

on and checking



PNG HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

EDITORIAL

Papua New Guinea with its tropical climate, civilised working hours and regular nightfall of 6.30 p.m. provides the ideal setting for that great non-competitive recreation known as the "HASH". It is not surprising then, that it has taken on so well here, carried to these fair shores from the "mother country" Kuala Lumpur by one Joe Griffiths who established the Panguna Hash in 1970 — It was not long before these stalwarts inspired the Arawa Alcoholics and the next HHH reared its ugly head in 1971. Both clubs are still going strong and their long suffering womenfolk have emulated their male counterparts to form the Arawa Harriets in 1975.

Quite independently the Moresby Hash, reputedly one of the biggest in the world, was inaugurated, once again by ex KL hashmen, Peter Mendl and Herr Horst Wipern in 1974. John Carrol carried the message to Lae where the next Hash commenced in late '74 — From Lae, John Carrol moved onto Rabaul and another hash was born, followed by the Rabaul Harriettes in 1975. Harry Sonogan from Lae moved to Kavieng and wasted no time in disrupting the sedate pattern of life with yet another Hash.

In 1974 Les Waldron & Joe Shaw, Moresby Hashman, inspired the ladies of Moresby to form the Hash House Harlots, thankfully Les' poor taste has long been overcome and the renamed Moresby Harriettes lead quite an enjoyable, respectable existence.

Goroka Hash arrived in Feb. '75 as the result of an Apex sponsored "country jog" followed by ample liquid refreshments. Leo Jones, obviously a man of the world seized the opportunity and now PNG's only mixed hash is a thriving concern.

Loloho, Hagen, Yonki and Madang have also experienced shortlived Hashes in the past few years, but from all accounts they seem to have faded.

The magazine was conceived over a few beers, as are most things in Hash, on the Easter Monday run, the fledgling Magazine Committee was charged with the task of producing a small publication to commemorate our 150th run.

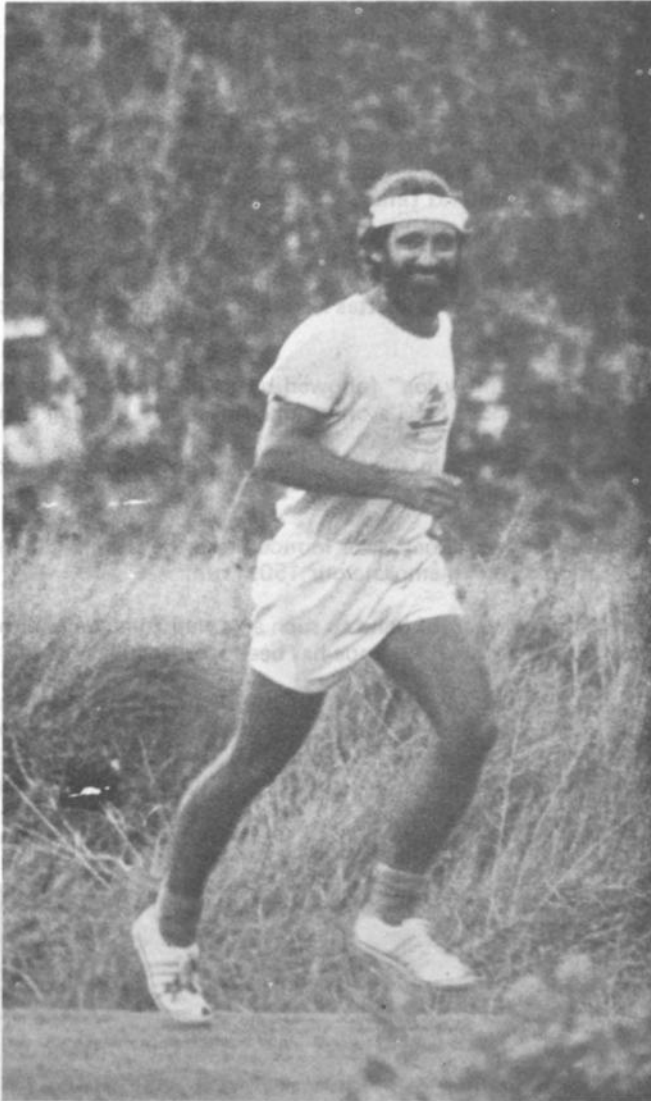
The response was unexpectedly overwhelming, and the "baby" has grown out of hand to such an extent that we had to seek finance and even forgo our usual printing system to produce this magazine which we hope has been worthwhile.

Special thanks must go to John Pollock, Horst Wipern, Nick Sheard, cartoonists 'TWITCH' and 'FROB' and Hash Flashes Doug Stewart and Phil Hogan for their efforts as well as Lauris Foster of Moresby Harriettes, Mike Bell of Panguna, Kevin White of Arawa, Mrs. Mary Hickson of Arawa, Harry Sonogan of Kavieng, Graham Ward of Rabaul, Alan Rowe and Fergus Fitzgerald of Lae, John Peters of Goroka, the anonymous author of the Rabaul Harriettes article, and Keith George of PNG Printing for all their efforts in the presentation of this magazine.

The Magazine Committee.



AN INTRODUCTION HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



To the average citizen, the Hash House Harriers are a group of slightly "long-long" characters who are seen every Monday evening slogging their guts out around the streets and hills of Port Moresby. When this masochistic exercise is completed, they are known to spend hours restoring their dehydrated frames with vast quantities of booze while shattering the peace of the tropic night with raucous singing.

Ridiculous! As any member knows, the Hash House Harriers are refined gentlemen who pursue elusive hares (generally of the paper variety) around the city's scenic attractions every Monday evening in order to retain their youth and vitality. After this healthy exercise, they carry on intellectual discussions while demolishing the odd jug of the old amber liquid (usually not more than 173 litres, which is 38 gallons to the unmetrified) and keeping alive the sweet melodies of bygone days.

There is no prize for choosing which of the above is true, but send your entries to anybody you like just the same.

Hash is what you make it. It can be an easy trot or a hard run; a quiet lemonade or a gut-full of beer. It is a unique organisation that thrives on a relative lack of organisation. It is a club with no clubhouse, no written rules and a highly irregular manner of operating.

It is a group of men of widely-varying ages and occupations who have in common a liking for good exercise, good beer and good fellowship. It is a way of making new friends and business acquaintances. For the traveller, membership of H3 is a passport for entry to other groups elsewhere in PNG and in such favourite stamping grounds as Hong Kong, Manila and Singapore.

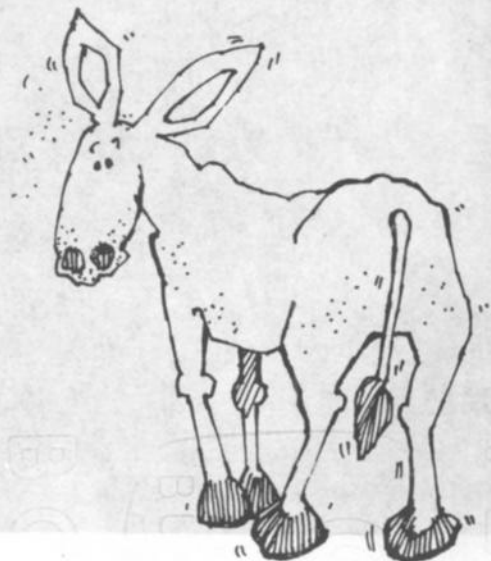
In Port Moresby, with its high rate of turnover of expatriate population, Hash is a thriving and stable institution. Its membership has changed greatly over its three years of existence, but the club remains intact and the membership continues at one of the highest levels in the world. ON-ON

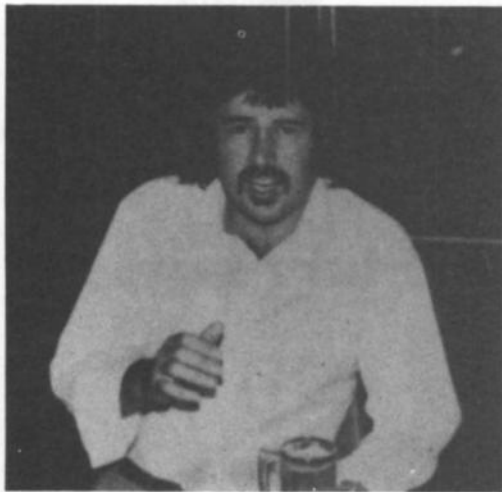
There's no pane in the ass With T.G.A. glass!

Territory Glass and Aluminium

**Crn. Varahe and Soare St.
Port Moresby 254948 or 257936**

and Lae 421411 or 421802





A HASHERY OF TERMS

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

Headings used in weekly newsheet: —

SPECIALIST POSITIONS

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

A few terms that are often used in run descriptions will follow. These terms are often misleading to the casual observer and thus should be explained.

"An excellent well thought out run "the writer of the article set the run.

" a good run" the writer of the article helped set the run.

"A good false trail" the writer was smart enough to avoid running down it.

You will note that if not mention of a "false trail" is given, then the writer was obviously sucked in by it and thus avoids any mention.

"Leaders of the pack" extroverted morons who bumble hither and thither looking for paper at the head of a column of jay walkers.

"Compulsory check" something that would work, if the hare left a few cartons there.

"A Hill" Grade 1 mountain climb.

"ON-ON" — a motu word cried out by villagers as harriers rush by meaning "piss-off" (it has a similar meaning in Pidgin).

"ON BUCKET" — this quaint term meaning 'home' was coined by a notable German who gets his f's and b's mixed up. He is often heard to mutter — "This run is too floody long. 'Buck it', I'm going home."

"APRES HASH" a convivial gathers of Harriers after the run, designed to promote discussions of the run over a bottle or two of lemonade.

AGM: Happens in February and is usually held at the Brewery. The outgoing executive in true Hashocratic fashion, selects a new committee (without their knowledge) of derelicts, drunks and f/wits to carry on the high ideals for the coming year. A time of the year looked forward to by the residents of Gordons.

HASH BASH/THRASH: Occurs sometimes in August and marks the end/start of an old/new financial period. A heavily subsidised dinner/dance/orgy at which all attempt to drink as much as humanly possible.



HASH FLASH



PANGUNA HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

FOUNDED 13th FEBRUARY 1970 (BLACK FRIDAY)

GRAND MASTER
RAY LYTHGOW

HASH KASH
PETER HEAP

HASH HOST
BIG DICK

JOINT MASTERS
MIKE BELL
ROBBIE GORDON

ON SEC
GRAHAM ALLOT
BOB VINO

HASH HORNS
RICK FERRI
LINDSAY SWANSON

HASH TYPISSSED
JANICE VINO

HASH QUACK
ROLY CLARK

HASH FLASH
JOHN DUNLOP

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PANGUNA HASH

Hash, like Bubonic Plague, had it's origins in the East. It was introduced to Panguna by Joe Griffiths who had become infected in Kota Kinabalu. The atmosphere of a construction camp; large numbers of randy males confined to a small area with little else to do outside working hours but drink, gamble and abuse themselves, provided the perfect culture in which the insidious germ of Hash could flourish. Fittingly the first run was on Friday, 13th February 1970 (Black Friday). There has been no sign of the epidemic decreasing; indeed it was't long before the Panguna Hash spawned and produced Arawa Hash which now exceeds it in size. The Loloho Hash which flashed across the scene some years ago proved premature and duly shrivelled up and died. However the strain is still potent as witnessed by the recent founding of an Arawa Harriets indicating that both sexes are susceptible.

All Hashes have their peculiarities. On Bougainville we run on a Friday rather than on a Monday and because it gets dark by six we start the run at five. The Panguna Hash membership is down at the moment and we are averaging about eighteen runners but this is partially because many of our members are on shift work and can only come to about half the runs. We specialise in short but rugged trails and it is not unknown for Hares to string ropes down some of the hairier descents. Every fourth run is a Ladies run on which members bring along wives, girlfriends — and occasionally the kids and the dog. These usually finish up with a barbeque at the Hash Halt, an old house that serves as our headquarters and has been the venue of most of our Thrashes.

Our latest Thrash was to celebrate our three hundredth run. The best Thrashes seem to be the fancy dress ones. Being so close to Arawa we go to theirs and they come to ours — their most recent effort was a poolside affair at the Davara to celebrate their two fiftieth.

The Panguna Hash has changed a little over the years reflecting the change from the construction days when things were free and easy and you could not get to sleep for the sound of things falling off trucks, and the more sedate lifestyle of the production phase. We now have more married members and institutions like the Hash Hymnal have fallen into disuse. Sometimes I shed a nostalgic tear at the memory of drunken voices carolling the adventures of Eskimo Nell or that professional lady from Jerusalem.

We extend an invitation to any Hashman who, for his sins, finds himself passing through. Our runs are somewhat circumscribed by the mine lease boundaries but Bougainville Copper does its best by rearranging the landscape fairly frequently. However the beer is just as good.

On On!
MICHAEL BELL
JOINT MASTER

ARAWA H.H.H.

ARAWA, BOUGAINVILLE Is., P.N.G.

§ GRAND MASTER §
JOHN BARR



☆ JOINT MASTERS ☆

GRAHAM MILLER
ROSS KNOX

☆ ON SEX ☆

PETER FINCH
KEVIN WHITE

☆ HASH KASH ☆

PETER HOBDAV

☆ HASH HORN ☆

PETER FINCH
GEOFF DUTTON

☆ HASH MUSIC ☆

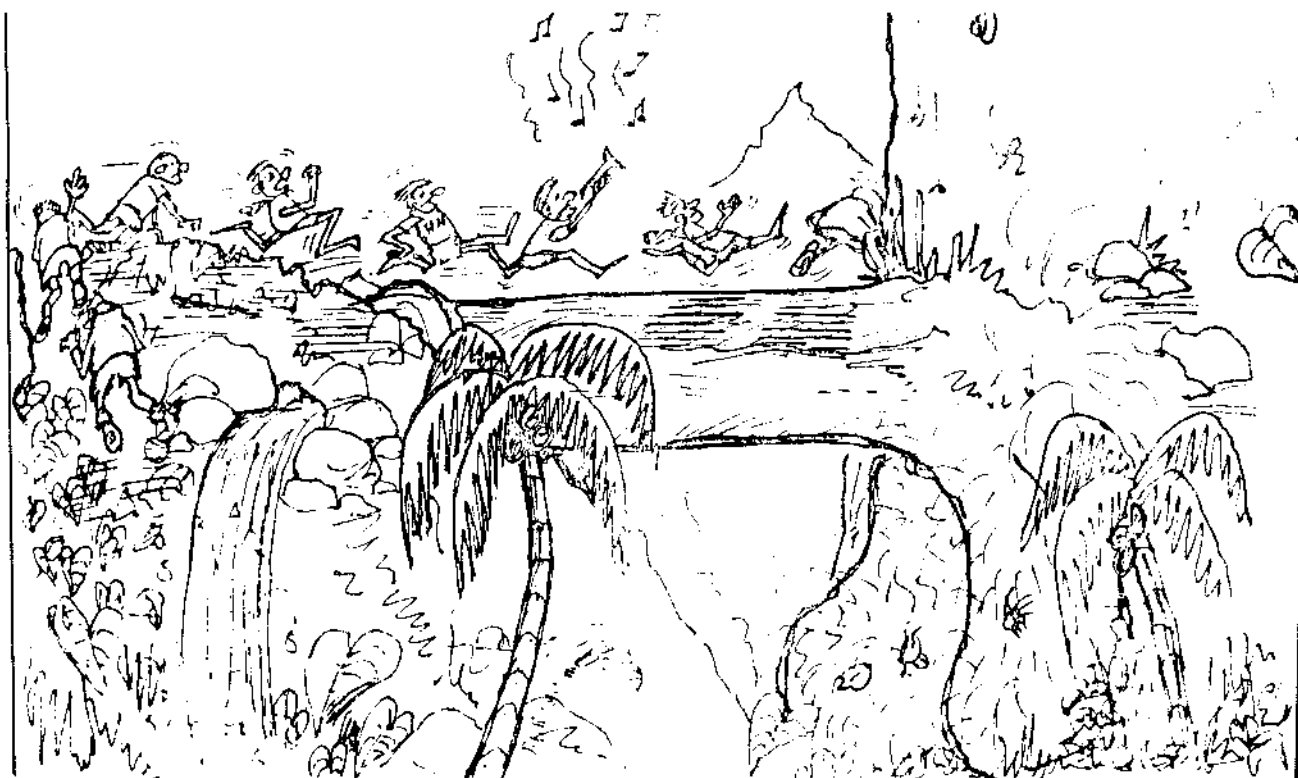
☆ HASH BOOZE ☆

PETER LOWRY

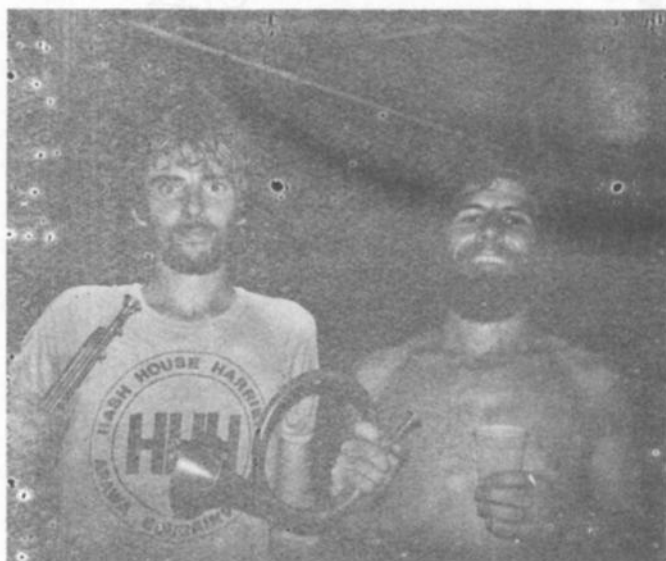
In late 1971 Arawa was a sparsely populated town made up of both Bougainville Copper employees' and Administration Personnel. The town was without many of the now accepted luxuries of life such as Country Club, Golf Course, Tavern and Social Clubs. As the Copper Mine in Panguna neared the end of the construction stage many families moved to permanent housing in Arawa and a small band of ex Panguna Hashmen formed what is now the largest H.H.H. club on Bougainville.

It goes without saying that the Arawa H.H.H. has never looked back and today we can boast a fairly constant membership of 50 Hashmen in an ever changing population.

It was on Friday afternoon the 6.8.71 that the inaugural run of Arawa H.H.H. took place, led by Hares Don Faulkener and Ted Fulton and followed by 10 hounds including Les Lyons, Allan Cullum, Peter Searle, Frank Hussey and Kevin McDean.



“LOCAL LEGEND HAS IT THAT A GIANT LIVES HEREABOUTS!”



Membership covers a very broad spectrum of professions including clergymen, Doctors, Bank Managers, Dentists, Geologists, Engineers, Chemists, Accountants and even workers, all of whom have been referred to as the fittest alcoholics in Arawa. We have suffered threats of prosecution for littering, destroying gardens, disturbing the peace and even drinking in a public place, yet the H.H.H. continues to thrive.

In the short history of Arawa H.H.H. there have been many memorable occasions and without going into great detail it is interesting to recall a few of the more notable happenings:— Like the night the hounds beat the hares home and after much talk about the great run someone asked "Where is Don Houston" (Number 1 Hare). A quick check revealed neither he or Ian McKinnon was present. "Must be lost", someone said. "Well if they are not back by the time the grog's gone we'll look for them". Half an hour later both hares struggled in almost exhausted, seems they set a "great" false trail but couldn't find their way out.

Then there was the night a very reluctant prospective hashman had hash brought to his front door. He had on many occasions promised to join hash but somehow at the last moment found some excuse why he couldn't come. A good friend initiated him into hash by finishing the run under his house, where-upon some 30 sweaty bodies arrived without invitation to partake in the consumption of 8 cartons of greenies to the loud cries of "If you won't come to hash, then hash will come to you".

One of the great disasters was the night we allowed two "pommies" to set the run. Everything went well up to the point when the first runners arrived home and sought a cold refreshing drink. There wasn't any! The poms had forgotten to pick up the grog, said they thought that was someone else's job. It was unanimously agreed that never again would two Pommies be allowed to set a run.

Arawa H.H.H. celebrated their 200th run with a marathon relay race against Panguna H.H.H. over 27 km of road running which covered the Port — Mine access road from Panguna to Loloho, highest point of which is 1035 m above sea level.

In November 1975, Arawa H.H.H. took part in an international meet with Honiara H.H.H. which proved to be a great success. The run, set by Honiara H.H.H. covered much of the famous battle ground in Guadalcanal known as "Bloody Ridge". Following the run a social function was held which might be referred to as a "Royal Thrash", as it was held in the grounds of the B.S.I.P. Governor's residence in the form of a poolside barbeque. Mine host being the Governor himself who is also a keen hashman.

Without any doubt the greatest social function to be held on Bougainville was the Arawa H.H.H. 250th thrash at the Davara Motel, Toniva Beach 5.6.76.



Moments of sheer delight which utterly captivate are a rare pleasure.

After waiting for the rain to intensify, a strong band of Hash men and women set off on the Arawa H.H.H. 250th run.

The stout hearted Ed Berzin risked his all to stay behind and guard the gold from the marauding hordes.

Meanwhile, through blinding rain and biting winds the run must go through, so the hounds, with hare Zillmer amongst them looking radiant in his racing whites, soon found themselves, after a short run down the road from Birempa, turning left into the mud and slush by the river, and after crossing the river the hounds found themselves in the mud and slush by the river, and after crossing the river the hounds found themselves in the mud and slush by the river, and after crossing

Despite the false trails and after finally crossing the river with the day becoming localised, the similarity to the Alderhoff/Zillmer run of a fortnight ago became apparent. The hounds found the bag at Itakara and the FORD GT-HO tyre tracks leading off up the four km stretch to Birempa.

From here it was one leg after the other to the Shorncliff shed where Ed had saved the day and the keg was tapped. The shed was neatly decked out for the occasion with a newly tarred floor and a truck as the centre piece.

Fearing the grog may run out and aided by a large Panguna group, everyone got into it and made sure it did. After several Boy-Scout Acts on the B.B.Q., bangers and burgers were had by all.

OBSERVATION: Rain does wonders to a Hash Bird T-shirt "Viva la difference".

THRASH 250:- AQUATIC EROTICA

The gala social event of the South Pacific was held at the Davara Motel on Saturday, 6th June, 1976.

The Management, conscious of our valued custom, locked the house guests upstairs and after removing his valued furnishings, opened the premises for this sophisticated event.

Pat McCormick arrived early in a lovely blue topless ensemble nicely set off with a rare Honiarian Horn.

After some coaxing the band unlocked themselves from the bar area and the show got under way. Copious quantities of amber fluid and delicate vintage wines (been in stock for years) were consumed. The feeding of the 40,000 was highlighted by a Panguna lad feeding the house dog from his fork!

Big John made his usual big speech followed later by a much more interesting big splash.

The main floor show got under way later in the evening. The Poms were early in the pool. After all it was Saturday night and a free wash is good value.

As the wet look became more prevalent, many divested themselves of their delicate evening wear which allowed greater flexibility —

"And delighted squeals
Suggested that eels, (or gropers)
Had found some sexual quarters".

P. Hickson, who likes a good run when he is out, had it all out running around the pool followed by a blond Panguna gentleman with nothing to hide.

P.Finch tried gamely to protect his innocence as a young lady, who had just finished a performance with the band, attempted to untangle him.

Marie Trebilco's autumn coloured frock looked delightful on a tall, dark Panguna lad.

Tony Park was in the latest in skin diving gear, diving for pearls (or Wendy's or Mary's or Lesley's).

Dick the puller couldn't see much with wet glasses but then he works with his hands.

Mary Hickson looked enchanting in a red and white scarf. Hash Kash Noticed Geoff and Sally. Did you?

As this uninhibited water ballet got under way, the pool lights were doused to protect the innocent (or overendowed). The band, realizing everyone was out of step, went home.

The Manager was delighted and said we could come back to the Tavern anytime.

Jim Barr
Grand Master

MILLIONAIRE — SWIMMER

A millionaire with a passion for bizarre sporting contests organised a race between the world's fastest swimmers, with the promise that the winner could name his prize. When they had assembled, he led them to a specially constructed 100m pool. As they stood behind the blocks he said, "I think it only fair to war you that, in order to ensure that the world record is broken, I have stocked the pool with piranhas, crocodiles and a tiger shark. May the best man win."

In the midst of some involuntary defecation, the swimmers mounted the blocks and the starter fired his gun . . . not a man moved. The same thing happened for the next five days and the millionaire was getting pissed off. Finally, on the sixth day, one competitor splashed into the water and hurtled to the other end amidst a welter of foam, blood and gnashing teeth. There he was hauled out, semi-conscious and bleeding profusely from a thousand wounds, minus one ear, one hand, a foreskin and both feet.

"Magnificent, Man," cried the millionaire. "You have broken the world 100m record by five seconds." Then, after applying tourniquets and administering painkillers, he asked the Champion what he wanted for a prize. "Just name anything in the world and it's yours," he puffed.

"Cunt", gasped the man.

Amazed that anyone in such a condition could even be capable of thinking of sex, the millionaire asked again.

"Cunt," came the reply, gurgled through clotting blood. The other swimmers cheered at such courage and the millionaire despatched his lackeys to fetch a suitable prize. They rounded up six of the most beautiful birds that anyone could imagine and then paraded them naked before the injured swimmer.

