

Carangsari: "G" SPOT

On a day to honour one of the founding fathers of what has become an international disorganisation of "running clubs with a drinking problem", our brilliant hares **Labia & Labia Minora** set a couple of excellent trails.

"G" Gispert would have loved it!

Around the World, HHH kennels are ever on the lookout for an excuse to have a party. What better reason than to celebrate the birth and commemorate the death of "G". He was born in 1903 on July 31. Reminding us all of this occasion in the pre-run briefing, deputised **Hash Master Steptoe** called on the 100 hashers present to "Circle up" before the Hares released the hounds.



Here's a little about the one of the men ultimately responsible for the global phenomenon known as the *Hash House Harriers* . . .

Alberto Esteban Ignacio Gispert, hash name "G", was born on the 31st July 1903 to Arthur and Remedios Gispert y de Puiguiriguer in what is now part of the London Borough of Lewisham. The family were Catalan Spanish.

The young Alberto, although described in later life by Cecil Lee (one of the other original members of the first Hash) as the 'perfect English Gentleman', was brought up in a household that spoke little English. At his school Alberto participated in non-competitive running following paper trails which was a common sport in English schools at that time.

Steptoe called on the assembled hashers to *Circle up* as the last of the stragglers came *On In*. To acknowledge the efforts of the Hares **Labia & Labia Minora**, they were awarded a *Down Down* for a universally lauded run in the beautiful countryside of Carangsari.



And if you were wondering why things had been a little quieter over the last couple of weeks, was this because these three (plus Hash Hound **Short 'n Curly**) had been away? Welcome back to **Snowballer**, **Used Tampon & Used Snowball**. What's the *On On!* call without this Hash Hound going ballistic and straining at the leash to get going?



On **Steptoe's** agenda this time was an acknowledgement of the birth date of "G", a founder of the *HHH*. To this end he called on **Foreskin** (a self-confessed 'non-historian') to talk a bit about the role this man had played in helping to organise the original group of would-be harriers in pre-war KL in 1938.

Well said, that man!

After filling the assembly in on the historical context, it was time to welcome the *Returners* back into the fold.



Among this number were **Telecum Skanky Toe & Camel Toe** . . .

Following his schooling Gispert became a chartered accountant in 1928 and took up a post in Kuala Lumpur.



One of three main characters involved in the founding of the *Hash House Harriers* in Kuala Lumpur in 1938, "G" is credited with really getting it off the ground. The lunch group of which he was a member met at the Selangor Club's so-called "hash house" where they talked of starting a hare and hounds-style harriers club.

And so, one balmy evening in late 1938, "G" and his gang of accountants, solicitors, auditors and fertilizer salesmen gathered for their first trail. The group is recalled as being "not that athletic" as the "serious" ones used to play rugby and cricket instead. The hounds followed the 4-inch squares of newspaper strewn by the fleeing hares. As they found paper, calls of "On!" were made. Then it was back to the Spotted Dog for beer, beer and more beer.

Gispert was not an athlete and stress was laid as much on the subsequent refreshments as the running. It was non-competitive and abounded in slow packs. Monday evenings were declared Hash night so they could work the Sunday excess out of their systems and get right to work on Tuesday's hangover. Irreverence and self-deprecation were part of things right from the start.



The Japanese invaded Malaya in December 1941, with the last Hash run #117 held a week later on December 12. In January 1942, all European officials had to leave KL and a ban was placed on returning to the Malay peninsula. Gispert, who was already on leave in Australia, found a way to circumvent the order and signed up with the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders Regiment. The Argylls were the last out of Malaya, crossing the Causeway into Singapore on January 31. Gentle 2nd Lt A.S.I. Gispert, short, rather rotund and a bon viveur with a great sense of fun and humour, was sent with his regiment to support the 22nd Australian Brigade near Tengah Airfield. Forced back to Bukit Timah Road, it was there on Tuesday night February 11 that "G", in charge of a mortar platoon, was killed by the Japanese. His body was never recovered.

So perished a gallant, kindly, happy soul whose memory the years do not diminish. He would no doubt be pleased, and amused, to know how the HHH has persisted and flourished. *On On*, "G" !!



Readers might also be interested in some of the details of how G met his end in the fall of Singapore. An article entitled **Gispert's Last Stand** recounting what is known about his death will be posted along with this Hash Trash.



A farewell drink and a sentimental song . . . *F*ck off ya c*nts* . . . was offered to these *Leavers* who will be AWOL for a while. **Jock** heads for Australia to sort out some affairs before settling back into Bali; **Nitty Gritty & Gritty Balls** have work to do elsewhere, and we wish the best of outcomes in Bangkok to **Harelip** in the coming weeks. Hurry back, all of you.

Religious Advisor The Very Reverend WoodenEye responded to the *Hash Master's* call to conduct the baptism ceremony for the *Virgins* attending this run.

"This is the most important day of your lives . . ." You may return!



From Phuket came a couple of *Visiting Hashers* who enjoyed the hospitality of BHHH2. While they were drinking it *Down Down*, our glasses were regularly topped up by voluntary piss pourer **Head Master**. Thank you for your service!



Perpetuating the HHH tradition, hare **Labia** told the assembled motley crew what they could expect on this trail – all lies of course!



At the call of *On On!* the fleet of foot led the way out of the run site while **Multigrip** offered a hand to the backmarkers.



In contrast with last week's semi-urban beach run in Jimbaran, this was a very "green" trail, and conditions were excellent. Thank you to the hares. As always there was plenty of cold Prost on tap to quench the thirst of the sweaty pack, and some excellent nosh available too.



Meanwhile **Telecum** is another year older – happy birthday and many more to cum!



WoodenEye seems to have a fascination with what hashers wear, or don't wear, on the bottom half. He charged these blokes for not sporting running shorts at a hash run, suggesting they were more appropriately dressed for a dance while he also pointed out the long and the short of it among the harriers.

Malingers and SCBs copped a dressing down as well. And so the evening went on until **Gritty Balls** led us all in the traditional closing spiritual . . .

Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home

"Social drinking" was called, just as "G" would have wished back in his day and we now look ahead to next Saturday's run – back at sea level set by **Telecum**.

Have a look at the fantastic "green" collection of photos by **Multigrip** who seems to have taken shots of every ricefield in Carangsari this week.

And for anyone keen on learning more about how **Gispert** ran out of luck during the Japanese advance into Singapore in 1942, read the article on **Gispert's Last Stand**.

