

THE SAGA OF THE IN YOUR AUGURAL....HASH C.H.4...MAY 30,1988.

The trail was laid on Sunday we were told. A most unlikely tale as any true Hashman would not stop drinking on a Sunday to lay a trail that could be laid in five minutes on Monday. The place to meet was the Foreshores at 5 p.m..... or was it the central car park?..... or was it at 5 a.m?. Any and all were right, and as such had been announced during the week. No Wonder there was a select 17, 18 or 19 who turned up to participate. (All false clues were given out to ensure that only those capable of keeping 'on the right track' did in fact turn up!) All of the above information and figures were bandied about on Monday Night. And again all of them are true depending on which non official official you were listening to at the time.

The only true, and recorded for prosperity undisputable facts never to be questioned again, are that the Hash Housers assembled to ON ON at 5.30p.m., Seven continued onon, on down, on in, and on guiness and cider, until the Pier closed and then the run was finally on finished at 3 a.m.....

we think. After all, time is only relative and it was 3-o'clock somewhere in the world. Enquires have been made about the possibility of this being entered in the Guinness Book of Hash as the longest marathon inaugural hash run in history.....(Kevin assures us, however, that we are sure to have some competition from the Moses marathon paper chase which meandered for forty years across the desert. We could protest on the grounds that this is not on record as an official event, and ours indeed, is. Besides which, Moses' was done on motorbikes the roar of his Triumph being heard throughout all Egypt).

The 17,18 or 19 Hashers (It has just been noted that the official number probably was 20) who On Run were led by Kerry who kept playing with his Horn all around the Hash. This playing was encouraged by numerous dogs, and observed by suspiciously concealed veranda dwellers who secreted themselves behind bushes wondering what the hell was going on in their neighbourhood. (These were obviously uneducated and ill informed newcomers to the district who had not yet learnt that all true Coffs Harbourites always read their ADVOCATE and would have been forewarned about the impending danger to themselves and their neighbourhood on Ongoing Monday nights).

Further shouts from the Hash Band of ON ON and ON UP were taken by Kerry as encouragement to continue. Hashers were encouraged by Grand Master David that the run was a meagre 4 hash Ks.We've now learnt the formulae for a hash K.

Step one: Assess number of runners present. (n)
Step two: Calculate amount of grog in esky. (g)
Step three: Assume a 4 knot sou' westerly. (4k)

- Step four: Take 18.3 degrees celsius to be (w)
constant C.H.4.conditions
- Step five: Runners will need one beer per (cr)
killometre walked.
- Step six: Subtract your own beer from total.(sh)

This produces the formulae:

$$\{ [(n \times 4g \times 4k) + w + cr] - sh \}$$

Now, to get run distance, write the formula on paper, light the barbeque with the paper, then think of any number the silly bastards will believe and that becomes the official distance travelled. Let it be known that on this inaugural run, while the official distance travelled was recorded as 4ks, not all the silly bastards were fully convinced that we ran this far!

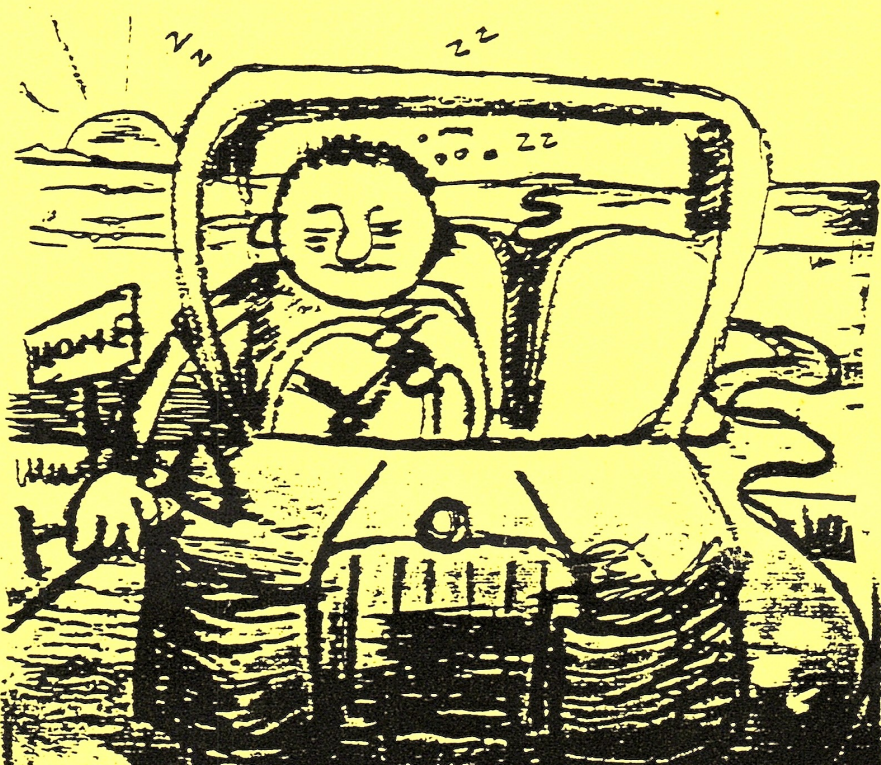
Let it be further recorded for posterity that all Hashers who Started, finished.....some in better condition than others.....even those short cutting bastards who didn't get caught.

Prize Hasher of the night goes to Hasher Donk who slept in his car to ensure he'd be awake to go to work in the morning.

Second prize goes to Hasher Kamal, who was so invigorated by the previous night's exercise that he ran again in the morning ...to the pub to collect the car!

Some Hashers actually were found on the squash courts on Tuesday evening... which only goes to prove, there can be life after Hash ache.

Let's hope C.H.4 goes on..and on.... and on..... while we keep in mind the inspiring inaugural words of Ken that Monday night can never again be used for anything else.



RUMOUR HAS THAT ONE
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