

RECEDING HARE LINE

Run No. 99 : Hantana Horror Hash

Date : Sunday, November 23, 1986

Time : 10.30 a m

Directions : From Kandy clock tower take Peradeniya road, and set tripmeter to zero

	Mile	Km
Clock Tower	0	0
Turn left at Heerassagala Road (Bo Tree and Nationals store on right) and drive straight on up hill until ...	1.7	2.7
Left up track to disused tea factory and sharp left again	2.2	3.5
Left at Spring Hill Estates for G.A. + M. Sirisena	2.65	4.25
Park at Hashmobile (Sirisena House)	3.0	4.8

Travelling Time (from clock tower) - 20 minutes

Hares : Pukkah Sahib, Mr. Pastry, The Carpenter

Run No. 100 : 30th November 1986, Hares Lancelot and Bumble

Run No. 101 : 14th December 1986, Volunteers please

RUN REPORTS

Run No. 97 - 2nd November 1986

Hares: Running bare (with some help from Stars), Stripes

About 16 main runners were milling around when the hare turned up with a distinctly ghostly appearance. Was it due to an encounter with a wild boar on the trail, the result of bloodthirsty leaches, or a leftover Halloween costume? To be on the safe side most of the intrepid hashers were seen dousing their socks and shoes with various concoctions to ward off the blood suckers. After brief instructions, the main run set off first.

The first 500 yards were straight on-up (like climbing Adam's peak?) exhausting any oxygen the more conscientious hashers had saved up from the previous night. (Your reluctant reporter started off 5 minutes after the pack so has no idea who the leaders were going up the hill.)

The first check-circle explained the chalky appearance of our hare--it was set in limestone (as an insurance against wind and mischievous villagers) to reduce confusion. Those with a devil-may-care attitude, however, paid no heed to the ominous sign, and the likes of Neep, Keep Fit, STP, and Double Dutchman were chasing every false trail laid. The more

cautious ones like Damp Squib, Fitta not Fatta, Superstar II, Lancelot, Hash Almanac, and the Pip kept a steady pace and were soon ahead of the heavies. Pukka Sahip and the Pilgrim, on the other hand, could not help but hold up the rear guard.

A new innovation by Running Bare, the "sniffing area," soon brought the pack together again. Calls of "Paper" were heard from every direction. The hares had the hashers with their noses to the ground like a pack of disoriented hounds. Lancelot (a master at setting sniffing areas) was the first to find his way out of the maze, followed closely by Hash Almanac, Damp Squib, and for the first time ever (and last) Pukka Sahib and the Pilgrim.

Through groves of pepper, cloves, and cocoa they went, confident that the worst was behind them--and the heavies surged into the lead again. Their enthusiasm was short-lived, however, when soon they came upon their second limestone check-circle. Undaunted the entire pack took what appeared to be the only possible course only to find that they had chosen what proved to be the longest false trail yet set. Un-back they did to find the hares comparing notes on the plethora of flora which surrounded them and grinning from ear to develish ear. Mercifully they directed the pack to the correct course, and more mercifully the course went downhill for the next mile. Not much running was required on this stretch as the overnight rains had turned the leaf-laden trail into a slippery slide.

The sign read "Lemonaders Left" (would they have made it up that first hill?) and "Main Run, Right," which meant the second leg had just commenced. To prove their mettle the heavies once again broke from the tightly-bunched pack. Over hill and dale they went with friendly villagers pointing the way and echoing the sounds of the pack's "on-on's."

The course hit asphalt for the first time, and all those who had been conserving their energy charged past the leaders (who appeared to have run their last false trail). Damp Squib, Fitta not Fatta, Hash Almanac, Superstar II, The Pip, Lancelot, and Yankee charged ahead leaving the rest to visions of an empty beer wagon on their arrival. Keep Fit and Double Dutchman, with hardly an ounce of energy left, were not about to throw in the towel. But another strategic false trail frustrated these efforts, and the pack was once again together to negotiate what looked like the final assault on Everest.

