



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

COMMITTEE		Office	Home
GRAND MASTER	R. Medcalf	5-419141	3-675696
JOINT MASTER	G. Harrison	5-26702623	
	T. Cotton	5-252921	
HASH CASH	N. Cutler	5-222111	
ON SEC	S. Johnson		0-806970
SCRIBE	F. Paterson	5-774011	5-409192
TRAIL MASTER	T. Hewitt	5-26702284	
HASH HORN	J. Aldridge	5-8931121	
BEER WAGON	Sammy Lai	3-800371	before 11a.m.

PRIVATE FOR MEMBERS ONLY

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

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ELEVEN MONTHS YOUR DISAPPEARING GM READ  
PATTERSON'S COPY BEFORE HAVING THE GIRLS TYPE IT. UNSURPRISING  
DISCOVERY: THE TYPING ERRORS AREN'T. YOUR OZZIE SCRIBBLER CAN'T  
SPELL.

NEXT WEEKS RUN -- NO. 799

Hares: Nick Brook/Rod Woo  
Date: Monday 28th January, 1985 at 6:00pm  
Location: Top end of Po Shan Road, Mid Levels

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The most remarkable committee in H4 history will be going out  
in style on Monday 4th February, but more importantly, an  
even bigger bunch of reprobates will find themselves  
responsible for attempting to make more cock ups than their  
predecessors -- a near impossible task!

DNT MISS IT -- copious quantities of Carlsberg, food and  
debaucherous entertainment will be provided at Kit Villiers  
apartment, 2nd Floor, 104 Macdonald Road. Enter up the drive  
directly opposite the Harmatige.

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LAST WEEKS RUN -- NO. 798 -- LEEKS DEMISE

Well if Leeks plan was to leave Hong Kong on a unforgettable  
farting note, he succeeded beyond his worst intentions. This  
would have to have been the most incredibly boring, tedious,  
unimiginative, mindless run since Rod Wrights fiasco last year.  
The only decent thing to be said about it is that at least we  
knew it was the last time we would have to endure such garbage --  
although Leeks was spreading unfortunate rumours that we  
hadn't seen the last of him.

Cont/...2

The trail started predictably up Mt Nicholson road, where a check took us on to a contour path leading around to the Cricket Club. We grovelled and groped (bad luck it wasn't LH4 running with us!) along this with Hashmen falling like nine pins, led by 'suffren' Pete Suffren.

On reaching the round about near the Cricket Club, Leeks set new standards for confusion, with virtually no trail to be found. Ten minutes later it was found however, about 500 metres from the last chalk or flour. He was obviously on refugee rations. A quick joy along Blacks Link was possibly the high light of the run, but any ideas about normality returning were quickly dashed. Just when most sensible hashmen (are there such creatures) had returned home, and the rest of us were on the verge of following. Gover the great woofter found the trail heading us Mt Cameron, through the thickest shiggy Leeks could find.

A knight in armour wouldn't have been safe in this lot. It was so thick even the Grand Master biter had to stay on the trail. The view really was something at the top however -- thanks Clinton, you arse'sle! Fortunately however, what goes up must come down, although thanks to Laird, it took a couple of attempts before we managed to find the right direction. The ON - HOME was mercifully found soon after, but after one hour 45 minutes, fully inclusive of scarce markings, razor sharp shiggy, more ups than downs, and a total of about half a mile of running, Leeks was not about to score heavily for this fucking awful excuse for a hash run.

RUN SCORE : -30/10

Down-downs were munerous, and probably half the reason the Carlsberg ran out as early as it did! Leeks led the reprobate brigade, followed by forgotten visitors, hash Cash, Hugh Turner the blind twot who mistook dogs turd for flour on the trail Nick Brook in remembrance of the worst down-downs this year, and Pat Carter the old fart, once Medcalf had caught him and had his way with him at the bottom of Mt Nicholson Road.

The ON-ON began in reverse at the Russycat Bar, followed by the New American in Lockhart Road, where the staff were left wishing we'd stayed at the Pussycat. Their sense of humour did manage to accept Leeks ordering such delicacies as deep fried dogs turd and dingoes testicles, but they didn't appreciate our descriptions of the lemon chicken, nor our refusal to pay for it. A quick exit was made for the door before the choppers appeared.

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RECEDING HARELINE (Or 'Future Trailmasters Nightmare')

4th February	No. 800	AGM - GM and JMs	104 Macdonnel Rd
11th February	No. 801	Cooper/Wraith	?
18th February	No. 802	Lamont/Breen	Kotewall Road

HASH GOSSIP

'Official rumour' has it that Dame Stagnant is shortly, to become domesticated, but she denies it vehemently. im told Sally (?) was staffered (good one eh!) when she discovered the secrecy surrounding the big event. Could be a Staff night coming up fairly shortly!

HASH TRASH

The pommy hashman came home early one Monday night to find his wife in bed with his best friend.

"Hey, what do you think you think your doing"

"See" said the wife to the man beside her, "I told you he was stupid".

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Three nuns were walking along the street and one was describing with her hands the tremendous grapefruit she'd seen in Florida.

The second one, also with her hands, descibed the huge bananas she'd seen in Jamaica.

The third nun, a little deaf, but becoming quite excited, asked, "Father who?"!

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