

JAKARTA HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 50th ANNIVERSARY SCRIBE REPORT

Hares: **Farticus, Sore Rail,
Kneel Down**
Date: **29th Oct 2022**
Location: **The Little Heaven**
Run No: **2838**
Scribe/RA: **LickaClit**
Master of Music: **Colonel Bloodknock**
Run Discusser: **Private Parts**



Laddies (58)

Colonel Bloodknock (1340); Tarzan (1130); Sheep's Kin (971); Herpes (909); Konkrete Kock (836); The Penguin (785); SukaPussy (689); Hardcase (650); Abi Ubi (577); Holy Joop (534); ShuttleCock (528); Sore Rail (498); Private Parts (495); Hashman (438); Kristianto Darmawan (384); Lick a Clit (376); Clumpy (301); Fanny (289); ELF (211); Blind Doug (121); Simple Semen (94); Masterbator (79); Benchong (66); Snail Trail (62); Container (48); Fuckwit (38); Fart Face (35); RubberCock (29); Sores On All Fours (27); Gold Finger (27); Shimbetween (22); Kneel Down (20); Shiny Black Cock (19); Check Back (17); Farticus (10); Short & Medium (9); Camel Fucker (7); Cockney Wanker (5); Blackened Pecker (3); Ocean Queer (3); Scrotus Maximus (3); BatMobile (2); Steve Dow (3); Tim McD (3); Boris Balls (4); Highly Unlikely (4); RingRing; Annual Boner; Robot; Hazukashii; Richard Stephen; Reuben Sweeny; Enchilada; Horny Herring; Edweenah; Yorkie; Bram van Hoof; Lau Nini Chuan (*sakit but paid Vatican Rag (1692)*); Tom Jones (1182); Yoshi (1156).

Lassies (29)

SBU (197); Nut Muncher (165); Sheep Dip (151); Nipless (146); Public Parts (112); Short Time (93); Yummy Mummy (68); Cardinal Knowledge (37); Sperm Bank (32); Gold Digger (31); Gin Tonic (26); Konkrete Fanny (25); CockZero (11); Lombollox (11); Sleep On This (8); Factory Outlet (6); Check Around (5); Holy Virgin (5); Mai Intan (2); Rosie (2); Just Jessica; Screw Driver; Dangdut; Rebecca; Dyah; Dynamo; Cecile; Clara; Fuyimi; (*sakit but paid Sarong (139), Susantin (4)*)

The Prologue

The morning of the JH3 50th Anniversary Run extravaganza burst onto the scene... but where were the dark heavy clouds of the wet season, threatening immanent and torrential rain, slippery trails and shiggy a plenty? I'll tell you where, they were not there. Instead, as we sped down the pleasant Jagorawi tol road in a convoy of buses and sharabangs, the sun shone and the mountains, even the outline of Gunung Gede rose sharply into the clear sky. Meanwhile the hares were toiling on the jungled slopes of Gunung Salak trying their damndest to fuck up the trail and lose some of the ancient JH3 hashers permanently...

The threat of chaos in the kampungs below Gunung Salak was averted and everyone arrived on site to enjoy the pre-run frivolities and delightful facilities of the Little Heaven resort.



...all aboard for the Jakarta traffic

The Run



Let the fun begin! JH3 T shirts over the years

The runs included a choice of Short, Medium and Long. The Short hashers were promised by Short hare, **Sore Rail**, a 5km run with a Beer Stop which would be Beer Stop #2 for the M-L runners.

The M-L hares, **Kneel Down** and **Farticus**, deviously tricked the unsuspecting hashers into believing that the Medium was not a Long and the Long not an XL. Specifically **Kneel Down**, told us the Long would be 12.5km with 600+m of climbing and the Medium, 10.5km with 500m of climbing - this sounded very ominous. The other M-L hare, **Farticus**, calmed our rising alarm by bare-faced lying to us that the Medium would be 9km with 300m climbing and the Long, 10.5km with 400m climbing - quite a discrepancy! These mixed messages fucked us up pretty well.

Both M-L hares agreed there would be a Beer Stop #1 on the M-L trail before the split. And so with happy faces and gay abandon we dumped our water bottles aside and set off along the leafy trail in search of Beer Stop #1. Several kilometres later, ascending a boulder strewn ravine, and with no drink stop in sight, those parched faces did not look so happy.

