

Curiosity and excitement over what would Be Announced brought a record (?) turnout of some 70 Hashers, Has-Been Hashers and Would-Be Hashers. The First Announcement was: "To Be Announced" has been changed to "Temple Trot." Hare Damp Squib's description of Temple Trot was simple: At the first temple, its ON-ON; at the second temple, its ON-ON; and if you reach a third temple, its OH-OH and NO-NO -- even Damp Squib's false trails don't go that far.

Off the road and down through the paddy fields went the hashers on the main run, led by Lancelot, slowly walking at the tail of the pack, blowing his horn in the wrong direction, and saving his energy to let others pursue false trails. Arrows pointing left and right at the same time divided the pack, but a timely ON-ON from those on the left saved Smar Tars Franglais from a trot down the Lemonade Run.

After slipping and sliding across the paddy bunds (was that Beefix who slid off one bund and went ON-DOWN into the stream?), ON-ON changed to ON-UP and ON-UP and ON-UP and UP and UP and UP. The Invisible Man was seen disappearing into the clouds, while Stripes (of Stars and Stripes fame) accused Damp Squib of having moved Adam's Peak to Digana. To the top at last, and through a spice garden down to a check circle. Puzzled hashers scattered in several directions. The route up seemed most promising, and was even better when it started down again. With no bar in sight, the shouts of ON-ON grew louder and stronger until the path led back to the same check circle. Confusion reigned supreme, until Lancelot came up the trail and took a sharp left, finding some paper no one had spotted.

ON-ON and up to a paved road, where Hash Almanack was spotted getting a lift on a passing lorry. He only got off when he saw the rest of the pack overtaking the lorry as it chugged up the steep road. It was ON-ON to temple number 1 (the sun was getting hot). ON-ON to temple number 2 (the sun was getting hotter). ON-ON to a bar -- and no check circle!. ON-BACK to the rest of the pack, searching for the paper marking the real trail. And finally it was ON-IN, across the last of the paddy fields and back to the road, where the large group that had gone on the Lemondade run were waiting for us. Waiting and drinking. Something really should be done about all these people going on the Lemondade run just so they can drink up all the beer before those that really deserve it get back.

Now regarding the Lemondade Run, your faithful scribe has little to report because he wasn't there -- and therefore could not guarantee the same degree of accuracy of reporting as for the Main Run. But rumor has it that Hare Electrozoom was stingy with the paper, with the result that Mermaid and Gingerbread II wound up at temple number 3. Who knows -- if Pilgrim and Parleyvoo hadn't gone out looking for them, they might be there yet.

After having rested from all of the ON-ON and UP-UP of the Temple Trot, everyone was ready for the DOWN-DOWN time -- with what little was left to go DOWN-DOWN. After due tribute to the harey villains of the day, a large group of novices was welcomed in the traditional fashion. Then a certain individual who shall remain nameless, but who is a close relative of The Invisible Man, and who stole Lancelot's car keys in hopes of getting all the beer -- was brought before the group and duly chastised. He was so embarrassed that half of his beer went DOWN-DOWN the front of his shirt, and he promised to stop stealing keys until Run 84. Finally there was a farewell down-down for Electro- and Electr²zoom and their little zooms, Terrier and Sniffer Dog, who will soon be zooming off from this fair isle, and heading for another.

Your scribe has one final note. There were too many people on this run who have NO names. How can a faithful scribe report on the activities of the Nameless Ones? We need a Naming Committee to see that these people are assigned proper names. I refuse to be on the committee, but I'll start the job by signing off as.

Lillen

LEMONADE RUN

If the last hash was almost 'the hash that never was' then this one was in similar vein, except that while the hashmobile this time made it on time, several hashers almost didn't, going through the trauma of getting lost before arrival at the starting point due to the wide range of accuracy*!!*! of their respective vehicle trip meters. It soon became clear, however that, success only could come of such a large turnout of eager keep-fit enthusiasts whose only thought was the enjoyment of a strenuous several mile hike in the overpowering mid-day heat of the sun, which left no doubts as to its power on this particular day. A crowd of forty nine men, women and children ' (excluding local supporters who far outnumbered them) milling around, impatient for the off, had come from all points of the globe, including Kandy and Digana, with nationalities including American, Australian, Belgian, Danish, Dutch, English, German, Irish, Mauritian, New Zealand, Scottish and Welsh (apologies for any omissions).

With the main runners safely despatched and out of sight, and safe from the possibility of being trampled into the dirt by this motley bunch, the cry of ON-ON was given, and the great lemonade expedition got under way, with our trusty regular trail-blazers well to the fore, including Plod and Parleyvoo. The paper trail soon left the road, leading down a short sharp drop which led to some hashers resorting to their second mode of forward progress (the bum), and then across a vast expanse of open paddy fields. This had the usual effect of stringing the field of participants well out, so that the back markers, Scotch Jock and Pot-Black could take their usual advantage of the eagerness of the front-runner to solve all the false trails - not that they didn't really want to do it themselves of course!!?! - but only so that they could assist Electrozoom to shepherd in the early stragglers including Sniffer Dog, My Life and Mermaid, and their own better halves. A check circle central in the paddy fields however enabled the tail-end stragglers to catch up with the main pack and find many of them forming the spokes of a cartwheel as they fanned out on several false trails. The confident shout of ON-ON however soon gathered the rapidly dispersing pack back to the check point from where the paper led alongside a stream and into the welcome shade of a wooded area. With Pilgrim, Wife of Bath Miss Huntley

and A Postle following a large number of our newly joined Brethren, Electrozoom and Terrier, the track led up a (fortunately) dry water course of considerable gradient, that fairly taxed the knee joints of many, who were gratified to reach a track on a more level keel and with some shade. The track skirted the paddy unobstrusively leading our staunch trekkers to the other side of the valley, ^{on} route negotiating some stiff climbs. More check circles were encountered and mastered, the path-finders disappearing over the horizon, and the tail-enders including Leprechaun, Nessie and Kangus, having now to check out some side trails where paper had been cleverly dropped on the junctions. For the tired, and there were more than a few, it was somewhat off-putting to look across the valley and to see some considerable distance away the hash start and finishing point. However, undaunted the pack with ^{Marion} Marietius, Stripes, Bandy Bertie, Gingerbread II and flock, pressed on down, passing a temple with bemused priests and local residents looking on and giving (various alternative) directions. Paper eventually did take one of the side paths, along an excellent concrete paved and shaded path until it met a stream where it branched upwards, rejoining paddy fields and a track skirting them. Towards the front of the pack were the Raft, Oil Drum and Tick-Tock, following Swagman and Joey. Still well strung out, others including The Original Gingerbread, Bonanza, The Galloping Major, and the Galloping Mistress, ^{The Monarch} pressed on towards the last leg over open paddy, which was again subject to the blazing sun, sapping the last energies of many. The main runners came past at this stage, many feeling the heat and the effects of the distance run, and some doing a running battle to hang onto their headgear which some local residents not only took a fancy to, but took in the real sense of the word, vanishing into the under-growth with same. At long last, after a struggle up the final slope, the stragglers joined the earlier finishers, including Ethnic Minority, John Cleese, Bumble, Beetle and Sauerkraut at the hashmobile where, though the unexpectedly large turnout of the day quickly depleted the soft drinks, a beer went down very well!!

Swagman?

Bumble
Beetle