

SINGAPORE NASH HASH



RUN N° 1

5TH - 6TH OCT 1991

SOUVENIR PROGRAM

NASH HASH MAIN COMMITTEE

Bob Ashman	"GECKO"
Silverajoo	"POPEYE"
Steve Dent	
Lorraine Gierck	"QUICHE"
Eileen Davies	"HOTPANTS"
Torben Dal	
Alan Skinner	"TRIPOD"
Dick Roark	"DIRTY DICK/HACKER"
Sarah Robinson	"MAN FRIDAY"
Vanessa Rice	"TITILATOR"

The following have also helped with various sub-committees:

Mary Toh Roark	"MOTHER MARY"
Mike Croft	"CROTCH"
Ross McKenzie	
Rajiv Chaudry	"POPEYE"
Paul Ellard	"WINGS"
Greg Davies	"RABIES"
Jane & Roger Playdon	"HOTLIPS" & "PINUP"

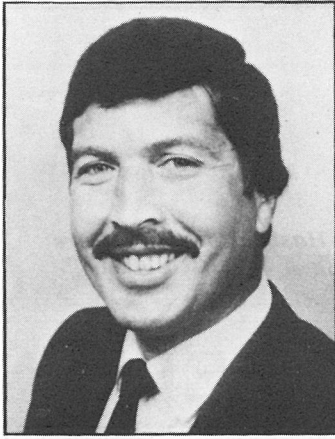
PROGRAMME OF EVENTS

- 3pm Registration
- Run 1 — Loong Run. On WHITE paper. White headbands.
Hares: Tom Werry and Alisdair Ferrie.
- Run 2 — Medium Run. On PINK paper. Red Headbands.
Hares: Vanessa "TITILATOR" Rice & Greg "RABIES" Davies.
- Run 3 — Medium Run (With a difference! Do you have a sense of humour!) On BLUE paper. Blue headbands.
Hares: Alan "TRIPOD" Skinner and Roger "PINUP" Playdon.
- Run 4 — Short Run. On YELLOW paper. Yellow Headbands.
Hare: Steve Dent.
- 5pm: Start of Run 1 and Run 2.
- 5.10pm: Start of Run 3 and Run 4.
- 6.30pm: With any luck everyone will be back for the First Beers.
- 6.45pm(ish) CIRCLE
Food will be served on completion of the CIRCLE.
- 8.30pm: SHOWTIME
International class entertainment provided by all Hash Clubs for your delectation. Other things are likely to happen. So stay alert! Then you can 'Boogey till you Puke' with the world famous

NASH HASH TRASH BLUES BAND

This programme could change. What do you expect from the Hash!
However, events will occur (perhaps) in this sort of order.

*The Nash Hash Committee wish to thank F & N and Asia Pacific Brewery
for their support and sponsorship of this event.*



BOB'S BLURB

As Chairman of the dis-organisation committee, I welcome you to Singapore's first "NASH HASH".

It is worth noting that the venue of Echo Valley, off Dairy Farm Road, is an historic one. One of the founder members of the "Mother Hash" A.S. Gispert was killed in Dairy Farm Road on 11th February 1942 during the invasion of Singapore.

We have had a very active committee comprising the GMs and other key members of the five clubs involved and, right from our first meeting on 6th June, when it was agreed that there would be an even division of effort and costs, there was no question that the support and enthusiasm from all clubs was unanimous.

Although by its nature this event is focused on the Singapore based hashes, in that unique relationship and communication channel which only exists between Hashers around the world, I know that people are arriving from places as far afield as Belgium, Australia, Thailand, Hong Kong, Indonesia, Malaysia, Sri Lanka, Bangladesh, etc.

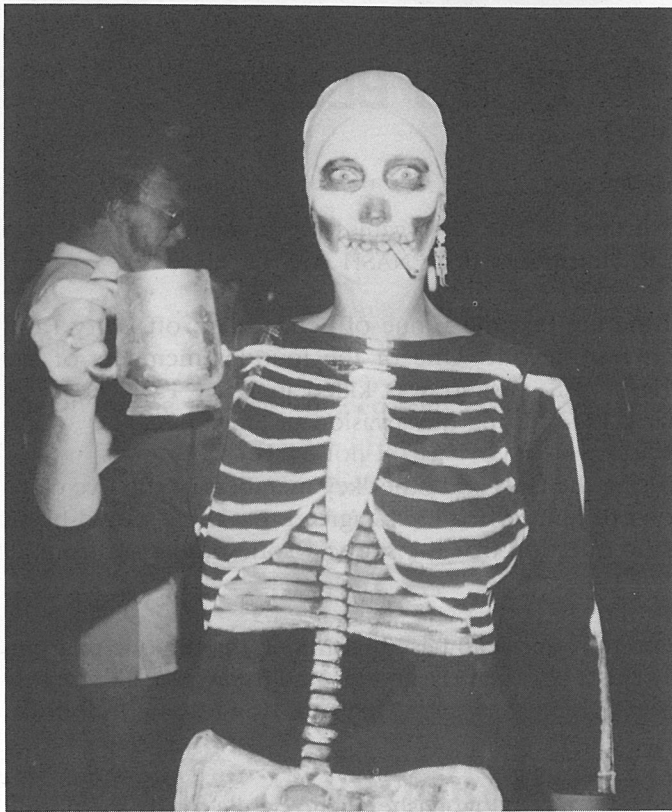
My personal thanks to all the committee members and fellow hashers who, while totally disrupting our meetings by drinking too much, have also made them an enjoyable social occasion.

Our one aim is for you to go away from this event wanting to come back for NASH HASH NO. 2.

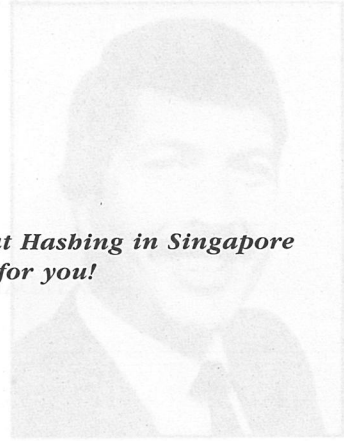
ON ON

Bob Ashman





See what Hashing in Singapore can do for you!



AN APOLOGY FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Fellow Nash Hashers,

So here it is — the first ever magazine to celebrate the first ever Singapore Nash Hash.

Having been roped in at the eleventh hour to edit this magazine, to say that this has been rather a last-minute rush job would be something of an understatement, to say the least. However needs must when the Hash devil drives!

Due to the shortage of time, I have been unable to cast around for much in the way of new, original material, and I freely admit to having stolen shamelessly from other Hash publications that have come my way. Therefore, some of the contents may not be new to some of you, but hopefully you will all find something you have not come across before.

My thanks, therefore, go to all of those Hashes who have unwittingly provided me with material. To Peter (Pedro) Tame for the use of some of his excellent cartoons, more of which can be enjoyed in his book "Hash House Harriers — On Paper". If you would like a copy of this splendid publication, look out for Pedro (between flights) on a Monday, Wednesday or Friday night's Hash.

Thanks also go to all our sponsors who have provided us with advertising, to the printers and last but not least, to the organising committee of Nash Hash '91 who have made the whole thing possible. Let us hope that this will be the first of many — I'm only sorry I won't be around for the next one.

On On

Sarah (Man Friday) Robinson

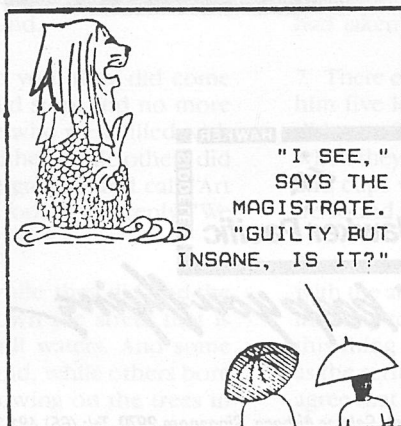
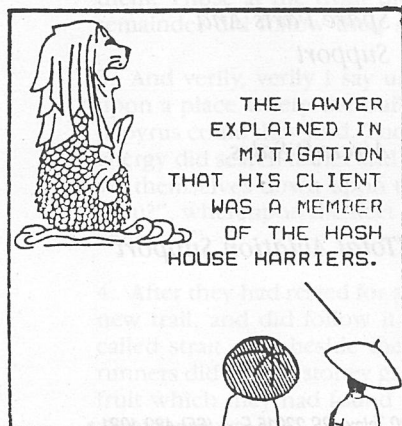
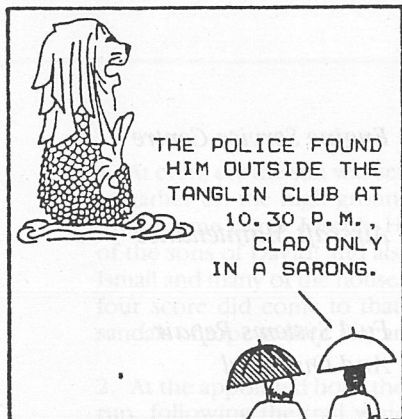
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HAPPY HASHING



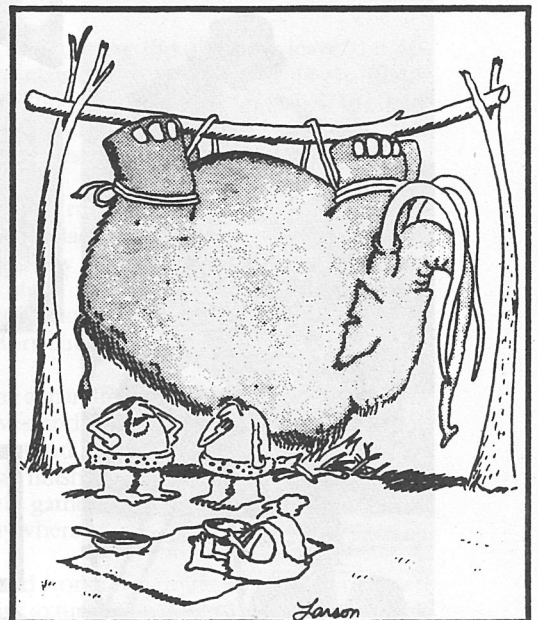
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ICE-AGE ON SITE ON ON

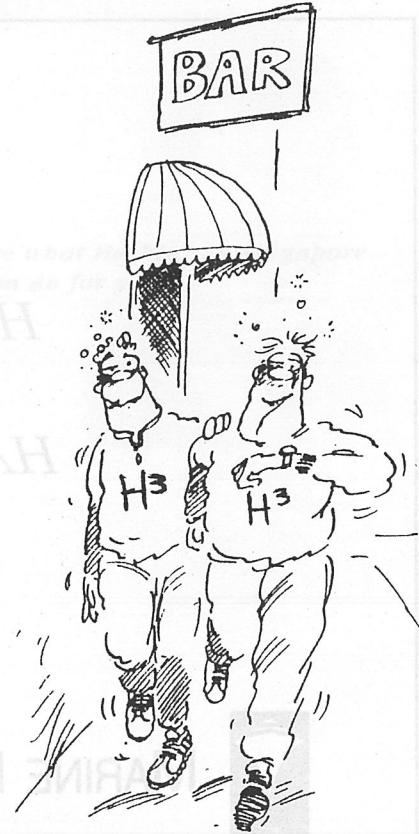


"What — Mr. Ho forgot to bring the buns?"

