

# HASHINGS

March 3, 1986

Thanks and a special mention are due to Balfour Beatty Nuttall for sponsoring T-Shirts for run No. 80 and thereby contributing to its success.

Anybody else with contacts who could be cadjoloed/flattered/bullied into sponsoring a future T-shirt .... please step forward.

## RECEDING HARE LINE

Run No. 81 "Paddy's Elysian Fields"

Date : Sunday, March 9, 1986 at 10.30 a.m.

Directions :	Mile	Km
Turn right at Digana Village gate	0	0
Carry straight on at converging fork	0.4	0.6
Turn left in Old Digana Town Park beside white Chevette near where new road first meets reservoir	0.5	0.8
	2.5	4.0

Hares : Hash Almanack, Scotch Jock and Late Starter.

Run No. 82. Easter Sunday, March 30, 1986. Hares : Bandy Berty and the Swagman. This run will be followed by a BBQ at Hotel Suisse. Names to the mismanagement or Steve Kemper please.

Run No. 83. Sunday, April 13, 1986. (Date to be confirmed - Sinhala/Tamil New Year). Hare : Rising Damp.

## RUN REPORT

Run No. 80 - Digana Dash

23<sup>rd</sup> February 1986. Hares - Wife of Bath, Puffa and Late Starter

For this much awaited occasion, the ranks of the V.H.M.M.'s were greatly swelled by the arrival of several Kotmale Kowboys and C.E.C. Sparks, and this large and motley collection assembled at Digana under a clear blue sky and the watchful gaze of the supermarket staff. OH-OH was called and it was off round the back of the hospital, a quick trot alongside the bou dery fence, onto the road and up to the clubhouse. The trail was soon found and it was OH-OH to the car park followed by a noisy OH-IN to the Cowie residence. Unfortunately, the attendant staff had only a broom to hand and not the customary tray of drinks so it was a

quick ON-OUT and off to the balls-up on Bougainvillea. Here, the lack of paper succeeded in dispersing the confused pack hither and thither, even the Hare was perplexed, but after a lengthy search the trail was found and it was ON- ON back to the start. Alas, no Down-Downs ensued as the village lap was only a taste of things to come. At this point, Marathon Man commandeered a Land Rover and Keep Fit deemed it to be a suitable time to join in with the proceedings.

ON- OUT through the gates, accross the road and up the track we went, until a sharp left turn was required to take us into the wild and woolly countryside. The pack was being ably led by Smar Tars Franglais and Geoffrey, the latter, with his cunning linguistic ability, seeking advice and direction from the indigenous population. However, a faulty tip-off and the consequent run in the wrong direction allowed the rest of the pack to catch up and re-group. ON-DOWN it was into thick, prickly bushes and shrubs, much confusion and numerous calls of ON-BACK from the grinning Hare.

Lancelot, Hash Almanac and Marathon Man were in full cry and this stalwart group sped on to the next check. The devious false trails took their toll this time and again the pack was split. Straight on it should have been though, ON-DOWN the steps to a well, complete with bathing beauties, and ON-UP a hillside trail.

At the top, a great pile of trail paper resembling a bar caused much bewilderment and heavy losses but it was straight through and ON-DOWN to the main road. Spark led the way along the road and to a surprise meeting with a likely lot of Lemonaders. Rumour has it that some Lemonaders lost their sense (of direction?) and joined the main run and that Marathon Man and Lancelot, who were clearly beginning to falter, had to be helped along by their offspring.

ON-IN followed along the ON-OUT trail which completely baffled Spark who, when confronted with an arrow in reverse, went left and set off along the Lemonade Run. Geoffrey, still not fully recovered from a bad bout of Tumbling Disease (a common ailment in Negombo), led the way home closely followed by the rest of the pack.

This well attended run was followed by much Down-Downing, eating, drinking and a kindly donated T- shirt.

## The real 'main' run

The time has now come to do something about the names of the two different runs. I suggest that we put it to the vote what should be called the main run. After last weeks turn out for the two events, I have no doubt what the result would be if we decide the democratic way. Furthermore I have always resented the obligation the name of the shorter run puts on me and others to drink lemonade, when all we really feel like after the supreme effort of dragging our off- spring around the dusty countryside in the baking sun, is gallons of cool beer.

Apart from this, we all rejoiced last week to see a lot of newcomers to the circle of passionate hashers. One of the more experienced hashers suggested, without any malice whatsoever, that we should bring along smelling salts in case we were to assist any newcomer overcome by the exertions.

Fortunately this was not necessary. The numerous false trails, of which your scribe, in the true spirit of the fun, managed to explore a few, only added to the amusement and showed our new participants that this is the only sensible way to spent a Sunday afternoon.

Otherwise the slopes were gentle, the ON UPS were easy, the ON DOWNS enjoyable. Our usual fan crowd had turned out in good numbers to cheer us on on the rather long route. Even being overtaken by the mainrunners at the dusty cricket pitch did not mar our pleasure in seeing Digana ahead holding the promise of lots of lovely cold lemonade.

The DOWN DOWNS had two memorable elements, saying good bye to Marathon man, Mars, mini and micro. It has been great knowing them, and I am sure that Inverness will be a better place for having them. The last DOWN DOWN was for the sponsor of this hash, who had donated very nice shirts for the participants. And the the final reward, a lovely barbecue with all the trimmings, ending an altogether very enjoyable hash.