

**HONG KONG HARRIORS**  
**Hash House**  
 香港醉龍大脚會



Grand Master:

Trevor Hewitt

Tel: 2862 3726 Fax: 25285930

Joint Masters:

Chris Simpson

Tel: 2517 3855 Fax: 2517 3860

Tim Thane

Tel & Fax: 2813 6009

Hash Cash:

Bernard Wilkinson

Tel: 2810 7576 Fax: 2845 0295

On Sec:

Mark Williams

Tel: 2599 2302 Fax: 2599 2200

Scribe:

John Glengarry

Tel: 2825 9390 Fax: 2810 0431

Trailmaster:

Benny Hagberg

Tel: 2529 7037 Fax: 2527 8490

Hash Horn:

Kevin Durrant

Tel: 2961 3714 Fax: 2573 1237

Cultural Attache:

Clive Knott

Tel: 2806 1622 Fax: 2503 1504

H4: GPO Box 1057, Hong Kong.

**LAST WEEK'S RUN: #1435 - 17 February, 1997 - Miami - Fei Ngo Shan Road.**

Anathema - the English and bathing, Australians and style, the USA and modesty, and Miami as here.

But, no! For the 25 or so who turned out last night, Miami came good. Possible virgin trail (yet to be confirmed, as VT arbiter, Lord Jim of the New Territories, was absent and had not examined all the papers as we went to print), dogs heard but not seen, forest house with roof top bath, mid-run barbecue and rock music stop, gravesite of the widow of Dr. Sun Yat Sun, entertainment at the Bucket by arrangement with local mounted police, and total running time less than one hour. Amazing.

For the record, and upon recollection without the aid of the Countryside Series map of the central New Territories:

Simpson set us off from a start devoid of the Carlsberg truck at 6 o'clock. A false trail up Fei Ngo Shan Road fooled a few, but the pack was soon heading down into a gully along a fence line trail across weeds, lawn clippings and other gardeners' leavings. A marshside check regrouped the pack before another shiggy bash took us up and over a small ridge to a beaten path.

Up to this point, the trail had been tending northwest. At the path, we headed westwards to join the Wilson Trail which took us southwestwards, up and over a narrow saddle and down to Miami's rainforest house for barbecued hot dogs and beer.

Those who took their shoes off were given a tour of the bordello. Tour highlights: the Hugh Hefner-esque bar on the ground floor and the roof top swimming pool. Miami, please note that despite the engineers' doubts about the ability of the house to support a full pool, Raking has the practical solution - fill it with warm water (less dense etc.).

From the refreshment stop it was up Miami's entrance for about half a mile then off into the bush past (according to Holgate) Dr. Sun's widow's gravesite, a short climb to Fei Ngo Shan Road and on down a quarter mile or so to the Bucket.

**THIS WEEK'S RUN: 1436 - 24 February, 1997 - AGM - Committee - A to B.**

Start at Hong Kong Cricket Club, usual time. Entry fee \$150.00 for those who pay their subs, \$300.00 for those who do not.

No promises or representations of any kind. Participate entirely at your own risk.

Those who get lost on the night, phone Knott at 9036 9034.

**ALL HARES NOTE: CARLSBERG BEER WAGON HK Island: Samantha Tam 2896 7009 2667 3788 Fax 2896 7600. Kowloon/New Territories: Edward Chan 2667 3788 Fax 2664 5305**

First in in about an hour and ten (including rainforest house break), last in in about an hour and twenty. James Ma safe. Carlsberg truck on the curb.

The GM was about to take to the hoist when two mounted police arrived with their lights flashing. Complaints from nearby residents about truck on curb, men on road, Miami's cowboy boots etc. James Ma negotiates. Carlsberg truck leaves. GM mounts drain cover and awards the following:

Down downs:

Gardner	-	muscling in on committee talk.
James Ma	-	constabulary liaison officer.
Most expensive beer	-	Howse
Miami	-	providing food for all except the GM (and Medcalf, of course).
Knott	-	on behalf of all hashmen who got married last Friday and had to borrow \$10.00 for the licence.
Flanagan	-	too much initiatives (use of ankle/elbow bandage as stubbie cooler).
Faulkner/Benny	-	on behalf of all athletes who completed in the Hong Kong Shenzhen race on the weekend.
Ex GM	-	Maiiee (the most ex of those present).
Hare	-	Miami.

The GM's oration having concluded, and with the drivers having glumly contemplated the breathyliser and nursed their beers in front of the highway patrolmen for the previous half hour, the home crowd scattered.....for the turnstiles.

Good on you, Mrs Mather, for printing this stuff and mailing it each week.

On on.

Glengarry.