THE MAN WHO BREWS THE BEER

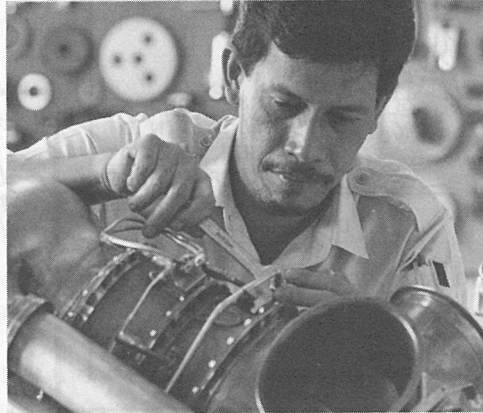
Somewhere behind the frosted pipes that hold our liquid cheer
 There lurks a Man — a noble Man — the Man Who Brews the Beer.
 His splendid work is never done, for Winter, too, enjoys
 The beer that makes hot summer laugh for dry Hash Harrier Boys,
 The sugar cane its sweetness yields, the good earth gives its hops,
 And Heaven pours its cool rains in before the ripe beer pops;
 But here's the wizard of it all, who mixes cloud and clod
 And from it brews a golden drink that makes of Man a god.

Beer bubbles in the glassy pump and chuckles as it flows;
 And happy is the man who feels its foam kiss on his nose;
 A liquid blessing in the throat, it gives us joy and nerve,
 And makes us dream of wondrous drinks that angel barmaids serve,
 When Everlasting Summer comes and Earth's last beer is poured,
 The Man Who Brews the Beer will seat his faithful on the sward,
 And closing time will never come or coppers full of wrath
 To spill the beer of Paradise — the last brew of St. Froth.



I love town runs — 7 bars in 15 minutes and we can still get back to the beer wagon ahead of the pack!

AN APOLOGY FROM THE EDITOR



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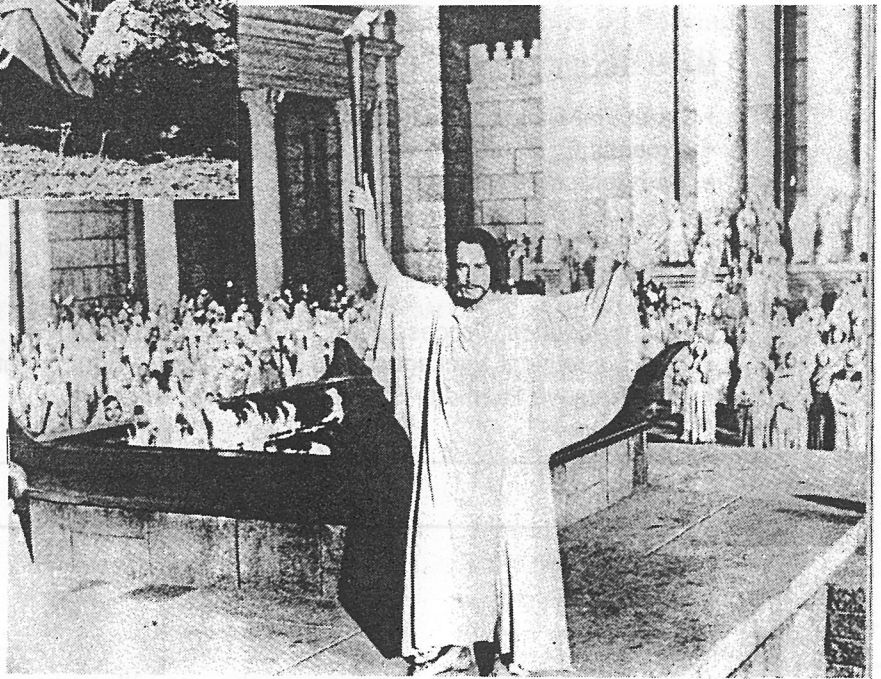
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THE SCRIBE REPORT OF THE FIRST HASH, 1498 BC



“Stay ye on papyrus lest ye miss the T-shirt”



“... And for fifteen dollars ye shall partake of the fat of the land and the beer of the Anchorites”

1. At even, ere the sun was set, the multitude did begin to gather on the high ground without the city wall. There came Jacob, Joseph, Ham and Shem and many of the sons of David; and also came Esau, Aaron and Ismail and many of the house of Hash. In all more than four score did come to that place, and they did tie sandals of rope to their feet and did grid up their loins.

2. At the appointed hour they did set off and start to run, following the trail which had been laid before them. Those at the front did call “On on” and the remainder did follow their sound.

3. And verily, verily I say unto you, they did come upon a place where the trail did stop, and no more papyrus could they find. Those who were filled with energy did search hither and thither, while others did set themselves down upon the ground and call “Art thou?”, whereupon the fleet of foot would reply “We checketh”.

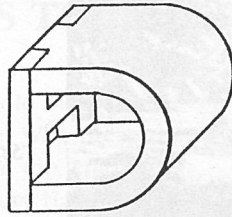
4. After they had rested for a while, they did find the new trail, and did follow it down the street that is called strait, and beside the still waters. And some runners did run on stoney ground, while others bore fruit which they had found growing on the trees in abundance.

5. Some of the runners did sin, and leave the appointed path, claiming to know other, less difficult routes to reach their goal, and did tempt their brothers to join them with offers of earthly pleasures. And thus the last became first and the first last.

6. After they had run for about seven leagues, they did return to the place from whence they had started, and did drink freely from the green streams which did flow in that place. One, who was appointed leader, did speak to the assembly and did chastise those who had taken short cuts.

7. There came a man from the East, who brought with him five loaves and three small roast pigs, and they did eat of the food for they were an hungered. And when they had finished many baskets of papyrus plates and cups were gathered up, but no spare food could be found anywhere.

8. And they did work many miracles, all being blessed with the ability to turn wine into water. They did speak in many tongues, calling it singing and did vow that this thing be done again unto the end of time, even as the scribes have passed down to you. And they did agree that they should call themselves the Harriers of the House of Hash.



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THE FIRST RECORDED HASH IN SINGAPORE

Extract from a diary of an East India Company employee, now in Singapore Museum. (The diary or the employee? . . . Ed)

"4th Jany 1835. Sir Stamford informed of cunning Theft of Documents from Cy. Office. Without lengthy Discourse or Arguement, this being a weakly Occurence, Plans swiftly under Way to apprehend the mischievous Villains. Join'd with Sir S & many brave fellows to pursue & Harass the wretched Evil doers by following fleetly afoot the Trale they left, as in unseemly Haste and awful Panick they sped away dropping unwitting small Tokens of their shamefull Crime. The arduous Way led swiftlie on thru' Bush & Thickett, in the native Tongue — Ooloo, & cover'd many a tedious Mile till at length we did arrive at the very Sumitt of a mighty wood'd Peak, the dred Bookitt Teemer. At this awesome Spot the weary Miscreants, still swiftly fleeing did double back to their steeming Lare at Tang Lin campong in the Depths of thickest Forests. Two unhappy Members of our gallant Party, not hearing the usual Shouting and Comotion from the Leaders of the desparate Chase, did mislay the Path aand were foully Hacked to Pieces by the hungry Natives. But our devout Prayers were answer'd & the swift & deadly Pursuit ended when we administer'd speedy but mercyfull Justice on apprehending the Godless Wretches. Our gallant Lads, athirst & weary, did regale liberally with many cooling Drafts of good Ale acheing limbs & warding off the mortal Fevers & Agues of the Tropicks. Thence our happy Band repair'd to the Headman's Dwelling, known as the "Hash House", to celebrate our proud Success by quaffing greater Quantities of Ale & partaking of a Ceremonial Feast of Fishes fried with Potatoes, curiously bound in a Specyes of Paper. All agreed with Sir S it were great Sport & hoped for more Chances of the Same for many Years to come. Retired to my Chamber very Late after much Reveling."



"Checking"

THE ORIGINS OF THE SPECIES

In a world where many species have become extinct or are in danger of becoming so, there is one family of animals which are definitely not on the endangered list — The Hash House Harriers.

Hounds have been chasing Hares for 7,000 years, but the human ones didn't appear until the 18th century, when paper chases became a regular feature of life in English boarding schools. In the 19th century, many of the end-products of these educational establishments found themselves travelling to the far flung corners of the British Empire and, of course took their quaint habits with them — much to the bemusement and consternation of the local peoples. The term "Harriers" has been associated with running since that time in Britain as well as in the "Colonies".

Harriers had been chasing paper in Malaya for some time, but in 1938 the only active group was the Springgitt Harriers in Malacca. Their paper chases were so enjoyed by A.S. Gispert during his posting there from Kuala Lumpur, that he introduced his colleague "Torch" Bennett to the joys of these hare and hounds runs when he was temporarily assigned to the same Malacca office. Once back in KL they decided to start their own Harriers, and roped in the support of Cecil H. Lee and "Horse" Thompson. Their base was the Selangor Club Chambers, whose food could hardly be called "haute cuisine", and was therefore given the nick-name of The Hash House. Little did they know what they had started!

"Torch" Bennett technically missed being a founder member as he was away on leave at the time of the first run, but on his return he introduced the first necessary minimum organisation — a bank account and a balance sheet. The club duly celebrated its 100th run on 15th August 1941, but only 17 runs later was forced into temporary hibernation by the arrival of the Japanese. "G" Gispert was killed in action in Singapore on 11th February 1942. In 1946 "Torch" Bennett re-established the Hash House Harriers in KL along with Cecil Lee, "Horse" Thompson and Philip Wickens, and the Hash has never looked back. These splendid gentlemen are now scattered around the globe, but still keep in touch with each other and with the Hash.

The present International Handbook, by the way, now lists some 981 clubs in 135 different countries and on all the continents, including Antarctica.



"I knew it! There's another woman"



"What's wrong with me. I club a woman unconscious and still I'm not satisfied."

SINGAPORE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



The second ever Hash Chapter was founded in Singapore on 19th February 1962 by Ian Cumming who had previously run with the KL Hash. It commenced with a personal invitation from Ian to eleven other like-minded "athletes". At the meeting after the first run it was decided to register as a Society although there were reservations as to the long term viability of the Hash in Singapore due to "the small area available for running and the large population".

The Hash was formally registered on 11th May 1962, by which time 11 runs had been held. The first office bearers were Ian Cumming and Tony Voice, Joint Masters and Chris Verity, Secretary.

In the beginning membership hovered around the 20 mark and gradually crept up to 50 in 1965/66. The low point occurred on 9th August when only nine Hashers (including hares) appeared for a run in Johor. Johor runs were a feature of the early Hash with more than 30 being held until immigration problems at the Causeway caused their termination — at least on Monday evenings.

Runs have been held all over Singapore excluding (to date, thank God) the Central Business District. Island runs on Sentosa, Pulau Ubin and Tekong have been popular for celebratory runs on a Saturday.

Originally Hares were required to provide beer, shandy, ice and cigarettes as well as lay the run. However as membership grew this became logistically impossible. There then evolved an arrangement for a regular, direct service from the brewery.

