

HASHINGS

December 9th, 1986

RECEDING HARE LINE

Run No. 101 :The Christmas Quitters' Run

Sunday, 14th December, 1986 at 10.30 a.m.

Directions:

	Kms	Miles
Turn right at village gates and set tripmeter to zero	0.0	0.0
Take first road to right at sign into Rajawella shops	0.2	0.1
At roundabout keep right		
Turn right downhill (at end of shops)	0.7	0.4
Left at bottom of hill	0.8	0.5
Continue along bottom of Digana fence and turn left at fork (shop on right)	2.0	1.2
Admire hillside on left (don't look too closely yet)		
Keep left at fork	2.6	1.6
Park beside Haremobil	3.0	1.9

Hares: Double Dutchman and John Cleese
Travelling time from Digana: 10 minutes

Note: The above route is slightly illegal as you have to pass a 'No Entry' sign, but don't worry about it unless you're stopped

Bumble and Mountaineer will do a family run on Sunday, 4th January, 1987
Details to follow. Hares desperately needed for subsequent Hashes.

RUN REPORT

Run No. 100 - Tun Run

Hares: Lancelot and Bumble

The dazzling response to the 'Hash Report Competition' came as a complete surprise.
Here are some of your entries:

Not bad eh?! No more bright ideas in future, back to the size 9 boot; and if any of you literary superstars think you're going to get a mention in this report you'd better think again.

This long awaited extravaganza got off to a fine start on Hash Eve, with six magnificent and elegantly attired belles displaying their wares to all and sundry. On-on-on into the early hours went the revelling and for many the daybreak arrived about 3 hours too early.

Fortunately, no misdirections this week, and the large and very cosmopolitan pack, complete with official photographer, gathered on time for much cork popping, toasting and bubbly guzzling. Soon, the last of this life restoring elixir was all supped and the effervescent Hare, sporting a very pretty skirt and leather purse, brought the crowd to disorder and got the proceedings underway with the 100th call of ON-ON.

Now, having been one of the aforementioned revellers and having downed a drop or two of bubbly, your scribe has a very hazy recollection of all that followed. However, we did receive the following, rather incisive, letter which was sent in by an ailing novice:

Letter to the Editor of 'Hashings', from a first - time hasher.

Intensive Care Unit !
Digana Village Clinic.
December 1st 1986.

Dear Sir,

On medical advice this letter must mercifully be short !

Hashing is, of course, a very simple undertaking. How else could it have appealed to so diverse a following for so long ! The truly dedicated devotee will have experienced 100 outings during a sojourn in Digana.

Having studiously avoided malaria, cholera, typhoid, rabies and hashing for a number of years, I was nevertheless intrigued when the magic 'ton' was reached as one usually is whether it be in cricketing, darting or hashing. So, 'nothing ventured; nothing gained (sprained?)'; at sun up, I ventured out armed with the most explicit directions that a child of five could have followed.

Making my way to the gate at a steady jog I was relieved to observe that the Left turn proved to be downhill. The going was easy at first but the tarmac proved increasingly hard underfoot and by the time I reached Trinity College Farm my jog was anything but steady. I suffered one or two fleeting moments of despair at the absence of any paper trail or the cheering sound of 'On-on!' that I had anticipated. But undeterred I struggled on clutching the now soggy and distintegrating direction sheet in a limp left hand.

The bridge at last and a leafy glade! Just in time for the 'Down-down' and with champagne too! Well, it's not so bad after all - maybe I'll come again. I grasped my glassful in trembling hand and downed it at a gulp.

The proceedings continued in a surprisingly civilised manner with the 'champers' being liberally dispensed to the assembled company, all looking remarkably fresh, while one of the members mumbled incantations which caused some ribaldry from the mob. Decorum was rudely shattered when a curly haired humanoid divested itself of a plaid skirt and took off up the glade, baying, 'On-on'. I wavered. This seemed to be indeed the 'Off-off,' for with a shatter of dropped bottles, the muscular mob, mercifully leavened by one or two graceful creatures, were in hot pursuit. Much against my normal good sense, I ambled after them.

I shall draw a veil over the next damp three hours. Hashing is indeed an incomprehensible pursuit. Yet strange to relate the pack seemed positively elated and often vied one with the other to see who could run further in the wrong direction, while others panted out aspersions as to the parentage of the de-skirted fellow who appeared from time to time to direct the hopelessly lost. The mystique of hashing ended when a true 'Down-down' was performed. This enjoyable ritual might have been seen as the 'four - ale - bar' version of the civilised start.

To this sexagenarian the 100th is probably both alpha and omega. Yet if I am discharged from this unit in time ----- where and when is the 101st?

Signed: Pheidippides.

Thank you Cyclone, that sums it all up very nicely. On - on to the

LEMONADE RUN

Awakening slowly, through a haze, giggling at memories of the previous nights 'Drag' Contest, the mind gradually focused on the fact that today was I T..... the 100th Hash!

After a hasty scrabble for glasses (?), Hash Mis-Directions, and, after a glance heavenward - a towel - it was ON...ON...

Mis-Directions were superb, leading everyone to gather for a brilliantly conceived idea - the Pre Hash Celebration Champagne. A quick pause for the Pre Hash Flash, and after confiscating ANOTHER full glass of bubbly from Goldilocks it was time for a decision - to Main Run or not. Despite Bumbles insistence a few hung back and watched in admiration as the more hardy souls departed. One day

The Lemonaders had been promised a gentle run, and this coupled with the auspiciousness of the occasion and downright bribery in the form of a Sweet Tree, had ensured a good turnout. The Horrors, spurred on by the aforesaid bribery disappeared at a rate of knots, leaving the rest to follow their distant cries of On On ...

The run proceeded calmly through gently undulating leafy glades until an impasse was reached. After following paper up and down false trails the Horrors had arrived at a deep stream with paper laid either side, presumably by someone who could walk on water! Did they mean us to wade through? Despite the Horrors cries it was decided, after much discussion that it had to be a false trail, and they were persuaded to re-route over the slippery paddy bunds and once more into the leafy glades. At this point the gnomes were aspiied emerging from their grotto, flushed with the effects of their garrish make up, or was it..... The Horrors decended and helped with instruction from the gnomes managed to strip the Sweet Tree in record time, pausing only to further avail themselves from the fairy, who stood nearby, bemused and bearing the marks of the gnomes affectionate help.

The beer wagon was in smelling distance which spurred on the rest of the pack through the rain soaked Enchanted Forest. Spirits undeterred by the rain Bumble and helper then led the Horrors in games and frolics until the Main Run returned.

One and all agreed, a truly memorable milestone!