

Patterson

October 25, 1985

RECEDING HARE LINE

Run No. 74 - "Blood, Sweet and Tea"

Sunday, October 25, 1985 at 11.00 a.m.

Hares : Wise Owl and Bumble

Assembly Point : Hunes Falls Hotel, Elkaduwa

This hash is one of the activities of the Hashin', Shootin' and Fishin' weekend at Hunes Falls Hotel organised by Digana Social Club. The Hash will be followed by a lunch time barbeque at the Hotel (price Rs. 100-00). All Hashers who wish to join in the barbeque but are not resident at the hotel are asked to give names (No, not any names, their own names) to the Management.

Kindly note that the customary Hash Beer will not operate. Instead drinks will be available from the hotel at special reduced rates.

Jubilee Run No. 75

Sunday, November 17th, 1985

Hares : Hash Almanack and Geoffrey

It is understood that the Hares have reconnoitred the run route no less than 11 times in all types of conditions to ensure that no misadventure takes place on the big day. Rumour has it that the final dress rehearsal will take place on the night of November, 12th when a new moon and an islandwide ban on fireflies will combine to give conditions of the most intense darkness in which the two Hares will set off round the route to attempt it without hesitation, deviation or repetition.

RUN REPORT

Run No. 73 - Haloluwa

October 20, 1985

Hares : Candyman and Beefix

After 73 Hashes, you might expect that any beginner's luck enjoyed by VH3 might be starting to wear a little thin. Out here in the Tropics, y' know there are far more risks attached to simple existence than in cosy English suburbia (or Welsh, Scottish, Irish equivalent). After all that's what we're all overpaid for (no, really.....).

I mean, to ask desk - bound middle-aged men, grown fat on an excess of Lion bloody Lager and tasteless paw-paw to run up steep hills in the middle of a sweltering steamy day is

simply inviting the attention of the Grim Reaper. Demmit, the boss was already stretched out by the Citadel Pool, and he certainly didn't get to where he is today by risking a coronary and taking the whole pack across a rickety old rope bridge above the raging Mahaweli? This could make the final scene of "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" look like a Sunday School outing. Happy crocs all the way to Trinco. These daft students, they should get their fingers out of buffaloes' backsides, and should recognise a bus-load of geriatrics when they see them. Half the pack could be collecting their pensions if they had ever paid their stamps

'Ahem' (Adopts Tory Party Conference Tone of Voice). The pack assembled in good fettle beside the Great Mahaweli River at 10.41 a.m. prompt. Present were eight Gentlemen, one Lady and two Hares. The sub-aqueous winning and terrestrial deposition of non-metaliferous minerals was commented upon. The Hares then sounded the "Tally-Hon" and the Pack proceeded in good order over the afore-mentioned effluvium by means of a great structure worthy of Stephenson himself and subsequently along Divers local thoroughfares. Following the course so admirably and clearly charted by the Hares (on whose qualities of leadership, intelligence and rationality many favourable remarks were heard to pass) the Harriers, as one, girded their loins and addressed themselves with enthusiasm to the scaling of the mountain range that bestrode their path, lofty and menacing. No false road, no foul-mouthed jackal could divert them from their sacred quest..... In such a fatiguing enterprise all men must make their mark, show their mettle, force the pace — Lancelot, Marathon Man, Damp Squib — in years to come, grown men will weep when these brave souls re-tell their tales by the flicker of candle-light in some rural inn — these the men who, red of eye and gaunt of limb, can say those magic words "I was there!"

And, lest we forget with the triumphant, nay ecstatic, spirit with which this happy band of brothers viewed the mysterious and enchanting land they call "Kandy", stretching away below the snow-capped, cloud-girt, peak — in the glory there was sadness, an aching void in their hearts for that brave pair that had gone on ahead to break the trail and had taken just one step to far..... Geoffrey and Almanack, bodies never recovered, never seen again as the mists swirled round the eyes of the summit party, turning their heavy feet from that place on which few Europeans had previously stood, a great sadness prevailed, a sadness borne by the knowledge that those two could never taste the nectar that awaits the victorious On the journey back to the land of mortal men great adversity had still to be overcome, great hardship to be averted, great perils to be circumvented — Late Starter attacked by small trees, Wise Owl by small dogs, Bonanza by small diversions — but these were all as nought, when our gallant band struggled back over the great chasm that separates Darkness from Light, Chaos from Order, Hades from Nirvana. Crowds cheered, bands played, little girls threw flowers. There they stopped. They were knackered.

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT

Lemonade Run
OBSERVER'S REPORT

Enticed to join 73rd Hash by smooth talking Marathon Man. Seduced by talk of opportunity to observe the expatriate family in pursuit of pleasure and paper. The family aspect was particularly stressed. It was explained that the Sabbath is the only day that the men can devote themselves fully to their children, to appreciate and educate their offspring and to revel in their company. There was much talk of tackling problems together as a family unit. Marathon Man could desert engineering tomorrow.

A fine and noble trade awaits him outside Gibb : Snake - charming, for it is my duty to report that these lofty and praise-worthy sentiments were dismissed within sight of the start.

The fine words were discarded and trampled upon like the paper on the trail, as Fathers turned into Fiends at the first shout of "ON-ON". And unruly fiends at that ; pushing, shoving and bawling at the top of their voices. Number one sons and daughters were treated like lepers whilst their fathers bolted uphill away from them as though they had committed some outrageous social gaffe. I must report also, and it is with some reluctance that I do so, that, yes, sadly Marathon Man was heavily involved in this stampede.

It was fully two-and-a-half hours before they returned to the bosom of their family yet there was no talk of embracing loved ones. NAY, they demanded beer, announced they were going to sing and, insult of all insults, we were going to listen. Yet it had all started so favourably.....