On only two occasions since its birth has the Hash had to cancel the weekly run. On both occasions, in 1964, riots and curfew restricted Hashers to their homes on the respective Monday nights, to their own and their wives consternation. In fact, on one of those occasions the Committee and Hares turned out, but it is popularly supposed for apres Hash and not for the run.

Shortly after being formed, Singapore Hash decided that they would like a club neck-tie and commissioned Robinson's to make them. However, it was thought that "HHH" was too cumbersome, so Colin Berwick, a regular Hasher who went on to form Brunei HHH, suggested "H3" which has since been adopted worldwide.

In the late sixties the first population explosion hit the Hash with membership jumping to 120 in 1969. Despite all efforts by successive Committees, including closing membership, increasing fees and being rude to foreigners, the Hash has expanded until membership reached an all time high of about 210 in 1978. Since then, by using the time-honoured device of a pewter handshake (pewter mug), Singapore Hash has reduced to the more manageable numbers of 160/170. Due to the large numbers of travellers in Singapore, this further reduces to generally 80/90 per run.

It has been traditional with Singapore Hash that dogs and women are not permitted on the Run which is for men only. However the rule is relaxed for certain celebratory runs — as far as the girls are concerned — by invitation.

By Nash Hash Singapore Hash House Harriers have completed 1,574 Runs.



On a Wednesday way back on 17th October 1973, a small group of Monday Hashers gathered their ladies and led them off into the (then) wilds of Clementi and Dover Roads — late that day, plimsols muddied and legs scratched, the ladies proudly announced that now they were truly Harriets.

Until run 22, the men's newsletter carried the weekly news and about this time, the first Harriet (Kamala) laid a trail.

The one hundredth celebration run attracted 120 Harriers to track 14, Jurong Road. The first Grand Mistress (Caryl Gurney) was elected and it is recorded that the curry was absolutely uneatably hot.

The five hundredth celebration run saw the 437 revellers disco till dawn.

A darkness came over the club when some bolshi members succeeded in excluding males for a short time — that nonsense was quickly corrected.

Well, here we are, almost nine hundred and fifty runs old and the Hashing is still as exciting as it must have been way back then.

We're fine, thank you!!!

ON ON



"Doesn't this sort of damage you?"



SELETAR HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

How It All Began

The first hints of a second men's hash being formed in Singapore go back some 11 years ago. A handful of characters who frequently visited relatives and friends in various parts of Peninsula Malaysia also took the opportunity to join the respective hash clubs in their weekly runs. As hashing was not the primary reason for such visits, it did not create an impact immediately. There were few occasions when episodes recounted by these few constituted nothing more than bar talk. Obviously this was not to be for long and as the months passed by, it soon became apparent that this activity was fast gaining popularity. It was only a matter of time before another club was to be formed on the island.

The early few were people like Martin Baptist, James Sandosham, Avtar Singh & Lim Chooi Seng, who hashed with Petaling Jaya, Sungei Ujong, Tanjong Petri & Johore Bharu Hashes. Of these, PJ & S. Ujong were of great significance and influence to us. PJ's GM Alex the 'Bear' was instrumental in helping us form our club while our constitution was based on S. Ujong's.

As far as memory serves, it was one fine day in the spring of '80 that the group of stalwarts, namely Sando, Baptist, John Chew, Ang Chuan Seng, Paul Ang & Avtar Singh met up with Alex the Bear of Petaling Jaya at Tivoli Coffee House (now closed), just to have a few beers. Though the evening's conversation never really centred on the forming of a club, it was here, quite by chance, that the Bear suggested the forming of another hash. There were mixed feelings at first, but by the time the evening ended, everyone was in general agreement. Following this historic Tivoli meeting, things began to move fast. A few days later, a second meeting was quickly convened, comprising the same six, at 74 Joo Chiat Avenue. The evening's agenda was to discuss the name of the club and who were to form the interim committee. After some suggestions, it was decided that Seletar Hash House Harriers was to be the official name. It seemed appropriate as most of us worked in that vicinity then.

Another meeting was convened on 26 May 1980 to plan the details of the inaugural run. This was held at Kingsford Bar.

The inaugural run was to be held on 21 June 1980 and PJ, S. Ujong & JB Hash were to be invited as guests.

The morning of the 21st dawned bright and beautiful. The runsite was at Marsiling School. At approximately 1.00 pm, six hares set off to lay the run. This was also to prove the largest number of hares in the history of Seletar. We were not going to take chances on our inaugural run. It had to be perfect and perfect it turned out to be. The total number of participants was approximately 40. The fun and games continued late into the night and it carried on at Tivoli till 11.30 am of the next day! Behold, Seletar was born.

ON ON



"We only have sex four, five times a week and none on Tuesday nights."



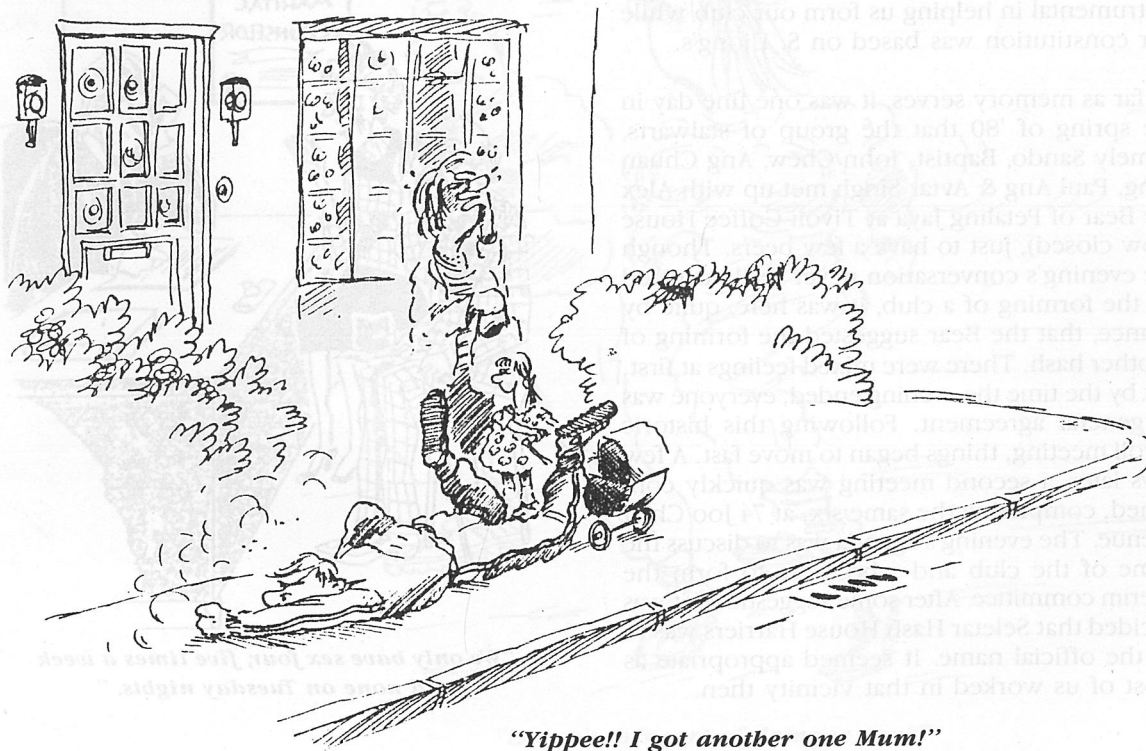
SINGAPORE HASH HOUSE HORRORS

The club was formed about a year and a half after Seletar's formation. Two of the founding members were Meg and Paul Jackson, who had moved to Singapore from Penang and Kuala Lumpur where they had enjoyed running with clubs similar to the Horrors. The first run was in November 1981, and was, like Lion City's inauguration run some years later, at Sime Road roundabout. The children were stood on the raised bank in order to get a good first run photograph.

For the first three years or so, the Horrors ran once a month, but the pressure from the kids, and the parents who found it a good way to keep the kids occupied, caused the club to run bi-monthly. Attendance hovered around 40-60 and at the same time the need was felt to regularise the situation. The Horrors were always a low budget organisation, with fees per-member per-run at just \$5 — it is still only \$6 — and the cost of full Societies registration could not be afforded. As more than one third of the parents were Seletar families, the historic application at a Seletar AGM was made to have the Horrors "adopted" as a legal offshoot of Seletar, and that has been the case since about 1984. The Horrors continue to be very grateful to the successive Seletar committees for their patronage.

In recent years attendance has rocketed. It peaked at a totally unmanageable 149 children, and has settled down to an average 100, typically 80 members and 20 guests. Currently there are 114 paid up child members and a six month waiting list!

The Horrors are oriented towards kids under 10-12 years old. By the time the kids are 12+ they usually want to do something else, which is as it should be. Meanwhile the club continues to be run as a children's party — the runs, lasting 20 or 40 minutes are followed by food, ice-cream, balloons and games. If you haven't been to see what it's all about, then go along one weekend and find out. They start at 4.30pm on alternate Sundays, and have a permanent arrangement with Mr. Ho for food and Mr. Tan for beer and soft drinks.





LION CITY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Like most of us, the Friday run was created on impulse after a few beers. Having a Hash run on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays left nothing to do on a Friday, and bedsores were reaching epidemic proportions. In mid 1982, certain rumblings were taking place amongst Seletar and Harriet members. There had already been some discussion in the Seletar circles for a Seletar Harriets to run on Thursdays, and there was a movement by some of the Harriets to have a second run each week. This was to combine with a number of people who had hashed elsewhere in mixed clubs.

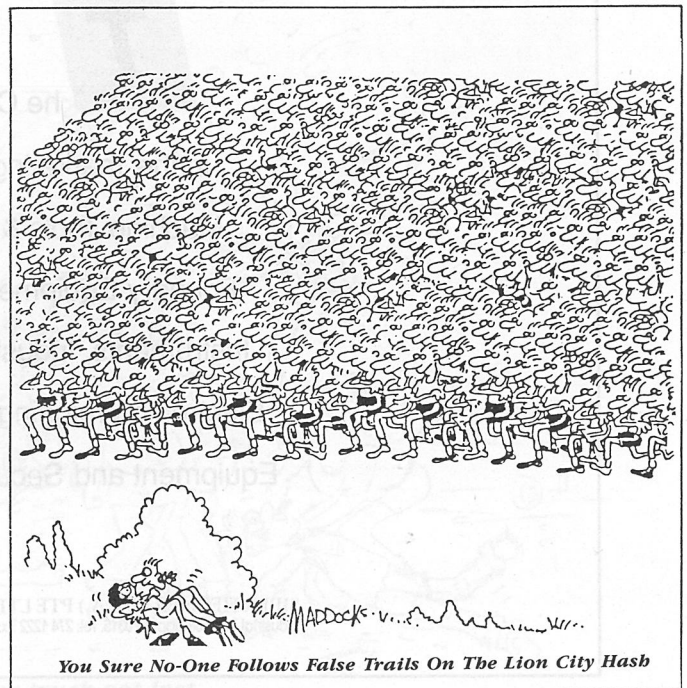
Don and Veronica Nally, having previously owned an IQ, came up with the brilliant suggestion of a hash run on Fridays. The idea started coming together with a meeting in September, in Veronica and Don's apartment, of those interested in starting this type of club. An advert was placed in the Times under the "Idiots Wanted" column. The response was staggering, as were most of the applicants. The few that could read and write were formed into an elite nucleus for a committee (Veronica Nally and Mike Cockman, GMs; Phil Wood, On Sec; Pat Leggett, Hash Cash and Megs and Paul Jackson). The Lion City Hash was spawned. The name and run day were set, and the style of club was adapted from Petaling Hash (Megs and Paul Jackson), with aspects of Medah Harriets (Pat Leggett) and Seletar Hash (Mike Cockman). Canvassing for support went ahead and the date of the first run was set as 26th November 1982.

