

9th September, 1986

RECEDING HARE LINE

RUN NO. 93 : Jack and Jill

Sunday, 14th September at 10.30 a.m.

Directions: (from Kandy)

Km

Miles

From Temple of the Tooth take the lakeside road leading to Ampitiya.

At the roundabout near the end of the lake (near childrens playground) set tripmeter to zero and carry straight on (signpost to 'Royal Tourist Hotel')

0

0

Fork right uphill

1.3

0.8

Pass temple complex

2.0

1.3

Follow road up hill to white Chevette

5.0

3.1

Travelling time: 12 minutes from roundabout
30 minutes from Digana

Hares: Hash Almanack and Pot Black

RUN REPORT

Run No. 92 : Kundasale Caravan

Sunday, 24th August 1986 .

Hares : Puffa, Marietius, Small Change, Damp Squib

Main Run

The false trails began early, i.e. before we'd got parked, due to 'over bridge with earthworks' proving impossible on the day due to rapid soil reproduction which resulted in 'earthworks over bridge'.

Fortunately, all negotiated the revised route without too much difficulty and soon it was On-On, single file, into the paddy. Considerable local interference with the paper and direction arrows caused a great deal of confusion throughout, bringing numerous calls of On-BACK from the harrowed hares. Nevertheless, this large and cumbersome pack was ably led by stalwarts such as Sauerkraut, Hash Almanack and Stars and Stripes who used their extensive knowledge and experience to the full and found most of the false trails.

After a lengthy run skirting the paddy it was on to tar and a medium climb ON-UP to the first temple. The Kotmale crowd, comprising Post Tension, High Tension, Blondie, Neep and Nag did their fair share of foraging and novices Eeni, Meeni and Gaucho seemed to be enjoying their first outing even if not fully understanding all the directions, cries, shouts and blasphemy.

ON-DOWN from the temple and a sharp left turn back into paddy, The Pip only just finding it in time. ON-ON past the Lemonaders with Flod, Parleyvoo, Simon, Holy Man and a visiting Deep Throat keeping the middle of the pack in good order. Loud cries of "Are you checking" in a broad Geordie accent left us in no doubt as to the whereabouts of the hare. Up and down past houses and shops with the Flying and Double Dutchmen in fine voice trying to encourage a few grunts of "ON-ON" from the motley crew. Farmhand made his own shandy run and got a little lost whilst the rest of us went up some steps and ON-ON to temple number two. Hash Almanack, claiming to know the way, did a fine job in taking a large portion of the gullible pack in completely the wrong direction whilst the rest went back past the temple. ON-DOWN over the earthworks bridge, ON-UP to a final check and ON-IN at last to the beer wagon.

Pot Black, the latest Hash Voice, conducted the proceedings admirably which comprised a lengthy series of Down-Downs and much singing. Another good turn out boding well for the completion of number 100.

Lemonade Run - 21/8/86

Getting to the start was a confusing task. Arrows pointed in the wrong direction leading the stream of cars to a dead end. The pranks of local people--it was a sign of things to come.

There was a good turn out with a few newcomers to swell the ranks. It was a bright and pleasant day for a brisk run. Sword and Mynee tore ahead and were fast out of sight. Scabbard followed with a spurt of initial energy, but but could not keep up with the leaders. The main pack were slow to follow finding it more interesting to get acquainted with Flamenco but soon found themselves led along a false trail until Puffa and Marietius helped to put them back on track. From whence Deuce took the lead, diverted the little uns in the wrong direction again, partly through the urgings of Deuce and the 'on on' of the bewildered spectators. Running along the narrow paths between rice paddies the front runners found themselves in a cabbage patch. Flamenco having lost track of her little uns lost interest in the rest until she found her flock and continued on track satisfied that they could not get too far out of reach. Pot Black meanwhile continued at steady pace with Chopsticks close behind, unruffled at the lack of paper which the intrigued spectators had swept up in a housekeeping job. Round the bend to the main road and uncertainty again. No paper and many paths to follow, the main pack rested while the eager beavers looked for signs of the trail. Far down the path 'on on' again and the main pack rose somewhat reluctantly to follow the frontrunner. Single file along the rice paddies on one side and a muddy stream on the other the runners continued, but stopped short to allow a herd of main runners following

closely at their heels to pass lest they be shoved into the mud on either side. As the main runners sped passed the lemonaders watched in awe and scepticism. When the final runner was out of sight the lemonaders regained their consciousness and took up the trail soon to discover they were being led in the wrong direction by a overanxious mainrunner who had lost his pack. Unruffled and persistent Deuce continued round the bend down the hill to the unexpected but welcome finish. Thanks to the hares it was a pleasant trail.