

RUN NO: 58

DATE: 3 June 2001

VENUE: Rua Alberqueque, Opp PX

HARES: PULL IT & PUSH IT



# PUDDLE JUMPERS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

DILI, EAST TIMOR

Founded by Slops & PNS - First run 30 April 2000

# HASH TRASH

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

### Mismanagement

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**NEXT WEEK'S RUN: Ailelehu (top of hill on the way to Hera) ROADKILL'S FAREWELL**  
**Meet at the Monkey Bar at 3.30 pm for 3.45 pm convoy departure**

### RUN NO. 57A SCRUBBER's & BUP's LIVE (BUT NOT THINKING) HARE RUN

#### Hares' Version

Twenty Nine Hash Warriors took on the unknown of Atauro Island.

There was an air of nonchalance as the pack gathered at the designated departure spot at the Central Hotel car park opposite the Dili Hotel, after their excursions the night before. This atmosphere wasn't to last for too much longer.

After DRIBBLER had his kippers for breakfast he finally found time to pick up the esky as had been prearranged, he obviously gets paid by the hour, the esky was packed with plenty of ice and refreshments and we set off into the great unhashed territory of Atauro Island.

Not long after clearing the floating/flapping Central Hotel we were out into open water. There were many oohhhs and aaahhs as we made the slightly bumpy crossing.

After checking out a couple of dolphins we arrived at our landing spot.

Carefully detailed and precise instructions were given to the pack by the co-Hares SCRUBBER and BUPS but as usual it was a waste of time. The skipper and boat hand, Bob Marley, paid more attention.

The pack ambled up to the Hotel that has never operated as a Hotel, as the co-Hares had conflicting opinions as to how far it was to the On On. One of us had to be right, unfortunately it wasn't me. As we strolled up the hill past the Church service that was in motion I guess that was the sign that the suggested run was further than I/we thought. (cont'd Page 2)

### RUN NO. 57B CUT OFF's & POGO's PADDING ROUND THE PADDIES RUN

This run will be remembered by the participants as not only the best run of the year experienced by the least number of participants, but also the first run (ever) to commence on time.

A few of the runners obviously thought SCRUBBER was involved so decided to turn up at just after 1600 hrs and missed the start. After a quick call to POGO they were instructed on a shortcut that would get them to the first Hold Check. (That short-cut ultimately cost them later at the Circle.)

The run commenced with a tip toe across the rice paddy and, having warned PS to watch his footing, POGO ploughed face first into the wall of the paddy and nuted himself. At the first HC ROADKILL led us in a verse from Father Abraham that ultimately cost him at the Circle for the wrong words with the wrong actions (or vice versa).

The Hares had cunningly laid many false trails but with so few to follow them many were not even checked and ONWARD was the call.

POGO laid the runners' trail and CUT OFF the walkers'. It soon became apparent during the laying of the trail that POGO walking was arriving at the designated HCs before CUT OFF. This led to a change in plan with the Runners following the Walkers trail. This caused considerable angst to the runners as CUT OFF was particularly parsimonious with the flour and paint on the walkers trail and at one stage the runners went one full kilometre without a mark, finally finding an arrow 200 metres from the second Hold Check.

After the HC it was ON UP as the runners tackled the shale slopes of a distant settlement with PS leading (FRB) the trail was soon lost.

After a few more km ON HOME was called and the runners caught the walkers and arrived simultaneously at the vehicles.

A great run with great company.

The best run ever was the vote.

## Run No. 57A (cont'd)

As this was to be a Live Hare Run, as the pack milled around admiring the Portuguese architecture of the Hotel and had their pickys taken, the **Hares** tried to sneak/set off to mark the trail. It was obvious that that further instruction was required as the pack immediately followed us.

Again trying to put a bit of ground between the relentless pack and the **Hares** was proving to be a task. By this time the sun was rising so **BUPS** and I broke into a trot to try and shake off the taggers.

At the end of the path we came to a dead end and finished up in garden that was very well fenced. Boxed in I finally found an exit that wasn't there before after **BUPS** tried to straddle the fence.

Through the bush the Hares pushed on relentlessly after finally giving the pack the slip. But wait a minute. Out of the bush in front of us came **SALSA, ROUGH RIDER** and **MEGA RIDER**. After further instructions about allowing the **Hares** a head start we're off again.

"This time we're gonna give 'em the slip", so across the fields and on up the hill and then we turn around to see where the mob is and yes, we don't see anybody.

