



HONGKONG HASH-HOUSE HARRIERS
BOX 20289, HENNESSY ROAD POST OFFICE
HONGKONG

COMMITTEE

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PRIVATE FOR MEMBERS ONLY

ALL HASHERS RUN AT THEIR OWN RISK. NO CLAIM WILL BE ENTERTAINED FROM
WIVES, GIRL FRIENDS AND COMPANY.

NEXT WEEK'S RUN --761

HARES : MEDCALF AND SNOW WHITE
(Bob Higgins of Hashpanto
fame) Joint run with KH3

DATE : May 21 at 6pm

LOCATION : MAIN DAM AT KOWLOON
RESERVOIR

NO NO : \$70 for curry, fish and
chips, and "Roaring Jelly"
band. This bunch of
comedians are alleged to
be the biggest
crowdpullers in the UK.
On On is at 8.30 at
Housing Dept Club, Housing
Dept Headquarters building,
16th floor, Princess
Margaret Road opposite Shell
filling station. If you
remember last year's
similar event, you'll
be there.

LAST WEEKS RUN -- NO.760
Godolphin/Tinworth

Rod Wright must have thought
Christmas had come with this run.
He eventually discovered another pair of
twots who can make as bigger balls up of a run as he can.
Who in their right mind sets an A to B from Central! The
only possible objective could be to lose as many half wits
as possible in the peak hour chaos, in order to stretch out
the Carlsberg at the beer wagon.

HASBEEN PROMOTIONS
PRESENT

ROARING JELLY



AT THE HASH

WILD AND WACKY TRIO FLY IN TO HONG KONG!

Zany folk trio 'Roaring Jelly' make their debut in Hong Kong between the 10th and 27th May. They are a group of hilarious entertainers comprising: Derek Pearce, Clive Harvey and Mick Hennessy. Between them they satirise a variety of music ranging from cajun, through music hall, blues, folk, and country to rock and roll and reggae. One thing they all share is a love of the musical styles they lampoon. Although there's an element of lunacy in their act, there's nothing crazy about their handling of the various instruments: guitar, double bass, fiddle, mandolin, harmonica, melodeon, ukelele, dobro and even a highly musical crisp packet all make an appearance in a fast-moving, original and very entertaining performance.

Last year, 'Roaring Jelly' were voted the best crowd pulling club act in Britain. They have starred at numerous Festivals, concerts and clubs and have completed a series of very successful TV appearances and radio shows. Their recordings include two LPs and one single.

For those who were fortunate enough to stay away, we began from World Wide House having entertained the locals with the odd Hash Flash before the run. The trail then proceeded to wind its way through as many people and smells as possible, including a delightful diversion through the meat and fish markets. The latter certainly would've had a blind lesbian in a frenzy.

Following the markets, we stumbled across the trail up Aberdeen Street onto Caine Rd, and then up again up Peel Street to Robinson Road. If the hares had surfaced at this point, they would've soon learnt where they could 'stick up' the rest of the run.

In fact that is about what happened when on reaching Conduit Road, the trail somewhat died, along with a few cursing hashmen. Those of us with more sense than is generally attributed to the Hash decided this was far enough, and quickly departed for the beer, having taken a totally uneducated guess as to its location.

Points were about as hard to find as a bar of soap in a pommies shower, but at least we did find the beer not too long after the hour, so Rod Wright can still maintain his dis-reputation for cock-up of the year -- but only just.

RUN SCORE : -21/10

It goes without saying that Godolohin and Timworth did not get away without a down down, and were joined by Hewitt, for actually allowing them to lay a trail. Baby Powder made the mistake of daring to suggest that he refused to do any more down downs, John Price for Drinking too much and Allan Barrett for reason unknown (see over, Frank).

Visitors were a couple of woofers from Jardines, James Borton from Taipei and Robin Lambert from Hong Kong. Both had the nerve to turn up purely for the beer wagon and wearing suits -- obviously dropped in on their way to the airport for the next flight to Bermuda. Another visitor, Phillip Bannan from Riyadh Hash departed before the down downs in order to dine with the H.K. Banks managing director. A Wanker with a capital 'W'!

