

Run No. 94 - September 18th 1986

Hares : Raft, Oil Drum, Lancelot

### Main Run

.... So there we were, all brightly clad in dazzling rinsobright strips, kicking our Bata specials waiting for the hare, or tortoise, to appear. Lancelot sauntered round the corner suitably crimson with all hairs clipped into order. We scented the challenge, already kept waiting and champing at the bits, we trotted off.

All four Musketeers stayed as one. Almanack, STP, Damp Squib and Fitta not Fatta were foxed at the Start.

Looking like tea pluckers colourfully scattered across the hill, paper was spotted in many directions. Just Deuce and Advantage, soon to leave the island for hasher hashes, were dashing away, but it was Neep, Blondie and Thrice Throater that led us on. On-up, across sheer rock ghekko style, we scrambled. Raft, Pilgrim Major and Minor enjoyed the clone formation with Grecian 2000 latching on to the veteran pathfinders.

Silence. "Where are you?" No pack in sight but distant cries of 'Where's hare' drifted across the valley. The pack milled about looking hopelessly lost. Inappropriate Technology and the Carpenter, both experts in the field failed to calm the rising panic. The Raft drifted in, took the helm and steered the pack clear of an early mooring.

The meeting of the hares caused hearty banter. Luckily Gaucho had taken Eny far from the madding mix-up. Thick undergrowth impeded the pace, but with legs scratched and shirts torn the Hashers hacked on.

On-ouch-On through the coffee plantation, dodging and skipping across an exhausted brick graveyard. On and up into broader views, Yankee finding top gear and making for the river along with Pukka Sahib. Advantage, practising for the Ganges, surprised the mid-morning bathers by having a quick dip.

A muddy stream stretched across the track, making some Hashers stop and think for a micro-second, two refused and floundered. STP, footless and fancy free, grappled with his lost and rapidly sinking plimsole to carry on plod-squelch, plod-squelch.

The final dash was perked up with Lancelot making full use of his abnormal lung capacity.

It was decided, after the success of an innovative experiment, to use yellow lorries instead of check circles in future, The cab faced the opposite direction to where the runners should proceed on this occasion, but that will not be compulsory.

All runners in and taking the fortified waters. All seemed pleased with a varied, rugged and interesting chase.

## Lemonade Run

On a rare sunny day, an enthusiastic pack gathered around the hares to await instructions. There were none! However, this time, the intrepid band of lemonaders set off first, down through pleasant countryside.

After ambling along (sorry, running) for a few minutes, the pack began to wonder if this was to be the shortest run in history. For who should we meet running in, but the 'A Team' - Hannibal, Face, Murdoch and B.A. alias Damp Squib, Hash Almenack, Fitta not Fatta and STP. Had we surprised them on a secret mission? No! They had just wandered onto the wrong trail. No comment from this reporter.

Soon afterwards, the pack encountered its first false trail, Bumble and John Cleese sniffing out trails like bloodhounds. Surprisingly, Wife of Bath and A. Postle (up from "the smoke") spotted the correct trail and having done their bit, retired to the back. The trail continued much to everyones relief, on the level. Miss Huntley and Tick Tock chose to go native and remove their shoes. Cosy and Pitter Patter strolled along in the morning sunshine thinking of the Sunday roast back in the oven at Digana. Parleyvoo and Pot Black rushed past, obviously on their way to the local for a pint.

All was well with the world until the sound of frantic cries from the hare awoke the pack from their reverie. We were going the wrong way! Nothing unusual about that, I hear you say. Wife of Bath was dispatched to retrieve the pack. Tick Tock, being indisposed, opted for a short cut on the hare's back. Of course half the pack had disappeared by then into the wild blue yonder. The remainder, led by Cosy and Pitter Patter returned to the correct trail followed by Doodle, Dandy and the Sword.

It was on up the hill to a stile which led us into the run in. However, the way was blocked by a rather large vehicle. Undaunted, the pack 'leapt' over the hedge onto the road and it was 'On in', only to find half the pack already at the beer wagon. Others were arriving from all directions. Accusations of cheating were hurled left, right and centre; but your correspondent knows who was correct. 'She was there!' However, after refreshments, everyone agreed it had been a light hearted and thoroughly enjoyable hash. Well done, Oil Drum.

## Run No. 100 - T-Shirts

A special commemorative T-shirt with original designs back and front will be available to celebrate the 100th Run. Production is unsponsored on this occasion so you will have to pay up. Cost will be approximately Rs. 80 ± Rs. 10 for larger and smaller sizes. There will be no restriction on the number you can order. The order book will open shortly.