

INTERHASH

in
Paradise



PHUKET 1992

THE GOVERNOR OF PHUKET



As Governor of Phuket to welcome the InterHash triathlon event, I am pleased that you have chosen to participate in this event in our island and I hope you will enjoy the beauty of our island.

On behalf of the people of Phuket, I welcome you to our island. We are proud to host this triathlon event in this beautiful island amidst its great natural beauty.

The Phuket Hash House Harriers have done an enormous amount of work in preparing for this event to ensure that it will be an experience that you will never forget. Many of you will be coming to Phuket for the first time and I am certain that you will leave with a favourable impression of our island, and of the world famous hospitality of the Thai people.

Welcome, and may this be the best InterHash yet.

Yuwat Vuthimedhi
Dr. Yuwat Vuthimedhi
Governor of Phuket

WELCOME TO INTERHASH IN PARADISE

Phuket has some fine Hashing country to boast about: mountains, coconut groves, rubber plantations, paddy fields, beaches, jungle...in short, plenty of variety.

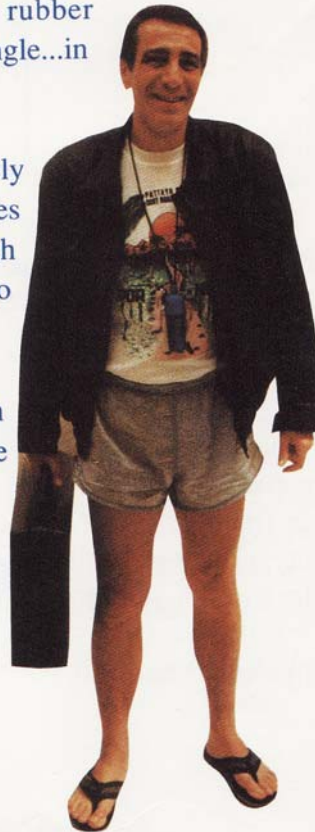
Patong Beach can also boast a lively nightlife, with plenty of watering holes and yet it is small and intimate enough for a couple of thousand hashers to have a party in.

Phuket Hash decided to put on InterHash in Phuket because we believe the venue is perfect.

So any foulups are totally human error.

Welcome to Patong and Phuket.
We hope you have a great time.

Paul "King Klong" James
InterHash Mismanagement Committee





EDITORIAL MAUNDERINGS

Anyone who bothers to read much of this magazine will notice that an awful lot of the material was stolen from other magazines.

There is a reason for this, and we should take the opportunity right now to acknowledge those who helped bring it about.

So, to all those who promised something for the magazine and didn't deliver (along with any virgins who happen to read this) - THANKS FOR NOTHING!

Seriously, the magazine was a hell of a lot of work and couldn't possibly have been done without lots of help - but we managed it anyway. A heartfelt thank you to those who did provide material for the magazine.

Finally, thank you to our sponsors. Your support will go a long way to making this event the success it's bound to be.

Now get out there and do your part - have fun!

On On

The Editors

ON-ON!



ON-OVER...



... and
ON-T.N!

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SAWASDEE!

On behalf of the members of the 4 Hash House Harriers chapters in Phuket we would like to welcome all Hashers from across the world to the 1992 World InterHash.

We are proud to be able to show you around our paradise island and entertain you with that famous Thai hospitality.

While you are here, members of the local Hashes will be on hand throughout your stay to assist you and make your stay with us a memorable one.

On On!



"Porky"
Peter Habgood
Grand Master
Phuket Tinmen
Hash

"Abuse"
Jane Wilsdon
Grand Dragon
Phuket Pooying
Picnic Hash

"Sir Wanda"
Dave Cooper
Grand Master
Phuket Hash House
Harriers

"Sponge"
Andrew Wilkins
Grand Master
Phuket Marauders

A Brief Introduction to Phuket

Location

Phuket Island, thought to be named after the Malay word bukit, or mountain, rises from the Andaman Sea to the southwest of Thailand, between latitudes 7½ degrees and 8½ degrees north. Bangkok to the north is 75 minutes away by air, and Singapore is 600 miles south on the equator.

History

Phuket has been known of since the 2nd century AD and its original Polynesian inhabitants were followed by Thais from the mainland, Sea Gypsies and later by Chinese and Muslims.

Rubber plantations and tin mining were the main source of wealth for the island and both still thrive today, though since the first tin ore dredging vessel was brought to the island in the 1930s, offshore dredging has almost completely replaced surface mining. The abundance of disused tin mines will be quite noticeable during Interhash, as many will be featured

on the trails laid.

Tourism has mushroomed since the 1970s and changed the face of the island as well as becoming its main source of revenue.

Fact File

Phuket covers an area of 600 sq kilometres including its offshore islands and boasts a population of 170,000, of which 50–60,000 live in Phuket town. The population is divided into 5% Moken (Sea Gypsies), 30% Muslims and 65% Thai or Thai/Chinese. There are 28 temples, 34 mosques and 4 churches on the island. The 5th of July is a Sunday this year, but I feel that 4 churches should be sufficient for those hashers requiring religious sustenance prior to the afternoons run.

The land usage, as will be seen on foot by the hashers, is 27% rubber, 9% coconut, 7.3% forest, 5% orchard, 3% rice and 1500 hectares of pineapple (a real bitch to run in),



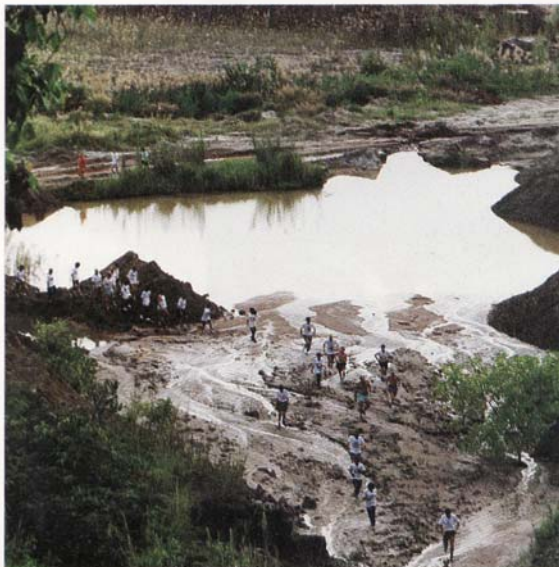
durian, cacao and palm oil.

The warm tropical waters surrounding the many beautiful beaches of this island paradise teem with fish and shellfish, providing yet another source of income and employment for the islanders. The fishing and fish processing industry employs 10,000 people and the island's fishing fleet has 350 industrially equipped fishing boats plus many traditional longtail boats who also eke out a living from the sea.

Climatically, Phuket has only 2 seasons: the rainy season, from April to November; and the hot season from December to March. The temperature rarely falls below 19 degrees Celsius, even at night, and 37 degrees Celsius is about as high as it rises.

Medical Facilities, Activities and Places to Visit

For the active, the following are all available to



the visitor to Phuket: scuba diving, fitness centres, go-kart racing, ten pin bowling, golf, horse riding, rifle and pistol shooting.

Most water sports e.g. para sailing, jet skis, water skiing, fishing etc, can be booked with the operator at his beach site. Sea Canoeing is the exception to this, and can be booked by calling 212172.

Other places of interest include: the Phuket Aquarium, Butterfly Garden, Crocodile World and Elephant Land, the Fresh Food Market, Hat Nai Yang National Park, Heroines Monument, Khao Rang, Pearl Theatre, Laem Promthep, Sapan Hin Mine Monument, Ton Sai Waterfall, Wat Chalong and Wat Phra Thong.

Information on all these can be obtained from "Phuket Visitor" from which most of the data in this article was derived. Free copies can be obtained at most hotels and travel shops.

Some important **D**os and **D**on'ts

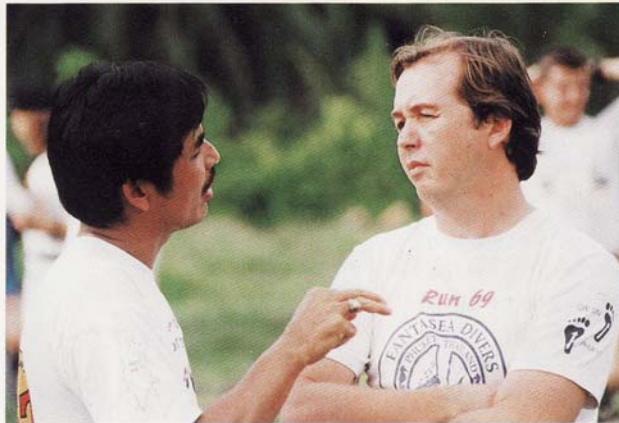
The Royal Family

Thailand is a monarchy whose ruling family is revered by their subjects to a much greater extent than those in most other countries. Insulting the royal family by word or deed is a serious offence in the eyes of all Thais and in the eyes of the law. Open displays of disrespect can end with the perpetrator spending some time in the "monkey house", as the Thais refer to the local nick.

Religion

The dominant religion in Thailand is Buddhism and this religion is respected to the full by Thais and should be treated with respect by all visitors to this country. When visiting temples or *wats* you should be properly dressed - for males, long trousers and shirts are in order, and for ladies, skirts and non-revealing tops or dresses - shorts are a no no. It is essential to remove your shoes when entering a hall of worship, though shoes may be worn in the precincts or courtyards. Taking photographs is permissible in temples, but climbing on Buddha images or religious artifacts for that all important "I was there" photograph, is definitely not.

Buddhists consider the head to be the most sacred part of the body and the feet to be the least, therefore pointing your feet at people or stopping rolling coins or banknotes (which have the image of the King on them) is frowned upon in Thai society. Please refrain



from ruffling a Thai's hair, even if the gesture is friendly, if you do so impulsively - apologise - it will be graciously accepted.

Females should also note that they should not touch a monk. Gifts may be forwarded through the hands of a male or laid in the cloth that each monk carries - please, no messing with the novices.

Finally on religion, in certain areas of Phuket the Muslim religion dominates and although Thai Muslims are more tolerant than some, this does not mean that they will ignore deliberate insults to their religious beliefs.



Nudity

Thought that would get your attention.

Nudity is against the law and offensive to Thai people, so please keep your private parts covered at all times. If nothing else, we would like to stay here and continue hashing after you've all gone home, and a bad reputation caused by our guests may end all that.

Tipping, Bargaining, Transport

Tipping is not mandatory in Thailand, but should you decide to do so, you'll be rewarded by the renowned Thai smile. Except when shopping in fixed price stores, do bargain - if you get a 20% reduction you're doing very well. *Tuk tuk* fares in the main part of Patong are 10 baht per person and up to 20 baht for slightly longer journeys. If you are taking a *tuk tuk* out of Patong, agree on the price first and don't renege on the payment - *tuk tuk* drivers can be real trouble. Flights and buses out of Phuket are at a premium, so remember to reconfirm your ticket at least 3 days prior to your departure. This may be done through your hotel reception or any of the many travel shops.

The Environment

Phuket has wonderful hashing terrain including primary and secondary rainforest, rubber and coconut plantations, bananas, rice, pineapples, quarries, disused mines and gravel pits. All of the above have owners who show great goodwill (or forbearance) to the Phuket hash and allow us to run on their land. Please help us to retain that goodwill by refraining from littering the run trails and laager sites during Interhash.

When in the vicinity of peoples houses and gardens *STAY ON PAPER* - you wouldn't like 150 people trampling all over your cabbage patch. If you're running in rice paddy, please stay on the earthen dikes between paddies, as there are crops growing and they are people's livelihood. Behave with caution when in the presence of buffalo, especially a mother and her young. One hasher here was not so cautious and was lucky to live - still, the stitches suit him.

And once again- please keep your clothes on!

After all those don'ts - DO please have a great time.



Running the Phuket Hash

In Phuket we have developed a rather unique style of hashing which we will be using on our Interhash runs. Read the following carefully so you know what to do.

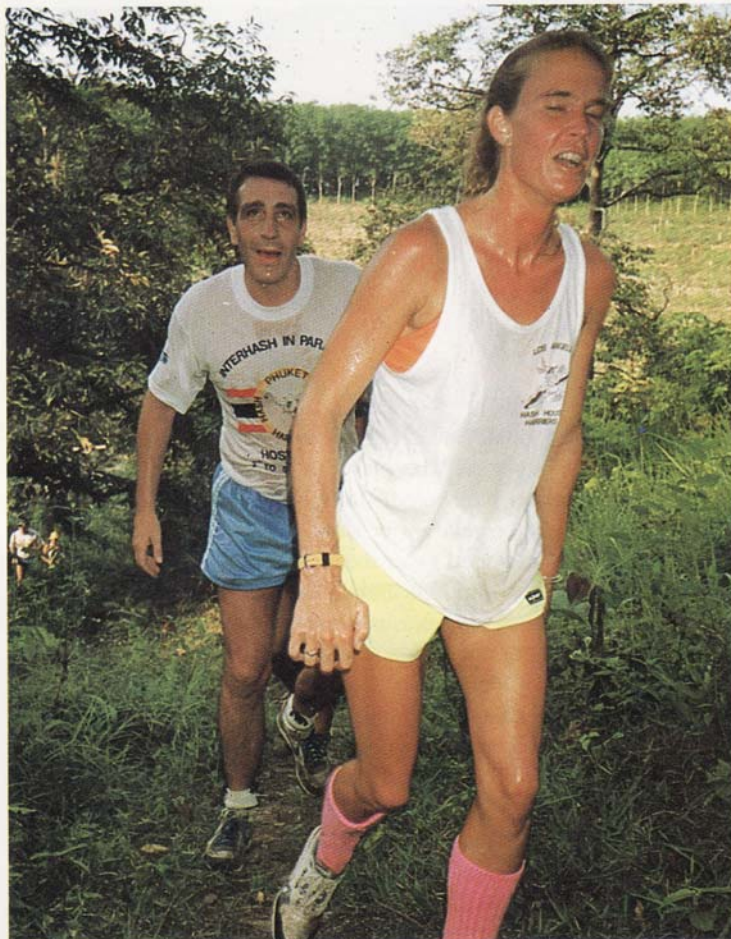
Format

There will be 14 runs operating out of 7 laager sites situated around the island (see map). The run sites are numbered A,B,C,D,E,F and G. There will be two runs per run site: a medium run (60 minutes length) together with a long run (90 minutes length) or a short run (30-40 minutes length). Buses will leave Patong and there will be 3 buses per run. The signs on the buses correspond to the run numbers, e.g. for a short run at run site D the bus sign might read:

RUN	S-17
-----	------

RUN SITE	D
----------	---

The runs start and finish at the same place. Departure times of the buses to the run sites will be staggered so that the runs finish at about the same time, so the 'long' buses leave first followed by the 'medium' buses and the 'short' buses. To get the best out of hashing in Phuket take a different bus on Sunday to the one you





take on Saturday. This will take you to a different run site.

Markings

We use clumps of biodegradable paper squares to mark the trail. The paper will be placed at 5-10m intervals. It will be either pink colour (for long runs), blue (for medium runs) or yellow (for short runs). If you see white or multicoloured paper then ignore this as it is remnants from previous runs in the area. Please keep to the colour of paper you have decided to run on. You are either on paper or not. If you are not on paper you must look for it. There are no special signs or symbols denoting a check, on back, false or anything like that. If the paper trail seems to end then you could be on a check or a false so you need to check it out. These are designed to slow up the front runners and let the people at the back catch up. You need to check on 100m or so, also to the left and right. If you find paper again then that was a check. If no paper is found then go back to find the real trail as that was a false.

Shouting

You will hear the following grunts during the run:

ON ON

Means you're running along the paper trail. Shout this as often as you can even if you're not at the front. Do not shout On On if you can't see your colour paper.

CHECKING

You can't see your colour paper so are looking for it. Check in all directions including forwards. This is not an excuse to stand around with your hands in your pockets while others do the work!

ARE YOU ON?

You're asking other hashers if they're on paper or not. They should respond with either ON ON or CHECKING.

CHECK BACK

You're at a check and after checking forwards and sideways you can't find the paper. Shout CHECK BACK to those behind you to look for the real trail as you're on a false. Once paper is found again shout ON ON

WHERE'S LAST PAPER?

You're at a check and have forgotten where you last saw paper.

