

RUN REPORT

Run No. 74, Sunday 3rd November 1985.

While the Digana socialites munched contently on their breakfast croissants in the Simla of Sri Lanka, and their travelling nannies occupied their children, the 'Plebs' of Kandy fought their way through rain, sun, rain, mist, sun, rain etc., hurling noxious offspring into the abyss to lighten the load on overburdened jeeps, to reach the 74th VH3 Hash.

We assembled under the arch, lemonaders departing down the hill to the ON-ON (including some new but strangely familiar faces who were dressed for a stroll along a beach — and may be that's what they thought was happening).

Under the shifty glances of some shady characters lying low in the snooker room, and the benificent smirk of John Cleese, the main hash departed in four different directions. Eventually brought under control, it was ON-DOWN ..... and down and down. Or so the effusive Lancelot thought. Then, having dropped around 100 metres through a mud slalom, Lancelot went suddenly quiet. The pack, now led by Pilgrim Minor, then noticed a figure on all fours trying to pass unnoticed back up the slope — it was the first of many bars that Lancelot avoided confessing to.

The hare, surrounded by a motley crew of geriatrics stood virtually back at the start. It was really ON-LEFT and the pack moved through tea towards oblivion. Tarzan skipped nimbly barefoot over the boulders, Damp Squib, by some peculiar trick of anatomy, ran round both sides at the same time, whilst Geoffrey and Almanack (as inseparable as AIDS sufferers these two) merely blundered through them.

The trail moved along a precipitous ridge — views obscured by dense clouds. The tannoy of a Buddhist temple blared up from the valley. Kedgeree stopped to consult a guru on a ledge to ask if there really was life after hashing.

Confusion reigned when the pack stumbled across a sequence of false trails before they found the circle. Candyman and Pilgrim Minor hitched a lift on a passing tractor only to see the pack returning. Late Starter then reversed direction only to reappear again two minutes late. He was just checking the check circle (tautology?)

The route came back around the "magnificent natural auditorium" (this quotation should be made in a Glaswegian accent through broken teeth — but don't the two always go together?) following minor diversions over greased rock surfaces in order to suffer as had the lemonade run. We were joined by Big Finger who, shrewdly, had invented a puncture and was lagging behind the lemonade run.

Now comes a tale of treachery and deceit. Behind the hotel the paths of lemonade and main runs diverged. The story passed round later by the 'Darby and Joan' contingent was that the 'locals' had removed the arrows so they had merely followed their instincts (noses, taste buds?) in taking the quickest way home.

By the time your hash scribe had arrived, these renegades could be seen being wheeled in bath chairs to the poolside for the administration of Lion lager, drip feeds and to have their catheters replaced. Late Starter's shouts of joy from below contrasted with Wise Owl's screams of rage from above.

Let the names of 'The Few' - "we happy few, we band of brothers, for he who falls today shall be my brother, be he ne'er so vile" - (literary background accidentally came out) - who willingly followed the main run be recorded: Pilgrim Minor, Stars and Stripes (assisted by Wise Owl's firm grip on their collars) and Candyman. There is an old Confusian saying "He who is last, runs the least" - what went wrong?

Wise Owl, in an unheard of fit of compassion guided through one of the five remaining circles.

The valliant few returned to the jeers of toothless jaws. One begins to suspect that Almanack and Geoffrey are making a habit of turning the main run into a 'Horlick's Trot'.

### Lemonade Run

They may not have been the most elegant of hashers but were certainly the cleanest. This unusually large pack spent the first fifteen minutes liberally dousing themselves with that well known scourge of leeches - Teepol. It was hoped that the rain would hold off to avoid the possibility of the pack disappearing in a cloud of bubbles. So, preparations complete, they were then informed by Bumble (should it be bubble?) that it was a short walk to the start. Suspicions arose, however, when the hare set off on four wheels, followed closely by a larger hashmobile which vaguely resembled the local minibuses with bodies hanging out of doors and windows. However, the hardiest of the band decided to 'stroll' down hill and dale and soon came upon what looked like a hash crash. Fortunately it was a slight hitch in a ditch; unfortunately it was the hare. Our visitors from Colombo also on four wheels returned to the hotel at this point - backwards - and started again on foot. Meanwhile, our macro hashers removed the car from the ditch and it was On On to the tea factory. Disappointment was to follow, however as this was not the Down-Down !!

Bumble in full cry led the pack down a slippery slope across a stream; then it was up and up, and up and up ..... Was that David Bailey out in front? No.- only Tricky Dick - he was on his holidays remember. Marathon Man and Micro-Mars forged ahead leaving 50% of their family at the rear. Is it only Victoria hashers who feel the need to separate the men from the boys (oops! women)? It was reassuring to see our visitors tackling the course en famille! Or is it because our Victoria men have realised that the female of the species also have a prodigious thirst for that nectar of the Gods - Pilsner, and want to reach the Down-Down first to make sure they get their full quota? However, Electrozoom did the decent thing by remaining with the women and children, while Electrozoom rushed on for the Pilsner.

The pack continued to wend its way up through the tea plantations stopping frequently to admire the spectacular views. However, Pilgrim refrained from this and dragged youngest son with him, no doubt attempting to beat Pilgrim Minor, who yet again chose the main hash. Close on Pilgrim's heels was another refugee from the main hash, Cecil, who literally had his hands full. The front runners disappeared into the distance and the trail eventually levelled off much to the relief of Leprechaun who was frequently delayed by Kangus examining every pebble and grain of sand.

But ..... things were not as they seemed!! Coming round the bend the tailender caught sight of the front runners at a standstill. The hotel was in sight but the paper trail had disappeared. Who was the chief scout in the distance? None other than a.P.C. Hadn't he just come out for a morning stroll? The challenge of the unknown had proved too great for him to ignore. But who was that disappearing downwards in the opposite direction on what looked liked the shortest route home? Was it?—no it couldn't be — the camera gave the clue, Tricky was going A.W.O.L. At this point The Wife of Bath spotted Bumble frantically pointing out the correct route and the pack, altogether now, set off again uphill over what at first appeared to be an assault course, Leprecaun and Kangus having some difficulty at the water jump. However, the trail soon continued on the road, downwards this time, much to everyone's relief and soon afterwards the pack arrived at the Down-Down beside the swimming pool. Obviously an up-market hash. After a 'few' refreshing drinks, all agreed that it had been an excellent run. This time the leeches did not agree.