

HASHINGS

Peterson

OCTOBER 26TH, 1986

Two Hashes coming up, so keep these directions for the second one

RECEDING HARE LINE

Run No.97 - Not Quite Halloween Run
Sunday, November 2nd, 1986 at 10.30a.m.

Directions:

	<u>Miles</u>	<u>Kms</u>
Turn right at Digana Village gates and set tripmeter to zero	0	0
Bear left at Old Digana towards Hulu Ganga bridge	0.5	0.8
Turn sharp left(no markers, poor road)	1.5	2.4
Bear left up hill	1.8	2.9
Continue on-up and stop at the three tombs (it's a Halloween run after all)	3.4	5.4

Travelling time from Digana approx.15 minutes.

Hares: Stripes and Running Bear

Run No.98 - Cocoarama
Sunday, November 9th, 1986 at 10.30a.m.

Directions:

	<u>Miles</u>	<u>Kms</u>
Turn right at Digana Village gates and set tripmeter to zero	0	0
Turn left at Old Digana towards Hulu Ganga bridge	0.5	0.8
Turn left on Udispattu road	5.7	9.2
Continue to volleyball court and white Escort on right	6.1	9.8

Travelling time from Digana approx. 20 minutes

Hares : Damp Squib and Pitta not Fatta

RUN REPORTS

RUN NO. 95 - THE MAD HATTER'S RUN

October 12th 1986

7.30 on a sunny Sunday morning and John Cleese departs, destination unknown, with a carving knife. CARVING KNIFE? To lay a Hash? And what has Swagman in his tuckerbag? Read ON-ON.

Three hours later and the hospital carpark is the meeting point of a motley collection of anthropoids with wierd growths on their heads. To be cut off by the carving knife? Read ON-ON.

Hash Misdirections having been bellowed by John Cleese, the lemonade and main runs set off together, the Swedes and Bumble leading the pack out of the camp gates, left and left again, and the beer wagon, driven by a co-opted dedicated non-Hasher, departs. Where? Read ON-ON.

The Harriers soon put some distance between themselves and the tortoises, but not for long as a check circle on a hillside had them momentarily baffled. At this point Swagman was seen down below on the road vanishing round a corner with an evil look on his hairy face. Once the trail was found it eventually became apparent why John Cleese had needed a carving knife, as the tunnel through the undergrowth was just about Tick-Tock height instead of snake height as it had been earlier. Scotch Jock and Pilgrim, being gentlemen (well, sometimes) helped the - er- ladies and Horrors along the often slippery path, and Papa Doc & Bryngel were left to wonder what other delights were in store. Well, for one a stentorian yell from John Cleese way up above informed that that they were going backwards along the main run, the appropriate sign having been misappropriated by the pixies who live in the woods, A.Postle, Miss Huntley, Bryngel and other Horrors were summoned back, but it was too late to retrieve ParleyVoo and High Tension. ON-UP-UP-UP-UP.....Phew! to John Cleese with Doodle, Dandy, and Joey on her valedictory run less than happy at having such a steep climb, and poor Scabbard suffering from altitude sickness. Over the ridge and ON-DOWN a prickly, slippery slope. Newcomer Umas was heard to remark that some of the Hashes in the Phillippines and Islamabad were much ~~thax~~ tougher.

The rest of the run was very straightforward once a few cows (bovine ones, that is) were discovered to be friendly. The camp gate by the water tower was open, altho' Bryngel and Dandy didn't see it at first and had to be recalled, and then it was but a short hop, skip and a jump downhill to the beer wagon parked beside Maison-Damp Squib, where Joey & Atey were patiently awaiting the rest of the pack.

..... Meanwhile the harriers had been going round the houses as well as through the plantation, up the glen and doon the brae. Double Dutchman, returned from the land flowing with milk and milk and butter, was there in the vanguard with Damp Squib and Hash Almanack (Compiler's note: The invisible hat that Damp Squib was wearing was incredibly effective and should have won first prize) while two horrors, Pilgrim Minor and Meeni, took matters more prosaically in the rearguard.

Newcomer Baby Powder and nearly newcomer Getsonyer joined that motley collection in between, that indulge in brief periodic bursts of activity before collapsing gasping in a breathless heap.

A bit of déjà vu at one point had everyone wondering if they had stumbled upon the great Hash in the sky.

A long steady climb on an estate track led to a narrow gap between hills and a check circle at a junction. The neat red rooves of the village lay below and the smell of the beer wagon wafted weakly on the western wind. The scent was strong enough though for the check circle to fool nobody.

The vanguard set off at a gallop. Now, whether by chance or some devious scheme arranged by those who followed, St. Peter, having granted entrance to the Lemonaders, had closed the pearly gates through which the paper led (Front runners deserve eternal flames anyway). However, when the aforementioned motley collection arrived the gates were wide and St. Peter beckoned. Thus it was that for once, those anti-heroes of the middle pack received their just rewards.

The key to the wagon had just been found when the dulcet tones of Lancelot heralded the arrival of the main runners who started to trickle in through both the water-tower gate and the main gate, as a guard with a sense of humour had decided it would be good fun to keep opening and closing it - Swagman couldn't have thought of a better game himself.