Meanwhile, at the beer stop, the M-L hares had arrived with cool boxes piled high with icy Anker Bir, Pocari and water. Then **Farticus** suddenly remembered he had forgotten to lay the 0.5km spur off the M-L trail to the Bir Stop. Without a word of explanation to his co-hare he grabbed a bag of paper and hoofed it off down the trail leaving the grumpy **Kneel Down** muttering repeatedly "Utter fucking shambles"

The good thing was that 5 minutes later **Farticus** came across your scribe, **Factory Outlet** and **Sleep On This** just about to head up the main trail. "Fuck.., you guys are fast" **Farticus** cried, "We are the last of the pack" we responded as we made the welcome detour to the Beer Stop where we were joined by trail sweeper, **Suka Pussy**.



With 50 cans of Anker to drink single handedly, the Beer Stop became something of a delay and distraction for me and **Suka Pussy**, but the hares helped us and soon the cool boxes were empty (**Sleep On This**) and **Factory Outlet** took care of the softies) and with bloated tummies, we were off back up the trail.

*To the left is the one and only photo of Beer Stop #1 taken by **Factory Outlet** with the hares in their shame refusing to be photographed*

The pleasant trail soon became nightmarish as we deviated from the gentle path descending slippery precipices down to the river and back up, getting steadily rockier. A low point was that after climbing down a cliff face and negotiating the horrendous river bed, there was an fk'ing check back! In tears, I retraced my teetering steps. Finally, we found **Private Parts** gnashing his teeth and

swearing about the trail. "This is not what JH3 is about!" he grumbled. Then it got worse...

After around 3km and 400m of scrambling ascent we emerged onto a jungle path heading downhill and **Hallelujah!**, we went down. After a couple of hundred metres there was the M-L split. It took us 3 nanoseconds to decide to take the M. The trail was gently descending through halcyon glades. How could it get better you make ask? Well, I'm glad you did, because it did get better since there was Beer Stop #2 ably manned by the ever-cheerful hare and everyone's friend **Sore Rail** assisted by the unlikely **ELF**. This was at an international location where statue of Liberty, Angkor Wat and Borobudur were in full view. The Anker was cold and company good and it was difficult to tear ourselves away for the last 2.5km of descent back to the Little Heaven.

All hail the trail:



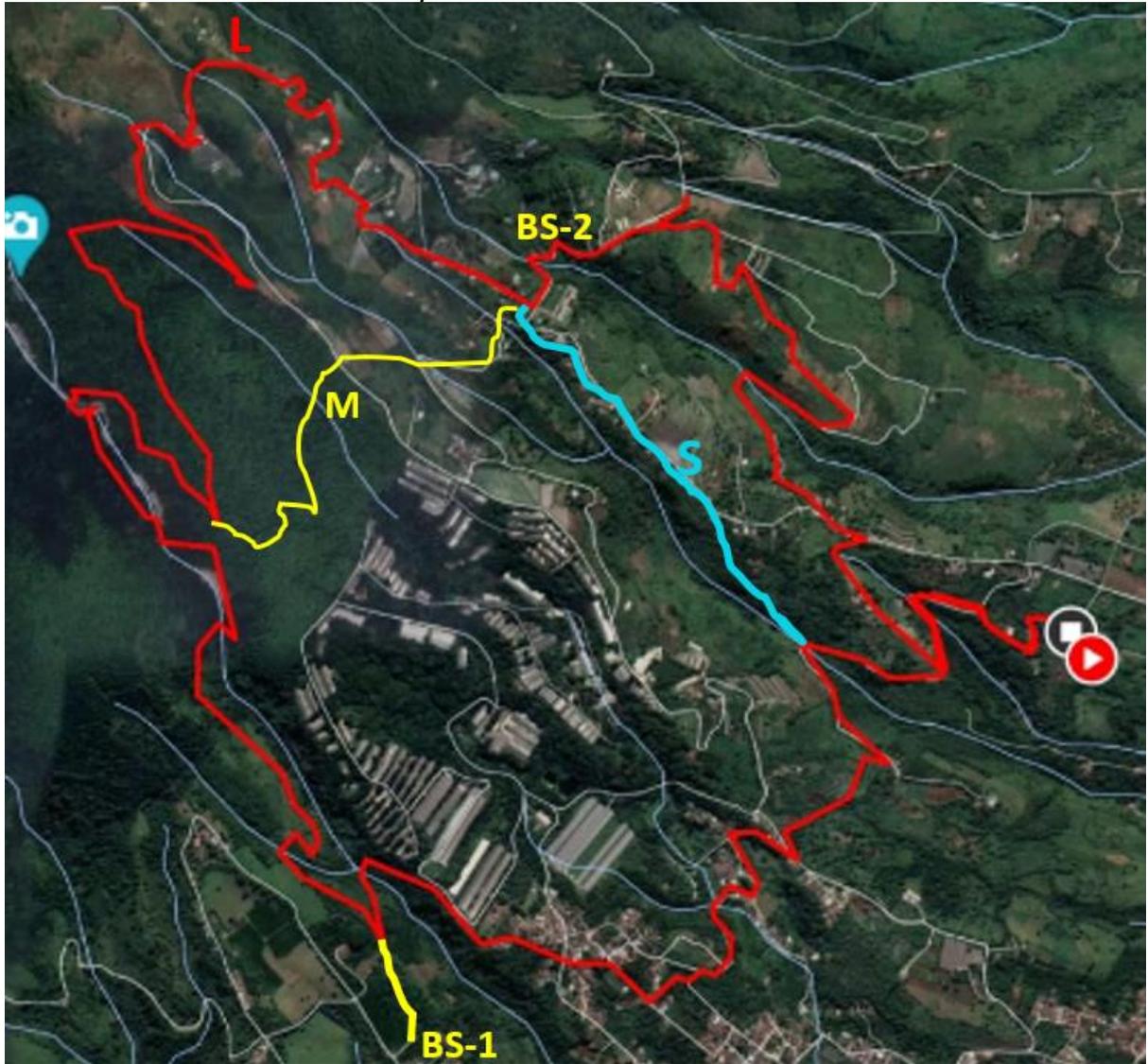


Weird scenes from Bir Stop #2





The JH3 50th Run debacle exposed



The Circle

Fuckwit opened the shannigans with Cloggie aplomb. Piss pourers were immediately appointed as **Metalikunt** and **Highly Unlikely**. Ex JH3 Hash Masters were called in for their memorable contributions including **Penguin**, **Colonel Bloodknock**, **Private Parts**, **Konkrete Kock**, **Simple Semen**, **LickaClit**, **Nut Muncher**, **Tarzan**, **SBU**, **SukaPussy**, **Sheep'sKin** and **Hashman**. Quite rightly visiting GMs and HMs were called including **Fart Face**, **Kneel Down**, **SBU**..

Hazukashii sang a little song named O-B-G-Y-N that went something like this to an unnamed tune which might have been similar to the "Divorce Game"

There is a doctor in our town
A paragon of men
His specialty is known to some
As O-B-G-Y-N

His sense of touch is marvelous
He feels where he can't see
He started at the bottom and
That's where he'll always be.

Chorus: Well he's open and candid
I can't understand it and
So under handed he's the O-B-G-Y-N

You'll walk into his office
And suddenly feel fear
You know that you would rather be
Anywhere but here.

You try to keep him talking
But your effort he ignores
Then you see two legs high in the air
And realize their yours.

Chorus:

You think he'd get enough of it
The thrill would soon be gone
But he works for the love of it
He fingers on and on.

He fly's with gay abandon
Where secret sorrows lurk
But he likes to keep his hand in it
'Cause he likes the inside work.

Chorus:

He closes up his office
And homeward makes his way
His wife is there to greet him
And tell him of her day.

She says I feel romantic
I'd like one night of love
In absent-minded reflex
He pulls on his rubber glove.

Chorus:

Make me out as the bad guy;
Trash my name in a crowd;
Tell them that I don't pay child support;
My breath is bad and my dick is too short;

And it's all my fault for the whole thing;
The guy is always to blame;
Take my house, car, and half of my cash;
In the dee-vorce game!

A little American dude named **Edweenah** strode in, claiming to be smaller than the **Penguin**, which turned out to be true, and be able to sing better than **Hazukashii** which was easy to believe, but we were unwilling to test him out because now it was time for the Hash Cash Report.

Hash Cash Report

This was nimbly delivered by **Sore Rail** who had, with a little help from legendary Hash Cash, **Vatican Rag**, got all the correct numbers for the visiting hashers together. Congratulated were The **Penguin** who joined JH3 in 1975 and left in 1992, **Hardcase** for 650 runs, **Clumpy** for 301 runs, **Blind Doug** for ? runs (turned out to be 121).

There then followed a problem with the beer truck leaving the piss pourers like spare pricks at an orgy. Our esteemed HM, **Fuckwit**, a noted aficionado of Bintang, quickly stepped in and saved the day by switching the beer from Anker to Bintang. A heinous crime to the attending old boys who demanded his immediate execution. However, since hash executions are no longer permitted by law, we had to settle for the HM sitting in ICE.