"Make your choice and she's yours," said the millionaire. "In fact, in recognition of your incredible performance, you can have the lot."

With his last gasp the poor bastard lifted his head up and screamed, "Not that sort of cunt, you idiot, I want the cunt that pushed me in."

HASH FOR CASH

HASH "TRASH" COLLECTS K400 FOR RED CROSS

The special Hash Trash run last Friday proved a successful effort — just on K400 was collected for Red Cross from the various waterholes around town including several surprised passerbys and a number of perturbed drivers.

Nearly all clubs received the pack well but a special note must be made of the national RSL who provided a pipe escort from the entrance and were amongst the most generous contributors.

The other minor atrocity was the Yonki kid's efforts in separating Max from the first kina he ever earnt.

Many thanks to all those who ran and/or contributed and all the best to Elsie for the competition.

RABAU HASH HOUSE HARRIETTES RUNATHON

To assist the Papua New Guinea Olympic team, Harriettes supported by Harriers and Malaguna Technical College Students, organized a 30 km runathon from Kokopo to Rabaul on Sunday, 11th June. Beneath the scorching sun 49 runners were seen staggering their weary way along the foreshores of Simpson Harbour assisted by cooling refreshments from avid supporters.

Eight resourceful guys anticipating selection for the Montreal team ran the entire distance. Those who considered it more important to walk the next day ran in relays. With the generous participation of the Rabaul Community it was possible to raise more than K1,700.00.

MORESBY HASH WALK

The first Moresby Hash Charity effort, the Prime Minister's Walk aiding Deaf Children raised K1,000 — a very good effort considering only a few participated and the limited amount of time available (4 days) for planning and organising.

Hard Cord stalwarts i.e., Mortlock, Butler, Dickson and Waldron spent the Friday night preceding the walk preparing the Hash float, Aveling-Barford's landrover covering it with Bouganvillea, colourful shrubs (obtained from near T.G.A.) and a motley collection of signs and advertising. Great care was exercised to leave adequate space in the back for the odd esky.

The Hash float driven by lovely Dina Butler and Brenda Kelsey, with the Hash Horn, led the big parade of walkers from the Government Offices, with the Hash pack of about 10 derelicts — Mick O'Connell and Jeff Evans to the fore — trotting lustfully along behind. It was ON-ON at Waigani Drive and the pack started the 20 km run to Hanuabada.

After only 4 km or so the pack was spread out. Charles Barton was stuffed and wanted a beer, while Pommy Steve and Allan Mortlock were chatting up a couple of birds. Mike Butler and Les Waldron carried a bucket and collected donations from passing motorists, morning shoppers and

store owners en-route. As the bucket filled and increased in weight these two fell behind the pack until, at Eia Beach when the bucket was too heavy to carry, they held a check.



Traffic banked up in both directions for as far as the eye could see, while the cause of the 'hold-up' i.e., Waldron and Butler standing in the centre of the road, continued collecting from passing cars. Police who investigated the traffic hold up were politely told to 'nick-off', and they did!!!

With traffic stopped for miles and the coffers overflowing, it was decided unanimously to withdraw and count the loot over a few coldies at the Butlers'. Sorting and counting a bucketful of coins is no small feat for the average Hash man and it was many coldies later before we finished.

The money collected, almost K680, swelled to K1,000 with sundry fines and donations from Hash members. A cheque for this amount was presented to Mr. Somare by the committee. It is hoped that the forthcoming P.M. Hash Childrens Christmas Appeal receives the full support of its members to make this worthwhile appeal successful.

L. Waldron

THIS SPACE WAS DONATED BY A
PUBLIC SOLICITOR

LAE GIRLS REVIVED



WHO IS THE BEARDED LADY?

By the third run numbers had swelled to 29 and indications are that the ranks will swell even further. Leaders are already appearing. Anita O'Toole, Ruth Thompson and Liz Finall — all hash wives who had already learned much of Hash Tradition from their husbands. A design for a T-shirt is being considered and enthusiasm is certainly high.

Drinks (soft) were provided by the men's hash for the first run but since then the ladies have organized their own. If talk last week can be believed, a number of the Harriettes are interested in having a beer after the runs and this aspect will probably be introduced this week.

Although the men can boast an almost accident free record, the ladies have already experienced one dog bite and a sprained ankle. On the third run during the On Home a large black dog decided that Harriettes were clearly tastier than Harriers and attempted to sample a morsel from the rump of Jenny Baker. The teeth did not actually break the skin but Jenny still bore the bruises the following week.



**"Coke em i
samting tru"**



N.G.I. TRADING PTY. LIMITED, LAE, AUTHORISED BOTTLERS OF COCA-COLA AND FANTA.

PORT MORESBY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



JOINT MASTERS

John Pollock
John Murphy

HASH HASH

Ken Wilson
25 5122 x 498

ON SECS

Laurie James
25 9211 x 15
Paul Bevan
27 1642

HASH BOOZE

Andy Thompson

HASH CASH

Phil Rasmussen
25 6277 x 22
Horst Wippem
25 3119

HASH HORN

Jack Francis

TRAIL MASTER

Graeme Lee
25 92222 x 147
Mick O'Connell
25 6166 x 2257

P.O. Box 5135,
Boroko.

PORT MORESBY H3

LIST OF RUNS

1. WIPPERN / MENDEL	7. 1.74	Old Golf Course	76. JOHN KINCAID	16. 6.75	Granville Speedway
2. MENDEL / WIPPERN	14. 1.74	Aust. Govt. Offices	77. BRUCE SELLECK	23. 6.75	Taurama Barracks
3. WIPPERN / CROSS	21. 1.74	UPNG	78. ROD HARD	30. 6.75	Murray Barracks
4. HAYNES / COYNE	28. 1.74	Jacksons	79. BOB BESWICK	7. 7.75	Saraga
5. CROSS / WIPPERN	4. 2.74	Boroko RSL	80. BRIAN LEE	14. 7.75	Jacksons
6. NEULING / BEVAN	11. 2.74	Gateway Hotel	81. JOHN O'SULLIVAN	21. 7.75	Gerehu
7. GLOVER / FALCONER	18. 2.74	Aero Club	82. DENNIS McINNES	28. 7.75	Boroko
8. PAUL FORSYTH (AGM)	25. 2.74	Goldie River	83. MAX HART	9. 8.75	Boroko Motors (Waigani)
9. GORDON / STOKES	4. 3.74	East Boroko	84. BRIAN COSTELLO (united)	11. 8.75	Ansett Hilton
10. DURRINGTON / Murphy	11. 3.74	Ansett Hilton	85. RUSS BEEHAN	18. 8.75	4 Mile
11. RON MONKHOUSE	18. 3.74	Smash Brewery	86. PAUL BEVAN	25. 8.75	Gordons
12. JOHN FALCONER	25. 3.74	Jacksons	87. MICK FARRAR	1. 9.75	Granville Speedway
13. DAVE LOWRY	1. 4.74	9 Mile	88. IAN DOUGLAS	8. 9.75	Haus Champion
14. BRUCE DUNN	8. 4.74	Aero Club	89. LAURIE JAMES	15. 9.75	Bomans Seminary
15. ROSS EASTGATE	15. 4.74	Club Germania	90. BRIAN PEARCE	22. 9.75	Boroko
16. PAT JACKMAN	22. 4.74	Taurama Barracks	91. KEN WHITEHEAD	29. 9.75	Korobosea
17. BOB REYNOLDS	29. 4.74	June Valley	92. TINY LAWSON	6.10.75	Korobosea
18. BILL PARNELL	6. 5.74	Tuaguba Hill	93. KIERAN NASH	13.10.75	Granville Speedway
19. LES WALDRON	13. 5.74	Hohola	94. GEOFF THORNE	20.10.75	Saraga
20. JOHN POLLOCK	20. 5.74	Admin. College	95. TONY SKINNER	27.10.75	Town
21. BRIAN COSTELLO	27. 5.74	Boroko	96. BOB HODGEN	3.11.75	3 Mile Hill
22. PAUL BEVAN	3. 6.74	Kone Tigers Club	97. BRIAN LONGWORTH	10.11.75	Newtown
23. PETER NEWMAN	10. 6.74	Aero Club	98. DENNIS HOOK	17.11.75	Saraga
24. JOHN CARROLL	17. 6.74	4 Mile	99. ALLAN EDWARDS	24.11.75	Taurama Barracks
25. JOHN MURPHY	24. 6.74	Ansett Hilton	100. SHEARD / LEE	1.12.75	Smash Brewery
26. JOHN ERIKSON	1. 7.74	Taurama Barracks	101. PETER FANNING	8.12.75	Gerehu
27. BRIAN QUINN	8. 7.74	P.M. Golf Club	102. LEN CAPON	15.12.75	Hohola
28. DAVE ROBERTS	18. 7.74	Hohola	103. GARY BOWDEN	22.12.75	Boroko
29. JOE SHAW	22. 7.74	Boroko	104. PETER HILDER	29.12.75	Mountain View Est.
30. BRIAN SMITH	29. 7.74	Town			
31. JIM DOUGLAS	5. 8.74	Haus Champion	105. JOHN MURPHY	5. 1.76	Gordons
32. JOHN SHEILES	12. 8.74	Sports Club	106. MICK O'CONNELL	12. 1.76	Gordons
33. IAN CURTIS	19. 8.74	Nine Mile Quarry	107. DICK WOLF	19. 1.76	Korobosea
34. JOHN McCALLUM	26. 8.74	Boroko	108. MICK PRICE	26. 1.76	Ela Beach
35. GRAEME LEE	2. 9.74	Loloki Co-op College (live run)	109. THEO VALENT	2. 2.76	Murray Barracks
		Korobosea	110. MIKE KALLAS	9. 2.76	Tokarara
36. TONY PRYKE	9. 9.74	Rizzle Club, Boroko	111. KEVIN PARNELL	16. 2.76	Ilimo Farm
37. ROSS DUCKHAM	16. 9.74	Drive-Inn	112. WIPPERN / POLLOCK / DUCKHAM / JAMES	23. 2.76	(AGM) Smash Brewery
38. IAN RIPPER	23. 9.74	Boroko			
39. MERV LOBB	30. 9.74	Taurama Barracks	113. TED GODDEN	1. 3.76	Boroko
40. PETER CAMPBELL	7.10.74	Taurama Barracks	114. BILL O'BRIEN	8. 3.76	Aust. High Commission
41. RAY TOWIE	14.10.74	Aero Club	115. GEOFF EVANS	15. 3.76	Koki
42. HENRY SIMMS	21.10.74	Steamies Club	116. BOB DICKSON	22. 3.76	Hohola
43. PHIL NAISH	28.10.74	Old Golf Course (Badili)	117. MAX HORE	29. 3.76	Aviat Football Grounds
44. PAUL HEALY	4.11.74	Boroko Sports Club	118. LES WALDRON	5. 4.76	Waigani
45. LAURIE JAMES	11.11.74	Turf Club	119. KEN WILSON	12. 4.76	Taurama Barracks
46. MICHAEL D'AMBROSIA	18.11.74	Boroko Sports Club	120. DICKSON / MORTLOCK	19. 4.76	Show grounds
47. CHARLES HARRISON	25.11.74	Six Mile	121. IAN RIPPER	26. 4.76	Waigani Squash Courts
48. BRIAN FIRTH	2.12.74	Outrigger Motel	122. MIKE BUTLER	3. 5.76	Gerehu
49. JOHN HARMER	9.12.74	Murray Barracks	123. BOWEN / MCKENZIE	10. 5.76	Korobosea
50. SHORTY TURNER	16.12.74	3 Mile Hill	124. JOHN O'CONNELL	17. 5.76	Gerehu
51. TONY SKINNER	23.12.74	Gerehu	125. GRAEME LEE	24. 5.76	Laloki Co-op (live run)
52. NICK SHEARD	30.12.74		126. KIM FARRELL	31. 5.76	Showgrounds
			127. BARRY LYNCH	7. 6.76	Boroko
53. KEN JARROLD	6. 1.75	Aero Club	128. DUCKHAM / RASMUSSEN	14. 6.76	Smash Brewery
54. DAVE FITZGIBBON	13. 1.75	Gordon	129. JOHN KELSEY	21. 6.76	Granville Rd. (P & T Station)
55. FRANK CLEARY	20. 1.75	PRL Club			
56. ROB HARRISON	27. 1.75	Yacht Club	130. JOHN STAPLETON	28. 6.76	Mt. Eriama (live run)
57. PERCY HAYES	3. 2.75	Boroko	131. STEVE KEY	5. 7.76	Rifle Club (Hohola)
58. JIM RUSSELL	10. 2.75	P.M. Golf Club	132. MICK O'CONNELL	12. 7.76	Gordons (live run)
59. BILL HALSTEAD	17. 2.75	Motor Sports Club	133. JOHN O'SULLIVAN	19. 7.76	Gerehu
60. COSTELLO / WIPPERN	24. 2.75	AGM Smash Brewery	134. LEN CROSSFIELD	26. 7.76	Granville Speedway
61. GRAEME HOGG	3. 3.75	Boroko	135. CHRIS PEMBERTON	2. 8.76	Gerehu
62. IAN MACKINLAY	10. 3.75	7 Mile	136. BRIAN PEARCE	9. 8.76	Bootless Bay
63. BRIAN GAULL	17. 3.75	Rigo Road	137. ELMER / FLETCHER	16. 8.76	Koki
64. JOHN JORDAN	24. 3.75	June Valley	138. KEV PARNELL	23. 8.76	Taurama Beach
65. DAVE FITZGIBBON	31. 3.75	Taurama Barracks	139. HARRY HEATH	30. 8.76	Boroko - 4 Mile
66. KEN WILSON	7. 4.75	Taurama Barracks	140. HOEK / ROBERTS	6. 9.76	Idubada
67. PETER MICHAEL	14. 4.75	Bomana Seminary	141. DENNIS COOLEE	13. 9.76	Puk-Puk Farm, Waigani
68. JACK FRANCIS	21. 4.75	Boroko	142. KEN WILSON	20. 9.76	Taurama Barracks
69. STEWART NEUSS	28. 4.75	Tokarara	143. GERRY NOLAN	27. 9.76	Jacksons
70. BOB SAYCE	5. 5.75	Taurama Barracks	144. BOB REYNOLDS	4.10.76	Pistol Club - June Valley
71. JOHN NAPIER	12. 5.75	Korobosea	145. MAX HORE	11.10.76	Bootless Bay
72. ALLAN MAHOMET	19. 5.75	Showgrounds	146. NEIL DAVIS	18.10.76	Tokarara
73. SENNEN AUHARAI	26. 5.75	Gordons	147. RUSS EVANS	25.10.76	Golf Club
74. FRED JOHNSON	2. 6.75	Haus Champion	148. KIM FARRELL	1.11.76	Saraga
75. DAVE CHARLTON	9. 6.75	Nebiri Quarry	149. LAURIE JAMES	8.11.76	Rigo Road
			150. JOINT MASTERS	15.11.76	Smash Brewery

AN OLD BOOT REMEMBERS

It all started in Dedember 1973, when in the lobby of Port Moresby's leading hotel a familiar voice behind me enquired what I was doing in this place (or something of that sort). The voice turned out to belong to someone who in his bachelor days in Kuala Lumpur, used to sport bloodshot eyes on Tuesday mornings, the result of some strenuous exercises the night before. It was Peter Mendl, like myself an ex-KL—Hashman. Over some beers that followed this reunion the idea was born to bless the somewhat dreary scene of Port Moresby with a unique invention called Hash House Harriers, established in many countries to the delight of local breweries and chagrin of wives and girlfriends who often wait in vain for someone who promised to be come home early on Monday nights.

Inspite of the obvious lack of facilities like curry shops for drunk and hungry Harriers, dimly lit Kedais where a thirsty Hashman can buy beer at outrageous prices at 3 a.m., massage parlours and Molly (RIP) and her girls if you're still capable, HHH seemed a bloody good idea for this town with tremendous Hashing terrain around it (which may surprise some of today's hares). Slogging over hills, through brush and high grass, straining previously unused muscles and spraining protesting

ankles, the first runs were reccecd. Notices appeared on sundry club boards and "Sportsman's Corner" helped to air invitations to potential Harriers to join PM Hash. In typical Hashocratic fashion we appointed ourselves Hash Godfathers, organised grog and soft drinks in quantities that would leave a disgusted expression on many Hash faces these days, and thus everything was prepared for run No. 1 on 7 January 1974, starting from the old Golf Course at Badili.

Publicity had attracted some 16 keen chaps who soon found out that in order to enjoy the beer afterwards a certain amount of running had to be done before. Of these "Original Boots" only Paul Bevan with John Murphy, Nick Brown, Ron Corden (intermittently) and yours truly, remain. News of the run/beer combination spread fast and run No. 2 attracted another 14 chaps none of whom, incidentally is still with us.

If early runs lacked ingenuity, most of them provided plenty of paper, arrows and that sort so that even Godden and Kincaid wouldn't have got lost. If by the same token, early Apres Hash's were somewhat subdued by today's standards and those overseas HHH's this was to soon change. The low level of grog intake after the runs had the ex-overseas Harriers like Neuling (Jakarta), Haynes (Cannberra), Mendl and self (KL) worried at first; Polloc Pollock, Sheard, Dickson and Parnell hadn't joined yet, of course. This tranquil picture, however, was shattered by the incredible happenings of the first G.M., following run No. 8 at Goldie River which was celebrated by some 50 Harriers in true Hash fashion with heaps of booze and food. Haynes and Mendl duly elected Joint Masters engaged in a speed drinking contest with Haynes more puking than drinking, Murphy got thoroughly paralysed, was dumped in the fish pond and promptly dropped his daks to exhibit the family jewels to the attending photographer. The On Sec (called On Kraut thereafter) was asked to give a speech and could only produce a meagre burp and a stupid grin. Neuling made PM Hash history by reciting 'Eskimo Nell' for about 30 minutes and then Haynes decid-



ing to call it a day, found the boomgate closed and after unsuccessfully trying to open it with his car, demanded to know from the guard where the shower was. Subsequent venues had to be changed and were provided by SMASH Brewery, leaving boomgate open.

The Hash emblem, incidentally owes its existence to our "Oringal Boots" who after run No. 1 put on their thinking caps. Len Cross (no longer with us) came up with the design and did a tremendous job.

It didn't take PM Hashmen long to discover the art of shortcutting sometimes being led by On Sec / On Kraut who had lots of previous experience. With the appearance of Duckham, Hard, Rasmussen and sundry other notorious lazy buggers things got a bit out of hand but did not develop into a serious problem as they were in most instances generous enough to leave some beer for those who went the whole distance.

By run No. 25 when I went on 2 months leave, the membership had reached about 70 with between 40 and 50 regular runners. A nice and manageable number, you knew most of them; collecting subs wasn't any easier though. . . . When I returned to have a quiet beer after run No. 34, I was greeted by a big ugly mass of drunks, the membership had snowballed to some 150.

AGM's are always the highlight of a Hash year and thanks to the enforced change in venue the population of Gordon (around SMASH Brewery) were on recent occasions treated to some fine examples of hymn singing by THE HASH CHOIR. The 1975 celebrations saw both old and new committee plus any Harriers within range unceremoniously dumped in the foul trough of slops. Fitzgibbon and Duckham put up a valiant fight which they lost, through sheer number of opposition. In 1976, office bearers were forced to skol huge glass boots

of booze in the shortest possible time with any remainder used for christening onlookers. Duckham volunteered to tackle a yard of beer and chucked on Pollocks' car.

On various occasions sporting missions to South East Asia and Manila were planned but apparently wives and girlfriends could not see the necessity for such trips.

The Hash Hard Core was established somewhere along the line with the sole purpose of demolishing all available booze on a Monday night — sometimes a creditable performance. Irish jokes and a good selection of dirty songs are now sadly missed, obviously due to Fitzgibbon's departure and Pollock's resignation from the hard core.

Today, some say, Hash is not what it used to be. Be that as it may, it is still the best "club" in town, providing opportunity to sweat out that weekend grog, drink the cheapest booze in town; and a better bunch of blokes you wouldn't meet, especially on a Monday evening. Keep it that way, chaps. On—On.

Horst Wipern

AN OLD BOOT REMEMBERS



HASH FATHERS:— MENDL — HAYNES — WIPERN

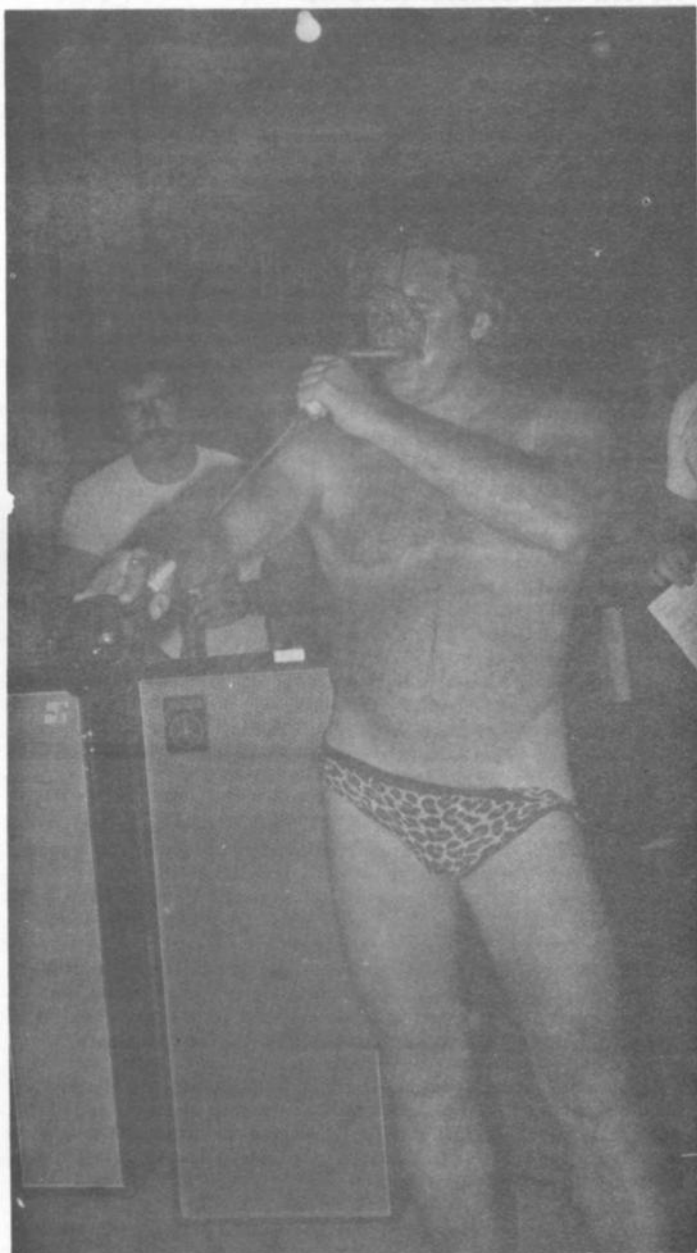


One hundred & fifty runs

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY RUNS

150 runs have taken hashmen over large areas of Port Moresby and its environs. We've seen runs scaling mountains, traversing swamps, dodging traffic, fording fast flowing rivers, terrorising villagers, kids and dogs. But for sheer impossibility of terrain, Kevin Parnell's runs — 111 & 138 — take some beating; and so runs the On Sec's official description:—

"This almost defies description. Bloody abominable weather cut the field down to about 60 runners who found their way through pouring rain to Curtain Bros. tin shed off the road between Tanubada and Ilimo. Minor panic set in before the start when the keg hadn't arrived, but it soon showed up and off went the pack through a field of ploughed quicksand. This proved too much for new footprint "the beast" who gave up after 150 m and swam back to the trough, thus beating Hard's record of the shortest run. Ducko led one group off on a false trail while the rest of the pack slid on up and down hills, across creeks and through barbed wire. Some of the new runners cut it short about half way, and the run ended with another choice piece of ploughing. The weather had improved slightly by the end of the run and the hounds set in to drink their share plus that of absent comrades when it was noticed that one comrade who had actually started the run had not returned — yes, Godden had done it again. About 7.30 the first search parties went out in cars without success, but the wholesale disaster that threatened with some 40 pissheads lining up to search the bush was averted with his return at 8.30. Fined a 5 gallon keg for not only getting lost but being the only man ever to do so twice in one year. Next entertainment trick was Rasmussen falling into an inspection pit in the middle of the floor without spilling a drop of his beer and last was the genius who almost wrote himself off by driving off the bridge near the main road.



However, memories are short and Parnell was granted a second attempt. Wisely, he avoided the Ilimo quagmires and opted instead for the barbed wire emplacements and mangrove swamps of Tau-rama Beach. Run 138:— Aided by the afternoon hurricane, the pack sped up an old vehicle track to a ridge where a remarkable pace was sustained until the trail eventually turned to the coast. On home along the shoreline with the tide coming in rapidly (a terrifying experience for our Poms). Within 15 minutes the pack had strung out picking its way through knee deep water over sharp slippery rocks in rapid spurts between thundering waves. The pack straggled into a freezing apres with the wind whipping the froth from the beer. Half-way through the first keg, Kincaid staggered through the surf to a standing ovation in the last moments of twilight.

And now Ted Godden gives us the inside story:—

LITTLE BOY LOST

Parnell's run started slightly late as we left the machinery shop at Curtain Bros. Quarry, Tanubada. It had rained incessantly all day, and only about seventy warriors turned up to do battle with the elements.

