

Run 2103 - 01 July 2017

Scribe Report – by John McCawley

Venue: Bukit Beruntung (Der Grossglockner)

Hare: Iris Klehenz

Co-Hares: Rob Stott; Roger Gregson; Rajesh Gill; Jason Moriarty

As a visiting ex-Petaling hasher on holiday, I was fortunate enough to be on my third consecutive Saturday Hash Run and just beginning to feel like a regular again. Iris, although not an experienced Hare (I understand) was fortunate to have a couple of long-toothed wise Hash elders to assist them in the shape of Wong Ah Kow (Dotty Stotty) and Chickenhead (Roger the Codger). There were also some more youthful cohares assisting (Rajesh and Sherlock Homes' nemesis, Jason). Not that a super-organised Austrian needed much help of course. They lawn mower their mountains you know.

Well we gathered in a well-known parking area and mingled in the usual manner before being called to order by our illustrious GM, Neil. During the mingling, I was informed that someone is impersonating me and contacting ladies on the Hash and saying that I am lonely and need to meet up. Let me state that it is not me, so if you get any contact from me asking you to go out and meet, tell me to bugged off.....unless it is really me, then okay lah. Hope that has cleared that up conclusively.

Anyway off we went with 3 or 4 guys on the horn. Uphill we ventured among old rubber terraces, coming across the early walkers in the shape of Candy Crush, Don Cheang, and a few other slip-sliders. As I reached the top of the highest hill, around the corner came Fuckawee and Little Wee. Haven't seen them for years so it was a happy fleeting meeting – lucky there was no lalang around or I wouldn't have seen them at all. You see his knees are no longer than what they were. Gone are the days when Fuckawee was world record vertical jumping champion, when he took up Kenyan nationality so that he could go to high altitude training in East Africa and jump up and down all day long with the leaping Masai tribes. When he came down to sea level again he was amazing.

We continued crashing around through old rubber until we descended on to a wide plantation track and Check 1. Downhill to the right or Uphill to the left. My Hash nose took me Uphill and this path turned left back to where the pack was coming from and a crossroads of tracks. So a little bit of a circle effectively, and just right for a 1st check where, since the pack is already relatively close together, you don't need to make it too hard. Turned right up the hill with, I believe, a blue-shirted Aussie in front of me. Not to be confused with "Stick with me mate" Greg Dall, who at his advancing years, was still finding his way of the car park.

So off we went again and now ahead of the pack by a couple of hundred metres. Up and down round and round and into old rubber trees, we descended down to Check 2. "Checking!!" and with that descended forward and left down the hill to a rubber tappers camp. If you find a tappers' camp, you will always find a good track nearby that they use for access and usually quite wide for at least a motorbike. And hares like to find such tracks since they allow sure-footed

running. Sure enough, there was a very good track nearby. Should I go left or right. Okay left, run, run, run, but no paper. Pack still wandering a about in trees above me, so I turned around and headed back to the camp and the opposite direction. Very clear track using the contour to good effect, must find paper. And there it was, "On-On and away ahead of the pack again. Running alone along this long track, but dragging an increasingly injured right achilles, the pack would not be staying behind me for much longer.

Check 3 was planted right on the track. Steep thick bush Downhill to the left and Uphill to the right. I think I'll check back a way, and suggest to son, Brogan not far behind, to check forward. Nothing back, so Hash nose suggests go Uphill through thick secondary forest. Up and up crashing through thorns and branches. Little did I know but I came within a few metres of paper before hearing a call to head back down the hill to the main track again. Now I am back amongst the pack and even Greg Dall needed to be passed as I try to move forward again. Forward on the track past the check and then Uphill into the bush. Hang on, that's where I've just come from. Uphill crashing soon reveals another wide track at a higher level that we take to the right, running past where I'd just been checking.