ON UP

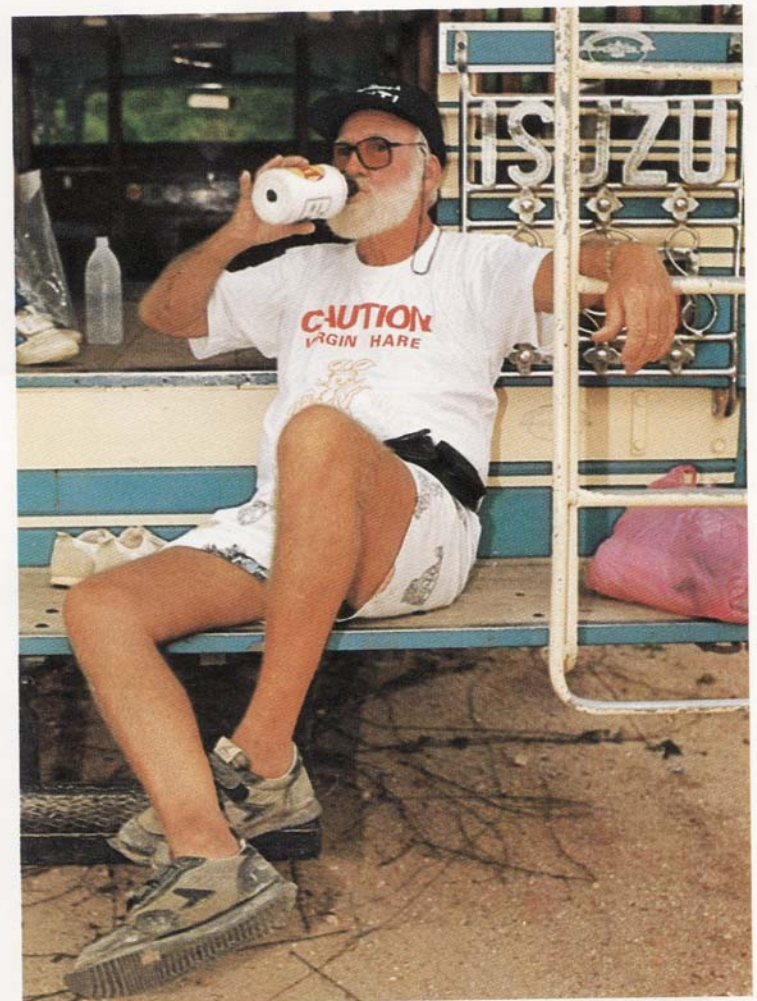
The trail goes up a hill.

ON DOWN

The trail goes down a hill.

ON IN

You've found the beer truck, usually signifying the end of the run. Get yourself a beer!





QUESTIONS

What do I do if I see paper? Shout ON ON and keep running.

What do I do if I can't see paper? Listen for someone shouting On On, or shout CHECKING or ARE YOU ON? and look for the paper.

SHORT CUTTING.

Many hashers short cut. The runs in Phuket are designed for both FRBs (front running bastards) and SCBs (short cutting bastards). To try and keep the pack together there are many loops. Short cutting across a loop is permitted but do not short cut if you're not sure of where you're going as you may get lost.

GETTING LOST

You can avoid getting lost by staying on paper. Do not lose sight of other hashers. If you find yourself totally lost, head for the nearest blacktop, usually in a down hill direction, and walk or hitch a lift back to the run site. Hitchhiking is very easy in Phuket, otherwise take a tuk-tuk (local taxi). If you do not know where the run site is then go to the On On at the Phuket Stadium in Phuket Town (sanam keela surakun in Thai). Do not go back to Patong as you'll miss the partying afterwards. We don't want to send search parties out looking for you if you've given up and gone to a massage parlour. There is no checking in/checking out procedure. The Phuket Hash will not be responsible for anybody who gets lost. If you get injured there are first aid facilities at each of the 7 laager sites. Those with serious injuries will be evacuated to the Mission Hospital to the north of Phuket Town.



HERE DID HASHING ORIGINATE?

Every Hasher in the world has by now read one of those stories about how the Hash was started. After all, its de rigeur for any self respecting Hash magazine to include it.

For those of you unfamiliar with the reasons we're all running around like chooks with their heads cut off, blame this Gispert bastard.

Basically, way back when my Dad was still running around in nappies and involuntarily losing his dinner from both ends (a tradition I'm proud to carry on), Albert Stephen Gispert, or "G", was sitting around in the Selangor Club in Kuala Lumpur, getting on the piss and talking about a running club he used to belong to.

A number of clubs existed for "hare and hounds" paper chases (there are even



references to something similar in "Tom Brown's Schooldays"), but the local one had folded. Gispert managed to talk his mates into forming up a new club, and then, in the best of Hash traditions, conned two of the founding members into being the Joint Masters.

I note the word "Hash" has now reared its ugly head in the story, and you want to know why its called the Hash House Harriers. Simple really - the mess of the Selangor Club Chambers was referred to, jokingly, as the Hash House, and the hare and hounds groups were called Harriers. Hence the Hash House Harriers.

This all kicked off back in late 1938, though the usual mismanagement stuff ups mean that nobody is really sure what the true date of the first run was. They made it to run no.117 before the Japanese managed to stop it for a while, but Hash was back by August 1946.

Naturally, when you're having that much fun and you get posted somewhere else, you



want to carry it on. The second Hash to be formed was in Singapore in 1962, and look what's happened now - at the time of writing, the Interhash 92 files have got more than 600 different Hashes listed!

I still haven't answered the question of why we do it though have I? Well seriously, if you have to read through this much garbage to find out why we like - yes, actually enjoy even - running around in the jungle, through rivers, rubber and pineapple plantations and up the side of bloody great mountains to eventually arrive at the laager site completely knackered and covered in shit, you sound just about intelligent enough to be a real Hasher.

Of course it could be the beer afterward.

Like I said - blame that Gispert bloke - it's all his fault!



Birth of the Phuket Hash

A few weeks ago I reported that some people were interested in starting a Hash House Harrier club on the island.

Well that interest has now grown into a reality, and the Phuket Hash House Harriers held their second Hash run last Saturday evening at 5:00pm.

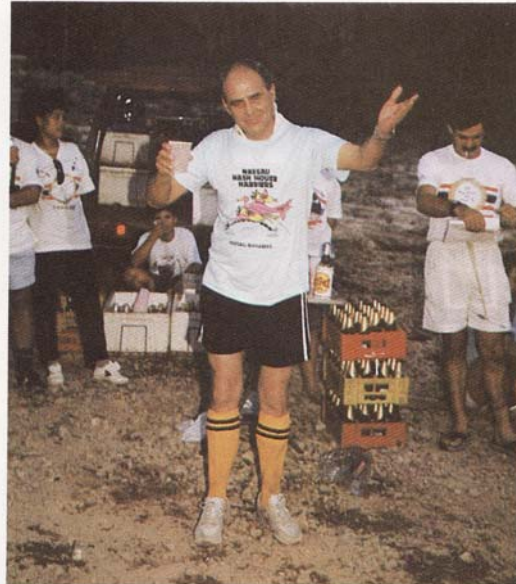
The joint driving force behind the Phuket venture is Alan and Marie Cooke. Whilst living in Medan, Alan and Marie were the Grand Master and Grand Lady of the Medan Hash, so they have a great deal of experience when it comes to organising people, runs and trails.

I attended the second meeting last Saturday which had an attendance of 32 runners, seven up on the previous Saturday. I was a little unsure of what to expect, as I had been led to believe that the Hash House Harriers were more of a drinking club than a running club, which I found out was far from the truth!

During the week prior to the run, Alan surveyed the area and worked out the hash. In the morning or the early afternoon he then set the hash, which means he laid the paper trail.

The run should take 45 to 60 minutes, depending on the country, and the distance is approximately 6 kilometres or a little under. The trail for the run is laid in such a way that the strong, fast runners cover a greater distance than those who walk and just run a little.

If the run has been well laid, the fast and slow



runners should reach the home base within a few minutes of each other.

There is much jargon you must learn before you start the run, as not knowing them is unfair and rude for the other runners.

After the hash is finished there are cold beers and soft drinks on hand to quench your thirst, and later the Grand Master invites those who wish to join him, to a nearby restaurant for dinner - each person responsible for their own tab. The HHH welcome anyone who wishes to run with them.

The run is a mixed run and it is great fun. Everyone is welcome.

Jane "Abuse" Wilsden



Kangarooters Raid Paradise !! *



Task Force Kangarooters arrived in Paradise on X-mas eve, rumours abounded that Mother X-mas had been sighted there 12 months previously, and the task force was determined to get to the root of the sauce of the story.



The force will attempt to rescue her from the forces of evil and fisting.

Other damsels in distress are believed to be in hiding at a location of known repute in the local town, and the force will raid the location with weapons blazing and pouches full, and pay the ultimate price of freedom.

However, the force is expected to specialise in night engagements using built up areas as a rule.

The forces success is vital to boost confidence for a harrowing campaign planned for raiding a larger force north of Paradise, but first the force must

overcome many obstacles strategically placed in Paradise.

The arrival of the well weaponed force has sent shudders of anticipation through many thinking of what may come through the local population. The force is prepared for all contingencies.

The task force was set a gruelling campaign by the Kangarooters commanders and many concerns have been raised about the survival of the force. Concern has also been raised if the level of training has been sufficient, although most members have maintained their fluid intakes, some have been seen to be consuming unapproved softer versions of fluid.

Fortunately, some members have taken on extra

training by wrestling and capturing giant cockroaches. Will this be enough to maintain their stamina while climbing huge mountains, crossing raging rivers, jumping to earth from the space shuttle and chasing and capturing the exotic LBFM?

Also of concern is the possible early failure or uncontrolled firing rate of the force's weapons, which are untried in recent times, with little training being performed, although it is thought that some members will have kept a hand on the situation. However, all reports indicate that the force does have ample ammunition in their pouches for the opening volleys.

*Stolen from the Expat noticeboard **

H istory of the P huket H ash

(PART II)

After having previously hashed on Middle East "desert" terrain - it was a pure delight to encounter a small but healthy hash in Phuket. Running around the hills pursuing the beautiful ladies, and sometimes paper, was certainly the best formula for any hash.

My learned friend Jim "Gorgeous" Keenan, had taken over from "Dubai" Alan Cooke, and at that time the GM's job was almost a one man show - he pestered people to become hares, collected fees and listed the runners, and prepared the weekly hash sheet - often on a Saturday morning.

After a Hash Shit run - awarded to Peter "Sidecar" Muller, who ran us up and down the Kathu quarry - I was named "Sir Lancelot" by "Jaws" for assisting a bevy of damsels over a "hard piece". "Gorgeous" spotted me lingering and the following week's hash sheet had my name as "Sir Lance the Lot" - speculative press I'd call it! I'm sure he's a stringer for the Sun, appears this way.

I began to lay womruns with tuition from hash stalwarts such as "Waterbeetle", "Spiderman" and "Gorgeous" - even managed to get "Jaws" to turn out once - 3 hours late, with no money.

At the end of "Gorgeous" tenure I offered to be the stooge for the forthcoming year. A costly mistake? On my first time out as GM I received Hash Shit because everybody followed "Gorgeous" on a short cut - there's no justice. He was punished in the circle.

I tried to distribute down downs to the reluctant ones at the rear of the circle, and gradually, with shyness overcome, many took office on the hash. I felt it to be important, as our Thai hosts will always be the backbone of the hash in Phuket as most farang tend to move on



eventually.

I made many mistakes but the enjoyment far outweighed the cockups - we had a great #150 run bash on Lone Island and generally On Ons were arranged every 3 weeks or so - the Hash Cash providing when possible. Some great sing songs with good participation by Hash Music, Bollox, and the Pooying Choir coached by same, began to give us a reputation as a "must visit" hash.

It was with mixed feelings that I passed the GM's hat to Pattaya Hash - who drank it dry (50% froth) and reclaimed their prize. It was well bashed and looking rather sorry, so all was corrected when the next GM, Paul "King Klong"



James, was presented with a new hat in the circle. It was a larger hat than the previous one and contained more beer so it was befitting for the new GM.

Looking back, the hash was really in its infancy - the Patong hashers arrived by a single tuk tuk, the running fee was 10 baht and down downs 'til the money ran out! On Ons totalled 30-40 people, the average pack was 60-70 high season and 30-40 low season with 5 or 6 shirts sold per week.

I wish the hash continued success and will always support "fun for all".

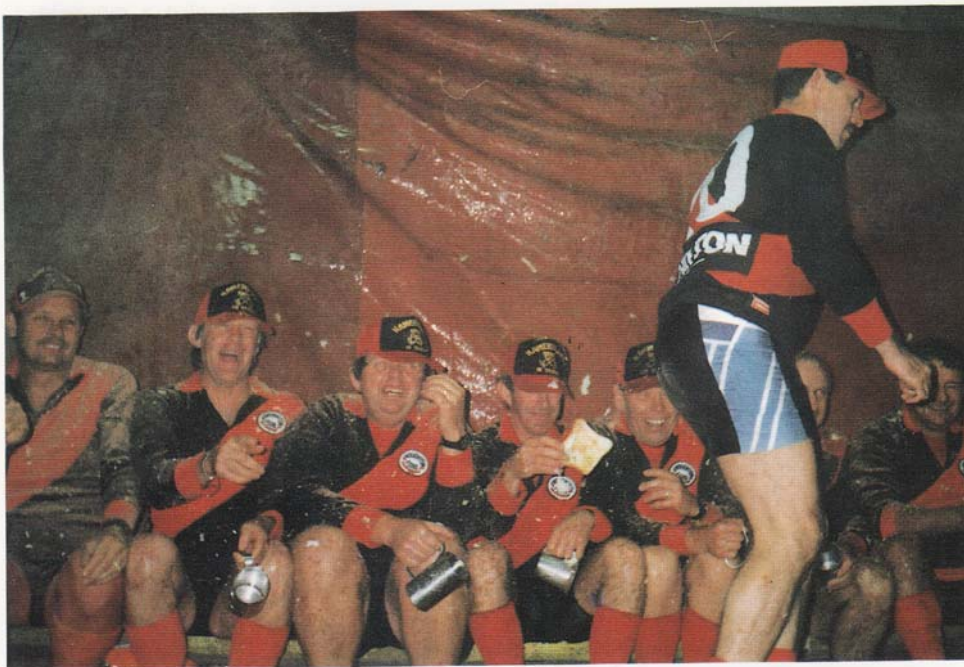
Sir Lance the Lot

H AMERSLEY H ASH

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Hamersley has now been hashing, drinking piss and breaking marriages for over 13 years. The club has grown from strength to strength to an average pack of 60 to 70 strong each Monday night.

We have 20 members in the club who have over 400 runs to their credit, the leader being Mac the Mouth with over 600 runs to his credit.



HAMERSLEY'S 666

12/08/91

The DEVIL made them do it and so they did. This is how we treat our ex-GMs with the dignity they deserve after a top run and night.

HAMERSLEY'S AGM

11/11/91

Typical AGM - no one escapes the shit - not even the new GM.

ON ON AT PHUKET

FROMHAMERSLEY



H istory of the P huket H ash

Part III (1989-1991)

The Reigns of King Klong and the Flying Dutchman

The first ever AGPU was held on 11 July 1989 at the Expat Hotel which had opened the previous November. In a move which further saw the shifting of hash influence away from Phuket town to Patong Beach, Sir Lance the Lot was replaced by King Klong. It also saw the reintroduction of traditional hash swearing into the circle which had been underused and even frowned upon during the former regime. In King Klong's administration he had Ali Yoop as the Grand Mattress, Lucky Lek as Joint Master, Flying Dutchman as Hash Steward, Sir Bogdiver was Hash Cash and Hash Horn, Clouseau and Nuts & Berries bashed the shoes, and Gorgeous was the RA.

Summer 89 also saw the Expat Bar replacing Womble's Lucky Star bar as the official HHH watering hole. This was changed in January 1990 to the Expat Hotel due mainly to traffic congestion in Bangla

Road. The names of several of the more prominent hashers were also changed in 1989: Tinsel became King Klong, Gary Glitter became Skirt, Blood 'n' Guts became Clouseau, Pinnochio became Gibbon, and Morning Food was renamed Lucky Lek.

Run 169 took place on 29 July. Sir Lance the Lot was the hare and it was his final as outgoing GM. He took us to the Ice Cream Factory south of Phuket town. Run 178 on 23 September was also a run with a difference: instead of the A to A runs which Phuket Hash has always used, the Flying Dutchman made us run all the way from Ao Chalong to Ao Makam. There we boarded the Fantasea Divers boat and had an evening cruise slowly back to Ao Chalong. Run 181 on 14 October was the "Dirty Undies" run, organised by Gumboots. This was when the Australian Navy invaded Phuket and sailed their boats in the Expat swimming pool at the On On afterwards. Ali Yoop and Nuts & Berries took us to Bangwat Dam for a hangover run the following Sunday afternoon.





