

HASH REPORT ; RUN NO. 84 "ANBLAMANA"

It was hot. It was very hot. Waiting for the hare. Why should we wait for the hare? He wasn't there - Intermediate (inappropriate) technology still setting the trail; Franglais waiting impatiently when, with sudden inspiration, he thought of a solution. Being a bit weak in the Queen's English anyway, he had an excuse to mix CON and DI-verge (what's that in French?) We were supposed to diverge with the Lemonade Run and then Diverge; is that it? But what's that he's doing now -- sprinkling little bits of paper around the well? But the hash hasn't started yet? Yes, yes, it had, but very slowly as a contingent Stars and Stripes sniffed the lower trail, fortuitously avoiding a longer march on-on-on-Up where S.T.P., Damp Squib, Hash Almanack et al seemed to be running an awfully long way just to have to turn around again and come on-on-on-Down to where all had started and Franglais looking smug, pointing yet another way; the way the Lemonaders had come, of course (Did I say Diverge or Converge?) But no matter, the hounds had an easy time of it on-on-on in pursuit of the Lemonaders who by that time had a quarter mile lead; a level one at least.

A quite civilized first portion after the beginning; a few brushy diversions which didn't fool the leading hounds (whom, alas, must remain nameless as your reporter was not among them). And now - what, no arrow? Diverge? another explicit instruction in Franglais and the hounds left lemonade for tea, through the tea, down a drain, on-on following Lillen, The Terrible, and Yankee. But what's that glimmer On-On-On Down? It looks like snow? White! Shiny! and getting closer! Lots of it -- Appears to be rock of some sort but I can't see! Dazzling brilliance of those hares to associate white paper with white rock -- All the hounds together now sniffing, searching, lost the scent until miraculously they were off! On-On again down, through more tea along a nice trail and beautiful scenery -- Paper? Paper? On-back -- On Up? Down? On-up a bit, on-around in confusion, then in a burst of

unfounded confidence, on-on-on in the direction of back but by a higher trail, still in tea, on-on past a lovely neighborhood of open, airy housing -- Digana in a few more years? -- On-on without giving it another thought, only much later learning there was a paper trail through all those houses. On-On - there's Intermediate Technology appearing from nowhere, smiling at the hounds confusion. On-On and on-down-down to another check circle and lots of trails, most of them going up, Dence taking one that's level and has paper on it besides -- you can tell he's still a novice -- just because it has paper ... Always take the trail without paper? More confusion - the leading hounds were going up-up-up, somehow tracing the invisible paper -- All the hounds spread out now. On-On-in front - seems to be S.T.P. celebrating his 20th; Stripes and Star, Grecian 2000, The Pip back somewhere; several stragglers on the slope, Lillen checking all the possibilities, Intermediate Technology watching silently, enjoying the scene; finally a crack of sympathy a pointed finger - the straggling, struggling hounds take heart in spite of up-up-up. The pack in front nearly to the beer while the pack in back is confronting another spectre of Franglais enjoining them to get a move on-up and there is a paper now, so one can't complain. A fortunate level contour is the reward for the climb with an excellent but not appreciated view now up-up one last time to the summit, or so it seems where another, the last, check circle teases the dedicated to look up the hill instead of down to the beer and it's down down the slope where this time plenty of cold beer and hot picnic lunches are waiting.

... and now, please step forward the official Victoria HHH
Odester, with a little number entitled

"AFTER THE HASH WAS OVER"

(or "Never on a Sunday")

Some lads drink with the "A" team,
Some lads drink with the "B",
But some lads should stick to drinking
Small cups of cold lemon tea.

Some lads drive to Colombo,
While others just walk down the road,
Perhaps they were forced to crawl -
The truth remains untold.

(The same thing happened in Negombo,
Only a few months back,
A couple of Royal Pilsners,
And one lad's flat on his back).

In Digana, power cuts are oft to happen,
By night it gets quite black,
And when you've had a bottle or four,
Your head you've sure to crack.

Some lads will light a candle,
And then fall fast asleep,
While others totter round and round -
And finish in a heap.

The moral to my story, boys,
As Sam was heard to say,
When the clocks hands show a quart to four,
It's time to be on your way.

Hurray, Hurray for the 4th of May
Smur Tars Françlais Birthday
dawned this day and so did the
84th Hash. (end of poem)

The countryside was very scenic for Sundays Hash aptly called
Ablamana - which is what we did amblemarned on and on and on on. It,
the scenery, gave us Lemonaders plenty of excuses to stop and admire the
view every time we felt a seizure coming on on. The start was slightly
confused by yells from the rear as Leprachaun had forgotten Kangus. That
rectified, we trotted up the road and Bumble and Joey were heard dis-
cussing the size of the first hill and were never seen again - suffice
to say that they both looked very cool when we all staggered in for a
well earned slurp an hour or so later. I overheard chat, as all good
reporters should, between John Cleese and Swagman on the pros and cons
of attempting the main run - interestingly enough they were seen
frequently on the Lr - no comment.

Well, up the hill we staggered, or I did, Marietuius well ahead, Pot
Black and Scotch Jock ahead (everybody is always ahead of yours truly)
Gallopington Major and Pukka Sahib strolling along as if on the pier at
Brighton.

Gingerbread 1 and 11 and Bandie Bertie's Band pressed ahead. How lovely
it was to arrive at the top and pause for a glance at the view. Lancelot
seemed to be having a lot of trouble with paper and there were
mutterings about Contractors and not enough of the pieces (paper). It
was probably due to the fact that suffering from the Cyclops syndrome
he couldn't see the paper anyway.

The last part of the run was down down, once we had discovered the tra
The Lady of Bath bravely set off first - with your own correspondent
close behind and whose on on, down down, slither and slide work is not
good - but we finally made it to the bottom in one piece, and on to
the Hashmobile and a very welcome drink.

We welcomed several newcomers to the Lemonade Run - the stories of our
energetic Sundays spreading far and wide. We hope that Pukka Sahib,
Nemsahib, Little sahib and Mr Pastry will all come again. It was good to
see that the new recruits for the 83rd Hash were not put off and all

Turned up for the 84th.

Birthday celebrations and a picnic finished off a splendid day. Thanks to Smar Tars Franglais and Intermediate Technology for a very scenic dash. The former will probably never have another birthday like it - much to his relief!

The Atlantic Alliance - Run No:86

The International Irrigation Management Institute (IIMI) will sponsor a T Shirt for this run, free to those who participate and on payment for those who do not.

So that you will not be disappointed, please let the Galloping Major or his Mistress know by Wednesday 14 May 1986 at the latest, that you will or will not be running and the size T shirt you will require.

Contact 74311 or 74274 or 74334.

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