The idea almost faltered at the eleventh hour as the Founding Committee had a list of 80 names, but with only 18 paid up (including themselves!). It was decided to go ahead with the first 10 runs and decide whether to continue after that. Needless to say, it turned out to be a success. The first run attracted over 70 runners, and numbers hardly dropped despite the decision to run Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve.

Early in the New Year, it was agreed that it was working and the club went about forming a full Interim Committee and applying to the Registrar of Societies for approval. The Interim Committee continued until the club got final acceptance of the Constitution and full approval from the Registrar in late August 1983 (although the Committee was reduced from 10 to 8, as there were only 80 members).

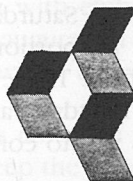
The first elected Committee was put into office at the Inaugural General Meeting in October. This remained unchanged at each April A.G.M. until an amendment was passed with the R.O.S. to increase the number to 10 Committee members in mid-1985.

Lion City Hash has since gone from strength to strength and now, 9 years later, the club has some 134 members and has completed 466 runs.



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THE MASTER AND THE CO-HARE

The rain was pouring on the forest,
Pouring like a spout;
It did its very best to wash
The Hash House Harriers out —
And this was odd because it was
The middle of a drought.

The Master and his Co-Hare
Were recce-ing close at hand:
They laughed like anything to see
Such impenetrable land:
"If we can lose them in that lot,"
They said, "It would be grand!"

"If several hounds on every run
Got lost somewhere in there,
Do you suppose," the Master said,
"That we would help them clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Co-Hare,
"Let's go and have a beer"

"O Harriers, come run with us!"
The Master did request,
"A gentle trot to a pleasant spot
I think would suit us best:
And afterwards a drink or two, if you've
Nothing better to suggest."

And four keen Harriers hurried up,
All eager to get fit;
Their shoes were white, their laces tight,
Clean socks made up their kit —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They'd be covered soon in ----.

Four other Hashers followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last
And more and more and more —
All driving up in sporty cars,
Arriving with a roar.

The Master and his Co-Hare
Set off to lay the run,
And trotted in a circle
To where they had begun,
And all the Harriers galloped off —
Then crept back, one by one.

"The time has come," the Master said,
"To have a little natter:
"About subs, and ties, and beer supplies,
Especially the latter —
And why this shandy's boiling hot —
And does it really matter."

"But wait a bit," the Harriers cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For all of us are out of breath,
And some of us are fat!"
"No hurry," said the Co-Hare,
"We'll soon take care of that."

"Some Anchor beer," the Master said,
"Is what we need, I think."
They watched in awe as he moved his jaw
And the level began to sink.
"If you'll collect the kitty now
We can begin to drink."

"I'll drink to you," the Master said,
Raising his mug to his lips;
With a cheerful frown he gulped it down,
He never drank in sips.
The Co-Hare, he said nothing but,
"Where's the fish and chips?"

"It seems a shame," the Master said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've tried to get them fit
And made them run so quick."
The Co-Hare, he said nothing but,
"I'm going to be sick."

"O Harriers," the Master said,
"You've had a pleasant run —
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd passed out, every one.



The day the beer truck got lost.

A BEGINNERS GUIDE TO THE HASH

The object of the hash is to get as many people as possible as wet and muddy as possible, in as short a time as possible. If this is not achieved during the actual hash, child pisspots or similar receptacles, full of beer are thrown over the unfortunate hasher.

To achieve the above, a trail of "paper" is laid. "Paper" can be computer cards, empty cigarette packets, toilet paper (used), airline sick bags, used dorex and so on.

The people who lay the paper are called "hares" amongst other things, and can spend anything up to six months preparing tracks through virgin jungle, pouring water over dry areas to make them muddy, removing bridges, digging holes and filling them with quick sand, etc. On the other hand the said hares have been known to throw down the paper about five minutes in front of the FRBs (Front Running Bastards).

The function of the hares is to get as many people lost as they can. This usually starts with the drive to the hash location, carefully selected for distance and inaccessibility. If all else fails and a reasonable number of people turn up for the hash, the hares will appear at various points along the route, misdirect and re-lay the paper in other directions. (They sometimes enlist the help of local children for this.)

The people who run the hash consist of FRBs, SCBs (Short Cutting Bastards), back runners (more commonly referred to as back walkers) and the great mass of middle runners. They are collectively known as "hounds" or "crazy bastards", "idiots", "masochists", "morons" and "haven't they got anything better to do", to name but a few.

During the hash, when everyone has taken up their respective positions, the front runner will come to a "check". This consists of a pile or circle of paper and no trail within three miles. The object is to find a trail and then determine whether it is correct or false. At this juncture, the FRBs will yell "checking" whereupon everybody else (except the back runners) will come to an abrupt halt and stand around yelling "checking". A few FRBs will run up and down every available route shouting "on back" until someone discovers the least accessible path and shouts "on on".

The expression "on on" has various meanings, depending on the location of the hasher to the rest of the pack. When there is a group walking single file through mangrove, swamps, paddy fields, raw sewage, well rotted bat manure, etc., everybody shouts "on on" quite happily. In this context it means "if I'm wrong, every other bugger is wrong."

If an FRB is about half a mile ahead of the pack he will yell "on on" safe in the knowledge that nobody else can hear him. Similarly, if a small group of FRBs are just in front of the main horde, then "on on" is shouted very quietly or not at all. Back runners and middle runners shout "on on" at every opportunity, since, in the back runners case, there is nobody behind them and by the time the middle runners reach a check, all false trails have been run at least twice and the correct route is easily identifiable by the group of FRBs tearing it up, whispering "on on".

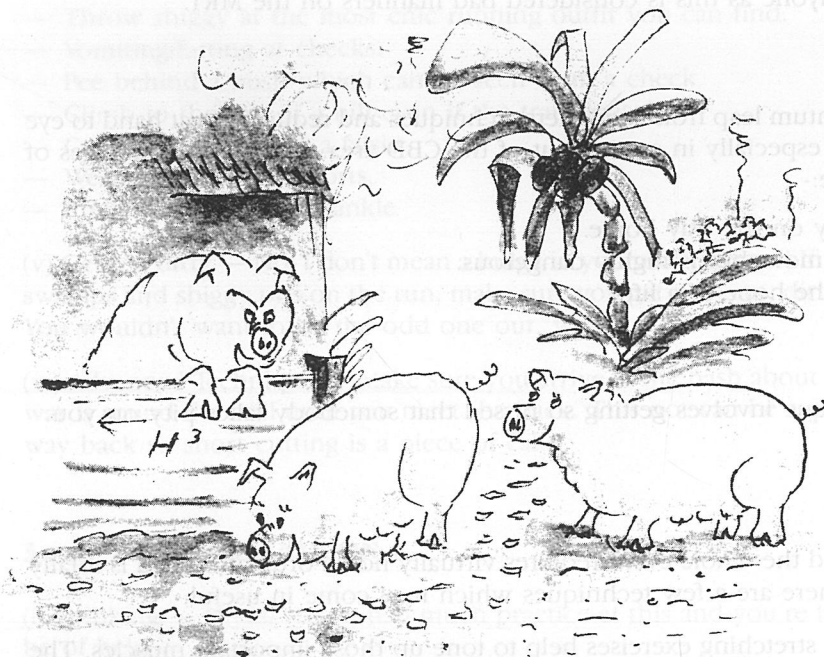
"On back" is an interesting expression and is usually shouted by a hasher or hashers going in the opposite direction to everyone else. Here again, this is the signal for the rest of the pack to stop dead and mill around in confusion. Normally, this is never shouted by back runners except in extreme cases where outside influence is the deciding factor (e.g. an attack by bees, hornets, wild butterflies, herds of stampeding ants, etc.) or they've been walking for more than ten minutes without finding a short cut.

Careless middle runners who find themselves following FRBs along false trails are also prone to shouting "on back", but only if someone in front shouts it first.

For the hasher who doesn't want to blindly follow the intrepid checkers up every false trail (for fear of getting back to the beer wagon five minutes later), but doesn't want to check himself (for fear of getting back to the beer etc) the expression "are you?" or "are you on?" is particularly useful. What normally happens is that "are you?" follows "checking" which is followed by "still checking" or "I just bloody well told you" or, if the checker is sufficiently confident, "on on". Back runners are especially prone to shouting "are you?" or "where are you?" or "where am I?"

Once back at the beer wagon, the object is to consume all the beer before the back runners arrive. (This is why back runners are generally teetotal, and the FRBs and SCBs are alcoholic.)

Once everyone is back at the beer wagon (to the disappointment of the hares), the apres hash or on on venue is announced along with the following week's hash location. As soon as the beer runs out, there is a mad rush to the on on, where further great quantities of beer are consumed and the hashers equivalent of fishing stories are told and re-told, boring the pants off everybody else in the bar who is not a hasher.



"Poop-time girls, I hear them calling."



THE SHORTEST SCRIBE

Car come. People in running kit. GM shout, On On.
 People run. Check. People shout, check. People shout, On On.
 People run. SCB SC. People shout, check. People shout, On On.
 People arrive cars. People drink. Talk. Tell lies. Cars leave.
 People go home, people go On On. Great!



A HASHER'S GUIDE TO SURVIVAL

GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING: HASHING CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR LIVES

This guide is aimed at the novice hasher and contains all the information you'll need to survive your first hash and then progress to more advanced techniques.

1. GETTING THERE

For the Beginner.

(i) Walking — the first technique learnt by a hasher, usually at about one year of age. Often the hasher regresses into the less elegant but equally effective crawl on the way home from the hash.

(ii) Taking the bus/MRT — one up from walking. This is the hashers equivalent of the snowplough turn and demands a little more co-ordination, so watch it! Things to watch on the MRT are:-

- Make sure you've been before you get on. The door at the end doesn't lead to an outside toilet and the use of crisp bags or beer cans may cause you problems with other passengers.
- Don't look at or speak to anyone as this is considered bad manners on the MRT.

For Intermediates.

(i) Taking the car — this is a quantum leap from beginners techniques and requires great hand to eye co-ordination and self-restraint, especially in getting out of the CBD area. The main advantages of this method of getting there are:-

- Bonking is perfectly possible on the way home.
- W*inking is possible on the move but is highly dangerous.
- Beginners buy you beer in the hope of a lift.

Advanced Techniques.

Scrounging a lift — This technique involves getting so pissed that somebody takes pity on you.

