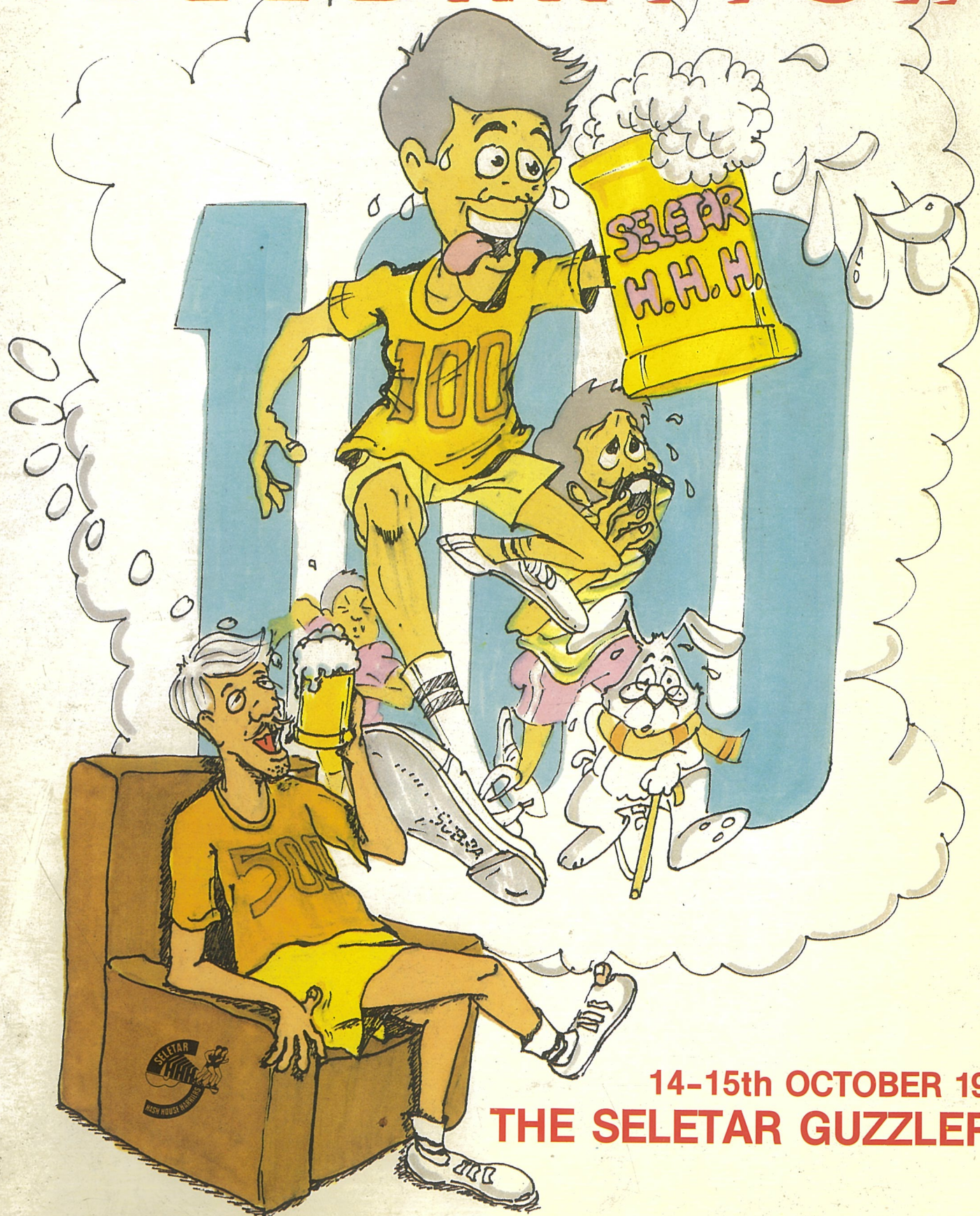


# 500TH RUN CELEBRATION



14-15th OCTOBER 1989  
THE SELETAR GUZZLERS



*With Compliments of*

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Established June 1980

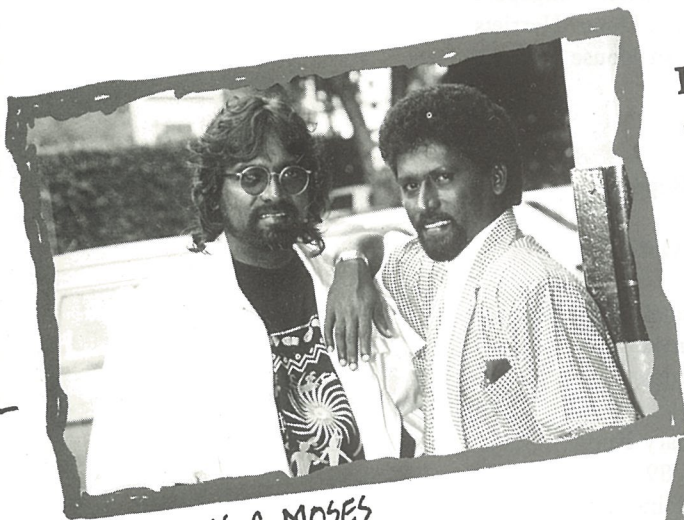
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# Jimmi's Pub

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Presents



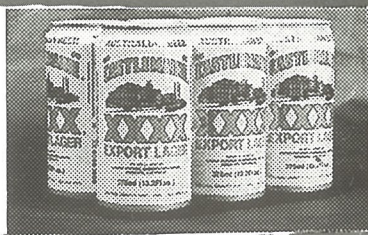
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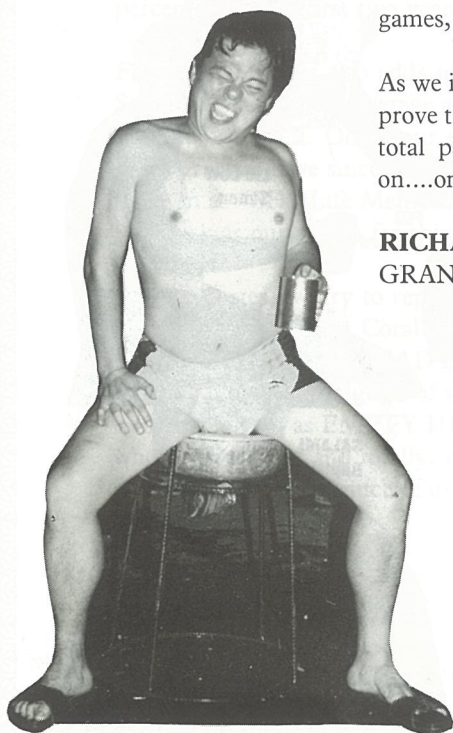
## ***Grandmaster Speaks***

As Seletar approaches it's tenth year, there are reservations that she's getting old and tired. The old Guzzler's 'HASH' Spirit is dying out. True? Maybe to some....False? Definitely Yes!

When I look back over the last nine years, we have managed to stage activities and functions more aggressive than arrogant, than most clubs dared. We have our yearly Dinner and Dance, Charity Runs, Relay runs to outstation celebrations, Footbrawl and Rugby games, pioneering the First Pan-Asia Hash (1987) and now our 500th Run Celebrations.

As we immerse ourselves into the weekend's festivities, I'd like to take this opportunity to prove that once again the old Seletar's Spirit is 'High', and to show that we can still give a total package of Run, Fun and eventually Drunk. Have a memorable weekend and on.....on.....on.....to Seletar's 600th.

**RICHARD 'FER' YEO**  
GRAND MASTER



***FEROCIOUS***





## In Tribute To:

*PETALING JAYA HASH HOUSE HARRIERS  
SUNGEI UJONG HASH HOUSE HARRIERS*

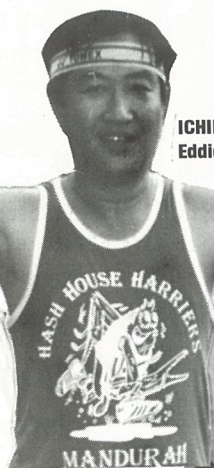
**SMOOTHIE**  
Chuan Seng



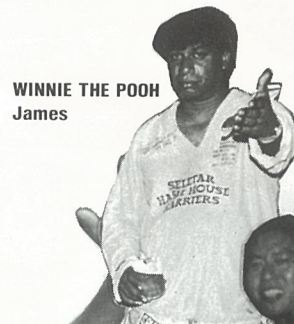
**MESSY**  
Hock Leng



**ICHIBAWASAN**  
Eddie



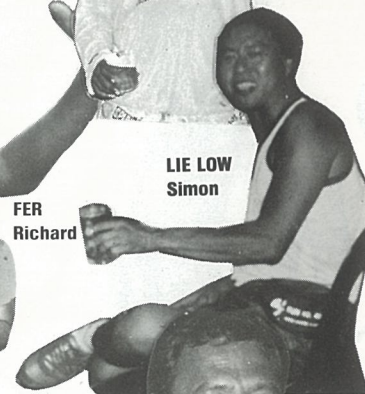
**WINNIE THE POOH**  
James



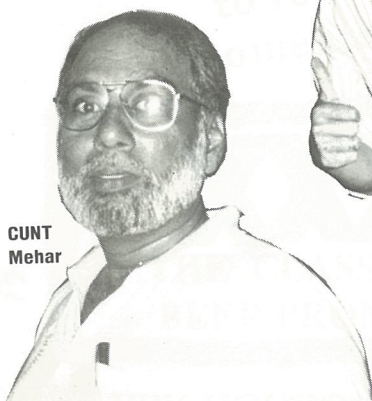
**FER**  
Richard



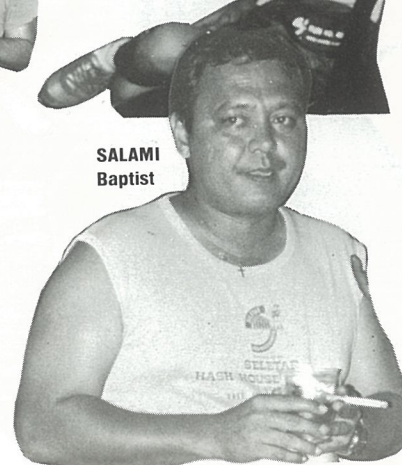
**LIE LOW**  
Simon



**CUNT**  
Mehtar



**SALAMI**  
Baptist



THANK YOU FOR GETTING THE SELETAR  
SHOW ON THE ROAD

**Seletar HHH Inaugural Run  
Leftovers — 'Still Going Great Guns'**





## 500th Celebration Run Souvenir

This that you now hold (whatever else you may do with your other hand) is the 500th celebration run programme of the Seletar Hash House Harriers. Our club's stated aim being to promote hashing at its most basic, i.e. to have a "good run and fun", we take this occasion to give you an extra measure of both. Added to it is this souvenir magazine as a bonus for your reading pleasure, and a splendid time is guaranteed.

Our celebration runs are getting better all the time. In these pages, we reproduce from our club archives, reports of our inaugural run, as well as our 100, 200, 300 and 400th. As we approach our 500th run, we cannot but feel that "500" is a rather magical figure for most of us in Seletar. It adds up to 9.6 years of weekly (Tuesday) runs if we stretch all 52 weeks into a year. Obviously, no one in Seletar can claim a 500 run achievement, although Eddie Yen has pulled his card 454-times. Jogjee was a conscientious hundred-percenter for the first two years but gave in to too many shortcuts after that.

Five hundred runs also adds up to our club being 9.6 years old. This is the average active life-span of a Seletar hasher (whose average age is 38), when a lot of piss would have passed through his brain, or whatever there is of it. Only your editor would be fool enough to stay on for the 1000th run. To our older members who have since retired for whatever reason, to those on "leave of absence", those crazy enough to hang on as "SH3 Life Members", and to Jernail Singh, who comes for celebration runs only, we welcome you back as our guests for this celebration event.

In these pages, we try to reproduce some of the more significant recent highlights in Seletar, e.g. charity runs, the second Blue Coral Snake Run, foreign reports, hash awards, etc. You will meet colourful hash figures like CROTCH, MAD DOG, BABY FACE, SMOOTHIE, PALE RIDER, TODDY MAMA (just to name a few) in the guise of you know who. Also, one improbable ophthalmologist called OPTO, affectionately known as EMPTY HEAD. No offence is meant to anybody, only to show up our crazy hashmen who, individually and totally, make up that utterly disgusting and thoroughly incorrigible club that gives Seletar as a whole so much of its vibrant character and dubious distinction that must be the remark and envy of other chapters.

