

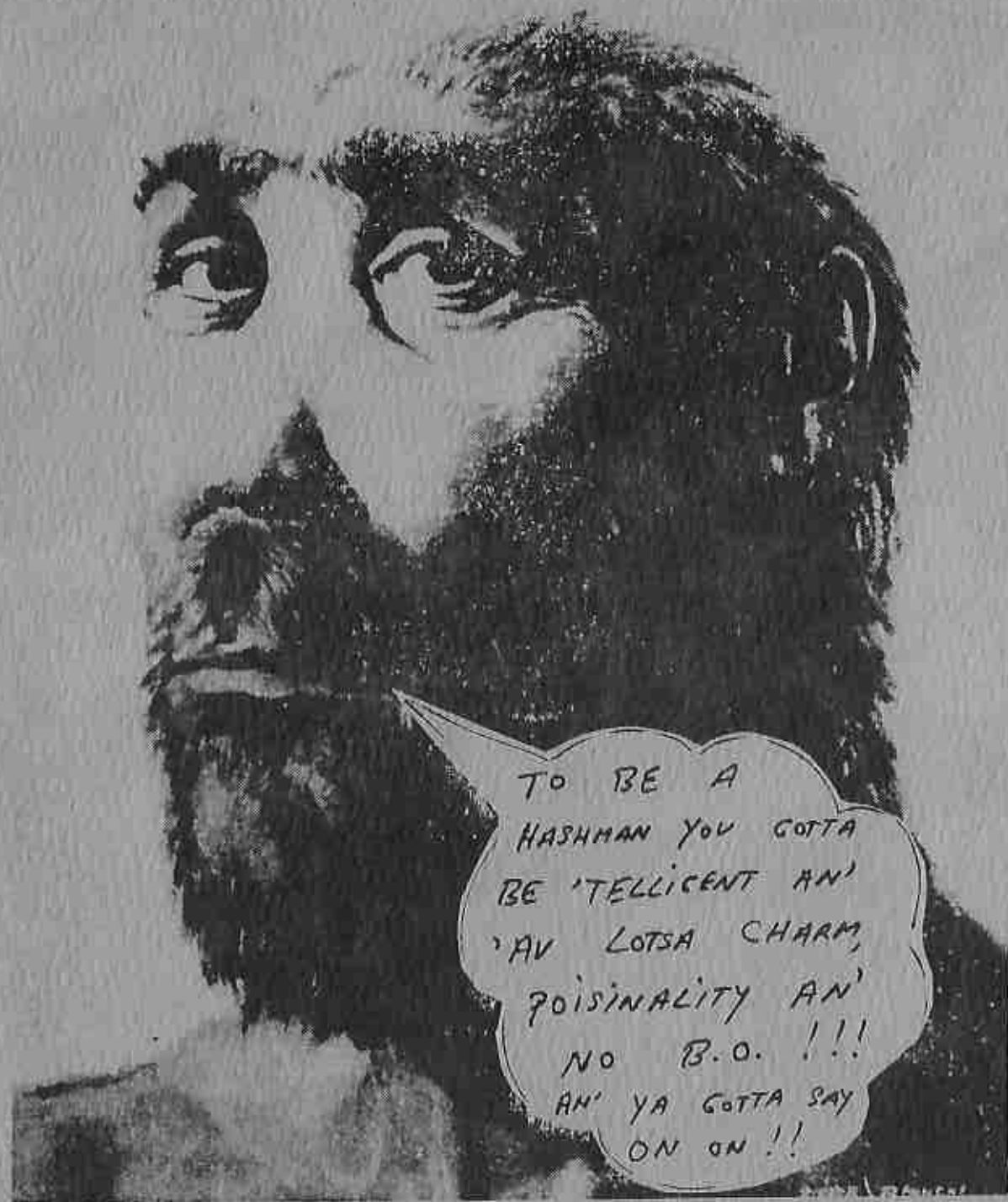
1978

Christmas Special



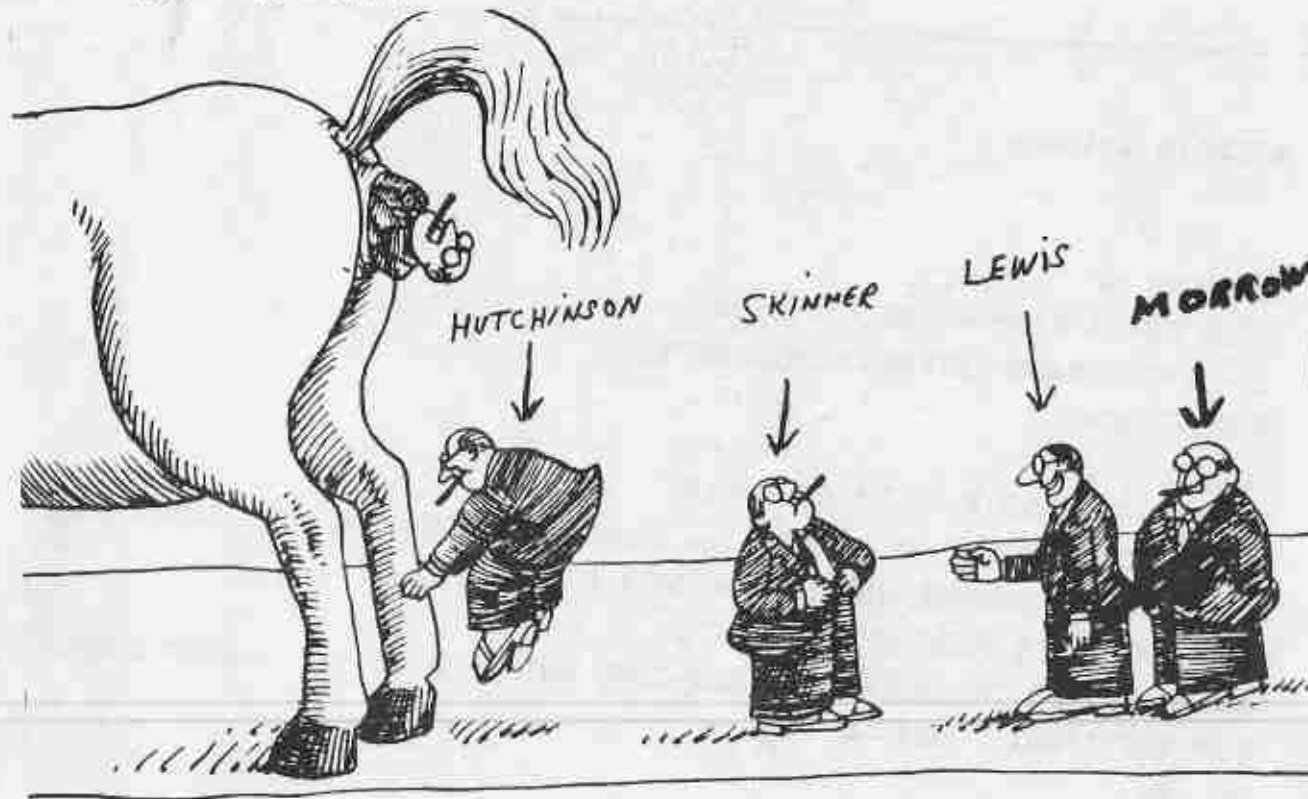
"NO PRESSIES THIS YEAR. XMAS DAY IS
MONDAY - THAT'S HASH DAY, ON! ON!"