### Subject: Beer

Norm Peterson's Famous Quotes (from TV's "Cheers")

> -----  
>  
>  
> "Can I draw you a beer, Norm?"  
> "No, I know what they look like. Just pour me one."  
>  
> "How's a beer sound, Norm?"  
> "I dunno. I usually finish them before they get a word in."  
>  
> "What's shaking, Norm?"  
> "All four cheeks & a couple of chins."  
>  
> "What would you say to a nice beer, Normie?"  
> "Going Down?"  
>  
> "What's new, Normie?"  
> "Terrorists, Sam. They've taken over my stomach and they're demanding beer."  
>  
> "What'll it be, Normie?"  
> "Just the usual, Coach. I'll have a froth of beer and a snorkel."  
>  
> "What would you say to a beer, Normie?"

> "What'd you like, Normie?"  
> "A reason to live. Give me another beer."  
> "Hey Norm, how's the world been treating you?"  
> "Like a baby treats a diaper."  
> "Would you like a beer, Mr. Peterson?"  
> "No, I'd like a dead cat in a glass."  
> "How's life treating you?"  
> "It's not, Sammy, but you can."  
> "What's the story, Mr. Peterson?"  
> "The Bobbsey twins go to the brewery. Let's cut to the happy ending."  
> "Hey, Mr. Peterson, there's a cold one waiting for you."  
> "I know. If she calls, I'm not here."  
> "Beer, Norm?"  
> "Have I gotten that predictable? Good."  
> "What's going on, Mr. Peterson?"  
> "A flashing sign in my gut that says, 'Insert beer here.'"  
> "Hey Mr. Peterson, Jack Frost nipping at your nose?"  
> "Yep. Now let's get Joe Beer nipping at my liver, huh?"  
> "Whatcha up to, Norm?"  
> "My ideal weight if I were eleven feet tall."  
> "How's it going, Mr. Peterson?"  
> "Poor."  
> "I'm sorry to hear that."  
> "No, I mean pour."  
> "How's life treating you, Norm?"  
> "Like it caught me sleeping with its wife."  
> "Women. Can't live with 'em....pass the beer nuts."  
> "What's going down, Normie?"  
> "My butt cheeks on that bar stool."  
> "Pour you a beer, Mr. Peterson?"  
> "Alright, but stop me at one....make that one-thirty."  
> "How's it going, Mr. Peterson?"  
> "It's a dog-eat-dog world, Woody, and I'm wearing Milk Bone underwear."  
> "What's the story, Norm?"  
> "Boy meets beer. Boy drinks beer. Boy meets another beer."  
> "What's going on, Mr. Peterson?"  
> "The question is what's going in Mr. Peterson? A beer please, Woody."

> "What'll you have, Normie?"  
> "Well, I'm in a gambling mood, Sammy. I'll take a glass of whatever comes out of that tap."  
> "Looks like beer, Norm."  
> "Call me Mister Lucky."  
> "What'd you say, Norm?"  
> "Any cheap, tawdry thing that will get me a beer."  
> "What would you say to a beer, Norm?"  
> "Hiya, sailor. New in town?"  
> "Whaddya say, Norm?"  
> "Well, I never met a beer I didn't drink."  
> (Coming in from the rain) "Evening, everybody."  
> Everybody: "Norm!"  
> "Still pouring, Norm?"  
> "That's funny, I was about to ask you the same thing."  
> "Can I pour you a beer, Mr. Peterson?"  
> "A little early isn't it, Woody?"  
> "For a beer?"  
> "No, for stupid questions."

## "Full Circle"

The story of the one that didn't get away!

by Mark Esterhuizen, Cathay Pacific Airways, Hong Kong

The notice in the newspaper was benign enough. "Sale of Harvard and DC3 Aircraft by Tender" it read. I was delighted that one of my friends had remembered that I was a "total aircraft person" and kept the advert for me (I bought and refurbished an Aermacchi AM3CM "Bosbok" about eighteen months previously) and was looking around for yet another diversion.

My R100.00 was soon in the post, and when the documents were sent to me, I was intrigued to see that the aircraft that I had first flown in the SAAF, Mk.IIA serial number 7246, was amongst the aircraft for tender. On a trip to Johannesburg, I took the plunge and drove to the Armscor head office in Pretoria, and crossing my fingers, dropped the envelope into the plain box marked "TENDERS".

The days crawled by, and finally the day the tender's results would be announced arrived. I was in New York on Cathay Pacific's inaugural passenger flight, so frantic telephone calls to my friends "in the know" started at dawn on the 2nd of July. Before long, a fax came back, reading simply "Congratulations Mark, you have your Harvard 7246!! I had done it! I now owned the very first aircraft I had ever flown in the SAAF! Strangely, a feeling of stirring responsibility began to dawn on me! She was mine, and her future would be charted by me from now on. She had survived hundreds, if not thousands of "pubes" and instructor's shenanigans, and yet she seemed to be strangely vulnerable at the same time. She had been so intimidating back then, yet now, I had a feeling that she was asking something, even although I hadn't seen her yet.

Back in Hong Kong, the money was transferred, I received "official" notice that 7246 was mine, and the process of getting her from Langebaan to Rand airport began. It was fairly easy, thanks to some well informed help, and on the 23rd of July 1996 she arrived at Rand Airport. I wasn't there to greet her, but when I arrived in Johannesburg the next day, my first stop was Rand. I couldn't help feeling like a young teenager on his first date as I stalked into Hunting Aviation's Hangar 2.