Phuket's bicentennial run took place on 17 February 1990. It became known as "Bollox's Revenge". He took us to the same place near Silver Sands Hotel where he had got Hash Shit for a perfectly good run a few months earlier. Needless to say he laid a real stinker and got Hash Shit for it again. Marathon Man and Little Wotnot took us to the seaside the next day for a picnic run on the beach.

Run 222 on 14 July was another run with a difference. Following Sir Bogdiver's expedition to Lone Island in March 89, this time he took us to Phi Phi. We all piled onto the express boat and partied all the way over. It was a great day out and free beer all afternoon but Bog still got Hash Shit for it anyway.

The AGPU in 1990 took place on 26 July, again at the Expat Hotel, and resulted in the Flying Dutchman

taking over at the helm. His autocratic style of leadership contrasted strongly with the more liberal "I'm pissed again" attitude of King Klong.

Although the Flying Dutchman claimed he didn't need a committee, one was appointed. Nuts & Berries became the Grand Mattress, Dambuster the Joint Master, Sir Bogdiver remained as Hash Cash, and Shortly took over the Horn, lugging his big tuba around with him on the runs. Big Mac bashed the shoes, Rainman took over the Impedimenta and Wanda was the Hash Steward. King Klong became the new RA.



There were two runs to remember in the autumn of 90 when things didn't quite go according to plan. On 22 September Bog took us to the scenic lookout in the hills overlooking the sea between Kata and Nai Harn. All we saw were rainclouds as it rained all

day. Three weeks later, Shortly took us to Nai Harn

beach from where we had the longest blacktop run ever as he led us miles back to the laager - definitely the Mother of all Hash Shits. Too bad it was his Wedding Bells run.

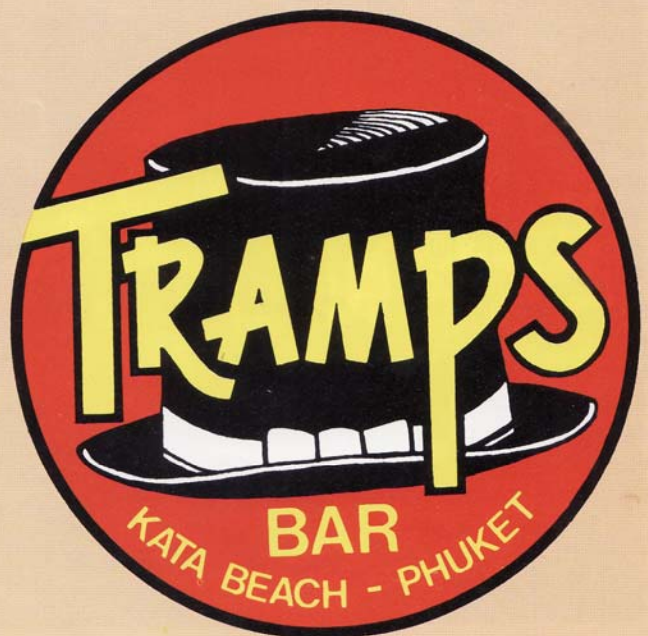
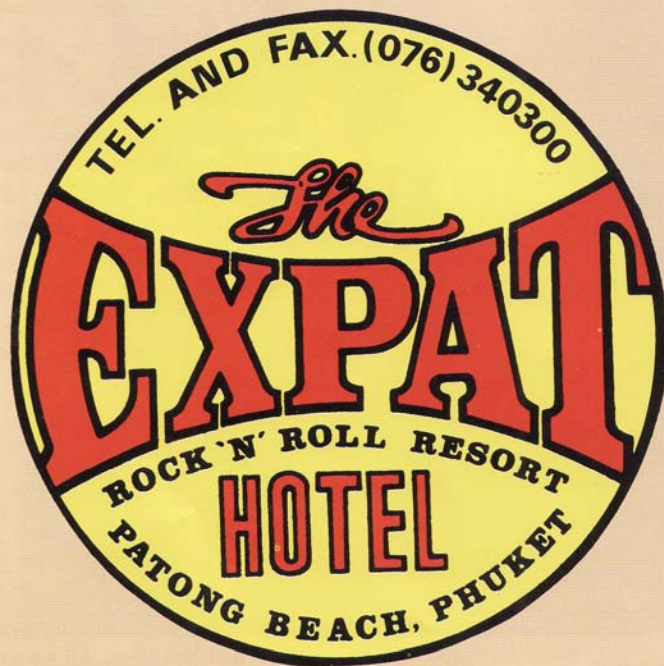
Run 250 was on 26 January 1991. This was organised by two Aussies, Shortly and White Pointer, as it coincided with Australia Day - it also gave Shortly the chance to redeem himself. It was a good run, taking place at the Ice Cream Factory again.

The best day in Thailand for tourists and locals alike has to be 13 April. This is the famous water festival known as Songkhran, when everybody throws water over everybody else. In 1991 this fell on a Saturday. Two of our leading Thais, Dambuster and Tiger, were given the honour of laying the run. The start was brought forward to midday and began by having lunch and free piss at the Expat Hotel. We then ran around Patong to finish in Soi Bangla where we stayed and had the customary water fight between the Expat and the Kangaroo Bar opposite.

For run 269 on 8 June, Bollox took us to Phang Nga where Casualties of War was filmed. Another enjoyable outstation run with impressive scenery - including the man who threw up on the GM. The end of that month was also the end of the Expat Bar with one last "nut the light" party before the bulldozers moved in.



Stork





Kuwait Hash

It is now nearly two years since the Iraqis invaded Kuwait. Although this was a major event in the History of the Gulf region, the Kuwait Hash continued as normal, in the best possible Hash tradition. This is their weekly newsletter following that first run of August 1990:-

Date: 4.8.90

Host: Joyce and Ted Foreman

Runners: 5

There were subtle signs all over Kuwait that for some reason, not so many of the regulars would turn up tonight, but that we may have a few virgins.

As it was, there were about 100,000 of them, but the b*****ds refused to pay with anything other than Iraqi dinars so they were f****d off.

At least they got here before Johnny Johnson who was later awarded the BLAB, his lame excuse of an unusual amount of "heavy traffic" was not accepted as he turned up legless and was suspected of partying before the run.

This however seemed like a good idea, so "Pension Book" Ted broke open a few beers.

After a few more, that Keenie, Derek Boak, who had actually run to the venue, suggested that we might venture out and promote that well known saying "mad dogs" etc etc.

The run was without incident, much the same as any Hash, but we did attract more surprise than normal. Our Hare apologised for the total lack of long run. This was unacceptable as the lazy bugger probably had nothing else on. (Where was the co-Hare Alan "Dubai" Cooke? Deserved a downer for chickening out.)

However the multitude of five made effort to compensate for the lack of BLOB and generated much noise. Arriving back at base camp, the whole Hash invaded the Host's house and again proceeded to attack Ted's ready reserve.

It was now time for the downers, which in the absence of the regular RA, was commanded by Hash Cash, Dave Reeve.

The virgins were not called up for their downers so the next award was for this week's W****R OF THE WEEK. Now it appears that there was not a lot of competition for this and with mutual agreements and bi-lateral understandings the award went to a certain person in Baghdad, as it was felt that he was the one most likely to be at next week's Hash.

A slap in the face with a wet fish was then given to Peter "Biggles" Goodwin the pilot, who had reached his 150th run, and it was left to the six regulars and the numerous virgins to cheer him.

Well, with that lot over we all tucked into the rations which was a sort of stew (believed to be Iraqi cuisine).

All that was left now, was to regroup and form a united front for the final assault on the defending beers who offered only light resistance, although the sporadic popping of porcelain and rubber projectiles sounded well into the night.

Hash House joggers defy oil well smoke *Gulf News 10.5.91*

Mad dogs and Englishmen go out not only in the midday sun. They also brave the smog-laden evening air of Kuwait.

Fifteen British and two American joggers turned out in Kuwait city on Thursday for the four km "Free Kuwait Hash House Harriers liberation run". Stray dogs watched them.

At Ahmadi oil field to the south, hundreds of blazing oil wells were pouring pollution into the atmosphere. The Hash House Harriers, an international running and social group, was established 6 years ago in Kuwait. Yesterday's was the 313th run but only the second since US-led forces evicted Iraqi troops from the emirate in February at the end of the Gulf War.

Diehard jogger Johnny Johnson, who has taken part in most Hash runs in Kuwait in the past two years, said there was one he will never forget.

Two days after the Iraqi invasion last August 2, he said, he and four others took part in a run but spent most of the time trying to evade Iraqi troops.

UNITED STATES OF
AMERICA
Washington, D.C.

15 January 1991

My Dearest President Hussein,

I hope this letter reaches you in the best of health. I think of you often, so I decided to write you this letter to let you know I am doing well and so is Bar. I understand we don't exactly see eye to eye on this Kuwait thing, but I'm sure after I explain my feelings on the matter, you will no doubt see my point.

I guess I should get straight to the meat of the matter and say "READ MY LIPS!!!" ... get the fuck out of Kuwait you raghead son-of-a-camel-humping-bitch before I turn my Air Force loose and make a multi-national parking lot out of your piece of camel shit country and then send the fucking Marines and Army in to paint the fucking lines on it. I won't even need my Navy because by that time your sorry ass will be sitting next to Allah and you won't be concerned about anything else. Now do you understand my meaning?

Well, Bar is calling me to dinner, so I'll close now. Give my best to the other little raghead cocksuckers. Keep in touch.

All my love,

George

*P.S. I hear the old camel is pregnant again - guess you still got it.
Congratulations.*

HASHING ROOTS?*

The original Hash group was set up in Malaya (as it was then called) in 1938, when members of the Selangor Club in Kuala Lumpur decided to haul their beer-filled bellies around the city outskirts, thus hoping to balance out the laws of increasing supply and diminishing output. Runs were scheduled as a weekly event, with about a dozen men as founding fathers. As can happen, good intentions led to evil ends, and a small group, having taken up jogging to sweat off some calories, began to requite their thirst with a beer at the end of each run. One beer led to another, an institution was born, and the Hash was, so to speak, off and running. It took its name from the Hash House Bar where the joggers went to plot their next gathering.

For many years, that was that. Then in 1962 a second chapter was established in Singapore, followed by others in 1964 elsewhere in Malaysia, and in 1967 one in Perth, Australia, the first Hash outside the Malay peninsula. By the time of the KL 1500th run in 1973, the total number of Hash groups was still only 35, and confined to Southeast Asia and Australia.

But today it is a world wide phenomenon, with well over 400 chapters and growing faster than ever. Rare is the capital city of a major country without several Hash groups. Some countries, such as the United States and Great Britain, feature dozens scattered around from coast to coast. Of course there are many variations

on the basic theme, as is right and proper for an organization that prides itself on local Hashers doing their own local thing. In Saudi Arabia, an alcohol-deprived zone, runs are held at the weekend rather than on a weekday evening, so that Riyadh Hashers can drive way off into the sand dunes and counter the desert's dehydration with some bath-tub brew.

To set a Hash up, you don't have to get yourself affiliated or anything jazzy like that - and national dues to pay are sweet zero. You just gather a number of like-minded souls, elect a Grand Master and a Hash Cash, announce the place and time of your next run, and away you go.

Many American Hashes are only a year or two old. Among the newer ones is a Washington D.C. group known as the White House H3, which follows trails along the Mall and around the monuments. (Another Washington group is known informally as the bureaucratic run-around.)

Not that one can't be a trifle athletic if one is discreet about it. When training for a marathon, the weekly meeting is a fine way to get in some speed-slow-speed running thanks to the need every half mile or so to go dashing off to check out trails false or true. It helps to do your intensive training among congenial company - provided you are seen to be an enthusiastic Hasher, not a fitness freak.

Phuket Hash

(Part IV)

1991??

The 25th of July 1992 saw Dave "Sir Wanda" Cooper begin his year as the GM of the Phuket Hash after the AGPU on that date. Wanda presided at the circle on 3 August, a national "piss free" day, also ex-GM King Klong's birthday, before going back to the UK for a month. The retiring GM, the Flying Dutchman, held the reins during this period except for one week where Andrew "Sponge" Wilkins presided.

Harmony has reigned during Sir Wanda's tenure - it's a bit difficult to get stroppy with a guy who stands 6 ft several. Much effort has been put into trying new hares for the forthcoming Interhash which has resulted in a large amount of sub-standard runs, especially in October and November. However a balance has been struck and the established hares are once again laying the majority of the runs.

An innovation has been the GM's insistence that the hares do a "turn" in the circle. This has resulted in much hilarity and much embarrassment but succeeded in "breaking the ice" for those who will have circle duties during Interhash.

The hash has continued to increase in size, with the pack now averaging 120 plus. Runs 292 and 293 saw 19 and 20 virgins respectively but was exceeded on run



300 on which occasion there were 22 deflowerations. The 300th run saw a pack of 203 and included some of our favourite out-of-country members, particularly Mr and Mrs Dubai (members no.1 and no.2) and Leeky Dick. Two souvenir shirts were awarded that day, Jan 11, and a successful ON ON at "Latitude 8" followed with songs and anecdotes from our GM, Leeky Dick and Marathon Man. Mr

Music, Bollox, showed his usual flair in organising the frolics.

The year has seen No Cup become the first runner to complete 250 runs with PH3, while Bog, King Klong and Bollox have now each completed 200. Pygmy, the Pissmaster, has also clocked up 200 runs.

The year has been a happy one with our "laid back" GM urging that the Hash is fun and not a vehicle for internal politics. He's renowned for being so laid back that he falls asleep and lets Boatie Wankers write on his head. Had he not been Hash named Wanda he could well have become our Sleeping Beauty.



Fucknose

Medan's Unique Religious Adviser

Many of the worlds hashes have a Religious Adviser, but it is only recently that Medan has acquired an encumbent worthy of this holy position.

On Medan runs, responsibility for ensuring Hash rules are followed, and transgressors are suitably punished, rest jointly with the Grand Master and the Hash Steward. Thus until now there was no need for the position of Religious Adviser. So, what has happened to change the situation? What happened was in truth a sad event; the untimely death of one of Medan's longest running and stalwart Hashers, Yamin Chandra. Better known on a Monday night, and whenever in other Hashers company as CHUNDERER.

CHUNDERER first ran on Run no.160, 26th July 1976 and at the end had clocked up an amazing 607 runs. Anyone who has run in Medan will know we have arguably the best running country in the world, and 607 runs therefore represents a superhuman hashing effort. In the 14 years he was involved with the Hash, CHUNDERER took an active role, serving in a number of committee positions, and being a regular Hash tourist. In fact if the Hash bore any resemblance to cricket, which it does not, there is no doubt he would have been awarded his county cap at a very early stage. He was a member of the very first hare chase Erection Run team in 1979, along with WASHPEG (Gary Hadfield) and FARMER (Tony Giles); he had stepped in at a very late stage to replace an injured FLOWERPOWER (Brian Follis), and despite not being the fleetest of foot, had no hesitation in taking up the challenge.

When Medan sent a touring team to the Bangkok 200th run in 1980, CHUNDERER was there, and thus was on of the first holders of the Bangkok horn and mug; trophies which were nobly won by the team while on tour. The mug finally found its way back to Bangkok in 1990, unfortunately the horn was either lost in the Sumatran jungle, or is residing in Kiwi land in the company of ex Hash Horn PISSING WET (Ken Seward).

His Hashing history whilst he was active shows how committed CHUNDERER was to the Hash, but it was

perhaps the months when he was ill that he really illustrated how much the Hash meant to CHUNDERER. GM, AUSHOLE (Mike Lumley), visited CHUNDERER at home to see if there was anything the Hash could do to help. His only request was that the Hash newsletter be delivered every week so he could keep in touch with what the boys were up to, and perhaps still feel that special tingle each of us gets when the day of the run comes around again.

On the 29th December 1989, CHUNDERER passed away. With him in his last resting place lie some of the important possessions of his life, not least among those being his Hash T-shirts and shoes.

So finally I come to the point of my narrative. Medan Hash has no intention of forgetting CHUNDERER, and just in case newer members might, has taken steps to ensure this doesn't happen. After due consultation with the rest of the Chinese Mafia (CHUNDERER's running companions), SWINGLOW, SWIFTLY and LAGGER, it was deemed appropriate that CHUNDERER be appointed, in perpetuity, Medan's Religious Adviser. In this position he communicates only through the GM, and passes final judgement on those decisions on which mere mortals are unable to reach consensus.