Once at the top of a hill you have to go down, actually this particular hill was, well very slipperry. As sure footed as I am for some unknown reason all of a sudden I was seeing green, blue, green, blue as I somersaulted down the hill, flour being caste everywhere. **BUPS** quipped at least they can't say the trail wasn't well marked as I checked out parts of the body where skin used to be.

Finally we get to the bottom of the hill along the road by the sea. Nice breeze, should be a breeze from here to the On On. A bit further on the road starts to rise and rise and rise. At this stage **BUPS** mumbles something about putting his arse down on that log under the tree to have a reefer. No argument from me as we sit there checking for the pack looking out into the wild countryside yonder.....but no sign of them. I said to **BUPS** you must have upset them at the last instruction meeting. Then over the horizon we see some of the pack making their way down the hill enjoying every minute of it. They even gave us a wave.

We resume to the top of the hill and gaze out to sea only to see the boat pass us. I said don't worry **BUPS** it must be around the next corner. Wrong!

The dynamic **Hares** trudge on gallantly knowing that the pack are enjoying it and we don't want to let our fellow Hashers down. By this time it is getting a little bit warm and the last of the water has gone.

As we pass one spot, the only spot where the road is shaded, I mentioned to **BUPS** to remember this spot for next time as it would be a good spot for a Hold Check. Thinking he hadn't heard me I mentioned it again and his response was something like "in your dreams" but not quite as subtle as that.

Over another hill, around another bend as we scanned the horizon for that ever elusive boat and that even more elusive esky and it's content of cold, cold, wonderful beer, bia, beeya. But still nothing in sight. It must be around the next bend.

## The Truth

The warning signs were there from before the start. After a short walk up to the 'never-opened' hotel and the mandatory group photo, the pack meandered back in the direction of the boat as the Hares tried to find the start of the trail to our eventual destination. By the time the Hares had got their act together the pack had become decidedly 'strung out' and 'splintered'. **OH YES OH NO** (bad tummy), **TUPPA** (bad leg) and **NUMATIK** (sympathy) saw the warning signs and kept going straight back to the boat while the remaining tail ends eventually caught up with the main pack under a tree in a clearing in the bush. Here they were informed that the Hares had taken off in 'that' direction, the walkers were to follow ten

## No. 57B – Somewhere along the road past Phil's Grill

### **CIRCLE CIRCUS**

*It was reported that acting GM, ROADKILL, kept things humming along so that everyone got a legitimate down down without having to resort to 'a down down for all those who haven't had a down down yet', and the Circle was over in eleven minutes flat.*

*CUT OFF led the down down count with co-Hare, POGO, in hot pursuit though half of CUT OFF's charges were inflicted by POGO so there could have been a bit of bribery and corruption going on there for the extra beers.*

### **DOWN DOWNS**

<b>Hares</b>	<b>POGO, CUT OFF</b>
<b>Newbies</b>	<b>Mick</b>
<b>Neglecting Newbies</b>	<b>POGO</b>
<b>FRBs</b>	<b>None! (That's very hard to believe!)</b>
<b>SCBs</b>	<b>BUSHWACKER, PANADOL, Tom</b>
<b>No Hash Gear</b>	<b>CUT OFF, PS, Tom, Doug</b>
<b>Extremely Late Cummers</b>	<b>WEE WILLIE, SEXON, HAIDROLIK, DRIBBLER, Dennis, Mark</b>

### **Charges from the Circle**

*PS charged ROADKILL for leading the right song with the wrong actions ... or vice versa*

*POGO charged CUT OFF for the sparing use of flour on the walkers' trail*

*POGO charged CUT OFF for late cumming*

*POGO charged ROADKILL for the wrong run number*

*ROADKILL charged POGO for correcting him with the wrong run number*

By this time we are heading back down to sea level and passing the local community on their way to church. Obviously the sight of us made them happy as they were all smiling at us. Along the trail an opening appears leading down to the sea. **BUPS** does a reconnaissance but still no sign of the bl...dy boat

As I sat in the shade **HAIDROLIK** wandered up smiling, at least somebody was happy. And then a short distance further on, in comparison to the distance we had covered, an opening to the beach opened up like the Red Sea, and there she was, THE BOAT.

We had come, run, walked, crawled, rolled and conquered Atauro Island. As the pack made their way in congratulating us on a fine run all we could think of was, "Some other prick can do it next time!"

The remainder of the day was spent talking about what a wonderful run it had been and when the next one would be as we scoffed the delights of the BBQ and that cold, cold beer.