**OPTO**  
Editor



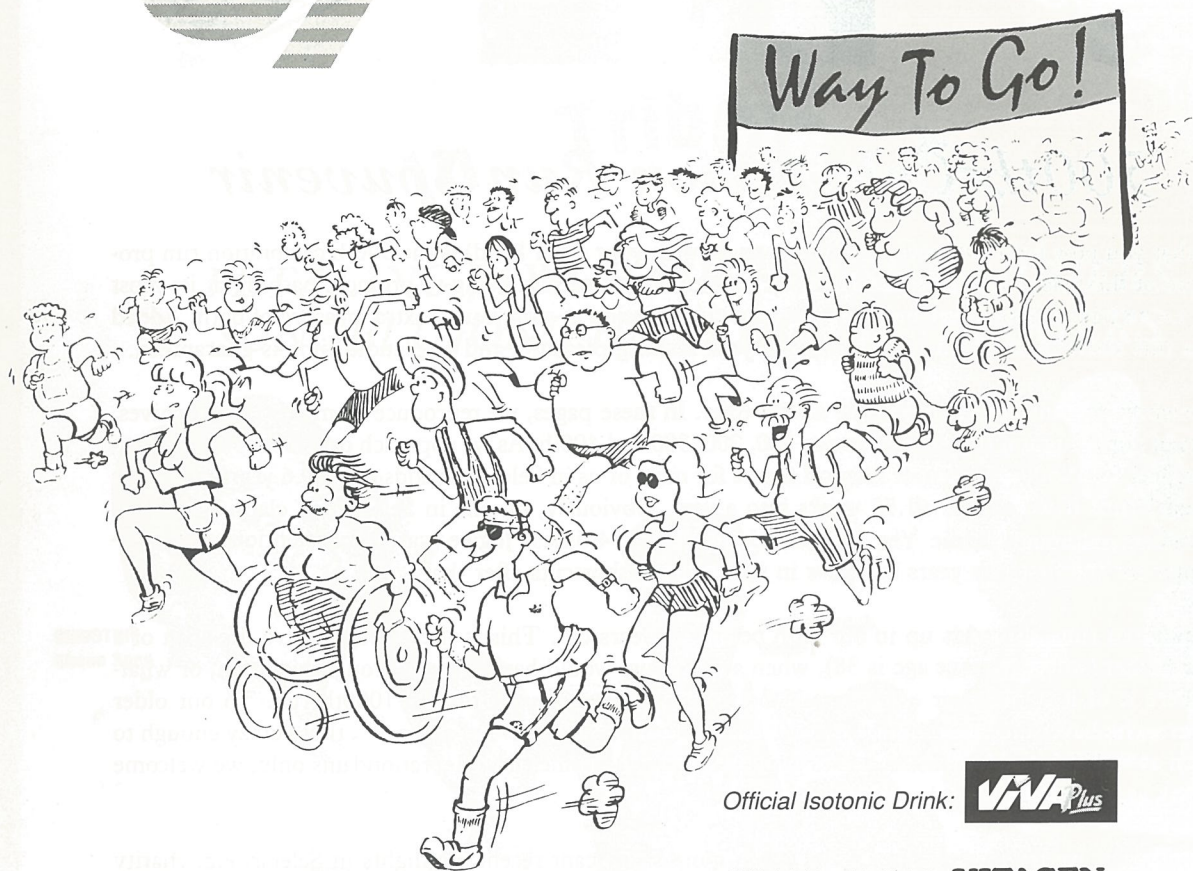




## Coming up soon – '89 Mobil Marathon

Sunday December 3, 1989 at 6.00am  
Start and Finish at National Stadium

# Register now!



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Official Time: **SEIKO**

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Closing date for registration:  
November 11, 1989

Please send \_\_\_\_\_ copies of '89 Mobil Marathon registration forms to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Tel \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_



# 500th Celebration Run Programme

Saturday, 14th October 1989

Venue: Sembawang Shipyard Sports Complex  
off Admiralty Road West

Registration 3.00 pm

Buses Leave 5.01 pm Long Run  
5.15 pm Medium Run  
5.29 pm Short Run

The Circle 7.45 pm

Makan 8.31 pm

Show Starts 9.23 pm

Cultural entertainment, "Professional" Show, Boat Race, Seletar Combo, etc.

Note: Buses will leave punctually for the runs.

Sunday, 15th October 1989

Venue: MRT Corporation, Paterson Road

Footbrawl 10.31 am

Hash Rugby

Seletar will take on the rest of the world!

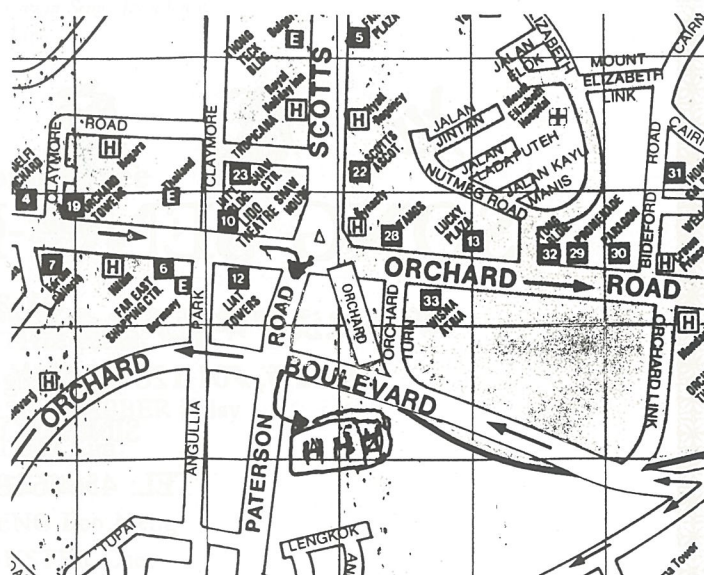
Lunch 12.01 noon

Disperse TBA upon appointment of and acceptance by the 600th  
run organising committee

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# SELETAR HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



*Front (L to R): Aloysius Pillay, Kim Mathews, Richard Yeo, Ang Chuan Seng, John Chee.  
Back (L to R): Raphael Chan, M Silvarajoo, George Petty, Simon Lim.*

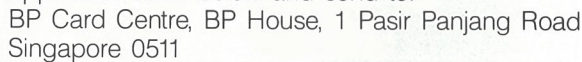
## The Committee

1989-1990

Grandmaster	: Richard FER Yeo
Jointmasters	: Ang SMOOTHIE Chuan Seng : Kim AYDZ Mathews
On Sec	: Aloysius ARSE GRABBER Pillay
Hash Cash	: Simon LIE LOW Lim
Asst On Sec/Cash	: Raphael ROSE Chan
Hash Brew	: Voo AH MENG Boo Meng
Hash Bard	: John TIT BUSTER Chee
Hash Whip	: George MAD DOG Petty
Interhash Sec	: M POPEYE Silvarajoo
Hash Sweeper	: Harjeet HARSHMAN Singh



**NO HIDDEN CHARGES**

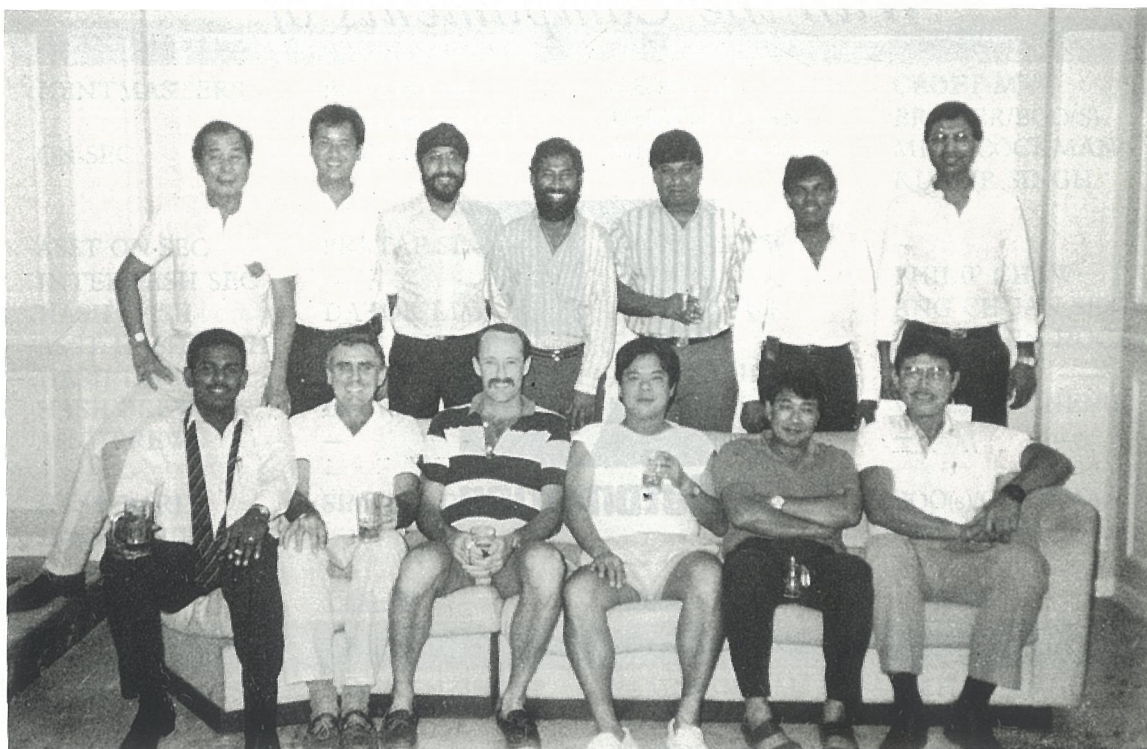


## DATE \_\_\_\_\_





# SELETAR HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



*Front (L to R): M Silvarajoo, George Petty, Kim Mathews, Richard Yeo, Ang Chuan Seng, William Cheng.  
Back (L to R): Lim Kuang Hui, Lawrence Wong, Harjeet Singh, Arulananthan, James Sandosham, Linus Manuel, Rajiv Chaudhury.*

## 500th Celebration Run Organising Subcommittee

Chairman	: Richard FER Yeo (Grandmaster)
Secretary	: Arulananthan 2ND HAND PUSSY
Advertisements	: Ang SMOOTHIE Chuan Seng (Chairman) Mohan JIMMY Singh George MAD DOG Petty Lawrence LAU CHAR BOH Wong Kulbir COOLBEER Singh
Runs	: Kim AYDZ Mathews (Chairman) Harjeet HARSHMAN Singh
Registration	: Rajiv PETER SELLERS Chaudhury
Interhash Sec	: M POPEYE Silvarajoo
Entertainment	: James WINNIE Sandosham
Security	: Jogee JOG Singh
Food & Runsite	: William SAYETING Cheng
Sunday Games	: Harry GANG BANG Yong
Magazine	: Lim OPTO Kuang Hui James WINNIE Sandosham
First Aid	: Dr Raphael ROSE Chan Kok Chin
Souvenirs	: Linus SKIDMARKS Manuel



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# SELETAR HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