From his final ON ON site, CHUNDERER sees all, hears all and knows all. Only he is able to make final judgement on weighty matters such as who shortcut, who was silent running or whether a HASH SHIT is deserved or not. Many a Hare trembles as the Sumatran clouds darken and thunder rumbles just five minutes before the run starts as CHUNDERER casts his all seeing, all knowing judgement of the nights run.

So whenever and wherever Medan runs, CHUNDERER is there. Not really gone, and certainly not forgotten.

ON! ON! CHUNDERER!

Stainless



P HUKET POOYING PICNIC HASH

SAWASDEE KAA

Welcome to Interhash '92 in beautiful Phuket, Thailand.

As one of the host clubs for Interhash we are all looking forward to meeting you, hashing with you, and pissing it up with you (not necessarily in that order).

But first, let me tell you a bit about us (pile of bullshit really, but the editor wants at least 500 words worth). Who are we?

We are the pooying of Phuket - that's Thai for ladies. Thai nationals and expats who reside here on spectacular Phuket and love to Hash, hence the P3H. Founded in March '90 by Suzanne "Suzie Klong" Foreman, the current Grand Dragon is Jane "Abuse" Wilsden.

Picnic: if you have spent any time in Thailand then you'll know that eating is a national pastime, and that the pooying are especially fond of "picnicking".

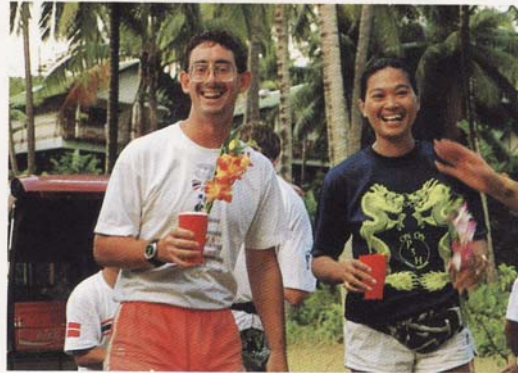
You are also about to discover that the pace of life in Thailand is cha cha (slow and easy) so we set our runs to suit the sundry Hasher (hangover runs). Minimum 30 minutes, maximum 45 minute runs not including piss stops, chundering stops or passing out. In other words, our runs are short and leisurely - just enough to get the kinks and cobwebs out, circulate the blood a little and prepare you for another piss up.

We run the last Sunday of every month, unless we lose our calendar, in which case we run on any Sunday that is convenient. Our membership numbers 300 and the average pack is 60 - 70.

Because we love our male Hashers, we have a mixed Hash, and because some of us have brats who were raised to Hash, we welcome/tolerate Hash Brats as well (binding and gagging done free).

Our laagers are pretty ie. beach or jungle setting, with lots of sanuk (good fun) and entertainment in the circle (look out for Hash Security with their feather dusters!), and of course a humungous picnic On On to follow.

Thanks to our Thai influences we are an easy going, fun Hash with plenty of beautiful smiling pooying, great food and cold piss, so if you have half



a mind, please join us on Monday July 6 for our special InterHash Run.

This will be a rerun of our "National Katoey Bashing Day" run (katoey is the word used for transvestites) - if you can catch it you can bash it!



REGISTRATION DETAILS

Numbers are limited to 300 so you should register early. Here's how, so pay attention!

When you check in at InterHash, look for the table of beautiful ladies. You may register on Wednesday, Thursday or Friday evenings, or at the bazaar on Saturday morning. Register your name and pay your fee:



Adults: 600 baht
(US\$24); Children under 12:
300 baht (US\$12);
Children under 3: free (they
can't hold their piss).

Monday July 6 - check in
for the run opens at the Expat
Hotel at 1:00pm. Introduce
yourself to the same beautiful
ladies, get tagged, collect your
freebies, and hop on the bus.

Registration closes at
2:20pm and the buses leave at
2:30pm sharp!

The laager will be on a lovely beach so bring
your swimming gear. There will be a choice of a
short 30 minute run or a medium 45 minute run
(both will have live katoeys running for their lives)
followed by a short circle commanded by our Grand
Dragon, Abuse the dominatrix.

Super Drags will be presented for groping, then
on to a pig out picnic and On On. Your song or skit
is welcomed, so if you have one, let us know when
you register.

If you have half a mind - come run with the best.

On On



THE RULES

The FEMALE always
makes the rules.

The rules are subject to
change at any time without
prior notice.

No MALE can possibly
know all the rules.

If the FEMALE suspects
the MALE knows the rules,
she must immediately change
some or all of the rules.

The FEMALE is never
wrong.

If the FEMALE is wrong,
it is due to a misunderstanding
which was a direct result of
something the MALE did or
said wrong.

The MALE must
apologise immediately for
causing said
misunder - standing.

The FEMALE may change her mind at any
time.

The MALE must not change his mind without
the express written permission of the FEMALE.

The FEMALE has every right to be angry or
upset at any time.

The MALE must remain calm at all times
unless the FEMALE wants him to be angry and/or
upset.

The MALE is expected to mind read at all
times.

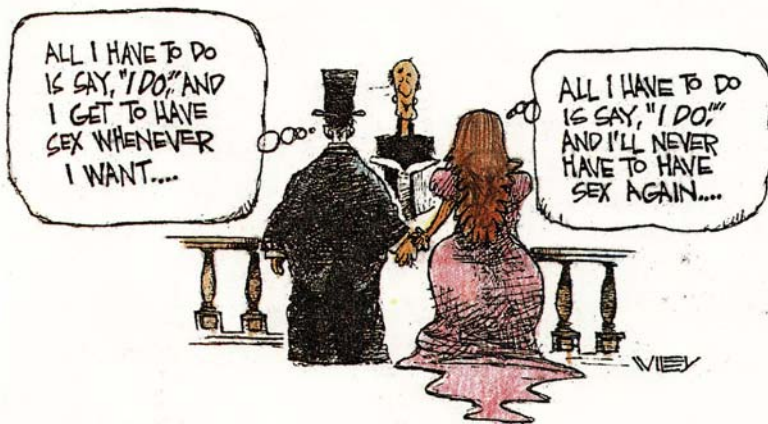
If the FEMALE has PMS, all the rules are null
and void.

The FEMALE is ready when she is ready.

The MALE must be ready at all times.

Any attempt to document the rules could result in
bodily harm.

Any MALE who doesn't abide by the rules can't
take the heat, lacks backbone and is a wimp.



S U P E R C A L E N D A R



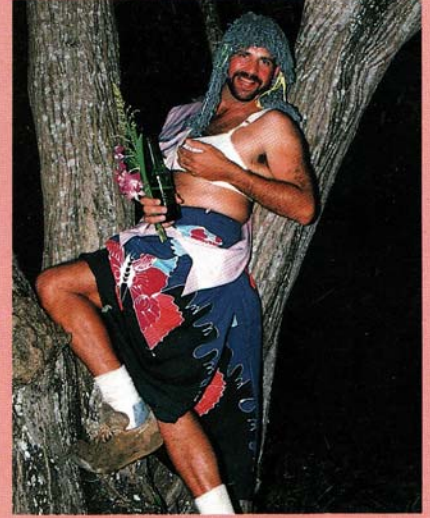
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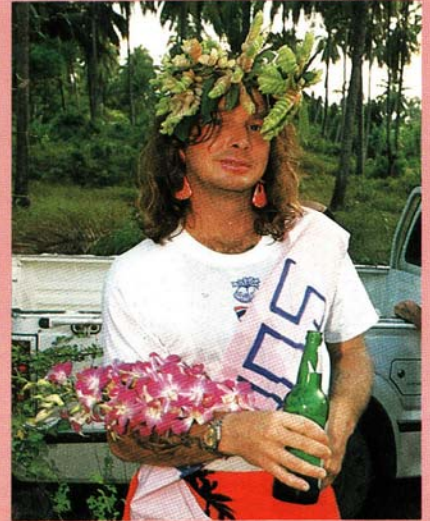
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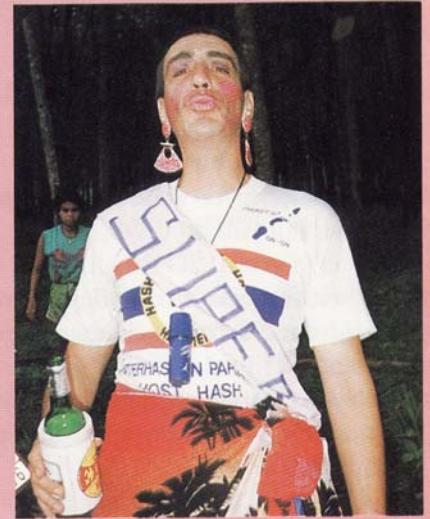
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Miss December
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Miss April
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Miss June
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The Thinking Man's Hashing or Orienteering: The Swedish Nightmare?*

by Peter Thomas

Orienteering - proof that a hasher can think?

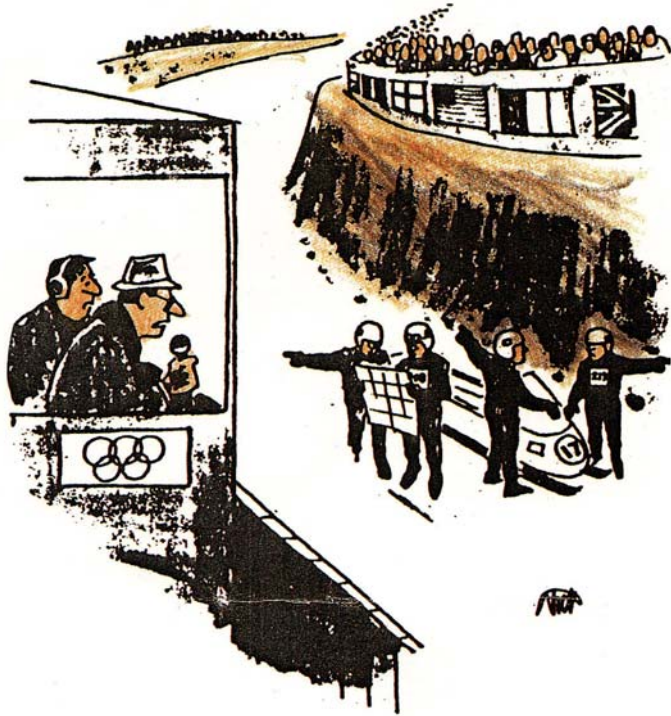
Consider, if you will, a hash trail marked only with checks.

There is no chalk to mark your route and the only information that you have to direct you is given in the form of hieroglyphics on a map which you clutch, in desperation, to your bosom. Or, this being originally a Swedish exercise, to your partner's bosom.

The RA, who is, as is well known, a man of great experience, said to me recently that Orienteering is like Sex: it is better enjoyed in the performance than in the reading. However, although the RA has great experience in both these activities, he is not always right and we will leave the reader to decide if this short article will do for Orienteering what "Lady Chatterley's Lover" did for flower arranging.

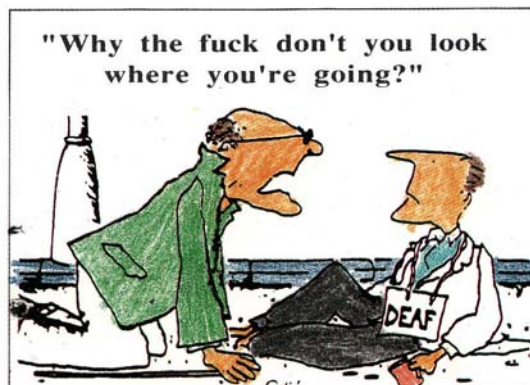
The purpose of an orienteering event is similar to the purpose of a hash run in that you attempt to get from the carpark, around a piece of countryside, and back again to the carpark. The big difference is that, in hashing, the way out from the carpark is made clear. In orienteering this often represents the biggest challenge of the day because it is the only bit not marked on the map. Many an orienteer has turned up at the starting line too late, having misjudged the time and distance from the carpark.

But what, I hear you cry, is the point of all this. What indeed, I ask myself. Maybe the RA



"Well, I'm afraid this is going to cost the Irish squad precious seconds."

was right, after all. But let us press on. Many, many years ago the Swedish Army decided that, since it had given up wasting a lot of time and



effort fighting wars, it should occupy the men with intellectual and physical exercise.

First, they issued all the troops with portable chess sets and then sent them on cross country runs with orders to complete a chess game on the way. After some time it became clear that this was not a good idea as the replacement costs for lost chessmen was beginning to threaten the Defence Budget and have an adverse effect on the National Economy. It was now time that either Gustav Gustavson or was it Olaf Olafson or even maybe Eric Ericson thought up the idea of using maps instead of chess boards and so Orienteering was born. This is why it is still described, even to this day, as being like playing a game of chess whilst doing a cross country run.

So, what do you do? First, procure a map marked with a number of check points which you must visit in order as numbered on the map. Then, you must get a compass with which to orient yourself... That's the clever bit... One slip there and its soprano solos for ever more! Line up map and compass and off you go. If, in the fullness of time, you happen upon a check point, there hangs there a pin punch which you use to punch the control card that you should also be carrying. (Drat! I knew I'd forgotten something at the start... that's blown the Championship for this season.) Then you plan how to make your way to the next check point without having to clamber up sheer cliffs or hack your way through dense forest or tear yourself to ribbons in thick brambles. Having got it wrong on all three counts you arrive exhausted and bleeding at the next check. Then the major decision of the day, carry on or jack it in. Since by this time you're lost anyway you might as well struggle on remembering your instructor's jocular remark that "an orienteer always knows where he is, even when he's lost." As dusk is falling and the finish field comes into view, remember... you set out at around 10 am this morning.

You gather up your failing strength for the spectacular high speed dash to the finish line only to find that most of the officials are out in the forest with the search party that's been looking for you, blowing whistles and shouting. They were the people that you thought were cheering you on when you heard them in the forest two miles away!



T here is no Finishing Line, only a Pub

By Craig Wilson
USA TODAY (22/2/92)

The ground is snow-covered. The trail lost.

Sixty idling runners hop in unison to fight off the cold.

Ten or so scatter. Scouts. They return with nothing but frustration on their faces.

Then, from deep in the woods, come the words they've been waiting to hear: "On! On!" a distant runner yells through the snowy silence. "On! On!" the pack echoes.

Whistles blow to alert other runners near and far that someone is "on" the trail again. The chase resumes...

Fifty years ago this month, A.S. Gispert was killed defending Singapore from the Japanese. A footnote in history.

Gispert's real claim to fame - and why he's being

toasted worldwide on the anniversary of his death - is that he founded "hashing", a rapidly growing sport for, what hashers call, "the terminally immature".

Hashing is a cross between a Marine Corps obstacle course, a cross-country race and a frat party after the big game. A hare-and-hound chase, with a few twists.

Do you like to run but find it boring? Tired of the politically correct exercise program and the "reward" of mineral water at the end? Then blow the dust out of that beer stein. Brambles beckon. Over the river and through the woods has a new meaning.

The tradition began more than 50 years ago in Kuala Lumpur when Gispert and friends decided running was just too boring. So, using flour and paper, they began laying trails through the countryside, adding false leads and loopbacks. They then rewarded themselves with a few dozen





beers. Some say those beers were taken at a local cafe called the Hash House. Hence the term "hashing".

Today, there are some 100,000 hashers in more than 1200 hashes (groups) in 130 countries around the world. In the USA, the San Diego and Washington, DC areas are hashing hotbeds. The capital area boasts 9 hash groups.

The hashing circuit has grown to the point that, like members of Alcoholics Anonymous or Rotary Clubs, a kindred soul is never far away.

"I went to Westchester County, NY, a while ago, and I just called up to find out when the next hash was. And there we were, hashing with these perfectly strange people," says Dee Hester.

She joined the White House Hash last year after seeing the group, dressed in tuxedos and ballgowns, on its annual run through the streets of Washington. She spotted them clomping through

the National Zoo. "I knew right then they were my kind of runners."

John Martin, a San Diego radiologist, writes *InterHash-ional News*, up-dating hashers around the world on events. Hashers - who follow trails through shopping malls, train stations, the Library of Congress, concert halls, supermarkets, airports, department stores and amusement parks - pride themselves in handling such spontaneity.

There are no rules, really, but there are a few things you should know.

> It's not a race. It's a run. You can't win and you can't lose. The idea is fun.

> You can cheat - taking shortcuts say - but it's best not to get caught.