Bill
Dummer



TO BE A
HASHMAN YOU GOTTA
BE 'TELLICENT AN'
'AV LOTSA CHARM,
POISINALITY AN'
NO B.O. !!!
AN' YA GOTTA SAY
ON ON !!

The Gold Coast Hash was BORN (OFFICIALLY)
AT 4 P.M. MAY I, 1978. ALL WELL - NO THANKS TO
DOCTORS & STAFF!



On On Secretary:
Hash Cash:
Joint Masters:

Peter Skinner	Phone 325 777
Bob Hutchinson	384 055
Geoff Lewis	384 111
Terry Morrow	399 396

P.O. Box 906, Surfers Paradise, 4217.

(The Fartlek Hash : copyright 1978)

BROADIN AA40436

MEMBERS OF G.C.H.3.
GOLD COAST HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
C/- BROADBEACH INTERNATIONAL HOTEL
BROADBEACH

MERRY XMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR
FROM- THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE QUEEN (S),
THE KING OF SAXANY, EDINBURGH CASTLE — — — — —
AND THE OTHER PUBS WE DRINK AT.
MAY ALL YOUR TROUBLES FOR 1979 COME OUT OF A BOTTLE - BEST LUCK
FOR THE 'WET' SEASON.
ON ON

YOUR JOINT MASTERS -
TERRY MORROW - GEOFF LEWIS.

✠

BROADIN AA40436

A LOUD WORD FROM THE

ON SEC

Being associated with a group of responsible, reliable, efficient and admirable pack of bastards like the Gold Coast Hash makes it very hard to put into words the feeling of belonging one gets by being involved with such a disorganised organisation.

However, the Hash does create a lot of interest. People always ask stupid bloody questions like: "The Hash House Harriers? What the fuck is that?" and other irrelevant, innane comments.

But there are other more enquiring minds about; people who deep down really want to know more about this esteemed, reputable bunch of able bodied men who relentlessly tear into the Monday nights, forcing their flagging bodies beyond the limits of human endurance as they strive ever onwards in quest of the glorious Hash Nosh.

One of those people was a cop I had the good fortune to be placed beside at a recent luncheon. After we had discussed the efficiency of wrist radios (as immortalised by Dick Tracey and his slit eyed offsider); the gory murder cases he had witnessed (after the event I hasten to add) and the pong of human bodies when they haven't been found for some time (I really enjoyed the grilled chops at that lunch) we got around to more serious conversation.

Being a cop I presumed he would've known our fellow Hashman Wes "Roman Polanski" Egan who was once "in the job" too.

His ears pricked. "Egan eh? Friend of yours?" our sleuth asked as the ever ready notebook slipped unobtrusively into his hand, replacing the bread roll he had been munching.

"Well. He's sort of a friend. We're both in the Hash together," said I, acting as nonchalant as all hell.

"Hash eh? What the.....is the Hash?" the notebook quivered in eager anticipation.

WHY DON'T
THE BLOODY
HARES LET ME
KNOW WHERE
THEIR FRIGGING
RUNS ARE?!?!?



"Sort of a running club for gentlemen. We run on Monday nights, follow a paper trail and have all sorts of good times," I said in an offhand manner.

"Oh yeah. Better not get too friendly with that Egan guy. He's bad news."

At that I switched the conversation back to finger printing and asked our boy in blue if he was interested in a finger-print free second hand but still in good nick, magnetic drill. He didn't even grin. He wasn't invited to join the Hash either.

So you see, being in the Hash does have it's moments. Everyone is so reliable in the Hash. The hares always notify you when and where their runs are. And putting out the weekly Hash Trail is a literary pleasure. How the fuck did I ever get mixed up in this?? It's sort of like "What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?"

Merry Christmas and Happy Hashing.