## ELECTED OFFICE BEARERS

### 1981-1990

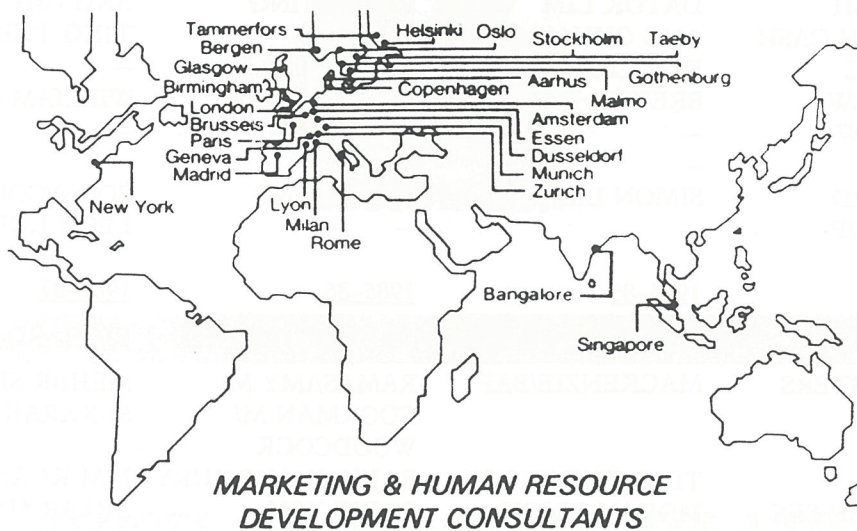
	<u>1981-82</u>	<u>1982-83</u>	<u>1983-84</u>
GRANDMASTER	SANDOSHAM J	SANDOSHAM J	BAP/BREWER
JOINTMASTERS	BAPTIST M MEHAR SINGH	CROFT M BREWER JOHN	CROFT M BREWER/BOO(S)
ON-SEC	ABEYRATNE J	MIKE COCKMAN	MIKE COCKMAN/ KULBIR SINGH
ASST ON-SEC	PRATAP SINGH	PHILIP CHEW	—
INTERHASH SEC	—	—	PHILIP CHEW
HASH CASH	DATOK LIM	PHILIP YING	ANG CHUAN SENG
ASST HASH CASH	ANG CHUAN SENG	RAMESH	TING THIN HOCK
HASH DOC	DOC CHERIAN	DOC SETHI	—
HASH BREW	BREWER JOHN	BREWER JOHN	WILLIAM CHENG
ASST BREW	—	JERRY NAH	—
—	—	—	—
HASH BARD	SIMON LIM	HOCK LENG	BOO(s)/COCKMAN
HASH WHIP	—	—	LEON LUI
	<u>1984-85</u>	<u>1985-86</u>	<u>1986-87</u>
GRANDMASTER	LEON LUI	WILLIAM CHENG	RICHARD YEO
JOINTMASTERS	MACKENZIE/BAP	RAMASAMY M/ COCKMAN M/ WOODCOCK	MEHAR SINGH M KARAKASHIAN
ON-SEC	TING THIN HOCK	RAJIV CHAUDHURY	LIM KUANG HUI
INTERHASH SEC	MOHAN SINGH	EDDIE YEN	ABTAR SINGH
ASST ON-SEC/CASH	JOGJEE SINGH	LINUS MANUEL	PHILIP CHEW
HASH CASH	HARRY YONG	COOLBEER	FONG KOK WAI
HASH BREW	ONG CHIN CHAI	LEE SIAH CHENG	VOO BOO MENG
HASH WHIP	WOODCOCK N	GORDON MACKENZIE	KEVIN PARNELL
HASH BARD	JAMES ABNEY/ COCKMAN M	SILVARAJOO	MOHD ZAIS
HASH SWEEPER	—	—	KUMAR M
	<u>1987-88</u>	<u>1988-89</u>	<u>1989-90</u>
GRANDMASTER	MOHAN SINGH	RAMASAMY	RICHARD YEO
JOINTMASTERS	ANDREW CHENG DAVID THEOBALD	BILL GARTSHORE NARINDER SINGH	KIM MATHEWS ANG CHUAN SENG
ON-SEC	PHIL COCKMAN	ARULANANTHAN	ALOYSIUS PILLAY
INTERHASH SEC	ABTAR SINGH	LINUS MANUEL	M SILVARAJOO
ASST ON-SEC/CASH	S C SOONG	SEE-TOH M K	RAPHAEL CHAN
HASH CASH	T SILWARAJU	BILLY WONG	SIMON LIM
HASH BREW	VINCENT YING	HENRY CHOO	VOO BOO MENG
HASH WHIP	BOB JOHNSON	NEIL WOODCOCK	GEORGE PETTY
HASH BARD	CHARLES SHANMUGARAJ	NG K K	JOHN CHEE
HASH SWEEPER	ALBERT NG	SILVARAJOO	HARJEET SINGH

Between June 1980 to April 1981 Seletar Hash was run by a Protem Committee. The 1986-87 Committee was also known as the HORNY, 1987-88 as LAID BACK, 1988-90 as the LOOK INTO COMMITTEES.



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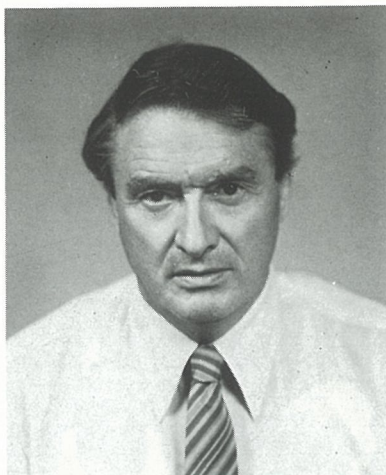
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**HASH  
HOUSE  
HARRIERS  
SINGAPORE**

FOUNDED 1962



## *Message*

### **GRAND MASTER Seletar Hash House Harriers**

On behalf of the Singapore Hash, we wish to congratulate you on the attainment of your 500th Run.

We are pleased that you have established such a firm foundation for the future, particularly since we have noted that most of the ratbags who are naturally drawn to Hashing seem to be participants on both our Hashes.

We therefore wish you many happy future anniversaries and hope that our trails will continue to meet on the odd occasion.

ON ON

**John O'Rourke**

*Grand Master*

Singapore Hash House Harriers



*Best Wishes and Congratulations  
to the SELETAR GUZZLERS*

**Keep Running and  
ON! ON! to the 600th**

*from*



**Douglas Reeves  
Colin Satatree**



## *Message*

***Hi Seletar,***

On behalf of the Hash House Harriets I would like to congratulate you on reaching your 500th run.

The blend of your good looks, charm, youth and my sycophancy plus your innovativity in laying challenging and intriguing runs, truly makes yours a remarkable hash.

I hope that all will enjoy your 500th celebration on this memorable occasion.

On On

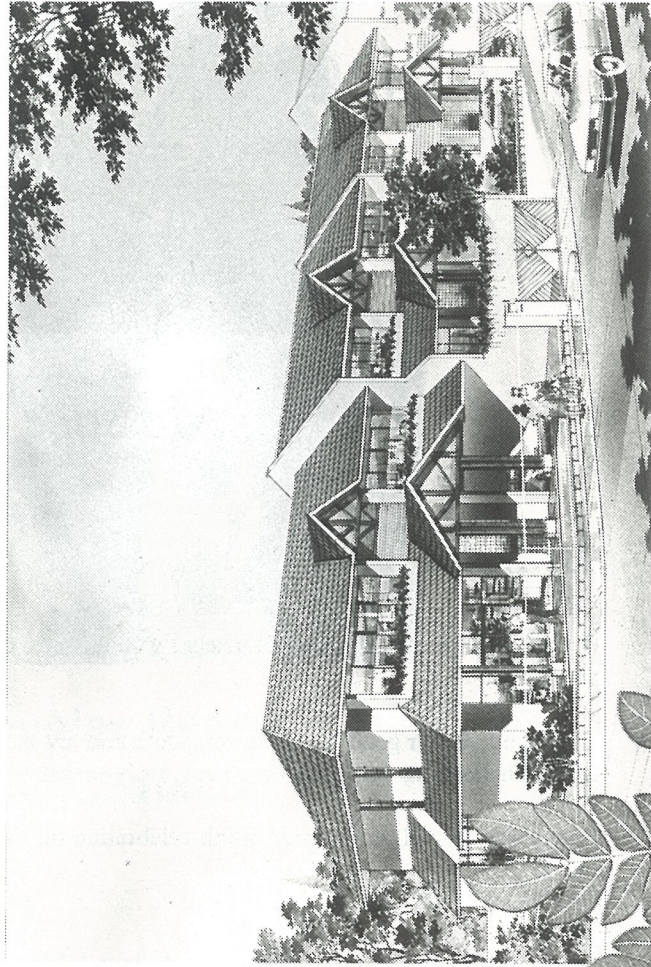
*Sian Jones*

**Sian Jones**  
*Grand Hash Mistress*



# There are 36,127 rain trees in Singapore but only one Raintree Valley . . .

. . . where 26 privileged families will enjoy  
the harmony of Tudor allure and contemporary charm.

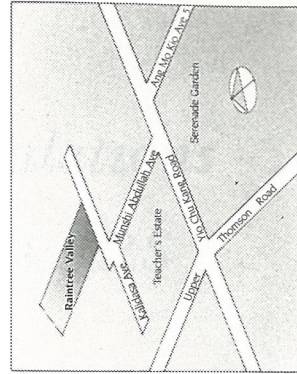


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# On Paper!

LION CITY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

## Message

Many congratulations to Seletar Hash on your 500th run. Lion City and Seletar have enjoyed a friendly association (never say rivalry!) over the years and I have many happy — and hazy — memories of fun and camaraderie at such events as the Quadripartite run — which normally saw me still blundering through the jungle at 7 p.m. — and the generously-supplied on-ons where we unmentionables were allowed to attend, and, in the case of Syph + the Sores, perform. (Magnanimous as always, you didn't throw anything too hard). I particularly remember the superbly — organised Pan-Asia Hash (where Lion City was delighted to assist) which must have been one of the most fondly-remembered big hash events of recent years. I'm sure Seletar will continue to go from strength to strength, and on behalf of not just the ladies but all Lion City members may I wish you all the best for the future.

On On.

### **The Black Widow**

*Grand Mistress*



## Message

Before I started Hashing I was a Babe in arms. I'm still crawling but I look much older now.

Congratulations to Seletar Hash who have come of age a long time ago and are still in great shape.

Seletar is certainly the most active Hash in Singapore in terms of invitation run celebrations, and I'm sure I join all of Lion City Hash in thanking them for their great Hash spirit and hospitality.

### **Jeff Bradford**

*Grand Master*





OPEN, CLOSE, OPEN, CLOSE,  
 CLOSE, OPEN, CLOSE, OPEN,  
 OPEN, CLOSE, OPEN, CLOSE,  
 CLOSE, OPEN, CLOSE, OPEN,  
 OPEN, CLOSE, OPEN, CLOSE,  
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 OPEN, CLOSE, OPEN, CLOSE,  
 CLOSE, OPEN, CLOSE, OPEN,

## TRY DOING THIS WITH AN ORDINARY CAN OF PAINT.

What can this be? A paint can that actually opens and closes without any nasty cuts, spills or hassles?

What happened to all the old rusted and bent lids then? And those mouldy, wasted half used cans of paint? Could someone have finally solved all of these problems in one easy stroke of genius?

Without sounding cocky, we have to admit we've done it. It's the new Berger Vinyl Silk plastic paint container (or as the

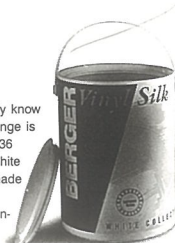
initiated have now begun to call it, the 'Paintainer').

Dead easy to open..... ridiculously easy to close. So there's never any chance of any air getting in to ruin your paint, and no rusty old tins lying around in total waste. (And we all know that means wasted money)

But there's more. The new Vinyl Silk Paintainer is lighter than the old style tin cans, so you won't find yourself having to lug around a twenty ton weight every time you climb a ladder.

And to prove we really know paint, the new Vinyl Silk range is available in a collection of 36 contemporary pastel and white tones. So there's always a shade to match your decorations.

Quite simply, a very un-ordinary non-can of paint.