> Don't wear anything either too new or too coordinated. One hasher who showed up at the





Mount Vernon Hash here recently was wearing brand new running shoes. Bad mistake. His penalty was to drink beer from his new cushioned slipper.

For decades hashing has been more of a sport for foreign shores - popular with a small group of Foreign Service and military personnel in Asia who needed exercise and diversion.

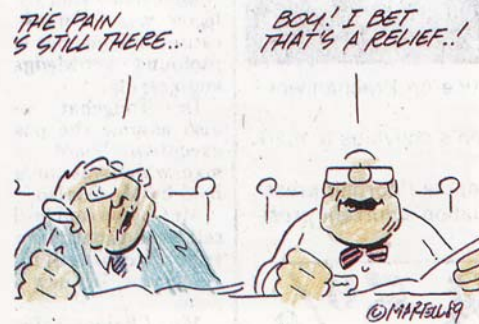
The stories are legion. Barbara and Bob Fitz, who founded the Mount Vernon Hash six years ago, remember hashing one New Year's Eve in Japan. The course took them over a wall, through a public building, and out the other side. Not until they were arrested did they know they were running through an insane asylum.

There are hashers who run by the light of a full moon. One hash group in Taiwan runs only on

Thursday nights.

The rowdy Austin, Texas, hash prides itself on its notoriety. Once the hare (the person who lays the course), was caught by pursuing hashers. His punishment: running to the beer in the buff.

And there are hashers who prefer routes that take them through large bodies of water: fountains, lakes, streams and waterfalls, both urban and rural. The course the Mount Vernon Hash ran on this February Saturday took the hashers from a suburban parking lot, across a four-lane highway (in front of screeching traffic), through a farm field, onto the streets of a housing development, down a muddy hill, up a semi-frozen stream and through the campus of George Mason University before finishing where these four to six mile runs always finish - at a pub where the beer was already waiting in huge pitchers.



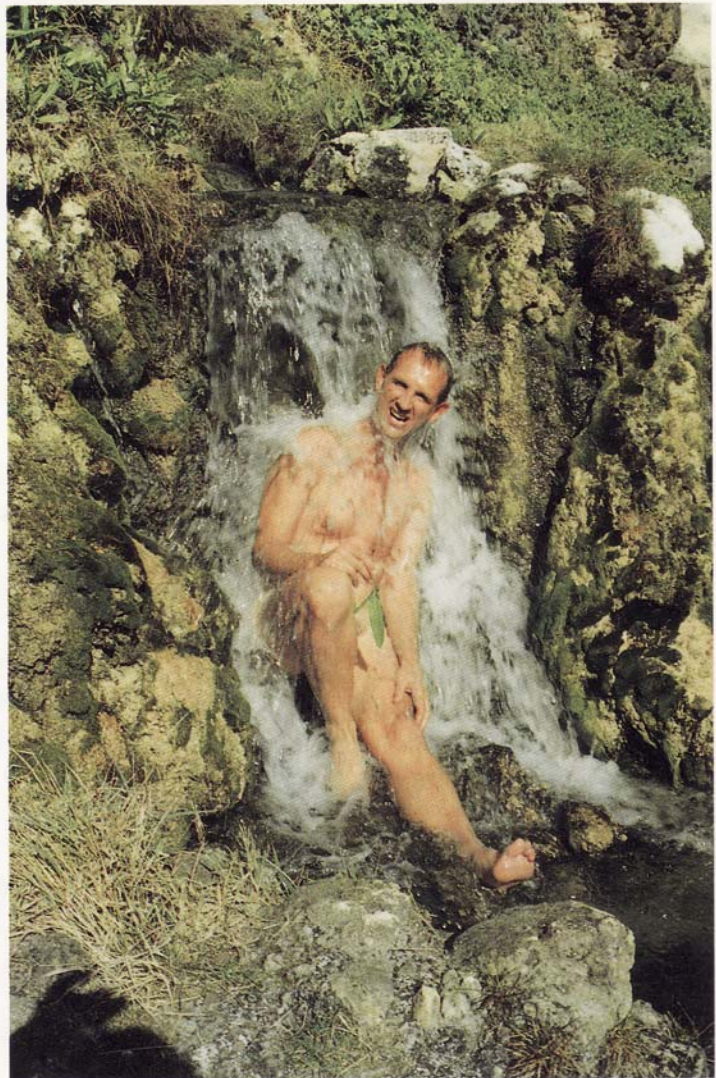
Bandit Island Hash - **B**ali

Wot a f-a-a-a-king long run! But, as Seagull was the hare, what less could you expect? To celebrate Bali Hash House Harriers' 700th run, a Fun Run Weekend was staged on 15-17 June, 1990. Hashers from all over Indonesia, including a contingent of 60 odd from Rumbai (Caltex, Pekanbaru), slumming it in the company jet, enjoyed Bali's famous hospitality and scenery while leaving their own memorable tracks. Such unmentionables as Chickenshit and Dongkerak, Indonesian wags of no mean talent, just about dethroned Bali's champion Skoaller (NOT the academic type), Iwan - a nasty fright for the locals.

The Friday welcoming junket and Saturday's 700th Run proper went nicely to plan and were more than satisfactory, but Seagull had planned an EXTRAORDINARY excursion for the Sunday wind-up. The whole bloody catastrophe of hundreds of participants, food, grog, and assorted paraphernalia was to be transported the 40km over to Bandit Island (Nusa Penida) on a fleet of four boats, and then a further 15km by bemos (taxi trucks) to the run site, the isolated village of Batu Medeg. To add to the mind-boggling logistical problems of coordinating that little lot, two of the craft were jet-boats, one a bugis penisi (Makassar traditional sailing boat) and the last the redoubtable 111 year old ketch, the Golden Hawk. The ETA back at Benoa Harbour was planned for ABOUT 6pm - wishful thinking!

Sunday dawned bright and clear. The same couldn't be said for many a head fogged from Saturday night's riotous revelries; but slip-ups by Bir Bintang delayed sailing, not tardy hashers. Anchors aweigh, and a beautiful voyage across except for those confirmed landlubbers. The Badung Strait, confluence of several seas, is notoriously turbulent; a new, colourful way of laying a hash trail, the technicolour yawn, marked our passage. Franky was seriously considering radioing for a helicopter rather than face the return journey.

Surprise, surprise, the fleet of bemos was waiting and rarin' to go. The pengisi looked like landing hours late so the "long run" contingent set off for Batu Medeg with under-Hare, B.K.N., leaving Seagull to herd the rest of the brood on his live trail "short run". Thereby lay a hiccup - the Hares had been over-inspired on their recce. The short run was worthy of a commando course while the long run was a terrifying marathon; amongst other challenges was a ridge climb of petrifying aspect. Flasher John, gazing straight down from, seemingly, thousands of feet above, right onto the backs of stingrays, sharks and turtles, claimed





his Continental jets don't get any higher and queried why oxygen wasn't available.

Never daunted, "ON ON " was the pack's cry, through thorn thicket and over rocky, barren terrain, a glaring contrast to Bali's verdant fields. No help from Hare or Paper; the trail was lost and B.K.N. had absconded with a splinter group down the cliff-face path to the springs below for a refreshing dip. An incredible feat of rustic engineering, the path is carved into the sheer, 200m high cliff-face, and supported by a network of dead and living roots and branches. The locals must traipse down for every drop of fresh water needed - the sight of a young girl balancing a full 20 litre bucket of water on her head, spilling nary a drop, while climbing this rude staircase, is truly an amazing sight.

Meanwhile, local guides had rescued the hapless pack; a small tip smoothed the way and soon had the parched Hashers back to the keg. As for the "short run" crew, which included many kids and visitors not familiar with the peculiarities of Hashing, Seagull was leading them on a memorable trek to his favourite haunts of teak forests, rocky defiles, tropical tarns and coastal adits - more amazing stuff which had his flock



begging for mercy and respite.

At last, ON IN. Batu Medeg was a gala of Bintang umbrellas, draught beer kiosks and iced soft-drink stalls complete with smiling service from Bintang personnel; quite an achievement to get it all to that remote spot - AND back again! The sinking sun curtailed DOWN DOWNs, but the madcaps, particularly visiting Hashmasters and the Rumbai mob, were not to be denied a rowdy finale. Hares Seagull and B.K.N. copped a bucketing, sinners innumerable were lustily serenaded, and Pak Probo toasted for his dual roles as Fun Run co-ordinator and area manager of Bintang.

Down to the boats in convoy at a smart clip and all embarked without mishap for the day - a bloody miracle! Even the jet-boats were somewhat later than ETA at Benoa, while the lumbering penis docked after midnight. But, despite the marathon runs and ructions to plans and schedules, it had been such an extraordinary day it was voted an outstanding success. It'll be a hard act to top!

Ononononononononon... B.K.N.

Certification of Consent

this is to certify that I,
the undersigned, being a female,
about to enjoy sexual intercourse with:-

.....
am above the age of consent.

I am in my right mind,
and not under the influence of any drink,
drug or narcotic,
neither does he have to use any force,
threat or promise,
in order to influence me.

I further declare that I am in no fear of him whatsoever,
that I do not expect him or want him to marry me,
nor I to marry him.

I do not know whether he is married or not,
nor do I care.

I am not asleep, or drunk
and I enter this relationship with him because I love it,
and want it as much as he does.

I hereby undertake,
provided I receive the satisfaction I have a right to expect,
to play an early return engagement.

Furthermore,
I agree never to appear as witness
against him under the Bastardy Act,
nor do I expect him to wear a contraceptive.

Signed,
gladly of my own free will,
and at the moment
of slipping off my panties.

Duly signed and sealed,

.....
This.....Day of.....19.....

The Birth of the Harriets of Penang*

Time marches on and unless it is documented somewhere and sometime in the pages of history, we will never remember how this group of Amazons who are now well known as the Hash House Harriets of Penang came into being.

As the only surviving founder member, it is only appropriate that I should record how they were founded.

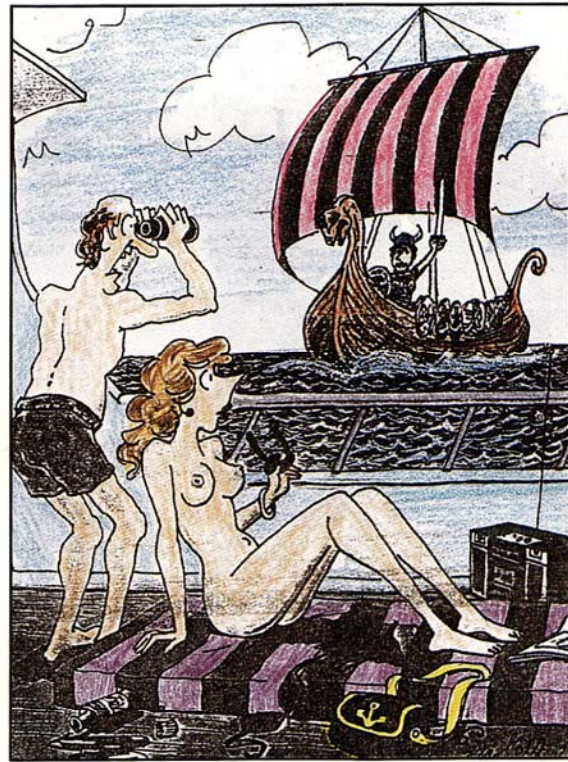
A group of Penang Hashmen went to Ipoh for a celebration mixed run sometime in November 1970. It was at this run that we met the Harriets of Ipoh and arranged for them to come up to Penang to help the ladies of Penang to form a chapter of their own. As I recall, they could only do so during the first term school holidays as many of their Harriets were schoolteachers.

And so it came to pass, that it must have been sometime in April 1971, that a busload of Ipoh Harriets came for the inauguration run at the White House, Tanjung Bungah. By sheer coincidence, it was also the site of my first run on 5th January 1970, a day in my life I shall never forget, because since then I have enjoyed more than 21 years of hashing.

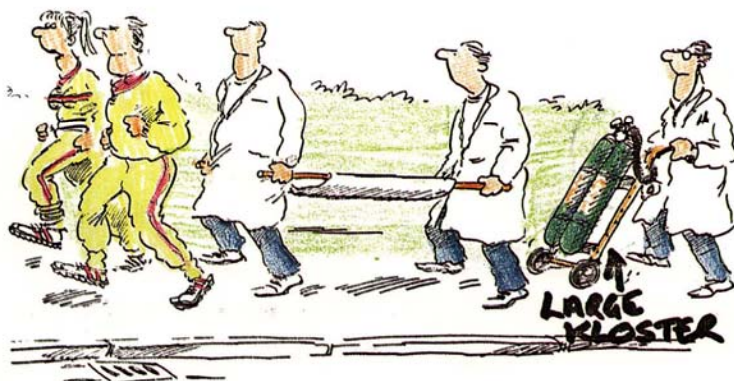
At the inauguration run there were only a few Penang Hashmen present because at that time the feeling of keeping Hash for men only was very strong and there were many macho guys around.

Most of the ladies present for the first run were wives of Aussie Hashmen and only a handful of locals, but ever since that day, the Harriets have grown in strength until today when they are able to put up such a good show to celebrate 20 years of their existence.

To them I say shaabas i.e., congratulations, good show and keep it up. The Hash House Harriers of Penang who helped you form the Harriets will always



"Batten down the hatches, man the lifeboats - it's the Marauders!"



be solidly behind you and together we have had a good relationship and many pleasant times. Our annual dinner and dance is now traditional and a mixed outstation run looks likely to be also an annual affair. Keep it up ladies and never let it die.

On! On! On! On!

NICK SUPERTURD
GM PENANG HHH

*Stolen from the Penang Harriets 1000th Run Magazine

P HUKET TINMEN H3

The Phuket Tinmen Hash has been in existence now for about 1 year. It was started out of a need felt by some people for something a little bit different from the established Hashes already running on the island.

A number of people had been talking about starting a smaller "locals" Hash for a while - "Hash purists" who saw the main Saturday Hash attracting wider and wider support, becoming almost a tourist attraction. A victim of its own success, complete with holiday makers, dogs, children, babies in arms and picnickers, with the average event attracting up to 150 people.

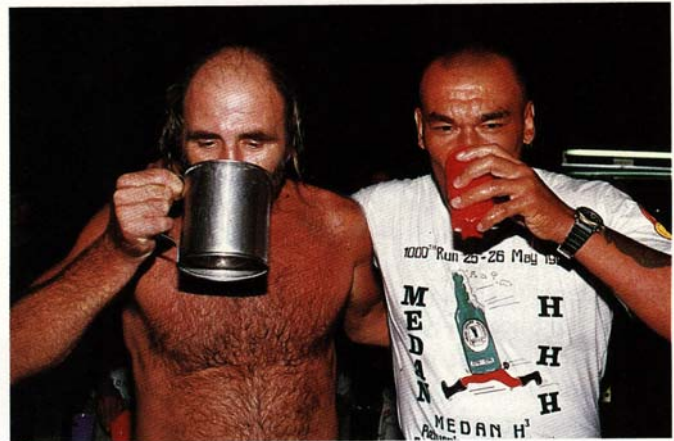
It became clear that an alternative to this circus would be desirable. Not a breakaway group, not another Hash in opposition to any others, but a once in a while alternative to complement the existing Hashes on the island.

A visit to these shores by Phuket H3's founding GM, Dubai, provided a catalyst for these ideas, and run number 1 was organised by him and a band of renegade Aberdeen Hashers on 2 May 1991 on their way to the Medan 100th run celebrations.

An A to A run through old tin mine workings, with a beer stop, was the format, with the Hares of the day conducting events. The initial idea being that the event was a "one off" to test the waters, it was well supported.

Dubai provided a boxful of Tinmen regalia, which included a tin hat for the GM - an uncomfortable helmet that defied all efforts to remain on ones head and gave the wearer contusions above the ears and a headache that lasted several days.

Also included amongst the junk (sorry I mean regalia) was a very large tin mug for Rule 27 offences. To this day Rule 27 remains obscure and ill-defined and is awarded spuriously by the GM whenever it takes his fancy.



The first run proved to be a popular success. It had all the ingredients of a good Hash - a long run, a beer stop, a T-shirt, food and lots of lovely piss and down downs. And to top it all, we went into debt - who could ask for more?

On Dubai's departure, the regalia was passed on for safe keeping to Louis the Lip. Should another run under the Tinmen banner be desired he had the equipment, so to speak.

It wasn't long afterwards that someone suggested another run would be a good idea. Chaired again by the Hares, this time Caveman, Teacher, Sponge and Simon organised the event. Deemed, after some discussion, to be run number 2, it proved to be both wet underfoot and overhead.

