

**BHHH2 Hash Trash Run #1632 16 March 2024**

**St Patrick's Day Run**

*Two Irish hashers walked into a bar . . . and you can probably guess what happened next!*

**Krystal Tits reports on a great day in the sun . . .**

**The Luck of the Irish**

"It's the luck of the Irish!" I could already hear them say, as we drove to the run site in positively glorious weather. Lucky indeed, for this run in the mud might have been quite the slog.

As it was, the pack meandered through absolutely green sawah and hutan. Every shade of green came to the party, the algae on freshly planted rice paddies reflecting bright neon hues while the trees and grasses provided cooler emerald tones. Only the shamrocks were missing.

I know, I know, you're saying enough with the preamble. What about the fashion!? Let's dig in.



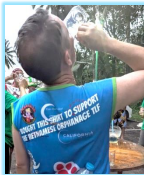
It was, as this astute readership has no doubt already ascertained, the St Patrick's Day run. Most people got the memo and were sporting a variety of past St Paddy's Day run t-shirts. We were even able to line up the models for the last few years.



Not wanting to completely abandon St. David, **Wooden Eye** showed off yet another piece of Welsh apparel. Amazing.



There were of course the odd few with questionable choices. 3 of our visitors decided to hell with St Paddy's day, we're wearing our home hash T-shirts. Here's to **Froggy**, **Half Way**, and the guy from Vietnam. Then there's also those who somehow have managed to miss all previous St Paddy's Day runs (or at least the t-shirt giveaway part of those runs) and show up in off, off green.



And finally, the winners of Saturday's hash: a bespoke shamrock batik dress, Nala the dog, and all of us who got to stay dry.



On On to the next disaster!

**"On On!" cries 69er**

It was a sea of green in Taro on a gorgeous day for a change, and that was *BEFORE* all the green-clad hashers arrived. 183 of them in all. Talk about "the luck of the Irish!" **Barnacle Balls**, **Monkey Balls** and **Limpet** had set brilliant trails – *two, two, twooooo!* – in the stunning terraced ricefields, hills and dales.



And not just beautiful and well-marked trails either. The hares, their partners & **Jorok** had prepared green St Paddy's Day T-shirts, gallons of Irish Stew, fruit crumble . . .

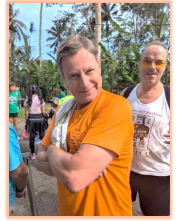
**69er**, **Ringtail** & **Jockstrap** barely made it to the run site in time. Unlike the Irish, they suffered an unlucky start to the afternoon with *two, two, twooooo* flat tyres! But a passing Grab car with the slowest driver in Bali ferried the hapless Aussies to Taro, while a mobile "bengkel" whizzed up from Denpasar to attend to the stranded vehicle. Gotta love Indonesian service, doncha?

"On On!" was called. There was a shorter trail of 5.5km, a longer one of 9.5km . . . and of course there was the rewarding super short trek to **Mason's Tatag Chocolateria** undertaken by a number of hashers – **Barnacle Balls & B Box**, **Disco Wanker** of course, **Half Way**, **6 of 9**, **Ringtail** et al. Whichever option one took it was all stunning.



And what about those who thought they were being rebellious by choosing bright orange? Aha! Perhaps unwittingly, you are completing the Irish flag!

Everything is green on St Patrick's Day: green beer, green shamrock-shaped glasses, green leprechaun hats... It turns out Saint Patrick was originally associated with the colour blue, but now even he wears green. What the heck happened?



It started when a green flag was used by Irish Catholics in the rebellion of 1641, and reinforced when the Society of United Irishmen wore green in the rebellion of 1798.



By the 19th century the colour green was firmly associated with the Irish Catholics, and in turn with their patron saint and his feast day celebrations. In contrast, Irish Protestants adopted orange as their colour, because of William of Orange's victory over the Catholics at the end of the 17th century.

While the two sides often clashed, today you'll often see the Irish flag at parades, symbolizing green for the Catholics, orange for the Protestants, and white for the lasting peace between them.

Of course, you can always just decide to go bare chested. Always a safe choice. Rock on, **Snowballer**, rock on.

Let us now take a moment to appreciate some Paddy's Day head gear...



Just 400m into the trail the "traffic jam" began on the slippery slope down into the valley. **Jockstrap** crashed and burned, twisted his knee and hobbled the remaining 5 kms. To guard against anyone else attempting a high dive (such as **Horny Herring** for example) **Jorok** had arranged for *two, two, twooooo* bamboo bridges to be constructed to the exacting standards demanded by expatriate Norwegians – with very sturdy handrails.



The terrain around here offers amazing vistas but you have to work pretty hard to see them! Clambering down into the valleys you're rewarded with views the

general tourist will never see, and then comes the climb – up, up, up!

After all that effort there's nothing quite like a cold Prost or two, the conviviality of like-minded hashers and the enjoyment of a fun Circle.



The last word this week goes to all the organisers of a memorable St Paddy's Day event. What a great effort by all involved. Lá Fhéile Pádraig sona duit. Banyak terima kasih, and On On!!