Stay performance for the night came from Medcalf however, who refused to confirm or refute rumours spread by Pegg that he has finally decided to stop pulling himself, and has found someone else to do it for him instead.

RECEDING HARELINE

28th May	No. 762	Jim Hughes	Shek Hang -- N.T.
5th June	No. 763	Mckay/Thorne	Kowloon
* 11th June	No. 764	Gurr/Barrett	Middle Island
18th June	No. 765	Tim Cotton	Family Day Run -- Lan
* Alan Barrett	requires numbers for catering.		Names to myself.

Cont/...3

DRAGON BOAT

Considering last weeks newsletter has by now been well and truly discarded, and that the average hushman's retention period is around 30 minutes, here are our four training sessions once again.

Thursday	17th May	6.30 pm
Saturday	19th May	5.30 pm
Thursday	24th May	6.30 pm
Saturday	26th May	4.30 pm

Its never too late, so get your arses down to Stanley over the next couple of weeks. Contact Steve (Baby Powder) Johnson for any useless information you may want.

MACAU HASH

The news you have all been waiting for is finally confirmed -- Macau Hash is yet again POSTPONED. The new date I'm told is the weekend of June 30th/31st, but I wouldn't rely on it remaining that way for long. For further confusion, contact David Harrison on 5-279696

HASH CALENDAR

Future cock-ups not to be missed:-

FAMILY DAY RUN -- June 18th -- Cheung Sha Polie Mess. A bus will leave Silvermine Bay at 1100am, so being a long weekend, early purchase of 1000am ferry return tickets is advised. Cost should be around \$30 -- heavily subsidised by the Management!

HASHAWAY TO SEOUL

Departure planned for late September 7. Return evening of September 11. If you want to go, call Connie on 5-419540. Send \$500, as evidence you mean it, by cheque made out to HK Hash House Harriers to Miss Connie Ng, Medcalf and Company, 7th floor, 60 Connaught Rd, Central. The \$500 will not be returned except in exceptional circumstances.

777 RUN

If you remember or have heard tales of the 666, you won't miss this.

Cont/...4

WORLD'S FIRST EVER PARAHASH

November 11. Two nights training in the Aviation Club immediately prior. Jump on the Sunday morning, run at Sekkong with para Club members, then a massive joint bbq and general wingding. Only a few Hashmen will actually be able to jump because of limits on permitted numbers in any one course. It'll be first come, first ejected. If you want to be one of the jumpers, call Connie on 5-419540 to go on the list.

For all those too dimwitted to buy the daily paper...

Barrett was required to do a downtown immediately after this because the publicity seeking asshole forced himself to the front and ran straight at the camera TWICE.

Making a hash of a homecoming

The Hongkong Hash House Harriers commemorated the imminent return of the Hongkong Club to its old Jackson Road premises by starting the Hash's weekly run at the club's temporary World-Wide House premises — and finishing at the new Hongkong Club Building.

Yesterday evening 60-odd runners turned out to mark the end of another chapter of Hongkong's architectural history — in much the same way that the Hash commemorated the demise of the demolished Repulse Bay Hotel.

But one problem was that the two buildings are only a stone's throw apart. So the runners took a five-mile detour through the Mid-Levels.

The other problem, according to the Hash, was that the Hongkong Club was just not interested, and Hongkong Land — the developer of the old Hongkong Club Building site — would not allow the runners into the new club building.

But that didn't worry the happy-go-lucky runners.

"If I was them, I wouldn't let the Hash into my club, either," said one.

HASH TRASH

Whoever briefed the SCMP journalist, he certainly had the headline to sum up Monday nights run to 'T'. What a bunch of retrobates, Four certain down-downs for next Monday!



The runners arriving at the club's new premises.

What's the difference between a sin and a shame?
It's a sin to put it in; It's a shame to take it out!

There was a young fellow from Florida
Who liked a friends wife, so he borrowed her.
When they got into bed,
He cried, "God strike me dead!
Now this ain't a cunt, its a corridor!"