

HASHINGS

May 27, 1986

Due to the Vesak holidays, this is a mini edition of Hashings. Run reports on Run No. 85 ~~will~~ follow in the next bumper edition.

RECEDING HARE LINE

Run No. 86 : "The Atlantic Alliance"
Hares : Stars and Stripes and Bumble
Date : Sunday, 1st June 1986
Time : 10.30 a.m.

Directions (from Digana Village) :-	Miles	Km
Turn right at Digana Village gates and set tripmeter to zero	0	0
Turn left at Old Digana onto new road	0.5	0.8
Cross new Hulu Ganga bridge	2.95	4.7
Fork left onto Udispattuwa road.	5.7	9.1
ON-UP		
Fork left at Udispattuwa onto Rangala Road	8.0	12.8
Left again. ON-UP	8.9	14.2
Stop beside blue Mercedes and don oxygen masks	9.2	14.7

Travelling Time : 25 minutes

N.B. Parking very limited - PLEASE, PLEASE share vehicles. Special Down-Down for the occupants of the most extravagantly occupied vehicle. VERY HIGH GRADE, MEDIUM TAR RUN.

Definitely not for those who are only doing it for the T-shirts!

Run No. 87 : 21st June 1986 ; Hares-Hash Almanack & Scotch Jock

Run No. 88 and beyond : Volunteers Please.

SITUATIONS VACANT - MASTER OF THE HASH ODE (THE HASH ODOUR)

Please make an effort to contribute a poetical entry(s) for this competition/vacancy. Entries, which are not limited to one per person, should be delivered to Angus Speirs before, preferably a while before, Run No. 86. Prizes are to be won and the special First Prize for the Master of the Hash Ode is a reinforced soap box podium, an illuminated scroll, and a special Interhash sunshade (composing poems for-the-use-of).

Entry details for those who mislaid the previous copy are attached herewith (See final page).

The success of this event depends on your contribution.

RUN REPORT

Run No. 87 - "Not the Ascent of Mount Olympus"

Main Run

It is possible that the ominous title and a general mistrust of Lancelot and his runs was responsible for a few absentees. Nevertheless, all started well with good cloud cover-and it stayed that way, so there

were no problems with heat. But what about those steps? Lancelot promised steps somewhere near the top of the non-existent Mt. Olympus. There were steps in the bottom of valleys, steps to small huts, wrong steps, and a bad step by Hash Almanack which led to a hash crash and a bright red cherry ---.

All involved in the ascent managed to lose the trail in the first ten minutes of confusion. Damp Squib and S.T.P. loped off the beaten track into the bushes and of course straight up the mountain. Did they find paper? Yes, but no trail. On-On-On and Up-Up-Up, most of us got just far enough up to hear a faint "Check circle" back Down-Down-Down where we started. There was even temporary use of a reel trail. Deuce became very excited and along with Hash Almanack, Damp Squib, S.T.P., and Pilgrim Minor ran at full speed, all leaping with grace over the bar. They might still be running if it wasn't for the trained eye and loud mouth of Smer Tars Frenglais whose counseling technique set those five wayward runners back on the right track. Meanwhile Thomas searched the bushes while Lillen, Late Starter and Pukka Sahib looked vainly under rocks for paper but found only bugs.

One tired fellow, in order to Keep Fit and freshen up a bit, decided to soak his feet in the creek. His feet well soaked, he looked down and croaked, "Paper, Paper, Paper, On-On-On down the stream!" There followed hash crashing and lots of hash splashing. Wet? No problem for Damp Squib. Then Up-Up-Up; nice views; Down-Down-Down; Check, Check, Check; more wrong steps; look! a right stop.

Then came the last stretch. Even though in full view of the beer wagon, one fellow, full of enthusiasm spotted the lemonade trail and ran off yelling "Checking". Needless to say none followed or awaited results.

All those partaking finished with flying colors especially one who sported a bright red tail. What about the hare? He was nowhere to be seen. Confusion on his part? With a trail like that? Of course not.

