young faces as we climbed the final hill
'Cause up on top, still going strong, were Graham, Sam & Bill.
I managed to climb to the top of the hill, my legs completely gone,
And out of the distance came the famous words: "On-on, On-on, On-on!"
First in was Mark, "The Apostle", who ran considerably well;
The last was Martin James, "The Raft", who phrased "Oh, what the hell!"
All in all a very hard run, as I'm sure that many will say,
But there are some of us who are gluttons for pain and can run around all day.
There were also a few who had promised to run but decided to stay at home -
Without mentioning names there's Colin, Tony, Adrian, Dave, not to forget
McCrone!

- abridged from the original version by Lord Byron the Pipe.

The Mismanagement will be happy to accept other poems pertaining to the Hash,
but reserve the right to edit, abridge, add to, subtract from, change the meaning
of, and generally hack them to pieces. And how about some original Hash jokes
or cartoons of a Victorian nature (fairly clean, please)? No prizes, but the
kudos of seeing one's work in print in such a classy publication.

And just one more.....

Ode to Billy Dunn (or Where were you, McCrone?)

Old Billy Dunn thought it would be fun
If on the Hash he did run,
So round the village he ran so fast,
Hoping he would not come last.
Lots of voices were heard far and wide
And plenty of new faces came along for the ride.
One such face was young McCrone
Who would run the Hash out in front, all alone.
At the start old Billy was there -
It looked just like the tortoise and the hare;
Along went Graham, Dusty, Ian and Sam,
Who went and ran as fast as they can.
Old Billy came home with a great dash,
But alas! Young McCrone seemed to miss this Hash!

Lemonade run

A total (combined) of 27 Hashers, Harriets and Horrors set forth in the opposite direction to the main run, crossing the road and off down to the reservoir. First time runner Gibon and Kangahugh perched on their respective fathers' shoulders as a false trail down towards the beckoning lake succeeded in quenching the front runners' enthusiasm. Guinevere was soon out in front again as the trail led up through the shady plantation, offering excellent views of the reservoir below. Tricky was also prominent in the vanguard but his measured approach to the climb was amply justified when the paper faded into a false trail. Coca-colas and lemonades disappeared in record time after the tired and sometimes emotional pack returned.

Joint Colombo/Kotmale/Victoria Hash Weekend

Run No. 46 Saturday 20th October

New Zealand Farm, Nuwara Eliya

Hares: Colombo Hash

A procession of cars left Digana at varying times between 12.00 and 1.00 p.m. on Saturday morning, and due to the differing speeds of their respective drivers arrived at the Hill Club in time for the 3.15 departure of the "Convoy" which proceeded sedately to the On-on close to New Zealand farm premises, Ambewela.

Soon this upland "cow countryside" resounded to the cries of "On-on" as the main run was despatched down a grassy slope on a pleasantly cool and cloudy late afternoon. The Colombo Hares immediately indicated their contempt for the lazier members of the pack with a check which required a substantially downhill search for its solution. Having descended to the valley floor, however, the trail led upwards into a lightly wooded copse from which Apostle emerged to cross a stream into a terraced area of small vegetable plots. The paper beckoned across a substantial stream, ensuring a soothing dip for weary-footed Hashers, before the inevitable climb to a check circle and..... nothing. Looking back across the valley, small figures were visible on a contour road, apparently on paper! The fearsome Colombo back checks had claimed 75% of the pack as victims who then had to recross the brook and crawl back up to the real paper, which then swiftly intersected a railway line. It was here that the shortcutting expertise of the Colombo pack became apparent, with Roll Me Over, Hash Horn and Hot Rod, drawing deeply from their joint knowledge of 635 runs, correctly deduced that the quickest way back home was to turn right, rather than follow the paper left. After climbing through a small wood, and having encountered the bovine residents of a local byre at very close quarters, the pack emerged onto a high and level field, was successfully reversed by another savage back check, and off down a small track to loose paper. Encouraged by the sight of other runners in the distance, a gaderene scramble took place down a steep embankment which led back to the railway, where the in paper was rediscovered.

Congratulations to the Hares on an interesting run, race'd and laid entirely on Saturday after the area of their original run had been declared "Out of Bounds" by the Authorities on Friday night. Victoria Hashers must do some homework on back checking!

Lemonade run

Colombo's lemonade runs are usually known for their brevity and simplicity among the toughies of Victoria. This one was just about right.