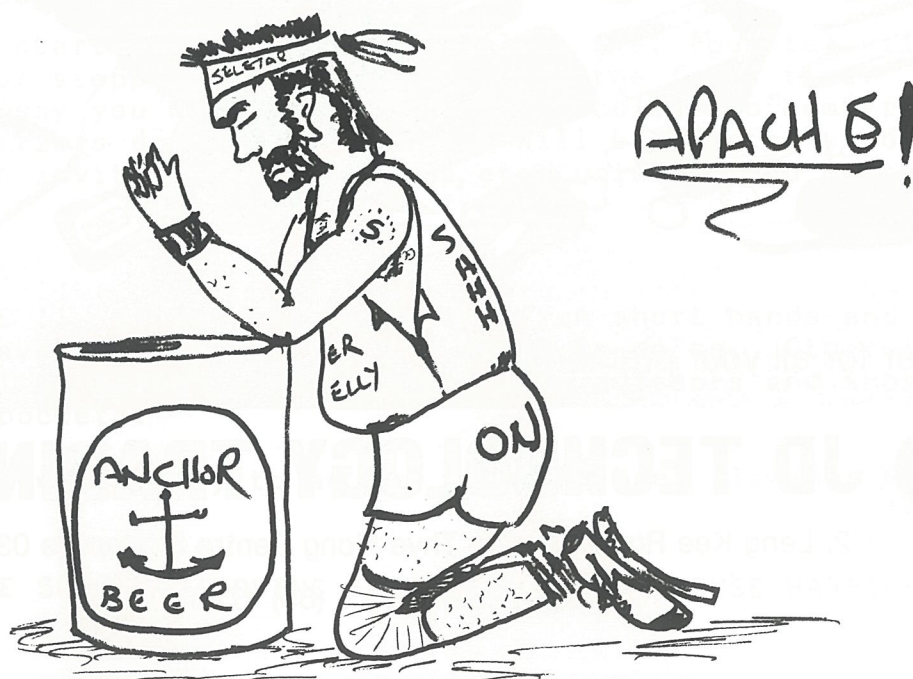
## A HASHMAN'S PRAYER or the Lord's Prayer according to Neil Woodcock

Oh Great Hare In The Sky, look down on your people below who are gathered in some inhospitable place in Singapore. For it is Chewsdays again and the Disciples of Seletar are gathered for their weekly convocation.

Grant that the skies will not open and piss down and wash all the paper away, and grant that your acolyte Hares will be abundant with paper in the scattering thereof, and that they will not set the "IN" trail too close to the "OUT" trail, and grant that their checks will not be too difficult to follow and grant that they avoid their usual shiggy, for I am wearing my new NIKES, and grant that the run will be either more than 75 or less than 45 minutes so that we may move the HASHIT, and grant that they do not cross main roads whereon our people may be flattened by S.B.S. buses, and grant that the S.B.C.s get lost, and grant that the F.R.B.s run out of steam, and grant that calling is done in a proper manner, and grant that Tan's beer wagon will not have a puncture, and grant that Hash Blew will have ordered enough for the chastisement of miscreants, and grant that the Whip does not notice my nice new NIKES or that they are still clean after the shiggy, and grant that I can find my car after the on-on, on-on, on-on, and grant that my car can find its own way home avoiding those pitfalls set by the men in blue to trap the more weary and bleary of your Disciples, and grant that my wife will be asleep when I get home, and grant that the dog will not bite me, and grant that Wednesday be blotted out from my books.

If you grant all this, Oh Great Hare In the Sky, then verily, we shall sing your praises and do great DOWN-DOWNS and return every Chewsdays to repeat the performance, Amen.

(A long-time Seletar hashier, APACHE departed our shores on 22 August 1989 for better run-sites in foreign lands. For a lost and wandering hashier, may he return to Seletar when the Great Hare so desires — Ed.)





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## A Page From History

### SELETAR HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER : J W SANDOSHAM Off: 7693311 x 88221  
Res: 2711038

JOINT-MASTERS : MARTIN BAPTIST (Off: 4795111) HASH CASH : LIM CHOOI SENG  
JOHN CHEW HASH BREW : AVTAR SINGH  
HASH BARD : EDDIE YEN

FATHER ON SEC : PAUL ANG (Off: 911998)  
SON SEC : OON TECK LEE

1st MEETING OF PRO-TEM  
"COMMIDDEE"

26th May 1980

Place: KINGSFORD BAR

Only three suckers were punctual viz. Grand Master, Joint-Master John and On Sec., infact (half-the hour hand early) the rest of the smart guys cooled in at odd hours with unacceptable reasons. Finally the meeting started just after "Happy Hour" sad to say and amidst broken tables and chairs trashed out ideas for the Inaugural Run on the 21st June 1980. The fore-running Hares for the Inaugural are Baptist and Paul (a 200 kgs combination). Grand Master Sando with beer in right hand and left hand in clenched fist pounded that witnesses should be present. So, "Here you come Hash people"!! from S. Ujong and Petaling Jaya.

Grand Master decided to have his name on Marque lights during Opening Run with lots of blaring music, so joint-master John has to get his technicians ready with the lighting and Hash Cash Lim with the sound-system and joint-master Baptist has kindly consented (out of guilt for being late) to present the blaes (horn) to the club.

The "Commiddee" has decided to meet again to test the punctuality of the others on 5th June and to check on the make-up and hair-do before the final shooting.

And now for some CA\$HY news !!

Once our feet starts moving any other alien feet (guests) will be charged S\$5 for stepping on our grounds for the first time. After which glad to say you will be pulled by the collar to "memberization". Outstation Harriers don't worry you all will be treated kindly with no charge when invited on weekly runs, etc. unless Grand Master's in a bad mood.

### SUBSCRIPTION :

MEMBERS BEWARE !! If you are suffering from short hands and long pockets you have only 10 days in the month to do so. Otherwise our Hash Cash will be going round with his long scissors and short hands to snip your pockets.

The meeting flowed slowly to an end with the beer flowing quickly amidst bye-byes.

ON! ON! THE SPIRIT'S MOVING FOR SELETAR HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



*Congratulations &*  
*Happy 500th to*  
**SELETAR HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

*Compliments of*  
**The Chinamen**

# *The Inaugural Run was held on 21st June 1980 at Marsiling School*

SANDO (J W Sandosham), the Inaugural Grand Master, reported:



“Hares: J Ms. Baptist, John Chew & Paul Ang helped by Avgas and Raymond Baptist (S.U.).

Hail! Salute! — the birth of Seletar Hash House Harriers! The No. 1 Run was certainly a memorable occasion. A number of Hashmen from Sungei Ujong, Petaling Jaya and Johor Baru showed up for this ‘celebration run’. Though the turn-out of Seletar Hashturds could have been better (where were you, Gootie), there were enough present to press on and make it an enjoyable occasion.

Marsiling School, the start point, and the villagers in the surrounding area, could never see a weirder crowd. After Grandmaster Sando had completed the opening announcements, the pack was off with James Abey setting the pace, horn in his horny hands. (For the records, the horn was donated by JM Martin Baptist) After the first check point, the pack soon found themselves in a muddy patch, surrounded by shoulder-high lallang (thanks, hares). Then came an up-hill stretch and a tricky bit of running between vegetable plots while trying not to kill the poor saplings, to the deep concern of farmers and their daughters! Some even stopped to take a quick shower at the rotating water-sprinkler! Then came the strenuous bit (for the stragglers, that is) of covering two more hills, going past farm houses and the Nan Chian Primary School (I’m sure I’ve got the spelling right). On the final home stretch, Sando gracefully allowed Grandmaster Alex of PJ to romp ahead. Ang Chuan Seng (that smooth character) and a few more were already home and on the beers by then.

The ‘On-On’ that followed saw the out-stationers winning the ‘boat’ race on a replay, and Ray Baptist from Sungei Ujong just edging Raspal for the ½ yard race. In the sing-a-long, Paul ‘Lucia’ Ang found his match in ‘Mario Marito’ Amaloo from Johor Baru (what a fine Hash singer he is!) The food for the On On was really something else, especially with Eddie’s ‘sambal blachan’ thrown in. Many thanks must go to Avtar’s wife, Belle, for her effort. The evening ended with JM John trying to ‘con’ everyone into drinking ½ yards, and our friendly Sikhs providing a cultural song/dance item. Still others found time later to hit Orchard Road. But that’s another story.”



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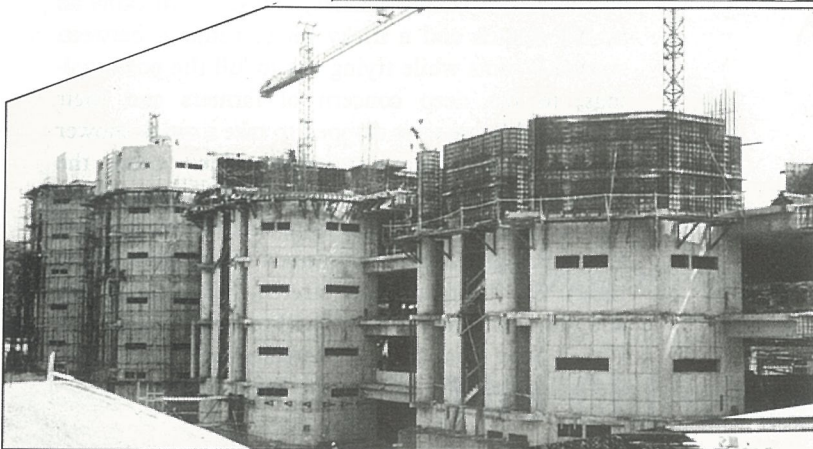
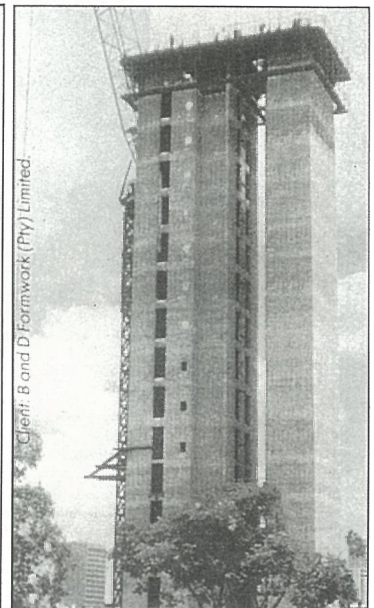
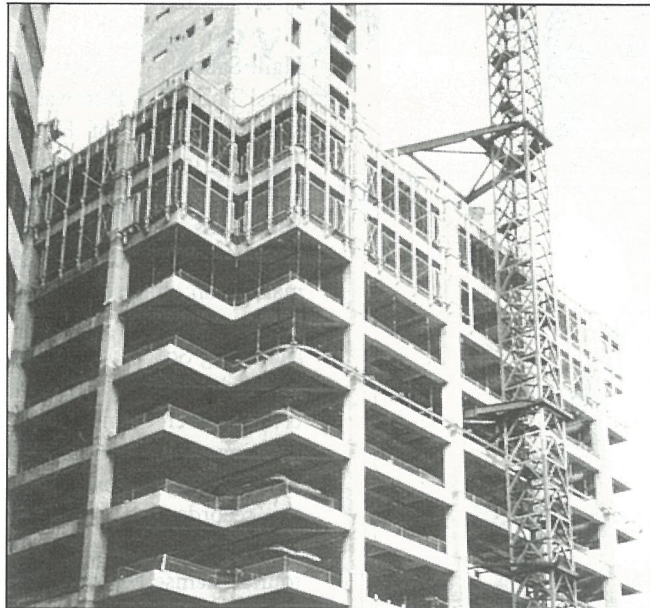
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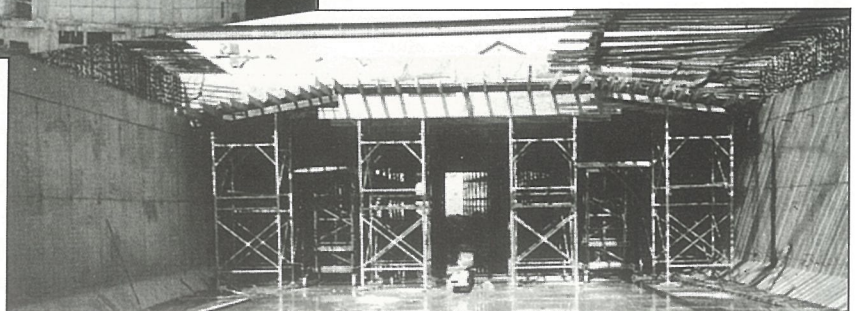
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# Seletar 100th Celebration Run

**Date:** 15th May 1982. **Location:** Pasir Ris. 58 members "ran", there were 223 visitors.

**The Hares** were the Jointmasters John Chew, Mike Croft & Mark Offley (assisting). Unusual for Seletar, there were two reports.

## GENERAL (Jernail Singh)'s Report:

"The 15th May, 1982 saw Seletar H3 come of age, 100 runs old. Not being the type to blow out our own candles, invitations were despatched to Hashes all over the world. Needless to say, all of them turned up "in full force", an approximately 300-strong crowd. If you are an accountant, give or take 10% of that figure.