Wading through mangrove swamps up to the runners necks in water, the heavens opened up and blessed the run with one of the biggest rainstorms of the year. This did nothing to dampen the enthusiasm of the Tinmen runners who relished the event, which had all the qualities of the inaugural run.

After this it was obvious that a meeting of minds had to take place to define the direction the Tinmen H3 was to take. Well attended, the meeting thrashed out the majority's needs for the future.

Caveman volunteered to become the temporary



GM, registration and finances were to be looked after by Louis the Lip, the runs were to be 1½ hours long and A to B (not always), attendance to be limited to one busload, beer stop(s), copious down downs, the majority of registration monies to be spent on the event, food to be laid on after the circle, and lastly, any T-shirts to be provided by the Hares on a voluntary basis at their own expense.

These parameters are roughly adhered to today and form the basis of the Tinmen H3.

About 18-20 people attended the meeting and broad agreement was reached on the above points. Unfortunately, due to the amount of beer consumed, many failed to remember exactly what had transpired and what had been agreed on. This led to some teething problems in the early runs.

Under the leadership of Caveman and the financial canniness of Louis the Lip, Tinmen H3 began to get on a surer footing. 25-30 runners in the early runs ensured good events with a small surplus of cash to get us back into the black.

The circle procedures in the early runs were conducted by Caveman, ably assisted by 2 Stewards - an FRB Steward and a rear running Steward, aptly named "the Blue Oyster". These Stewards were just appointed for the day by the GM.

A variety of ideas were tried for the food stop: a barbecue on site, outside catering on site, and a stop at a restaurant on the way home, everybody buying their own. It worked out well in the early days.

Unfortunately Caveman had to relinquish the GMship of the Tinmen H3. He had only agreed to take it on on a temporary basis and he felt that it was time for the Tinmen to have its own permanent GM to keep the Hash to its original concepts, to ensure stability and continuity for the future runs.

Porky boldly stepped forward to take over the reigns. In actuality he didn't exactly step forward, it

was more that everyone else stepped back quicker than him. Nevertheless, Tinmen has prospered under his innovative guidance. Porky, still our current GM, is always looking for something a bit obtuse, a little off centre.

We have live hare runs, moonlight runs, shortcutter runs. The Hash has provided a specially made Hash Horn made from a buffalo horn. Long pants for completing 10 runs. All these ideas making the Tinmen that little bit different.

Shortly after Porky's takeover, the Tinmen found a more permanent venue for the food stop. Miano's, located in Phuket town. It was the ideal stop off point on the way back to Patong, and a good central location for those members living in Phuket town. Having a rear entrance, a room to ourselves, an understanding host, and excellent food made it the perfect place for the Tinmen to have a second circle.

As this became the regular venue, 50 baht was added to the registration fee and food was provided free.



The Tinmen circle has always tried to introduce new faces to do circle spots. It has uncovered a surprising array of latent (or should that be lazy) talent amongst its members.

Great acts by Sybil and Sybil's Servant, music by Marathon Man, imaginative run reporting by White Pointer, Singha, Teacher and King Klong just to name a few of the many.

Tinmen H3 provides grass roots Hashing to all its participants. Good value, good companionship, good fun and lots of lovely piss. It's not surprising that it's getting harder and harder to keep the numbers down, but it must remain a 1 bus affair if it's to retain its original ideals.

As long as it provides these attractions it will have the strong support it has today. Long may it continue.

Hashers Keep-Fit

Guide*

As a committed hasher, you should really be on a high complex carbohydrate diet which means lots of potatoes, bread, pasta, rice etc. This is because these foods soak up much more beer than any other kind of food and also enable the muscles to store more glycogen, so when everyone else is hitting the wall (or floor) your stamina will pull you through to way after closing time.

Pulses and legumes are recommended too: the former because they help you to find out whether your heart is still beating after down downs and wet T-shirt competitions; the latter because they are particularly good for improving the strength of the lower limbs, as the name implies.

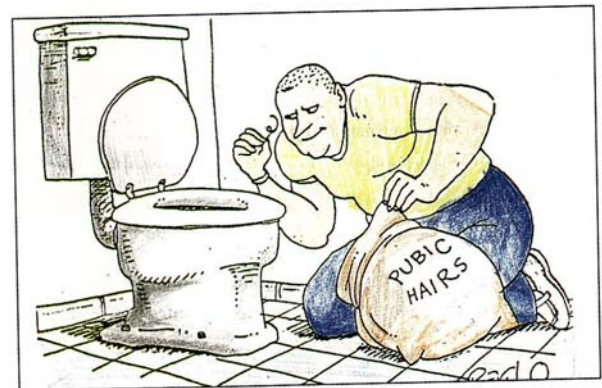
You might like to try the high fibre diet, as recommended in the F Plan book, written by Ivor Windybottom. The staple constituents of this diet are Tetleys Bitter and Vindaloo - it doesn't matter which order you take them in. It is worth remembering that if you're going to try this diet you should put the Andrex in the fridge before you go to bed.



According to Mr M Patel, leading authority on Indian folklore and history, the term "vindaloo" is derived from the original phrase "afterwards you live in da loo" and has become abbreviated over the centuries to the phrase as we now know it.

It is important to stay on at least 2500 calories per day for a woman and 3000 to 3500 for a man, as falling below this level may well result in weight loss and you'll start to take on the shape of the classic mesomorph, resulting in a highly undesirable lean and athletic appearance. If you can maintain, and preferably increase this recommended intake, you can at least be sure of retaining your "love handles", without which you'll be unrecognisable as a hasher. It goes without saying that a good beer belly is more than just a help - it is essential. Firstly it gives you somewhere to keep your ten pints until the urinary tract comes into play and secondly it's far better for modelling Hash T-shirts as the designs always look much better in the larger sizes.

**Stolen from the UK Nash Hash '91 Magazine*



Chittagong Hash*

LESSON 400

SCENE 1: A clearing in the Chittagong Hills alongside a tank or general pissoir surrounded by 500 onlookers of the local flavour.

Hash Master (shouting): "Hash Cash!"

Hasher No.1: "Is it a hard one today?"

Hasher No.2: "No. No water, no hills. Trust me!"

Hasher No.3: "Asshole...(for it is our American friend)"

Hasher No.4: "You got that right, Pontiac!"

Hash Master (shouting): "Have you finished yet, Hash Cash...er?"

Hash Cash (shouting from the tank, for he always does): "Half Morgan completed, Hash Master."

Hash Master (shouting): "On! On!"

Passerby No.1: "Why are they shouting?"

Hasher No.5 (shouting): "It's a Hash!"

SCENE 2: The same clearing about 1 hour later alongside the tank, that it is now discovered, is a crapper and bath and surrounded by 2000 onlookers of the local flavour. Hashers are generally milling about.

Hash Brew (for it is a beer run): "Softie or a beer?"

Hash Master (shouting): "Form a circle!!!"

Hasher No.6: "Sorm a fircle!!!"

Hash Master (muttering to no-one in particular): "He

says it every week and it bloody annoys me."

(Hashers form a rough oblong shape that is interpreted as a circle)

Hash Master (shouting): "Respect!"

Hashers Nos.1-50 (shouting to each other): "Respect! Respect!" (Noise continues)

Hash Master (looking knackered and hoarse): "Er...(Hash Cash darts into the circle for no particular reason)...Push off, Halim (for it is he)...Er...What did we think of that hash?"

Hashers Nos.1-50: "Great....bloody awful....never trust a Pontiac (hare) he always gets lost....too long....too short....too many hills....etc, etc."

Hash Master: "Right....Er....Hares in the middle." (There follows a strange haunting chant called hash music while the hares pour beer down their throats and the remaining froth on their heads - this is a down down)

Hash Master: "Er...OK, to save time we'll have the remaining down downs in one go."

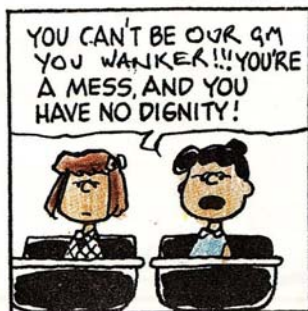
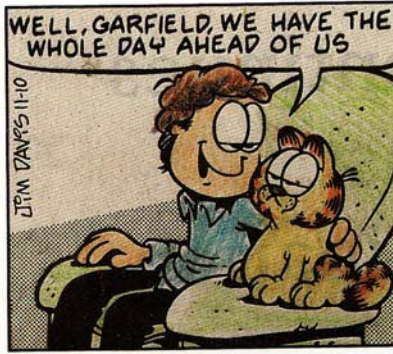
(Various bedraggled hashers gather in the circle to perform the down down for such misdemeanours as a full morgan, a half morgan, new shoes, leaving, arriving, being a hash shit, being a pepsi, being attacked by leeches or Halim [leeches preferable] or having to write the hash sheet)

Hash Master (whispering): "Go home!"

(Hashers get into their vehicles and set off into the sunset)

Passer by No.2: "What was that?"

Passerby No.1: "They call it a hash!"



*Stolen from the Chittagong Hash 400th Run Book

S amurai Hash House **H** arriers

L.B. (D'ildo) DeWalt

The Samurai Hash House Harriers (SH3) can trace its origins to the Taipei Hash House Harriers via the Okinawa Hash House Harriers where the founder of the Samurai Hash, Milt (Uncle Milty) Halloran, learned his hashing skills.

In May 1984, "Uncle Milty" and a handful of equally demented beer drinkers made the first run at Camp Zama, a U.S. Army Base about 20 miles southwest of Tokyo.

Now that the word has spread, Samurai Hashers can be found roaming the hills, dales, cities and farms of Japan's Kanagawa prefecture. Runs are scheduled at 2:00 pm every Saturday with an occasional "Hash Alert" on weekdays. The packs average between 50 and 60 runners, with about half being local Japanese.

The SH3 has several overnight runs during the year, usually on long weekends that include a U.S. national holiday on Monday or Friday. The highlight of these "overnighters" is the SH3 sponsored All-Japan Interhash to which all other Hashes in Japan are invited. These include the Kamikazi HHH (Yokota AFB), Okinawa HHH (Okinawa), Tokyo HHH and Tokyo Hash Harriets (Tokyo).

Like most Hashes, the Samurai uses live hares and only two are allowed. They are given a fifteen minute head start before the pack is allowed to begin the chase. The run concludes with "Down-Downs" which include the awarding of the "Hashit" (a highly decorated "plumbers helper") for infractions of the Hash decorum, presenting six-time runners with a "Hash Name" and other foolishness as the membership thinks of it.

The Samurai Hash House Harriers like to feel that they make everyone feel welcome and offer a standing invitation to anyone visiting Japan to run with them.



The Ten Con-Mandments of the Hash House Animals

By: Stupid (God)

1. Thou shalt not take the name of STUPID in vain, for he is the one and only LORD and MASTER of THE HASH.
2. Thou shalt sing the praises of our HASH, as our HASH is the only true HASH, and that Hamersley is the greatest HASH in the Universe.
3. Thou shalt honour the SACRED ENGRAVED PLAQUE worn by the master, as this is sacred to Hamersley and shall not be defiled by any hands other than the SACRED hands of Stupid OR whoever he so authorises.
4. Thou shalt not consume rations until one of the joint masters comes in home to the bucket, blowing his bloody horn.
5. To become a full and devoted HASHMAN, thou shalt be baptised doing a down down at the hands of the Grand Master and drinking the golden fluid without wasting a drop.
6. Thou shalt not be tempted nor tempt others from the chosen trail, for this is the one and only path for the blessed, who will receive their reward of the golden fluid. Those who stray from the chosen trail will be damned and named SCBs for all time.
7. Thou shalt not partake in the pleasures of the flesh or bring women on the Hash House Harriers run, as it is written that Harriers are only for men as Harriettes are for women. Prostitution of such shall be dealt with on judgement day.
8. Thou shalt remember and sing the Hamersley HASH song at all occasions where two or more people have gathered, as this will surely convert all who hear you to become HASHMEN.
9. Thou shalt not covert thy neighbours new shorts, tee shirts or running shoes as they will surely be very dirty and sweaty at the end of the HASH.
10. If thou keep the ten commandments, thou shalt not be caught, for the punishment for all sinners is the hell of freezing water around thy balls. (On ice to you wankers)

Diving ? ! ? - Why Not ?

The morning after... Interhash in paradise is over, but it all went by so fast, or perhaps you're just having problems remembering. Mountains were climbed offering spectacular views, rivers were forged, allowing some mud to be washed away, and of course plenty of beers were consumed. Now with the sound of 'ON ON' lingering somewhere in the back of your half a brain, it's time to relax, adjust to the Thai pace of life and enjoy paradise.

Phuket, the pearl of the South has more to offer than you may realize. Touring the island itself allows endless opportunities for adventure. But if you feel you're ready for a totally different experience why not try exchanging your running shoes and sun glasses for a pair of fins and mask and take the plunge into the under water world of the Andaman Sea. You will not be disappointed by the beauty awaiting you there.

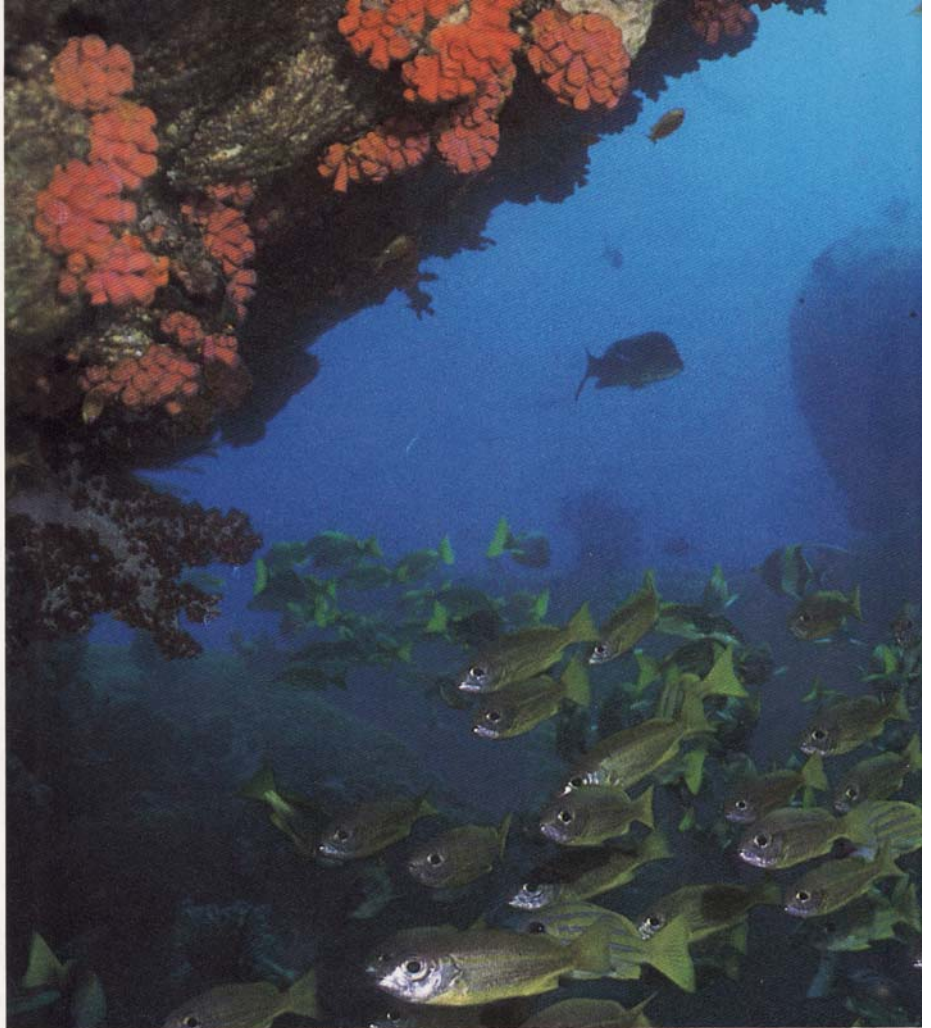
The waters of Thailand, particularly those surrounding Phuket, offer some of the best scuba diving to be found anywhere in the world. The diversity of both fish and coral life has consistently been rated 'world class' by the experts. Even Jaques Cousteau, who visited aboard the famous "Calypso" a couple of years ago, was impressed by the abundance of life inhabiting our outstanding marine environment.

It is possible to enjoy a part of the under water world from the surface with only a mask and snorkel. But for the most satisfying experience, one should consider scuba diving. With only a minimum amount of training, it is possible to don a tank and actually go scuba diving, even if you have never tried it before. Even hashers can do it, all it takes is the desire and as little as a half day of your time.