The route firstly took us across a ploughed field where the rain had turned the earth into a quagmire. The group started to spread out and the slow and unfit soon fell towards the rear, heavily weighted down by the mud which was now caked around their footwear.

After reaching the relatively solid surface of a disused road, some person, with inside information, advised us that although the run was supposed to continue through virgin bush in a northerly direction, it would be wiser for the slower participants to continue along the road, thereby cutting many miles off the journey.

Slightly offended at being linked with the "slower" ones, I decided that I would press on and no doubt catch the speedier members of the Hash pack at the next false trail. After covering approximately one mile through the thick waterlogged scrub, I was unsuccessful in finding the planned route — let alone catching up with the tail-end of the main group. At this point, I wondered whether I should back-trek, but my indomitable spirit and unquenchable thirst for adventure spurred me on.

A little further on I was fortunate in coming across a creek which had been swelled by the heavy rains. Here, my superior bushland knowledge and previous experience was extremely helpful because I realised that most bush tracks cross watering points at some stage. I walked down the shallow edges of the stream and, as expected, came across a small track which joined two peninsulars of land where the creek became very narrow.

I continued along this track. By this time, I was engulfed in a murky darkness. The moon eventually forced its way through black clouds and chased the gloomy shadows into dark corners of the terrain that surrounded me. There were no discernable signs which led me to believe that I was on the right track.

In the darkness, I then came across another track which joined the track I was on. To my joy there were footprints along the track which were only minutely recognisable because of the rain which was now pelting down in torrents. I followed the train for approximately one mile but, alas, the "footprints" turned out to be "cow-prints", which led directly to a fenced enclosure. I groped my way around the enclosure in the darkness, but could see no sign of human life. Disconsolately, I stopped to survey the situation, then realised I was on the crest of a hill and through the trees I could barely make out the reflection of car headlights. The highway.

I half-stumbled and half-fell as I made my way towards the highway. Upon reaching a clearing I was petrified to see a snake barring my way, coiled and ready to strike. With the sure-footedness of a mountain goat and the swiftness of a gazelle, I leaped across the snake and continued on my way.

However, I soon learned that things never come easy for the brave and adventurous, and a little further on I found my way blocked by a dark and dingy swamp which I had not seen beforehand because of the darkness.

Despairingly, I again reflected upon my situation and realised I must retain my self-control. A maze of thoughts ran through my mind: that if I was never again to see my loved ones — a glass of beer, my children, my wife?

I now found myself funning through the wet bush. My self-control, my senses, I must maintain them (old Phantom saying). I looked up and saw the moon above me and started singing "By the Light of the Silvery Moon". I was now in complete control of my faculties — the evil bush would not get me.

In the distance, shouts, lights from torches, Hash House Harriers, half being dragged, murky mud, Swan beer, rejoicing, safety.

I am now enjoying myself at Laloki and intend to resume my duties as Officer-in-Charge of Search and Rescue upon my discharge.

"LIVE RUNS"

Then of course, we have had the 'live' runs in which the pack follows the usual paper trail plus a whistle blowing hare who has much to lose.. Graeme Lee started an enjoyable — if dangerous trend on run 35:—



"Lee explained the rules and after getting four minutes start was chased by a blood crazed pack led by Charlie Harrison who had spent the day resting up at the Aviat Club in preparation. The trail led towards the river and past the bucket but there were no defections. The hare's whistled called the pack from across the raging torrent enticing one eager hashman into a six foot dive into six inches of muddy water. "Secret Assistant" Burrows took over leading the pack over a ridge into a pig pen where he successfully went to ground (effectively disguised as a pig). On to "Secret Assistant" Waldron and up another steep incline and then over to "Secret Assistant" Ripper.

Ripper then went to ground and had a nasty moment when discovered by a straggler who he managed to dissuade with animal cunning, "piss off"! Meanwhile the shortcutters began to make their presence felt as Ripper with great presence of mind averted pack rape by discarding his shirt and leading the pack after an imaginery hare. More shortcutters came across Les Waldron, and this time were not to be put off so easily with a lively chase ensuing with Waldron finally diving into the river. A timely whistle from hare Lee back on the other side of the river, and on home to an apres that sounded more like the six o'clock swill in an Australian country pub."

Graeme took two years to entice three helpers to set the next live run 125:— also from Laloki. "The advance training included regular pissups on the banks of the river for Lee, Laurie James, Bill Dickson and Frank Wyatt and a near drowning when two of them stepped off the bank "at a great place to send the pack across", and ended up in 20 foot of wild water.

Once again Lee took three minutes start and after laying part of the trail went to ground. The wiser, more vengeful and determined pack instead of following the trail headed straight up into the scrub where Lee was hiding. Forced to break cover, he headed off in terror towards James who with the speed of a thousand gazelles was off down towards the river. With both Lee and James hiding in ditches only feet away from the thundering pack, Dickson called the run on from across the river. The crossing had already swept away Bill Gailey's dog and Kincaid was saved from a watery grave by "Tiny" Lawson who swept him to safety.



Meanwhile, Ducko's raiders had continued on along the reverse trail and lay in ambush for unsuspecting co-hare Wyatt. Unable to contain their excitement, they leapt prematurely and Frank, with the fear of God up him, crashed off through the scrub like a Mallee Bull and didn't stop until he reached the Bluff Inn.

James and Lee continued on in front of the pack and managed to outlast them back to the College where another devastating apres took place."

John Stapleton took the plunge just five runs later with no assistants.

"Our illustrious trail master O'Connell, with no concern for the hare's possible fate proceeded to speak in raptured tones about "what a bloody bewdy for a live run". Half way through setting the run the hare, in a moment of weakness, agreed that it could be possible if certain precautions were taken and if the pack acted at least slightly predictably. There lay the snag. As anyone who has been on a hash run knows an HHH pack is entirely, irrevocably, infuriatingly UNpredictable."

A massed initial attack succeeded in creating a minor avalanche — baying and bellowing, the mob continued over the road up the cutting only to be called back — up the road with hounds checking all kinds of unlikely places for the elusive hare. Up to the top and the water tanks — a check, a trail was found at the bottom but another check and eventually plaintive cries of "Are you on?" were heard in a wilderness covering a square mile of mountains and gorges. Eventually a battered and bleeding pack gathered at a compulsory check and witnessed Waldron, James and Farrell (who had painfully struggled up a vertical cliff to a commanding view from the second false trail) & flushing out the hare with the assistance of a few late comers. "On, On at top speed round a bend in the track thinking how to outdistance three hounds in the next eight kilometres when fate suddenly supplied the answer as the hare slipped and fell 20 m from the narrow, loose track. Minor panic as they contemplated rolling a boulder down to see if the hare's hiding down there — sanity prevails and the pack races on — ten minutes later the pack has straggled past and I relinquish my precarious grasp to drag myself back to the track.

Last one past — up the cliff and round the other way to an impromptu rendezvous somewhere towards half-way. Just clear of the cliff

and what's that — four hounds coming around the hill from the wrong direction. SCB's I hope. Off with the hare's hat and luckily they don't recognise me. Down the hill through the scrub to a ridge where the pack has been incredibly conned down a 100 m sheer false trail. Carefully up the blind side of the ridge — yes, there's a hound over there, and another. OK, blow the whistle. Hell, I didn't see those 3 over there. Off like buggery down through some thickish cover in swampy ground, pulling off the shirt, losing the hat out of the back pocket of the shorts which were ripped to shreds during the cliff fall. Out to the fence on the road and who's that on the other side staring at me over 3 strands of barbed wire and thorn bushes.

Jog on suspiciously till the end of the fence is in sight. Here some judicious tying of the hare's shoelaces is in order to let the hound get ahead. As soon as he has reached the end of the fence, and has crossed to my side (and of course when he isn't looking my way), do a western roll over the fence, managing to keep all vital parts of the anatomy intact but landing in the thorne. Jog on up the road with the hound, now convinced, cutting across the scrub. On on then by devious but speedy means to the bucket where refreshment awaits. Learn later that the reason that I came home still with my pants on is that the luckless hound came late and thought the hare was someone else."

The hare was not the only one to suffer on this run as Pryke was trapped on a hill surrounded by vengeful red ants, Crossfield was afflicted with a leg injury on a barely accessible pinnacle, and Bevan slid home to safety down a water pipe.

Just two runs later the pack got a fourth chance in the form of the Brothers Mick and Chimbu.

On, On. The pack 130 strong thundered down Henao Drive, a blast on the whistle and the pack reverses and spreads to the four winds — from the hare's hideout Farrell and the Horn plus sundry others can be seen making for Sogeri. With decoys Evans and Stapleton in the fore, the slavering front runners embark on yet another false trail while a supremely confident O'Connell lopes down the Power reserve with Dickson and a couple of slowies on his trail to Brother Chimbu's waiting car tucked away around the corner. However, Tangles and Gerry Nolan have backed their judgement well and lead half a dozen hounds around the hill to confront the hare and assistant. A startled shriek, and O'Connell and car shoot off in different directions. With 10 metres start, a world record 200 m sprint sees the hare around two corners where this time he is ferried to safety on Gordon reserve. The pack trickled in from all points of the compass and within three minutes some 80 hounds are milling around. Tally ho! as the hare breaks cover and it's the charge of the light brigade with Pryke, Davis and Fletcher in the van, through the back of the drive-in, across the motor club and on to the Islander where the sight of Waigani Drive brings the pack back to their senses as they despondently grind to a halt realising exhaustedly that they are all of 5 km from the bucket and still heading away — at this stage, breakaway groups led by Pollock, Bevan, Waldron and Reynolds split left and right ostensibly to cut off the hare and begin their weary fruitless journey. Undaunted, forty brave souls push on to a compulsory check behind the Islander. Beswick, Hoek and James can barely be restrained as darkness is falling and they begin to dege away — Coolee, Keith Geroge, Harry Heath and Bob Prosser look longingly toward the bucket some 6 km in the receding distance — a bus pulls up, a ragged cheer quickly fades as the bus pulls away before Mike Hagie and company can stagger to it. ON, ON. Tangles, O'Brien and Beswick fall over themselves in their eagerness to get at the elusive hare as Evans and Michaels sweep to the front. With 100 m start the hare makes a beeline for the Tokarara water tower, James and Lee blow their chances as they take to the scrub in a last frantic attempt at capture. A worried O'Connell is saved from the gathering pack as Chimbu with two trucks in tow races up to the tower track to the rescue with true melodramatic timing.



STOP PRESS



Due to the extraordinary length of time taken to produce this magazine, we have been able to include the following fascinating exploits of our intrepid hashmen: KOKODA THREE.



Kokoda one & two had successfully dampened the average Hashman's spirit for hiking and it was only with great difficulty that thirteen brave souls were gathered for Kokoda three. Les Waldron was late returning from the U.S. and his organisational talents were missed, however, with veteran trailwalkers Chris Pemberton, Steve Key, Mick Price & Mick O'Connell on the trail again the novices were assured of few false trails.

It was all efficiency as the group boarded the TALAIR Twin Otter for an uneventful trip to the Kokoda strip, to be met by the Kiap and quickly transported to the start of the trail. The pack set out briskly amid the snapping of cameras and cheery comments and settled into the long climb out of Kokoda. A welcome lunch break was taken at the newly-named Stapleton's Crossing, then up to Isurava, where Pemberton gave notice of an ominous event to come by leading his little group of followers in a cow paddock. Through to Alola, and after some heated discussion, finally straggling down to Iora Creek just on dusk for a wet, uncomfortable night with the leeches.

Day two saw a hard push to Templeton's Crossing only to find the log crossing down. Undeterred the weary travellers sat down and broke out lunch amid swarms of ravenous, suicidal Marchflies while being entertained by the antics of Price, Abbley Morrison & Pemberton as they rockhopped and halfdrowned their way to the far bank. Stapleton then led the remainder downstream to a newly erected log bridge. A treacherous, slippery climb to the Kagi Gap, then a long 4hr. downhill slog to Kagi for the night with Price narrowly defeating Derek Penny by downing 56 Marchflies on the move.

The hospitality of the Kagi villagers was excellent, and the fire, rest hut & fruit brought some of the humour back into the group. The following day was up down up down as the tiring group pushed on through Efogi 1 & 2 to tackle Brigade Hill where O'Connell picked up a rusty Jap bayonet scabbard. The pack regrouped at Menari Creek for a welcome break and a refreshing swim before setting out for Naoro. Pemberton swept to the lead and confidently urged his faithful followers up, up ever up.....on a false trail! Before long the hills were alive with the sounds of plaintive 'Are you on?' which brought disconcerting screams of 'Checking' from three points of the compass. The track was found at last and a subdued pack scaled the last hill before the last long swampy stretch into Naoro, keeping themselves going only by thinking of callous ways of getting back at Pemberton.....he was lucky and was only fined a keg. Meanwhile Price & Stapleton had arrived at the village quite early and were put to work repairing the village lawnmower, unsuccessfully, so that by the time the lost sheep straggled in the the hapless would-be mechanics had completely alienated the villagers which meant bananas at black market rates and no firewood at all. Ken Panton vowed to fly out next day and was gathering support for a charter, but bravado prevailed and day four saw the full thirteen tackle the climb out of Naoro.

Nine false crests and 4hrs. later the pack staggered to first water.....beautiful Ofi Creek. A two hr. lunch & swim break saw a revitalised pack climb to kunai covered Iorabaiwa, rain began to settle in, and the going got extremely slippery with most taking falls, especially Ken, who was reduced to walking barefooted by this time. The last bedraggled group of Brian Thomas, Bill Sheather, Panton & O'Connell came off the mountain into Ua-Ule Creek, took a quick count, and decided that Steve Key & Ken O'Brien were missing. As darkness was falling Steve appeared and duly volunteered to wait by the rapidly rising stream for O'Brien while Thomas' group made for the campsite some thirty minutes downstream, only to discover that O'Brien was already there. O'Brien manfully volunteered to retrieve Steve the Pom, who as it turned out was still patiently sitting in the rain, watching the river rising, when Ken tapped him on the shoulder, scaring him half to death.

As the valliums were being passed around on the last weary night Steve, Mick & Chimbu worked noisily into the night to raise the most remarkable dwelling seen on the trail in recent years, gaining for their troubles a restful night up off the leeches and damp ground, much to everyone's envy, especially Morrison.

The final day saw an easy climb to the top of Imita's, and from there, downhill to the Goldie River, familiar territory, where the group rendezvoused for a clean-up before ascending Ower's Corner, arriving only minutes before Les Waldron led the relief column in from Moresby laden with ice-cold beer and lemonade and real chicken! The day finished in high spirits with the ceremonial burning of Steve's clothes and Bill Sheather's boots, yes, and some rapidly inebriated fools were heard discussing a proposed Kokoda four.

Best false trail of the year award has been shared by John O'Sullivan and Tangles Pearce. John had the pack roller-coasting along the ridge behind Gerehu, when, to the amazement of the mid-pack and tailenders, thirty frontrunners appeared on a distant ridge beyond a deep ravine. They then had a 300 metre mountain climb to complete before rejoining the main pack. How John had lured them onto that lonely pinnacle, nobody knows.

Tangles' bucket was held at the Civil Aviation radio mast at Bootless Bay, just by the mangrove swamp. Needless to say, he wanted the



home run to plunge through the middle of the swamp, but found it completely impenetrable, with a puk-puk infested estuary blocking the way. Undeterred, he laid the paper deep into the mangroves until only 150 metres from the bucket, where, shit and derision, the pack was stopped by a decomposing check back sign. F. this was the response, with the radio mast looming invitingly ahead over the mangroves. The check back sign was accordingly torn down and rent asunder. ON ON. Then for fully twenty minutes in the deepening gloom, mud, ooze, stench, (and puk-puks), the length and breadth of the swamp echoed with the highly colourful language of frustrated hounds. Finally, the mud-covered fools stumbled back onto the paper trail which had led them in. Having followed it out, a short run around the mangroves led to the bucket. Both false trails have earned the WUKFITZ SEAL OF APPROVAL.



The shortest run award must go to John Kelsey for his effort from the P & T station (run 129). A bit of scrub-bashing and hill-climbing and the pack hit the road for the on-home sprint after fifteen minutes much to Murphy's delight. James and O'Connell refusing to believe such a short run led Ken Wilson, Charlie Barton and dog and sundry tailenders through a horror stretch of swamp in search of the "real trail" returning after a respectable forty minutes. The appreciation of the SCB's was boundless as an autographed bottle of water was presented to John for his return to the U.K.

Steve Elmer and Ken Fletcher (run 137) performed a hash miracle when they coerced every single runner into completing an entire run, even though it was over familiar Koki territory and included the dreaded alp "Old Baldy". In fact the only casualties on the night were Bill Gailey's dog who rolled in even later than Kincaid and a blushing Tim O'Sullivan who captured the hearts of the Susu Mamas in the Kila Kila settlement.

Lively apres rear their ugly heads with monotonous regularity and a typical raucous night at Mike Kallas saw kegs donated by Fitzgibbon and Hogden, hearty renditions of the Hash Top 40 with Leadball Featherstone's hash-hit "Rindacella, the Mugly Uther and the two sad Blisters" taking first prize.

The 100th run saw a record amount of grog consumed with "members only" ploughing through 112 gallons, not counting a large portion regurgitated by Ducko late in the evening.

Then there was the time the hash ran on a Tuesday. Tangles decided to make a last minute change of venue, neglected to inform the On Sec. opting instead for the national daily, the Post-Courier, who promptly published the new venue and added a new date. Even more surprisingly some clowns actually turned up at the appointed spot on the non-sacred day.

The longest run (89), set by Laurie James from Bomana Seminary — a terror-spread the smaller than usual pack to the four winds with groups of three and four struggling in from the evening hurricane at all hours. A bitterly cold night was barely livened by an unsuspecting Brian Gaul drinking a frog with his beer.

Fred Johnston's run (74) certainly spread the name and fame of the hash. Firstly the run home involved many feeble attempts at avoiding millions of cheering little brats who insisted on walloping each harrier, then the trail passed near enough to Govt. House to entice shortcutters past the startled sentry and through the alsation infested grounds at Govt. House, and finally the visitation of four police cars late in the evening whose occupants decided to join in the merriment. Such moments of glory were not seen again until a triumphant returning pack puffed on home to an ovation given by schoolmaster Hoek's Idubada students (who dutifully lined the last 200 m of the trail on run 140).

Probably the most despicable act in hashes' history took place on run 55 when Brian Gaul brought his missus to the apres — Dave Charlton broke the stunned silence and earned himself a fine when the randy bastard promptly laid hands on errant hashmate Gaul's spouse. This was a bad period for hash as just two weeks earlier Harmer and Sheiles had come to grief for their most uncomradelike efforts into resorting to fisticuffs over a near empty bottle of scotch. These depressing times also spawned Hashes unanimously voted WORST RUN from Nebiri Quarry by none other than hash horn Dave Charlton. By selecting the most impossible terrain and the most obvious loop Dave ensured that nobody ran more than 10 m during the whole sorry performance.

Run 73 saw the beginning of enlightened Hash when Ron Monkhouse started a noble gesture by donating a farewell keg. His lofty deed has since been emulated by the following civic minded hashmen:—

JOHN KINCAID	—	on rescue from a run.
JOHN HARMER	—	twins
JOHN O'SULLIVAN & BRIAN LONGWORTH	—	on winning the Melbourne Cup sweepstakes
WOKKA PEARSON	—	birth of a future Hashman
LES WALDRON	—	Wanigela — Amazon Bay Walk
INEBRIATES: BRIAN PAINE, CHIMBU, COOLEE and O'MALLEY	—	birthday celebrations
MAX HART, TREVOR DRAKE, CHRIS PICKERING, ALAN MORTLOCK, DAVE CHARLTON, JOHN DONE, BOB HOGDEN, DAVE FITZGIBBON, BRIAN PAINE, and PHIL RASMUSSEN		— on going finish

ON ON



HEROIC HASHMEN



Recent years have seen great progress with the institution and presentation of a multitude of awards for an endless variety of achievements. In keeping with the spirit of the times, the committee felt obligated to commend sundry Hashmen for services far above and beyond the call of duty in fostering the traditions of HASH.

JOHN KINCAID a foundation runner was a unanimous choice of the committee for his unfaltering attendance in the most trying circumstances. John, a non-swimmer, has displayed an amazing affinity for water. This trait was first noticed at a wet Taurama run, the first of John's frequent immersions, and confirmed when he was rescued from drowning in the nick of time when swept down the Laloki River. John's troubles have not been confined to the run only as he was fortunately to survive a particularly boisterous apres hash which found him tossed into a swimming pool for the amusement of sundry unsympathetic hashers. He has been accosted and released by the constabulary on two occasions weaving his way home from an apres and once, it was reported, spent Monday night sleeping naked on the front doorstep of an inhospitable hare. Not particularly athletic, Kincaid has a record second to one only, for straggling back from a run hours after the pack. Second to none, TED GODDEN has consistently displayed astounding ingenuity in the variety and frequency of getting lost on runs, culminating in his own run on which everybody got lost. Ted's talents did not go unnoticed and he was duly appointed SAR by an appreciative committee. Ted's reign as SAR man has sadly been troublesome with several unnamed hashwits sending Ted out on false search and rescue missions — you've heard of the boy that cried wolf — take care.



Faced with a persistent spouse who has no feeling at all for the traditions of the apres, PRYKE gained the undying admiration of all hashmen by calmly downing not less than six middies as his impatient wife waited in the SMASH Brewery car park amusing herself with the ear-splitting fog-horn that Tony has fitted to his vehicle.



Pictured, basking in acclamations for his commendation is the darling of the SCB's PERCY HAYES. Perce has faced fierce competition for his nomination over the past year but the wiley Perce has triumphed again and again. Challenges thrown out from novice short cutting bastards, Bevan, Hard & Duckham, to name but a few, have proved futile in the face of Perce's cunning, and the returning pack is continually greeted with the sight of an unruffled Perce tucking into his fourth or fifth middy.



Many a Monday night has been enlivened by the dulcet tones of hash nightingale JOHN POLLOCK. After a successful world tour our 'bon-vivant' bard has returned to these fair shores with an awesome repertoire of shanties, ditties and outright filth that has endeared him to the hearts of the stayers.

"We're here for the beer." MORTLOCK and DICKSON a partnership no less formidable than Barnum and Baily have directed their full energies to the praiseworthy task of prolonging the apres where the beer has at times poured forth at a gallon every three minutes. Allan is specialising in making sure "all those bastards pay their kina for the third keg" and it is rumoured that Bill is the patron of the powerful popular front lobbying for an increase in the paltry thirty-eight gallons meted out at present.



KEN WILSON renowned wherever international gourmets, connoisseurs of fine foods and hashmen congregate to consume superb cuisine. Years of intensive training and experience made Army cook Ken the obvious choice for the thankless task of feeding the ravenous hounds. After twenty years of preparing banquets for an unappreciative Army, Ken assures us that it is a feeling akin to blish to stand back and watch the writhing crush of humanity demolishing four loaves of bread, ten pounds of savs, two bottles of sauce, one table and three or four slow fingers in less than two minutes. Aptly named, DICK WOLFE has managed several times under the reliable eye of official scrutineer Farrell to kick and gouge his way back, not for seconds, but thirds before the dust settles. We are hoping that when Wolfe returns with his newly acquired bride, she will be able to satisfy his voracious appetite if he doesn't eat her first. Dick has intimated that FARREL has exaggerated in a pique of jealousy and has in turn nominated Farrell for "hash fang".



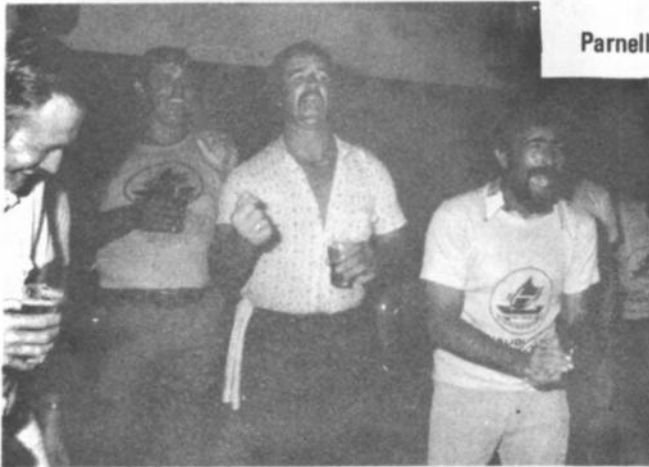
Do you have problems with alcohol? Are you terrified that your spouse might discover your hidden caches? Are you tired of rationing the joys of alcohol to the Monday night apres and the weekend club swill? LES WALDRON, entrepreneur, womaniser, cad, longtime hashman and foundation member of the harriettes provides the solution for you. ALCOHOLICS UNANIMOUS . . . Waldron, Steve the Pom and Bill Dickson form the nucleus of this exciting new service to hashmen. Meetings are convened each Wednesday, 7.30 sharp at Haus Waldron. Bring a carton, and a flagon — newcomers welcome.

Parking can be a headache when up to 100 vehicles converge on a narrow suburban street. Luckily we are blessed with the services of ex-Randwick parking attendant KEV PARNELL, readily recognizable in his two inch welded waterpipe enclosed Landrover. Parnell's brusque method of dealing with irate householders who find their drive-ways blocked "yer could drive a bloody Mack through there, piss off." is an inspiration to lesser hashmen.

