

# Hashing Gone Nuts!

In the northern summer of 1967, I was brought home to Sandakan, Sabah, because my parents were wondering if I had flowers growing in my hair and grass growing out of my ass. That's what college students in the US were doing during the flower power era.

For three months, I was to spend my days in the swimming pool, the afternoons in the gym and the evenings at home (I wasn't old enough to drive at that time). It so happened that my mother was the secretary of the Grand Master of the Sandakan Hash House Harriers, which was in its third year of existence. Every week, she had to type up the newsletter and send it out to members of the Sandakan Hash, which numbered no more than twenty at that time.

The Grand Master of the Sandakan Hash was one Jonathan Gray, who happened to be the Managing Director of Harrisons & Crossfield, one of the prominent trading houses of that time. Harrisons & Crossfield was also the distributor for F&N and Anchor Beer (see where I am leading to). Since my mother did not wish that I waste my summer away, she urged me to join the Sandakan Hash so that they could