Run-On time was 1730 but the dedicated Hosts were at the site around 1500 to warm up the place. Organisation was the key-word and T-shirt vendors, bartenders, carpark attendants, PROs and the like had a field-day on a rather muddy field. Ramesh will vouch for that and so will Jogjee.

On On was sounded by GM at 1740 after his customary "welcome" speech perched precariously over two heavy hashmen of proven ability and the group pictures were taken by no less than three pro-hash flashes.

Three minutes into the run and the crowd got cornered at the edge of a river joining the Straits. Chandran of Tanjong Petri suddenly lost his bearings and had to be quickly revived by reassurances that this was a non-swimming, non-wading and absolutely thorn-free route, to get on paper again. He bit on it.

The scenery, onlookers, cheerleaders and well-wishers were as expected on hash runs, but the false trails on this run certainly kept us all together. (Two marks for that). The pig-farms, fish-farms, pools of a yet undetermined use and nature, quicksand pits and construction sites that we ran through could have as easily been selling points on an educational tour.

(What say we have the hares giving running commentaries on a loud hailer whilst we are running through these gorgeous venues.)

The T-Shirt handout point, just before the last turn home was quite unimaginative as it was on a loop which, hashologically speaking, no hashman or woman, after pumping out carbon-dioxide at 100 p.s.i. constantly for more than 3600 seconds, would be inclined to undertake. Minus two points for this Boo-Boo. (No offence to you BOO Moh Cheh).

Last runner in at 1915 and the hosts let loose their dynamic personalities with hearty hospitality and mild hostility and made everyone feel at home. I sure did my bit with Julia — made her feel "at home" that is. Don't take me on, Stu!

Brew flowed freely, even to the ground, makan got gobbled up, T-shirts got soiled, the visiting hashes let out with their verses, new acquaintances were made, some renewed, some shelved and all in all, the events added up to a most memorable Seletar H3 occasion. I am glad I was there. Let's hope SBC has captured some of it. ON! ON!

Verdict of Run: Ideal distance and country for a "Celebration" run.

Organisation: An exemplary hash effort if there ever was one, good participation and enthusiasm.

Cooperation: Full Marks

Food: As I had to scrape the bottom of the pots, I would say "it went down very well."

---

## 4 Skin (Mike Cockman)'s Report:

"In fine and true style, Grandmaster SANDO called 58 Seletar Hashmen and 223 visitors, on out for this auspicious occasion. It was seaward bound as we went in a long line of bodies extended to a cul-de-sac (dead-end to a hashman). Not too sure what it looked like down there but a little bit of strategic running (calling checking!) over on the left brought some of us to the front!! From here it was a good run over flat land with a check at the end which was soon found on up, over left into a quarry.

Here the mass of bodies started descending into the muddy pit (filmed for posterity by SBC) and then on up and right on the other side where we met the main pack skirting the quarry and that glorious mud! — Can you have 200 SCBs or may be some 80 idiots running without using their heads? (I was only following paper — Honest!) From here it was on down to a road and left to a check by the canal. This check really sent hashers to the 4 points of the compass and it was some

time before the way on was found over left through the fish farms and kampong.

On On we went through more blurred country till a check left took us into a quarry and then on up, over, off and on paper, through a kampong, and on down to the T-shirt van and the SBC cameras again. After here, we ran clutching our prizes, only to start overtaking many Hashers who had missed the T-shirt van completely (they say they were on paper but I reckon the van was more likely to be on paper!). Anyway, it was not a long slog on uphill with the smell of Carlsberg in the air, until finally we dropped on down and into the magic place of the gold and pale liquid.

Verdict: Good run with clever checks not easily found — even with 280 runners.

Overall: In Seletar H.H.H., we had so much fun,  
We drank more than run,  
And confirmed our club to be a pub,  
Cheers, here's to the 200th Run Celebration!!



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# Seletar 200th Celebration Run

## APACHE (Neil Woodcock)'s Report

Weekend of 13-15th April 1984

Location: Jalan Ulu Sembawang

The Hares were the Jointmasters Mike Croft/Boo Moh Cheh & Phil Yuetter (assisting)

## THE SEMBAWANG STROLL

"It was a sight to gladden the hasher's heart. Over 600 people gathered from all over the world and 32 chapters pitched on a patch of mud at the end of Jalan Ulu Sembawang.

There were hashers of all shapes, colours and sizes: black, white, yellow, pink and even some with lumps on. These later, it was carefully explained to us Seletar M.C.P.s, are known collectively as Harriets.

After a short speech of welcome by the Grandmaster when he felt constrained to explain that we should follow paper on this run, the assembled horde took off after Gordon MacKenzie who disappeared over the horizon as if he was Ghengis Khan. Indeed, the ground did shake with the pounding of 1200 plus size nines.

The paper led us along many familiar trails through bog and thorn and people's backyards. With so many people the checks were rapidly found except for the second one where two kindly old ladies, who were weeding their field, sent about 200 of us roaring off down the wrong track searching for non-existent paper.

On and on steamed the mob and I mean steamed. The weather was kind in that the clouds hid the sun somewhat, but it was humid, and I reckoned about twenty pounds ran down my legs.

Up hill and down dale we went with the kampung kids rushing out to watch the sight of this heaving mob stumbling by. It must be bad to have 60 regular hashers beating the path from your backdoor to the front-yard, but 600?

One kind lady took pity and while people milled about in her yard looking for paper started doling out water to replace some of the lost body fluid.

On and on up the last hill where one farmer played the truly inscrutable oriental and totally ignored the staggering swearing sweating swarm as we struggled through his squash patch and stoically continued to scatter his seed.

Mercifully it was the last hill and over the crest through a pepper field to line up for tee-shirts, then on home down the road to replace all that sweat with copious draughts of the amber liquid.

Then followed the usual entertainment that follows a hash celebration run with vast numbers of people going for "Drunk of the Week" award and everybody getting too blasted to know who won it.

Makan was served with a special one for the home crowd. The chicken was so hot that the grass died when I went for a piss after eating, and a spot I dropped on my shoe burnt a hole in it. It took about six bottles of fire extinguishers before I could feel my tongue again.

The final verdict was a very good run very well set and an excellent weekend generally.

On behalf of Seletar H3 I would like to say "thank you" to the organising committee for a memorable 200th."





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**ON YOUR 500TH RUN**

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# Seletar 300th Celebration Run

**Weekend** of 28th February till 2nd March 1986

**Location:** Sembawang Shipyard Sports Complex

**The Hares** were the Jointmasters M Ramasamy & Neil Woodcock

Because it was our "300th", there were Three Reports

OPTO (Lim Kuang Hui)'s Report

## A THREE DAY GARGLE



SAYETING (Seletar) and Ricky Ng (Malacca), road relay reciprocated.

*"I have over-prepared the event  
That much is ominous."* Ezra Pound

The time has come for our 300th "Celebration" and time, finally, caught up with us. The run itself coincided with the day the breathalyser test became law in Singapore, which prompted GM William Cheng (SAYETING) to say: "The success of this event depends on the Club as a whole, not just the organising committee. We don't want anyone to blow it!"

But SALAMI MABOK had to blow it, as the events unfold.

### Friday, 28.2.86: Drink till the Tigers come home

The three day trash began with a welcoming reception at Tiger Brewery in Alexander Road. The night before, GM SAYETING, true to perfection, made a "recce" there and invited me to "SCB" along.

The GM's mission was simple and to the point. After downing a couple, he requested the brewery to increase our consumption (of piss). Col Yap obliged, increasing our supply to 30, above the 24 barrels and bottled beers (remembering how Seletar had drunk the Tavern dry at our 200th celebration) but we had to leave by 10 pm ("staff working overtime"). As it turned out, the Colonel was more than extravagant but he misjudged on the time.

By ETA of 7 pm, the Tavern was already jam packed to capacity. A record crowd turned up, not including Seletar's die-hard guzzlers and some gate-crashers.

First to arrive, from 5 pm onward, were the Johor Baru Hash. The early birds were followed by Kota Melaka, as they drove into town after finishing the last leg of the road relay. Batu Pahat, also "running-in", and Port Dickson, in a chartered bus, turned up in large numbers.

The organisers were hoping that, given the constraint of limited space in the Tavern, not too many would turn up on our first night.

The ice was easily broken as the celebration went underway. The function had taken off!

Soon, the background Seletar din of chattering drinkers was punctuated by gutsy singing. It did not take long for a "boat race" to be challenged — nobody cared who made up the teams nor who the winners were — only Rajiv (PETER SELLERS) was concerned that the "boats" (half-yards) were retrieved for the next evening's event.

Free-flowing spontaneous items were mounted on the Tavern's robust table top. The Tiger had never seen such rowdy drinking before. But there was an ugly scene which caused Col. Yap to say: "Gentlemen, remember that you are our guests. Our girls are trying their best. Please don't shout and bang your glasses on the bar!"

It seemed that when some drinkers come to the hash, they also leave their manners behind.

True-blue Seletar guzzling went on past our dead-line when, at 11 pm, "last rounds" were called. But, no matter. By prior arrangement, the guzzlers adjourned to the "Blue Bird Lounge" in Balestier Road, stopping en-route to fill their hungry stomachs with food.

MOHAN went around with the "kitty", as Seletar was eager to reciprocate outstation hospitality. Drinking resumed from 2.00 to 4.30 am. Memories became blurred after that. One source reported that the party



then departed to an all-night restaurant at "Dawood's" and what happened after that is best forgotten. That a certain driver was blessed was evidenced by his walking out unscathed from his wrecked car that saw the end of the road.

The Tiger has finally come home for SALAMI MABOK. But what wastage these hash fellows get themselves into — drinking our God-given energy to oblivion.

### **Saturday, 1.3.86: Come to the Carnival**

The next day dawned afresh. The weather was fine-dry and slightly overcast. The run-site at the Sembawang Shipyard Sports Complex, which was converted to a carnival, was gaily decorated with mounted buntings, added on to by buntings from visiting clubs.

Large banners proclaimed the arrival of the road-relay run from Kota Melaka and another team from Batu Pahat. BP had a distinctive "T"-shirt with a sash running down the left shoulder to right hip to announce their "run-in".

Bus loads, with more banners, and cars, with stickers, came in from Seremban and Port Dickson. Even our sponsors put up giant banners to advertise their brand of piss.

The sports house itself was converted to a large reception hall with laid out tables and chairs. RAMBOO II (Edmund Ee) supplied additional powered lights.

From the central stage, a lion dance troupe beckoned with drum beats. Gaily coloured balloons decorated the drink counters.

The car park began to fill in from 3 pm. Chief Whip NUTS (Leon Lui) and his team, all sporting petticoats worn as collars, directed the traffic. NUTS later doubled up as a clown which was a natural thing for him. The run committee were distinguished by specially made caps, worn for the occasion, to assist our guests. Doc Raphael Chan, wearing a red-cross arm-band, had his team of first aiders and the St. John's Ambulance on stand-by.

A lion dance, mounted by SIBOK (Albert Ng), RAMBO II, and a team of Seletar performers greeted our guests. PLAYBOY (Phil Chew) had set up a row of registration desks, manned by Seletar volunteers. A count showed 434 signed up, representing some 26 outstation chapters, not including 91 of our own Seletar members. We did not allow non-hashing guests or family members.

The souvenir and gift shop set up by POPEYE (Rajoo) ably assisted by Bina from Lion City did a brisk business. Popular items were sold out fast and the collections kept COOLBEER (Kulbir), our hash cash, happy. At the farther end of the playground, where

bottles of beer were ferried, was the ultimate tent, manned by BREWER (John Chew) and FER (Richard Yeo), where "T"-shirts and the souvenir magazines were distributed.

Joint Hare APACHE (Neil Woodcock) called the "long" run at 5 pm. More than half the assembled runners took off. In the interval, some Singapore harriets put on an impromptu aerobic exercise to warm up. APACHE then called the "normal" run at 5.30 pm. Those who could not participate on the run due to standing business, took to the football field to sweat out.

First runners in were from the long run at 6.30 pm. The last runners returned by 7.30 pm. But, before there was time to cool down, the GM SAYETING mounted the microphone to welcome all visiting GMs on stage for a mass down-down.

Kota Melaka, who reciprocated our earlier road relay to Malacca, was given a rousing reception. Their GM, Ricky Ng chaired our GM on his shoulders and, on the ice, downed a mug of beer held by the skin of his teeth.