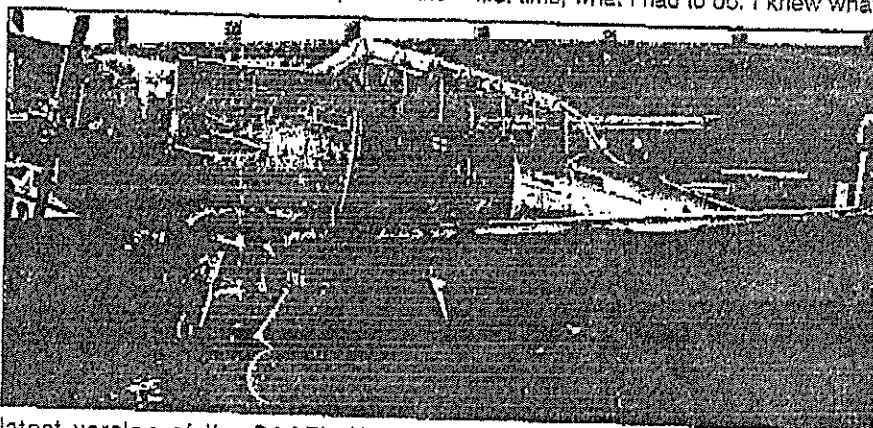
She was standing somewhat cheekily on her wider-than-I-remember undercarriage, the big Pratt and Whitney R1340 angled towards the hangar doors and her day glo paint a little faded by the six months in the sun at Langebaan, but it was her all right. I have to admit my hands were trembling as I climbed up the left hand side of the wing and opened the canopy for the first time in 19 years. She is beautiful, the cockpit is very different to



the one that I first clambered into back in 1973, concessions to the "bad old days" of sanctions, self-sufficiency and the need to modernize, but the joy that I felt when I climbed over the rail and sat in that deep, cold bucket seat! Mine, all mine!

Wednesday the 28th of August this year was a typical, late Winter's day on the African Highveld, 20°C, not a breath of wind. I had just finished my South African license renewal in my Macchi, and after landing this "interesting" aeroplane, cleaned her up, refuelled her and put her to bed. She's a beauty, too.

I asked the technicians at Hunting's to pull out 7246, and sitting in the cockpit with the



latest version of the SAAF's Harvard Handling notes, I went through each step of the start-up procedure. Finally, I was wobbling the hand fuel pump, and although I couldn't find the fuel pressure gauge I unlocked the KI-Gas primer and pumped eight full strokes of the best 100/130 LL avgas into her cylinders. The old "energize-engage" starter that I remembered has long gone and the direct cranking starter spun the prop at twice the rate I recalled. A few coughs on the first turns, and she started first go. I had closed the canopy for some or other reason, but when that thick white smoke began to billow, I opened it a crack, and breathed that unforgettable smoke in, two or three deep breaths.

Twenty three years ago I sat in the cockpit for the first time. May 14, 1973, 2:15 in the

afternoon, Central Flying School Dunnotter. A cold day, I remember, a bit of a breeze across the dry African veld, and all those Harvards on the line, must have been sixty of them. I would never have dreamed that almost a quarter of a century later I would be in that seat again. How many landings, how many "pubes", how many loops and lazy rolls over the dusty highveld had passed since we last touched? How many started in this aeroplane?

I have all the log books, they can tell me the last hour what happened since I flew her in May 1973. I know when she was serviced, the oil changed, the paint stripped and renewed. Every "P", "A", "B" and "C" check and every landing. Every hour. There in DD702, volume two, and half way through, I started looking for that 45 minutes in May 1973. My hand was shaking a little as I looked for that familiar signature "RM Walsh, Lt." There it was, entry 6, page 27. By the end of that day, Harvard Mk.IIA 7246 had 3712:40 airframe hours, 412:30 engine hours, and a whole new world had opened for me. The next and only other time we met was on the 12th September 1977. I was a full Lieutenant, instructor, and my "student" was a 2/Lt. Rabaud, formation instruction, lesson #21, that was it. 19 years later, she would be mine.

I knew when I saw the number for the first time, what I had to do. I knew what

was right. Harvard Mk.IIA, constructor's number 88-10671 SAAF serial 7246 and I had come full circle.

Mark Esterhuizen is a Pilot with Cathay Pacific Airways flying the Boeing 747-400. He left the SAAF in 1979 to join South African Airways, and flew for SAA until he immigrated to Canada in 1987. After flying the A310 for Wardair (now defunct) for eighteen months, he joined Canada 3000 Airlines as a check and training Captain on the Boeing 757, and stayed until 1992 when he left to join Cathay Pacific Airways.

He is licensed on all commercial Boeing aircraft except the 777, as well as the A310, A300-600, and has in excess of 12,500 flying hours.