

HASHINGS

9th June, 1987.

PRECEDING HARE LINE

Run No. 115	Sunday 14th June	Hares: Double Dutchman & D'Animal
116	28th June	Cleopatra & Never Again
117	12th July	Meeni, Wynne, Latin Charmer plus a little help from Gaucho
118	26th July	VOLUNTEERS PLEASE

Misdirections for Run No. 115: "Old Macdonald had a farm."

Time: 10.30 a.m. At Digana gates set tripmeter to zero and turn RIGHT, or continue ON-ON if coming from Kandy; in old Digana at 0.7 kms./0.4 mls. bear RIGHT towards Main Project Office; turn LEFT before the temple & coconut plantation at 7.6 kms./4.75 mls. and park beside Haremobike at 7.8 kms./4.8 mls.

HASH ANNOUNCEMENTS

A meeting of interested Hashers was held after the last Hash at the Planters Club to discuss the future of VHHH. It was agreed that Hash beer and softs would be supplied by the Club, with IIMI Hashers, i.e. Cub-Buster & Co., responsible for the beer wagon. Roger, the Grand Master, will now be Master of Disinformation, so Hash misdirections, run reports and any other Hash Trash to him, please, at House No. 17. His daytime telephone number is Kandy 74379. Photocopying and distribution of disinformation will be by courtesy of IIMI.

LAST HASH THRASH: Saturday 13th June.

Programme (program): 7 p.m. sporting activities at Digana Club or Fashion Show at the Suisse in Kandy.
9.30 p.m. onwards barbecue & disco at the Planters Club.
Telephone Pauline on 74256 preferably by Thursday 11th for your reservation.

SAMANALAWENA HASH HOUSE HARRIERS (yes, folks, this is IT!) have pleasure in announcing Run No.1

on Saturday 4th July
at Sam Dar Village, sometime late afternoon.
See Roger for details.
All VHHH Hashers welcome.

VHHH RUN No. 114: "Volunteers Hash"

It was the usual hot and humid Sunday morning, as I tried out the borrowed lawnmower, developing considerable perspiration in the process. Must get a gardener! There's more grass here than I thought. "Time to go to the Hash," called Wee Rosie. A feeling of nausea crept over me. I took the running shoes from Cromarty's tiny hand and considered the consequences of perspiring twice on the same morning.

As we approached the area I thought, "We've done a Hash round here somewhere before," hoping upon hope this would mean I didn't have to do it again. No such luck. In fact it transpired that the whole thing was free, and some of us are unable to turn down offers like that, particularly when the non-price includes beer.

Off we went, full of the usual superficial confidence, fitness and that air of joviality. Along the road, ON-UP a hill, stop for a rest, turn right, ON-DOWN a hill, have a rest, through some bushes, stop for a rest, ON-ON, STOP! REST! A number of very definitely adopted the policy of hanging back to minimise excursions down false trails. It struck me this could get ridiculous if everyone did the same, but, sod it, who wants to be called an FRB anyway?

After the first 15 minutes or so, it transpired that Keep Fit hadn't kept fit very well lately, and that the group had already sustained two twisted ankles. One of the ankles belonged to the Hare - for goodness sake, if he doesn't know where to put his feet, what chance have the rest of us got?

By this time we were milling around in the long grass - following trails of white flowers if the need arose. Much time was spent zig-zagging around old wells and miscellaneous other holes. (Are they purpose-dug to increase the dam's capacity? or are they simply Hasher traps?) When is the tide coming in anyway? Damp Squib and Running Bare, ranged far and wide along with sundry other "deer and antelope". "The grass was much shorter than this when we did the recce," confided the Hare as he valiantly tried to keep control. (A fine time to tell us!)

