

Mojacar

Hash House Harriers



FLASH FLASH NEWS FLASH NEWS new sunshine Hash

The Indonostalgians are responsible,:their run no.18,March 2001 in sunny Andulusia, Southern Spain started something strange and full of wonderment and default...? A new annual(chase winter blues away) Hash.Called the **MOJACAR JUBILADO HASH HOUSE HARRIERS (MjH3)**,rincon de umbrujo(corner of enchantment) U.F.O.centre,Leyline junction,Crusader station, and Phoenician knocking shop appeared.Amazing stuff.

Founders run notes are provided by the new Padre Especial(PE)el Ploddo,dego version of CH3's very own.



The new hash is to be called Mojacar Jubilado Hash House Harriers.MjH3.-jubil means happy and jubilado means geriatric.Not to be confused with MH3. Madrid Hash.
There are other Hashes in Southern spain, their first 2 hashers turned up this time,tomorrow the world?.So Spanish hashing exists and has a grand futuro.

MjH3 has got Marks @ Spencer to design Founders Run T. shirts,bottled Green and Puke olive for the Harrietts and those lucky enough to be on the founders run.

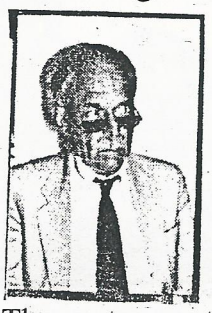
Run Report No. 1 by Plod (Run 1 Vol 1)

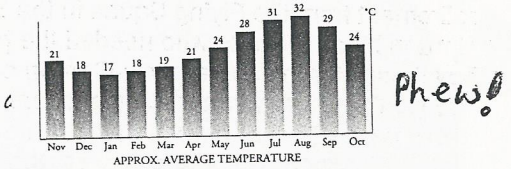
Herewith the run report from the live hare's point of view:
After two days of hard hashing with the Indonostalgia Hash (the first day was very hot and long due to the sirocco blowing away most of the sawdust, the second day was a great run through the countryside down to the seaside and back but without a swim), something less energetic was called for.
So Plod volunteers and the Brigadier says "Why don't we take them up the top of that there mountain (as they do in Lancs) to see the radio masts and gaze on Africa while we sup on cheep Spanish brandy?" So he drags me out of bed at 09.00 hrs and off we go. After a false start or two we both meet about 1/4 way up panting and heaving and me being rudely chased off private property by a Yank building a hippy commune. The radio masts are only another 2000 feet vertically up!! The Brigadier is reluctantly disuaded from trying to get any of our aging, worn out, hung over hashers any where near the top and leaves it to Plod.
Plod decides that he hasn't seen enough of the town and plans the trail accordingly. After discussion, it is agreed that the trail will start at the delightfully inexpensive flop house most hashers have chosen to squeeze into where they can (occasionally) bathe and worse together and have every last snore, sneeze, fart and bend spring contraction compete with the construction site dump truck/taxi in keeping them all awake most of the night.
Said flop house, the Hostel Equenica (not the Hotel Exquisita as I was first lead to believe) is run by a randy French Tart by the name of Don Enique, obviously a transexual, who I kept at arms length. Don Enique was, however, able to tell Taxidermist where the nearest brothel was without any detectable hesitation or research; I say no more.
It was further agreed that the run should finish at the watering hole run by an ex cop who had taken early retirement from the Flying Squad in the 80s; said bar was two old cottages knocked into one sold to Gordon by an old lady who needed the price of a bus fair to Madrid. She returned recently half hoping to buy it back for the same price; Gordon offered her free life membership instead but she declined and said she would return with her large godsons to re-negotiate the offer.
It was further/further agreed that the run would go from the flop house, PAST said dodgy bar, round the town and back to said dodgy bar for the Circle. Plod accordingly set off 10 minutes before 15.00 hrs and laid a roundabout rout past Gordon's Bar and then up the hill with a nice view at the back of the town. Here he was almost immediately cut off by front running bastards in the form of Goldflinger and Icepick, the Penguin having led everyone straight to Gordon's Bar with their apres run outfits instead of following the trail. Bloody stupid waddling old bird!
So Plod, unable to find the path down shown on his map, negotiates a five minute start and sets off again only to be spotted by Benghazi near the flop house; just got out of bed? So with the pack in hot pursuit, Plod leads them a merry dance up and down the quaint narrow Moorish streets and in and out of dingy staircases unknown even to the Brigadier, eventually to a cerveza stop at Plod's Knocking Shop, the world famous Mamabel's.
Now this is the place to stay! Only twice the price of the Eqinica but with large, airy rooms WITH WINDOWS, en-suite bathroom/shower/loo WITH RUNNING WATER AND TOILET PAPER, own balcony and OUTDOOR FURNITURE etcetera etcetera etcetera. It also has a nicer class of drunk staying there. Plod's next door Spaniard down for a dirty weekend from Madrid with his bit of senorita woke Plod up on Sunday morning at 05.00 hrs falling all over his balcony furniture and then vomiting his paella and vino tinto over said balcony onto to resteraunt terrace below. Needless to say his senorita got a good laugh out of this but nothing else. Plod unintentionally got his revenge later on (whilst showing Slaphead and Slapper what a nice place it was for a bit of nooky) by leaning in through his window during siesta, thinking the room empty, and catching them, finally, on the job. This must have been the senorita's last straw (his too) because they beat a hasty retreat back to Madrid.
Anyway, back to the run; after a round of cervezas, the hunt was resumed, the trail leading up to the castle where the sirocco precluded another stop as planned, but stopped down the hill a bit in a mis-named (for the day) Plaza del Sol. The only sol to be seen was that which shone brightly out of the hare's arse. But I am too modest! Much more of the Brigadier's cheep brandy was then consumed.
Then it was off again, round the shopping complex by the New Square where Icepick cheated again and short cut to within yards of a panting Plod. At this point, a sweet voice asked "Are you the Hash"; Plod seized upon his opportunity, grasped said English wench, dragged her into a door way and hid behind her uncomplaining behind. To no avail; Icepick spotted a bit of Plod sticking out from behind her skirts and the game was up! Not wishing to perform the same service for Icepick who was obviously up for this game of adult sardines, the Senorita Anglais hitched up her skirts and strode off.
Plod then joined forces with Icepick for the run to the finish and the pack staggered into Gordon's Bar breathing cerveza and brandy fumes over the touristica gathering nearby, mouths agape.
When the Circle formed, the Penguin announced that MOJACAR should have a hash and the brigadier should be the fall guy, to loud derision and applause.and hilaremento,as the only true Mojacan present, be the Maestro Grande (MG). He then made the following other mismanagement appointments:

Courtezan Mui Grande (MMG): Control Freak
Padre Especiale (PE): Gunpowder Plod
Maestro Cerveza (MC): Benghazi
Maestro Canabis (MCC): The Penguin
Maestro Bordello (MB): Taxidermist
Maestro Musica (MM): Goldflinger
El Flasho (EF): Donny McInnon (local gumshoe)
Maestro Casa (MCCC): Frying Pan (Gordon, owner of La Sarten)
The following were appointed founder members:
Icepick
Tres Litro Anita
Mad Dog
Barnacle Bill
Great White Hope
The Circle was musical and restrained (compared with the Indonostalgia) and everyone got a beer; one or two left over Bintangs or Flit Braus? and many local Alcatraz? Can't remember much more but had a great OnOn in the Brigadiers stupendous pad.



The Brigadier Thinks.





Phew!

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They got me out of the mess again and actually made me **Maestro Grande de Mojacar Hasho**- so all you erks pay attention. Was on a tour of duty for the **Indonostalgians**, as hare together with **Great White Hope** and that focused phenomenon **Goldflinger**. What a team. We set two challenging runs for the Indos, one down a dry river bed and the other round an irate Spaniards backyard. Good disciplined stuff. All done in the RINCON DE EMBRUJO.Some local in-patients joined in, what a find is **El Gordino**, maitre of the local La Sarten (frying pan) bar,now our very own Hash bar.**Gordon** joined our run for at least 25 paces, bless him. And **Donny** McDonney our Hash Flash , he is with us in spirit. Must mention the French baggage,la buena **Dominique** who takes of toy boys and eagerly awaits CH3's very own. Her **Esquinica** Hotel is an amazing place, ideal for Hash aficionadoes and reminds one of past Paris Hash campaigns, 19th Arondissemont, Arab quarter doss houses. Good stuff, Dominique.

The local Spanish have a somewhat jaundiced view of their indigenous local Ex Pats, that was until they saw the Indosnostalgians,now they think they are great,T he regiments actual run has been fully reported by that old tosser **Padre Especial**, so it only remains for me to say what a spiffing hilarious titillating ashole splitting time it was. Super sexy founders only T shirts with special Indalo/hash tribal scene on the front and **Mad Dog** on the back are aroubd somewhere,for the currently most exclusive Hash in the world.**Mojacar Jubilado Hash House exists.OLE!!**

ON. ON.!!