ON-DOWN a grassy slope towards a small lake we ran, Prydovour Alley well to the fore, and the Horrors in full cry. Disaster soon struck for one hapless Colombo Harriet whose foot caught in a hole, but the rest of us sped past, dodging trees, prickly bushes and other hazards. As usual on lemonade runs check circles were either ignored or everyone milled round waiting for someone else to solve them. ON-UP a grassy hill onto open ground, and then bewildered searching for paper. Bumble and a Colombo Harriet looked optimistically towards a paved road leading back to the start, but in vain. Eventually over a bridge, rough boggy ground, then up onto a railway track. And then the trail went cold. No more paper. One group including Dairy Queen followed the track round for a few more metres while another group crossed a field of vegetables, and eventually met up at a ditch. Two rather wobbly planks were the only means of crossing, and the water looked muddy and quite deep. But no accidents, and in no time we were all over and actually on paper. What a relief to come over the hill and see the vehicles there and some mums with their tinies back from their "gripe water" run.

Run No. 47

Kotmale

Hares: George Pettigrew & Paul Williams, KH3

This was the second run in the CHHH/KHHH/VHHH extravaganza weekend and was preceded by an early morning drive to Kotmale Dam from Nuwara Eliya. Your Scribe was privileged in being allowed to escort the "Hash Girls" (all two of them) alias Bonnie and Clyde, through the tea bushes to the on-site. We had left early to avoid the inevitable Hash convoy and as a result arrived with an hour to spare. Not being one to miss an opportunity, I therefore decided to show them both something they had never seen before (both being ex-air hostesses, are you sure? - Ed.) - so off we trooped to view the dam. (Ah, I see now - sorry.) Having taken in spillways, concrete upstream faces, diversion tunnel stop gate servomotors etc. etc. we returned to find the largest Hash gathering since the ship's company of a visiting U.S. aircraft carrier decided to run with (or rather overrun) the Colombo Hash. Eventually the throng assembled equipped with ropes, crampons, rocket packs etc. in readiness for what turned out to be not far short of an ascent through Tibet. After formal instruction in the use of red-gum chewing tobacco (our emergency dry rations) by our all-American religious advisor/cowboy from Kentucky (it's finger-lickin' good!) we finally set off. Yours truly led the pack to the first check (this being unusual is worthy of remark) with Superstar and Drag Queen in hot pursuit. The trail was found up some steps and then along to base camp where the trail split; the children carrying on and the main run being directed up what appeared to be not dissimilar to Jacob's ladder. At this point certain of the Colombo Hash committee, pleading lack of oxygen and/or beer, opted out and decided to short-cut along the children's run and were found later merrily tucking into the beer wagon's supplies. For the rest of us the ascent through Nepal to Tibet had begun and we plodded ON-UP an everlasting masonry staircase wondering where it would end. Suddenly we came across an ancient chalk inscription emblazoned on a rock with a spear shaped hieroglyphic below it.

The inscription read "Dam View" - well damn you too, I thought, peering into the distance, all this way just for that? - one had a better view from the car park and anyway it isn't even curved! My attention was soon distracted by Superstar who overhauled me and so the climb resumed. An awesome feeling began to come over me (altitude sickness? No! - the effects of the night before!) and I now felt sure that Shangri-la must be at the top and that J.C. (the decent chap he is) had just nipped up ahead of us to open the pearly gates (or whatever). Eventually the steps levelled out to reveal a small plateau with beautifully set out paddy terraces, stone paths and a tiny village sporting even a post office. What a delight to the eye with not even a CTB bus or wrecked-car-jacked-up-on-bricks in sight. At this stage Superstar was being led astray (by a demon, no doubt) left down a false trail and yours truly, having by now perceived true enlightenment, sensed a right hander and shot off right and, of course, found paper. The trail weaved its way through the village before commencing its descent back to civilisation until it ended at an inevitable bar. At this stage your Scribe's enlightenment mysteriously disappeared and on regaining the trail found that he had been overtaken by the main pack and was now virtually at the rear where he stayed, regretfully, until the end of the run - which is why he has absolutely no idea of what adventures or misadventures befell the pack thereafter. Suffice to say that all returned safely (eventually) to plenty of well-cooled beer, tee-shirts and a terrific lunch back at Kotmale Club.

So well done the Hares for a good bracing run and being able to cater so admirably for the 170 odd who turned up.

