

BHHH2 Hash Trash Run #1648 06 July 2024
Puri Griya Sakti Manuaba, Kenderan, Tegallalang
THE FOURTH BE WITH YOU! USA TREASON DAY RUN

Oh! say can you see ...



Over the hills and far away, some 120+ keen hashers turned out to celebrate what some were suggesting might be "the last 4th July Independence Day" (given recent Supreme Court rulings) – but "no politics at hash!"



Happy to be "in the wilderness" (both politically and physically) were our hares **Blow Joe** and **Serial Offender**. They did us proud with a superb run site, excellent trails, chilli dogs and rendang wraps (beef & tempeh), jugs of vodka & orange screwdrivers and a beautiful day for it all.

Multigrip's photos taken on the trail attest to the natural beauty of the area. What they don't show is just how looong one's legs needed to be to scale some of the heights from one sawah to the next. It's all well and good for lanky dudes like **Blow Joe**, but what about the more "vertically challenged" among us?

Just look at the length of those pins on the hare as he enjoys a well earned beverage while the Hash Cash team **Head Master** and **TT** deal with the throng that made the trek way up north. There were plenty whose apparel acknowledged the occasion, and others that didn't!



Maybe they're from The United States of Ireland?



Not even the Irish wore St Paddy's Day shirts! Welcome back **Dip It In Honey**. Lots of happy hashers made for a great day ...



... and a happy hashing family reunion.

Welcome back to BHHH2, **Small Change** (it's a bit different to Prague!)



A couple of jugs of vodka orange did no harm to the sense of conviviality either, eh **Steptoe**?



The **PROST** lads provided not only great service but some vodka and whiskey for special libations. Later the Circle welcomed new Manager **Ricky** with a traditional **Down Down**. Thank you to **PROST** for looking after us so well.

At 4 o'clock it was quite a scrum of keen hashers that hit the trails. Not long runs this week but in classic hill country terrain. Not long enough for you? Go 'round again then! There's cold beer and booze waiting for you **On In** and delicious chilli dogs by **No Deposit**, amazing tempeh or beef rendang wraps by **While UR Down** There, sponsored by our Hares.



"Circle up!" cried **HM Mount'n Groan** in his stentorian tones. This was to be his last performance for a while and it seemed the assembled mob knew it - they formed an amazingly circular Circle! In his absence, while he swans about with **Coming Round The Mountain** (by motorbike all the way through Java and Sumatra to Aceh), we're going to have to put up with a newly anointed **Steptoe** as **HM**. Good luck with that job!



And the best of luck on your trails, you guys – stay upright and safe, and we'll see in a few weeks.



... and we'll miss these (temporary) Leavers: **Coming Round the Mountain**, **Used Tampon**, **Snowballer**, (**Used Snowball**), **Mount'n Groan**.

It'll be hard, but we'll try to carry on without you!

WoodenEye baptised a couple of *Virgins* ...

... and a highlight of the proceedings was the naming of our resident yoga guru (heretofore called Sheryl) who will henceforth wander this Earth known as ... **Downward Doggie**. She had no problem finding three compliant males to do her bidding.



This was a day to honour our American friends, to commemorate the signing of the Proclamation of Independence.

On this occasion it was no surprise that the **RA** canvassed the Circle in search of American Presidential look-alikes. There were a few, but the stand out candidate was **La Bella** whose coiffe (aside from the colour) presented a perfect Trump-esque hair style. Hail to the king – or is that the queen??

Next Saturday it's another national day theme – Bastille day or la fête nationale française for the Frogz. *Allez enfants de la patrie!*



Steptoe's opinion piece:

One wonders how modern media would brand America's treasonous exit from the British Empire on July 4th 1776. Given our collective familiarity with the terms *G Brexit* and *B Brexit*, and the difficulties of pronouncing the consonant pair *KX*, *Yankshit* springs readily to mind.

In reality their Congress voted to default on their debt to their Mother Country on July 2nd and the perpetrators of the great betrayal, whose descendants went on to mess up the right to peaceful existence of most the world, only got around to actually signing the document in the August of that year.

With a similarly lackadaisical want of attention to the importance of dates, two of our most beloved *Sapic Tanks* of the BHHH2, **Serial Offender** and **Blow Joe**, cobbled together a celebratory run on July 6th in the glorious hashing terrain around the Manuaba Waterfall. They cunningly avoided the majority of the glories of the trails on offer in the area in favour of a short and really short romp about some largely unrunnable paths ridden with ankle twisting opportunities, to bring us all back in double quick time to gorge early upon the fizzy blandness of the lager that US brewing conglomerates have foisted upon the world in place of real beer.

Luckily though, through the ameliorating influence of their celebrations taking place in a culinarily civilised country, there were delights aplenty to add flavour to the festivities. The best of which to my mind was the exquisite fusion of two great cultures embodied in the *Wau! Bali Burrito* – a magnificent fusion of Indonesian cuisine's classic titillation of tastebuds that is *rendang* with the hand held convenience of a Mexican tortilla wrap, packaged in an environmentally sound and aesthetically heart warmingly compostable banana leaf and hand tied jute string. God Bless *Murica!*

Another flavoursome highlight was the black tea vodka whose subtle tones could still be detected behind the frankly criminal addition of the nasty orange coloured syrup with which it had been mixed.

The Circle proceeded with much well fed and upliftingly intoxicated merriment, with **Land Raper** being snorkelled and wisely, given his driving home on a motorbike later, spouting like a breaching whale, the wicked addition of a glass of the aforementioned *Screwdriver* to his funnel of beery doom. One of the few with her wits still about her, **Chocolate Finger**, proposed **Downward Doggie** as hash handle for our Yoga teaching newbie, and **WoodenEye** did the honors.

By the time our good Sheriff and **HM Mount'n Groan** handed his badge of office into the care of your scribe for the next few weeks, all that the more-ish taste of that black tea

vodka had left of my cerebral function was body language. I hope my flailing arms and blurry eyed grin conveyed my hope that all shall be well, and all manner of things shall be well, as was my intent.

ON ON! **Steptoe**

