



for our new members, and for those of us that have forgotten.....

CHECKS are marked with a small circle or pile of paper. There will be around 5 - 8 checks per run. The trail may resume in any direction up to around 100 yds away in open territory but rather less when it is thick.

FALSE TRAILS may be up to 100 yds or so long and start only after a check. A false trail ends without the circle or heap of paper that denotes a check - the trail just dies out with a single piece of paper. A false trail means go back to the last check and start looking again.

CALLS are the usual 'On On' when on paper. Please do not call unless you are on paper yourself. 'Checking' when at a check or anywhere looking for a trail, 'false trail' when you come to one. Please show your superiority by calling loudly and often!

And always remember:- Give way to crocodiles. Be kind to cobras and pythons, and in particular give a very wide berth to the Bengal Tiger.

.....

HASH HOUSE HORRORS: The Horrors have gone independent with their own news letter. If your Horror has not received his/hers would you give Megs a call, (4682557). NEXT RUN SUNDAY 27 Feb.

.....

SINGAPORE HASH HOUSE HARIETS INVITATION RUN. The Hariets invite us to their 500th Run on 26th March '83. Time: 4.30pm, registration: 3.30pm. Cost: \$10.00, payable at run-site. Cost includes T-shirts, beer, On On, and disco. Names to Megs please. Venue T.B.A.

.....

SUBS. Please note that cheques for subs should be made payable to PAT LEGGETT and not L.C.H.³. as we are still in the process of being registered!

.....

Rehash of run no: 13. Hares: Tug & Kamala. Venue: Nan Yang Ave.

Tug and Kamala arrived back at the run site from different directions looking knackered and up them privates in mud.

Very soon we were all up to our privates in mud enroute to the first check via a building site.

Check one was unkindly at the top of a million steps.

Half the pack found the home trail and the other stupid sods (on the right paper) climbed over an unlocked gate. The rambutan in the agriculture station were sour (fine the hares).

From hill to sewer and back to hill again to bloody sewer again. To chicken farm, through that shitty building site again and home.

The beer wagon was on time AND the beer was O.K. A near turdable time of over an hour but an enjoyable run.

Half the mud from the building site found it's way onto the carpet of the Coral Bar. The food was good, the beer cold. But we got thrown out at 11.00pm!

A good run and On On. Thanks.

Thanks also to our scribe, Paul. (Are most Washers like you and enjoy a run that has lots of mud and room for a grumble?)

.....

Rehash of SINGAPORE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 21st INVITATION RUN. (LONGEST)

Have never seen the Hash with such an orderly car park and registration was completely painless.

Buses for the longest run disgorged the massacists into Chestnut Ave. and the On On was called at about 4.50pm. The trail passed east of the water treatment plant and onto the plateau above Pierce Reservoir. From here jungle trails followed over Mandai to the south west end of the Seletar Reservoir dam and to a refreshment stop. From here the Marathoners came into their own with a long hard-top run to Mandai rd. and then west to join the start of the medium run. There were 4 or 5 checks during the run from Chestnut to Seletar. Most of the long distant runners had arrived at the Sembawang sports club by 7.15pm.

About 300 souls turned up for the On On including members from several Malaysian chapters. Music from the New Zealand Infantry Band was great to start with but got better as they became progressively more pissed. Their performance being punctuated by renditions of Hash 'art' from hosts and guests. Our very own Phil 'Rose Chan' found the music too short to complete his act.

The food was good and plentyful and the Anchor cold. I have no idea what time it finished as I had become unserviceable by midnight.

Thanks once again to scribe, Paul.

A big thanks to Singapore Harriers for three good runs and a very enjoyable and well organized evening.

We understand that a station wagon was left unwanted in the car park. Any takers?

.....

Hash trash: (Taken from HLH³ 2000 mag.)

A one-time On-Sec of K.L. (Peter Laporte) used to write most of his run reports in the form of letters to his mother (he was, of course, an American). Before transfer to Singapore he wrote this letter in June, 1978

"Dear Mom,

Sometimes it seems like your boy is fated to be eternally cursed by dim witted sods like 99.9% of these guys who call themselves Harriers. The first fifteen seconds of the runs go okay — everyone full of piss and vinegar for this crazy Gibco combination trot in the rubber. At the sixteenth second when we get to the first check. Mom, someone gets paralysis of the mouth and it's contagious. you know We head left (instinct as our guide) and move along briskly for at least half a mile before hitting the second check. Sort of effective but the lockjaw has spread through the pack, and no one, except me of course Mom, is calling. And Duncan, why he's yelling "Jason, heel" over and over but, Mom, his wife's name is Margaret so we all give him a wide berth

At the fourth check in the rubber, some chee-byes (you remember, Mom, Count-sort-of-in-Chinese) find real old, messy paper in oil palm but they're so happy to be in front, they scream, 'On on' and we all go running, then curse them and their ancestors. Another 'On on' brings us across a gulch but things get sort of confusing as some of us follow the paper backwards — only to meet the same chee-byes scratching this and that and wondering what happened.

Down the same belukar as before, up past a ploughed

field and left. I see this new guy, Kid Currie, slippin' 'n a-slidin' and covered with mud, and feel glad I'm not that age any more. At the last check McAttee and friends see the paper left and, not realising silence is the order of the day, go left. They walk miles: McAttee loses six pounds and takes a bus from Subang village back to the estate road where, cursing and muttering in ancient dialect, he joins us at 8.00 p.m. But Mom — there's more. At the fifth check Fraser decides he'll go right — even though paper goes left. Kid Currie, innocent as he is, and Kon Chee Kong tag along. Mom, that's real bad, real bad. They didn't see beer until 8.30. To cap off all this comedy there was the "kidnapped keys" episode which chilled everyone's bones. And Dalton, Smart (so he thinks) Doesn't trust the beer wagon, locks his keys in the boot for safe keeping, and is last seen begging a lift home. Mom, I hope that in Singapore everyone is a lot brighter