

HASHINGS

February 1, 1986

RECEDING HARE LINE

Run No. 79

Sunday, February 9, 1986 at 3.00 p.m.

Directions :-

	Mile	Km
Turn right at Digana Village gate	0	0
Through old Digana, fork right towards Project Office	0.5	0.8
At Mahaberiatenne Junction fork right	1.9	3.1
Park beside chevette	3.8	6.1

Hares : Marathon Man and Marathon Man (what a performer).

Run No. 80 - Sunday, February 23. Hares. Wife of Bath, Puffa and Late Starter. T Shirts sponsored by Balfour Beatty Nuttall.

Run No. 81 - Sunday, March 9. Hares. Hash Almanack and Scotch Jock.

Run No. 82 - Sunday, March 23. Hares. Bandy Berty and his Appropriate Technology.

RUN REPORT

Run No. 78 : 'Heart Burns' - Sunday, January 26th
Hares : Smer Tars Franglais, Pilgrim and Pilgrim Minor

The hares on this run should be either congratulated or showered with French abuse!! (whichever you consider suitable!). The trail was in fact excellently laid with enough false trails to keep everyone fairly close together - and that includes a number of lemonaders who ultimately completed the course of the main run!!

More than forty souls collected near the Planter's Club on "a morning after the night before" for the ON-ON and set off past the school before cutting back to follow the trail up to the village water storage area - Late Starter was seen to start later than usual and it is possible that he was sleep walking!

On-On out of the gates to a devious false trail that led upward and it was here that Hash Almanack decided to part company from the rest and find the right trail. Late Starter pursued him along with Pilgrim Minor as the trail followed the new road into the valley only to find the paper vanish and a sense of confusion set in. A 'check back' to a previously passed crossroad found the smug hare directing members of the pack onto yet another false trail before the real trail was eventually found.

The paper went ON-UP, as did the pack with Geoffrey to the fore and Stars and Stripes, Rising Damp, High Tension, Keep Fit, novice Sauerkraut and others close behind. Upon reaching the escarpment at the top, the paper vanished again and there was much hustle and bustle around as the trail was sought by all. Cries of ON-ON from below were initially ignored as all the main runners were at the top still looking (it was later revealed that the hare

had intentionally encouraged some lemonaders onto a particular track running around the hillside that short cut the trail). But it was ON-DOWN past other startled lemonaders negotiating the steep track to the paddy below where we found the Swagman under his Koolibar Tree!! A little confusion set in at this point as our main run lemonaders failed to decipher the hares written instructions (a common problem within BBN as far as the individual concerned!) and they turned right instead of going straight on. So it was off across the paddy with the pack in pursuit of Plod, Parleyvoo, Ethnic Minority and the Rabble Rowers. MarathonMan and his heir were also present but from which trail one wonders! The false trails to the left of the paddy kept Late Starter fully occupied whilst Hash Almanack and others, took a breather or two (or three or more!). The paper also deceived Stars (or was it Stripes?), Rising Damp, Geoffrey and Keep Fit so well as to give the local monks cause to worry about the pack roering up the steps of their temple, but they had faith in the fact that the hare was an irreligious sort. By this time everyone was getting scent of the run for home and sure enough Geoffrey charged through the spicey undergrowth to chase the trail ON-IN but it was eventually Keep Fit followed by Rising Damp who blazed the way up the Kandy Road and back into the Village after a very satisfactory hash.

LEMONADE RUN

An encouragingly large turnout assembled at the On-On for Run No. 78 near the Digana Planter's Club. Surprisingly large too, considering the ethnic ceremonials that many of the Victorians had been acting out in the night and morning before. Smar Tars Franglais mumbled something in french (or was it Cockney) to which nobody paid any attention.

Apparently non the worse for the Scottish trotting, the entire pack set off for a wander round the village. Or so it seemed, until the real purpose became apparent, that the intention was to inflict the maximum morning disturbance on sundry pre-selected village residents. Let it be recorded that noticeably vociferous in this respect were the Pilgrims, the Confectioners, the Conductors, the R.S.M. and the Astro-physicists; in fact nearly everybody, with the demi-hare, Smar Tars Franglais inciting the chorus of the mob.

With common trails to start with, lemonaders and main runners were indistinguishable. Later on they became even less distinguished amid charges and counter charges of a short cut of scurrilously laid paper alluring quasi-lemonaders onto the main run.

The route led past the water tank out of the top gate. Newcomers Plod, Puffa, Pot Black and Parleyvoo showed up strongly together with the oldcomers Marathon Man, Mini Mars and the Electrozooms.

The trail led onto, and along, the recently improved estate road, past sundry boutiques and labour lines. Appropriate Technology, making a first appearance and introduced and accompanied by Grecian 2000, was restrained from rushing in and doing his stuff.

A well placed check circle had the entire front of the pack carrying straight ON, -on a lengthly false trail. The real trail was right, providing an opportunity for the more peregrinous lemonaders like Swagman + Joey and Bandy Bert + Gingerbread II to re-establish their position in the vanguard.

The trail hairpinned back (suspicious that) up into the coconut plantation bestraddling the escarpment (poetic that !) where again the paper had the pack confused and regrouped. Eventually the narrow winding trail down the far side was discovered leading to THE paddy about which Smar Tars Frençlais had apparently parlez-voused back at the ON-ON. The truth may never be known but one thing for sure, Pilgrim's name was down amongst the paddy roots as he was subjected to the ultimate punishment - public derision and estrangement. The outcome of this confusion however was that Plod, Parleyvoo, Ethnic Minority, and sundry others were able to uplift themselves into the higher echelons of hashing. Hurrah, Hurraaash.

It was left to the more prosaic to find the right trail to the left at the paddy (Irish that!) and round by the mulberry bushes at the silk farm wherefrom they were conveyed by a Chariot of Fire (judging by all the black smoke at the back) to the Down-Down.