BROADIN AA40436

G LEWIS
C/- GOLD COAST HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
BROADBEACH INTERNATIONAL HOTEL
BROADBEACH

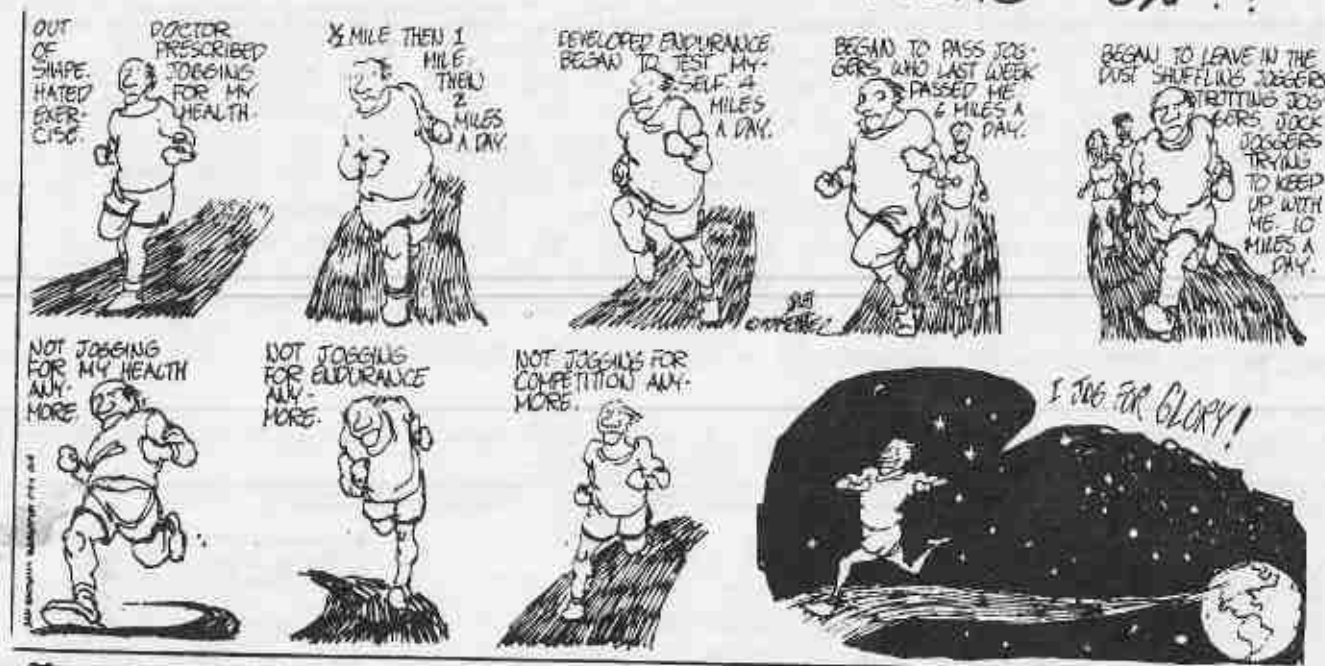
BEST XMAS REGARDS TO ALL FROM HASH CASH. AM DEPARTING TODAY FOR
ROME, GREEK ISLANDS, FRANCE, AFRICA, MIAMI FLORIDA AND 10 WEEKS
IN HAWAII ON WAY HOME. CURRENT HASH BANK BALANCE IS NIL ALTHOUGH
RECEIPTS DURING YEAR TOTALLED \$8,000.00 ONLY ASSETS ON BOOKS ARE
TWO HASH WHORES AND ONE BROKEN HASH HORN.

HUTCHINSON

BROADIN AA40436

HASH HUMOUR

Some of the material published here might offend! We hope so.
 It will serve you right for being associated with a Hashman;
 Or being associated with someone who is associated with a Hashman;
 Or being associated with someone who is associated with someone
 who is associated with someone who is associated with someone
 Or..... **NOW READ ON!!**



Special thanks to Bill Pommer for the cartoons of the Gold Coast Hash's Notable Runs. Bill's a hardworking, underpaid draftsman at the G.C.C.C. (and he's looking for a bit of illustration work!!!)

RUN 15: Peter Skinner + Gary Roberts. →

"Alfred Hitchcock Thriller" was right, last week's bush bash was a proper bastard (hash expression for TOP RUN). Hares Peter Skinner and Gary Roberts must be congratulated (and strung up by the balls) for their well planned (10 minutes before the run) and disorganisation. The trails were great, the checks were easily identified, they will never be forgiven for the false trails and there was plenty of paper (shithouse).

A great run, however, they can expect to hear from Bill Davidson's solicitor for damages resulting in near heart failure when the gorilla jumped out of the tunnel. (Ashmore Hills answer to the Broadbeach International). Other hash members are claiming for new underpants as theirs were rather spoilt. It's been suggested that they dye them brown. Anybody reading this must think we're crazy - gorillas - tunnels!! ask Roberts and Skinner to explain.

FRC (Front Running Curds) Pat Bowen, Kev Tooley, Alex Penklis, Terry Cuskelly, Dick Nichols and Geoff Lewis (and somebody else, but he left such an impression on me that I forget who it was) are now labled S.C.B. (short cutting bastards); fancy letting a little old lady yelling at them not to trespass, change the course and miss the black hole at Ashmore. The tunnel incidentally for those bastards who didn't turn up last week, was the old Southport - Nerang railway tunnel. (It was blacker than Neville Bonner's armpits). I rang Russ Hinze to find out more about it and he told me it was planned to coincide with the opening of the Eastern Suburbs Railway in Sydney. (actually he told me to get fucked).

ON ON score of Run is - Scale 1 - 5 Bad to Good.

Barmaids tits	0/5	
Decor & Facilities	0/5	Odor from 15 year old dried shits still lingering.
Service & Grog	5/5	Among the best so far.
Originality	5/5	Gorillas and tunnels freak me right out.

There was a young Hashman called Skinner
Who took this chick out to dinner
At a quarter to nine they sat down to dine
At a quarter past nine it was inner
Not Skinner
The Dinner
Young Skinner was inner before dinner.

Didn't hear any about Roberts - sorry Gary.