We climbed a steep rock which fortunately had a velcro-like surface and unfortunately appeared to have a bar at the top, but the trail managed to avoid the bar without retracing the route. To the Hare's chagrin Double Dutchman and D'Animal shot off on a paperless tangent, seeming to sense some advantage. Oh how I wish I'd a nose for a short cut like that! Not that it helped them. Then we established our bearings, ascertained the vehicles' position, and the beer hounds homed ON-IN. The scent was so strong that one person who shall remain nameless crossed a bar totally unawares. Perspiration in the eyes? So, on to the Down-downs and the quest for volunteers. Damp Squib was awarded the FRB trophy; should he be hamstrung? Due to the massive shortcutting by lemonaders, there were too many in total to have our main runners "punished"!

A fine main run, chaps. Prepare to be asked again!

Lemonade run

The morning was decidedly cool for the Kotmale Kontingent (4+) but by Hash time in the mountains not 3.5 miles from Digana the sun gave promise of a hot and dry, if humid, trek.

After departure of the main runners, an intrepid group of some 23 souls set forth on a right turn out of the parking area leaving Memsahib & Co. on Securicor duties (at least that was her excuse!). We were soon straggled out along the slope of an easy 1 in 4 climb (well, it should have been easy, but.....) and watched sardonically by a nanny goat and kid from a nearby RHS rock. There was later cause to wonder if they had been co-opted in setting the track - sorry, trail.

Having reached the summit, the paper led us along the base of great crags (LHS) and then slowly downwards on a circuitous (very) trail through secondary jungle (alright, long grasses and the odd tree) and down precipitous paths to break out of the jungle to a magnificent vista below - on a sudden, lo, the shining levels of the lake! But not that day! A gaggle of main runners was observed in the distance, exiting right, along a minor road below. Strange, we thought! - had been told to expect directions on the, or a, road of Left, main run, and Right, lemonaders! The scramble down involved traversing great slabs of rock of the South Col - luckily dry, as none of us had thought to bring our crampons - and plaintive cries were heard from the rear..... "shouldn't we be roped together?" Although the originator may have been carrying her needle and wearing a few strings, these were not deemed to be sufficient for such task, delightful as the thought may have been.

Having gained the road, we all blundered on to the right, following paper, to be perplexed by a bar. In spite of bumbled exhortations to cross it and carry on, the majority of the stalwart group (by now looking like a second-rate re-run of "Tenko") turned back and found a previously-missed check circle - one of many circles of confusion that day. Valuable drinking time was lost until a devious sniffer (but not as devious as that**** Hare!) found paper amidst the broken bricks and a toruous trail across bogland led to the upper reaches of Mickey Mouse Tor where again this by now dozy lot of lemonaders missed the check circle and wandered on to yet another bar - just like sheep (or goats?)!

More general curses - it seemed the pack was not in too good humour, or getting soft - and a reverse trek around the base of this Tor eventually led back to a position on the road where at last the magic direction sign was found. It is believed that not all the pack had followed the diversion away from and back to the road - may their consciences trouble them! But had the main run actually done this diversion?? THEY had been on road when seen from afar.

With the thought of free beer (there was no collection for Hash Cash on this memorable day) uppermost in minds, the lemonaders pushed on with new vigour to regain lost height (the cars were known to be somewhere "up there") and,

yet another b***** bar! At which open revolt broke out and mutterings of "have already been out three quarters of an hour" were heard. (Yes, they/we have gone soft!)

The Hare, jumping around in the background, was advising another back-track manoeuvre and even he was partly lost before paper was found diverging off into the bundu, ulu, or beyond the back stumps (it depends on where you come from!). At this stage many of the main party of "Tenko" threw in the sponge (or shouldn't it be towels?) and opted for a bee-line to the cars whose position was by now fairly well established. There should thus have been a "down-down" for these numerous short-cutters - Easter bonnet carrying had obviously gone to some of their heads - but maybe we didn't have enough mugs or were carefully conserving the free beer for more worthy causes?