2. ON THE RUN

There are no rules to hashing and the whole event requires virtually no co-ordination and is totally suited to beginners. However, there are a few techniques which may come in useful:-

(i) Limbering up — a few simple stretching exercises help to tone up those important muscles. The two most commonly used are:-

- Swallowing; purse your lips and swallow finishing the movement in a inane grin.
- Fist clenching; clench the fist of your right hand, raise your right arm and then relax.

Repeat both exercises several times before each run to strengthen your drinking technique.

(ii) Following the trail/shortcutting — The start of the run is the most difficult to get right. Moving off in the wrong direction at this point even if it is in the opposite direction to the nearest bar is frowned upon, so a gentle stroll to the first check is required. From this point on, anything goes, but you should put an emphasis on energy conservation. Afterwards, you'll need all the strength your right arm can muster. Useful energy saving tips are:-

- Use FRB's slipstreams
- only run downhill
- point out potential trail to FRBs which you know to be false
- avoid checking for trails
- keep the hare in sight
- short cut where possible

If you can get a sneak preview of the trail's route from the hare by promising to buy him a beer, do so. This makes short cutting a lot easier.

Trail Markings — Different hashes have different trail markings, here are some standard Singapore markings, but some hares often improvise!

Paper

Shout "ON ON" when you see this. It means you're on the right trail.

or CHALK → →

A Check ○

If you're the first to arrive here, you're running too fast, so take a breather before you do yourself a mischief. Shout "checking" and wait for someone else to find the ON.

(iv) Getting Noticed — At some point on the trail you should attempt to get noticed, this technique often saves money on beer later on (see Down Downs). Possible ways of getting noticed are endless, but here's a few ideas for starters.

- Throw shiggy at the most chic running outfit you can find.
- Vomiting/farting at checks.
- Pee behind a bush which can be seen from a check.
- Climb to the top of a hill even if the trail doesn't.
- Call "On On" down a falsie.
- Wear a silly hat or shorts.
- Pretend to twist your ankle.

(v) Getting dirty — No, I don't mean a bulge in your underpants!! If there are puddles, thorn bushes, swamps and shiggy pits on the run, make sure you get wet, cut, dirty and foul smelling respectively. You wouldn't want to be the odd one out, would you?

(vi) Advanced Technique — Make sure you arrive at the hash about five minutes late and walk backwards round the trail until you meet the pack. This not can be a pleasant stroll, but you know the way back so short cutting is a piece of cake.

3. AT THE CIRCLE/ON ON

(i) Drinking — If you've not had much practice at this and you're having problems, this guide may be of help.

(ii) Down Downs

For the Beginner

— If you can drink fast, all well and good, but if not, drink what you can within five seconds and then pour the rest over your head.

For the Intermediate

— Drink as much as you can in five seconds and pour the rest over the Whip's head.

Advanced Technique

— Gulp! (Clarice "Deep Throat" Chan is the only hasher in Singapore to have truly perfected this technique. This was achieved by replacing her oesophagus with a length of 2" drain pipe.)

If you haven't got noticed on the run, then it's not too late, you can still earn yourself a Down Down in a number of ways. You can talk when the GM is talking or better still barff during the circle.

That covers the three phases of any hash — remember the advanced technique needs a lot of practice, but keep at it and you'll get the hang of it.

WITH COMPLIMENTS
AND
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THE RHYME OF THE ANCIENT HASHER

In 1969 forty Kuala Lumpur Hashmen spent the night lost in the jungle.

It is an ancient Harrier
Who standeth by the pail,
And every hound who fain would sup
Must hear his woeful tale.

He grabs him with his skinny hand,
"There was a run," quoth he. . .
"Hold off, unhand me, greybeard loon,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

" . . . The plan was made, the paper laid,
Merrily did we drop,
Along the drain, around the lake,
Across the mountain top.

"It was a splendid route on which
A trail we hoped to lay,
But we had brought no map to guide
And so we lost our way.

"The darkness soon enveloped us
And it grew wondrous damp,
Our bodies cried out in despair
With ague and the cramp.

"The sounds of voices wafted in,
"On On" they seemed to say
Then louder still the tramp of feet
Approaching where we lay.

"And all at once there came in view
Some hounds — two score and three
Like slimy things that crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"There passed a weary time, each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye,
All hoping we should live to see
The sun rise in the sky.

"With thirst unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh or wail,
Through utter drought, all dumb we stood
And longed to see the pail. . ."

At this the young man frees his arm,
The beer he has forgot,
Alas, the ancient Harrier
Has scoffed the bloody lot!



The first Check (Monday)



The first Check (Wednesday)

THE PERFECT LAY

Those of you who think this is going to be about THAT sort of lay can stop reading now. This is not about buxom, firm breasted Viking maidens or dark, writhing Asian girls lying panting with open Sorry, getting carried away there!

No, this is about laying a trail for the Hash. Of course, with a little imagination one can see similarities between laying a trail and laying a bird. I will therefore use the sexual analogy (and unintentional pun) as an educational aid to help those (all) of you with one track minds.

A good Hash, like a good lay, should stretch the thighs, exercise the lungs, work up a good sweat and, most important of all, result in a feeling of deep inner satisfaction as one comes On In at the end.

The Hare has a number of responsibilities and must take care at all stages of preparation to ensure a good lay. The first priority is to select a suitable meeting place. You would not make love on a rubbish tip, building site or supermarket car park (well I wouldn't) so why lay a trail from there? A little comfort, shade in the summer and privacy can add greatly to the end result, whichever type of lay you are planning. Of course, the Hares must give directions or place signs to lead the Hashers to the meeting place or run site. It's not much fun doing it on your own! This is the one part of a good lay where clear, precise instructions are needed. Sadism should be reserved for the run itself.

Once all are gathered, it's common, with some Hashes, for a brief description of the run to be given. This should be short and informative. The truth is allowed but is normally inadvisable as experience has shown that Hashers like a little mystery. Like sex, it is sometimes better to find out what you have got yourself into after the event. So remember, if you have to say anything at all about your run, the trail is always downhill or over soft grass with no thorn bushes, snakes or other unpleasantnesses. Honesty is definitely the worst policy.

And so to the run. It must be admitted that this can be the confusing bit. The terminology can take some time to master; indeed, some hashers never seem to learn the meanings of CHECK, FALSIE etc. Some simple definitions should help.

CHECK — A Check is a place where most people take a rest and a few others (not you) look for the trail.

FALSIE — No, it is not a foam rubber tit, though it should produce the same feeling or udder disappointment when discovered. A Falsie is a false trail leading away from a Check. Ideally it should be long, up a cliff or down a steep hill, through a swamp, across a river or into a pit of long dead sheep or similar putrescence. A perfect result is when the front runners, covered in mud or worse, have to climb up a steep hill, sweating and cursing, arriving just in time to catch the walkers at the back of the pack. Their expressions are a joy to behold. Hares are advised to gloat from a suitable distance.

So now we have all the essential components. The art of the Hare is in blending them together to achieve an appropriate mix of torture and sadism. Remember, no one will thank you for your efforts, so hurt the bastards while you can. A good lay should have lots of ups and downs and ins and outs, scratches to the back and thighs, and to add to the pleasure for some, the flow of blood mingling with sweat can be a real turn on (Perverts!).

The aim should be to keep the pack together by careful use of loops and falsies, or at least ensure that they come together at various points around the trail. Coming together should be the high point of the lay! By the end of your lay the participants should be bloodstained, bruised and exhausted but totally fulfilled and totally satisfied by your efforts.

Finally, one must give some consideration to the quality of Hash members. Fit members should have stamina, strength and be upstanding in the local community. On some Hashes, lady members, though very welcome, are non-members, while Harriets, have associate male members or dildos.

I hope that the above has helped to clear up some confusion. The use of sexual analogies is of course only intended for mixed Hashes. Traditional men-only Hashes should use other types of analogies!

ON ON

(P.S. Personal tuition available by appointment — please state sex!)



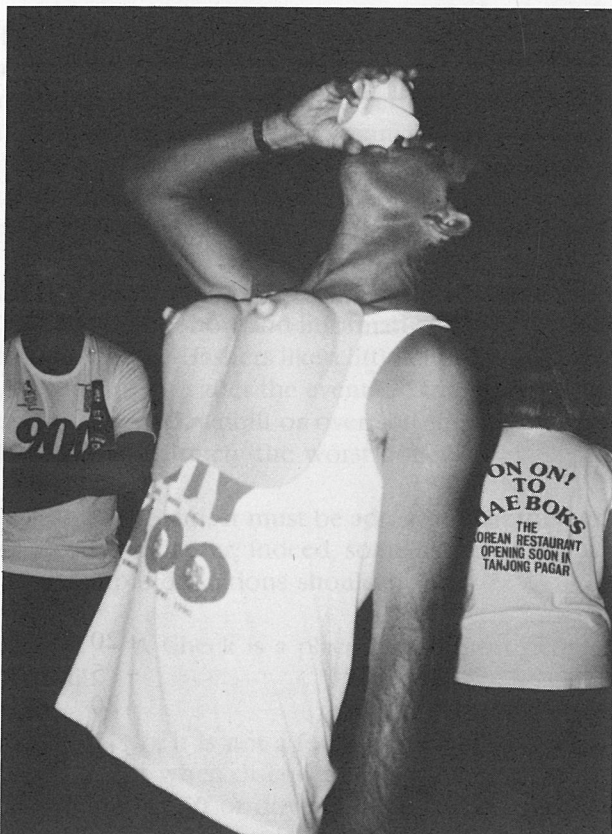
SELECTING A SITE OF AN ON-ON

- | | |
|--|------------|
| 1. Is the beer cold? If yes | +50 points |
| 2. When going to the bog, do you have to | |
| (a) sit down | +10 |
| (b) crouch | -5 |
| (c) do it outside | +15 |
| 3. Is the bog large enough to sleep in? | +20 |
| 4. Does the clientele | |
| (a) appreciate quaint folk songs | +15 |
| (b) understand English | -10 |
| 5. Is the landlord's daughter | |
| (a) beautiful | +20 |
| (b) ugly | -5 |
| (c) willing | +20 |
| NOTE: 5(a) plus 5(c) | +10 |
| 5(b) plus 5(c) plus 6(a) | +5 |
| 6. Is the lighting | |
| (a) dim enough not to be recognised | +10 |
| (b) reminiscent of midday | -5 |
| 7. Assuming you are drunk when leaving the table for your car, is it likely that | |
| (a) you will trip up in an open drain and break your leg | +10 |
| (b) you will easily make the car | -10 |
| 8. Would any damage be caused if the entire gathering decided to sing "Swing low, sweet chariot" on one chair? | +15 |
| 9. Are the walls the same colour as the beer? | +20 |
| 10. Are the ceiling fan blades at such an angle as to deflect thrown chicken bones over the entire gathering? | -10 |

HASH DRINKING ETIQUETTE

It has been noted by the Hash hierarchy that in recent months people have been caught attempting to go home from the Hash still partly sober. This practice is quite alarming and must be discouraged. The following will do one of two things. It will either help you to become a better Hasher, or, it will help you to account for the Hasher's inexplicable propensity for disgusting behaviour.