WORDS BY:
Geoff Lewis
"Running Little Horn"
~~~~~



"SHIT GAZ!!! - I DIDN'T  
KNOW THE TRAINS STILL OPERATED"

Bill  
Pommer

# RUN 19: Gary Honan & Kev Tooley →

SNORKELS, FLIPPERS AND RAFTS: That's what was needed on Run 19 set by Gary Honan and Kev Tooley. From Bartlett's Barn the run headed sort of south west and then doubled back. At one stage the trail crossed a boggy, swampy patch of slop at the top of a hill. That must have taken some arranging: bog at the top of a hill. There was a great variation of road and cross country but the real cruncher came near the end (well about a mile from the end). The trail disappeared into a bloody river. "Shit it must've been low tide when we laid the trail," said Honan/Tooley in unison like a couple of parrots. With strong torches the paper marking the trail could be seen, anchored to the bottom by rocks. (Just as well you thought of that hares). A pox on Shane O'Connor who started splashing people. It's had enough trying to keep your balls above water without having to worry about being showered. A few more crossings and then almost home the trail disappeared. And not even the bloody hares could find the mythical check point in the paddock across the river from Bartlett's Barn.

It was a bloody good run and attracted 33 Hashmen, one of the best roll ups for a long time.

The On On carried on for a long time in the public bar at Bartlett's. Reliably reported that stayers were still trying to leap over that log beam at 1.45 a.m.





## RUN 23: Les Benson & Graham Buntine →

MEMO TO TERRY MORROW: Two of our hash are missing. Suggest immediate search party. Benson.

MEMO TO LES BENSON: Fuck them. I say again...fuck them. The hash does not search for its lost.

The above is a very brief summary of what happened at the end of a memorable run behind West Burleigh organised by Les Benson and Graham Buntine. After a tortuous six miles or thereabouts the hash pack straggled back to a park at West Burleigh where the nosh and grog was first class (not to mention the service which was par excellence). After about an hour Les Benson, being a rather responsible type, did a rough headcount and discovered there were two, possibly three, missing. Not wanting to cause a panic he quietly sidled up to Morrow, that venerable, esteemed Joint Hash Master who would no doubt offer a few words of advice.

The conversation went something like this: "Terry, I think there's some blokes still out there."

"Out where?"

Les waved his arms in the general direction of the dark bush. "Out there....in the scrub. I think we'd better get a few blokes to go looking for them."

Morrow sipped from his hash mug. Cast a disparaging look at Les for even considering such a course of action and emphatically stated: "Fuck them."

"Whaddya mean, fuck them?" enquired an incredulous Les. Years of surf club activities had taught him to have tremendous responsibility for life and limb..... especially where it came to fellow humans. Now here was a respected member of the Hash Hierarchy making a mockery of all those values.

"Just that" retorted Morrow. "If they can't find their way back that's their bad luck. The Hash lore says no search parties until the next day. Besides there's no wild animals out there, it's not too cold and they'll find their way out in the morning."

Finally two lonely figures appeared out of the gloom. The Hash erupted to a tumultuous roar as HAYDN WHITE and JOHN DALEY staggered into a heroes welcome. Their one request was a chance to set a course themselves in the very near future and wondered if they could get enough trail paper to lay the run through the Sahara Desert and take in the Himalayas at the same time. "We really want to get those rotten bastards who did this to us," was one of their more polite comments.



WEEKLY  
GOT  
LOST

WORDS ABOVE: Peter Skinner | Someone's gotta take the blame!!!

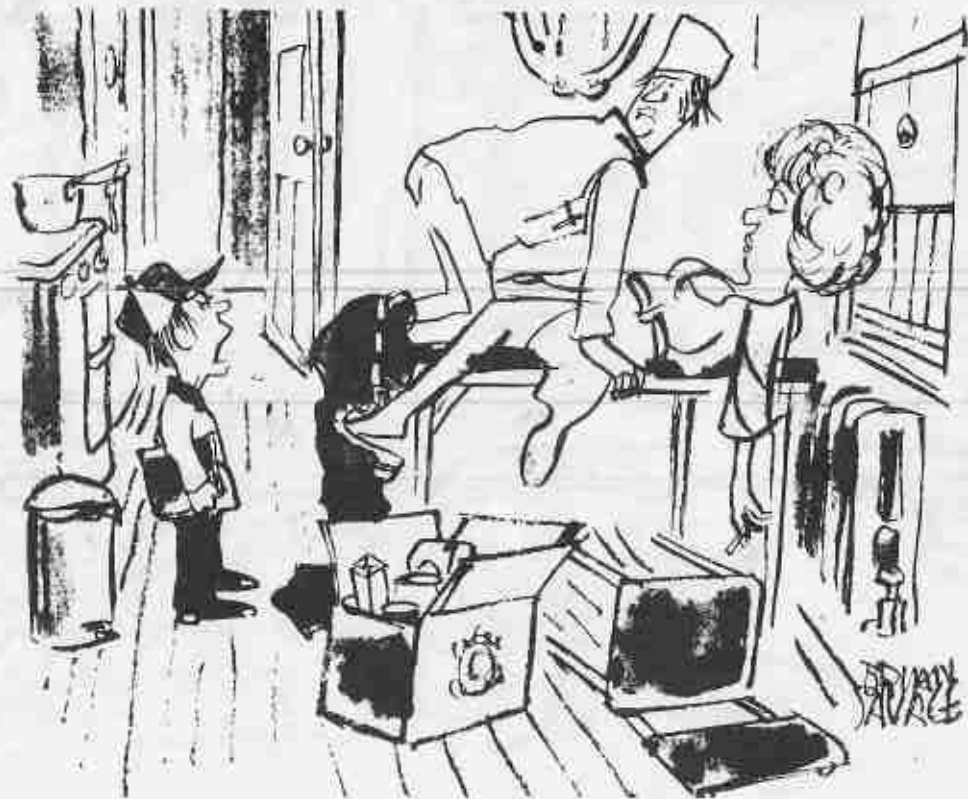
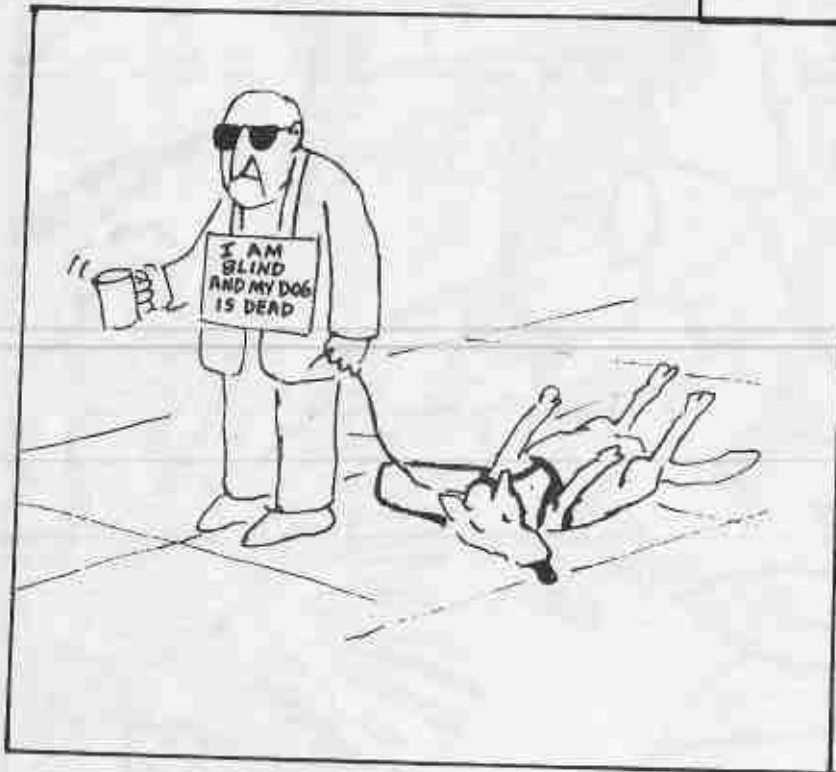
NAW! THEY'LL BE RIGHT LES  
THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE  
THAT'LL EAT THEM!

TWO OF OUR GUYS ARE  
LOST TERRY-WE BETTER  
GO LOOK FOR THEM!



Run 9: Warren Kimble & Bill Moir →

HASH THROAT'S BIRTHDAY: On a tale of Run 9. As a recruitment drive this event must go down as one of the greats. Warren "Down by the River " Kimble and Bill "Jump that Creek" Moir set the run over fields, across creeks (by log bridge) and generally through some formidable country. Fortunately it wasn't too long because the 50 or more runners were keen to get back to the Hash Nosh at the Par 3. That was a memorable night and full marks must go to those who so willingly became involved in the audience-participation segments of the function. All the boys wished "First Hill" Tanner a happy 53rd birthday and we all hope he remembers the night for its distinctive flavour. As the night reached a crescendo of hilarity there were dozens of potential members trying to sign up. Wes "Roman Polansky" Egan also deserves a pat on the back for his contribution. At one stage Wes was sweating a bit but events went to plan and the night was a success. Roll on Run 69.