P.S. That would have been that had it not been for a certain Colombo trailmaster who was found staggering around Campola having been abandoned by his family at a filling station. The facts of the matter are somewhat hazy but what is clear is that before his wife had reappeared, a good samaritan named Drag Queen had driven up in a red racer and, not wishing to leave a stranded Hasher by the wayside, had whisked the unfortunate trailmaster off to Victoria. How he returned to Colombo is another story!

Lemonade run

A record number of lemonaders assembled on the lunar landscape near to Kotmale dam. There were droves of Horrors including six so-called Hashers. Lancelot, with Kangus on board, carried a large umbrella to guard his complexion whilst Gobon with Gibon Minor shoulder high was an early finisher.

The field was stretched out immediately by a start down a steep path only wide enough for a midget and a matching path up the other side of the gully. ON-ON over a bog and then ON-UP a vertical cliff to the road. Nimbly avoiding bulldozers and various items of road building equipment most of the pack settled for a brisk walk under the boiling sun whilst inhaling red dust. The younger and fitter reached a check and found a cool pathway consisting of large, flat steps, down through the trees. ON-ON to a road, but the sight of the beer wagon away in the distance took all thoughts of following paper from our minds and we homed in across another bog, regardless of leeches.

Victorians led the front runners and the rest followed in good time. After the excitement of the Down-downs, free tee-shirts, de-leeching etc. it was found that two of our Horrors were missing. Fortunately just as the search party was leaving two small dots appeared on the skyline and the search party thankfully re-applied themselves to the Pilsner.

RECEDING HARE LINE

Run No. 48	Hares: Painstaking & Apostle	4th November
49	Deep Throat	18th November
50	Marathon Man	2nd December
51	Superstar	16th December
52	Monarch of the Glen	Boxing Day

Directions for run No. 48 ("Take these chains from my parts & set me free")
Turn right out of Digana. Take the new road over the Hula Ganga and follow through to Udispattu, where take the right hand road signposted to Mahiyangana. At Moragahamulla turn right onto the new road to the dam. 500 m. past barrier turn left down over small bridge and follow signs. Travelling time: a good 45 minutes. On-on time: 4.30 - don't be late!

Now that most of the footballers are Hashers the football club qualifies for a brief section in Hashings.

1. Sunday 11/11/84 VPPC v. Skanska at Bogambara Stadium, Kandy. KO 4 p.m.
2. Sunday 25/11/84 - to be arranged.
3. Training continues every Wednesday at 8 p.m. on the all-purpose court.

Hashings should, of course, end with Hash news, so the last word is from a visiting London Harrier (she would be a Harriet here and a Harriette in Colombo, but in London women's lib rules OK) who has recently been gracing Valley Road with her presence.

Impressions of a London Hash House Harrier

The high points of my 14 days holiday in this beautiful island have undoubtedly been my two runs with the Victoria, Kotmale and Colombo Hash House Harriers at New Zealand Farm, Nuwara Eliya and Kotmale.

As a London Hasher I approached my first trip out with Victoria Hashes at N.Z. Farm with some trepidation - could I stand the heat, the leeches, climbing up sheer rock faces etc.? Well, it was cool and I survived the other hazards - I fell down a precipice following an American lady who had lost the trail and was saved from breaking a leg on the rocks below by an American gentleman called George!

I steamed back to the Down-down, mud up to the ears and shoes full of leeches, only to find I had to guzzle vast quantities of beer in 60 seconds flat with hundreds of screaming Hashers urging me on! My initiation into overseas Hashing was complete!

My second run at Kotmale the following day was hot - very hot - but I fell in with a group of charming Dutchmen halfway through the run who barred my way as I was about to scramble up a mountain to join the main pack.

"Are you mad? - the beer is getting warm - we shortcut here!!"

So I was saved from first degree sunburn at least and the beer was ice-cold and extremely palatable!!

Now for all you expats returning to the UK London Hash House Harriers have many delights to offer you - including mainly flat courses, a Hash Horn, so you cannot get lost, and a fantastic variety of hospitable pubs for Down-downs. Extra-mural activities include mixed sauna bathing in Hammersmith and pot-holing weekends in Yorkshire for the really hardy Hasher.

We meet every week on Saturday or Sunday morning at or near a tube station - full details can be obtained from Time Out, The London Runner shops or from Malcolm on 01-693-9221 ext. 40 - he goes to work merely to answer Hash House enquiries 9.30 - 5.30 and will be pleased to help you.