In most social situations it is useful to be able to gauge your level of intoxication because although it is socially acceptable to be totally inebriated it is not acceptable to be more pissed than the others in your group. Being caught in this situation is comparable to being caught by your spouse in bed with someone else. Therefore what is required is a method of determining your personal level of intoxication. It must be remembered that a Hasher can always tell if another has had too much/not enough to drink, but is totally incapable of applying the same good judgement to him/herself.



When in doubt, ask yourselves the following questions:

1. Does every woman/man except your wife/husband suddenly seem terribly attractive?
2. Do you suddenly feel strong, virile, handsome and good looking?
3. Do you wish to perform some amazing feat of danger or daring do?
4. Do you suddenly love everybody?
5. Do you suddenly hate everybody?
6. Do you feel incredibly witty?
7. Have you just discovered the secret of existence hitherto denied to the whole of the human race?
8. Are the main ingredients of that secret contained within a bottle?
9. Do you feel that your beer capacity has suddenly become unlimited?
10. When driving, do you have an overwhelming urge to fulfill an old passion to become a racing driver?

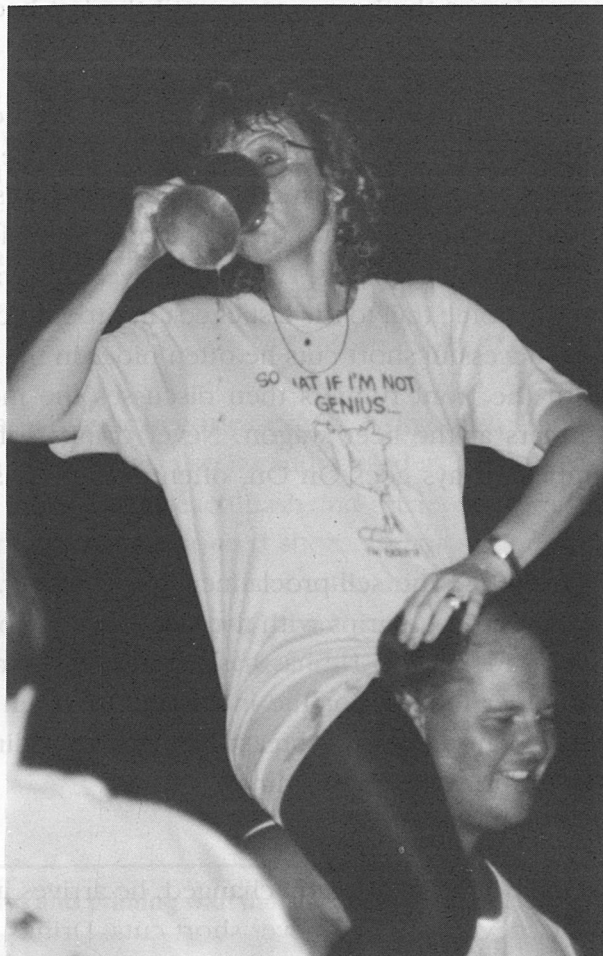
If you answered yes to less than 8 of the above questions, then you are in serious danger of becoming sober and this is liable to produce bouts of reality. Remember, reality is an illusion caused by alcohol deficiency. One of the most common excuses for sobriety is the fear of the morning after hangover. Having Hashed on a Monday/Tuesday/Wednesday/Thursday/Friday night, a typical Tuesday/Wednesday/Thursday/Saturday morning comment is, "Oh, Shit, my head hurts! It can't be the beer, it must be something I ate at the On On which has given me a mild dose of leptospirosis/yuppie flu/Dutch elm disease/genital warts, but I reckon I'll be right for the darts/football/choral society meeting tonight."

Hangover cures invariably involve consuming something nauseous. Do you honestly believe that subjecting your upset stomach to some vile potion, which would make a healthy person puke, is going to help improve your lack of well being? The Prairie Oyster, being raw eggs and Worcester sauce is particularly repulsive, but has nothing over the rubber band fitted to the testicles cure (the theory is that it stimulates the prostate gland which has a medicinal effect on an acid stomach). Equally fatuous advice abounds — the only useful tip I can offer is not original, but extremely effective: Avoid hangovers — stay drunk!

All "Are You Alcoholic" questionnaires are totally unsuitable for Hashers as you invariably end up being labelled a raving alcoholic requiring immediate incarceration. The following quiz attempts to set the record straight by being totally unbiased and realistic. Score one point for each Yes answer.

During the course of an average Hash night do you:

1. Accuse your fellow Hashers of being drunk because they look blurred?
2. Consume half empty bottles found on car bonnets after the beer wagon has run dry?
3. Consume your drink despite the suspicion that something particularly disgusting was floating in it?
4. Go On On and forget to eat?
5. Light the wrong end of your cigarette?
6. Intimate any of the following to the On On eating house staff: (a) You have fabulous tits/buns. (b) Will you marry me? (c) How much is your barfine?
7. Piss or chunder on, over or in any of the following:
(a) The sock drawer (b) The radiogram (c) The cat (d) Your spouse (e) The airing cupboard
8. Wake up in any one of the following:
(a) The bath (b) The bathroom with chin resting on the toilet seat (c) The spare bedroom with the mother-in-law (d) A strange bed with someone you have never seen before.



Score Analysis:

- 10-14 Well done. You would be welcome on any Hash throughout the world.
5-9 Not bad, but obviously more effort required.
0-4 It is people like you that could give the Hash a bad name.

One of the problems in improving your score in the above quiz is that somewhere in between admiring the waitress's tits/waiter's buns and throwing up over the cat it is necessary to drive home negotiating your way around the Singapore drainage system. It is relatively easy to overcome this problem by accepting a lift in another Hasher's chariot, however a few facts concerning your prospective driver's character should first be ascertained:

1. Is he/she likely to get left in the jungle overnight?
2. Has he/she hit more than one car/lamp post/tree in the last month?
3. Is he/she more likely to get more pissed than you?
4. Is he/she likely to lose his/her keys?
5. Is he/she likely to become upset if you puke in the back of the car?

If religiously adhered to, the above should prevent you from sinking deeper into the morass of mediocrity. However, you should always remember one thing: Never drink unless you are alone or with someone.

HASH STEREOTYPES

SCB (1) — Often has a weight problem, never goes off paper, never gets lost in the jungle, never calls and never goes past first check. Always has clean socks, often arrives late and doesn't leave the beer wagon at all. Always drinking beer when the front runners return, never leaves the beer wagon until the last beer is gone and always goes On On.

SCB (2) — A dedicated hasher and even more dedicated drinker. Uses hashing as an excuse to get away from the wife and kids to exercise his intemperance. Proud of his beer gut, he always wears his most moth-eaten T-shirt and starts off on paper with the sole intention of finding a short cut onto the home trail. Occasionally he cocks up and has to go all the way around. He never calls. He often arrives late, waits for the return of the hares, then wanders up the home trail to the last check in order to congratulate the front runners as they appear. On successful short cuts he often hides in the bushes close to the beer wagon, sprints out with the front runners then discusses the merits of the last two checks with the front runners at the beer wagon. Never drinks softies, never leaves the beer wagon until it's empty, always goes On On, often goes on hash overnight trips.

SCB (3) — The self-proclaimed front runner. He has been hashing for many years and cannot come to grips with the fact that he's now unfit and senile. He never calls but is very loud and abusive. He has hashed in every part of the island and spends most of his time off paper looking for the in trail he used ten years ago. Always tells the Scribe when he finds a check, always scream "It's not a sodding race!" as people run past him. Only goes On On for celebration runs.

NONENTITY — Already changed, he arrives just before the GM, runs in the middle of the pack, never calls and never short cuts. Drinks mostly softies, often leaves before the circle and never goes On On. Dreams of one day becoming a Grand Master.

FRONT RUNNER (1) — Always has a piss then stands as far up the out trail as possible in preparation for the GMs call to ensure starting at the front. Often wears long pants for bashing through thorns and razor grass while checking. Always calls loudly up to the first check. Never calls after the first check because he is under the delusion that it is a race. Likes long runs and as a hare invariably lays ball breakers. Drinks more than his fair share of softies, occasionally goes On On.

FRONT RUNNER (2) — A sneaky bastard. Runs just behind Front Runner (1) letting him decipher the trail. Never calls. Has a piss at the first check and ties his laces at the second. Often has another piss at the third check. Always looking for short cuts which save 5 yards. Doesn't wait to call the next person through at checks. Complains the beer is either too warm or too cold, then not enough softies and not enough calling. Always has a spare beer stashed away when supplies get low.

MIDDLE RUNNER — If British, would always have voted for Maggie. Main purpose in life is to one day find a check and be first back at the beer wagon. Never short cuts, never calls, never gets pissed, always part of a clique, occasionally goes On On for a celebration run or when the wife's out of town. As a hare, he usually gets the Hash Shit for trying too hard.

FASHIONABLE HASHER — Can fit into any of the above categories except Front Runner (1). No matter how much shiggy on the run, he will always finish up with clean socks. Wears co-ordinated clothing. Never calls, never short cuts, doesn't hash if it looks like rain and washes his shoes at the beer wagon. Always changes his T-shirt and underpants after the run and carries baby powder in the boot of his car where he also stores his damp clothes in a plastic bag. Rarely goes On On and rarely puts his interminably clean car in storm drains.

HASH BACHELOR — Can fit into any of the above categories except Nonentity. Usually drives a company car and parks it next to the beer wagon so it can be used as a bar. Wears a malodourous old T-shirt which is hung on a hook after each hash and retrieved from the same place the following week. Often wears different coloured shoes and/or socks all of which are gangrenous, maggoty and carry a health warning. Never calls, drinks as much as SCB (1), always goes On On and has an intimate knowledge of many storm drains which are like second home to him. Always has mouldy cheese in the fridge.

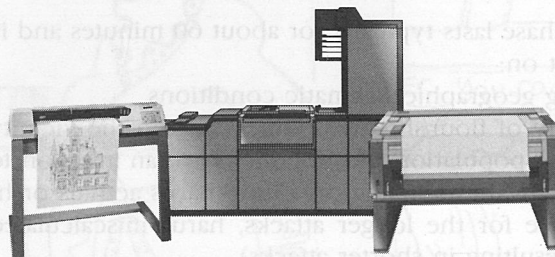
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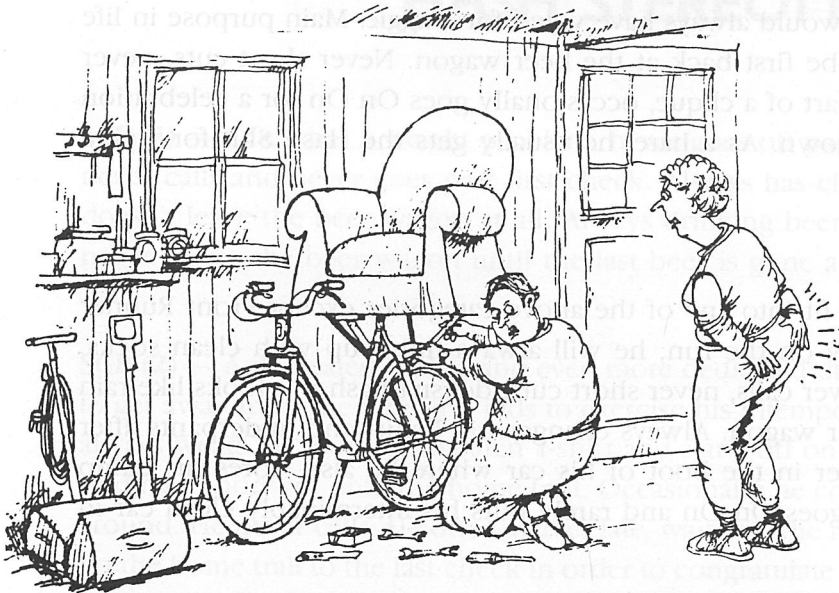
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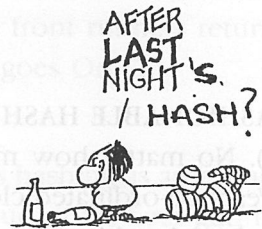
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If this doesn't work, you'd better give up the Bike Hash and go back to the Harriets.