Les Waldron



Parnell



It is reliably reported the gifted journalists, BEVAN and JAMES turned down lucrative offers from the Woman's Weekly to produce the widely read paper known as Hash News-sheet.

Laurie's experience gained with the Government Printing Office has helped considerably with reducing production costs while a rentless Bevan roams the endless corridors of the Waigani white elephant complexes on extended coffee breaks searching out fresh material.

The industrious pair have found further outlets for their provocative articles in the Ela Beach public toilets and the Badili Fish and Chip store.

Bevan



A man walked into a bar and found the place really jumping with the proprietor playing ragtime music on the piano. He asked for a beer and was just about to drink it, when a monkey ran along the bar and dipped it's balls in the beer. The man hunted it away and ordered another beer, asking the barman if he knew who owned the monkey. The barman told him that it belonged to the proprietor who was playing the piano. The man was just about to drink his new beer when the monkey bounded up again and dipped his balls in it. At this the man decided he would complain to the proprietor, so he walked over to the piano and tapped him on the shoulder.

'Excuse me', he said, 'But do you know your monkey keeps dipping his balls in my beer?'

The proprietor stopped playing and pondered for a moment; 'Can't say that I do', he replied, 'But if you could hum a few bars I might be able to pick it up!'

EXTRA HASH ACTIVITIES



HASH ASHES (The Knackered Knacker) Hashmen being first-rate sportsmen naturally excel in the exacting, athletic pastime of cricket. Our first challenge was issued by the renowned Koitaki Country Club and resulted in a draw, the scoreboard reading KCC 16 for 76; with Hoek, Beswick and O'Sullivan each capturing 3 wickets; O'Connell and Prosser each 2; and one each to Steve the Pom, Ross Jordan and Wild Bill Dickson. In reply HHH managed 1 for 46; with Ima Moll 20n.o. and Ross Jordan 13 n.o., before Koitaki's prayers were answered and play was washed out at 4 o'clock.

Koitaki went into serious training and a rematch saw a Hash team strengthened by the last minute inclusion of middle order batsman, Rassmussen, fresh from a Southern tour; fast bowler Lee and sidekick Animal Mortlock take the field and bundle out KCC for a vastly improved 17 for 83. Undoubtedly Koitaki would have made a much better showing but for the fact that HHH included SIX people who could catch a ball notably Ima, Chimbu & Mick, Beswick, Hoek and 'Keeper Pommy Steve. Wickets were shared by Beswick, Pearson, Hoek, Roberts, O'Sullivan, Wild Bill, Dubois, Schokker, Johnson and Penny.

HHH quickly settled to the task and soon passed KCC's total ending the day with 13 for 109; top-scorer being sundries 30; closely followed by Wokka Pearson 20n.o.; Hoek 15; Ima 13 (in three hits); Gary Johnson 12n.o.; Maurie Roberts a stylish 11; Mick Price a patient 10; Wild Bill an amazing 9; and Rassmussen a solid duck, to ensure that the coveted Knackered Knacker remains with the Hash Heirlooms for another season.

Complaints have reached our ears that Hashers tend to be very narrow minded — eating, drinking and sleeping hash — UNTRUTH. Though most of these complaints originated from bitter womenfolk our special investigation branch did interrogate a cross-section of the hash and takes great pleasure in presenting the vindicating results of its very comprehensive survey.

HASH SQUASH: It is with pleasure that the first annual report on official hash participation in the Port Moresby Squash Association competition is presented.

At the beginning of the 1975 Spring Squash competition, two Hash teams were formed to encourage and promote an 'Apres-Squash' atmosphere at the Squash Club, based on the world renowned Apres-Hash of Monday nights. Two teams entered the C3 competition, Hashiteers and El Hashish Inc., and they contained such Hash notables as Nick Sheard and Rod Hard (respective captains), Ross Duckham, John Pollock, Ian Ripper, Phil Naish, Kerin Nash and Charlie Harrison.

The teams finished 4th and 3rd respectively, after fighting out a thrilling semi-final in which El Hashish won by the narrow margin of two rubbers.

The 1976 Autumn competition saw both teams promoted to C1, with name changes to HASHIMKAN and WUCKFITZ respectively. Additions to the Wuckfitz were Hashers Neil Robinson and Geoff Tierney, who had defected from the dreaded "New Breed". Another successful season resulted, with final positions 4th (again), and 2nd. In the current season, the Hashimkan team is playing in the B5 competition, starring as Hashismash, in honour of the SMASH Brewery.

The magnificent successes of the two teams are due to three factors:

1. The strenuous squash-arm exercises in which the teams indulge at the Squash Club "Apres-Squash". (jugs are IN, and the Club has never been the same since.)

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2. The remarkable ability to put away 90% of wood-shots as clear winners (and there are plenty of wood shots). Time and time again, a winning wood-shot would tip a game at the vital stage.
3. The brilliant court strategy devised by the Hashimkan team. A study of squash comp. matches has shown that when a player endeavours to hit the ball into a corner so that his opponent cannot return it, (which of course is the idea of the game) the ball invariably ends up back in centre-court. The Hashimkan team has shown that the converse is true (for Hash teams anyway). The ball is aimed at centre-court, and invariably falls irretrievably into a corner; which corner? — nobody knows, especially the Hash. This unbeatable strategy is seen as the reason for the meteoric rise through the grades of Hash Squash — C3 to C1 to B5.

Next Comp — A Grade

Next Year — THE WORLD CAM NANRIPPER

HASH FOOTBALL: Port Moresby HHH have participated in the Port Moresby touch football (Rugby League) competition over the past two years, and is in the throes of organising another all-conquering team for the forthcoming '77 season.

In 1974 HHH entered on team in the comp, containing such devastating sportsmen as Joe "Bozo" Shaw, Duckham, "Chang" Beswick, "Mouth" Harrison, Dennis "Flash" Hoek, "Twinkletoes" Webb, John Sullivan and Les Waldron.

The team itself acquitted itself incredibly well finishing well up with the leaders. Results of matches played escape me at this late date, but a few notable incidents come to mind. Few hashmen who played that year could ever forget the memorable try brilliantly scored by Joe Shaw; Bob Beswick's comedy of errors that led to yet another try (Bob still maintains that his "well positioned little kick" over the heads of the opposition and subsequent recovery of the ball was a well thought out manoeuvre.); Charlie Harrison who had one set of tactics for the team and another set for himself; and last but not least the unforgettable decision of the "man in white" (who shall remain nameless) in which Hash was penalised for "not allowing the opposition enough time to retire the required 5 metres.

Due to the fact that the '74 allstars were split into two camps, and the fact that all were another year older, plus the total lack of fitness of both teams, only one game was won by the two teams. This game, one of the most "violent", "fast" and "electrifying" struggles of the competition ended in the complete annihilation of Hash One by Hash Two.

The '75 comp was also filled with many memorable occurrences. Perhaps the most noteworthy concerned the "man in white" once again, (a different one this time) and occurred during the clash between Hash One and Hash Two. It came in the form of a very eloquent comment made by "Rocket" Pollock about said referee, quote: "This f. . wit referee used to be a pupil of mine 13 years ago and is just as bloody stupid now, if not worse." unquote.

In an effort to get their own back Hash One convinced Hash Two that they would do with the services of a "superb sportsman who turned out to be the most bloody useless refugee from a chicken farm ever to be let loose on a football field, and surprisingly he wasn't a member of HHH. To no avail. Hash Two emerged victorious a second time and followed with a disputed points decision in the ensuing liquid refreshment competition.

It must be pointed out in all fairness that Hash One suffered from internal strife due partly to Muhammad Hayes' nomination as captain and his lack of delicacy in handling his troops, especially his violent methods in enforcing co-operation. Perce kept everyone on their toes and nearly gave one perplexed referee a heart attack when he king hit not an opponent, linesman or spectator, but his own team-mate.

In spite of an indifferent season, Hash One and Two did actually make the final four after the fifth team in the comp. (Wankbank) pulled out towards the end of the season.

The '76 team has been considerably strengthened by the departure of Ducko and Perce, and the amalgamation of Hash One and Hash Two to form the new look MANLY-SMASH (M-S).

Already the precision machine like game developed by M-S has topped the highly fancied Bridgestone combination 1-0 in the season's first encounter, with stalwarts Dustcoat Nick and Steve

the Pom on the wings capably assisted by Staples, Hoek, Ima, the Evans twins — Russ and Geoff — and the butterfingered folloies Waldron, Chimbu and Dickson.

Amazingly the first game ended with only minor inter-team altercations with the major disruptions occurring late in the night as the wives descended to drag the widely celebrating husbands home at irregular intervals — notably a vociferous Ms. Farrell rescuing a protecting little Bradley, a tight lipped Ms. Sheard cold shouldering little Nick and and infuriated Ms. Chimbu actually raining blows on little Chimbu much to Waldron's delight.



HASH BASHERS

HASH SOCIAL HISTORY

The first Hash "social" event took place in February, 1974. Euphemistically designated the "First Annual General Meeting", it was held at the Officers' Mess, PNGDF Barracks, Goldie River. It was the trend-setter for the great annual general piss-ups that have followed and nobody was really surprised when H3 was subsequently banned from the Officers' Mess for ever more.

Several attempts were made to star in the show, including streaks around the mess and through the fishpond, but the prize for the best AGM/AGPU trick went to one Dennis Haynes.

Dennis has long since departed these shores, but the memory of the event lives on. The night of the AGM was his wedding anniversary and he had promised to return to his beloved sober and at an early hour to carry out his anniversary duties. Somewhere in the vicinity of 11 pm., he managed to get into his car and find his way to the main gate. Being either totally Pissed or unused to the ritual of passing through military-type-gates (probably both), he ignored commands and signs to stop and tried to continue along the road towards Port Moresby.

Unfortunately, his passage was impeded by a large boom gate which inconsiderately wrapped itself around the windscreen of the car and broke it, destroying its own virginal shape in the process of showering Master Haynes with broken glass.

Somehow he managed to extricate himself from the gate's clutches and to escape the irate sentry. He also managed to get home and knock on the front door. Happy Anniversary Wife (by this time inclining towards divorce) flung it open and confronted said Haynes, bleeding from a lacerated face, who proceeded to chunder on the floor and passout. Needless to say he won the Bazza McKenzie Prize of 1974.

Most social events that have occurred since have been a little more refined. The next was quite mundane by comparison — a dinner

dance at the Squash Club in May — and helped to convince doubting wives of the basic couthness of their spouses. Attendance was limited to 70, which did not strain the membership at all at that stage.

Then the membership boom began and by the time of the First Annual Nakka in August, 1974, the venue had to be the Turf Club to hold the crowd of over 250. Precedents were set at this affair for future extravaganzas — T-shirts, free grog, great kai, nominal charge, and a magnificent main event over the last furlong of the race track.

Fifteen runners faced the starter, each clad in his streaking best, and flashed down the floodlit straight to the roars of the multitude on the clubhouse verandah. After a torrid tussle Rod Hard won by a head from Charlie Harrison, only to find that someone had raided the jockeys' room and removed all the ball-covering gear.

A couple of months later saw the 50th run, which was a relatively sedate affair held at Doug (Ansett) Durrington's mansion on the hill. This was also the occasion of the first run united with the Hash House Harriettes.

Next came the SEcond AGM, held at the SMASH Brewery, with highlights being the ceremonial ducking of office bearers in the brewer's slops, a spit-roasted hindquarter of beef, and amplified serenading of the inhabitants of Gordons Heights.

The May Dance reached the status of an annual event with the 1975 venue of the Golf Club, where slight turmoil was created by the uninitiated daring to dance on the practice putting green outside the clubhouse.

The Second Annual Nakka, a free-swinging affair for Independence, followed in September, 1975. Once again the Turf Club was the venue and the Independence Stakes saw Hard attempt a double. Unfortunately, the spotlights failed halfway down the straight and the result was never known. A record crowd of 300 participated in the sinking of the Independence Punch, which, by quite early in the evening, had sunk the On Sec. He had made it in the afternoon and gallantly volunteered to taste it throughout the early part of the night to ensure that it was fit for everybody else to consume. The big success of this ball was the appearance by Sydney singer, Ian Nash.

December witnessed an event of significance and one that was not. At the 100th Run celebration at the brewery a record for beer consumption was established, with the usual rousing entertainment. About a week previously there was a strange affair at the Golf Club. One member had taken it upon himself to organise a Christmas Dance without consulting the Committee. The result was an attendance consisting of one club manager, three barmen, four Hashmen and wives, 14 frogs and five thousand mosquitoes.

The Third AGM in February, 1976, saw the addition of a jazz band to the normal run of entertainment at the brewery. No doubt Gordons inhabitants appreciated the musical accompaniment to familiar songs. This was followed by the May Dance, held in June this year either because it is a leap year or because nobody could get organised any earlier.

This potted history of Hash Social Events inevitably excludes the many personal vignettes that make such events so memorable to the individual, but memory is not a strong point of those who attend such activities. Nor does it include sundry small gatherings associated with squash, cricket, touch football, committee meetings at the brewery and numerous small gatherings now long forgotten.





HASH HOUSE HARRIERS LAE



LAE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

A strange notice appeared on the board of the "Tahs" sporting club and thus Lae's sportsmen were made aware of an event to take place the following Monday October 21, '74 — a "hash run (?)".

Ex Moresby harrier, John Carrol, laid the trail and attracted a small gathering of curious participants — notably Billy Reardon, Steve Connell, Alan Rowe, Mike Kalas (ex POM HHH), Col Oman (ex KL HHH), and Paul Cummings to inaugurate Lae HHH. News of the wonderful novel way of getting sparked spread quickly and soon a hard-core of fifteen to twenty runners became the backbone of the organisation.

Probably the blackest day in hash was when a "mongrel uninvited", Peter Stewart, announced himself at the hash in Feb. '75. Things were never quite the same again and even a transfer to distant Yonki failed to dampen the ardour of this intrepid harrier who drives 120 miles to Lae each and every weekend to ensure that apres hashes endure long into the night.

As if this wasn't bad enough, '75 saw the enlistment of the Recce F1t. boys and derelicts of the calibre of Darcy Wilson, Lee Aylward, "Bull" Long and "Obie" O'Brien brought a new lease of life to the apres and subsequent boozing and wenching. Darcy's fond farewell gesture (on his first run) to a departing Geoff Horsnell — upending him and pouring a beer in the wrong whole sent a shiver of fear and trepidation through the assembled throng — it was justified! A mass resignation of hashmen was barely averted by the steadying influence of stalwarts Geoff Steedman, Harry Sonogan, Irish O'Sullivan and John Collyer.

The hash just outlasted Darce and crew and their departure heralded the arrival of Barry Hunt, excellent entertainment and our worst run (climb) from the abbatoirs.

At about the same time, the Harriettes folded up and the gallant hashmen ran united for a couple of weeks. However, veiled intentions of Ugly Dave, Andy Dempster, King "K" Linnane and crest-fallen egos of slowies Canning and "Old Man" Cummings soon put an end to this little episode.

The Lae Amateur Athletics Association AND the Hash were invited to accompany the Independence Torch relay and Alan Rowe and Mick O'Connell nearly won our first posthumous award for their efforts in trying to save face against the LAAA heavies in the eight mile sprint.

'76 has heralded a charity run, another crack at the Independence Run with Brian Gascoigne and Tippi sharing the honours with Alan, the first live run with Marty Johnston very nearly removing the hares drawers and that memorable action-packed event the 100th run:—



LAE HASH'S 100TH EXTRAVAGANZA

At 5.30 pm on Friday the 24th September, 1976, an Air Niugini DC3 aircraft circled Lae International, touched down and taxied, somewhat unsteadily, towards the terminal. The arrival of this flight heralded the beginning of a weekend of festivities and excesses and a significant landmark in Lae Hash's history. Actually for the passengers staggering off the plane the story had started many hours before as a scruffy cross section of the Moresby Hash hardcore assembled at the Balus Bar — but then that is another tale altogether.

As the booze flowed freely, at Ugly Daves on Friday night, it became apparent that the Moresby lads had started their run too early and were now a burnt out shadow of their former glory (?) — "Wild" Bill Dickson must have slept in every chair at onetime during the evening, while the party restaurateur, Max Schliebs made a noble gesture to Hash by sending the talented band CAS along when the action had ceased at his establishment. Then it became a battle for both the young and old to make the dance floor partnering Victoria — whose nothing to the imagination blouse ensured her of host of admiring drunks.

The merriment continued long and hard into the morning hours with the tailenders heading off at 6 am. Of course there were those, such as the Yonki Kid, who'd made such pigs of themselves that it wasn't worth their while going home anyway. Others, like Tippi, were so bombed that even a lawn mower running backwards and forwards only inches from his head, a few hours later failed to stir the slightest sight of movement.

By 3 in the afternoon a large pack had gathered at the Waratahs and were anxiously milling around scanning the road. A quarter of an hour later the two hares came in panting — (imagine what it would have been if Mick had been allowed that game of squash as well.) A short briefing to the hungover hounds then the hares were off again, for the third time that day. Three minutes later the front gates of the Tahs were thrown open and the pack surged out — through the back gates. Eventually the trail was picked up leading through the showground and around the end sports oval. A whistle alerted the pack to the hare and instinctively the out of towners, led by such athletes as the Rate, the Kaiapit King and Phil Rasmussen, made a beeline for O'Connell apparently undeterred by the 20 m embankment topped by a 15 m barbed wire fence that separated the hounds from their quarry — that was the end of the chase for that particular group. Meanwhile the remaining old hands led by Rowie exited into Markham Road via the gate and picked up the trail in Bumbu Road with Waldron, Purvis and Ima Moll setting a cracking pace past a carefully hidden Fergus. An ill timed appearance by the hare right into the face of the bulk of the pack streaming out of Jawani Drive ensured a hot blooded gallop across the golf course where a frantic Fergus escaped into thin air(?).

With hounds streaming in from every direction and gathering at the base of dreaded Chimbu Hill, co-hare O'Connell was forced to show himself permanently and was promptly bailed up by a pack of dogs — sympathetic villagers sprung to the rescue while unsympathetic hashers led by the O'Sullivans, Irish and Harry seized their opportunity and only the greatest good fortune saved the hare as he tore free and plunged down a 50 m embankment to narrowly avoid capture by ex Wales winger Brian Gascoigne. Confusion reigned as a hobbling O'Connell withdrew to the safety of a PMV leaving Fergus to the mercies of the pack. The gremlins had scattered the paper and worse, star Moresby import Waldron had done it again — led the pack off on a trail of his own intuition.

Finally the hare went looking for the hounds in a reversal of form and the chase resumed along a narrow, muddy track, over a barbed wire fence, then across the paddocks towards the abbatoirs. It was ON home straight up the road with Waldron and Ima Moll hot on his heels, to make it in by a whisker. The rest of the pack now quite a way behind, followed the set trail, which looped down into the Bumbu River, to give everyone a complete cross section of the Lae Hash tracks.

A couple of quick beers each were downed outside the prison gates before it was on, back to the 'Tahs to demolish Moresby Hash's imported keg in equally quick time. The boys then straggled off to collect their other halves for the big dinner at the Aero Club and to successfully assist in reducing Hash's healthy bank balance to a negative quantity. The highlight of the evening was the arrival of the musical accompaniment. Unfortunately the piano, courtesy of the Rizzle, took a graceful dive over the side of Peter Stewart's ute into Air Corps Road — and arrived with no single piece larger than a ruler.

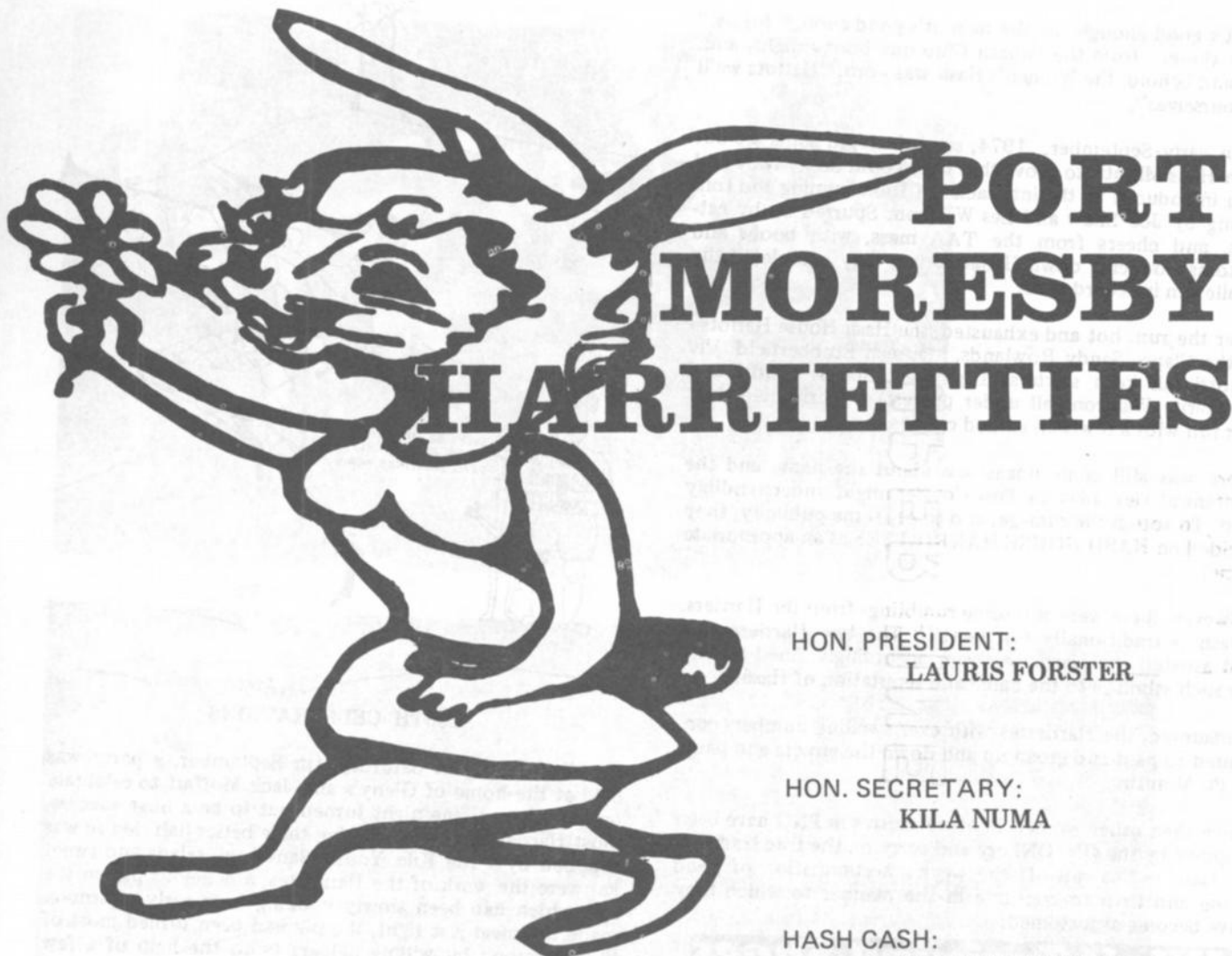


Apart from the usual guzzling and gorging by the assembled multitude, there were a few works from Hash Master Rowe and quite a few more from Hash Father Carrol, the inevitable boat race where Lae completely swamped the visitors, a buck-buck victory to Moresby and raucous singing led by Kent, Purvis and Coope this time, due to circumstances beyond our control, unaccompanied by Winifred Sonogan from Kavieng. Once again the next morning was well under way before the drunks had rolled home.

However, in the true spirit, the gluttons for punishment were gathering again at Andy Johnston's a few hours later for a poolside piss-up and BBQ. Things were just starting to liven up when the rain came down and the Moresby charter was due to depart. Lae airport has never seen such an invasion, and for nearly an hour the rest of the Sunday afternoon crowd stood dumbfounded while the wild Hashmen gathered and prepared to depart.

By now the Lae lads had well and truly got their second wind and it was back to Andy's to tackle those 30 cartons and to witness a bizarre aquatic exhibition. (though some unimpressed mothers collected their flock together and rushed them home to save their unsoiled minds.). Peter and Ugly certainly didn't look attractive in Kath's bikini, but there were no complaints as to how Kath looked minus the same article.