"Hey! We eat on that table!"



## RUN 20: Geoff Lewis & Terry Morrow →



LIFE WASN'T MEANT TO BE THIS HARD: One of the comments from a visiting New Guinea Hashman at the end of the muscle straining (and wet, rainy, boggy) Run 20 was that never again would he make the comment that southern Hashes have it easy. Joint Masters Geoff "Little Running Horn" Lewis (or is it Running Little Horn) and Terry Morrow set a real bastard of a course. What must have been almost a record number of Hashmen turned up for the event. →

From the time the pack left that little shed at Nerang and headed generally south west they started to climb, climb, climb. And was it their imagination or was that really a beach umbrella complete with light, drinks, table and white table cloth and red rose in vase etc etc at the top of one bloody great peak. "I must have been pissed," said one New Guinea guy. "I could've sworn there was an angel up there serving the drinks. At one stage I thought I must've been dead." →

We can assure our visiting Hashmen that there were no angels at the top of the hill.

Full points must go to our Joint Masters for that touch of class. After all, a white table cloth complete with rose in vase: that's real sophistication. →

The On On back at that little shed (which for several reasons remains anonymous) was something of an orgy. And as any Roman can tell you no orgy is complete without stout, ginger beer, oysters, etc. All that was needed to complete the scene would have been a few slave girls. And we couldn't have that could we???? Among the visitors were "Rake" (didn't get the second name) and Paul who certainly kept the ball rolling with their spontaneity. →

## THE WHORE ON THE HILL. RUN. →

A pretty young wife who had constantly failed to get pregnant, went to the Hash Doc. to be artificially inseminated. He told her to undress and lie on the couch and within minutes he was back wearing nothing but his stethoscope. As our hero climbed on, his patient exclaimed "Just a minute! Is this the way you do A.I.D.?" "Not normally", panted our Doctor, "but you see we've run out of the bottled stuff, and I thought you wouldn't mind having draught".

## WEEKLY'S FIRST RUN.



1 RUN 18: Stuart Ballantyne, Greg Matthews →

Never trust a Scots Ghoul. Not happy with trying to drown the Hash in a boat (which leaked) Ballantyne & Matthews led the pack into the Southport Blood Bank. "WE WHO BLED FOR THE HASH CURSE YOU!"

## HOW TO ELIMINATE THOSE HASHHOLD PESTS

### DOGS:

Many of these irksome pests have infiltrated Hash runs in recent years. They are particularly prevalent during the summer months especially in bushland and reserves north of the harbour.

The following courses of action have been found efficacious in reducing the incidence of this nuisance.

1. A swift kick up the date is a suitable deterrent. Watch for dangerous reaction. Repeat as necessary.
2. When running along cliff edges or similar terrain, a judiciously timed push can work wonders.
3. If run passes house with high fences throw dog over — continue running.
4. If all else fails feed dog a Hash barbecue steak — these have been known to kill a black dog.

Footnote: Canberra Hash have instituted a novel campaign to deter dogs by holding visitors races where each person is required to run over a prescribed course whilst carrying a dog. However, apart from one broken back and several minor injuries, the number of dogs at runs has not diminished to any great extent. The number of visitors has declined considerably though.

### SMALL BOYS

The incidence of these pests has increased in recent years as Hash offspring grow up.

Although in most cases they are dumber than dogs some of them can speak, and more subtle measures should be adopted.

1. Constant tripping from behind can discourage and may even result in nasty injury. Repeat if necessary.
2. When child is separated from pack or parental supervision, call ON ON in wrong direction, preferably into dense bush or ravine. Spare chalk and paper can be used to achieve similar results.
3. If child is standing near a dog, a clever kick can cause dog to savage child. This sometimes results in the elimination of two pests at the same time.
4. Although Hash Barbecue food is normally lethal, surreptitiously drop steak or snags into sand before serving to children. An enquiry concerning their mother's cooking may accelerate disillusionment but this is often counter-productive.





HELL SISTER!  
I KNOW THEY'RE NOT  
BLUEBLOODS-BUT THEY'RE  
THE BEST I CAN RAKE  
UP MONDAY NIGHT!!

PRETTY SCRAWNY  