At the summit the pack encountered the second "sniffing area" and were treated to a most spectacular view of Victoria Dam and its surroundings. The sign said "all non-sniffers enjoy the view," and Lancelot, The Pip, and Yankee, taking a welcome reprieve, did just that. The hares joined in, knowing full well that it would be awhile before the pack sniffed their way out of the maze they had laid.

Someone shouted, "Watch out for snakes." However, a consoling voice assured all that snakes abhor lemon grass. What he failed to tell us was that wild boar could not care less. A loud grunt followed by an even louder shriek had the pack scampering in all directions, and the trail downhill was quickly discovered. The heavies were heavy all over after 50 minutes of running, and the pack stayed together all the way downhill.

More asphalt and more friendly villagers--this time offering generous portions of rambutans to the pack. But sensing an end to the torture, the

pack had other libations on their minds and politely declined the red and yellow hairy things. The hares however knew better and did accept. Unable to even keep pace with the hares, Neep, Pilgrim, and Pukka Sahib (who had by now twisted both ankles and both wrists) took their cue from the hares and followed suit.

Mercifully there were no more false trails (had there been it would not have mattered since the pack had already smelled the frothy stuff and were ready to trek through peoples' bedrooms to reach it in the shortest distance). More aromatic groves of pepper, cocoa, coffee, and cloves. Rounding the corner the three tombs were sighted (although the pack were ready for graves by this time), and the pack arrived just in time to catch the lemonaders unlocking the tailgate of "the wagon." An excellent run!

Run No.98 - COCOA not so RAMA

Off raced the pack eager as ever, straight up the track and into a temple for pirith. It was Super Star and Hash Almanack who led the congregation out along the bunds to a blob of papier mâché in mid stream; the hounds sniffing here and there appeared lost, it was the leanest, meanest and hungerest STP who eventually found an ON-UP. Through paddy fields, mud and water we ploughed, once fleetingly seeing Stars and Stripes attending a mobile workshop whilst knee deep in the subject. Hound Lancelot was suffering from a case of déjà vu, to dog him the whole day. Flying past went the Double Dutchman, taking the pack ON-UP yet further.

This was the longest ON-UP ever, but Neep, Interflora and Keep Fit were striding ahead as if on a Sunday walk (which it was). Coming to a road a brief respite for all as they looked right and left and everywhere else besides. Then the rock climbing began (good practice for the 99th I might add). This was to prove too much for many and the pack was never as tight again, until after the DOWN-DOWN of course. Running Bear was no longer running, Superstar had slipped back from his early lead, the two novices were showing the strain as well. Then it was UP-UP and yet more UP-UP through the mottliest cocoa this side of Suez, distressing Pukka Sahib so much he completely forgot the hash. Half way up sat Lancelot, still suffering from déjà vu.

DOWN sprinted the main pack as fast as their legs could take them, along a false trail of course; so ON-BACK to the road and a steady jog to the thoughts of the beer wagon, still far, far away. There was the 'rama promised, but through the haze of heat, dust and sweat it passed unnoticed.

Running Bear had disappeared, Damp Squib was getting anxious, he could see the banner headlines of this scribe, "first hound lost by VH3", but soon he found the errant hound, the worse for wear after a very social survey of the area. The novices, thinking this par for the course, raced on to join the pack.

At last the beer wagon could be sighted in the far distance, but first there was the maze of bunds to cross, how many short cutters were there really? All were desperate for their DOWN-DOWNS but the harder they tried to find the way out the further it seemed. Much mud later they all staggered in, followed by laggards with the hare snapping at their heels.

Judging by the difficulty all had in getting out of the car park after the DOWN-DOWN, it was a fine hash. Congrats to the hare.