Then came the usual Tuesday "Seletar style" Circle reports. APACHE, as J.M., announced "next week's run." Down-down was awarded to HARI-HARI (Harry Yong) for 200th run, SHIT-UP-A-TREE (Oigle) for 50th run and HURRICANE (John Reid), our second "Seletar life member".

This was followed by Gordon whose "whip report" put many a visiting hasher, as well as our own miscreants on the ice. Gordon finished, as usual, by announcing: "Food — Seletar last!" and pointed to the direction of Eddie Yen who had Memory Caterers supply dinner for 600. There was more food than even HANS SOLO could eat.

Entertainment began after dinner. The Seletar Combo, led by KING KONG (Ng K K) presented the "Seletar Song", sung to the tune of "Summertime" by John Chee. MOHD ALI (Zais) presented a rock number and Lawrence Wong, without fail, sang a Cantonese Song.

A sketch by MOHD ALI, as a Geylang pimp, welcomed MAO TSE TUNG (Ewing Chan) to visit "call-girls" AH HONG, Philip Ng and Eddie.

An unscheduled "Sing-a-long" by SANDO and hashbard POPEYE occupied the stage whilst RAINBOW (Marcus), with the help of our ladies Stella and Maureen, prepared the contestants for the "Ms Seletar 300 Queen". RAINBOW led the "girls", who came from 10 visiting clubs, on stage like a proud father giving away the bride. The contest was compered by APACHE, who displayed more cheese cake (legs) than any of the "girls". But the judges, comprising the Singapore harriets, decided to award the



title to "Miss" Butterworth Hash. Runners-up were P.J. and Malacca.

The inevitable "boat race", taken through several rounds and conducted by PETER SELLERS, was won by Seletar, who reaffirmed themselves as THE HASH GUZZLERS, a fitting recognition for our 300th run theme.

Our youngsters Chuan Campbell and TANNANEH took the audience on a "Rapper's Song" and set the mood for disco.

Weary legs could dance no more by 1.30 am when the crowd adjourned to the Belville Club for more beers. MOHAN passed the "kitty" around again and, with the help of SHORTIE ROO and TANNANEH, drove our guests to Race Course Road for Teochew porridge, then back safely to their rooms at the Plaza Hotel by 4.30 am.

### **Sunday, 2.3.86: Family Day**

Sunday morning dawned anew again for another glorious day. Mr. Tan's beer wagon was already at

the Tanglin Football pitch when the families began to arrive. Horror's "Daddy" CROTCH (Mike Croft) laid a run for the kids and ICE CREAM LEE rewarded them with "Walls".

A not unexpected large number of outstation guests turned up. For an instant cure, HARI-HARI took them on a maypole jibe — after quickly downing a bottle of beer, contestants were required to spin around 10 times on their foreheads balanced on a pole, then dash across the field. It was guaranteed to knock the hangover, or the heads, off!

Seletar then "took on the rest of the world" at tug-of-war, before resting for lunch and a sing-song and a second T-shirt hand-out. It went without saying that all departures for our guests were either cancelled or postponed. And, for tradition's sake, SANDO and the P.Js ended up with a final soiree at the "Paradise".

### **ON-ON**

That, in brief, is the story of our "300th". It has set the scene and precedent for our next celebration — the 400th.

---

## ***SANDO reported on the normal run; For the "Normal" run, a "Normal" Report***

"Having watched the hardcore runners set off at 5 pm, us 'normal' guys milled around — chatting, limbering up, flipping through the new mag — in what was a very carnival — type atmosphere. Which was probably what triggered the Harriers to put on an impromptu Aerobics display, while hashmen gathered around into various strategic positions for the best view. As both dancers and spectators were getting warmed up, 'On ON' was called — at 5.20 p.m.

The 'normal' run started off innocently enough out of Sembawang's Sports Field, over the wasteland and into the bush. We then had to cross a bridge, on to ankle-wrenching wasteland before arriving at a check. Friday night's excesses at the Brewery became apparent, as the pack, at this early stage, was well strung out.

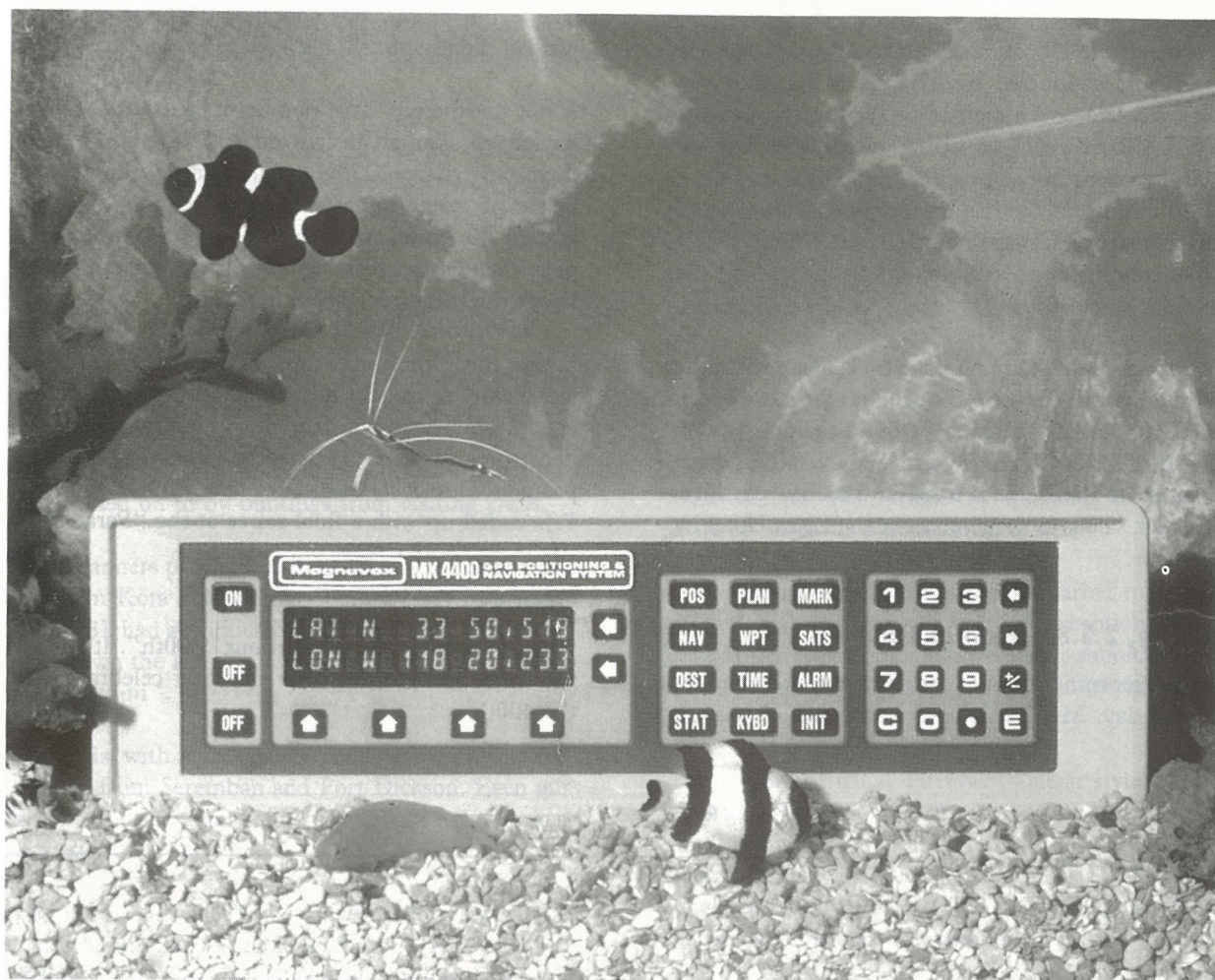
On to the second check, which I don't recall much of being in my usual position at the rear of the pack. At

this stage, running with Harry 'GANG BANG' and 'SHIT-UP-A-TREE', paper led us through some scenic country-scenes of Ulu Sembawang, with Oigle's 'Running Mate' calls (Seletar Hash motto?) breaking the peace and quiet of the countryside.

The third check was a bit of a Boo — boo — a circular check by the fish ponds. It got the hashers going in all directions and even the back runners tried checking. After 15–20 mins of knocking around, some of us proceeded towards an undulating stretch. At about this stage, hashers on the 'Long Run' converged on to the same trail looking a bit confused.

The home trail was a long plod through the back streets of Chong Pang, skirting Canberra Road. The first runners came in at 1 hr 20 mins — hardly a short run, but followed shortly by a hard — ON2!"





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# TWO BALLS (David Theobald)'s Report

## The Long Run

"Official Hash Historian and Pulitzer Prize winner OPTO, approached me recently on bended crutches and asked if I would scribe for the long run. I asked him two days later whether he still required my services, and he admitted to a brewery sponsored cock-up in that he had already asked PETER SELLERS the same. He then added that he might as well have two scripts and so if you notice sudden changes in literary style in the following, you will know that OPTO has been busy with his scissors and glue pot and you've got the worst of each effort. In passing I feel that using his (OPTO'S) broken ankle as an excuse for not running to avoid scribe duty is a bit weak.

I arrived at the car park at the start of the registration period only to be approached by NUTS asking if I would join the likes of GASMAN and Mr. T on car-park duty. I naively agreed and found myself bedecked in a silly clown's ruff (petticoat around neck). A sort of policeman's uniform I was told! Well, I've never seen any other policemen with one like this on and the only purpose it served was to get me lots of offers for non-hash related activities from undesirable men.

The long runners (hashers going on the long run, you understand) were told to assemble on a basketball court and I felt that we were about to be beamed up somewhere rather than be politely invited to ON ON at 1700. We set off down Admiralty Road towards Senoko Power Station in blazing sunshine. It is still bloody hot at five o'clock in the afternoon (remember the Tekong run) and running the first twenty minutes of the run out of the shade did not help one bit. Had our two hares (both with impeccable track records for setting bruddy good luns) set this, of all runs, from a car? After about twenty minutes of this insanity we got to the 85 Kwai Loh's Special/85 Run Of the Year run site. This is what we came to see. Now we were assured of an hour (hour and a half, two, three, four hours?) or so of running in some of the only decent Hashing country left in Singapore.

So ON ON into the ulu. For the first time I started to take stock of my surroundings (always was a bit slow). There were Gordon, PETER SELLERS, Philip Ng and the rest of the lads, familiar faces all but there seemed to be an awful lot of strangers — some one must be shelling out a fortune in guest fees. Wait a minute, some of these blokes are women and there are two horns on the run. This is obviously not Tuesday night or the Whip is going to have a field day.