Run Discussion

In strode **Private Parts**, his face etched with malice and vengeance. Despite the fact that your scribe and **Private Parts** had actually sung "Balls to Mr. Banglestein" together on the trail, just hours earlier, our Run Discusser seems to have slumped back into a happier place. Of course, my run comment was "a Hash Shit of biblical proportions" noting missed beer stops, hare on the trail, an ascent from hell and hash runners close to expiry. Other more enlightened runners including **Hazukashi**, **Suck a Sailor**, **Cock Knee Wanker** and **Benchong** agreed.

But then there were those yeah-sayers and namby pamby JH3 stalwarts like **Nut Muncher**, **Col Bloodknock** and **Clumpy** calling for a Good Run. **Private Parts** relented and promptly forgot his rantings in the ravine, and somewhat unbelievably gave it a Good Run. Well done hares and thanks to the Religious Advisor for the great weather!

Master of Music

Colonel Bloodknock pranced about the circle singing his favorite song "Last night I stayed up late to masterbate, it felt so good, I knew it would". **Hazukashii** delivered another ditty from overseas which was amusing for those who could hear it.

Religious Advisor

LickaClit mused back to his miss-spent younger years when he had abandoned all other responsibilities and joined JH3 in April 1994. He called in those from the circle he still remembered harking back to a time when he had to stand on ELF's shoulders to get a look in to the proceedings in the circle with 100+ JH3 hashers present on a Monday night. In filed **Colonel Bloodknock**, **Konkrete Kock**, **Herpes**, **Hard Case**, **ELF**, **Clumpy**, **Hashman**, **Blind Doug**, **Penguin**, **Masterbator**, **Bullshit**, **Tarzan** and **Kristianto**

The Hashmaster, **Fuckwit** stepped in to give a special thanks to Pak Bachtiar owner of The Little Heaven for hosting the event and thanks to the beer truck and wonderful food to come. It turns out that Pak Bachtiar is an experienced hasher from elsewhere.

Hares Song

Sore Rail armed with his acoustic guitar and fellow hares strode in to sing *The Farmer's Song*, describing the antics of *Farmer McDonald* and *Farmer Giles*. The co-hares attempted to sing along but were hampered by blindness and illiteracy and of course having no sense of tune.

A last song was mumbled out by the **Penguin** who marched about the dwindling circle delivering several hundred versus whilst the pack was persuaded away to the hash food queue by the waft of savoury aromas. It was clear to all that it was time for "Hats off and pots on the floor" lead by the good **Colonel B**. We were soon wrapped up and heading to join the others for what was left of the nosh





Good drinking!

Epilogue

By before 10pm a few dedicated and desperate JH3 Old Boys were still feasting on the dregs of the Anker, when it was finally agreed that the OnOnOn would be at the JH3 50th Anniversary Hash Party at EP.

And so the pack regrouped for that event on Sunday afternoon and witnessed some rumbunctious singing and dancing with big name dead pop stars like Michael Jackson and Freddie Mercury but undoubtedly the highlight of the night was **Sore Rail's** rendition of "There once was a lassie with a wee hairy bittie" accompanied by a troupe of sexy dancers **Nut Muncher, SBU, Yummy Mummy, Sarong and Screw Driver** being every bit as frisky as Pan's People.



Yes, you can, can



Colonel Bloodknock as Freddie Mercury with Pans People



Konkrete Kock as the Michael Jackson twins



Sore Rail with the lassies with wee hairy bitties



Roger Daltry or Jimmy Saville?



One last act...



Naughty !!

Finally it was time for the last official act of the Hash Party, the first awarding of the Jeremy Pigeon award for dedication to JH3 for over 10 years. Since the JP award is normally award every two years 5 new member of this prestigious club were appointed, **Sore Rail, Hard Case, Private Parts, LickaClit and SukaPussy** were called onto the stage to join the old boys **Colonel Bloodknock, Konkrete Kock, Herpes, Vatican Rag, Sheep'sKin, Penguin and Hashman**.



The Jeremy Pigeon award

All in all a magnificent weekend celebrating Jakarta Hash House Harriers 50th Anniversary even if it was 1 year and 193 days late due to COVID. Thanks again to the hares, performers and organisers of the Saturday run & circle and the Sunday party and hash acts. See you all at the JH3 100th anniversary!!

OnOn, LickaClit