On On. **SCRUBBER & BUPS**

minutes later, the runners ten minutes after that and the trail would be marked with flour.

And here we come to the one good thing about the run – there was plenty of flour in places. Not necessarily the places where it was most needed but certainly there was plenty of flour in some places.

The first part of the run was a very pleasant, crocodile line jog along a path through the bush until we caught up with the walkers and had to take to the bush proper to find a missing section of the trail. After thrashing around in waste high grass and head high 'fish-hook' bushes the trail was found and followed. It led up and over a couple of hills and back down to

the island's main coastal road where the pack (led in impressively by Newbie walker **Dennis**) regrouped again for a run and walk of unknown length. Unfortunately, though they were magnificent, the scenic views from the top of the hills (not including the view of **SCRUBBER** half way up a mighty hill in the distance) were not fully appreciated by those whose eyes were glued on the treacherous, steep, coral boulder-strewn terrain.

Our new **GM, WEE WILLIE** together with **SEXON** and **DROP SHORT** decided to forego the pleasures of the scenic trail and short-cutted back to the main road but still managed to join the pack last. That was last except for **DRIBBLER** who had taken his own trail over the hills and had emerged on the main road about two hundred metres ahead of everyone else. He had a hard time fighting his conscience but it eventually won and he wandered sheepishly back to join the gathered pack

Compared to the first leg of the run the remainder was extremely long, boring, hot, dusty and repetitive as the 'main' road meandered up and down following the coastline with occasional glimpses of the shore but no encouraging sightings of 'our' beach or 'our' boat. "How much further?" "Wait 'til I get my hands on those **Hares**?" were a couple of the quiet and not so quiet murmurings as the T shirts got wetter and wetter and the water bottles got drier and drier.

Eventually the runners caught up with the Hares resting by the side of the road on a parapet under a tree while pretending to look for 'our' beach with 'our' boat. At this point **SEXON, WEE WILLIE** and **DRIBBLER** decided that they had a better chance of finding the beach and boat than our forlorn **Hares** and so they set off again only to find the boat about 100 metres ahead on the same beach **BUPS** had already, unsuccessfully checked!

Unfortunately it wasn't 'our' beach but fortunately the boat crew



...and a wonderful time was had by all!

had anticipated our predicament and had put into the nearest anchorage, which also happened to be the only place where the road ran close to a beach, in order to intercept us.

After what seemed like a very long wait, the last of the walkers straggled in and, though they were all pretty stuffed, they each unselfishly took the time to give to the **Hares**, the benefit of their opinions on how the trail might have been improved.

(It was later reported, though not substantiated, that one runner said he actually enjoyed the run and another said that he was still undecided.)

*An Irishman named Murphy went to his doctor after a long illness.*

*The doctor, after a lengthy examination, sighed and looked Murphy in the eye and said, "I've some bad news for you ... you have the cancer and it can't be cured. I'd give you two weeks to a month."*

*Murphy, shocked and saddened by the news, but of solid character, managed to compose himself and walk from the doctor's office into the waiting room.*

*There he saw his son who had been waiting. Murphy said, "Son, we Irish celebrate when things are good and celebrate when things don't go so well. In this case, things aren't so well. I have cancer and I've been given a short time to live. Let's head for the pub and have a few pints.*

*After three or four pints the two were feeling a little less sombre. There were some laughs and more beers. They were eventually approached by some of Murphy's old friends who asked what the two were celebrating. Murphy told*

*them that the Irish celebrate the good and the bad.*

*He went on to tell them that they were drinking to his impending end. He told his friends "I've only got a few weeks to live as I have been diagnosed with AIDS."*

*The friends gave Murphy their condolences and they had a couple more beers.*

*After his friends left, Murphy's son leaned over and whispered his confusion, "Dad I thought you said that you were dying from cancer? You just told your friends that you were dying from AIDS?"*

*Murphy said, "I am dying from cancer son. I just don't want any of them sleeping with your mother after I'm gone!"*

**Always do sober what you said you'd do drunk. That will teach you to keep your mouth shut.**  
**Ernest Hemingway**

*Two elderly women were out driving in a large car - neither could barely see over the dashboard.*

*As they were cruising along, they came to an intersection. The*

*stoplight was red but they just went on through.*

*The woman in the passenger seat thought to herself, "I must be losing it, I could have sworn we just went through a red light."*

*After a few more minutes, they came to another intersection. The light was red, and again they went right through.*