10.30 a.m. sharp saw a large and happy band swelled by no fewer than eleven new faces eager for adventure. Most encouraging to see so many attractive and healthy children. Regulars like the Mars boys were present starting alongside Kangus, with Nessie, Lozenge and Sweetie representing the girls. A special welcome for newcomers Bert and his river band and the Moors, not forgetting Son of a Gun, the Texan Connection.

Led by Leprechaun, we set off across the first hurdle, the suspension bridge, in classic Sri Lankan style à la Titanic - women and children first. Having traversed the bridge smoothly, our procession began to settle down to a leisurely trot when all the men ran away. Immediate outcome of this shocking experience was that smaller children refused to walk another step. For mother, substitute sherpa with one notable gallant exception in Mr. Yellow Rose. Fortunately our run proceeded downhill by way of hunners' of well placed steps. Well placed, that is, if your gait compares favourably with that of the Jolly Giant's.

The lemonaders were led from here to the finish by the excellent Bumble who coped with 100% of the scouting and 100% of the "ON-ON ing". An inevitable outcome of such a remarkable performance was that she did at least 90% of the sweating. (Later, at the Citadel, that activity was reserved exclusively for Candyman when he was presented with the combined bill for all the Hashers' very enjoyable eats and some of the diners began to drift away. Again Marathon Man was prominent in this drift and appeared most unsympathetic). Bumble proved to be scout

supreme, despite her long lay-off and happily appears to have dropped her tiresome practice of being able to spot the solitary piece of paper that has blown off the straight and narrow, and plunging the pack into the thickest of coconut groves on the flimsiest of paper evidence.

The pack was quickly elongated with Bumble in the vanguard abetted by the Bert + River Band and Moors families plus the redoubtable Yellow Rose who triumphantly carried Son of a Gun every inch of the way. The rearguard was presided over by Gingerbread who was flanked by a Very Attractive Nurse, V.A.N. for short, though short she isn't. I had hoped to attach myself to this group in case V.A.N., a new and welcome arrival to sunny Sri Lanka, collapsed with heat exhaustion and required mouth to mouth resuscitation which is always recommended in such circumstances. However, she coped easily with the heat and showed the kind of spirit she will need by the bucketful in downtown Kandy.

I was diverted away from V.A.N. by trouble amongst the Leprechauns at north end of paddy. Time and tide now separated what had once been a very close family. Nessie stood forlornly on the north side whilst the chief Leprechaun and Kangus occupied the south bank. As is usual in these circumstances it was Nessie who was on the side with paper. A passing Bovine engineer arrived on site and assumed control of situation. Selecting a particularly steeply banked spot downstream where the river was at its widest and the current at its strongest, this gallant knight hit upon the novel solution of swinging Kangus by the arms from side to side until he had gained enough momentum to cartwheel the boy safely?? across the ravine. When queried he confessed that he was a bit vague as to which part of the boy's anatomy would strike the ground first. Upon being informed that the leprechaun's progeny was not a frisbee and couldn't possibly be trifled with in such an ungentlemanly manner, the intrepid engineer with a quick ON-ON was gone. I too couldn't dawdle either, so, applying the hash motto "Your on your own, c'est la Hash", I headed off.

Up forward, Bumble tended her group ever onward, always on paper, onto and successfully along the tarmac section. Her triumph could have been marred by a trail of confetti which led to a temple off to the right on the approach road to the suspension bridge but after meeting both bridge and groom, she quickly dismissed this as a clever false trail by Candyman. Whilst taking a breather at the timber mill vantage point, I passed some moments in idle banter with the locals. When asked for the simplest of directions, again and again they demonstrated their talent for simultaneously nodding and shaking their heads whilst pointing earnestly in opposing directions at the same time. "Bridge?". No, no bridge around here, one chap assured me whilst virtually in sight of it. "River?". No, no river either for that matter. At least the natives appeared more prosperous south of Kandy with fewer dogs too. Another plus for Candyman's choice of route.

Leprechaun, complete with very red face, and soaking wet sannies, duly appeared with Gingerbread, V.A.N., Mars with Micro Mars in situ, Lozenge on Gringo's shoulders, Nessie and Kangus completing the group. A fleeting glimpse of Bumble coming out of the sun at two o'clock high precipitated a small but happy shortening of the route. Mars selected a shortcut with two unusual properties :-

- (i) It went directly through a freshly ploughed paddy
- (ii) It was longer than the original route.

She eventually emerged out of a thicket caked in mud but still smiling serenely.

It was now but a short ON-ON and up onto the original road leading to the suspension bridge where absolutely everyone was very brave especially Mini-Mars charging across through the on-coming local traffic. Back to base in no time at all where some of the ladies demonstrated the only female failing : patience, or rather the lack of it. Sadly there are some who will not wait for their loved ones till the sun goes cold. About three minutes is their absolute limit in the shade, somewhat less if exposed to the sunbeams. Gringo, alias the Quench Mechanic, slowed by back-pack of Lozenge was delayed by 4.5 minutes. In his absence there were many suggestions put forward by the ladies. The only printable one querying whether an able replacement for Guinevere could be found within ranks of HORRORS to lead pack and carry key to chilled goodies. Happily the rebellion was quickly quientened by arrival of Quench Mechanic ably assisted by Lozenge who expertly dispensed the cooled nectar. Oddly enough the talk now turned to the enjoyment of hash and odder still I believe them. On looking back, I must thank the hashers for permitting me to join them standing in a wet paddy field. I had never stood in one before mainly because it never crossed my mind to do so. However, I like the "because it is there" approach of hashers and wish you every success in future. Have a Happy Hunas Hash !