Lemonade Run

Or, who tried to poison the pack?

It was not on old mount Olympus top, but the gods were with us. No exhausted heaps at the Hash mobile, this time.

With high spirits the Lemonanders started off, with three false trials. Jug that hare. This did not daunt John Cleese, Leprachaun or Bandie Bertie's Band, soon it was on-on up-up the long and winding trial, past ^{paddy} peeping eyes and surly mogs. One glance at the foothills of non-Olympus sent Little Sahib scurrying up-up to join the Lemonade pack. Leprachaun, Plod, Nessy and Bandie Bertie's Band quickly disappeared into the trees. Except for the plaintive cry of on-on from a Leprachaun they were not to be sighted again, till seen propping the booze mobile. The little ones laughed to see such fun as Gingerbread II tumbled down-down, struggling for her balance on the paddy bund it was on-on and up-up.

Were the Lemonanders lost? The village lads thought as much and added to fray with pointy fingers in every direction. The mogs saw us on our way with a yap and a snap. One who remains nameless snapped one back.

There was evil smell in the air. Was this the Ban the Hunt out to poison us hounds? So intrigued the Galloping Major's mistress and the Angel, who both pledged they would jug the hare back at Digana. Yet the hare was not to be seen.

Under a steady barrage of Ayu bowans the bhikku pondered on the value of teaching the Sinhala for "drop dead", as such he would be the sooner to Nirvina. The temple mogsyapped and snapped; Marietius found they no-speak-a-the-English. Oil Drum and Tick Tock joined the fray, much pointing (and much redistributed paper?); the villagers watched as the mad dogs wandered aimlessly under the midday sun. Was ^{it} Scotch Jock who won the day for us? For then it was down-down all the way to the hash mobile.

Despite the absence of Lamé Ducks paddling about at the Digana pool, the hounds still had to scrum for their hard-earn^{ed} bottles. There were a few nearly mad hounds, Robin Hood, the Angel and Crusoe, who all thought it a breeze and so we hope they will be seen straining at the leash for the 86th.

MASTER OF THE HASH OUE

A vacancy has arisen for the prestigious sinure of Master of the Hash Oue, Director of Hash, Mashed and Assistant under-apprentice typesetter of Hash Tresh.

The holder of this important position receives no direct remuneration but is entitled to certain desirable priveleges and the use of the regalia of office.

Candidates should be familar with the great works of MacDonagall, must be capable of reciting Spencer's 'Feery Queen' backwards (not to be confused with Fairy Liquid Dispencer's) and should know the names of all the great Australi poets. Experience with the techniques innuendo, thinly veiled insults and cockney rhyming slang could prove an advantage.

The successful applicant is expected to compose at least 20 hash-sonnets and 50 hashimericks each year.

To enable the mis-selection sub-committee to carry out preliminary judging of candidates abilities, applicants are requested to complete the attached comparative poem dedicated to Run No. 83 - "The hash with no beer and/or softies".

Entries (for this competition) should consist of between one and three verses and should be submitted to the mis-election sub-committee prior to Run No. 86 on Sunday 1st June, at which the new Master of the Hash Oue will be announced and the regalia of office will be presented with customary dignity at a ceremony to mark the occasion.

1. Graggy Pecky
met a hasher
looking very pink.
Gasped the hasher
to Steggy Pecky
"Give us quick a drink"
2. Groggy Pecky
looks in barrel
Sees no quenching drink.
Groggy Pecky --
man of action --
Pauses for think.
3. Groggy Pecky
searching vainly
Thinks "O deary me"
Says Groggy Pecky
to the hasher,
"Would you like some tea?"
4. Says the hasher
to Groggy Pecky,
"You trying to be funny?"
Groggy Pecky
tries again
"Have you paid your money?"
5. "Listen mate"
the hasher says
"What we want is beer,
Coca-Cola,
in lemonade.
Do I make my meaning clear?"
6. Groggy Pecky
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