On we go, little overtaking, until getting quite close to front again by Check 4. This is quite an overgrown area. Check forward and up but nothing. Just heading back to check when distant call comes from my left. Break into the trees and crash through on the horizontal, heading to the call as the crow flies. Pack is fairly well together now, but a bit of single filing as we make our way to the On call.

Again I arrive to find the check already called - Check 5. It is downhill, about 40m after a x-roads of tracks and front runners are already mingling in a few directions. I went forward and beyond the check and then decide paper must be back and down in the opposite direction. Success and I find paper. "On On" and down, down we go on a wide track with son Brogan just behind me. Oh no, paper runs out, "False trail!!". This is not a good place to be since it means paper is probably in the opposite direction. Son Brogan finds he has a leach - quite rare in here. We climb back up and paper has now been called forward and left up a steep hill. We have some catching up to do. Again have to make my slow way through the pack dragging my dodgy leg. Any sympathy out there? Thought not.

Approaching Check 6, the front pack are checking in all directions. There is an open area, used for a little farming with a view into the river valley, and that direction looks enticing, so I headed directly down through the open terraces. Nothing, so turn right to the oil palm and back up to the check. Okay head forward on the tarmac track towards the village. The pack is now widely spread and so the check is working well, pulling the back people into the group again. The trail has to be a back check and so I head back in that direction. Unbeknown to us forward checkers, the paper has already been found and the pack has gone. A consequence of being a fair way back and very few pack runners calling On-On (as usual). There's a reason the term, On-On represents hashers and hashing, so please all use it and at great volume from time to time. There will always be hashers behind you grateful to hear the On-On call ahead of them.

Down the hill we go, through the river at the bottom and up the other side. A bit of overtaking and we arrive at the Hares car and a drink stop of sorts, where a variety of schnapps is being served. A quick shot and a "prost" and on we go. Son, Brogan to the fore, dad hobbling and 3 others make the forward pack. A bit of road now and then allows for stretching the stride a little. We barge through wedding party preparations - hashers have no respect. Some charge later on in the Circle about Hash dogs eating the wedding cake. On in a relatively straight direction and the five of us arrive at the car park fairly bunched together in marginally over 1 hr 30 mins, with Brogan slightly ahead.

Personally I thought it was an excellent run. The final 3 checks did their job of holding back the front runners and allowing the pack to reconnect, and the schnapps put us in a good mood for the home trail.

After showering, the good crowd consumed plenty of beer judging by the fact that Ramli had to add extra crates, even if it was Anchor. A few charges, one of which was for hash dogs eating wedding cake. Another for Paul and Nancy's visiting relative from the US over partying on Friday and filling recycling containers with the ruminations of his partly digested dinner. Paul K had some misconstrued story about me racing my sons on Wed Hash, and one having a sex change due to some entanglement with barbed wire. Therefore son Brogan was made up with lipstick and blusher, etc and I now had a long-lost missing daughter. If you want me to have a daughter so much, in true Chinese fashion (John Wong), I only have to marry off my sons, and then I also get daughters. So any of you Hash ladies up for marriage proposal to my sons? Then can be my daughter; even if older than me, also can. Paul Kirkman also joined us on the crates, since it was pointed out that I was in Kuching on Wednesday, so could not have been racing sons, even if it made a good story. Emilia C, our hard-working On Cash, was on downed for leaving a hash paper trail in the car park of ringgit notes. Other charges now escape my memory.

On On restaurant was nearby. About 8 or 9 tables of hungry, very noisy hashers in that small room. Hares were on downed for a good t-shirt run and Iris got all bashful when putting on her shirt, wearing her grandmother's bra and some sort of under armour to protect her from prying eyes. "There was a young girl from Devizes (near Linz), whose breasts were of two different sizes. One was so small it was nothing at all, and the other was huge and won prizes."

Thanks Iris and Rajesh for a well organised afternoon and evening. For those at this Saturday's run, sit at Iris's table at the On On; she's carrying some leftover beer kitty to spend.

On On

John McCawley