The past couple of years have seen Phuket turn into a diving mecca. With the growing number of divers coming, so too has the number of dive shops increased. Simply wander the beach road in Patong and dive signs will jump out at you from every direction. For beginners, those of you who have waited this long to try it, just pick a shop, preferably a PADI 5 Star dive center, walk in and tell them you would like to do an introductory course. Speak slowly; some of the instructors are also hashers. Introductory courses generally take half a day, starting with some basic training in a swimming pool till you feel confident enough to hit the Sea. From the beach, a short 'long tail' boat ride, something else you should not miss while in Thailand, will take you to a close by, shallow coral reef. The instructor will accompany you throughout the dive, ensuring your safety while pointing out some of the more spectacular features of the reef. All you need to do is breathe and enjoy the beauty.

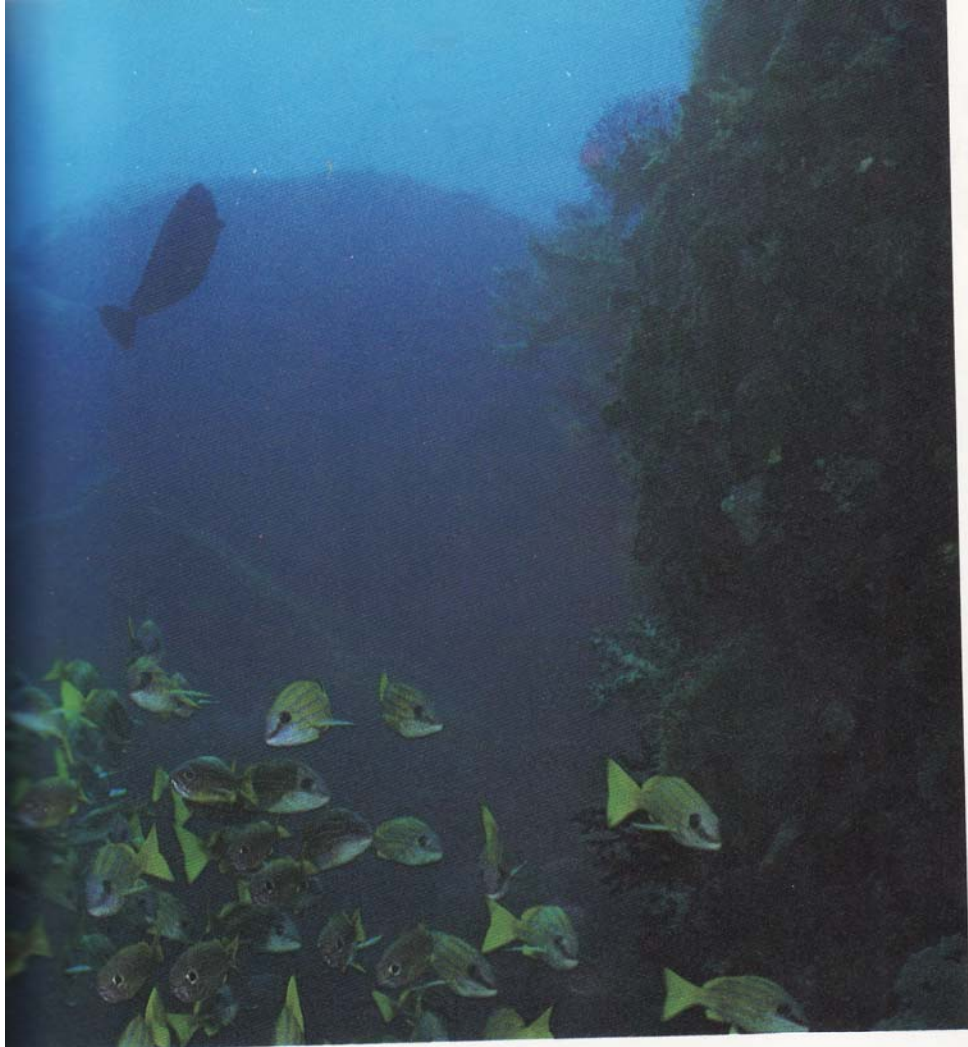
WARNING: Diving can be just as addictive as hashing. Once you've been introduced and have decided you can't live without it, many more opportunities await. For those who have time, most shops offer a four day course at the end of which you receive an internationally recognized licence, allowing you to dive anywhere for the rest of your life. The training is divided between pool sessions, class-room work and best of all, four open water dives. There is no better environment for learning. Quite often fish join the class not realizing they are in the wrong school. If your schedule doesn't allow so much time,



it is also possible upon completing an introductory course to participate in the daily trips that visit many spectacular dive sights around Phuket.

For the certified divers, hashers who clued in a long time ago; you owe it to yourself to not leave Phuket without at least getting out one day trip. There are many different sites, some islands, some only rocky outcroppings that offer all sorts of diving opportunities. The Racha Islands, south of Phuket, offer a good combination of great diving and nice protected white sandy coves to have lunch and a swim. For the most memorable dive, I recommend Shark Point, home of our friendly leopard sharks. And for those who don't mind a longer boat ride, the Phi Phi Islands offer unbelievable scenery both above and below the surface. Visit the dive shops and pick a place that best suits your interests. Most trips leave around 8 am from the shop. A short bus ride brings you to the boat which will take you to the first site. After a leisurely dive and an even more leisurely lunch, you then move on to the second site. The bus will return to the shop usually around 5 pm. All of the shops offer something a bit different in terms of itinerary and comfort. It may be worth investigating a couple before making your decision.

Which ever experience you choose, whether it is your first introductory course, a certification course, or a day trip or two, you will not be disappointed. Even if you think you have seen it all, the underwater world



is still full of surprises. Thai waters can offer everything from the smallest brightly decorated nudibranch, (sea slug), to the biggest fish in the sea - the whale shark. In fact this is one of the best areas in the world for sightings of these majestic creatures. No matter what it is you're looking for, you will almost certainly be distracted by the abundance of multi-colored soft corals, giant sea fans and fish decorated in patterns and colors spectacular enough to boggle even half a mind.

For those lucky bastards with even more time, multi day trips are offered to the Similan Islands, a National Park about 60 miles NW of Phuket. The Similans, without a doubt, offer the best diving in Thailand, so if you can't make it out this time, think about it for your next trip to Paradise.

If I was too blind to see you at InterHash, maybe I'll run into you under water.

ON ON UNDER
Suzy Klong



PHUKET THAILAND



DIVING TOURS

FANTASEA DIVERS is Phuket's leading dive store since 1979. For experienced divers we organize a choice of 1 to 5 day tours to all the best dive sites in the area. Board our well equipped dive boats where the crew does the work and you just dive.

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PADI



DIVING COURSES LEARN TO DIVE! IT'S FUN

Our friendly, professional instructors train you for the world wide valid PADI certificate. Ocean training dives are included, so you'll enjoy the underwater scenery while you learn.

Interhash Trash

(or the Secret Behind The
Sea Canoe Junkies)

Did you run the Americas Interhash? Or Great Britain's Nash Hash? If so, one of your least memorable moments was probably our esteemed Grand Master, Sir Wanda, singing his less than professional versions of "Rawhide" and "The Penis Song." You probably wondered - along with the rest of us - why did they give this walking car wax commercial a microphone?

If Sir Wanda isn't the latest rock 'n' roll idol, what does he do for a living? Since you really care, the crowning glory of Phuket Hash inserts long, pointed, inflatable objects into deep, dark, wet, tight holes. Worse yet, these orifices are old enough to have sharp jagged teeth and they often smell of bat guano.

That's right sports fans, the highly respected Sir Wanda has a thing for a tight squeeze. Totally shameless, our GM doesn't even try to keep it a secret.

Sad, but true...Sir Wanda is a Sea Canoe junkie.

Old baldilocks used to be normal...for a hasher. Then he met Phuket's resident neanderthal, Caveman, a less than human brute the Thais call *Ling Yai* (big monkey). Caveman is the sicko who invented this perversion.

This freak thinks that fondling rocks in the dark is a respectable profession, so *Ling Yai* formed a shady front for his sick obsession called Phuket Sea Canoe Centre, Ltd.

Weirdness is sure to attract hashers. With the addition of Spiderlegs, Bratbreeder, Dirty Harry, Abuse and other hashers too foolish to know what

company to keep, Sea Canoe is dumb enough to admit to being a HASH CONSPIRACY! This cross-breeding proves that Caveman has no taste, and that hashers just don't care who they are seen with, even in the dark.

That's not saying much for the monkeys either. They freely join in this madness. Caveman thinks they're related and likes to play with them in his canoe. In the circle, when he was shoe basher, he got so carried away that the *pooying* insisted that he be kept chained up.

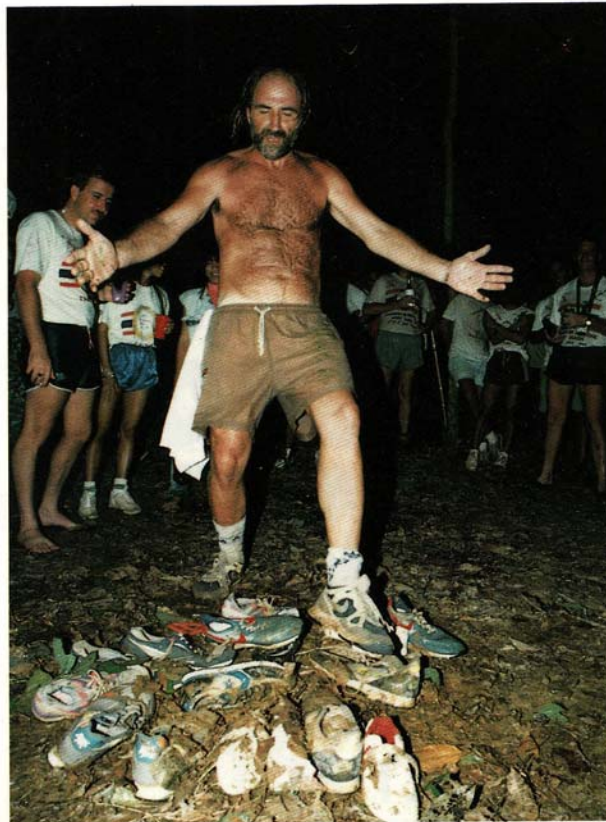
All seriousness aside, the dim-witted neanderthal somehow developed an exciting adventure. Despite the lack of talent (except for the Thai staff), Sea Canoe is safe, colourful, dramatic and pristine. Sea Canoe is "the thing" to do in Phuket.

But Sea Canoe has a problem - Caveman can't count past ten. Ten fingers, ten guests, easy.. so that was his limit on overnighters. Then Bratbreeder noticed that Caveman rarely wears shoes. She showed him his two feet and got the daytrip up to 12, but last time we looked Caveman was

still staring at his toes.

What this means is that only a few hashers can Sea Canoe during your Interhash visit. If you want to be one of the lucky few, contact Wanda, Bratbreeder or Abuse immediately. Don't ask Caveman - he's still trying to count to 20.

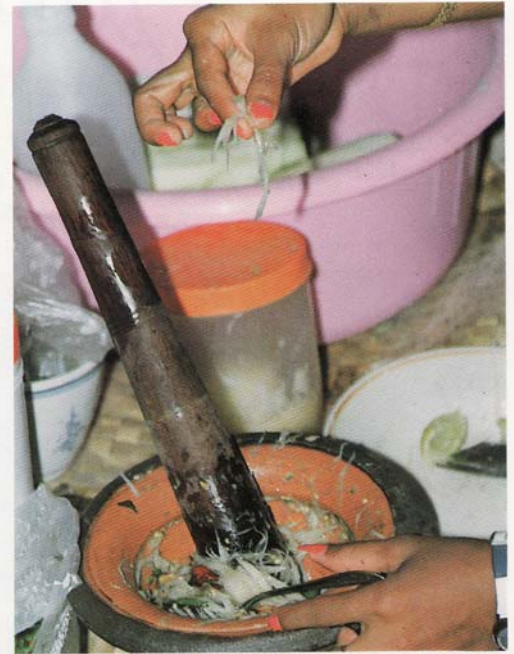
Oh, and be sure to mention Interhash - we don't want to put you in with normal people.



HASH TUCKER IN PHUKET

One of the many pleasures of being in the kingdom of Thailand is that you can eat at almost any time of day. Restaurants, snack bars, coffeeshops, noodle stands and street-side food stalls are to be found in abundance. Eating is delightful and prices are quite reasonable in this agriculturally-rich country.

A Thai meal normally consists of a miscellany of salty, sweet, sour and spicy dishes. However, visiting hashers must note that chili is used in abundance in many of the dishes. If you inadvertently chomp down on a phrik kee noo or "mouse shit pepper" a down down won't quench this napalm. A true FRB wouldn't bat an



eye, but for you others, the best chili-fire extinguishers are a couple of spoonfuls of plain rice and then some cucumber or lime juice.

You will note that there is no salt or pepper at your table. Instead, use the amber liquid (not your beer) with the bits of chili floating around in it. It is a salty fish sauce called nam pla and is delicious on your steamed rice, but be careful not to spill it on your running shorts. We lost 3 of our best runners that way - they were last seen checking a false trail - the autopsy confirmed our worst fear in the tropics: "devoured by red ants".

Now you are probably wondering why the table setting lacks a knife. It could be that

- a) SCBs stole them, along with the salt and pepper;
- b) the food is prepared in genteel harriet sized pieces; or

c) to keep the FRBs from hurting themselves.

While you are pondering the correct answer, keep in mind that hash Thai tucker is most efficiently consumed with the spoon in your right hand while pushing the food into the spoon with the fork at the left. This may be a difficult feat for most Yanks as they seem to prefer to push food with their thumb.

At a Thai meal it is customary to order several different things and share them around the table, even if you are sitting with the sort of oafs who like to sit at the laager site and drink all the beer while you are out running. It is customary to take a bite-size serving of one or two things at a time before passing the dish. It is also customary to send the writer of this article large cashier's checks (through his editor of course! Ed.).

The bananas, coconuts and pineapples are some of the best you will ever eat. There are also many exotic fruits that you may not be familiar with, like the "hairy cherry" or rambutan, the mangosteen, or the durian.

The durian belongs to the breadfruit family and may take some getting used to - it is the most prized of all Asian fruits, with a taste not unlike a mixture of custard and kerosene. It also has a smell not unlike a poorly maintained public urinal. Durian is supposed to have aphrodisiac qualities and there is a saying that "when durians fall down, sarongs go up".

The best suggestion that I can give you about Thai food is: "if it smells good, down down it!".