MEDICAL MATTERS

CHRONIC RELAPSING HASHOHOLISM

Hashoholism is a highly infectious condition first reported in South East Asia in the 1930's. For years it remained something of a curiosity for specialists of the area but with the improvements (?) of air travel it is now spreading over the globe.

Epidemiologists have found no symptomatic carriers of this mysterious condition and no micro-organism has been identified.

Originally confined to males, as depredations are now ravaging the gentler(?) sex, venereal transmission has been postulated. However, the female cases evidence a peculiar periodic selectivity, suggesting an endocrinological immunology (but not illogical) barrier manifesting itself at its most malignant in the lunar cycle form.

Symptoms exhibit a weekly periodicity beginning with a marked restlessness, inability to concentrate and irritability on a late Monday/Tuesday/Wednesday/Friday afternoon, culminating in wild climactic behavioural regression, primitive vocalization of monosyllabic iterative cries and purposeless locomotor automatism following visual or in some cases hallucinatory markings. The characteristic "On On" sound noticed in the early stages generally fades in all but the stronger specimens infected, to be replaced by general grunts or whimpers as the condition reaches its climax.

The active phase lasts typically for about 60 minutes and it has variously been postulated that this is dependent on:

- (a) Prevailing geographical/climatic conditions.
- (b) Availability of flour/shredded paper/chalk in the vicinity.
- (c) Density of population (Hashoholics have an aversion to density).
- (d) Virulence of the infecting organism (harus activus or harus lostus has been identified as being responsible for the longer attacks, harus miscalculatedus or harus wentearlybacktothemissus usually resulting in shorter attacks).

Episodes have always been observed as a group phenomenon, but there appears to be little correlation between numbers and attacks.

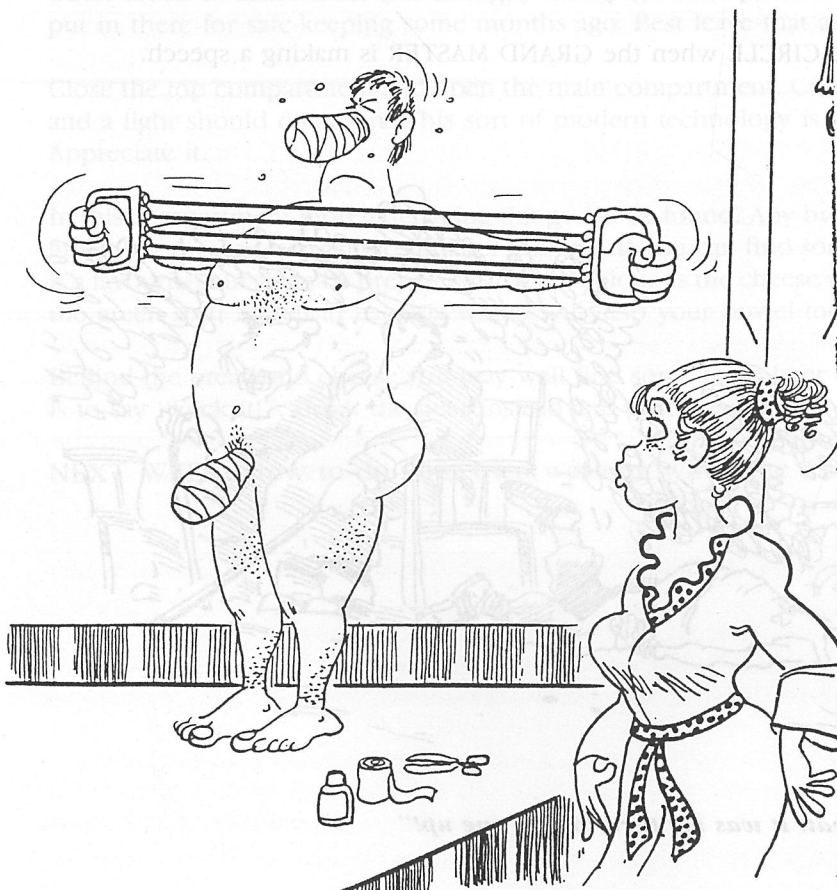
AM I A HASHOHOLIC?

For those of you who have read this far and are beginning to wonder/look anxiously in your mirror/at your partner/at your body, our medical adviser has devised the following simple questionnaire or “check” list.

1. Do you arrange to meet beautiful ladies once a week in remote places at dusk and then run away from them shouting “On On”?
2. Do you occasionally have trouble finding your car/house/office/wife in the morning because there’s no trail?
3. When asked by lost motorists if they are on the right road, do you reply “checking”?
4. Do you now take hostile natives/rabid dogs/charging water buffalo/irrigation ditches in your stride?
5. Do you meet poseurs claiming to be regular members of the JB/KL/Hong Kong/Brunei/Bahrain etc. . . . Hash, who usually come in last and/or turn up once?
6. Do you drive looking out of the side window for good hash country? Lose a point if (a) you’ve had an accident as a result, or (b) your mental reply is “but I thought hash was illegal. . . .”

If you can answer “Yes” to more than 4 questions, then you show all the signs of being a confirmed hashoholic and you should seek urgent solace in a bottle of beer/your wife’s arms/the company of fellow hashoholics.

If you answer “Yes” to less than 4 questions, you have somehow acquired an immunity to the deficiencies of this syndrome and you should get in immediate contact with a consenting adult to rectify the situation.



Exercise Safely — Run with the Hash



THE TWELVE HASH COMMANDMENTS

THOU shalt worship the HASH.

THOU shalt not kill the HARE.

THOU shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor any part of his wife's anatomy, nor his serving girl, nor his HASH RUNNING SHORTS nor anything that is thy neighbours'.

THOU shalt not bear false witness by cries of "CHECKING" when on paper, nor "ON ON" when checking.

THOU shalt not tread the paths of unrighteousness but shall follow PAPER at all times, for he who is caught short cutting shall be made miserable in devious ways and labelled S.C.B.

THOU shalt honour thy GRAND MASTER and all of his COMMITTEE.

THOU shalt rest six days, but on the seventh thou must run notwithstanding head-aches, nausea or parts of thy anatomy oozing with self-indulgence.

THOU shalt not lay CHECKS longer than five score yards, and these measurements shall apply also to FALSE TRAILS or any other breaks in the path of the unrighteous ones.

THOU shalt not lead those that follow across fields of agriculture lest the owner chase those that come after with words of reproach, dogs, a parang and the police.

THOU shalt pay thy dues when called upon to do so by HASH CASH with a good and willing grace and a humble face that thy days may be long in the company of the HASH and thy name not appear on the SHIT LIST.

THOU shouldst not get caught in the open when you want a PEE.

THOU shalt not throw up in the CIRCLE when the GRAND MASTER is making a speech.



"Cheat! It was my turn to trip one up!"

COMPUTER SOFTWARE REVIEW

THE HASH BACHELOR'S GUIDE TO GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

THIS WEEK: HOME COOKING

It has been known to happen that the Hash Bachelor sometimes stays in to do his own cooking. This is usually due to some dire, unforeseen circumstances such as a desire to stay in for a change (the car's out of petrol) or there's a really good film on TV tonight (no cash left).

Well, all you have to do is follow these easy steps:-

1. Locate the fridge.

Tricky one this, especially if you have two fridges; one for beer and one for food. It may be that the beer fridge is nowhere near the kitchen and is, in fact, behind your bar. If this is the case, then a good memory helps. Try to remember when you were first shown round the house/apartment, when someone said "and here's the kitchen, but you won't need that." If you can find the kitchen then the fridge is the strange white box with handles on it that should make occasional humming noises.

2. Inspect the fridge's contents.

Open the top compartment. If there is no rush of cold air and the inside doesn't look at all icy then (a) the fridge is not switched on; (b) the fridge is busted; or (c) you're looking in a cupboard instead.

Inside this compartment (known technically as the "Freezer") you may find some interesting articles. Expect at least one Birdseye packet of some fish product that was there from the previous tenant. Don't touch it! Leave it for the next guy. You might also find a couple pieces of rock-solid bread, put in there for safe-keeping some months ago. Best leave that as well.

Close the top compartment and open the main compartment. Cold air should waft over your knees and a light should come on. This sort of modern technology is what men went to the moon for. Appreciate it.

In this compartment more interesting things can be found. Any bread found here is likely to be very green but this can be scraped off after toasting. If you can find some cheese then "cheese on toast" is a favourite, but again be prepared for some colour as the cheese will be very green as well. Actually the green stuff is rich in bacteria which will help your bowel movements a treat.

Behind the bread and cheese you may well find some more beer cans. In this case, the best advice is to say "Fuck it!", drink the beer instead and go to bed.

NEXT WEEK: How to do your own washing when the Amah fucks off.

COMPUTER SOFTWARE REVIEW

by H. Acker

HASHWORDS 2000 — (Dicksoft Inc. Silicon Valley, California)

At last the product that all SCRIBES have dreamed of has arrived. A customized word-processing system specifically designed for the writing of hash-words. For the technically minded this I.B.M. based system incorporates a sophisticated word-processor, using similar control codes to the popular Wordstar 2000, plus a revolutionary "style module" that automatically transposes the text, as it is entered, into a number of pre-programmed style formats. Coupled to this is a specialised dictionary and thesaurus which is memory resident and provides on-line spelling checks and alternative word suggestions.

Hashwords 2000 is the brainchild of Cherry Tapman, a regular member of Silicon Valley H3, and a software designer at Dicksoft. The original coding was written on the back of an empty Budweiser case (the poor bastard had to drink the contents first) and was later refined (unlike the Budweiser) and compiled at Dicksoft's L.A. offices.

For those already familiar with word-processing, much of Hashwords 2000 will be easily assimilated. All key sequences for entering and editing text are identical to Wordstar 2000 but it is the "style module" that sets Hashwords 2000 apart from a normal word-processor. The "style module" incorporates 10 pre-defined styles and will support up to 10 additional user-defined styles. 128 K of active memory is reserved for these user defined styles and via a comprehensive install program the vocabulary, literary style and intellect of up to 10 persons (it is assumed that these will be hash hierarchy and other notable luminaries of the hash) can be programmed into the system. This indeed could be a time consuming process, but as a result of some experimentation with the system, it has been found that, in the case of LCH3, about 20 minutes is all that is required.

But enough of technicalities. Does it really do the job? The best way to evaluate any system is to put it to use. This review has therefore been prepared using Hashwords 2000. The following sections are designed to demonstrate its key features.

