

OH \*\*\*\*!!! NOT ANOTHER BORING EDITION OF.....

# HASHINGS

19th Feb. 1987

Patience is a virtue which the Ed. of this rag does not possess, hence this second edition with the main run report on Run No. 105, plus a couple of extra items for the information of all Hashers.

## "A Bridge Too Far" - or "Adventure at Digana"

"I say chaps, time to start the jolly old run," called Damp Squib happily. "Gather round, and I'll give you the directions."

The clouds hung threateningly over the Digana countryside as the excited Hashers gathered round as directed and were sent off down the nearest track to get lost in the trees on the start of another thrilling Hash adventure.

"Gosh, isn't this fun," breezed Double Dutchman as he trotted past Neep and Eastern Mountain looking somewhat the worse for wear after too many late nights in the Skanska club.

"ON-ON," called Stars as he slipped off a rice bund while trying to pass a particularly slow Carpenter. "I'm frightfully sorry old bean," muttered Dallas as he trod on Stars' foot in an attempt to retain his hard won FRB title.

"ON-ON," cried Jimbo as he plunged ahead down the first of many false trails, "I think I'm on paper".....

Similar cries came from several other directions as the merry band rapidly dispersed. Spotting a group of natives among the palm trees, Never Again called out to them....."I say you fellows, do any of you happen to know which way the bally trail leads?"

The natives grinned, nodded and pointed in five different directions..... simultaneously. "Oh, this is hopeless," groaned the Pip, "I expect it's the hardest route though," and she started manfully (or womanfully) up the nearest hill.

The trail wound on.....and on.....and on. Up and back, round and round, as the crowd of now rather bedraggled Hashers staggered on getting hotter and hotter and more and more bothered.

"I say chaps, I don't think I can stand much more of this fun," called Pukka Sahib, who was recovering from a bout of some nasty tropical disease contracted

in an earlier adventure. Mr. Pastry and Octopus, too exhausted to comment, gritted their teeth and struggled manfully on. "I think that proceeds from the Hash beer fund should go towards building roads for us to run on," muttered a disgruntled voice from the back. "Trail bikes would help too," gasped the Carpenter as he forced unwilling legs up yet another hill.

"Don't worry chaps, not far now," encouraged Damp Squib cheerfully as a troupe of dispirited front runners returned from a distant bar in time to catch up with the rearguard. Running Bare, becoming progressively more bare as the Hash progressed, made an attempt to go a bridge too far and set up a new route home, but was halted teetering on the edge of a ravine by yet another bar.

"Looks like there's nothing for it," choked the Child, as she looked wearily up at the fourteenth hill. At long last the trail led down again, between the coconuts and rice.

"Oh look! they must be left over from an earlier Hash," said Double Dutchman, mistaking some scarecrows for fossilised Hashers.

ON-DOWN went the trail, slipping and sliding to the river bank and the Hashmobile irritatingly out of reach on the far side.....

"How are we going to get across?" anxious Hashers were heard asking each other as they stood around uncertainly on the water's edge.

"Well, I'm not waiting around here," said Stars bravely, and with that, he took off his shoes and socks and waded into the river. "Gosh, what fun!" squealed Stripes and plunged in after him followed by Meeni who started to wade across but was quickly engulfed by the torrent. Damp Squib looked on worriedly from the bank, trying to call people back and pointing out that the trail did, in fact, cross further up at a much shallower place.

"Well, I doubt there's much to worry about other than cholera, typhoid, Japanese encephalitis and malaria," joked Pukka Sahib cheerily to Mr. Pastry as they waded on and clambered out wet and bedraggled, though very much cooler, on the far side.

"Four missing and three drowned - not too bad," announced Damp Squib as the last of the Hashers dribbled in to the quaffing point. "Never mind," said Keep Fit, "we can get some more by next week. Now it's time to get our own back," he said gleefully as Damp Squib and Darling were made to swallow large quantities of fizzy beer in the traditional Down-down for the Hares to mark the end of another jolly day's Hashing.



HASH FLASH

The Mismanagement hereby announces yet another desperate ploy to try to lure more people to the puerile pastime of following bits of litter round the countryside, and to encourage those cretins who have not yet found anything better to do on a Sunday morning to stay - a PHOTO COMPETITION. The subject? THE HASH (what else?!). A maximum number of three snaps per Hasher may be entered, and will be judged by all Hashers sometime in April. So, get snapping, and meanwhile the Mismanagement will try to dream up some useless, worthless prize for the winner.

**SUNDAY SPECIAL**  
**22 FEB. 1987**  
**CHINESE LUNCH**

Chicken Chop Sisy  
Sweet & Sour Pork  
Chinese Buttered Noodles  
SKEWERED BEEF

**TIME 1.00-3.00**

**Rs. 75/- per person**

COUNTRY CLUB, SIGANA