To uphold honour (of the BBC, Queen & Country, and whatever) a Fellini group moved off unprotesting into the unknown - ON PAPER. The ubiquitous "1/2" being none other than young Cromarty, enjoying the trip and oblivious of the dangers underfoot and the earlier simmerings of discontent, being nobly carried by Wee Rosie and young Jimbo (.....not at the same time). The rest of "6 1/2" staggered on finding very little straight paper - the Hare had obviously been one-over-the-eight when he laid this one - and plodding along paddy dykes for some time before realising..... "are you on paper?" "er, no!" More zig-zagging uphill brought us back to a track which was seen to curve upwards and leftwards to THE WAGON. Pace quickened and there was some jostling for front position, but again..... "où est le papier?"

A fork-left short-cut had been missed but was brought into perspective by the appearance of Sanatarium crashing through the jungle (doing his "came to see if you were alright/can I give you a hand/I didn't really get out it" act, a hundred metres from salvation = beer).

The four other intrepids: the Sword, Never Again, Cleopatra and a newly re-christened Crumple-Zone then dove into refreshments and a great time was had by all with the bonus issue of libation!

It is also appropriate to record the new Hash decision that henceforth willing and unwilling scribes are now to be rewarded by free drinks at their next Hash. (And mine's a.....!)

And now, if I might be permitted.....

A final word from a departing Harriette

After 83 (fingers crossed 84) lemonade runs, plus about eight Kotmale HHH runs, quite a number of Colombo ones (which were not joint with VH3) and one Cambridge Hash, my enthusiasm for Hashing remains undiminished.

My introduction to this immensely enjoyable pastime was on 13th March 1982 when, with a little help from Colombo, the Victoria Hash was born. Back in those halcyon days when Britannia ruled Digana if not the waves and there was nary an American accent to be heard on the camp, a lemonade run was something of a novelty, and in fact did not become the norm here until the middle of '83. Female co-Hares were even more of a novelty, so much so that when I set my first lemonade run, No. 20, I didn't even get included in the down-down for the Hare. It never occurred to the then Mismanagement, and certainly not the MCP Hare of the rain run, that I had earned one!

I can't remember how many times I've been a Hare since then, but Damp Squib probably has the information on his chart. Obviously No. 100 was the most memorable, but some others come pretty close. One is No. 31 on April Fools Day 1984. The run itself was unremarkable but the Hash apparel differed slightly from the usual shorts and teeshirts: it was a wear-what-your-other-half-wears-in-bed run, and although no-one turned up starkers there were enough gruesome sights to bring traffic to a standstill near Haragama.

A word from the wise: never volunteer to lay a Hash on New Year's Day! I did the "Hangover Run" with Drag Queen on 1st January 1985 and after a mere two hours sleep it was not a pleasant experience! It's also not a good idea to do one immediately before a Burns Night shindig, as after laying a run, running it with the pack, quaffing beer, and then going on to drink Atholl Brose, wine etc. one doesn't feel up to too many aightsome reels. At least I felt better than Lancelot, Chieftain for the evening, but seemingly some people never learn, as we all discovered after the Tun Run!

One of my worst experiences as a Hare was when I was doing the final recce for No. 86, "The Atlantic Alliance" run. I got totally lost in snake-infested jungle on a supposedly straightforward stretch of the Hash. Stars and Stripes were amazed (and relieved) to see me much later emerge from the jungle being dragged, almost fainting from heat, exhaustion and a bit of fright, it must be admitted, by giggling teenage girls.

One of the most pleasant, and certainly the easiest Hash I've co-Hared, was No. 102 with Cleopatra, and one of the nastiest was No. 74 at Hunas Falls because of the dozens of leeches. The 100th was the most complicated, and on the first four recces I arrived back at the Haremobil via four different routes. Luckily I managed to lead everyone to the "enchanted forest" on the day.

And talking of recce-ing, come on some of you folks who have never been Hares. Run No. 86 notwithstanding, being a Hare is 90% of the fun of Hashing: the challenge of finding picturesque and virgin territory, getting one's revenge for all the falsies one has had to run in the past, the curses from an exhausted and bedraggled pack which are a sure sign that they've loved every minute of the run, and not least the well deserved beer at the down-down.

Happy Hashing, everyone. John Cleese and I will miss you all.