The trail meandered off west-wards towards Marsil-

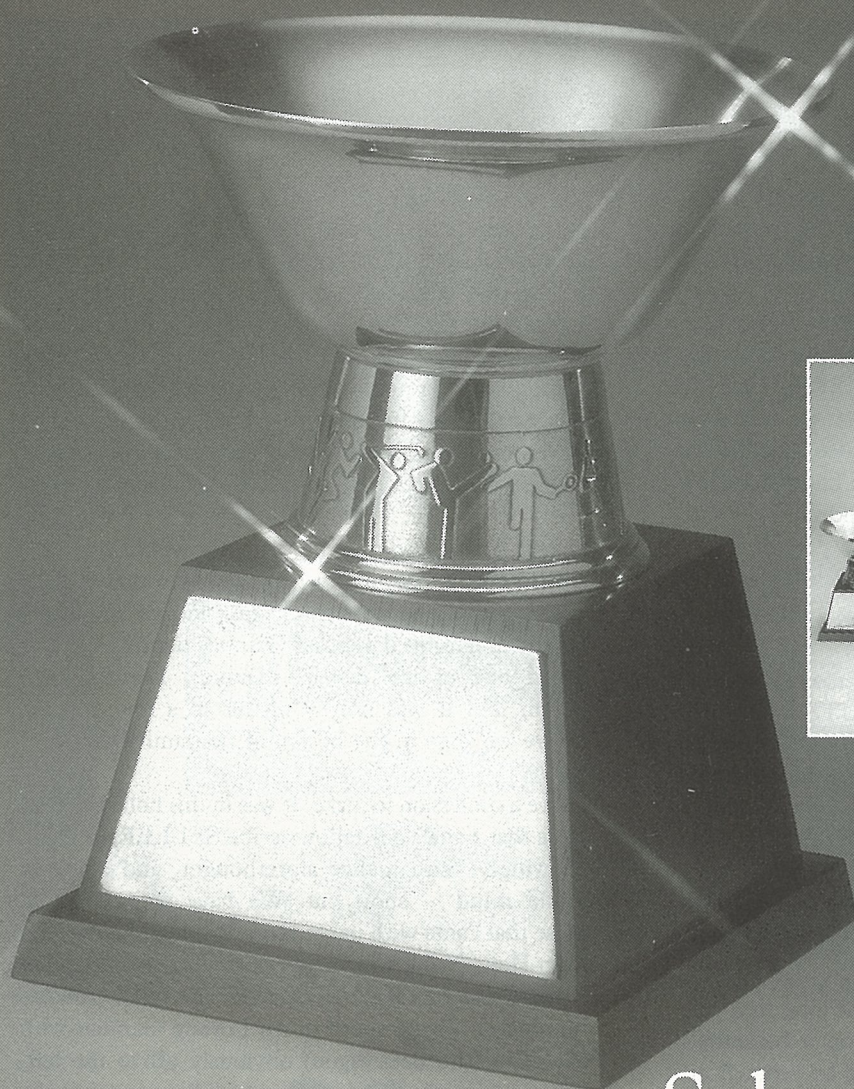
ing to a check in a ploughed field just the other side of a single plank hash bridge — classic stuff which had the desired effect of keeping the pack together and putting the FRB's at the back as the paper was found heading north. The next check was by a commercial fishing (angling not Captain Birdseye) pond. A little winner this one holding the entire run up by about fifteen minutes. Kim Matthews was the most popular gent at this check. He was not checking (he never does) but was increasing some farmer's PUB bill by hosing people down — he certainly would not have got away with that on a Tuesday. Paper was eventually found heading approximately east and we inevitably hit the much loved Lorong Gambas family. We first found one of the distant relatives, Lorong Lada Hitam, but it was only a matter of a few minutes before we were in the bosom of the family proper.

I have a confession to make. It was in this holiest of holy areas that I and your fellow scribe SELLERS P. Esq. knowingly, with malice aforethought, and being of sound mind — short cut. We have witnesses (i.e. those that came with us) in Kim Matthews and a gent from Hong Kong wearing a red singlet. In mitigation I would ask all of you to consider the facts: You are running at terrific speed down Lorong Gambas with Mr. Tan (the Beerwagon) obviously off to the left. Who in his right mind is going to follow paper to the right only to break his nose on the perimeter fence of Sembawang Air Base before taking two lefts to get back onto Lorong Gambas? I feel much better now that I have got that off my chest.

Where next? We started coming across bedraggled groups of hashers from the short run, most of whom were doubling the turnover of the ulu trade stores by purchasing cold drinks. The trail led through the back of Chong Pang village and then had a sting in its tail. Instead of turning left, the 'as the crow flies' way to the amber fluid, we were taken off right to find ourselves on Canberra Road. After this late dummy, it was left at the ex-Sembawang Hospital, across a field, and ON HOME. First group back sort of on paper (vide supra) about one hour and forty-five minutes, again not a Tuesday length, but this was a special event and the run through very good country certainly fitted the occasion. The long run certainly was — but bloody excellent.

Then it was ON ON to the Tsing Tao and the more serious business. I'm sure OPTO consumed less of the sponsor's product than I did and will have better recollection of events, so I'll get him to fill you in on the bits you've forgotten."





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# *Seletar 400th Celebration Run*

## *It's getting better all the time!*

Date: 5th December 1987 Location: Sungei Kadut Ave  
Hares: WINNIE THE POOH/BREWER/SMOOTHIE/TODDY MAMA

### **On-Sex SYPHILIS (Phil Cockman) commented in the Club Newsletter:**

"Guests too numerous to mention, from hashes such as Petaling Jaya, Sungei Ujong, Tanjong Petri, Johor Baru, Port Dickson, Malacca, plus of course the local Singapore chapters.

They all came to celebrate our 400th run with us, and together we all partied until the late hours of the morning, i.e. those who made it that far.

The "thank yous" could go on for ever, but to put it

simply, thanks to all our members for their support. As usual, you only have to ask a Seletar hashman to help and they will do all they can. Many of them will help without having to be asked, so how could anything go wrong in this kind of situation.

The first-hand reports about the runs were good, everyone seemed to enjoy the food, the show went down very well, and, as always, the cold Anchor was on hand to quench even the driest throat.

If anyone ever doubted the Seletar hospitality then the 400 run proved it once again."

---

### **GOLDFINGER (T Silwaraju) reported:**

As I was on my way to the 400th runsite, something was bugging me. What was bothering me (as Hash Cash) so much? Oh yes! I remember, its those guys who do not pay up the subs but turn up for all the runs. These are the guys who avoid me. Come on, guys! Pay up the subs, will you? Mr Tan does not give us free beers.

As soon as I reached the runsite, SYPHILIS handed me a letter from one HUNG LOW. He had enclosed a \$20.00 cheque for the 2 runs he made in November. He wants to join us back in mid'88. Well, I suggest the Hon. Secretary prints out our rules now and then for the benefit of the new or poverty stricken members, and to refresh the old members on paying up subs and LOA dues etc.

Now about the celebration run: The committee can be "LAID BACK" but Seletar Hash as a whole is not, and in times of need they will rally around to make any of our events a success as they did for this 400th run. Nothing went wrong, the runsite was well chosen for a hash celebration. The run itself was one of the best I had run in '87 and, if there was a Olympic competition in the setting of hash runs, the Hares would have won the gold medal hands down.

Young SYPHILIS was so carried away by his new found toy (microphone) that he did not part company with it even when answering nature's call. Can you imagine the grunting and groans the "p sssss" and "put ... put ... put" over the P.A. system. The M C SALAMI MABOK was happily redundant.

The food was very good with sufficient beer to keep us going.

Seletar Hash completed another successful celebration run, although special mention must be made of those few individuals who had contributed more, especially our CHAMP and not forgetting TANNANEH (Kumar) and SIBOK (Albert Ng)."



"OIGLE! DO YOU HAVE TO GIVE OUR GUESTS A SELETAR HASH WELCOME?"

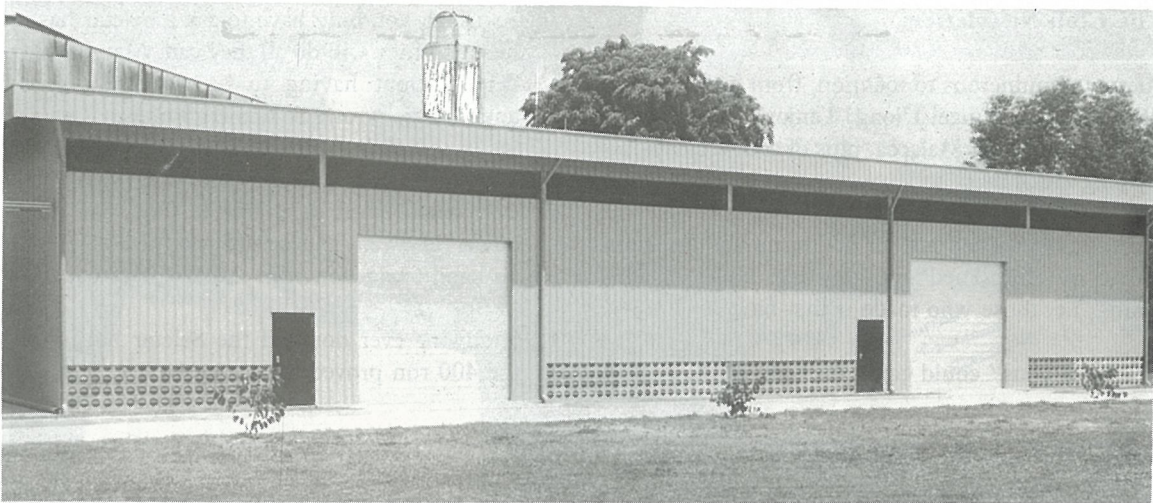




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# RONG LUN WHIPS REPORT BY APACHE AT THE 400th:

## **James from JB & Hecker from Malacca**

Thanks for returning the whip stick stolen from APACHE'S successor. A pity you have to be first to taste it for running uphill chasing PUSSY, its not good for a man of your age's heart to run uphill.

## **Sexy Susan from Friday & EL DUCE**

Both hiding, so for proxy we'll see CHILLI PADI and Arul.

Sexy Susan here is all dressed in virginal white for a hash, doesn't she read the paper? Virginity is the reason for Singapore's falling birth rate and must be stamped out. EL DUCE had been bragging to anyone who would listen, that it was his sixty-ninth run, so he would probably be the best person to explain to Sexy Susan.

## **Anna Cooke from Wednesday & BABY FACE**

Mrs. STUMBLEBUM was about forty minutes into the run, it was pissing down with rain and we were knee deep in shiggy when she started asking if Seletar had any drink stops. The next one will be the first one Anna. She should have joined BABY FACE who spent the distance from the first to the second check

telling the Mystery Whip how he had set a run in this area and knew it well. Next thing, second check, zap straight back to the on-on site for a full stop.

## **TODDY RAMA**

Avoids running up hill and all through that nasty mud, instead trips delicately along the road. Notices people stopping and decides to cut off the road about three hundred metres from the check. After ensuring from people's cries that it is a check, starts bellowing "checking". All this while, wearing a hat that lit up the afternoon like a belisha beacon and then is amazed that he was noticed.

## **Chris and Sandy from Wednesday**

The girls have left. So for proxy we shall have ANDY CLAP from Batu Pahat who leaps about making a nuisance of himself, and a gentleman from Malacca who is keen to demonstrate how to sit on the ice without drawers.

The girls were going to be here to demonstrate that they have been in Singapore too long. Anybody who comes in from a run, and then starts cleaning their car instead of celebrating our finishing of the run, has been here too long."



*Birthday Celebrities: Douglas Reeves.*



*Colin Satatree: 'Runnin' Mate'.*



# CHARITY RUNS

YEAR	BENEFICIARY	AMOUNT RAISED	CHAIRMAN
1981-82	Payoh Lai Old Folks Home	\$ 2,000	
1983	Retarded Children's Association		
1984	Singapore Association for Mental Health	\$12,500	Mike Croft
1985	Spastic Children's Association of Singapore	\$23,131	Boo Moh Cheh
1986	National Kidney Foundation	\$91,000	Teo Hong Tee
1987	Villa Francis	\$11,850	Mohan Singh
1988	St. Joseph's Home/Canosaville Children's Home/ Bo Tien Home for the Aged	23,707.30	Henry Choo
1989	(Any ideas?)		(Any takers?)

## Villa Francis Home for the Aged

18 August 1988

Dear Sir

It is with great pleasure that I write this letter to send our official receipt for the amount raised from the charity run by the Seletar Hash House Harriers.

We would like to mention that in fact the total of the two cheques amounted to \$11,850/- and not \$11,750/-, as informed, so our receipt is for \$11,850/-.

As you know, with this donation we have purchased new mattresses for our residents' beds, and just a few days ago the final and complete delivery was made and the residents are very pleased with the mattresses.

We do appreciate the thoughtfulness of the Seletar Hash House Harriers and the tremendous effort made to raise this money, and are very grateful to all concerned who made this possible for the residents of Villa Francis.

With renewed thanks and all good wishes.

Yours sincerely

*Jean Marie FMDM*

Sister Jean Marie, FMDM  
(Administrator)



'Don't forget to remember me'.



# Charity Donation

## Run No: 436



*Billy leading our senior citizens — in 'slick' form.*

Hares : BROTHER Andrew Cheng/  
Peter Cheng

Run Site : Sungei Kadut

Date : 16 August 1988

### **The GM JIMMY Mohan reports:**

"Today's run was an extension of last year's Charity Auction — a sort of grand finale. Our total collection of \$11,850 was a truly collective effort by all Seletar Hashmen and a lot of deliberation went into how to have a meaningful presentation of our "Gift" to the "Villa Francis Old Folk's Home." Thanks to BROTHER Andrew who put "action" to the various suggestions, he decided to set his and Peter Cheng's run close to Villa Francis. The events after that are obvious. GM Rama and committee also decided to let the "Laid Back Committee" do all the co-ordination for this very special run.

