Patterson

HASHINGS

March 24, 1986

RECEDING HARE LINE

Run No. 82

Date : Sunday, March 30, 1986 (Easter Sunday)
Time : 10.30 a.m.
Directions : From Kandy Clock Tower, take the road past the prison and Hantana Hotel to the Hantana Tea Estate. On-On is at the tea estate factory, approximately 2 miles from the clock tower.
Hares : Bandy Bertie and John the Baptist

This run will be followed by a barbeque at the Hotel Suisse. If you havn't told anybody that you want to go then do so immediately (Angus Speirs on 74227 or Steve Kemper on 23040). The hotel swimming pool will be available free of charge to those participating in the BBQ but bring your own towel.

Run No. 83 : Sunday, April 13 (Date still to be confirmed).
Hare : Damp Squib

Run No. 84 : Sunday April 27 : Volunteers Please.

RUN REPORT

Run No. 81 : 9th March 1986

Hares : Hash Almanack, Scotch Jock, Late Starter

In the Long Run .....

Undeterred and unruffled under unbroken cloud and unmitigating rain the combined packs set off along a muddy track threading its way through paddy fields.

Having contributed their bit to the joint effort, those opting for the long run peeled off and only then did the very diminutive size of the pack become apparent. "Where have all the hard men gone gone?". We asked overselves. All we heard was an echo.

Perhaps it was the initial steepness of the route that discouraged a few waverers but it was left to only STP, Damp Squib, Lancelot, an itinerant ex-convict and the hare, Hash Almanack, to enjoy this excellent run. STP seemed concerned that poor service during breakfast at his lodgings was going to result in a metabolic shortage to stay the course. The Landlord had apparently stipulated the hours of service and "them's what's late, can do without".

The route led up-up through scrub, over a small ridge and into plantation. Past several front doors and further up to a track. Damp Squib opted left and drew the remainder of the pack with him. False trail;it was right across a small paddy field and up onto the road. But which road?

Why worry, it seemed to be the zenith of the run and STP headed downhill in full flight. The hare(s) was noticeably absent on this uppermost stretch but the combined experience of the mini-pack was such that they wasted no time. So it was down-down-down-down through plantation and several more front and back yards to the familiar paddy.

Late Starter suddenly appeared and assumed the hare's guiding role back to the real Down-Down. A fine rendition of Hash Alamanack's chosen epitaph earned him the title of 'Poet of the Week'.

"Shredded paper! Shredded paper!"

In the Short Run.....

There hasn't been a Hash like this for sorting out the men from the poofters, the ladies from the tramps, the kids from the *******s - (this has been censored in deference to the family readership of this rubbish) since Run No. 27 over two years ago when we got similarly soaked and filthy. We could have done with a bit of mid-day sun, but even the mad dogs were indoors sheltering from the rain and "foam" from them turned out to be no more than bubbles from the Teepol-soaked feet of Hashers to keep off the leeches. Despite the vile weather the turnout was not at all bad, proving how desperate we are for something to do in Digana these days.

The pack set off together over the road and along a muddy path. John the Baptist and Joey lead the lemonaders but were not seen again by your Scribess until back at the Down-Down. Within seconds individuals became virtually indistinguishable as everyone got covered in mud, but Parleyvoo with his bright umbrella held aloft was clearly visible, and since he was in the lead for much of the way the cunning ones amongst us kept him in sight. Eyes down to look where we were going, some of us almost collided with an elephant, at which point Bumble, whose memory for Hash trivia is like that of an elly, recognised the path as being part of Run No. 13 in reverse.

The frequent checks, solved mainly by Plod and Electrozoom and family, kept most of us pretty well together, or perhaps it has something to do with the fact that no-one wanted to stray far from The Galloping Major, who was custodian of the beer wagon keys.

At one point the lemonade run split with most of us opting for the slightly longer route, leaving just Puffa, Leprechaun and Kangus to do the gripe water stroll. Shortly after the trails diverged there was almost a mutiny in the ranks as several of us, having been thither directed by Late Starter, went ON-UP, only to be recalled onto the correct trail which lead ON-DOWN. It was here that The Memsahib had to be given a lesson in elementary Hashlish and taught that ON-DOWN means that one must descend à pied and not actually sit down!

The next part of the run took us through several back-yards, giving incredulous locals a display of a Hash Black & White Minstrel Show, but by this time we were all so revoltingly filthy that no-one cared (and thank goodness no-one had brought a camera). Back on the outbound path (the elephant had packed its trunk and gone by this time), hardly able to see for rain in the eyes, we put on a final spurt to get back to the vehicles just ahead of the main run. There were more DOWN-DOWNS from the sky than from thirsty Hashers, but for once the mums got a special mention. Unfortunately Lancelot and family had to linger longer than they had intended because The Galloping Major had galloped off with the Pajero keys, so perhaps there will be a special DOWN-DOWN for him at the next Hash.

Psssst.....

Do you realise that Run No. 1 was 4 years ago March 13? Who ever would have thought VH3 would go on so long.