RUN NO. 98 - LEMONADE RUN

Had we gathered on this sunny morning for a game of volleyball? Oh, no - oh, oh, it was one of those Sunday Hashes - and as the Hares cried on-on the pack set off en masse. Some of the hardier (fool hardier?) lemonaders forged ahead with the main runners to the first check circle, where sense prevailed and instead of on-up they turned right and led by John Cleese, Bumble, High Tension and The Child it was on-down, and down, and down only to be confronted by the inevitable bar and an about turn on back to find the Hare smugly indicating a concealed path to the right.

The lemonaders then found themselves not tiptoeing through the tulips, but through the tobacco and on-up to a grassy clearing. After falling foul of numerous false trails, which allowed time for the rest of the pack to catch up and the Hare to contemplate his navel in the shade of a convenient tree, John Cleese hit the jackpot and led the way to sample the now mandatory Hash View. After appreciative noises amid the sound of rasping lungs it was on-down a steep slope where some "SCB's" - including Capt. Birdseye - were spotted exploring a more dare-devil route. At the bottom it was left along a track and there in front(!) were Oil Drum, Tick Tock and Puffa - had they sprouted wings on their feet or been spirited there by the Hare? - answers on a postcard, please.

Having coaxed a reluctant buffalo from the prescribed route, the pack set off across fields and up onto the road. Plod and Goldilocks struck out up the hill much to the consternation of an oncoming CTB Bus and then turned right and down to the paddy again. Confusion reigned once more with the front runners splitting left and right - highly suspicious by this time of anything the Hare said - finally electing to go left, and led by Parleyvoo skirted the paddy; The Child, Plod and Steadfast close behind. At this point Bumble was seen setting a determined trail on a higher path. Ignoring the shouts of those below - had she switched her hearing aid off? - she disappeared only to reappear atop the paddy terraces to observe the rest of the pack following paper on-up.

The Hare then engineered another wheeze leading the lemonaders in circles down onto the road and back up again, everyone successfully dodging the UFO's hurled from the undergrowth. Then delighted to find familiar scenery, the pace quickened (well, slightly!) and it was on-in. Our thanks to Fitta not Fatta for a picturesque and very enjoyable Hash.

The Hash Oder's poetic pen has been working flat out composing songs, sonnets and salutations fit for forthcoming fantastic festivities.

For all those who did not attend Run No. 97, and for all those who did, but who dashed for shelter when the rain came on at the second bar (No, there weren't two beer wagons!) the words are recorded for posterity below.

Hash Song - to the tune of "Galway Bay"

If you ever go a-Hashing at Victoria
You're sure to meet some very queer folks
At the On-on, at the main and lemonade runs
At the Down-down while imbibing beers and cokes

You must watch out for Damp Squib - he'll take your money
That Celtic Hash Grand Master Lancelot
Will make awful jokes in Gibberish and Gaelic
And there's Sam the Pipe - he's just a harmless clot

Some of them turn up in hats like Pukkah Sahib
Occasionally with Teepol on their shoes
Some wear teeshirts from their US Alma Maters
And all have halitosis from the booze.

You'll be forced to hear trash composed by Bumble
You'll see a most peculiar Almanack
And the federal Stars and Stripes flag will be flying
As Pilgrim Minor leads the motley pack

You'll get wet and filthy, scratched and torn and tattered
But if you're a Hasher you won't mind a bit
You will even learn to love the bloody leeches
'Cos it's all good fun and helps you to Keep Fit.

! STOP PRESS !

Wild boar on rampage

(Peradeniya correspondent)

The wild-boar roaming along the Hantane hills have begun to descend to the villages below during night and destroy plantations.

The wild boar which breed in abundance do not spare any cultivations in the Godawela, Nillambe, Palle Deltota, Mahakanda, Hindagala, Kalugamuwa Payangamuwa, Doluwa and Wariyapola villages.

The cultivators have therefore asked the Agricultural Development Authority for guns and ammunition to destroy them.

Could this be the hares, recceing Run No 99?