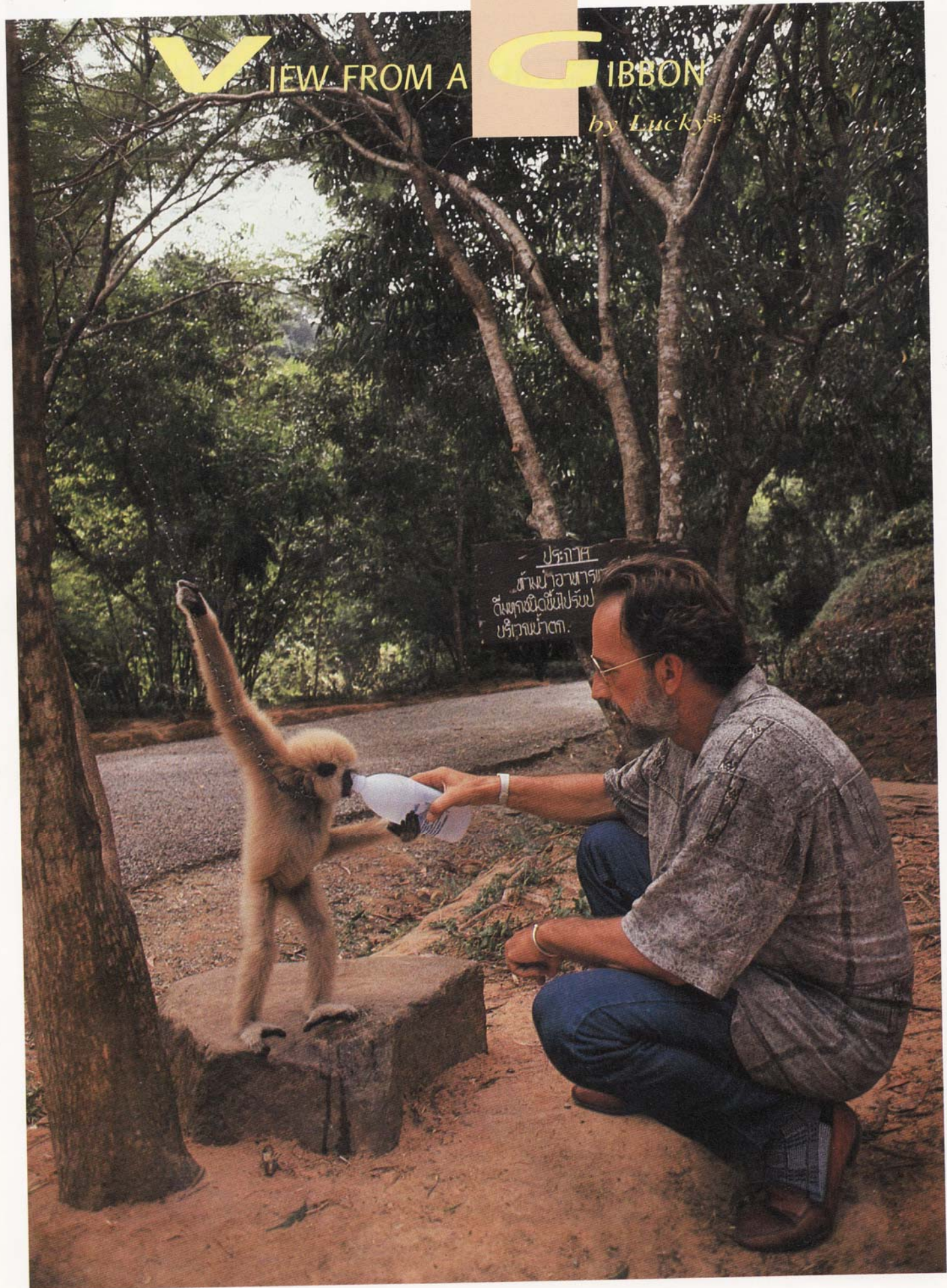
Terrance "Tiny Tim" Morin

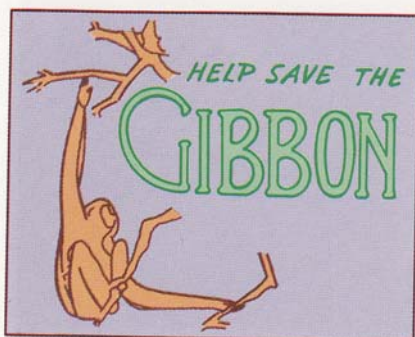


VIEW FROM A GIBBON

by Lucky*

ประกาศ
ห้ามให้อาหาร
สิ่งของชนิดอื่นไปรับไป
บริเวณนี้





ASIA WILDLIFE GROUP

A VOLUNTARY ORGANISATION

Well, one advantage of being this short is that I get to see a lot of knickers and I never get smacked for it. Before I go any further, let's get something straight - I'm not a monkey, I'm an ape and closely related to you. I heard all about that Darwin stuff and the only difference I can see is that you have credit cards and I've got this damn leash.

It wasn't always like this, I was born free. I would ride on my Mum's back and my Dad used to teach me about snakes and stuff. They had been together for many years when a poacher shot my Mum and shoved me in a sack, wasn't much my old man could do about it. Well "Don't cry for me Argentina", at least I don't have to wear a frock and be teased in a bar all night by dumb tourists!

The people I live with have been good to me. We watch a lot of TV together and ever since the first time I saw the Olympics my dream was to coach acrobatics to one of those nubile 13 year old Czechoslovakian girls. But I just over heard my adopted family talking about Asia Wildlife Group, where they have a rehabilitation centre for us furry types. It sounds like Scout Camp to me, a refresher course so I won't fumble in the jungle. I guess I'll have to get my cholesterol level down, cut out the chocolates and start working out again. The best part is that they fix you up with a mate - kind of like a gibbon dating service. I can handle some of that action, I've been getting hairy palms lately.

After I hook up with a lady, we leave the half-way house and set up our own digs in a National Park rainforest. My bags are packed, I'm ready to go but now I'm told I've got to wait until the "humin-beans" get enough money to finish the project.

Listen up, amigo. This is very important that I get sent back to nature, so I'm going to be staring



"It's taken months, but she's finally been accepted by the group."

up at your wife's panties until you join up, buy some of those "Save the Gibbon" T-shirts and empty your wallet in the donation can!

ASIA WILDLIFE GROUP
GIBBON REHABILITATION PROJECT
 PO BOX 37
 PHUKET 83000, THAILAND
 FAX: 076 212 911

**(As told to Terrance "Tiny Tim" Morin)*

PATONG BEACH



INTERHASH
magazine

HOTEL & BUNGALOWS

1. FANTASEA
2. WHITE
3. WINDMILL
4. P.S.2
5. EDEN
6. PATONG PENTHOUSE
7. SHAMROCK PARK INN
8. BEAU RIVAGE
9. CASAURINA
10. PATONG BEACH
11. K.S.R.
12. PATONG VILLA
13. ISLET MANSION
14. SANDY HOUSE
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17. K HOTEL
18. C & N
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20. NORDIC
21. VALENTINE
22. SEA DRAGON
23. JEEP
24. TROPICA
25. SKANDIA
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27. ROYAL PALMS
28. THAM DEE
29. HOLIDAY RESORT
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3 1 2
4

5

6

Patong Bayshore

8

7

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9

Vises

Pat U-Thai Rd

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10

Safari Beach Hotel

12

Royal Paradise

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Sunset City 1H92

Expat Hotel HQ

Sunset Strip

Hideaway •

23

24

Bangla Rd

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Soi Post Office

• Fantasea Divers

Holiday Inn

Holiday Resort

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Song Roi P1 Rd

Coral Beach

Seaview

32

31

Phuket Condotel →

29

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The Hash Ad Page

CLASSIFIED

BLIND

GYNAECOLOGIST - Seeks work. Its okay I can lip read. Ken, Box 26.

I'LL PUMP YOU FULL - Just come round to my place. Joe's Filling Station, open 7 days a week.

MY DOG'S GOT NO NOSE - That'll teach him to try humping the neighbour's Rottweiler.

I DID IT 5 TIMES - In one night. Read my story in "Confessions of a Weak Bladder". Steve, Box 59.

SUCK MY BIG ONE - Home made mint humbugs sent to your home. Box 27 for details.

KEATING'S SEX LIFE - One page, double spaced, big print. Ideal read for the Hasher with no time. SAE and 400 baht, Box 56.

GAY SEX - The facts. It happens so sod off if you can't handle it. Cecil and Cyril.

ELEPHANT MAN - Blow up dolls. For sale to real wierdos. They were just normal dolls but we left them too close to the radiator. Box 21.

LARGE ERECTIONS - Can be yours when you contact MacDermotts. Current projects include extensive work on local airport.

CLOSE YOUR EYES AND THINK - Of England. Look if you're willing to do things just 'cause I say so, why not come round and shag me, NOW! Ian, Box 19.

NOBBY TESTICLES - Son of an eccentric music hall turn, wishes it to be known that he has had enough. Friends and relatives should now ask for Mike Testicles.

SIT ON MY FACE - Good game, good game. Brucie,

Box49.

ANGRY WOMAN - Seeks smart bastard posing as blind gynaecologist who touched her up in the name of medical science.

MY DOG'S GOT NO NOSE - Just looking at him makes me laugh. Like minded head cases should contact Box 34.

NATIONAL

GEOGRAPHIC - Why read Penthouse? We can show you

just as many places you've never been and are never likely to go.

I HAD SEX WITH AN

ALIEN - And since I had the kid the bastard has an excuse to stay in this country and live in my council flat.

PERSONAL

OH YES YES TAKE ME - Venerable old hasher seeks any Hash willing to accept him for GM's position. Box 43.

MASTURBATION - Is making me blind, but I'll arm wrestle any bastard who calls me four eyes. John, Box 22.

LONELY HEARTS - Seek bodies. We've been stuck in this bloody freezer since Christian Barnard retired. Box 10, South Africa.

SEX FOR EVERYONE - Now that I've got your attention, I'd just like to say "Hi" to all my friends. Desmond, Box 45.

CHANGED MY MIND - Won't be coming back. Sorry for any inconvenience. JC.

XXX VIDEOS - Big women, dogs, men with three bollocks. Has anybody got them 'cause I'd love to see some of this stuff. Martin, Box 96.

SEX SEX SEX - Sex sex sex, oh hell I just love to talk dirty, sex sex sex!



COSMETIC SURGERY

For information write to:
Dr. Fumih Umeza

12-5 SHIMBASHI, MINATO-KU,
TOKYO, JAPAN.



before



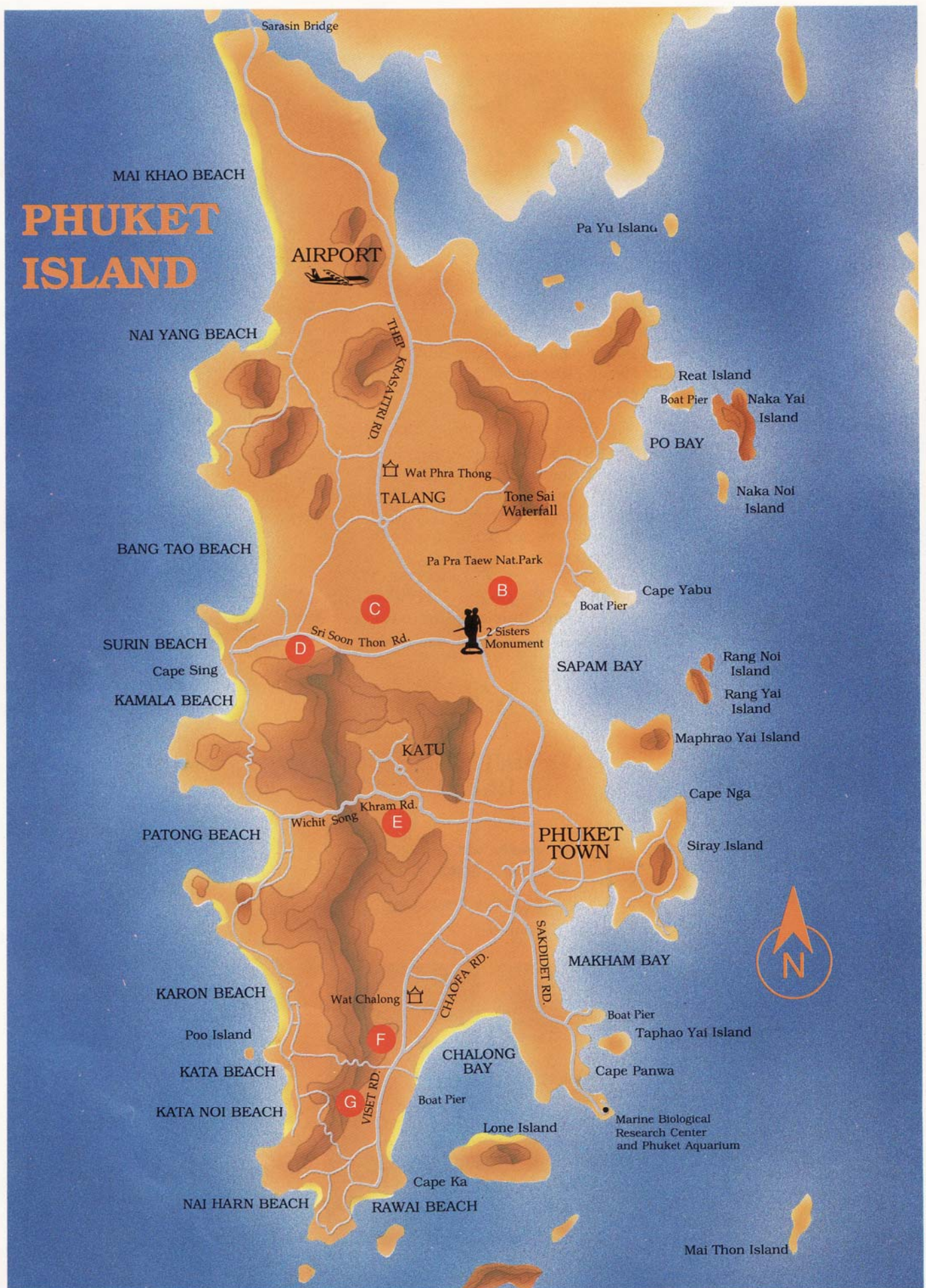
after

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PHUKET ISLAND





YOU KNOW YOU'RE DRUNK WHEN:

You don't remember what you last stuffed down your throat until you see it on the top of your shoes.

You finally realise that cigarette you lost is still sizzling in the back of your mouth.

You start dancing to disco music.

You can't kickstart your motorcycle because it's lying on your leg.

Your motorcycle starts running rough on the way home and you can't work it out because you went to the run on the bus.

You have to close one eye to focus on the centre line.

You have to close both eyes to make it home.

You can't put your dick back in your pants after taking that long awaited piss because you forgot to take it out in the first place.

You realise those spots you've been seeing before your eyes are actually ceiling lights.

You're afraid to burp.

They wake you up and tell you "The bar has reopened for your drinking pleasure"

You have to spend the rest of your life with one arm because you had to chew the other one off to avoid waking up whatever it was you went home with last night.

You either pass out, go into a coma, die or all three (don't worry - these things rarely happen to a real Hasher).

You pass up a free beer, shooter, joint, blowjob, etc., etc.



LET'S TALK ABOUT BOTTOMS

Hello! Some people don't like talking about bottoms, but I'm one who does. I think bottoms are super! Mine's a little beauty - I can feel it now as I sit on it. WOW! What a shame you can't see it, but I'm not showing it to ANYBODY at the moment, because it's got a little spotty bit round the corner and I don't want people saying I can't look after my own, so what right have I got to talk about anyone else's. But take my word for it, it's like a little Michelangelo SOAKED in Brut.

Anyway the point is, why is everybody so quiet about their bottoms? I mean there's the Flying Dutchman probably sitting on a peach but does he give anyone else a peek? Not on your life. And that Spiderjah - he's just the same - never even mentions bottoms from one week to the next. I don't know about Bollox's, I'd like to be more confident in myself before I peek at his, though I'm sure it's really lovely.

Hot Dog's bottom hasn't had much exposure either recently and I'm sure it's NICE - you know REALLY nice - the kind that could easily spark off a bottom revival. And the same with King Klony's - I'm positive that if ONLY he'd show his bottom a few times he'd do SUCH a lot of good, and help people forget about their shabby lives. Anyhow Klony love, don't let them talk you out of it - if you want to show your bottom to a wider public you go ahead, and show them what a bit of bottom can do.

Well, it's time to close again. I've got to lift my bottom off the chair and take it round to Uncle Charlie's. So long loves, let it breathe!

Note from the Editor

The hasher who submitted this, must of course remain anonymous. But I would suggest that members of the hash are very careful in the showers after running! Don't look for the soap if a large, bearded fellow drops it near you!





ENTERTAINMENT

Stardust A Go-Go -

Soi Sunset

Open: 8:30pm to the early hours

The coolest place with the hottest ladies is how you'll find the Stardust A Go-Go. This high voltage nightclub keeps on rocking until sunrise. Imported beers with a full range of spirits are available for selection.

Tramps Bar -

Crazy Corner, Kata Beach

The Hash bar in Kata. If you don't catch up with Bollox during InterHash, drop in and see him at his bar.

Rising Sun -

Soi Sunset

A quiet friendly bar close to the InterHash HQ. Proprietors: Fucknose (Ian) and Little Wotnot (Dave)

Dorn's Bar -

Wichit Songkhram Rd,

Phuket town

The first and last bar from Phuket to Patong. Call in and see Dorn on your way to or from town.

EMERGENCY INFORMATION

POLICE EMERGENCY	191
TOURIST POLICE	211036 / 212213
POLICE DISTRICT	212046
POLICE STATION	212115
FIRE BRIGADE	199 / 211111
AMBULANCE	212297

HOSPITALS:

MISSION	211173 / 212149
VACHIRA	211114 / 212853
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DR SOMPOT	211321
SIRROJ	215666

OTHER USEFUL PHONE NUMBERS

EXPAT HOTEL	340300
AIRPORT - ARRIVALS	311237
- DEPARTURES	311175
THAI AIRWAYS - INTERNATIONAL	212400 / 212644
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YOU'RE A BUNCH
OF FUCKIN'
WANKERS!

Favourite Scenes from

The Circle

The Final Judgement