LOOKING LOT TONIGHT  
BOYS!

BLOOD BANK

Bill  
Hammer

# RUN 30: Haydn White, John Daley → WEEKLY'S (Revenge is sweet) REVENGE RUN.

REVENGE RUN 30 (The run where no one should have fronted!)

What a pair of horrible, miserable, sadistic, cunning, shithouse bastards - Yes, Haydn and John, these are extracts from "various statements" made during the "Revenge Run" by the 33 poor "trusting" souls who should have known better than to bother turning up last Monday.

This was the Run of Runs. It was beautiful the way we were actually pampered through a pleasant rain-forest amidst ferns and trees, having to jump the odd log - I thought shit! What a delightful run.

Then out again in the clear and around the banks of some new canals - OH! How pleasant, except for Geoff Lewis (the Short Cutting Bastard) who was seen wallowing in mud down to his knees because he took a short cut. From then it started - about a quarter of a mile of the "Everglades". In Indian style we were forced to wallow through 1 foot deep "Slosh" and it was during this leg that we knew the bloody hares had it in for us. Like "PAPILLON" we could only keep going now and get further in the shit! They then planned a waterway which was just deep enough to wet our arses and make our journey cold and uncomfortable - Oh the dastardly bastards those 2 hares!

Les Benson, who apparently delights in helping horrible hares, told us that it was "over the other side of this canal" for the next trail. It really is fun swimming a canal in shoes, full rig, torch etc. - well done Les, you Bastard, because when we made the other side, he then told us that we should have waited (without swimming) for a boat to come and take us to the next venue.

The brave ones swam back amongst fins and crocodiles and "the bludgers" stayed and met the boat which was under the command of both hares. - Yes, they finally showed themselves - whilst the diligent members kept going, "the bludgers" crowded into the "African Queen" and away they went.

But alas for them - Morrow and Hutchinson gave instructions for all on shore to arm themselves with handfulls of mud. As soon as the first Missiles hit the "escaping cowards" we could see it was only a matter of time before they would panic and sink the overloaded "African Queen".

The "Bombs" were hard and straight and the likes of Lewis, Nichols, Wood and the Two Hares were seen to be sitting in a boat which was "slowly sinking". Oh what a beautiful sight to see them disappear at the same time as the outboard motor suddenly "fizzled" as it too slipped under the water's surface. (WORDS BY: "HASH CASH" HUTCHINSON.

Three Chinese girls discussing marriage. One said she hoped to marry a man of good birth with two dragons on his shirt. The next said she hoped to marry a man of good birth and great wealth, with three dragons on his shirt. The third said she had no ambition for birth or wealth, but simply wished to marry a man with one dragon on the ground.



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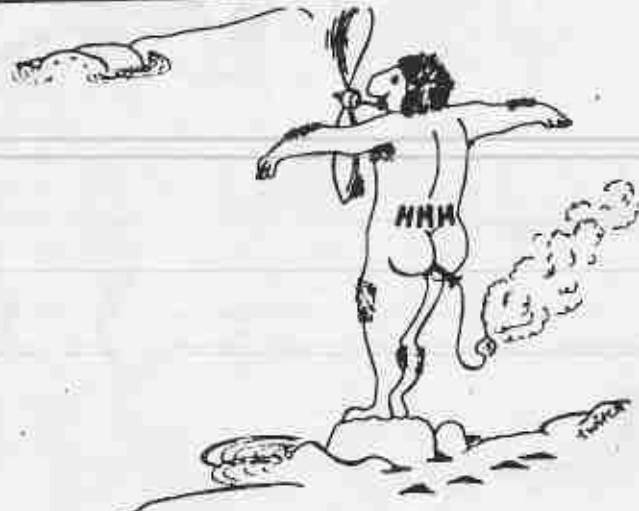
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# Are You Really Hashman Material?

by the Grand Masurbator.



Canal Crossing Gear For Hashmen  
who can't swim: Price on Application  
Patent Pending

Should you become a Hashman or would you be happier retaining your sanity? If you are a Hashman already does it really suit you? To find out if you are genuine Hashman material complete the following statements honestly . . . . .

1. The most important possession of a Hashman is:
  - a) a good torch.
  - b) comfortable running shoes.
  - c) a whore in the Wanch.

2. A Hashman will enjoy his runs more if he:
  - a) calls ON-ON loudly for all his friends to hear.
  - b) looks after the tailenders.
  - c) turns up for the run pissed.

3. The most important quality in a Hashman is:
  - a) he has a good sense of direction.
  - b) he is intelligent and good company.
  - c) he knows the difference between San Mig & Tiger beer.

4. The best thing about the Hash is:
  - a) you can get your name in the Guinness Book of Records.
  - b) Master Bates.
  - c) the Nam Ah.

(this is a trick question, and for those who have not sampled the delights of the Nam Ah or met Master Bates (or vice versa) we suggest your answer be (a) )

5. If you had a choice of going Hashing, Hang-gliding or Whoring and your name was not Manton, why would you choose Hashing:
  - a) it's good for your health.
  - b) you enjoy the company of the Hashmen.
  - c) it doesn't give you the clap.

6. If Gerald Poultee was organising a Hash weekend in Manila and James Animus was organising a Hash weekend in Bangkok, would you go to:
  - a) Manila.
  - b) Bangkok.
  - c) Lantao.

7. If you were sitting down at an ON-ON having just been served with Sweet-and-Sour escargots and some Australian bastard climbed on the table and shat on your plate, would you:
