

HASHINGS

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary defines "hash" as... "(Scot.) a stupid fellow....."

VICTORIA HASH HOUSE HARRIES

Run No. 53: "The Hangover Run" 1st January, 1985
Hares: Drag Queen & Barbie

Full marks to the Hares for having set the trails by the appointed hour. Following a sluggish assembly of hardened Hashers in the old Pallekelle quarry the ON-ON was finally called about 11.30. By this time the cloud cover was fast disappearing, not ideal conditions for those who had all too recently been quaffing the prizes presented by absent friends and Ceylon Tobacco. The saving grace proved to be the promised gentle gradients: a welcome change from the too recent Himalayan jaunts. (This was not out of any consideration for the pack, but for the Hares themselves - Ed.)

The trail started along grassy paths with the pack at first being led by visiting younger members. Then came some multi-crossings paths and checks. Superstar, Vaguely-Rackinson and Glancee were dispatched to investigate the false trails, while Deep Throat and GEM (being more hungover!) and the rest of the pack awaited results.

The scent of the coffee flowers proved that our sense of smell had not been completely obliterated by the festivities of the night before. ON-ON through long grass where the trail was indicated by festive hunting and a Happy New Year message hanging from the trees. Some of us feared that next we would see pink elephants!

The pack continued on a left-hander, joining up with the lemonaders, and then began the run in past the prison in the midday sun. From the looks on the faces of the inmates they thought that they were witnessing a mass breakout from Bigana village!

Time: 48 minutes, just right under the circumstances. Down-downs followed. Contrary to earlier reports there was a song from the Hares, and an original one at that. The singing of the Pack choir was somewhat ragged, despite the efforts of choir master Deep Throat.

A Down-down for everyone to get their own back on Hash Voice was preceded by a Down-down to a visiting American tourist. Actually this was our very own lancelot but a combination of bright sun, hangovers and the loudest shirt this side of the Pacific was an effective disguise.

Yet another successful Hash and well worth the effort.

Lemonade Run

You have to be a bit dedicated and to do a Wash on New Year's Day, and 100% mad to actually get one. Nevertheless well before the Hares were there awaiting the arrival of their victims, looking fresh and good (a good sign) and had even had time to swap tee-shirts. However the pack was spared the gruesome sight of Drag Queen in Thandi's niche this time - that would have been too much after a little sleep and a lot of alcohol.

Off we set with the main run, resisting the temptation to go off paper and follow Drag Queen and that master of short-cutting, Bear Throat. Once the trails diverged we followed paper past goats, chickens and friendly locals, a couple of checks keeping the pack together, including Marston Man. Fumble obligingly led us down a slippery bank where chains fallen on his pants while laying the trail. Over a ditch and shortly thereafter we joined up with the main run - at least the paper thereof, although a cunning false trail had miraculously appeared since the Hares have lost those. (W-UP a grassy bank and some slippery rocks where Marsupina came a cropper, then over an open meadow, Trick's family correctly taking a right-bender at a check. On the descent we were overtaken by a herd of pink elephants - or maybe it was just Vaguely-Rambling and Superstar leading the main pack down to the road - a euphemism for what is now just a dirt track by the river. This was one of the very rare Victoria Hashes where the main pack arrived back first, except for Lancelot who had chivalrously walked the main trail with Lepsocham and Kangus.

RECORDING HARE LINE

No. 54: Sunday 13th January, 4.00 p.m. Hare: Lancelot.

55: Saturday 26th January, 4.00 p.m. Hares: V-3 and Fumble.

56: T.b.e. Hare: Hash Almanack.

MORE HASH GOSSIP

Some people are gluttons for punishment. Miss Gail, just back from UK leave, went on two runs with the London HMI and veteran Victoria Husher, Fled Piper. Verdict: slow, wet and muddy. Need Victorians to induce a sense of urgency. No sign of our recent London Hash visitor. Blind woman not up to standards of Bangkok!

Congratulations to Kangus on doing a wash "run". There were no less than three people called Angus on No. 53 - another good reason for having Hash names.

Since the Victoria Hash is very much a family affair, Ed. would appreciate a few quotable quotes or prose from the more junior members. Proud parents, please oblige!