

RUN NO: 102

DATE: 31 March 2002

VENUE: Old Basket Ball Court

HARES: 69, Pharta, Sparkles,

8Something, & Golden Showers

PUDDLE JUMPERS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS DILI, EAST TIMOR



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Founded by Slops & PNS
First run 30 April 2000

HASH TRASH

Web Site -
<http://www.angelfire.com/on3/puddlejumpers>

NEXT WEEK'S RUN: TBA

RUN NO. 101 – 69, Pharta, Sparkles, 8 Something, & Golden Showers at the Old Basket Ball Court

Given the run down in numbers of runners due to departures and a huge down pour which scared away all the wimps, it was still a good turn out. Starting from the old basketball court (**there are no new ones**), all 52 runners and walkers hit the pavement (see run discussion below which is actually made up because none of the Hares thought it important enough to take the time, let alone remember, to do the write up). **Will they be getting a down down for this?**

This run was actually a replay of a run held about a month ago although starting off from a different location. Imagination, however, was strong, as fresh paint was used and amazingly, flour, which was not washed away due to the large amount used. The runners as usual were taken through various side roads and along the main road which heads to nowhere. But given the proximity of the nearby hills, it was no surprise that the runners would be taken up the hill and the walkers would take an easier route. Before climbing, we all met up for the first Halt Check and a poetic rendition of D.H. Lawrence's 'Sons and Lovers' was given by **Englarger** (last weeks skirt holder).

HASH Traffic did not prove a problem as local taxis (that's all there is in this neighbourhood) were applauded through the circle and guided by **Beetle Nuts**. Local spectators were in evidence but can't use their names here.

On-on with the runners heading west (where the walkers went was anybody's guess – but if your interested ask **69, Pharta, Sparkles, 8 Something, & Golden Showers**. For the runners, it was no surprise to learn that it was on-up with **Hari Donut** taking the lead as usual.

As with the run some one month ago, both runners and walkers meet up and with **Fire in the Hole** and **Englarger**, they do the B is Great Mate, B is Great Mate chorus line. Some have remarked that the song is very easy to remember. It was at this juncture that **Poker** goes to the toilet with **Hand Job** but everyone realizes that **Porker** is actually looking for the trail in order to get a head start.

On down for the walkers and on up (again) for the runners. The route takes the runners through someone's frontyard and an old women shouts

out 'Australia'? and **Hari Donut** corrects her – no Canada. It's on down heading to the main road heading west and then north back to the old basketball court.

One thing, though, no HASH flash, so we are relying on memorabilia.



"They want your attention!!!!"

CIRCLE CIRCUS

This was probably one of the most manageable circles in some time (insider information) due to the smaller numbers of people – only 52. The **GM** ensured that the pace kept everyone on their toes with little time given for “private parties”. After giving the usual comments on the ‘shit’ run, three Newbies were introduced along with the culprits who brought them ie. **Enlarger and Cathy**. What followed was a litany of trumped up charges, all being true mind you as well as commemorating two leavers – **Enlarger and Wrinkle Dick** – bon voyage (that’s French by the way). Short cutters (**Up Periscope**) were given some mention, but for some reason those FRBs got away with murder - again. The **SKIRT** was passed onto Dubek but rumor has it that the SKIRT will be taken away from the Military. **Enlarger** gives Grouper II a toy gun – go figure. **Rupiah** got the POTW award largely because he deserved it (later at the Resende he forgets to bring it to dinner – free beer for those attending. (Just as an aside, one of the long-term walkers was seen at a local seafood restaurant loading salad on to her still up-side down plate- Hello! – she pushed me into keeping her HASH NAME secret). Anyway other details follow:

DOWN DOWNS

Hares	69, Pharta, Sparkles, 8 Something, & Golden Showers
Newbies	<i>Vic Jose, Gary Lutwick, Dubbs</i>
Sponsors	Enlarger, Cathy
Zeros	60 runs Laceration
	20 runs Vegina
	10 runs Bottom Feeder
New Shoes	Gary Lutwick, Damein Dubbs
	Rupiah (shoes reportedly 1 year old, don’t wash them every week)
Leaners	Asho – sitting on the HASH – heh that’s what u do with an Asho
Leavers	Wrinkle Dick and Enlarger



Didn't get enough – he wants more – no run discussion.

CHARGES FROM THE CIRCLE

Laceration	Charged	Brown Eye, Blow Joe for big 0’s then, Laceration joins as GMs don’t drink alone.
Blow Joe	Charged	Cunning Linguist for admitting to training for the HASH
Vulga	Charged	Pilar (now Grouper II) for working in public (what’s a women going to do)
Porker	Charged	Up Periscope for short cutting (so what! – this is good HASH behaviour)
Up Periscope	Charged	Porker going to the toilet with Hand Job
Laceration	Charged	Enema and Piss Pour for having (unreadable) in a bottle in the toilet
GM	Charged	Vulgar for receiving calls on his HP in the circle
GM	Charged	69 and Grouper II for good singing

NEW NAMES	Zoran	becomes Trolley Dolly as a result of her being a flight inattendant
	Pilar	becomes Grouper II for having an interest in sculpting !!!!!
	Damein	becomes Up Yours for having a loose connection with being an urban planner.
	Henrik	becomes P² because he is drunk all the time – who isn’t?

POTW **RUPIAH** for being a typical Scotsman – too tight to stretch a penny (copper wire)

A farmer lived on a quiet rural highway. But, as time went by, the traffic slowly built up at an alarming rate. The traffic was so heavy and so fast that his chickens were being run over at a rate of three to six a day. So one day he called the sheriff’s office and said, "You’ve got to do something about all of these people driving so fast and killing all of my chickens." "What do you want me to do?" asked the sheriff. "I don’t care, just do something about those drivers!" So the next day he had the county workers go out and erect a sign that said: **SLOW: SCHOOL CROSSING** Three days later the farmer called the sheriff and said, "You’ve got to do something about these drivers. The 'school crossing' sign seems to make them go faster." So, again, the sheriff sends out the county workers and they put up a new sign: **SLOW: CHILDREN AT PLAY** And that really sped them up. So the farmer called and called and called everyday for three weeks. Finally, he asked the sheriff, "Your signs are doing no good. Is it all right for me to put up my own sign?" The sheriff told him, "Sure thing, put up your own sign." He was going to let the farmer do just about anything in order to have him stop calling. Well, the sheriff got no more calls from the farmer. Three weeks after the farmers last call, the sheriff decided to call him. "How’s the problem with those drivers. Did you put up your sign?" "Oh, I sure did. And not one chicken has been killed since then. I’ve got to go. I’m very busy." And he hung up the phone. The sheriff thought to himself, "I’d better go to that farmer’s house and look at that sign... There might be something there that WE could use to slow down drivers." So the sheriff drove out to the farmer’s house, and he saw the sign. It was a whole sheet of plywood. And written in large yellow letters were the words: **SLOW: NUDIST COLONY**