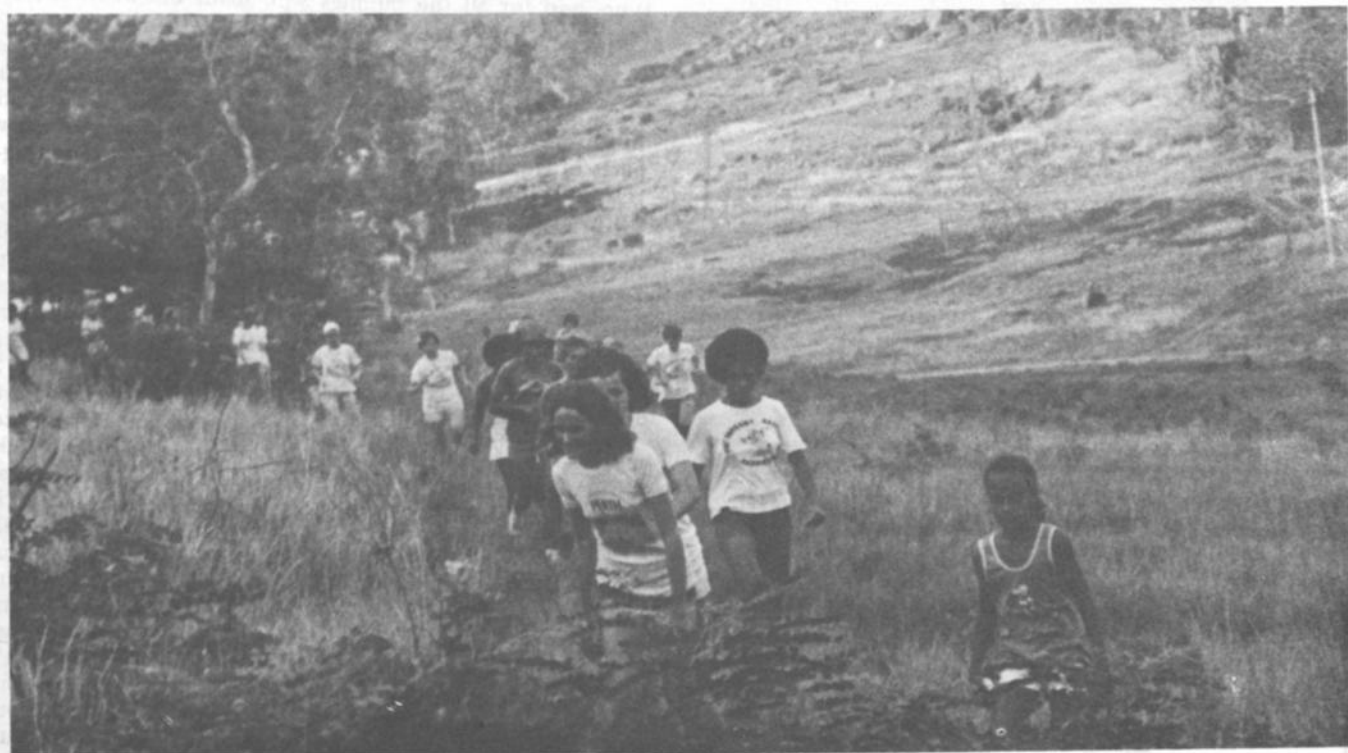
Work attendance around Lae next morning was particularly low but by late afternoon a few had recovered sufficiently to consider attending the actual 100th run set by Dave Coope. Although technically it could be considered mostly a walk, it certainly was no picnic stroll and part way up the first hill the hounds were begging to twitch with the symptoms of the weekend's excesses. Back to Dave Coope's place where a memorable weekend was relived by those steady enough to down a coldie and a show of hands backed the pack's shaky resolve to assault Moresby on their 150th.



HON. PRESIDENT:
LAURIS FORSTER

HON. SECRETARY:
KILA NUMA

HASH CASH:
NOREEN VINING



"If it's good enough for the men, it's good enough for us." came the cry from the Squash Club one boozy night, and, low and behold, the Women's Hash was born. "Harlots we'll call ourselves".

So in early September, 1974, seven intrepid souls set out from Haus Minotti to prove that they could do it. They had been introduced to the intricacies of Hash running and trail setting by Joe Shaw and Les Waldron. Spurred on by cat-calls, and cheers from the TAA mess, with boobs and bottoms bouncing down Henao Drive, they completed the 3/4 mile run in record time.

After the run, hot and exhausted, the Hash House Harlots - Keitha Clapp, Sandy Rowlands, Maureen Stubberfield, Viv Minotti (all keen starters) Legu Lee, Bonnie Kinder and Marguerite Waldron (all under protest) - christened their first run with a few well earned coldies.

There was still some uneasiness about the name and the puritanical view that the Post Courier might understandably take. To soften their image, and to get some publicity, they decided on HASH HOUSE HARRIETTES as an appropriate name.

However, there were still some rumblings from the Harriers. "Hash is traditionally for men!!!" The two Harriers who had assisted the Harriettes were accordingly fined heavily for such sacrilege to the name and reputation of Hash.

Undaunted, the Harriettes with ever swelling numbers continued to pant and groan up and down the streets and paths of Pt. Moresby.

Since then other women in other centres in PNG have been inspired by the ON, ON! cry and carry on the true tradition of Hash - "to run off the week's accumulation of good living and then to continue in the manner to which they have become accustomed.

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100TH CELEBRATIONS

On the evening of Saturday 4th September, a party was held at the home of Gleny's and Jack Moffatt to celebrate our 100th run, the night turned out to be a huge success, most Harriettes arrived, towing their better half. Music was supplied by "The Kila Youth Band", all salads and sweet kai were the work of the Harriettes, a delicious pig on the spit which had been slowly cooking from early afternoon made the meal just right, the pig had been turned most of the afternoon by willing helpers (with the help of a few tubes) to help pass the time.

A mu-mu was prepared by our National bunnies, and was mouth watering.

Our thanks to Gleny's for the use of her home, and for the extra work she had, as Jack was away in Australia at the time, and for all the bunnies who made our night one to remember.

RUN NO. 100: On a perfect Moresby Monday afternoon Pia armed with coconut-meat, paper and chalk, hit the road to set her first hash trail, and did she set a beauty. We saw parts of Korobosea we never dreamed existed. With our biggest roll up on record, 41 bunnies set off. Included in the 41 were four newcomers, well developed cuties with elaborate hairdos, namely Michael "Michelle" Butler, Chris "Christine" Pemberton, Les "Lesley" Waldron and Steven "The Pom" Key. If you can't guess, they were Hash House Harriers who arrived unexpectedly to help us celebrate our 100th run. Following the sound of the "Hash Horn", the trail led across Gavamani Road, through Kila Kila No. 2 village, coming out near the Indonesian Embassy. Here a false trail had us milling around and also gave us a chance to examine Wendy's injured leg with our eager new bunny "Christine" applying a handkerchief. Finally the trail was located on Korobosea Drive, but soon petered out, and it was back through a vacant allotment, across the hills coming out behind the hospital, and then home. Our thanks to Pia for a well set run and to Wari, Anna and helpers for the delicious barbeque which helped to make the run a memorable one. The "Mens Hash" presented Marg Waldron, the only foundation member with a "Hash Horn", a most unexpected gesture and greatly appreciated, our thanks for their thoughtfulness, and for joining us on our 100th run. The evening finished with birthday cake, fruit punch, wine and more wine.



TALES OF THE GREATEST HARE OF THEM ALL

THE RIO GRANDMASTER

INTERNATIONAL

HASH

RONALD BIGGS

*"Act smart" hissed Mr. Butler, "while you've got the bleedin' chance;
A prison cell's awaiting you — not the South of fucking France.
Turn against your mates, lad, I'll get you off with ten;
Just write down their names for me — here's my fountain pen."*

*"Do you know what you can do?" I said, shitless, grey — but grim.
"Go and write your favourite fag." and I pushed it back to him.*

*"Alright, I'm going to charge you, with conspiracy to rob —
I know the phrase is fancy — but then, so was the job.
"You're going to get twenty years." his voice rose to a shout.
You won't be fit for shovelling shit by the time they let you out."*

*Well charged I was — and printed, my soul suffused with pain,
I'd gone from rags to riches — and back to rags again.
Then briskly off to Bedford nick, into the flowery cells;
Lonely nights, sombre silence. Foul, familiar smells.*

*Believe me lads, twenty years was a bit too much for me;
I wouldn't see horses, grog or women till nigh on sixty three;
Parole! Not bloody likely, tunnel, trustee, trustee not a chance
I'd have to hit on something cunning to make the south of France.*

*Day in, day out, I schemed and sweated, my mind toiled endlessly;
Until at last I came upon the means of getting free;
I'd set an international hash from my dreary little cell
Up over Wandsworth walls and away from the gates of hell.*

*I laid the trail thick and clear with pound notes that I'd stashed
A false trail to Dublin and on to France I dashed
The pack thundered on mercilessly now several hundred strong,
Tally ho! they thought they had me when the gendarmes joined the throng.*

*But I'd heard of a quiet spot down under
A great land of birds, booze and chunder
A land where Poms, dagoes and abos are held in equal esteem
Where only second generation bludgers are counted among the cream.*

*I laid my ten pound note on the counter and said "Get me over there."
I grew my hair, got a cultural grant, and lived on Australia's welfare*

*The trail grew cold, I settled down in a peaceful little dale
While the CIB and state police ferretted each and every false trail
Alas. All good things come to an end — even in the this simple sunny land,
And it wasn't long before Scotland Yard was brought in to lend a hand.*

*Now they moved in fast "checking" was the cry
I hurriedly packed, to Tullamarine and goodbye
They were hot on the trail, fenzied shouts reached my ears
Would I make it on home, or rot for twenty years.*

*On home to Rio, the haven I craved —
Of freedom for cons, pimps, whores and depraved
"On bucket." rang out, and into the beer
You've never seen an apres like the ones over here.*

HASH HOUSE HARRIERS INTERNATIONAL LIST DECEMBER 1975

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THE HISTORY OF GOROKA HASH

In February 1975 hand bills showing an exhausted PNG Bank Johnny staggering towards a giant green bottle began regularly appearing under car windscreen wipers throughout Goroka. On Saturday mornings it became unwise to leave one's car unattended for longer than it took to visit Steamies' Bottle Dept. and return, for fear of the wipers being ripped from the car body under the mass of literature.

On closer reading, the handbills advertised "a light country jog" followed by as much piss as could be drunk, from something called a "Hash Bucket".

Around 8 residents took the advertisement seriously enough to meet at the then Goroka Hotel, to find that the whole thing was a ruse by Apex Goroka, in the name of Community Involvement, to gain more members. Apex succeeded, but in the process Goroka Has was born, and the man behind it all — Leo Jones of Rothmans (free sporting films folks). Terry Lewis and Bruce Goddard became Joint Masters, Phil Oakley On Sec, and Greg Simpson Hash Cash.

February 17th, 1975: a bitterly cold drizzly highland evening, saw twelve hounds in drenched and clinging T-shirts do a circuit of the Goroka airstrip, struggling to follow a trail set by hare Noel Peters, and suffering abuse from D.C.A. staff who insisted that running be done on the grass outside the cones and not on the tar runway. Hare Peters was to blame, he had scrawled "ON, ON" along the centre-line of the runway because that was the only place he could find to use up his pocketful of chalk.

The only consolation of Run 1 was that S.P. provided the first Hash Bucket and free Anchor T-shirts.

Interest in Hash grew during the first few months, with up to fifteen hounds baying at the height of the season. However, around September, the number of regular runners plummeted to eight when On Sec Phil Oakley and Hash Cash Greg Simpson were replaced by Noel Peters and Dave Anderson in time to explain dubious book entries to the auditors.

Several Hash wives began to bitch over the goings-on at the Hash Bucket, when husbands continued to climb into bed at 1 am wearing only muddy Dunlop Volley sandshoes and stinking of Golden Crust pies. To appease the ladies, it was suggested that they also join the run and the Hash Bucket, resulting in Jenny Mitchell, Ali Oakley, Eileen Macklin, Naomi Peters and Jo McKerrow running with the pack in the first mixed run in March '75.

Mixed running did have its attractions, as the display from behind was always more appealing than the trail master at the head of the pack. Consequently, the ladies regularly led the pack home, followed by flushed jostling husbands with questionable intentions, now only two eager to remove their Dunlop Volleys, and everything else as well; but having to wait, because the women were enjoying the Hash Bucket.

So that children could see just what piss-pots their parents really were, monthly family nosh-up bar-b-ques became a regular part of Goroka Hash.

December 1st was the last run of the 1975 season, when 15 hares suffered Leo Jones' climb to the Goroka Lookout in drenching rain. Goroka Hash finished the year as it had started, sodden and uncertain on its feet, with no Rothmans' sporting films because the projector had blown a lamp.

February 9th was the start of the 1976 HASH season in Goroka. Thirteen hares ran, eight of whom were trying to work off the previous year's credits which Hash Cash Anderson had used to finish 1975 with a credit balance on his books.

1976 held promise for Goroka Hash; membership increased alarmingly, and demanded a change in the executive. With so many ladies running, the position of Joint Mistress was created, with only the female hounds abstaining from the vote. Jenny Mitchell was more than enough to breast the position, while Noel Peters was "promoted" from his weekly task of turning out literature of doubtful quality, to that of Joint Master. Jenny's husband, Brian, became On Sec while Hash Cash Anderson retained his position because the accounts showed a credit balance of K3.5 plus half a carton of S.P., a box of Golden Crust pies (unclaimed from March 1975) and on muddy Dunlop Volley sandshoe. (Gobbles Allen was later seen leaving hastily from a house of ill repute clutching a single muddy Dunlop sandshoe, though he disclaimed ownership of the shoe still in the possession of Hash Cash.

Many a face was blanched on April 26th when 26 hounds sporting "50th RUN" T-shirts thundered through Goroka streets following mammoth "50" signs scrawled in chalk over roads, curbs, the Bank of N.S.W., Burns Philp, the Bird of Paradise, etc., etc., The hares for this run were, of course, the Joint Master and Mistress who, as fondling members of the club laid a demanding trail up the Goroka Lookout, where quantities of S.P. were provided at a half-way house, to ease gasping throats. The pack continued along the Lookout



ridgeline, to descent through a water hazard and rejoin the Old Bena Road for the "On Home".

The newly formed Aero Club of Goroka foolishly opened its doors for the Hash Bar-b-que come nosh-up to celebrate the 50th Run. Much speech making by founder Leo "I sniff it out" Jones was greeted by a hail of empty white cans and a single muddy Dunlop sandshoe. (Gobbles Allen still denies ownership). Also present at this run were Port Moresby Hash's John Pollock and Pat Snillok.

Since the 50th Run, Goroka Hash has enjoyed several high points, the APEX of which must be Leo Jones' out of town run at the Rothmans factory on May 17th, in which the pack was separated early in the run leaving ten hounds struggling through scrub and pit pit in typical Jones weather — wet. Iron man Peter Jack held the pack together while Paul Muriki led it to safety, claiming he was drawn by the wafting odour of burning Golden Crust pies at the Hash Bucket. As Leon's run was the worst yet experienced by Goroka Hash it earned him a HASHIT award. (A muddy Dunlop Volley sandshoe and a globe for his projector.)

In keeping with the mixed (male and female) pack of Goroka, several trails have been set by the ladies only. One trail completely confused the pack (as only female hares could) and had it back clamouring at the Hash Bucket just half an hour after the start. Liberal quantities of piss and plates of steaming gruel soon put the pack in a happier frame of mind.

At the time of writing (4.05 pm) three hounds have actually completed 50 runs, with a handful still pounding through the forties.

Such is the fame of Goroka Hash that in all seriousness, it was asked to participate in the Invitation 1500 metres at the Goroka Show this year. To save face, Hash politely declined, but did offer a single muddy Dunlop Volley sandshoe to any athlete who needed it.
ON. ON. Noel Peters

AN AUSTRALIAN LAMENT

*Australia's a lovely land
It's full of bonzer blokes
Sheilas, Beer and no-one's queer
except in Pommie jokes.*

*Australians are lovely chaps
They're God's own chosen race
If they ever see a fairy Pom
They'll smash him in the face.*

*Australians like dressing up.....
in skirts and having fun
And that's all we were doing
When the vice squad came along.*

GOROKA HASH RAMBLING

At 5.15 the first arrived, Noel P, always on time,
By 5.25 the pack had grown, 16 by now had shown.
The Mitchell ranch was the scene for the start
Hare Brian was back; the pack could depart.
The Bank boys arrived, 5 in all,
AT 5.30 rang out the call
ON, ON called Jenny, and away they set
As usual, Leo had not arrived yet.

P.J. out in front near the Red Cross Hall,
Set the pack on the trail with an On, ON call.
Along the road for half a mile,
The group strung out in single file.
Past the schools, to the Golf Club road,
A check was called and the leaders slowed.
The paper was plentiful and clear,
Leo would catch up; have no fear.

ON, ON called Ian as he found the trail,
Confident in stride that he could not fail.
Confusion reigned as Tim was on too
One of them must have made a blue.
More paper was found over the fence,
Near the sewerage farm; what a stench.
Down the valley and into the mud
Jenny came down with a terrible thud.

They struggled through the bog, one and all
From far behind came the plaintive call
ON, ON Leo; came the cry from the pack
He must be at least 500 yards back.
Out of the mud, and up the bank
Covered in crap, they smelled very rank.
A further check, waiting for Dodie and Kim
Leo caught up, Ron was with him.

Cordial greetings exchanged, the pack set forth
Towards a coffee plantation, headed north.
A long winding path saw Bill at the lead
With his ON, ON the pack gathered speed.
Through the coffee, not very dense
Only to be cheated by a barbed wire fence.
Twas Terry that caused the loud uproar
When yet another pair of shorts he tore.
Nancy and Eileen let out a laugh
But soon the pack was back on the path.

False trails were checked by P.J. and Noel
But it was Mike Martin who struggled up out of a hole.
Hash Cash Dave, when chalk mark he found,
Led the group onto higher ground.
The Zokozoi was now in sight
Down through the pines and off to our right.
Heavy rain began falling and curses were heard
Murmurs of the lost tribe of wandering birds.

The trail became slippery, but Jenny made sure
She didn't fall on her arse any more.
Bank boys J.C. and Rusty had taken the lead
An ON, ON call; the pack took heed.
The pigs cleared as they passed one by one
Into a village, the first for the run
Must have been a long way from home
As Gobbles seemed to be unknown.

om the last village, into Kaukau,
The market place was close to now.
The Highlands highway came in sight
A check was called, all was right.
The rain had eased,
And all were pleased.
Brian called ON HOME at last
Although ringing wet, the pace was fast.
ON, ON back to the pies and piss
Surely a night you'd be sorry to miss.

PETER ALLEN



FULL MOON RHYME — THE GOROKA ROTHMANS RUN — (Apologies to Judith Wright)

*There's a hare 'neath the moon to-night
Crouching alone; in spite.
Kunai and sword grass confuse
And all the hounds in the pack
Curse the hare 'neath the moon.*

*I chased that hare to the sky
The ill tempered hounds all cry.
The hare fled into the scrub
And left us here in the cold,
The rain, the swamp and the mud.*

*Come back again, mad hare.
We can't get out of there;
The hounds despairing, sink to their knees
Quagmire, river, pit pit and scree
Oh, for a cold S.P.*

*"ON HOME" reads the chalk on the road
Pounding fee scatter kaukau and stone.
To hunt that hare out 'neath the moon
The hungry hounds pace and strive
Urged on by stale Golden Crust pies.*

HASH TREKS

Bushwalking in rugged, mountainous Papua New Guinea offers many attractions. Though the going is always physically demanding in the tropical heat it is more than compensated for by the open friendliness extended by the villagers, the breathtaking views, cool bubbling streams, peaceful isolation and the endless variety of terrain and flora encountered in a typical walk.

Hashmen have tackled Mt. Wilhelm, Woitape-Maraboi, Wanigela-Wedau- Amazon Bay, but the big attractions are the historic war-time tracks, Kokoda, Wau-Salamaua and Lae-Finschhafen which regularly attract bigger than average fields of walkers.

KOKODA I

The Kokoda Trail is assured of its place in history because of the bitter campaign fought along it 30 years ago. It is only natural that every year many people should want to traverse all or part of this walking track over the Owen Stanley Ranges.

After several delays for various reasons, the DC3 charter to Kokoda was now ready for departure. A cheer went up. We had undergone several weeks of hard training and were now finally on our way. During the flight the weather turned bad. Kokoda was clouded in and, after circling for an hour, we flew on to Popondetta.

Getting from the airport into Popondetta over 15 miles away was easy for the enterprising Hash men. Some hitched rides on full gravel trucks; a larger group commandeered Talco's Tourist Bus and Denis Samin and Less Waldron took control of the police paddy wagon with Dave Stevens, Bob Reynolds and Paul Duke at home in the back. After much stuffing around in Popondetta, fortunately the clubs were shut, we were en-route to Kokoda. Our transport? A six yard Isuzu Tipper (not cleaned after trucking a load of cattle) and driven by a Kamikaze pilot. Oncoming traffic, pedestrians village dogs and chooks all gave way or fled into the jungle.

Our bladder bursting trip ended at Kokoda. A quick lunch; a game of Cowboys and Indians in the War Museum, and we were off again. After the DASF tractor ride through raging torrents, over sheer drops, and up hills too steep for mountain goats, to Hoi Village, we were only too happy to start walking.

The relief of finally being on the Trail was short lived. The trail went straight up. Phil Hearps after only 20 minutes, decided that he had had enough and returned to Kokoda. Over 2 hours passed before the going improved. We reached our first camp, Isurava, on sunset.

The villagers sold us fruit and freshly cooked vegetables. Most preferred to sleep out under the glorious sky to the rest hut. Trevor White and Wayne Horn didn't even bother to erect their hutchies and were almost drowned when torrential rain fell early in the morning. Curses emanated freely from the rest hut too when it was discovered that its roof was completely porous.

It was raining heavily when the early risers i.e. those who had had the beef curry the previous night prepared for the day's walk to Templetons Crossing. The Trail, under a mantle of thick, damp jungle vines was treacherous and most walkers fell frequently. When the party reached a crest after seemingly hours of slogging and slipping, there in front, was always another hill to climb. A welcome rest was called at Alola. The sun had broken through and our spirits rose.

However, after leaving Alola the group soon spread out as the more tired members fell behind. As a result two camps were established that night — one at Templeton's Crossing and the other at a bush shelter about one hours walk behind.

The Templeton's Crossing camp was set up in drizzling rain on the rock strewn creek bank. With darkness descending the camp was gloomy. Most walkers crawled into wet soggy beds, some had not eaten, with only the prospects of a long, damp, cold night. It was over an hour later when the first alcoholically induced laugh was heard — someone was having a party. The camp was totally disrupted later when an argument broke out between firm friends, Gerry Dick and Bob Hearn, which was to last sever days. Bob or was it Gerry, had dropped the bottle of 100 PIPERS smashing it in the creek.

There was plenty of evidence of the Japanese invasion along the Trail near Templetons. The walkers found rounds of live ammunition, spent shells and army helmets — both Japanese and Australian. Mostly these artifacts were left in their jungle graves as the walkers were too stuffed to add to their already heavy loads.

The next days walk was the hardest. It started by wading the waist deep, near frozen waters of a flooded Iora creek, and the steep, slippery hand-over-hand, 2 hour climb out from Templetons'. It was bitterly cold and misty from the low cloud over the Gap. A savage wind chilled the walkers to the bone. The track crossed some of the highest, wildest and most scenic country on the Trail. The steep climb down from Mt. Bellamy provided unparalleled views with Kagi Village in the distance.

Another hours walk plus the inevitable false crests, we reached Kagi. It is here, or so we thought at the time, that the world's best mandarines are grown. We made gluttons of ourselves. John Murphy and Pommy Derek decided that they had had enough (or was it the Kagi wenches?) and pulled out. They were subsequently flown back to Moresby.

The hill out from Kagi was probably the steepest we had encountered. Fortunately we were going down and not up. The river at the bottom afforded a refreshing lunch break and most walkers took time off for a quick swim. Another hour's solid climb and we reached the top. It was steeply ON—DOWN to Efogi village for another dip and the ever-present mandarines.

There was still Brigade Hill to climb, and the track was treacherously slippery after a sudden storm, while the sun burned fiercely overhead. Sever rests were called before the shelter of the enveloping jungle was reached. It was eash from then on — a rolling downhill slope. But this was to play havoc with feet. Several walkers were to lose toe-nails, and most had blisters and sore feet.

The leaders reached Menari at 6.30 pm after walking for almost 12 hours. Others continued arriving until the last, Bob Reynolds staggered in at 9.30 pm. in pouring rain and pitch darkness save for the rapidly failing beam of his torch. Pat Jackman and Denis Samin took a wrong turn, failed to reach Menari and spent a wet night in the jungle.

The villagers at Menari provided dry shelter, firewood, fruit and vegetables. We were able to get our bedding dry for the first time in 3 days. Everyone ate heartily and morale rose. Ron Malcom over-indulged on fruit cake and custard, and chundered while Brian Smith wrote himself off on a potent mixture of Rum and Tang.

It had already been decided that the main party with Graeme Lee in charge would head for Nauro and Less Waldron would stay behind with a small party to wait for the lost Hashmen, and if necessary, organise a search party. There was no need to search however, for the "lost party" arrived in camp about 10 am looking like the proverbial "shags on a rock". After a short rest they were able to continue.

After crossing the log bridge at the end of the village, we immediately started climbing. The ascent was wet and slippery, several walkers fell heavily. We were making good time and hoped to catch the



advance party before they left Nauro. Our task was made easier when Graeme Lee fell and badly injured his leg, causing a long delay. The terrain to the Nauro swamp alternated between steep slippery drops and long loping descents which made walking uncomfortable. The swamp was a complete contrast. It was an eerie place; dark overhead; moss covered trees and logs; knee deep mud and more mud.

We arrived at Nauro just as the advance group was preparing to leave for Ioribaiwa, our last camp. Drinking water was difficult to find at Nauro. We were assured that water was "long hap" over the cattle enclosure. El Toro blocked our return so Cowboy Costello, familiar with the ways of cattle, thumped the friendly beast on the nose. El Toro was obviously upset at this treatment, and sought revenge. Both Costello and Waldron were seen to move at a rate hitherto unknown on the trail with Les just edging out Brian for first place over the gate and El Toro a close third. He was still ranting and bellowing smoke at the gate 30 minutes later when we departed for Ofi Creek. No water for almost 4 hours; a ridge line exposed to the blazing sun; a steep long slippery climb and 999 false crests. The pack spread out. Ofi Creek was a welcome sight and a refreshing rest.