Now were's the bar?

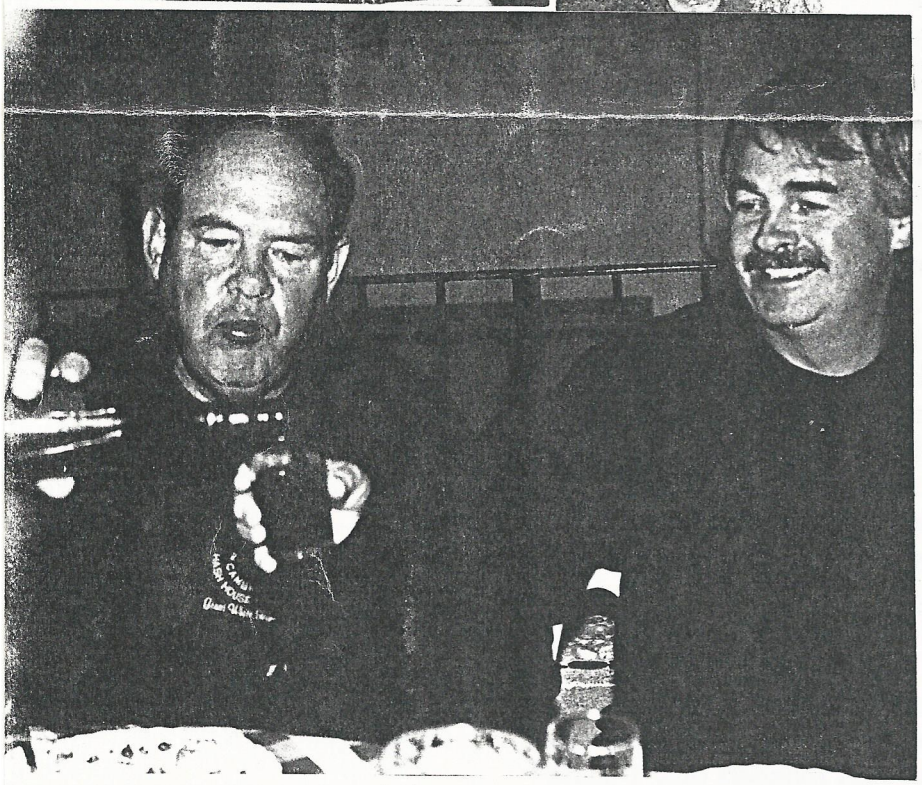
Also other founders who got there,and with us in spirit(with spirit) on the run, French Tart, Slaphead, Slapper,the Ubend especial or is it focussed?. Toy Boy needs special mention as the first guy to book the Equinica,albeit wrong dates.

Special comemerative gongs to be awarded. ON ON

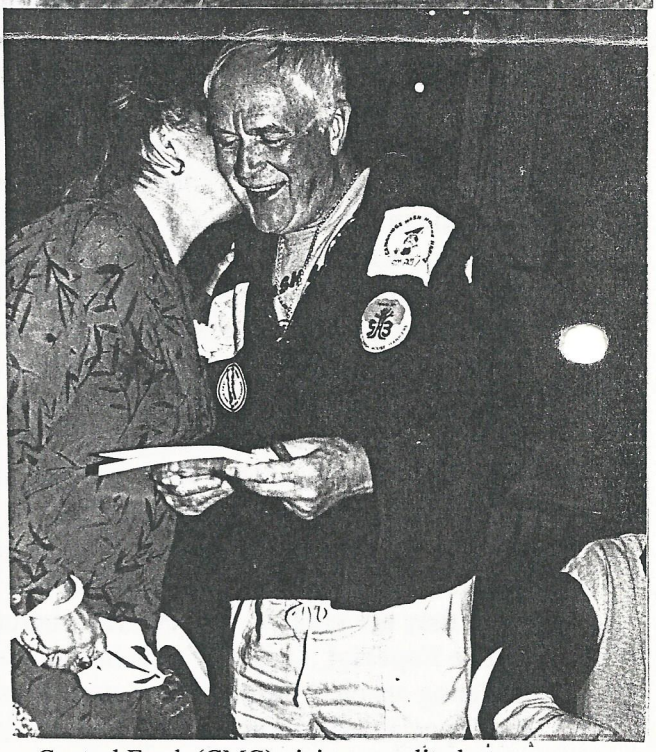








good red wine.....yummy



Control Freak (CMG) giving morality lecture.

For info on future jolies and info pack(of sorts):

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