

HASH TRASH AND BALDERDASH

This comes to you in lieu of Scratchings, as once again the only people who seem to do anything in Digana are the Victoria Hash House Harriers.

VICTORIA HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run No. 57
3rd March, 1985
Hares: Wise Owl & Mermaid
"High Tea in N.W.8"

No doubt the London Hash often run in N.W.8 but it was with surprise that the Victoria Hash received invitation to attend High Tea there on a quiet Sunday afternoon. However we had trust in our Hare's knowledge of his adopted home town and duly set out in a northerly direction hoping to find the Edgware Road. Perhaps we would be running around Lords or having a stroll in Regent's Park.

Arriving at the appointed time and place the terrain appeared decidedly hilly for London though just as well populated. We were told it would be up and your Scribe duly led the first pitch up with Glencoe only to find the directions were misdirections and the pack was traversing right on paper.

Oh well, what to do but wait for Marathon Man, TIS and Electrozoom to find the zig-zag path up through tea till we came to Little Venice and a forward back check which really confused the pack. Eventually Deep Throat and Frydovour Alleg led us out of the streams to the parting of the two trails and ON-RIGHT. Some good checks kept the pack together as no-one could tell their Chalk Farm from their Swiss Cheese Cottage. Even Hash Almanack was confused and Late Starter wasn't much help either, as his brain was only just catching up with his body which had uncharacteristically started on time. At least the views were superb although Knuckles seemed a little incongruous in these urban surroundings. Back through St. John's Wood and we were on the junior trail again. An expeditionary force returned from checking a likely-looking street without seeing paper and it was some time before the rest of the pack rechecked it and found the trail home. The ON-IR led through an ex-industrial area now rescheduled for development as a creche for left handed single parent families. Simeon proclaiming "Red Ken was here" hurried us towards the "No Keys Tavern". There followed strange Nordic chanting and the usual inhibiting including a down-down for TIS's 25th run.

One reason for the decreased attendance at this Hash was the alternative sporting event of the day at the club which featured crusher Ian and Artie Brian locked in combat. Despite three beers to the chin and a couple of doubles to the chest Peterree Bertie Small couldn't remember who had won and so the prize of a week in Italy for one went unclaimed.

Lemonade Run

Being of a ladylike disposition (and as we all know, the lady is a tramp - Ed.) it distresses me to speak ill of my friends, the Hares, ergo I will keep my opinion of this "run" to myself and confine the report to the factual.

Having the prescience which distinguishes Aquarians from the rest of mankind and as a result of my anthropological studies of Wise Owl I was aware that this could be more of a climb than a run. Since the two runs were concurrent for most of the way and have already been described by my co-Scribe, I will be brief.

The men were incredibly slow for the most part, and despite the steep gradients we lemonaders were easily able to keep up with them. (Anyone who is uncharitable enough to say that's because they were solving the checks will get a thick ear.) It might have looked as if some of us, notably Leprechaun and Bumble, were stopping periodically to catch breath, but in fact they were merely admiring the view - which Bumble found particularly impressive from a stance of head between the knees.

Once the trails had diverged our route was easy and either flat or downhill, our little group, guided by Mermaid and including The Candy Man, Gingerbread and Sweetie, Consommé, Tricky etc. keeping well together. Mars amazed us with her periodic sprints of cantering with Micro Mars - perhaps she was a pony in a previous incarnation. ON-DOWN we nimbly stepped, the sight of the vehicles below us like an oasis in the desert.

We didn't have long to wait for the men. "So what did you think of it?" asked Wise Owl, innocently. ***** (Expletives deleted - Ed.)

PLEASE NOTE: the number of Hark Scribes and Scribesses is rapidly diminishing, and the number of willing ones has virtually disappeared. So, if you want to read about the runs, see your name in print etc., please volunteer to do the occasional write-up, because Bumble/Scribess/Ed. is getting thoroughly ***** - off. (Expletive deleted.)

RECORDING HARE LE :

Run No. 58	10th March, Sunday	Hares: TLR, Prydovour Alley, Electrocom
59	24th March, Sunday	Lock Out & No. 3
-60	Easter Weekend	Deep Throat

Run No. 58: 11.00 hours, 10th March, Sunday.

"HIGHER TEA AND CARDAMOM" - adjacent to Superintendent's Bungalow, Woodside Tea Estate.

Hares: TLH, Prydevour Alley, Electrozoom.

Transport: assemble outside Cornel's 10.00 hours.
(No low-slung Chevettas) Two mini buses, Rangerover, Pajero, Hash beer L/R etc.

Good picnic spot, birds eye views of Victoria and Digana.