Let us start with a typical Scribe sentence:-

"From the second check I found myself behind Ray Ang as we dragged ourselves up a particularly steep slope before cutting down right into a swampy area."

Using the pre-defined styles of Hashword this sentence could be automatically converted in a number of ways. Styles are activated by embedded codes in the text. These are normally invisible, but can be displayed if required. In the remaining text all such codes are displayed. Perhaps the most useful of these is [SET EXPLETIVE]. This is normally set to OFF but if activated will transform the sentence above thus:-

[SET EXPLETIVE ON] From that bastard of a second check I found myself stuck behind that idle tosser Ray Ang slogging up the steepest fucking slope around before cutting down right into a right load of shit [SET EXPLETIVE OFF].

Similar commands can be used to provide other pre-programmed styles. All the following can be set to either ON or OFF.

SET GOOD RUN	SET CRAP RUN	SET HASH SHIT	SET BULLSHIT
SET EXAGGERATE	SET MODEST	SET WINGEING	etc. etc.

The User defined style modes offer even more variety. Each style is identified by a simple code of up to 8 characters and can then set SET with a [SET STYLE] command. It is advisable to use obviously specific codes. [SET TO STYLE DICKHEAD] would simply cause confusion as the computer would have around 80 possible choices!



'It's the first time I've done circuit training'

The following section of text demonstrates the use of some of the user defined styles (incorporated into the LCH3 installed version):-

[SET EXPLETIVE OFF] [SET STYLE TO NORMAL] A long queue of hashers soon built up at the crossing of a deep stream. There was a fair bit of barging to get to the front. [SET STYLE TO LAU] The fucking cunts as usual were pushing their way through. Cunts! [SET STYLE TO GM GECKO] After futile attempts by half the Hash to find the third check, in a flash of brilliance, I remembered an old trail I'd used last year, a quick short cut off left, for no more than a mile or two, brought me to the in trail. Pausing to congratulate myself (well who else was there to?) I called "On On" quietly, so as not to startle any nearby fellow hashers, and strolled on in to the beer wagon. [SET STYLE TO GM QUICHE] Well, ladies and gentlemen, what did you think of tonight's run? [SET STYLE TO MOB] Hash Shit!! Hash Shit!! [SET STYLE TO CASH] Any more gue\$t\$? Plea\$e \$ign in. Gue\$t fee\$. Gue\$t fee\$. [SET STYLE TO RIPPER] Bloogy bell, I always winge up talking Dwon Dwon motes every freak.

... and so it goes on. The possible permutations are almost limitless, but there are certain prohibitive combinations, for example:-

[SET STYLE TO GM GECKO] and [SET STYLE TO GM QUICHE] cannot be set simultaneously — even a computer knows that two G.M.s never talk at the same time!!

Also some styles automatically select other parameters, for example:-

[SET STYLE TO LAU] automatically selects [SET EXPLETIVE ON]
 [SET STYLE TO GM GECKO] automatically selects [SET MODEST OFF]
 [SET STYLE TO RIPPER] automatically disables the spelling checker!

The on line dictionary and thesaurus is a useful addition. The thesaurus is a veritable mine of information. Interestingly it also responds to the [SET EXPLETIVE] command. For example, if the word "fool" is passed to the thesaurus, two different lists of suggested alternatives are offered, depending on how [SET EXPLETIVE] is set.

if [SET EXPLETIVE OFF]

idiot, burk, wally, bozzo, twit.

if [SET EXPLETIVE ON]

dicthead, tosser, pratt, cunt, twat.

Like most applications programs, Hashwords 2000 has its own built-in HELP system, activated by pressing the F1 key (Function Key 1). Wherever you are within the system, Hashwords will respond with a suitable message. The Hashwords 2000 Help system has been further refined so that the same message is used in all [SET STYLE TO RIPPER] cvircumsatnces [SET STYLE TO NORMAL]. On pressing [F1] for help the following message is displayed:-

GET BACK ON PAPER YOU DICKHEAD!!

Hashwords 2000 comes complete with system disks, beer-proof user manual and protective keyboard overlay. At US\$300 it represents excellent value, although the alternative promotion offer of one free Hashwords 2000 with every purchase of 100 cases of Budweiser is not recommended!

Stop breathing that air-

it belongs to us!

(But for a price we'll let
you have a share of it)



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HASHTROLOGY

YOUR HASH HORRORSCOPE

ARIS — March 21–April 19

This is a sign which bestows great strength and vitality and a love of action. You consider yourself a born leader, you are pushy, arrogant and a bully. You love to torment kampong dogs and tend to kiss mirrors a lot. You are an FRB and love to expose your bum at Down Downs. Arians are usually pricks.

TAURUS — April 20–May 20

The emblem of earthiness rests on your proud chest, yet your actions manifest themselves in a great love of physical and material comforts. You are shrewd in business and cannot be trusted, quick tempered, impatient and scornful of advice. You are a clod who eats like a pig, drinks like an Aussie and wears soft, silky shorts without support. Taureans are bed-wetters.

GEMINI — May 21–June 21

You are sympathetic and understanding to other people's problems — what a sucker! Bright, clever and quick-witted, you are nevertheless a dilettante and a pipsqueak. Remember, nobody loves a wise guy. If only you weren't so cute. . . . Perhaps you should be RA? All Geminians die from venereal disease.

CANCER — June 22–July 21

You are sociable and fond of amusement, but are too easily affected by the world around you. You love children and animals — either will do. Cancerians collect toe-nail clippings and pick their noses continuously. Fanatical zit squeezer and hygienist — so why does it smell so bad to run behind you?

LEO — July 22–August 21

Brave as the lion, you are noble, dignified and capable of rising to positions of wealth and power. You also have a terrific drinking arm and a fetish for dead sheep. You will achieve the pinnacle of success because of your total lack of ethics. . . . A potential GM.

VIRGO — August 22–September 22

You are finicky, overly fond of detail and extremely critical, but you tend to be careless and impractical and always make the same mistakes twice. You drink beer only at On Ons. You deride the efforts of the Hares, GM, committee or any other hard working sod who tries to make the Hash go. . . . In fact a real wanker.

LIBRA — September 23–October 22

You are logical and have a deep love of order, ease, peace and quiet. Except at the Hash when you get pissed, sing very obscene songs, throw food on the walls, throw up on the floor and break things. A true Hasher.

SCORPIO — October 23–November 21

Cold and unemotional, you tend to hang around brothels. Wise in the ways of the world, you make exceptional listeners. Blackmail is high on your career list. Voyeur and pimp — Scorpions are deadly.

SAGITTARIUS — November 22–December 21

You are the artistic type, generally retarded but with an open mind, you are emotionally unstable and have difficulty with reality. If male, you are probably queer and hang around the back of the pack. You spend a lot of time writing poetry and talking to fairies. You really wish you were a bird. But you've got to stop talking to bugs and playing yourself!

CAPRICORN — December 22–January 19

Great travellers who are permanently high. This is the dreaded vintage Hasher, a total bore. Seen everything, done everything. A Hash fashion freak who usually looks a complete arsehole. People like you because you are bi-sexual, however you are inclined to expect too much for too little, which means that you are a cheap bastard.

AQUARIUS — January 21–February 19

Frequently different and unusual in appearance, ideas or attitudes about life. You have an inventive and dirty mind and lie a great deal. The first word you ever said was "Anchor". You lay innovative trails specially designed to lead clean-shoed striders through the deepest mire from which there is no escape.

PISCES — February 19–March 20

An extremist who is firm and obstinate, energetic and self confident. Life is an endless Hash on which you run straight through checks and falsies. One day when you're right up to your neck in shiggy, you will wish you had stayed on paper.



"I knew there was something missing on the Monday Hash!"

ODE TO A HARE

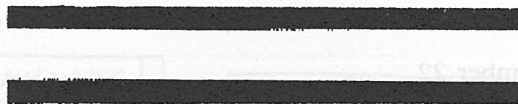
When things go wrong as they normally do,
 And the trail seems all uphill,
 When spirits are low and tempers high,
 When you try to smile but can only cry
 And you really feel you'd like to quit,
 Don't come to me, I DON'T GIVE A SHIT!!



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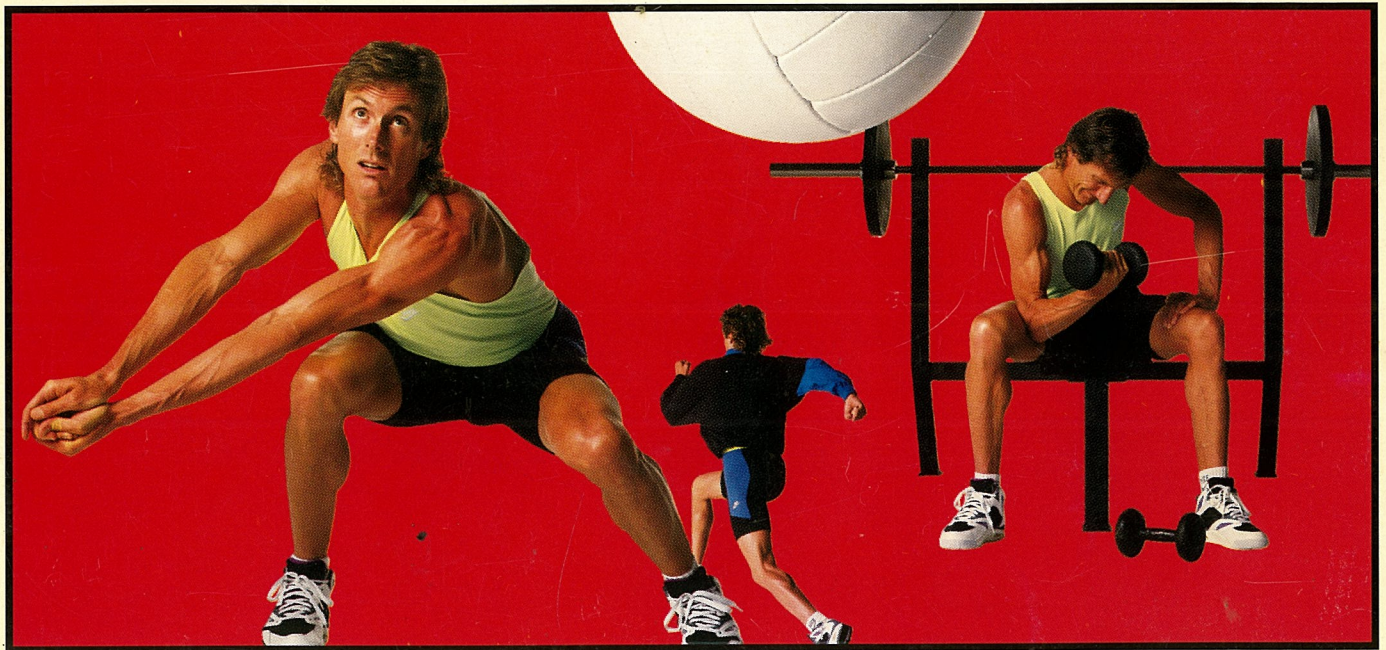
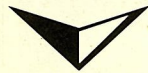
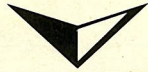
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