

Run No : 115
Hares : Bina, Rajiv and John Wardale
Date : 25th January 1985

The 'Test Your Olfactories' Run

See the man. He is crying
See the Tears roll down his face. Look closer,
see the man holding his nose. He seems to be bothered by
something smelly...

Kranji Dam, being about a thousand miles from Orchard Road, meant a smaller the usual crowd were assembled at 6 p.m. Even the lure of seeing a Dutch boy with his finger in a dyke made little difference although some stragglers were still arriving when ON-ON was called at 6:10 p.m. The run was made notable by four main elements:

- Lots and lots of twisting and turning, in retrospect maybe quite clever but at the time...yecch!
- A record breaking diveristy of pungent odours.

A generally slippy wetness due to an earlier rainfall which also helped enhance the pungent odours.

Gordon Mackenzie punctuating the humid evening air with an award recommendation every five minutes.

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Thirty-seconds into the run and GM Sue gives me the great news that out of thousands of applicants "you are scribe". I remember when she used to say "will you be..." but I think she has had more success with her new approach. The first part of the run was, well, leisurely. A gentle canter along the reservoir bank, politely queuing up and child-like shrieks of excitement as one by one we bounced across the 'moving' bridge which was in fact a decaying floating mass of water hyacinth roots. It was about here that the first assault on the nasal passages took place. First check was found-after delay of 2-3 minutes going off paper - right outside a farmhouse. Then off we went again, twisting, turning, sniffing, through divers farm types, lots of mud, high grass, tapioca growing wild, wetness. Then a v.v. long check with the pack spread out over a large farming area. Probably 6-8 minutes were exhausted before we found paper again, across a road and behind a barn where Rajiv reclined on his bonnet (hood) eating a snack with a Swedish au pair in attendance.

On we went again, twisting and turning as the minutes ticked by. The last part of the run was through an area of mangrove swamp. It was here that during one recce at high tide John Wardale and Rajiv had been wading literally up to their necks in the brackish water when they were attacked by a giant pythom with evil on it's mind. Fortunately co-hare Bina was on hand to scream and throw a box of chalks with sufficient accuracy to scare the beast away. One wonders; which of the two would it have eaten? No doubt the water thereabouts turned a shade of brown and added yet another odour to the already bewildering variety.

The undergrowth here was thick but we were twisting and turning as per usual and then along an inlet of black slime with a smell which topped the lot...and then, there they were, like beacons, the sluice gate control towers (why four?) and a trot across an uneven field to the most popular man on earth and the elixir of life. First runner came in at 7:20 p.m. which made the run 1 hour, 10 mins and holders of the hash turd - guess who, the Mackenzies - missed parting with their coveted title by 5 mins.

In fact they were officially presented with it by long-time-no-see Neil Thompson, a full two weeks after having so emphatically earned it. On site food was both tasty and good value washed down with two extra crates generously donated by the hares. When all this had gone, around 9 ish, a group of 20-25 made it to the Waterhole Pub in Holland Village although I'm sorry to say I wasn't one of them. Thanks to the hares for a good long run, good food and drink and the story about the pythom was just thrown in to liven things up... ON ON.

Bill Gartshore

Run 116 : Jalan Ulu Sembawang
Scribe : Legs

The rain had just recently stopped and the countryside was clean and fresh-smelling. Amongst the sounds of OFF aerosol spray and final slamming of car doors our motley crowd started to become antsie awaiting our fearless "ON ON" leader. Sue bellowed out the call, and yours truly bolted to the front to chat with her "You'll scribe", she said. It wasn't a question or a request, and before any response could be made to the honor bestowed me, another "ON ON" escaped Sue's lips - I was caught.

Well, the run went down a stoney road for a fair jaunt. The first couple of checks were very quick, and not held up. Only at the false trail loop around the public works plant and reservoir did we all re-group a bit. Like the blind leading the blind, we filed in on both banks of the water until we found ourselves staring at a full circle of Hashers. "It must be a false trail", someone deduced. No! Really? We could have entertained ourselves by doing a couple of laps around the pond - someone surely would have felt some *déjà vu* and gotten us moving on.

"ON ON" we left up a side road, passed through a couple more false trails, a couple more quick checks. Anna commented on the sweet smell of guava as we all sliced through the thick, humid air, into the little fishy farms, past a couple of duck sheds, through a few kampongs, etc...

A good combination of hills, jungle, and open running kept the course interesting. In general, it was a fast-paced runners' run. The only-long check, where we cleansed ourselves in the misty rain, was at Lorong Lada Merah. We "waited" for the last of the stragglers - "Thanks for holding the check for us", they were saying through slightly wet, slightly muddy smiles, (Where did you two get lost?)

Anxious to get home, one young lady Hasher had to two cunous bystander locals point out the direction of Jalan Ulu Sembawang. The "Oh Home, Only 1 More Mile" sign was reassuring; we were starting to "think beer". That marathon mile, though, must certainly have been miscalculated - or was it a mile as the crow flies? The drizzly rain followed us to the beer truck, where we quenched our thirst and replaced lost electrolytes.

Nice run, Martin and Bill, with front runners in at 57 minutes. Not much walking in this one! I needed the workout.

Due to the urgency of my being at the superbowl kickoff at 7:30 (Yes, I had a date with the boob tube and the VCR), I missed out on the ribbings by the whip, and the "ON ON" (and the "ON ON ON"). I'm sure all was up to typical Lion City standards.

HASH TRASH

1. Really worried, the Hashman went to the doctor with his wife, and said, "Doctor, something terrible is happening... my appendage is growing longer and longer..... what shall I do?"

The doctor examined him and it was longer.... in fact it darn near dragging the floor. "Gosh, man," said the doctor, "I guess we'll have to operate and CUT part of it off!"

The wife shouted out, "No! No! Doctor. Can't we just stretch his legs?"

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2. The young vicar and his bride had just undressed and were ready to taste the fruits of love. But before the bride could clamber into the marital bed, he suggested they should kneel down together and pray for strength and guidance. "Just pray for strength," said the bride, "I'll do the rest."

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3. Two Hashmen were closing a bar one night when one said to the other, "God, I hate going home at this hour. All I want to do is sneak in and drop into bed, but my wife wakes up and nags the shit out of me for hours."

"You're doing it all wrong, trying to sneak in," the other hashman said. "I stomp in, slam the door, and scream out, "Okay honey, let's do it". My wife always pretends to be asleep!"

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE HASHING!

ON ON