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Rehash of Run 6. Jln. Ulu Sembawang. Hares: Boo & Jennifer.  
Scribe: Phil Yeutter. Many thanks Phil.

The scribe arrived a few minutes late but with the help of Jennifer got put on paper and caught the pack at the first check. It was soon obvious that this run was to be a romp through the posies as we headed up the hill for a nice check at the top. Divorce is the future tense of marriage. Having been to the top before, the scribe tried to outwit Boo on the decending trail but got buggered instead. Then to the third check which faked out more than one of the old hands in this area. It's not unlucky to postpone a wedding if you keep on doing it. Then we headed for the pipeline by a circuitious route. Of course Mike Croft, et al, short cutted. It was a nice walk on the slippery pipes with wet shoes. Then on right through someones yard to the next check that gathered most together again. She has a head like a door knob because anyone can turn it. Up the hill we went to follow the ridge for quite a nice run. The view of course is breath-taking. There is Johore, the Marsiling area, the radio antenna, tin mountain, Walter Schuetz's quarry, the power station and etc. Then down the hill to the next check which was knocked over fairly quickly because of the smell of beer. A courtship begins when a man wispers sweet nothings and ends when he says nothing sweet. Then we had a nice little run in, with the front of the 30 plus pack getting back in just under sixty minutes. Then the trouble began as Tom and Kamala plus about four arrived later than the scribe and had trouble at the first check and got way behind. One would think that Boo was a banker because of his economical use of the paper. However in true hashing spirit we decided not to worry about the lost souls. And the last two got back at 2000 hrs. I wonder if they will run again? A quiet little gathering at the beer truck with Pat claiming rightful ownership of the HASH TURD. Lucky Pedro had to work and I'll bet he felt better saturday than most of us. On On to the Boots and Saddles we went for makan. Bet we won't be allowed there anymore. Mike C's bag of wine wasn't really welcomed but got broken out eventually as by that time the management was too terrified of our mob. Avtar was actually pouring beer for others instead of guzzling the pitchers himself. Joe Hulme complained to the waitress that his food wasn't fit for a pig whereas she offered to take it back and bring some that was. Then we had a LC-HASH first as Mike Cockman did a wine down down for being late. Boo ate the desert first because his stomach was upset.

Mike Cockman was on his best behavoir and didn't smoke all night. Amazing what a new girl friend can do for you. (This JUST HAPPENED at the top of page 3, Mike, really!) Boo lead some singing that was a howling success. I heard the waitress ask Tom if he felt like a cup of tea and he said of course not, do I look like one? The food was good and there was many \$5 donations into the beer kitty. The management and local clientel were most relieved as one pissed off and headed for steve and Judy's house, (brave souls). The good times rolled on. One gentleman in a corner was heard to say to a lady, 'I'm groping for words to express my feelings for you' and she said 'do you think I have the dictionary tottoood on my breasts!?' The scribe gave up drinking for the rest of the year at 23.45. Then 1983 arrived. Father time (Tom) arrived in good Scottish tradition with bread, charcoal and sugar to ensure prosperity for the coming year. Megs and Paul had about a thirty second kiss at midnight. Having his battery charged, Paul proceeded to dance with every woman in the house followed by chinups in the entrance way followed up by pushups on the dance floor. (This was nearly censored!) At one side of the room Veronica was counseling some of the single ladies. 'What kind of husband should we look for?' they asked. 'Leave the husbands alone and look for the single men' she replied! The party was breaking up at 2 o'clock when Stew Davis sallied forth with entourage. Steve was heard to exclaim 'Oh shit'. Stew said he had just been through a Beef stew romance as she was always stewed. Then the scribe pissed off home and what happened after that surely no one knows. Good run , good food, good piss up. Happy New Year.

Thanks once again for the write up Phil. Phil not only runs marathons but writes them!

#### Hash Trash.

Question: Why is a woman like a map of the world?

Because: Between the ages of 13 to 25 she's lkie ASIA -  
Half wirgin and half explored!  
Between 25 to 35 she's like AFRICA -  
Hot and mysterious!  
Between 35 to 45 she's like AMERICA -  
Cool, calculating and commercial!  
Between 45 to 65 - like EUROPE -  
Devastated but still some interesting spots!  
After 65 - like ICELAND - everyone knows where  
it is but who the heck WANTS TO GO THERE!