  - a) get up and leave.
  - b) shove your chopsticks up his arse.
  - c) carry on eating as if nothing had happened.

8. If you don't like what the on Sec writes about you in the Circular, would you:
  - a) phone him at work and ask him to be nicer in future.
  - b) write to him asking for a retraction in the next issue.
  - c) piss in his beer after the next run.

9. Answer True or False to the following statements:
  - a) you can always shortcut if you try.
  - b) a man can be happy in almost any Hash.
  - c) friendship and goodwill are more important in a Hash than beer and curry.
  - d) a Hash based mainly on running is sure to fail.
  - e) Tiger Beer contains 14 recognised poisons.

## ANSWERS

Add up your points from the following chart.

- |               |              |       |
|---------------|--------------|-------|
| 1. a-1        | b-2          | c-3   |
| 2. a-1        | b-2          | c-7   |
| 3. a-2        | b-1          | c-4   |
| 4. a-0        | b-0          | c-0*  |
| 5. a-10       | b-6          | c-45  |
| 6. a-0        | b-0          | c-1** |
| 7. a-0        | b-24         | c-98  |
| 8. a-2        | b-4          | c-75  |
| 9. a) True 5. | False 0.     |       |
| b) True 2.    | False 2.     |       |
| c) True 5.    | False 30.    |       |
| d) True 1.    | False 2.     |       |
| e) True 1.    | False 45.*** |       |

## NOTE.

\* if you said 'none of these' or 'the piss-up afterwards' or similar, score 55 points.

\*\* only 1 point is given for the answer (c). It would be safer to stay at home because either of these well-known tour guides could quite easily end up on Lantao by mistake.

\*\*\* the statement is false. Tiger Beer contains somewhat more than 14 recognised poisons.

Highest possible score . . . . . 374.

373-374: You are Hashman material all right. In fact you are a born Hashman. You should have a very happy Hash-life if you don't get kicked in the teeth by the On Sec for pissing in his beer.

371-372: Hashing suits you, or would suit you - well enough, but occasionally you feel the need to let up. We can overlook your minor bad habits. You obviously think too much about the running aspects of Hashing. (e.g. you should have answered (c) in Q.1 instead of (b) ).

20-370: We can overlook a couple of minor mistakes but this is ridiculous. NO BLOODY WAY!!

0-19: Either you can't read or you're just plain stupid. Either way you are a promising Hashman. Come along and meet other Members. You will mix less than 0: We have a short waiting list at the present time.

A friend said somewhat nastily I hear that your vasectomy has left you walking rather twee . . . . . and nothing like the same as me!

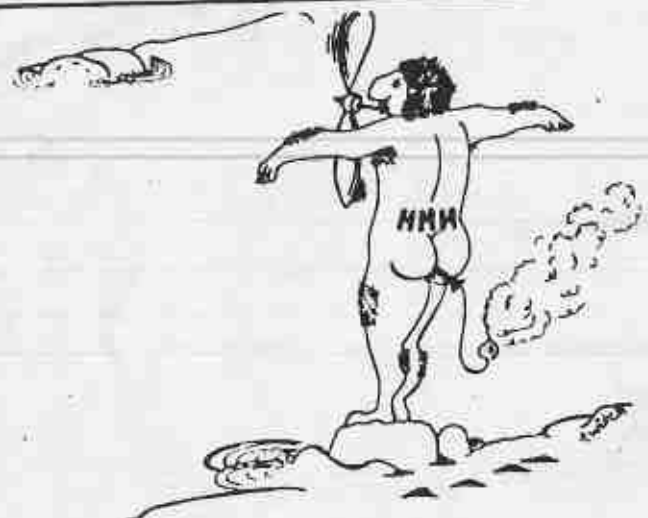
"My parts" I cried in self defence

are still the same as other mens

Compare what is down below and you'll find no VAS DEFERENS!

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  - a) you can get your name in the Guinness Book of Records.
  - b) Master Bates.
  - c) the Nam Ah.

(this is a trick question, and for those who have not sampled the delights of the Nam Ah or met Master Bates (or vice versa) we suggest your answer be (a) ).

5. If you had a choice of going Hashing, Hang-gliding or Whirring and your name was not Manton, why would you choose Hashing:
  - a) it's good for your health.
  - b) you enjoy the company of the Hashmen.
  - c) it doesn't give you the clap.

6. If Gerald Pontlice was organising a Hash weekend in Manila and James Animus was organising a Hash weekend in Bangkok, would you go to:
  - a) Manila.
  - b) Bangkok.
  - c) Lantao.

7. If you were sitting down at an ON-ON having just been served with Sweet-and-Sour escargots and some Australian bastard climbed on the table and shat on your plate, would you:
  - a) get up and leave.
  - b) shove your chopsticks up his arse.
  - c) carry on eating as if nothing had happened.

8. If you don't like what the on Sec writes about you in the Circular, would you:
  - a) phone him at work and ask him to be nicer in future.
  - b) write to him asking for a retraction in the next issue.
  - c) piss in his beer after the next run.

9. Answer True or False to the following statements
  - a) you can always shortcut if you try.
  - b) a man can be happy in almost any Hash.
  - c) friendship and goodwill are more important in a Hash than beer and curry.
  - d) a Hash based mainly on running is sure to fail.
  - e) Tiger Beer contains 14 recognised poisons.

## ANSWERS

Add up your points from the following chart.

- |                         |      |       |
|-------------------------|------|-------|
| 1. a-1                  | b-2  | c-5   |
| 2. a-1                  | b-2  | c-7   |
| 3. a-2                  | b-1  | c-4   |
| 4. a-1                  | b-1  | c-0*  |
| 5. a-10                 | b-6  | c-45  |