Directions:

Miles : 0 R. Digana gate
0.5 L. Old Digana
11.0 L. (Not R. for Dam) on Mahiyangana Road
12.5 R. after Medamahanuwara (Middle Kandy) on Woodside Tea Estate Road. Pass barrier, fork right-on up, L. at labour lines, head for Superintendent's bungalow, drive to right along ridge. Park by Cortina at
17.5 miles and 55 minutes from Cornel's.

MISMANAGEMENT NEWS

Five go Flying, or Adam's Peak the easy way

For those who, like me, have always felt that Adam's Peak is a thing one should do while sojourning in Serendib but have lacked the stamina, take comfort - it is possible, and without even leaving the comfort of one's seat. Aircraft seat, that is. And even for those of our group who had done it on foot by slogging foot the experience will be remembered as one of the most pleasurable excursions of this beautiful island.

The excuse for the flight - if one was needed - was a belated birthday treat for me. (That the weekend planned for it should coincide with a Colombo Hash and dinner was but a fortuitous little extra.) At one stage of the planning I decided that I jolly well wasn't going. This happened when we were poring over maps to determine what route we would take. When not only Victoria but Kotmale, Randenigala and Madura Oya were mentioned I had a severe sense of humour breakdown and declared I'd had enough of dams at ground level for the last 10 years and was damned if I was going to pay good money to see them from the air as well!

However..... on Sunday 24th February at about 8.50 a.m. we assembled at Ratmalana airfield just south of Mt. Lavinia, and shortly after 9.00 we were taxiing (yes, I do know how to spell it) to the holding point in 4R - ACU, a Cessna Stationair chartered from Upali Aviation.

Cameras at the ready we were soon leaning to port to take photographs of the Parliament building at Kotte. Simon, sitting beside our pilot, was able to see ahead and tell the rest of us what was coming up and on what side. Identifying rivers and towns we made our way north-east at about 3,000'. We had the most incredible view of a ridge of mountains with a very distinct Adam's Peak peering through the clouds and mist almost as if in silhouette. Ethereal, majestic, beautiful. Bible Rock and the surrounding countryside were just as dramatic from the air as from the ground and over to port we could see Kadugannawa, the railway line and Dawson's Tower. Then we were over Kandy, eyes darting everywhere and cameras clicking, before we headed on to Digana.

The village looked tranquil and sleepy at 9.50 on a Sunday morning. We circled, taking photographs from all angles, and then flew to the dam. From the ground one gets a very limited view of the area of inundation, but from the air one can see the huge haphazard irregularity of it surrounded by its brown tide mark below the ubiquitous green. The dam itself looked superb as we circled it, Mike breaking all records with his rapid film changes. Then we headed downstream, past the Power Station, over a wooded ridge, and on to Randenigala for a quick look at the dam and village.

We had hoped to see some wildlife at Gal Oya, but after flying over Minipe Anicut we entered cloud around Bibile and there we stayed for a few minutes, circling out of the cloud, all of us keenly watching the altimeter, aware of the mountains nearby. At this stage there were vociferous complaints from Andy and Mike because I had failed to produce any in-flight liquid refreshments! We finally broke cloud at about 7,000' and headed south-west for Horton Plains. Andy, putting his TA training to good effect, became a veritable mine of information pointing out various mountains including Mt. Pedro, 8,200' (which three of us had climbed quite recently), and then Haputale, World's End and the Farr Inn over to starboard.

And then we saw Adam's Peak. Andy pointed out the car park. A quick glance and we were hurtling diagonally round the top, first anti-clockwise and then clockwise after a loop to turn round. Superlatives come to mind in a never-ending stream, but who needs them? Suffice it to say that the kaleidoscopic view of the mountain with its paths and steps still teeming with people at 10.30 a.m., its temple at the top, was breathtaking. Jonathan, who had climbed it for the first time with veteran Peck only two weeks before was particularly impressed, and Andy pointed out another, longer route he had taken on a previous ascent. Moussakellie reservoir shimmered in the morning sun with Sri Pada seeming to stand sentinel over it.

Reluctantly we headed west towards the ocean following for part of the way the Kalu Ganga and arriving over the coast at Kalutara. The pilot took the Cessna out over the sea, losing height, and then turned back to fly up the coast at about 100'. Even after so recent an assault on our optic senses we were able to appreciate the simple beauty of the sea, sand, palm trees and fishing boats. Driving south from Colombo along the tedious road through Panadura, Waskaduwa etc. one is hardly aware of the picture-postcard seashore just a few metres away through the trees.

The final part of the flight took us over Belgoda lake, flipping our wings above the sailing club (one solitary windsurfer on the water) before making a left-hand descent to Ratmalana.

Exhilarated we disembarked, took "team" photos and then went into the hangar to settle up. At Rs. 1,350/- each for 2½ hours we decided it was excellent value for such an eminently unforgettable experience.