Out of Ofi Creek we were again subjected to an exposed ridge, but this time through head high junai. Thank goodness the sun was going down. It was impossible to see underfoot and falls were frequent. By the time we had reached the top of Ioribaiwa Ridge the sun had disappeared, catching a small group of trailenders in the dark. Bob Reynolds elected to stay with an injured Peter Campbell, camp on the ridge and catch up at first light. The remainder, using a single torch, decided to push on for the village. The walk which took several hours in the dark took Peter and Bob and hour the next day. Halfway down the ridge we discovered that Ioribaiwa was overgrown and deserted. We had to push on and virtually crawled the last hour to finally reach Ua Ule Creek, where we had a nasty experience with a "Man Eating Tree". In the dim torchlight its branches waved like tentacles. Trevor White was seized and almost lifted off the ground. Almost everyone in our group was grabbed around the arm or head as we attempted to save Trevor. We pushed on in a hurry and soon caught the main party and together moved on to a bush shelter to camp.

Morale immediately soared, fires were lit, cooking started, bedding organised, and the rum broken out. It seems every group had a story to tell — Costello bravely fought the maneater to regain a hat. Pat Jackman was attacked; Trevor White had bruises round his throat; and Kel Ryan had the love affair of the century when he stopped for a 'pee' near the killer. Fears were held for the safety of Reynolds and Campbell camped on "Man Eater Mountain", but these were unfounded. The pair arrived safely next morning and a tremendous cheer went up from the camp. The pack was reunited, and Peter's first words were — "Shit!! Did you blokes see that ?????? tree?"

On that final morning spirits were high. It was ON-BUCKET with the only check likely to be at Imita Gap, the steepest section on the Trail, but at the top the pack was all smiles as Gerry Dick's camera recorded the scene for posterity. The Good Guys from SMASH were expecting us at 1 pm at Owen's Corner, so there was time for a final swim in the Goldie River before the tantalising thoughts of a coldie lured us up the final hill. Some of the more acute cases of DT's were seen to actually run.

MORE HASH TRASH

A sociology student, working on a family planning survey asked a large and busty housewife what method of contraception she used. She replied 'We use an Arnott's biscuit tin'. Noting his incredulous look she went on 'You see I'm 6 foot 4 inches tall and my husband is only 5 foot 2. We like to do it standing up, so he stands on the biscuit tin and when I see the whites of his eyes, or feel him begin to tremble, I kick the tin from under him'.

A young couple were having some snooty friends to dinner, when the host, a hashman, let rip with a tremendous fart. 'Damn it, man' cried the indignant guest, 'You've just farted in front of my wife'. 'Sorry mate', replied his hash host, 'I didn't know it was her turn'.

SALAMAUA

OR

BUST



SALAMAUA OR BUST — AND BUST THEY DID

After entertaining the Wau Hotel housie players on Thursday night with tropical tunes and obscure Irish melodies played on the piano by their blind driver Harry Sonnagen, six of Lae's Hash House Harries set out last Friday morning to enjoy the fleshpots and nightclubs that attracted first the gold pioneers and then the troops of two armies on the track between Wau and Salamaua.

Detailed instructions and maps were taken written on the back of a wet bus ticket. Not only were the choicest offerings of the supermarket carried, together with several smart sets of matching two tone khaki linen, but also twenty-four assorted varieties of Morobe Bakery astro-bars, renamed "Wopa" bars (pronounced "whopper" on account of their alleged effect on the libido) to sustain the patrol in times of weariness.

Mostly the said patrol was too weary to unwrap the things and gave them to children. In fact as the feet plodded on the children got a great deal of everything including food, clothing, family heirlooms and anything else that was by then too heavy to carry further. Peter Stewart's generosity in this regard should see the reduction of next budget's Australian aid.

Zest and enthusiasm to reach Skin Sigindiwai by the Friday night were added to by the persistent efforts of a vast number of leeches to establish a branch of the World Blood Bank between there and Wau. Even so his companions were not amused by Tim Soala's habit of running to catch up after the water stops. By that stage Alan Rowe had decided to do the walk the hard way and contracted multiple palsey of the nervous system (later diagnosed as brochial plexus palsey) losing the use of his left arm.

In Sigindiwai itself Mick O'Connell had the opportunity to continue a flourishing medical practice (1 family, four dogs and two early roosters).

The second day was distinguished by the Nureyev-like exquisite grace of the party keeping to the track above the Budavai Gorge without falling into it, which elegance of style was only improved upon by those in shorts when the novelty of New Guinea nettles was added. In Guadagasal Geoff Evans fell in love with a girl with big eyes but this was though to be only an attempt to get out of walking any further.

The intrepid patrol descended into Mubo by Saturday night, any other direction being out of the question. After a cold wash and hot kai, evening clothes were worn to the Mubo Discotheque where Jim O'Sullivan's Irish fling left his memory seared on the hearts of a dozen maidens under the age of twelve.

Without even the energy to take photographs the tired revellers departed from Mubo through every available puddle, creek and river to link up with the speedboats and beer at Salamaua; three days in by foot and fifty minutes to Lae by water. All else apart it was the hospitality of the villagers, giving a little but a lot, that remains clearest: hot pumpkin and a quick fire at Sigindiwai; bananas and sugar cane for lunch at Guadagasal; kulau, sweet kulau at Mubo then hot potatoes and kau kau soup at night followed by the singing, dancing and the string band — all this amongst the most inhospitable terrain.



Spirits were high at Sikindiwai.



HASH TRACK NO.2

The group of twenty-one hashmen and one lady met at Jacksons Airport at 7 am on the morning of Wednesday 25th February 1976. Spirits were high and we took off at 7.35 am for what was supposed to be a 40 minute flight. About 25 minutes out, high above the Owen Stanleys, we struck bad weather. However there was still a happy atmosphere and great fun was made out of the sight of a rivulet of milo which appeared from under the heap of packs, tied down in the middle of the aircraft, and meandered its way to the rear of the plane. Despite much interrogation, no-one admitted to owing it and to this day the "milo mystery" remains.

One hour 35 minutes and two aborted landings later we touched down at Kokoda. It was a miserable day, low cloud and light drizzle. We paraded for a short time while Gerry Dick took photographs and three Air Niugini DC3 crews taunted us about the days ahead. Following this we packed into two trucks and headed for Sub-Province Office. A quick look through the museum and around Kokoda and the group were taken by ute, to the edge of a rubber plantation.

As soon as all were present the actual "track" began. A happy group, we walked through the rubber plantation and out into the sun. We came to quite a large stream after walking for some time and here we received Les Waldron's lectures "don't drink water unless it's purified, always walk with a group, etc. etc. etc." We were also told that in the next few hours we'd be climbing several thousand feet and were advised to fill our water bottles. Laurie moved further upstream than the majority obviously to get the "freshest" water, however he found the mossy stones a little too much and to everybody's delight (except Laurie himself) he finished wholly in the water.

The group was organised — Les would be the vanguard and Mick O'Connell, Mick Price and Dick Wolfe the rear-guard. Up we climbed, up, up, up and more up — the sweat oozed from our bodies — Burns Peak (our practice ground) was never like this. Laurie decided to lighten his pack — much to the delight of hungry Max Hore who scored among many other things a large fruit cake.

Just before lunch the leeches had their first taste, leaving their bloody holes in many a leg. On one of the few downhill stretches, John O'Sullivan found he had been transporting two leeches (one on each leg) for quite a way. The length of time he had them was obvious as they were now both about the size of small pythons. On the last real climb before Isorava, Chris and Alan charged ahead and were sitting down having a "cuppa" when the main body of the pack arrived. There was a short period of heated disagreement about where we would sleep before it was decided to move onto Aloia Village. The villagers directed us to the rest area which was some 200 or 300 metres down a steep slippery slope. Each group

selected their sleeping areas. Max, Len, Ken and Bill O'Brien set up hoochies, as did Alan, Bill Dickson, Steve, Dennis Coolee and Dennis Fletcher. Hookie, Kimbo, Russell and Bezie slept in the aid post and the others grouped together in the main rest hut. A little after 6 pm a familiar cry rang across the ridges — "ON — ON" — the call was returned and a few minutes later into the camp walked John Cottington, Chris and John O'Sullivan, bringing with them great stories of the number of wrong turns they had taken.

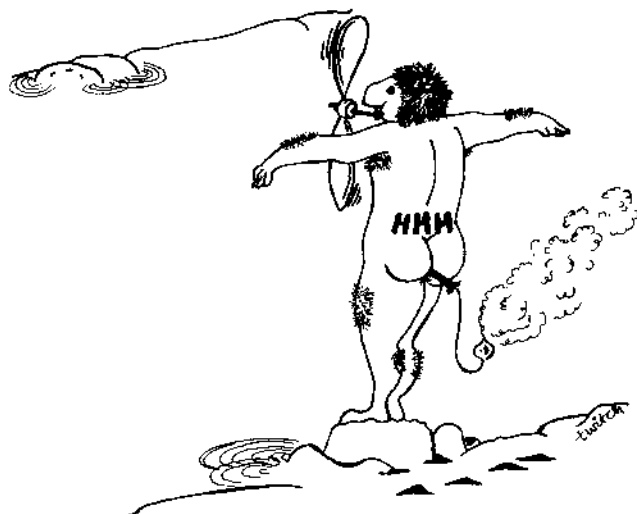
The camp hummed as each group set about preparing their evening meal. Hookie got a good fire burning and many people took the opportunity to dry out boots and socks. The day had obviously had a tiring effect and by 8 pm the camp was quiet except for four of the walkers who sat around the fire sipping their nightcaps.

The camp was alive very early the next morning as people set about preparing their breakfast and packing up their gear. Bill O'Brien was quite concerned when he found blood all over his jeans — he immediately thought "it must be the wrong time of the month and he didn't have the necessary equipment". His fears were somewhat allayed when he found a great hole in his leg and realised he must have slept with a leech — a charming bedmate.

By 7.30 am most of the group had started the day's walking. We headed downwards on a tricky track for about 40 minutes or so. As we were getting near the bottom, Len Crossfield decided the pace was too slow and tried to overtake several walkers by steeping over the edge of the track. He slid about 20 metres down to the creek bank and fortunately was not seriously injured. The effort was to no avail as whilst he was dusting himself off, most of the other walkers passed him. Leaving this creek, the pack headed skywards again for some time before dropping down to Iora Creek.

The creek was a-raging and the only way to the other side was a "dicky-looking" log crossing of some 40 metres. The first group to arrive thought the water looked to be too fast flowing, too deep and too cold to risk falling in — wisely they "bummed" their way across. Erika, our lovely lady, marched straight out onto the log as though she hadn't a care in the world — not to be outdone, Les followed. When they reached a rock two thirds of the way across Les decided he wasn't going to wait behind the long queue which was waiting to use the small logs to go the last little bit. He left the rock, took three paces into the water, disappeared up to his neck and beat a hasty retreat to join the queue. Dennis Fletcher wasn't so lucky — he walked onto the middle of the log, lost his footing and fell. Momentarily he clung to the log but his pack became too heavy and he was swept downstream.

The walk from the first crossing of Iora Creek to Templeton's Crossing was difficult only because the track was covered by numerous



BILL O'BRIEN CROSSING A CREEK WITHOUT GETTING WET

fallen trees. At Templeton's, we had to negotiate the same creek on another log crossing — it claimed another victim. This time it was Bill O'Brien who had the early bath. Once across the other side the early arrivals set about clearing bush from a large area so the hoochies could be erected. It was at Templeton's that Hookie did what Les had stated was impossible. He lit a fire — a smoky fire but still a fire. Dennis Fletcher was more than happy for a chance to dry his wet bedding. That night everyone crashed early.

Once again most people were on deck early the next morning — it was chilly and many people were wrapped up to keep themselves warm — then out of his hoochie came the "Tarzan" of the group — Max Hore — wearing his boots and a pair of jockettes. Everybody felt a little bit colder. There was nothing to look forward to that morning. We had about an hour's climb to the Kokoda Gap at a height of about 7,400 feet. That morning, John Cottingham left about 40 minutes before the next group. When we caught up to him about 1½ hours later, he was over the top of the gap sitting on a log, smoking a cigarette, obviously feeling pleased with himself for being able to stay up front for so long.

The descent toward Kagi Village was at first quite steep and extremely slippery. Most of the group finished on their "clacker" at some stage or other and some more than others. As the track led out of the tall trees into the sun we could see Kagi Village in the distance. The slope downward became more gentle and a little easier to negotiate. ENTER — Ken Wilson — the conditions obviously suited him — he motored from near the back of the group to the front. If you asked him where he learnt to run like that he'd probably say it was basic training. BUT to someone who didn't know, he looked more like a poorly dressed "geisha" in a hurry for the next job.

At Kagi village there were treats — well at least for the early ones — mandarins, tomatoes, cucumbers — very cheap. Depending how far you were behind the first group the prices doubled, quadrupled and octupled — until it was more economical to wait until you got back to BP's, though the last walkers to leave did get some mandarins FREE.

Down a steep rocky path to the Efogi River and it was here that Bill Dickson decided to do a "Len Crossfield". He went over the side in spectacular fashion, down through the low scrub but luckily managed to land on the trail as it wound back to below the spot where he fell. Lunch that day was at a small stony beach on the Efogi River. The rear guard settled down to a lunch of pea and ham soup — which was their usual — and through there the whole pack knew it was their usual.

Up and extremely steep climb to Taumumu and down to Efogi Village, the rest place for the third night. Most elected to sleep in the large rest house but three groups decided to erect their hoochies. There was fresh food galore — bananas, pineapples, pawpaws, tomatoes, cucumbers and corn. After a community bath in a nearby creek, Russel got a bad case of the DT's. He was shaking that badly that several of the local populace built a fire around his feet to warm him up. It literally poured rain during the night and was still raining next morning. Bill O'Brien's good luck continued as he was sleeping beneath the biggest hole in the rest hut and finished rather wet. The spirits of the groups who slept in hoochies, and had to pack up in the rain, were lifted somewhat at the sight of Les Waldron sprinting towards the "john", slipping and finishing flat on his back in the mud.

We were a bit later to leave the next morning and had a fair slog up Brigade Hill. Once on top, a few walkers broke into tune "We love to go a wandering across a mountain track etc. etc.". A slippery descent and another log crossing at the Kawai River before the pack fanned out and headed up the Menari Airstrip.

Lunch at Menari followed by reasonably steep climb. Another steep slippery descent and a "compulsory check" to enable the pack to group. Max decided the air wasn't fresh enough and walked off into the bush to brighten the atmosphere with his special fragrance. On through a swampy section until we came to a river. Hookie, Bill O'Brien and Mac took the first log crossing while the remainder took the second which followed the main track leaving Max to cut his trio out of the thick jungle. Once across the main group was confronted by a small herd of cattle and the fearless hashmen were suddenly "CHECKING". Erika to the rescue, she strode in amongst the beasts and many a red face followed — except for Les who had won the heart of a big black Brahman cow. The mud was nearly knee deep and the going was tough but in a final effort to shake the beast, Les flitted across the top of the mud. The deep mud continued until we reached another swiftly flowing river with a slippery log crossing. Les jumped into the water to help everybody across. However he forgot Erika who had gone for a "twinkle". Les got his just deserts as he finished up falling into the river himself.

If the 3rd day was Ken Wilson's, the 4th surely belonged to Steve who managed to take more baths in one afternoon than most poms take in a month. Shortly after the last river was a waist deep swampy area about 10 metres across. Steve waded in, got almost to the other side, found a submerged log which only made the water thigh deep, tried to stand on it and fell in. On through the deep black mud which Steve was involuntarily managing to wash off himself with monotonous regularity. Finally we walked into Nauro Village.

GLOOM. The hours of walking through the mud really took the wind out of our sails, but the longest faces belonged to Les and Laurie. Being extremely fair men they decided to share their gloom with the rest of us. There was supposed to be a plane into Nauro that day loaded with meat for a barbeque, a few grogs, etc. — but it hadn't arrived. Now the long face was a standard part of each member of the group.

But spirits picked up and after kai, we all sat around a small fire in the rest hut (where everybody slept) and told a few jokes. The session was broken by the loud roar of Kimbo snoring. The group suddenly realised that all the strange noises they had heard during the previous nights had originated in Kimbo's breathing apparatus. The spirit wasn't dampened and the joke session continued until all crashed about 10 pm.

On the track again at 8.15 next morning — the group were happy and laughing. Up what the map said was nine false crests — the group generally accepted there were more like 29. Down a wide track which was steep and slippery the pack raced eight abreast — some on their feet, some on their hands and knees and some on their bums. At one stage Laurie took off running flat out down the slippery surface — Bezie was amazed and while watching Laurie and waiting for him to fall, walked straight into a tree and knocked himself over — Laurie and Bob hit the ground at the same time. Surprisingly everybody reached Ofi Creek in one piece.

After lunch it was up again to the top and then down through the deserted Ioribaiwa Village. It was along this stretch that Dennis Coolee pulled a leg muscle — not the normal muscle a young fellow would pull after spending four days in the bush but one which made him limp — on one leg that is. That night we camped at the "Pumpkin Patch", so named because we had to clear the area of heaps of pumpkin bushes. After doing battle for several minutes, Dick Wolfe managed to slay a scorpion with his bush knife. This worked out really fine because now Mick Price and Mick O'Connell had some meat to include in that night's meal, which they had named "Ioribaiwa Hotpot". An early night was in order at the "Pumpkin Patch" — the camp site was inundated with swarms of black Bees which seemed to relish the sweaty shirts and smelly armpits and then just on dark rain began to fall.

The camp site was alive early the next morning with people preparing for the last day. The group was not as organised as earlier on the walk and small groups straggled out of camp at their leisure. The trio who had been whipping the pack in for the previous five days, Mick O'Connell, Mick Price and Dick Wolfe, were like men possessed when they strode out of camp very early that morning. Heading up the Imita Gap was the steepest walk of the whole track we'd been told, but by the time we'd got to the top, most of the walkers disagreed with the information.

Down to Goldie River where a light lunch was had and time was spent to allow the pack to regroup. Alas not everyone made the regroup — Dennis Coolee gained that much enjoyment from pulling the muscle he decided to do it again which slowed him down, and those who gave him a hand, greatly.

The final forty minutes of the walk was up to Owens Corner, up to the SMASH Brewery trucks up to the cold amber fluid which we'd been dreaming about for the last six days.

THE TIME LAE HASH RAN FROM FINSCHHAFEN TO LAE

One Friday afternoon in July '75, while the rest of the population were making a charge for the clubs and pubs, six intrepid Lae Hashmen were gathering at Crowley's counter after the bitter experience of the Wau-Salamaua epic. The equipment was very light eg. Peter armed only with a small airways bag looked like a country yokel just down from Yonki for his first time. A short flight to the ex-capital of New Guinea gave the troops a good preview of the following two days "run" back home. All the lads were most impressed with the beautiful, tropical Finschhafen after the big smoke of Lae. Things weren't that quiet in Finsch either as multi beers at the local watering hole, the golf club, were followed by a mass invasion of the school dance. There Timmy, and Ferg provided a thrill a minute for the local lasses. Thoughts of the miles that lay ahead on the morrow finally compelled the boys to turn in for a few hours.

Harry had roused everyone by 6 am and his lapun work-mate from the PWD drove us to the drop-off point just before Busiga. Even though we were quite tempted, none of us fancied making the return trip back to Finsch with him as he'd left a trail of chicken guts and feathers across the road in one of the villages and we were sure there'd be a welcoming party waiting for him. The leaders set a cracking early pace but a river crossing by canoe gave a welcome break to those tail-enders already sweating out their excesses from the night before. From then on the pack settled down stepping it out either along clear sandy beaches or along old wartime road now immaculately maintained by the local villagers. The numerous small creeks along the way presented no probs, until the dreaded Mongi appeared, the pack faltered momentarily before Timmy showed the way. With two across all looked well until Irish hesitated, tried to retreat and fell in mid stream. He was rapidly disappearing seawards when the two Peters and Harry made a heroic save — ! A short compulsory check to regroup the pack, and then it was on-on around the coast to the coconut plantation at Tamigudu behind Cape Gerhards. The boys had made good time and as a rain squall passed overhead, a late lunch stop was called at the local school house. (the fact that two lovely school teachers appeared soon after armed with tea and bickies had nothing whatever to do with the P.S. extended lunch hour that followed). But with the afternoon already half shot, it was on again along the beaches or the coastal village tracks. This part of the coast is well populated, so there were no

worries about regular kulaus to refresh the pack, we even scored a fish just landed by one of the villagers. By then the evening shadows were starting to lengthen and the anxiety of some of the Hashers grew as the objective for the night failed to appear around each new corner. Eventually a stop for the night was called at Buengim. We were greeted by the usual spontaneous hospitality that we'd received all along the way as we were lead to the Haus kiap, and provided with sleeping mats, firewood, water and heaps of cooked kau kau, coconuts, bananas, paw-paws etc. We were then surrounded by the whole village and probably several neighbouring villages as well. The crowd might have dispersed a lot earlier but for the antics of the Yonki kid — it's not often they'd get a clown of this calibre in their village. The rest of us were quite content to crash peacefully on the mats — audience or no audience.

Dawn broke with roosters calling, and little picaninies loaded down with more food from their mums for the "special" visitors. The first couple of hours along the coast were very pleasant, but then the day started to warm up, and the beaches seemed never ending as they stretched as far as the eye could see. Walking in soft sand might be good training, but we were all convinced by this time that was the last thing we needed. Some relief to this trail was provided by a refreshment stop at the one and only trade store, at E'e and a scurry round the end of a steep rocky cape — not all the boys avoided a soaking by the occasional wave crashing against the rocks. By lunch time Bukaua was in sight, but the pack was very spread out and slowing rapidly and it was only the shame of lying down on the beach in front of the hoards of kids now accompanying us that kept those weary legs going. A false trail around another headland gave the tail-enders a chance to make up some ground around the large lagoon behind Bukaua.

After a long check here, the trail left the coast and headed inland — a welcome change for all, and the pace picked up again. It was on-on past the Hopoi Mission through open rain forest with occasional garden areas. The numerous false trails failed to catch any of the cunning hounds as they thought the scent of home was in the air. This forward rush was quickly brought to a halt as the trail plunged into a dark entanglement of jungle and became a knee deep quagmire. A couple of lone walkers assured us that it was only "a longwe lik lik"

cont. p.72



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RABAUH HARRIETTES

Rabaul Hash House Harriettes caters for more than the transient European population as 70% of the membership is from the mixed race and national sectors of the community. Geographically Rabaul is hemmed in by volcanoes and rugged ranges. This limits the area for trail setting to a confined coastal strip.

Unlike other Hashing groups, Rabaul's Harriettes meet on Tuesdays which allows the group to be accompanied by two or three Harriers who bring up the rear.

Membership is free, however a small levee of 40 toea per month is asked to defray costs of providing refreshments.

After climbing all the available volcanoes around Rabaul in 1975 a couple of women decided they needed a more permanent form of exercise. On hearing reports of the men's Hash, it was decided to introduce hashing to the women of Rabaul. Ideas were collected from the Harriers, and the first tentative trail was set by the instigators: Bev Kinsela and Suzanne Wavre. The venue was advertised in the Island Trader and 7 harriettes set off on their short first Hash accompanied by one of the helpful Harriers.

As the trails would run through villages and thick bush, it was made known that a couple of Harriers would accompany the pack for the safety of the women. The numbers doubled at the second Hash and continued to increase until they reached a maximum of 45 runners on the eighth run. Of this number 26 have now become the regular members.

With such enthusiastic participation, it was felt necessary to introduce a clear and concise set of rules to assist future trail-setters and to clarify the aims of hashing. It was felt that a Hash Committee was not necessary, however to help new trail-setters the founders became the trail-masters.

The time 5.14 sharp sees the avid harriettes' pack straining at the leash. 5.15 "On-On" and the baby elephants are off on a typical hash. It is all clear pounding through suburbia until a division is seen — will it be the sheer escarpment of North Daughter or the quarry of Rabaul? As usual they are in for their fair share of up hill and down dale and whether it be North Daughter or the quarry there is sure to be a panoramic circumlocution of the area before the summit is reached. Added to this is always the perplexed "apinun" of the village population as their very existence is threatened by the persistent pack.

Leaders can always find consolation in the fitness gained from false trails which allows the pack to return home in full force for a refreshing soft drink.

Ever on the look-out for runs which stimulate the eye and improve the bust-line sever out of town trails have been set with the use of trucks. Vunagam, 18 km out of town was the scene for a most successful mountain and beach run. A few weeks later Harriettes again found muscles strained as they stepped between tide marks on Nordup water-front.

Trails have continued gradually to increase in length and difficulty and the two longest trails set have been 3.5 km in length.



Everybody was enjoying themselves, a typical Sunday at Takubar Yacht Club, thirty-five kilometres south of Rabaul: the sun was shining; waves were lapping on the beach; children were playing and the parents were lazing in the shade of the haus wind.

Abruptly the peace and tranquility of the club was shattered. Somebody had mentioned a dirty word. EXERCISE!!