| 6. a-1                  | b-0  | c-1** |
| 7. a-1                  | b-24 | c-98  |
| 8. a-2                  | b-4  | c-75  |
| 9. a) True 5. False 0.  |      |       |
| b) True 2. False 2.     |      |       |
| c) True 5. False 30.    |      |       |
| d) True 1. False 2.     |      |       |
| e) True 1. False 45.*** |      |       |

## NOTE.

\* if you said 'none of these' or 'the piss-up afterwards' or similar, score 55 points.

\*\* only 1 point is given for the answer (c). It would be safer to stay at home because either of these well-known tour guides could quite easily end up on Lantao by mistake.

\*\*\* the statement is false. Tiger Beer contains somewhat more than 14 recognised poisons.

Highest possible score . . . . 374.

373-374: You are Hashman material all right. In fact you are a born Hashman. You should have a very happy Hash-life if you don't get kicked in the teeth by the On Sec for pissing in his beer.

371-372: Hashing suits you - or would suit you - well enough, but occasionally you feel the need to let up. We can overlook your minor bad habits. You obviously think too much about the running aspects of Hashing, (e.g. you should have answered (c) in Q.1 instead of (b) ).

20-370: We can overlook a couple of minor mistakes but this is ridiculous. NO BLOODY WAY!!

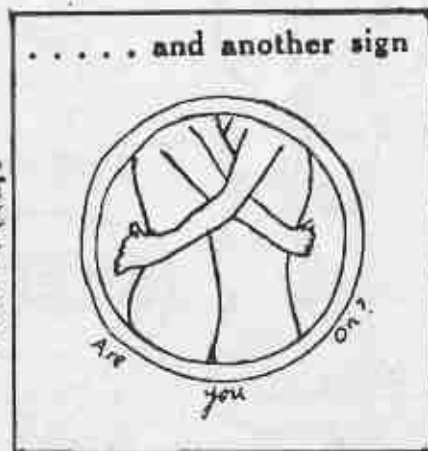
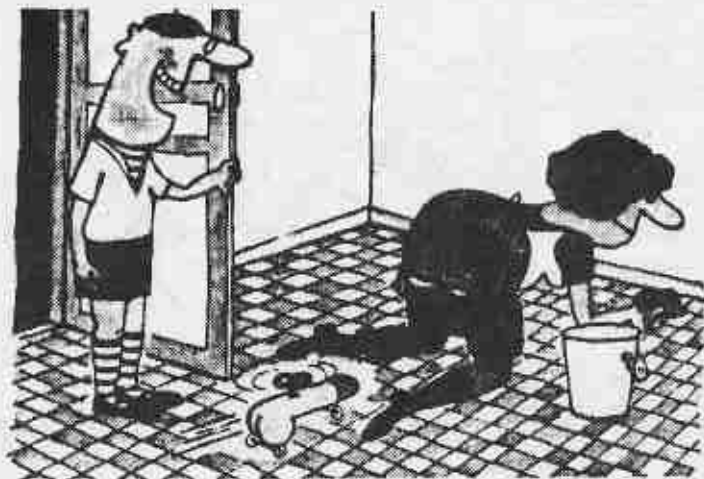
0-19: Either you can't read or you're just plain stupid. Either way you are a promising Hashman. Come along and meet other Members. You will mix less than 0: We have a short waiting list at the present time.

A friend said somewhat nastily I hear that your vasectomy has left you walking rather twee . . . . and nothing like the same as me!

"My parts" I cried in self defence

are still the same as other mens

Compare what is down below and you'll find no VAS DEFERENS!



# A HASHERY OF TERMS



**HASH FLASH**

For the benefit of readers of non-Hash origin (and of course the more dense Harriers). A Glossary of terms which are found in the weekly Hash Sheet, and will be found in this Magazine in copious quantities is listed below:

Headings used in weekly newsheet: —

## SPECIALIST POSITIONS

- |                        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>JOINT MASTERS:</b>  | A pair of derelicts with lavatorial minds, ex-officio leaders of the hard core, are alcoholics standing. They are only available for meetings held in a brewery.                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| <b>ON SECS:</b>        | Super Special positions by virtue of requiring the ability to read and write. These derelicts are available for meetings held in a Brewery or Club.                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| <b>HASH CASH:</b>      | The person who finances the above derelicts. Usually seen barefooted as that's the only way to count to twenty.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| <b>TRAIL MASTER:</b>   | The scourge of hashmen who sadistically leads the pack up long false trails, then cleverly dries through the field and denies all knowledge.                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| <b>HASH HORN:</b>      | "Speaks" for itself.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| <b>HASH BOOZE:</b>     | Qualifications — Brewery employee. Must ensure that the right quantity of the right beer goes to the right place at the right time, at the right temperature each week. Must be prepared for all emergencies and carry an unlimited supply of temprites, gas bottles, hoses, spears, valves, washers and nuts. Rarely runs and is probably the most popular man at Hash. |
| <b>RUN:</b>            | Generally misleading. When seen in context please replace with word "Stroll".                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| <b>HARE:</b>           | Looks very similar to a Rabbit (and is often called that).                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| <b>HARES APPARENT:</b> | Future Hares (bloody idiots).                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| <b>NEW FOOTPRINTS:</b> | People who have one run, lots of ales, and forget to pay for the privilege.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| <b>HASH TRASH:</b>     | Generally in the form of a two year old joke.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |



"Did I see what?"



= HASH TERMS -



CHECKING!



There is a tribe of Pygmies in Borneo who call themselves the Fakarwi Hashmen. When they get lost in the long grass they jump up and down shouting "Where the Fakarwi?"

ON ON

Hashing is great! 'Cos you  
CAN GET AWAY FROM EVERYTHING & EVERYBODY!!

ON ON



ON ON

ON ON

ON ON

ON ON

MERRY CHRISTMAS!!! FROM THE  
Gold Coast Hash House Harriers. (the Fartlek Haul)

ON ON

ON ON