

HASHINGS

RUN NO. 59

23rd March, 1985

Hares: Look Out & No. 3

The 59th Hash started promptly ten minutes late. The Lemonade Run having been offered a lift half way around their course (which they sportingly declined - Ed.), the main run went ON-UP for what seemed like the whole afternoon. The run ignored what I thought was a fundamental physical law: that in order to end up in the same place, you must come down as much as you go up.

On reaching the first crest, an ominous circle of paper was found. It was here that Electrozoom started to demonstrate a previously unknown law of Hashing: that it is possible to always choose the steepest route and for it always to end in a bar of paper. It was ON-DOWN with a flurry of hydroelectrical jokes which nobody understood. These were soon drowned out as the trail followed a steep stream. By some mysterious quirk of sadism the paper seemed to leap across the widest, boggiest bits.

The good news about the next stretch was that it was horizontal. The bad news was that it lay along the ridges of near vertical rock outcrops; mountain goats with crampons and Sherpa guides might have hesitated but not this determined pack. After a few wry comments on the absence of Lancelot on the Lemonade Run (doing penance for failing to bring back a pressie for Leprechaun from the UK - Ed.) and urged on by the valedictory yodellings of Vaguely Ramblington we fought through. Deep Throat bent down to tie a shoe lace on a particularly narrow ridge and ran the risk of either being shoved into oblivion or becoming the victim of a rather nasty act, the like of which he has probably not known since his days at Slough Comp.

Muttered curses echoed round the valley at two false trails where the paws of our Hares had obviously had difficulties in scattering a recognisable circle of paper. Candyman took a short cut through an open barn and came out knee deep in last season's manure. Glencoe suggested that he might like to follow his own trail of paper from then on and slipped into overdrive and over the horizon, not to be seen again until the Down-down.

The trail continued towards the heavens by the most direct route, littering the tea estate with Hashers, clutching their sides, pretending that they had stopped for a chat (or to practice their "One Hundred and Ten Ways of Pronouncing Ayubowan" on puzzled locals) rather than admit an urgent need oxygen. Vaguely Ramblington charged forward shouting loudly, oblivious to the pain ordinary mortals suffer if they don't draw breath for hours at

a time. Electrozoom was on autopilot and apparently resigned to his fate. He went to the top of a hill in search of the elusive and inaccessible, drinkless bar. He found it. The rest of us (who had hung around nonchalantly at the bottom of this last slope) found the true path whilst the hills were alive to Electrozoom's not-so-printable Sound of Music.

TLH suddenly revived when he found himself downwind of the beer wagon. His shouts of encouragement soon dimmed as he was towed out of sight by Prydovour Alley. The pack broke up (well, it did at my end!) as we passed a school coming out at the end of a sports meet.

Your Scribe, encumbered by notebook, pen and totally inadequate lungs came in..... well, not first but at least ahead of Late Starter who was also a late finisher and nearly an early leaver.

The Down-down was an occasion for much lamenting, not least because Hash Voice insisted on making a farewell speech. Everybody cheered up however when he finally stopped and Lancelot took up the noble laryngial occupation. We went away feeling that, allowing for the time difference and the speed of sound, the resonant "HASH QUIET" may still be heard from Reading on the Victoria Hash.

Lemonade Run

The sky was overcast as we set off on this Saturday afternoon saunter along the road - more a day for wearing jeans than shorts.

Our Hare directed us off the road to the right, just as a No. 3 bus was passing. ON-DOWN, down and down we scrambled, gloomily aware of the fact that what goes down must come up again. Nevertheless man (or woman)fully enduring the spears and arrows of outrageous Hares (or something) we plodded on, the rear catching up with the van while a spurious trail leading up the other side of the valley was investigated. The trail, which in dryer weather would have been sandy, was reduced to a muddy mess resembling Scotch Broth. It petered out in places, but luckily our sniffer dog was able to find paper again and direct us. A large check circle had the terrier making a bee-line ON-ON, but once the paper became as elusive as Nessie it was realised that the true trail led ON-UP - as clear as Consomme to the veterans amongst us. Through tea bushes we trekked and past picturesque dwellings like gingerbread houses in the fairy tale. Our youngest Horror was quite content on his father's back and deserves a pat for being such a good boy!

RECEDING HARE LINE

Run No. 60

Easter Day

Hares: Deep Throat & Micro Drive

61

21st April

Candyman

Run No. 60

Sunday 7th April, Easter Day.

Assemble at Cornel's at 10 a.m. for briefing.

Main Run: Embark into three LWB Landrovers to be taken to start of run. Drivers will then take vehicles on to Hunas Falls Hotel.

Mini Run: Depart in own transport to Hunas Falls Hotel (follow beer wagon if necessary). Run starts 11 a.m.

BBQ lunch at Hunas Falls at 1.00 p.m. beside lake.

All-in cost (food and drink)
Adults : Rs. 175/-
Children: Rs. 75/-

ON-ON

WANTED

Editor/Scribess/Typist/general dogsbody to take over Hash News after the next run.

And now that the 30-day ban on the publication of sensitive information has elapsed and that Drag Queen is in the South Atlantic and can't sue me, I am able to reveal his awful secret. Read on!

THE MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

PLAYGIRL



45 Park Lane, regd. office
London W1 4DS

LONDON
PARIS
NEW YORK

Tel: 01-629-6666

HEAD OFFICE: NEW YORK

CENTREFOLD DIVISION

Dear *David,*

Your name has been submitted to us with your photograph, and I regret to inform you that we will be unable to use your body in our centrefold.

On a scale of 0-10, your body was rated -2 by our panel of women ranging in ages from 60 - 75 years. We tried to assemble a panel in the age bracket of 25 - 45 years, but we could not get them to stop laughing long enough to reach a decision.

Should the taste of British Women ever change so drastically that bodies such as yours would be appreciated in our centrefold, you will be notified by this office. In the meantime, don't call us, we'll call you.

Sympathetically,

M Whitehouse

EDITOR

Playgirl Magazine

P.S. We do commend you for your unusual pose. Were you wounded in the war, or do you ride a bike a lot?

CENSORED