This upheaval was the prelude to the foundation of the Rabaul contingent of the H.H.H. The instigator John Carrol, had run previously in Port Moresby and it was his enthusiasm that convinced the more hardened drinkers that Monday afternoons would be a good opportunity to run off the weekend's excesses.



to the end of this mess. It turned out to be much more of the longwe than the lik lik and the bedraggled pack all felt like Pete's airways bag which had already fallen by the wayside. However, the Lee Hash spirit for survival prevailed and eventually the pack re-emerged into the late afternoon daylight. The trail lead across large kunai fields and through gardens before the next check at a small settlement where tea was brewed and confident assurances that the Buso was really only a few hundred metres away, given. By this stage no-one believed it, and the pack set off again for another long burst only to come to the racing Buso River 15 minutes later.

Paddy was very dubious about risking life and limb a second time, but the knowledge that home and salvation lay on the opposite bank was sufficient for him to hurl himself into the water with the rest of the troops. A short on-home up the track lead to the waiting vehicle and kulaus as the pack karked out all over the verandah—oblivious of the gathering crowd. Darkness had fallen when it was suddenly realized that the RSL had been open for an hour, and the Hashers had a whole week-end of boozing to make up in the remaining time, so the pack rallied to the call — ON ON.

RABAUHARRIERS



Several runs were held from the various clubs in town but eventually it was decided that a greater area could be covered and the refreshments could be provided at less cost if the runs were started from a different residence each week. This format has been retained up until the present and it has been a contributing factor to the growth in popularity of H.H.H. in Rabaul.

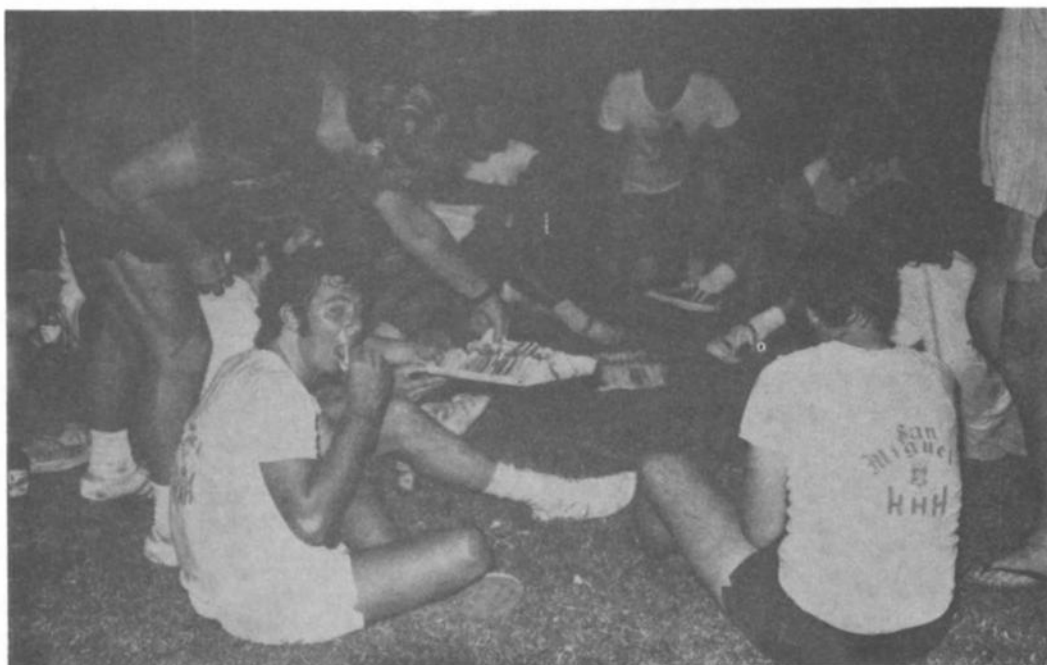
A typical run consists of a chalk trail to the end of the bitumen and then "ON ON" following a paper trail into the bush. Along the way you can see anything from rusting wartime guns and gun sights to bubbling pools — a result of the volcanic activity. Bomb craters are a hazard for the unwary as are village dogs and low hanging clothes lines. Most runs eventually end with a long run home through the streets giving the more competitive a chance to stretch out.

Possibly amongst the most memorable runs was the one set by Vic Dent from the Volcanological Observatory on Tunnel Hill. It consisted of a run down the road into the town and then after a number of false trails it was "ON UP" through the kunai back towards the observatory. Nearing the top the leaders expected to see the "On Home" but instead found Vic waiting at the entrance to a wartime tunnel. Torches were distributed amongst the pack and it was "ON ON" into the hill. There were various branching tunnels but by following the paper trail eventually daylight was seen, much to the relief of a number of hounds. Another "hard

to forget" run was set by Greg Forgan-Smith who led the pack up the "garden path" on the slopes of the North Daughter to such an extent that he ran out of paper and left the pack bewildered as to which way was out! The sun had well and truly set by the time the pack reached the watering hole where the hare was roasted very slowly over the coals as the amber fluid flowed.

One notable H.H.H. personality is Sean Brown who seems to have trouble staying on his feet, but still keeps coming back! Another is Bob Darragh who has put up some memorable tail end efforts and ----- who seems to have a rather intimate knowledge of the local villages. Top beer drinkers would be determined by a toss up between Darragh the stayer and Rod Thomas the sprinter. Both have put up some memorable efforts.

The first run was held in March, 75 from the New Guinea Club Garden Bar and consisted of a short run around the town streets. Undaunted by the derision and laughter from the onlookers, the nine foundation members (John Carroll, Dave Gibbs, John Nightingale, Ross King, Kev Maguire, John Dickson, Glen Halligan, Gary Honour and Peter Madden) planned further runs and were rewarded by finding that their numbers were increasing every week.



'HASH SPLASH'

GOROKA HASH'S ENTRY IN THE '75 ASARO HEAD OF THE RIVER — ALSO KNOWN AS THE GUMI RACE

Goroka: coffee mecca of the Highlands, haunt of the mud-men and home of the famed Gumi Race.

"Gumi" is an inner tube, the bigger the better; and the "Gumi Race" is a contest for those willing to entrust their lives to the swirling torrents of the mighty Asaro River, in a wild ride through rapids and walls of death to a quiet reach where one can piss on the rest of the day. So, in many ways, the Gumi is similar to Hash, especially if Leo Jones sets the trail.

Goroka Hash's entry in the '75 Gumi was born the night before the race. It was the handiwork of a drunken Peter Jack; designed by the Talair Computer programmed by Brian Mitchell and punched by Colin Day. Needless to say, the craft was a complete failure, for on its first dry run at Mathieson Bridge at 7.30 pm Saturday night it capsized three times, dumping its occupants into a chilly Asaro River. In their haste to sweep all before them, the builders had made the craft so sleek that it was unstable and prone to flip at the slightest change in weight.

All this was forgotten later in the evening, when the crew let loose at the Gumi Ball, and coerced On Sec Noel Peters to take the bow paddle and pay the entry fee for all four of them.

Hurried changes were made to the raft on the morning of the race. An outrigger of sorts was added to the bow. The raft was then lifted onto Brian Mitchell's Subaru, and all headed for the Upper Ufeto gravel pit for the start.



Cries of "You're late" coming from vehicles returning from the pit only made Mitchell throw his vehicle even more violently around the blind corners. On reaching the gravel pit the raft was ripped from the roof rack and a barefooted and complaining crew portaged the craft to the water's edge, launched it, leaped aboard, and pointed downstream.

The raft flew through the first rapids of the course to cries of "ON, ON"; for already, several competitors has been left behind. Duels with other rafts ensued in which the Hash raft gained an extra crewman, only to lose him at the next rapids when one outrigger was punctured and all were thrown into a clutching, foaming race.

Righted, and with the original crew, the Hash Gumi now had to be paddled with all leaning twenty degrees to the port to compensate for the lost outrigger. Right hand bends meant the crew was continually dumped.

A near mutiny arose when coxwain Peter Jack attempted to wrest command of the craft from Brian Mitchell who calmly dealt Jack a blow in the balls with his paddle, and assumed leadership again.

In a desperate bid to stave off a challenge from a raft crewed by middle aged housewives, the Hash craft ingloriously dumped all but one of its crew just on the finish line, then glided across the line backwards, to the glee of a throng along the bank. ON ON



A Hasher walking through the streets of Belfast was seized from behind and dragged into a dark alley.

"What religion are you?" hissed a voice.

Our cunning Hashman, realizing the danger in replying "Catholic" or "Protestant", quickly replied "I'm a Jew." To which the voice replied "You must be the unluckiest bastard in Ireland — I'm an Arab."

ARAWA HARRIETS

The Arawa Hash House Harriets held their first run on 15th December in the pouring rain. Judy Barge, who had run with the Harriettes in Singapore, and Mary Hickson, already a keen runner, were the two who started it all off by advertising in the Arawa Bulletin.

About 30 women run every Monday evening, whatever the weather, and have become a familiar sight around the streets and bush area of Arawa. The Harriets are all much fitter than they were in the beginning: the runs are longer and there are fewer halts.

The Harriets have a weekly newsletter which is sent to every member, and they now have their own 'Hash' T-Shirt. Whatever the reason for the interest, Hash House Harriets, Arawa are going strong:



ARAWA HASH HOUSE HARRIETS

After more than four years of putting up with husbands rolling in on Friday nights, so boozed that they would miss the toilet and piss on the wall and dribble over the mat, and not being able to understand what strange powers of attraction this HHH Organisation had for our menfolk, the Arawa chapter of the Hash House Harriets was formed.

The first run in December 1975 attracted only 12 women; some came to get away from the kids, others for the exercise. I doubt that any were "only here for the beer", as a record 14 white cans were drunk that night. There was lots of enthusiasm, however, and so a treasurer was appointed and a venue set for the next run. We decided to have our runs on Mondays, one rationale being that women are more weight conscious early in the week after a week-end of heavy eating and drinking. Whatever the reason, it seems to be a good time for our numbers are now 20-25 each week and a membership of about 40!

We circulate a newsletter to all members each week and are currently trying to come up with a suitable T-shirt design. The Arawa Harriers have been helpful in giving inexperienced women advice in trail laying, lugging a bag of paper home from BCL's computer department each week, and allowing us to buy our grog at discount prices from their own supply.

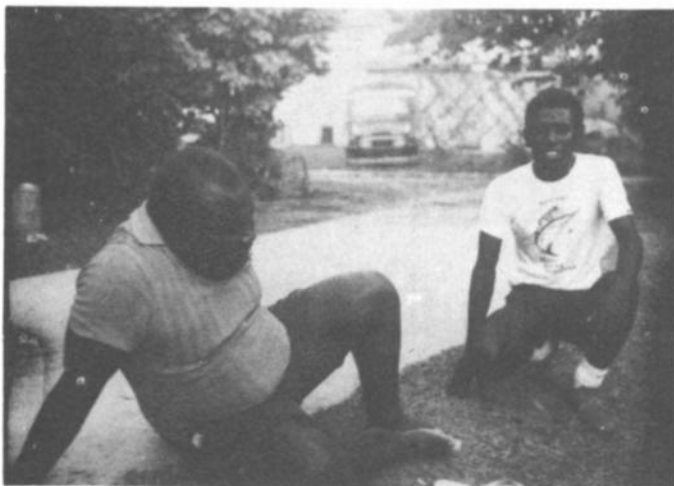
On our 10th run the men were invited. The 12 or so who ran probably came out of curiosity, but were surprised at the "length and cunningness" of the run. So much so that some 20 men turned up for the 25th run. It was a pleasant change to see some men, who were forced to babysit, anxiously waiting for the runners to return, a crying child or two wrapped around their legs.

As our first anniversary quickly approaches, it looks as though Harriets is well and truly established. Why, we even get through two cartons a week now!!



KAVIENG HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

HASHMASTER : PAT TALBOT
ON SEC : HARRY SONOGAN
HASH CASH : BARRY SHANES



Kavieng Hash was inaugurated on 26th April, 1976, as a result of a vow taken by a slightly inebriated Harry Sonogan on the eve of his departure from the Lae HHH (no doubt instigated by ex-Kavieng stalwart Alan Rowe).

With Harry as the hare and Barry Shanks, Stuart King, Bob Lachal, Pat Talbot, Peter Cook and Andrew Kuvia the less than enthusiastic hounds, Kavieng had joined the "big league".

This itinerant group of bankies and kiaps was soon joined by the two most influential people in Kavieng — hotel proprietors Jim and Tony Meehan (ex Moresby HHH).

Runs have been restricted to the Kavieng immediate area which is fairly flat and the apres usually takes place in the Club with the returning sweat-soaked "runners" elbowing aside the non-running regulars to get at the beer, amid shouts of abuse and derision.

In spite of this disruption to the peaceful life in Kavieng recruitment has been steady and regular runners now include kiaps Rod Owens, Dennis Ruediger, planter horny Jim Walker and Wilson Kassau and John Morey as we are nearing our 30th run.

Our short life has so far been fairly uneventful with perhaps the most interesting run, and subsequent drinking session and bar-b-que, taking place at Jim Walker's 'Papapai' Plantation.

No doubt the biggest disappointment so far has been the continued postponement of the projected Lae HHH Kavieng charter. How about it?

The same invitation is extended to all Hashmen passing through or contemplating a pleasant week in Kavieng.

ON ON

Harry Sonogan

KAVIENG HOTEL

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SEE YOU AT THE CIVIC



Last Month in Boroko, Hashmen returning home after the Monday's festivities were treated to a spate of hysterical complaints of a perverted prowler by distraught housewives. Hash flash staked out a house and succeeded in snapping a photograph of the intruder the following Monday. A reward is offered.



HASH PERSECUTION!

Oeration 'NOKEN TROIMWE PIPIA' has moved into top gear with heavy fines being handed out to litterers. Already our brethren in Rabaul have fallen foul of the authorities and a recent hare suffered the indignity of having to retrace his steps up NAMANULA Hill picking up every single piece of his carefully laid trail. In an attempt to circumvent the authorities hare Trundley instituted Lae's first novelty whistle only run and is reportedly not likely to repeat the performance. Meanwhile CLOWN TAUNSIL recently returned from a public monies sponsored study tour of Manila has returned to Moresby to combat littering especially by the troublesome Hash House Harriers.



Percy Hayes renowned short cutting bastard, infamous for king hitting a touch-football team mate, albeit a Pom, who had the effrontery to drop a Hayes pass; and for his efforts in being banned from the squash club apparently also has a human side.

Pollock, in a rare moment of goodwill, was eloquently berating the alcoholics in Lohberger's machine room causing much consternation and furore with his suggestions that Hash divert some of its drinking funds to import an eye specialist. At length the question was settled by a show of hands and crowned by Perce's comment, 'the ayes have it'.



HASH FLASH

From the sidelines

On, on, came the cry of the Hash trail finder ... and the Goroka Hash House Harriers kept going on.

... And on, and on and on, into the darkness and leg-lacerating kunai and chilling streams of the Asaro Valley.

Yes, the Hash hounds got themselves lost on their run from the Rothmans' tobacco factory at Ufeto on Monday evening.

Rothmans' officials organised their employees into search parties when the hounds had not return by dark.

Local villagers were alerted to keep watch. And by 10pm at night, a band of tired, scarred hounds were found, completely "bushed".

The hounds had walked and swum through the icy waters of a river and run into a "dead end", a waterfall, and had to retreat, staggering through kunai ... it was not quite in the best Taylor and Black traditions of Highlands trail-blazing.

All were safe and sound, apart from minor cuts, and the main casualty was the pride of local sportsman, Leo Jones, who set the trail.

Leo is employed by Rothmans at Ufeto. Because of his local knowledge, he went along with the hounds just in case the run was too tough. It was ... for Leo, as well the rest.

The foxy ones will be watching keenly as next Monday's run starts, to see how many of the dreaded hounds are game.



After a brilliant sporting career as anchor man in the Colts tug-of-war team was cut short by the narrow-sighted decision of the PRL to ban him from the League premises, the "beast" attempted a Hash run. He struggled through 500 m of the infamous Parnell 1 run and resolved to go into training before making his next appearance. As the anniversary of the Parnell 1 run approaches the "beast" reports that his yeast and carbohydrate diet of bread and potato sandwiches swilled down with copious quantities of beer is rapidly bringing him to the peak of physical fitness and we can expect a vastly improved showing at the 150th.



Senior Moresby Harriers who recall the great HARMER/SHEILES punch-up will be interested to know that there was a sequel. Sheiles went finish to Brisbane, Harmer to Melbourne; however, soon tiring of the colder climes, Harmer migrated north and in his first week came across 'his old Hashmate Sheiles drinking in a pub. In a burst of comradely friendship all animosity was pushed aside as the two proceeded to excitedly relive by-gone days. Alas, the story does not end here, as after several beers, the excitable pair proceeded to entertain the patrons with a rematch.

ENEMIES



HASH THEIVES! Reliable information has come to hand regarding the disappearance of those two great Hash Heirlooms, the Original Hash Horn and the Search and Rescue Hat. Both articles are in the possession of HASHMEN Christian named JOHN — one being one of the infamous 'three musketeers' and the other, a better known touch footballer. Root them out!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT !

From our man in the law courts comes the harrowing tale of the fate of one of our brethren. "BELIEVE IT OR NOT", a Rabaul Hashman was accosted by a drunken member of the Constabulary and given a ticket for not having two headlights ON HIS MOTORBIKE. The Hashman went straight to the station and filed a complaint and the errant policeman was duly dealt with. However the paperwork went through and our man found himself in the local magistrate's court some weeks later where in spite of strenuous protestations, he was fined twenty kina.



OPEN SECOND FRONT NOW!



"Another thing I would like to point out which you might like to mention is that we have chosen to call ourselves HASH HOUSE HARRIETS. "Harriettes" has connotations of little Harriers, and "little" we are not (except for a couple). "Harriets" is symbolic of woman, i.e. "Harriet" is a female name which distinguishes us from the Hash House Harriers (all male).

The B.C.L. Newsletter has just written an article on us. I have enclosed this for your interest.

I am off to Australia (Melbourne) on 25th September. Frances (address above) will take over all the business of the Harriets. I look forward to seeing the magazine.

Yours faithfully,
(signed) MARY PUTVINAS

P.S. My "married" name is HICKSON, hence the BCL newsletter article refers to me as Mary Hickson.

Note: I am a Women's Liberationist, so please call me MS (not Mrs or Miss)



THE BEST BARMEN IN THE TROPICS!

KONIO and JIM MIROI have a perfect record since the introduction of Mig kegs. The beer is always on time, cold and plentiful at the chosen spot — the cheerful pair work on in the foulest weather and have attained such a record that it is taken for granted that however stuffed up a run may be the grog always flows freely.

Phil Rasmussen, part-time employee of the Smash Brewery is rightfully concerned about the large wastage of Brewery glasses by the infamous butterfingered "hard core". Here he sets a fine example at a recent Ela Beach run of "bringing your own mug".



Experiments to turn the hard core members into geckoes have met with some success at the San Mig Brewery. The Hash committee reports that the savings in alcohol costs will release valuable funds to sponsor the long awaited Manila HHH charter.

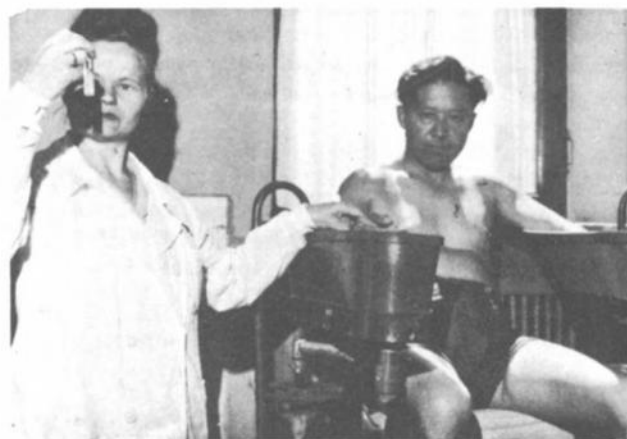


Dangerous male impersonators Waldron and Reynolds were arrested last week in Port Moresby following complaints of molesting Harriers. Police are investigating.



Lae Hash have a quaint custom of cajoling visiting runners into setting the following run — Moresby's Charles Barton was no exception but Charlie didn't go down without a struggle. The run started with a mile long false trail of which the hare denies all knowledge, this confused the pack somewhat and it wasn't long before they were spread to the four winds — a dispirited pack eventually drifted back to haus Barton while Alan Rowe and a few diehards pushed on to eventually confront two local people carrying handfuls of THE paper trail — inquiries as to where the paper was found brought the evasive reply that it was bought at the tradestore, a dubious Alan was then further informed that if he'd lost some paper he'd better report it to the police station.

Future hares take note.



Nimble footed Mal Lavin met his Waterloo at the first mixed run. Most perverts were content to ogle the bouncing bunnies on the flat sections, but Mal's indiscretion knew no bounds, and his refusal to tear his eyes away even in the most awkward situations led to his downfall, and Hash's first injury a broken leg. It's a much wiser and subdued Mal that gingerly trails the pack these days.



big drum



★
WE hear some visitors to Lae last weekend, in search of a singalong, ended up making quite a hash out of the piano.

It fell off the back of a truck as it was being moved to the singalong site.

We're told the harried would-be singalongers loaded it back on the truck "note by note".

—P. ENGEE

Pianos feature prominently in Lae Hash festivities. This time the inebriates were well and truly engrossed in the 50th run festivities at the Rizzle with King Billy Riordan thumping away on the ivories. The Hash Choir oblivious to complaints or not the noise but the odour (?) clustered around the piano in a raucous singalong until Viv Rowe saved the day by discovering a dead rat dancing on the piano wire. The rat was promptly ejected and everyone came back.



ARAWA H.H.H.

PAUL BISSETT	—	Management Accountant
CLIVE LANCASTER	—	Unit Controller - Powerhouse
PETER HOBDAV	—	Computer Manager
PAT McCORMICK	—	Systems Analyst
COLIN SMITH	—	Technical Analyst
GEOFF TREBLICO	—	Operations Supervisor
KEVIN WHITE	—	Systems Analyst
GEOFF LOGUE	—	Job Methods Foreman
RUSSEL BARWICK	—	Mining Engineer
IAN SANDERSON	—	Electrical Supervisor
DAVE DUGGAN	—	Geological Draftsman
OSCAR GROENEVELD	—	Mining Engineer
JOHN GAMBLE	—	Electrical Draftsman
PETER HICKSON	—	Mining Engineer
BOB JOHNSON	—	Training Officer
PAUL McINNES	—	Geologist
BOB TOWNSEND	—	Elec. Field Supervisor
JOHN BARR	—	Administration Co-Ordinator
ED BERZIN	—	Civil Engineer
FERGUS KEANE	—	Plant Engineer
KEN RAMSAY	—	Electrical Draftsman
PETER FINCH	—	Instrumentation Technician
HANS ADLERHOFF	—	Planning Engineer
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TONY PARK	—	Unit Controller - Powerhouse

TIM DANIELS	—	Unit Controller - Powerhouse
GEOFF DUTTON	—	Shift Supervisor
ALAN JACKSON	—	Unit Controller - Powerhouse
PETER LOWRY	—	Shift Supervisor
BOB JACKSON	—	Unit Controller - Powerhouse
GRAHAM LISTER	—	Unit Controller - Powerhouse
ERIC HEELEY	—	Training Supervisor
PIET ELLNOR	—	Surveyor
JOHN VAN DER LINDEN	—	Chief Chemist
HAMISH FOSTER	—	Medical Doctor
JOHN BAGSHAW	—	Shell Manager
DICK SCHMOTTER	—	Dentist
ROSS KNOX	—	Mechanical Engineer
PETER ZILLMER	—	Building Contractor
CARL HUNT	—	Accountant
LAURIE FITZGERALD	—	Contract Administrator
GEOFF BRUCE	—	Systems Analyst
PETER LUKEY	—	Instrument Foreman
MURRAY EAGLE	—	Hydrographer
OWEN SYKES	—	Systems Analyst
GARY LYE	—	Geologist
KEN ARMSTRONG	—	Geologist
JIM HALL	—	Mechanical Draftsman
ED PIPPETT	—	Auditor

ARAWA (Bougaineville)

JUDY BARGE is currently the lovely Avis girl. Judy came to Bougainville from Singapore last year. She ran with Harriets there, loved it and so made the initial move to start Harriets in Arawa. Needless to say, Judy ran in our first run.

JILL BARWICK is a primary school teacher in Arawa. She took a long time joining Harriets, but wouldn't miss a run now. Jill is one of our fastest runners, too!

LORRAINE BERZINS — with children about the house there's no time left for a job. Like many of the Harriets, Lorraine enjoys the break from the house and children on Monday evenings.

LYDIA BEZJAK was formerly the matron of the Arawa General Hospital but she gave the long hours of shift work away to be the office manager for Zillmer Constructions. (a man involved there somewhere!) Lidia is a good keen runner too!

GABRIEL BISSET is now a receptionist for Arawa Contractors after spending 3 years at home with the children. She loves getting out on Mondays now. Gabby was one of the 'brave' ones who ran in our first run — and her form is improving all the time.

LESLEY BRUCE is a secretarial teacher at the Arawa Technical College this year. Lesley is our health food fanatic — converts everyone else, but has trouble sticking to her own diets and rules. Lesley ran in our first run.

BARBARA CRAIG is a secretary at B.C.L. She took a long time in coming, but can't keep away now. Barbara learned from her husband that a good Hashman always stays till the beer runs out. Consequently she is one of our "stayers" each week.

ROBYN DIERCKE is our contact at Nikana Wholesalers who supply our grog and soft drinks. Robyn spends all other evenings studying by correspondence. She is another brave one who ran in our first run — because she likes running!

