

make a man out of me.

Every Monday, the hares would go down to Harrisons and Crossfields to pick up the beer wagon, which was a Landrover belonging to Harrisons and Crossfield. Stashed in the back would be a tub containing bottles of Anchor Beer and F&N Ginger Beer buried in chunks of ice. Plastic mugs were also provided. The good thing about the arrangement was that when the hares returned the beer wagon next morning, they only had to pay for whatever was consumed.

In those days, every run was a live hare run, and the hares would start off no more than half an hour before the pack. Sandakan had some good hashing terrain, and most of the trails were jungle foot paths through rubber plantations and sometimes fruit plantations. I remember one occasion when one of the hashers did not return to the run site. A search party was launched and we found him in the middle of the jungle where he had climbed a tree and was planning on spending the night up there in order to avoid being made supper by roaming wild animals that frequent those jungles.

At the end of the run, we would all dig into the ginger beer and Anchor beer. The on on on would be held in a local coffee shop where more beer would be consumed. All too soon, the summer was over and I had to go back to school, but not before I had to set a run.

That summer turned out to be the turning point in my life. There was no looking back. The golden fluid became an integral part of my life. I can count with one hand, the occasions when I was deprived of my daily dosage of the golden nectar in two successive days. Yes, there was the time when I spent a few days in Tehran, Riyadh, or Kuwait. I also had to stay dry when I played soccer for the university. Mom was right, the hash made a man out of me.

NUTS, Hashing since 1967.