*This time, the passenger was almost sure that the light had been red, but was also concerned that she might be seeing things.*

*She was getting nervous and decided to pay very close attention.*

*At the next intersection, sure enough, the light was definitely red and they went right through it.*

*She turned to the other woman and said, "Mildred! Did you know we just ran through three red lights in a row? You could have killed us."*

*Mildred turned to her and said, "Oh Shit! Am I driving?"*

**The things that come to those that wait may be the things left by those who got there first.**

# CIRCLE CIRCUS

## No. 57A – Atauro Island

The Hash Circle under a shady tree on the bank above a pristine white sand beach gave no hint of the tortuous run which had preceded it. By now smiles had returned to (most of) the faces of the weary pack, their bodies had been cooled and their thirsts quenched and our new **GM**, **Vice GM** and **RA** were about to conduct their first Circle since their appointments. And what an impressive, strong arm, grim faced trio they were.

The turnout was excellent and there were several new faces as well as several returning runners and walkers. Notable amongst the latter category were **SEXON** and **DROP SHORT** and both were as anxious to get back into the down downs as they were into the running.

Unfortunately our regular **Beer Master**, **ROADKILL**, was meanwhile looking after the mainland run and he forgot to tell his stand-ins, **LACERATION** and **DRIBBLER**, that some beer as well as froth was supposed to be put into the mugs for the down downs.



**UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT!**  
(The GM explaining why he is called **WEE WILLIE** while **HARDARSE** conducts her own private Circle)

Consequently, apart from **HAI DROLIK**'s and **SEXON**'s protest down down, everyone swallowed all the liquid so fast that we never got to the interesting part of the song!

As usual, **DRIBBLER** tried to monopolise the down down count but this week had to make do with second place to returning runner **SEXON**. (Rumour has it though that she was getting favoured treatment since she has just become engaged to

the our new **GM**. The Hash wedding will be held next week. The other one will be later in the year.)

**Glen** was rewarded for keeping quiet about not having a name at his fifth and sixth runs, amongst other things, by being renamed **OH PIN YON**.

**DRIBBLER** decided to forgo the pleasure of awarding the **POTW** award so that he would have a larger field to choose from next week.

## DOWN DOWNS

- Hares** **SCRUBBER, BUPS**
- Newbies** **Mark, Dennis, MEGARIDER, Eric**
- Neglecting Newbies** **DROP SHORT, DRIBBLER, ROUGH RIDER**
- FRBs** **HAI DROLIK, SEXON**
- SCBs** **WEE WILLIE, SEXON, DRIBBLER, DROP SHORT**
- Disrespect** **HAI DROLIK, SEXON**
- Smoking** **SEXON**
- No Hash Gear** **CUNNING LINGUIST**

## Charges from the Circle

**DROP SHORT** charged **HARDARSE** for conducting two wet T shirt contests on her own

**Hamish** charged **DRIBBLER** for no special reason other than it was about time

**WATER RAT** charged **HARDARSE** for disturbing his siesta over a bogus snake in the frying pan

**BUPS** charged **Gary & the crew** for putting out a false weather report

**HAI DROLIK** charged **DROP SHORT** for openly admitting to too much wine causing him to lose his wallet

**HAI DROLIK** charged **WEE WILLIE** for not getting the **POTW** mug to Hash last week

## NAMING

**Glen** becomes **OH PIN YON** for his inclination and legal background

## POTW

Still no **POTW** vessel so **DRIBBLER** decided to wait until there were more recalcitrants to choose from next week. (Or because **Col** was on the mainland run!)



## HARES APPARENT

No.	Date	Hares	Occasion/Location
58	3 Jun	Push It & Pull It	Opposite PX
59	10 Jun	Roadkill	Roadkill's farewell run
60	17 Jun	Wiggles & Pogo	Wiggles & PS last run
61	24 Jun	Salsa & Absolut	Mid-Summer Night's Eve
62	1 July	The Yanks??	Independence Day Run
63	8 July	Pretender, Bushwacker, Babe	Upchuck's last??
64	15 July	Horny & Brown Eye	42 <sup>nd</sup> Anniversary of the founding of the Flying Zubriks

## HIGHEST HASH RUN1

Does anyone want to go for a walk up Mt Ramelau? It's about a 3.5 hour drive from Dili to the village of Hatabuilico and then a slow 2 hour walk up a (fairly) good, (fairly) gently sloping path to the peak. Let Haidrolik know so that we might be able to organise the HHHH Run in East Timor!