ROBYN DUGGAN has a full-time job looking after two rascally little boys. Robyn is one of our keenest Harriets and only misses a run if it definitely can't be avoided. She ran in our first run and since then has always been one of the last to stagger home.

YVONNE DUTTON works full-time looking after two children and being involved in Arawa Little Theatre. She manages to squeeze a Monday night into her busy schedule every now and again to run with Harriets.

ANN ECKERT runs the Arawa Child Minding Centre. She enjoys the break from children and husband every Monday evening.

MARY FIELDEN does the office work for one of our local stores. From leading a quiet life at home with children, Mary is hardly ever home this year, and needless to say, is one of our keenest runners.

HASH HOUSE

HARRIETS

(as at 31st August, 1976)

KAY GREGG is a real trier and anxious to lose some weight and get fit. She has succeeded in giving up smoking (but not drinking) and is now working towards breaking that 10 minute mile. Keep it up, Kay!

SUE GRIST spends her 'spare' time cleaning and drying out boats for her family. She likes to get it all out of her system with a good run on Mondays.

WENDY GOULTER does part time nursing at the hospital and looks after two children as well. Wendy livens up our evenings with her antics.

PATTI GOWANS — Baby No. 1 was born last year (you'd never guess it from looking at her trim, slim figure) and keeps Patti pretty busy these days. Before that she worked as a Kays-Rent-a-Car girl.

SUE GIGGINS is one of the few, and much in demand, single girls in Arawa. She is trying to get a job as a Librarian. As a runner she is getting better all the time. One to watch out for!

LYNN GAMBLE likes to get away from her two daughters occasionally. Lynn reckons she'd give up Hash the day a toad crosses her path. It seems she has a 'thing' about toads. So far we've managed to keep them out of sight!

HELEN HUNT has a full-time job looking after two children. Helen is our 'informer', entertaining us with Hash jokes and pranks that she hears from her husband — bet she doesn't hear ALL the jokes told at men's hash.

MARIA JONES looks after her children during the day, but in the evenings she is out and about — Hash, Yoga, Jazz Ballet, Maria is an exercise fanatic — she hasn't missed a run since joining.

SALLY JENKINS resigned from four years of shift work nursing at the hospital to take up a 'cushy' job at the B.C.L. Medical Centre this year. We love Sally for her straightforwardness — like reminding us what the rear view of Harriets running looks like.

PAULINE JOHNSTON — to quote her husband Bob, "since joining Hash Pauline is the greatest women's libber out!" Lovable Pauline is now one of our most enthusiastic runners, hardly missing a run, practising during the week and always recruiting new members.

ELEANOR KEAN is the secretary and office manager for one of our local companies. Irish, long-legged Eleanor is getting harder and harder to catch up to. Eleanor ran in our very first run.

GISELA LOGUE and her friend Kay faithfully trail behind almost every week. Their keenness is quite inspiring to the rest of us. After a few beers, however, out come all Gisela's dirty jokes and stories.

CAROLE LOWRY is our hash booze, faithfully bringing along two cartons each week. She is the secretary at the primary school these days, and a regular runner in Harriets.

MARY MARSHALL is a former PNG beauty queen who has given up the limelight to look after her three children. She enjoys running as it keeps her trim and fit.

JULIE McCORMACK turned up to Harriets finally, after much coaxing from friends Jill and Barbara. We think she wants to get back at Patrick for all those Friday nights that HE has come home late and pissed out of his brain, as she is also one of our "stayers" each Monday.

MARY NAGEL is one of our more dedicated runners and is always willing to set a trail (maybe because she's discovered "map" trails — which mean you can get out of running yourself!).

MARY PUTVINAS Mary and Judy Barge got together and organised the first run on 15th December 1975. After three years teaching at Arawa High School, Mary is now filling in time as a secretary at B.C.L. until she leaves some time this year (though everyone is starting to doubt it!). A keen long distance runner since well before Harriets started, no one has yet managed to outrun her over a good long run, though some are getting closer each week!

LIDEKE SCHMOTTER is the assistant to the dentist in Arawa, Dr. R. Schmotter (detect a resemblance?). Lideke was in our very first run and has since become a very enthusiastic runner, close on the heels of Mary each week.

GAYE STRANGE revealed a talent for poetry in an excellent and unusual run she set by leaving us instructions to follow (in rhyme). Looking after her twins keeps her pretty busy, but she manages to get away most Mondays.

IRIS SMITH is a primary school teacher. What dedication to Hash Iris has! Back from two months leave in Europe and turning up to Hash the first Monday after her return, though a bit of prodding from all sides was necessary.

VIVIENNE SUTTON is a primary school teacher. With her union jack socks, Vivienne is a lovely walking advertisement for Pommiland. After months of running in Harriets, Vivienne can now run 200 metres without stopping. Keep it up, Viv! We all admire your dedication and persistence.

SUE STANDEN is a newcomer to Harriets. She is presently enjoying life as a "housewife", but she makes beautiful leather bags in her spare time.

FRANCIS TILYARD was a teacher at Arawa High School last year, was localised by Poms and so is now working as librarian at B.C.L.'s technical library. Francis is now so

keen that she runs other evenings to be in good form for Mondays, and considering that she is almost half the size of everyone else (height and width), her speed and stamina are incredible.

JANICE HINKS is not the most consistent runner, but always has good intentions. However, she still turns up occasionally, much to her husband's amazement.

SANDY DAY is a Harriet who likes to look glamorous for a run. Besides Hash she stars in many Little Theatre productions and also enjoys a night of mahjong with the girls once a week.

JUNE GRAHAM was stopping over in Bougainville to work for her friend the doctor. Her feet started getting itchy again and Monday night Hash runs just weren't enough. She has just joined a sailing ship passing through and set off for Indonesia.

PETA-ANNE GROENEVELD does nursing whenever there's a job available. Being shy, she wouldn't join Hash until she'd done some practising secretly. She is now keen to get fit and trim.

BARBARA HEELEY is a primary school teacher in Arawa. Barbara has a name to live up to in Hash. Husband Eric is a mad, keen Hashman and the Hash Horn. His madness doesn't extend to Barbara, though, fortunately.

MARGARET McINNESS works in the B.C.L. Welfare Office. A recent arrival to P.N.G., Margaret is quickly getting into the swing of things and is becoming a very enthusiastic Harriet.

MARGARET SYKES waited a while before she came to Harriets, but now she is one of our keenest attenders. Looking after small children during the day, the break on Monday evenings is refreshing for her.

ROBYN HILL is secretary for one of our local companies. She's been around for some time but has only recently joined Harriets and liked it!

LINDA THOMPSON has been in Arawa for only a few months and is still looking for a job. A friend brought her along to Harriets a couple of weeks ago, and now it looks like she's here to stay!

PORT MORESBY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Financial Members 1976

ABBERTON, Peter	FANNING, Peter	MORRISON, Bill	QUINN, Brian
ABBLEY, Bill	FARRELL, Kim	MORTIMER, Peter	
AIBOU, George	FITZPATRICK, R	MURPHY, John	RASMUSSEN, Phil
ANDARI, Alex	FORSSTROM, Andrew	MURRELL, Denis	REYNOLDS, Bob
AUHARAI, Sennen	FRANCIS, Jack	MURPHY, John	RIPPER, Ian
AVOU, Tony	FRANKLIN, Ian	McCONNACHY, Malcolm	ROBB, Peter
	FLETCHER, Denis	McGOWAN, Jim	ROCHE, Bob
BAKER, John	FLORY, Alex	McINNES, Denniston	ROBERTS, Maurice
BANLEY, John		McKENZIE, C.	REID, J
BELL, Colin	GEORGE, Keith	McLAY, Geoff	RENNER, A
BERRY, Geoff	GILES, Pat	McILLWAIN, Garth	ROBINSON, G
BESWICK, Bob	GODDEN, Ted	MERRICK, Frank	
BEVAN, Paul	GREY, Allan	MICHAEL, Peter	SHAW, Bill
BISHOP, Paul	GRANT, Allan	MOORE, R	SHEARD, Nick
BISHOP, Wayne	GREATHEAD, Bob	MORTLOCK, Allan	SKINNER, Tony
BLESSING, Peter		MURRAY, H	SOWERBY, Kevin
BOWEN, Paul	HEALY, Paul		STAPLETON, John
BROWN, Bill	HEATH, Harry	NAISH, Phil	STEWART, Doug
BURNETT, John	HOEK, Denis	NEWMAN, Peter	STEWART, Ian
BUTLER, Mike	HAMMON, John	NICHOLS, Ross	SUTTON, Gerry
BARTON, Charlie	HARDY, E	NEILSON, Ian	SCOTT, J
BOWDEN, Gary	HAY, Russell	NOLAN, Gerry	SIMPSON, R
	HAYES, Percy	NAPIER, John	
CHANG, Sam	HEALY, Paul		TALBOT, Stev
COOLEE, Denis	HORE, Max	O'CONNELL, John	TEMPLE, Peter
CRABB, Jim		O'CONNELL, Mick	
CRANLEY, Jeff	JAMES, Laurie	O'MALLEY, Tim	VALENT, Theo
CROSSFIELD, Len	JORDAN, John	O'SULLIVAN, John	VARNEY, Alan
CAIRE, Allan	JORDAN, Ross	O'BRIEN, Bill	VANDEHAVE, John
CAPON, Len			VERRAN, John
CARAH, J	KEYS, Steve		
	KINCAID, John	PARNELL, Kevin	WALDRON, Les
DAVIS, Neil	KELSEY, John	PEARCE, Brian	WARD, Malcolm
DELANEY, Pat		PEARSON, Warren	WATSON, Murray
DEMPSEY, Tony	LAVIN, Mal	PEMBERTON, Chris	WEIER, Garry
DICKSON, Bill	LEE, Graeme	PENNY, Derek	WILSON, Geoff
DICKSON, Bob	LOVELL, Peter	PETSAITIS, Romas	WILSON, Ken
DOUGLAS, Malcolm	LYNCH, Barry	POLLOCK, John	WILTSHIRE, Tony
DUCKHAM, Ross	LAWSON, Tiny	PRICE, Mick	WINSTANLEY, Ray
	LEE, Brian	PROSSER, Bob	WINZAR, Geoff
EDWARDS, Alan		PRYKE, Tony	WIPPERN, Horst
ELMER, Steve	MALONEY, Trevor	PADDON, R	WOLFE, Dick
EVANS, Geoff	MARSHALL, Ken	PAINE, Brian	WYATT, Frank
EVANS, Russ	MATHEWS, Kevin	PATCHING, Woody	
EDONI, Israel	MOLL, Bruce	PUKK, Tony	YOUNG, Gary

THE GOROKA PACK

BRIAN MITCHELL — With plaster cast, not so fast.
 NOEL PETERS — Guinness Book of Records for Golden Crust Pies.
 DAVE ANDERSON — Still looking for a country woman.
 PETER JACK — The wrecker, stayer, menace (take your pick)
 GOBBLES ALLEN — Suffers from occasional sandshoe.
 PETER DAVIES — Day counter.
 BRUCE GODDARD — Sex quickies and home for the seventh
 TERRY LEWIS — Seclusion due to excessive hair removal.
 ROHN DENHOLM — Been known to sit on the fence.
 LEO JONES — Wet weather run setter.
 WAYNE MASON — Suffers from occasional running and fence breaking.
 JENNY MITCHELL — Unseeded, renown high jumper.
 CHRIS FOORD — Proven stud, fancies hot stuff.
 JOHN COLLINS — Not a wet weather performer.
 IAN MACKLIN — Croweater, looking black.
 TINA CHEE — Top seed, limited appearances.

NAOMI PETERS — Suffers from occasional pregnancies.
 BILL WEBSTER — Fails at the Hash Bucket.
 NANCY CHARD — Goroka's answer to Suzie Q.
 MIKE MARTIN — Mattress actress's welcome.
 MIKE GAYE — Talair tourist liability.
 DAVE CHARD — Nancy's liability.
 ROD SANDERSON — Curly haired-undecided origin.
 FRANK ARMSTRONG — Irregular when greenies not cold.
 DODIE DANGA — Filipion Embassy representative.
 RICK GIDDINGS — Advocate for non drinking.
 CHRIS STANTON — Winner of Puppy Stakes.
 MARY WEBSTER — Unseeded, but well to the fore.
 TIM ROUSE — Pommy Bastard, fancies Newcastle Song.
 PAUL MURIKI — Eyesight doubted.
 EILEEN MACKLIN — Colourful runner and popular hostess.
 JOHN NUVEN — Studied darts at Cambridge.
 NEV HARVEY — Supplier of daughters to the pack.
 EVERYBODY ELSE — Pikers.

RABAUL HASH HOUSE HARRIETTES

March 30 to end of July 1976

Bev KINSELA
 Suzanne WAVRE
 Dolly SMITH
 Carmelita Van DEVENTER
 Veronica KAESE
 Rosie NOONE
 Elaine BEST
 Maggie FELSKY
 Robyn DARRAGH
 Trisha SCARBOROUGH
 Jennie HARVEY
 Doreen WICKHAM

Doreen WOODGER
 Stella CHAN
 Janet LOWE
 Raelene COLLINGS
 Ernestine WOO
 John WICKHAM
 Jan HUI
 Roberta POON
 Kathy PARUN
 Libby SCHULTZ
 Jackie KAPPU
 Kae SCHWARTZ

Elizabeth AUGUSTA
 Bridget CHOI
 Josephine TINGGIE
 Dita KONG
 Betty JOHN
 Bett AARTS
 Muriel LEADLEY
 Jane MONTEAGLE
 Joan SALTER
 Edna POON
 Huoinike PAULAI
 Grace JUSTICE

Wilma DUNN
 Judy ARMSTRONG
 Josie CRAWFORD
 Olga APELIS
 Rowena SZETO
 Evodia PATIEM
 Judy HILLI
 Eva NIRUK
 Leslie ROACHE
 Miriam TANNER

THE PORT MORESBY GIRLS

SANDY LAIDLAW — Machine Operator, POM City Council
 Sandy is one of our "oldies", we will miss her when she goes finish in November.

JANICE REYNOLDS — Teacher Murray Barracks. Keeps herself fit for the runs by playing squash (or is it the other way around).

GLENY'S MOFFATT — Typing Teacher. Admin. College. Hash Editor and an oldie, (affectionately known as Mother Hash).

LAURIS FORSTER — Secretary PNG Post Courier. Usually find her nursing Daisy Irwin's new baby (girl) when she's supposed to be running

DOFFA LEWIS — Medical Student, University of PNG. Doffa is our new Hash Cash and a keen bunny.

MARG WALDRON — Teacher, Murray Barracks. Marg is one of our original bunnies and is a well liked member of our clan.

WENDY HARRINGTON — Librarian, Admin. College. Our sure fotted bunny! a beaut girl.

DIANE SHEARD — Teacher, Bomana Primary 'T' School. Di keeps the social scene in order. Husband Nick is an old Harrier.

YVONNE LANGFORD — Clerk, Police H'Quarters. Rarely raises a run, and keeps well up the front.

ROBYN MARX — English teacher, P & T. Robyn is a fairly new Harriett, but seems to be enjoying her runs, is also a keen squash player.

MIMI RICHARDSON — Stenographer, P & T. Mimi with the nice slim figure (this is what we're all striving to be like).

KILA NUMA — Ground Hostess, Qantas. Kila has been running quite a while also, represented PNG in the Guam Games in softball, plays a mean game of squash too.

WARI STUNZ — Infant teacher, Hohola. Wari likes her run's, manages to keep up the front most of the way.

DAISY IRWIN — Secretary, Hubert Murray Stadium. It's a bit hard for us sloggers to keep up with Daisy, who's always way up front, Daisy is a sprinter who represented PNG in the Guam Games.

MARY GREY — Uni. Student. Mary has had a few runs with us, and seems to be happy hashing. Another keen squash player.

UNA MULHOLLAND — Secretary, Hornibrook Cons. Una is keen, brings her little girl along each week, but still manages to run with the other girls, puts some of us to shame.

PIA KILA — Lecturer, Port Moresby Teachers College. Pia a keen sportswomen, runs each week and never complains.

MARGARET MALONEY — Secretary, Craig Kirke & Wright Solicitors. Margaret has been running for quite a while also, seems to enjoy the runs.

GETRUDE HOELER — Housewife. Gertrude is a keen runner, and has been with us for a few weeks now.

NOREEN VINING — Secretary, Bishop Bros. Engineering. Noreen is our ex Hash Cash, but is having a rest from that at the moment, she's hard to keep up with once we're on the trail.

ROSLYN BISHOP — Housewife. Roslyn is an oldie now, I hope she keeps coming after some-one side swiped her car as she was coming to a recent run.

MARY WEBB — Secretary, Arrow Bakery. Mary looks fit and keeps me on my toes when we're running, her runs around Jackson's have been something to talk about.

BEV HUME — Housewife. These housewives who stay at home and rest all day! Bev is a recent runner.

ALICE KAIM — Secretary, United Nations Information Centre. Alice enjoys her runs, I guess she is trying to keep it in the family. Yet another keen sportswomen, plays a hard game of squash.

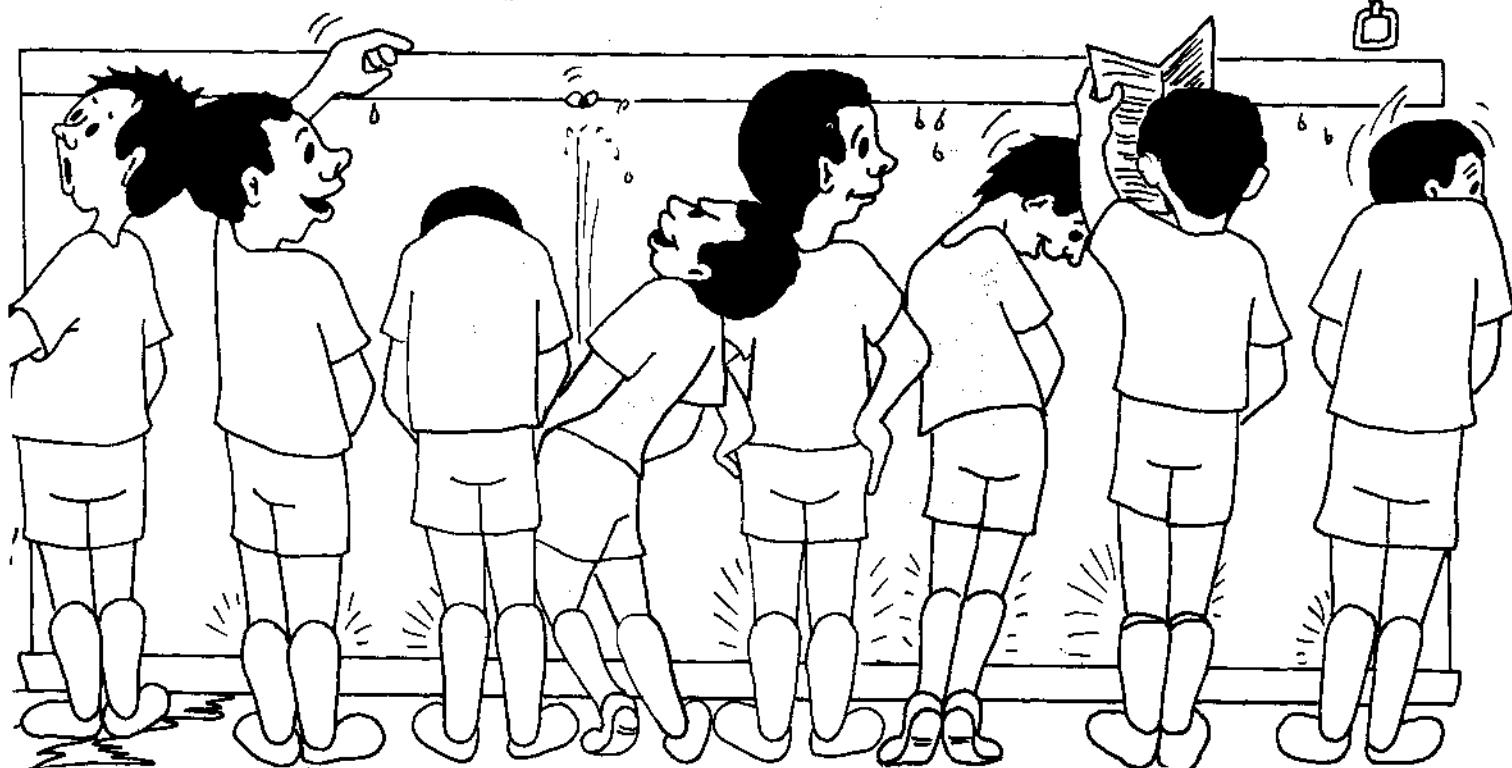
THE KAVIENG CREW

PETER COOK	—	PNGBC	JOHN MOREY	—	Lands	BARRY SHANKS	—	PNGBC
WILSON KASSAU	—	Works	JIM MEEHAN	—	Hotel Kavieng	HARRY SONOGAN	—	Works
ANDREW KUVIA	—	Works	TONY MEEHAN	—	Hotel Kavieng	PAT TALBOT	—	PNGBC
STEWART KING	—	Kiap	ROD OWENS	—	Kiap	JIM WALKER	—	Planter
BOB LACHAL	—	Kiap	DENNIS RUEDIGER	—	Kiap			

LAE FRONT RUNNERS

JIM O'SULLIVAN	—	91 runs	HENRY NEVILLE	—	30 runs	FRANK THOMPSON	—	18 runs
ALAN ROWE	—	88 runs	BOB FINNALL	—	30 runs	BRIAN CUMMINGS	—	18 runs
PAUL CUMMINGS	—	75 runs	ANDREW JOHNSTON	—	30 runs	BRIAN GASCOIGNE	—	18 runs
JOHN COLLYER	—	70 runs	CAMERON STEWART	—	29 runs	BILL REARDON	—	16 runs
DAVE COOPE	—	55 runs	PAUL TRUNDLEY	—	29 runs	RICHARD WOOLLAND	—	16 runs
TIMOTHY SOALA	—	52 runs	JOHN CARROLL	—	29 runs	GILBERT JOKE	—	15 runs
PETER STEWART	—	45 runs	COLIN OMAN	—	27 runs	DAVE McLEAN	—	15 runs
DAVE GRAY	—	44 runs	STEVE CONNELL	—	27 runs	TIPPI ORAWA	—	15 runs
GEOFF STEEDMAN	—	43 runs	OSCAR HUBER	—	26 runs	BERNARD BOKIN	—	13 runs
JEFF KENT	—	42 runs	IAN CUTMORE	—	26 runs	TONY TAYLOR	—	13 runs
MICK O'CONNELL	—	41 runs	NOEL SPALDING	—	24 runs	MICK PRICE	—	12 runs
HARRY SONOGAN	—	39 runs	JOHN CANNING	—	24 runs	IAN MILLETT	—	12 runs
MARTY JOHNSTON	—	37 runs	BRUCE ELLIOT	—	22 runs	KEN GRUMLEY	—	12 runs
FERGUS FITZGERALD	—	35 runs	GEOFF HORSNELL	—	22 runs	CONRAD POWELL	—	11 runs
BARRY HUNT	—	35 runs	GEOFF EVANS	—	21 runs	GRANT CARLSON	—	11 runs
PETER UHE	—	31 runs	GARY BEWA	—	21 runs	GERRY GEWA	—	10 runs
CLINTON PAPAU	—	31 runs	CHARLES BARTON	—	20 runs	DARCY WILSON	—	10 runs
ANDY DEMPSTER	—	31 runs	JAMES WARIA	—	20 runs	JOHN O'BRIEN	—	10 runs

WHICH ONE ARE YOU?



EXCITABLE MAN

Underpants have twisted. Can't find the hole, so rips pants.

SOCIABLE MAN

Joins friends for a leak, whether he wants one or not. Figures it doesn't cost him anything.

CROSS-EYED MAN

Looks in the urinal at left, leaks in one at centre, pulls chain at left.

SHY MAN

Can't urinate if anyone is looking, so flushes urinal, walks out and sneaks back later.

NOSEY MAN

Attempts to see in other urinals to see how other fellow is fixed for size.

INDIFFERENT MAN

All urinals being occupied calmly leaks in sink.

CLEVER MAN

Uses no hands; shows off by adjusting necktie, then looks around for admiring glances.

WORRIED MAN

Isn't sure what he has been in lately, makes frenzied inspection and is scared.

FRIVOLOUS MAN

Plays the stream up and down the urinal and across attempting to hit flies; this type never grows up.

ABSENT-MINDED MAN

Opens vest, takes out tie and leaks in pants.

SNEAKY MAN

Farts noiselessly while leaking, acts innocently, knowing full well the chap in the next booth will get the blame.

SLOPPY MAN

Tell-tale wet drips always below fly, never misses shoes. Doesn't wash hands. Adjusts his fly an hour later.

CHILDISH MAN

Leaks directly into bowl at bottom of urinal. Likes to hear the bubbling noise.

PATIENT MAN

Stands for incredible length of time waiting and sometimes reads newspaper with spare hand.

EFFICIENT MAN

Waits until he wants a crap and does both together.

FAT MAN

Has to stand back and take a long shot at urinal providing he can grab his thing without someone yelling "snake". At times this type usually experiences some trouble in finding it; although there need be no cause for concern because the gent in question had it last himself.

EFFEMINATE MAN

Sits down to his job.