The DOWN-DOWNS on this occasion were longer than usual. After the traditional Hare-coursing, or cursing, there was a leavers' DOWN-DOWN for Swagman and Joey who are leaving elephants, cattle ticks and Pilsner for wallabies, roos and Fosters. The Hash Choir was at its horrific worst singing all four verses of Waltzing Matilda, and everyone was glad to move on to the Mad Hatter's competition. John Cleese, showing uncharacteristic tact, knowing how all children love winning things, decided all of them could win so they all received bars of chocolate and special badges. Swagman, judging the adults' gruesome efforts, disqualified Keep Fit for trying to influence him by wearing Australian and various others for lack of imagination (although Bumble's knickers on The Child's head did look rather retching - oops, fetching), and awarded first prize of an insulated beer holder and beer to Parleyvoo, with a special commendation for Carpenter's effort. More DOWN-DOWNS followed (yawn) - for the hatless, novices, the Raft as new Hash Cash, and for anniversaries: Lancelot's 75th and Almanack's 50th. After such a mega-DOWN-DOWN it is awesome to speculate on the après-Hash rites of the forthcoming Tun Run.

RUN 96 - UP A LAZY RIVER

Main Run - The hounds assembled to find the river anything but lazy as a result of the recent inter-monsoonal mid-season rains, prevalent at this (and any other) time of the year. Undaunted, but well teepolled, the merry band set off on the quest for the source of the Hulu Ganga. On-squelch was the order of the day, ably led by those at the front (already too distant to distinguish without the aid of bionic HASH goggles).

The hares vociferously misguided the gullible over an unlikely looking trunk river crossing; the trail was duly found to be false, causing Stars and Stripes to perform a quaint 'Hokey Cokey' style mid river about turn. So, on back to the original path, which had seemed the best bet all along. Blondie (already resembling Spotted Dick) and his co-Vikings raced on to find the correct crossing leaving Lancelot and Fitta not Fatta teetering on the edge of a well manured paddy precipice.

The front runners decided to take the easy option and cross the river by a foot bridge while the Carpenter and Post Tension were misdirected down to inspect the undergrowth on the near bank. Undeterred by this tomfoolery Stars scented the right trail and led the pack along the bank, through a torrent and up into rubber and tea country, only to fall prey to a long false trail off to the right.

The pack regrouped, milled around and needed gentle coaxing on up a treacherous looking bank. Damp Squib took up the running, but still suffering from post leave euphoria/naivety took some local advice, applied simple logic and consequently followed a false trail much to the disgust of Interflora who was in hot pursuit.

Double Dutchman led the way on down after finding an irate cobra replacing the more conventional bar at the end of a false trail. Several other false trails caused the pack to falter and pause for contemplation, but it was on down the terraced paddy, across a waterfall and then, sighting familiar landmarks, on in by way of the out trail. Neep and the Nordic contingent (excluding the more sedate Baby Powder) led the pack, who by this time weren't only frothing at the feet, back to the source of the Royal Pilsner.

Coincidentally Pukka Sahib and Mr. Pastry, who had been on a Sunday morning tour of inspection in the HASH locality, were able to join the Downs-Downs just in time to be lucky winners in the Land Rover prize draw, to the annoyance of those who thought that VH3 had at last been recognised as worthy of British aid.

The hares should be congratulated on a fine HASH, but made to distribute their recent windfall (rainfall?) profits on Teepol shares with the rest of the pack.

The Lemonade Run

The preceding rain seemed to have put off several of the regular family hashers, since out of seventeen participants, only three children were present, bent on showing their mettle. And so they did, as the hare, (smiling behind his hand) despatched the eager bunch on their way, off the road and onto to a ~~canal~~ path skirting the paddy fields. With surplus rain water draining from fields on the right of path to the river on the left, the pack plodged, waded and squelched on their 'merry' way. Front runners, Parleyvoo, Bumble and John Cleese led on-on, the main pack following, with Papa Doc, Bryngel, and Pot Black bringing up the rear. The sight of paper leading to a very large fallen tree which precariously straddled a large stream on the left did nothing to dampen the ardour of the leaders, who smashed blindly on-on straight past the false trail - until paper led them to the same stream higher up. The hare, now unashamedly grinning from ear to ear came on through the pack to where the leaders were milling about at the (Mill?) stream. Under threat of total immersion in the fast flowing water, the hare condescended to assist John Cleese in helping all runners across the stream on giant stepping stones (over which one had to take giant strides) and back onto paper. As the cry of ON-ON was again taken up, along through the rear-guard came a belated main hash runner, Pukka Sahib, who'd have been better named late starter (except that late starter might have objected). On through he went, to disappear up front - for a while anyway! On steadily on went the main pack, with Pitter Patter pitter pattering along in company with The Raft, Barrel and Tick Tock. But what were these people doing with big snow covered shoes on, marching through sodden jungle paths - wait - no - not snow covered shoes, but trainers frothing at the mouth eye-lets due to all the leech rejecting teepol which had been liberally used at commencement, at the behest of hares fearing for their own safety in the (likely) event of folk gathering leech bites in such wet conditions.