We started off at 5.45 p.m. together with about 8 elders from the Villa Francis Home. The Hares had planned a 1.2 km "run/jog/walk" from the start point to Villa Francis where the cheque would then be presented and the run to proceed after that, minus the elders. Luckily, our SCB's came to the rescue and showed our 8 special guests a short cut, reducing their running distance to about 300/400 metres.

We reached Villa Francis at around 6.00 p.m. and after a short nation building speech, your's truly handed the cheque of \$11,850 to Villa Francis on behalf of Seletar Hash House Harriers. Some newspaper ladies (photographers and reporters) were also there to cover the event.

At 6.05, we continued our run minus the Villa Francis guests. The first part of the run was rather boring through granite quarries and metalled tracks. Then we hit some vegetation and tracks — I thought this was better than the first part. The last stretch of the run was through thick vegetation and then, mud when we reached closer home. "T" shirts were handed out about 3 km away from the end site. The "on-on" was conducted by the "Laid Back" committee to give the "Look into it" committee a break and more time to "Look into it." A sumptuous buffet was provided by the Hares (including fruits) along with 2 crates of beers to go with it. Quite a few of us stayed at the run site up to 11.00 p.m. savouring the beautiful bonfire and the "\$1 a bottle" beer subsidised by the hares.

It was learnt that the hares had specially ordered and brought in the wood for the bonfire — truly committed hashers who take their run very seriously — and who did a very good job overall so that we could all have a good and enjoyable run and fun."



# CHARITY RUN-CLIMB TO MT OPHIR

24-27 November 1988 Run 452

Compiled by OPD Henry Choo,  
Chairman of the Charity Run Subcommittee

The run started from all over Singapore and converged at the Boo Tien Home for the Aged (one of the beneficiaries) at Woodlands, where a bus transported the runners to Muar for the climb up Mt. Ophir. The "run" comprised three road relays, designated "West", "East" and "South". The West team, led by SAYETING, started at St. Joseph's Home (another beneficiary) in Jurong, ran through the Chinese Garden MRT Station, Clementi Ave West, Lor Guang, Upper Bukit Timah Road to the destination at Woodlands. The East team, led by SIBOK, started at the Canosaville Children's Home in Aljunied (the third beneficiary), ran through Balestier Road, Hotel Equatorial, Jazz On to Woodlands, whilst the South team, led by GM TODDY MAMA, started at Marina Centre, ran through Penang Road, Hotel Equatorial, Bukit Timah to the destination at Boo Tien Home.

The following extracts from my log-book gives a graphic recall of this historical fun[d]-raising event:

**24th November '88 Thursday**  
**6.00 p.m.** — all alone at Marina Square car-park, next to Stamford Steamboat admiring the Charity Run & Climb Banner.

At 6.05 p.m. — TAXI drove in. "Hey you Chinaman, how come the banner so low?" After adjusting to a higher position, TAXI asked for 10 cents to piss — "You can't do it here", he said.

6.15 p.m. — HOT DOG strolled in, followed by PRESS ONCE and Mary Toh. Then came Samy, K K, RAMBO II, BIG HOLE, NO NAME, Lawrence etc. PRESS ONCE quickly handed out T-shirts (last minute job).

6.50 p.m. — GM TODDY MAMA walked in. FLASHER assembled the whole lot for photo taking.

7.00 p.m. — "On On On", 17 Hashers ran off into bright lights of Esplanade. Each of them carrying illuminated light sticks as relay batons. Meanwhile, at St. Joseph's Home (Jurong) SAYETING flagged off KICHIBAI, Kim Mathews and Billy Teo. The East team Kapitan SIBOK signalled Jogjee, HANS SOLO and Paul Singh on.

7.20 p.m. — Outside Supreme House, SKIDMARKS, TANANNEH, SeeToh and TIT BUSTER were whistling at girls. Oh What a

sight. Let's forget about the run and go shopping man!

7.31 p.m. — 1st group ran in shouting "On On On". Shoppers and bus commuters were shocked and surprised to see SH3 rush pass. Batons were handed over to the 2nd leg team.

8.02 p.m. — At Hotel Equatorial car park FEARLESS FRED (East team) and SNAKE HIPS came in from Newton, panting. "Where's the beer", FF shouted. Billy the SLICK, took the baton and sped off running towards Jazz On. "Beer is 5 kilometers" away he yelled. SNAKE HIPS made a vow to run the whole east leg stretch for all the donation monies he collected \$2,600.00?? AH MENG became very impatient, telling ICE CREAM LEE and SINNA SUSU that south leg SCB's are taking too much time. It was no surprise when he heard that SKIDMARKS was holding the baton.

8.04 p.m. — "On On" as BIG HOLE raced pass, still holding on to the baton. This bloke enjoyed the evening's run so much that he decided to run to Bo Tien Home. Next came TANNANEH. AH MENG snatched the baton and jogged on.

8.15 p.m. — At Jazz On, some hashmen were having a piss up enjoying cold beer and sexy video

clips. MESSY, OPERA, 2ND HAND PUSSY, MOHD ALI and Pillay started warming up. KING KONG preferred to drive than run but TIT BUSTER took his car key and drove off leaving him no choice.

8.25 p.m. — Billy passed the baton to SIBOK amidst confusion of who should receive — SHIT-UP-A-TREE and SHORTIE ROO joined in the run towards Humes Industry. AH MENG still fresh and strong (must be the Guinness Stout) passed the baton to MESSY.

8.40 p.m. — Outside Humes, 10-12 cars were jam-packed at the small car park entrance. SAYETING ran to the middle of the road waving his torch light. BLOW JOB, Norman Tan, SHORTIES ROO's Family, SIBOK'S family, SALAMI MABOK, BROTHER Andrew etc. etc. were eagerly waiting for the batons.

8.45 p.m. — 1st Runner in Peter Yap followed by SIBOK, SHORTIE and MESSY. "On On On," the whole gang ran off into the darkness. Car escorts moved alongside the runners as they galloped off toward Bo Tien Home.

9.00 p.m. — The beer wagon arrived. GM also drove in. Decided not to charge for the beers as all



SH3 deserved the cool golden brew for Charity Run.

9.15 p.m. — Runners started coming in. Raced straight to the beer wagon. Everybody enjoyed the run. Everything clicked so well that nothing could go wrong. But where was the food?

9.30 p.m. — Billy, Rama, OPD panicked and desperately telephoned Selva. Bloke left for India and no food was prepared "Next time you order food from Selva Restaurant make sure you confirm", these were GOLD FINGER'S words.

9.40 p.m. — Quietly GM, OPD, Sibok and HOT DOG slipped off to 3 restaurants and rounded 50 packets of Fried Ho Fun and 25 packets of 'Flid Lice' for the now hungry pack.

10.20 p.m. — With tummies full and beer flowing freely, everybody was pleased. The 1st leg of the run was over and the 2nd leg, the climb up Mount Ophir was about to begin.

11.30 p.m. — Time to board the bus. Number count was taken by SAYETING. "On-On-On" to Mount Ophir as the bus moved off.

11.45 p.m. — Straits Times Reporter and photographer met us at Malaysian Customs. After a short interview with GM & Chairman and snapshots, we hurried into the bus and bade farewell to Singapore.

**25 November '88 Friday 1.45 a.m.** — Short break at Ayer Hitam for black coffee and piss-stop.

4.50 a.m. — Arrived at Tengkal Police Station (Muar). SAYETING handed the name list of climbers to the Authority (Just in case someone got lost, he said).

5.00 a.m. — Reached the foot hill of Mount Ophir. Everybody scrambled out of the bus and headed for the hawker stalls. Within minutes all "best in the world" wooden table tops became sleeping areas. Lawrence and TIT BUSTER asked "where to brush

teeth?" "Tomorrow lah" says OPD.

7.00 a.m. — Early morning sun and refreshing air stirred everybody up. The kids were busy repacking. The hashmen chit-chatting away. Had Roti Prata for breakfast. Some ate Mary Toh's Singapore made 'Kuay'.

8.30 a.m. — Took our first step up Mount Ophir along a stream. We climbed slowly as our legs and body needed to warm up. The 1st 20 minutes foot path was lined with concrete steps. The early morning scenery cannot be described. You have to be there,

9.00 a.m. — Take five. Piss Break. Take a sip of Singapore water etc.

9.05 a.m. — Continued climbing. Crawled beneath a dead tree trunk. Avoided deadly thorns. Pull yourself up steep rocks, helping the kids to clear obstacles. Each and every member is now sweating profusely. The 1st casualty is non other than our model climber TIT BUSTER. His face turned pale white and he was running out of breath. Quickly, SIBOK relieved him off his food ration and advised him to take a break. After a short while TIT BUSTER resumed climbing, cursing himself for not being fit (Don't SCB on Tuesday and you will be okay).

10.30 a.m. — Reached the ¼ mark waterfall rest point. The height is about 1,000 feet above sea level. The kids arrived first. They searched for logs and tied them up as a bridge for getting across, HOBBY CAT jumped into the water with a big splash ... "Oooh! best in the world, cold lah!" Phil Yuetter slipped in slowly. Now, the kids could not resist and jumped in fully dressed. Everybody was enjoying this well deserved break.

11.00 a.m. — Decided to climb again. Phil Yuetter's haversack is stocked with everything you can find in Singapore. It weighs bloody heavy. No wonder he was climbing so slowly. Chairman (OPD) removed 2 big cabbages and 5 kilos of rice from him. Who

bought them? (I don't know). The trail from here is steep, slippery and narrow. Each step up is a torture to some, but everybody shouted "Don't worry, be happy". After each 15-20 minutes climb we take five. By now TIT BUSTER is rejuvenated. How? Must be the 'steroids' he took at the waterfall. All the ladies put up a fantastic show of stamina and leg power. No complaints at all. (Patricia, Mary Toh, Miss Foong and the young lassies).

12.30 p.m. — Arrived at our secret camp hide out. Now we are 2000 feet above sea level. While Harry GANG BANG gathered firewood and started fire, some of us carried out fly-sheets, ground sheets, cooking pots and pans etc, from another secret hiding place. Here is where teamwork was displayed: SNAKE HIPS, Chairman, SAYETING, GM, SIBOK, etc set up the fly-sheets. HOBBIE constructed a screen for the shit house, the ladies washed the cooking utensils and prepared lunch.

Next, hammocks were slung across trees. Each provided a cool resting nest. After lunch, all of us went for a shower. The water is cold. Chairman provided 'XO' in between dips. SNAKE HIPS brought along his share of Dom. The rest of the afternoon was spent lazying away.

Dinner was served at 6.00 p.m. Sambal prawns were taken out from Chairman's refrigerator (Cooler bag). We had Nasi Lemak rice, prawn sambal, oxtail soup and egg. "Best in the world."

7.15 p.m. — Mount Ophir bar (Happy Hour). We had Dom, XO, ginger wine, Black Label, rum, brandy, Ngoh Kar Pi and Gin. Sorry, no beers. Singalong session lasted until 9.00 p.m. Everybody feeling a little tired and retired for the night.

**26 Nov '88 Saturday — 6.30 a.m.** — Harry the fire starter was boiling hot water for tea, coffee, etc. Patricia cooked luncheon meat and corned beef for breakfast. After a heavy makan, 20 of us prepared for the assault. Left



camp at 8.45 a.m. slowly we dragged our tired legs on. The gradient was steeper and more rocks and tree trunks to cross. After every 10 minutes "take five" was called. At one point we had to scale a rope, crawl through a rock tunnel and up a steep incline. Kids, ladies and hashmen went through without a hitch except for few scratches here and there. At 10.30 a.m. we reached the 'Bonsai Tree' Rest Point. GM was impressed with the beautiful scenery. You could see the Straits of Malacca as the clouds cleared. Climbed for another 15 minutes and we reached 'Botak Hill' Alias KING KONG Hill! Charity Banner was flashed across tired bodies. Pictures were taken from seven cameras. Left 'KING KONG Hill' at 10.45 a.m. Went through a thick undergrowth. Climbed another few up and downs and hurray we reached the top of Mount Ophir.

11.45 a.m. — Mount Ophir conquered by SH3 and family members. Lunch consisted of fruit cakes, raisins, biscuits, dried roasted pork etc. Once again the Charity Run and Climb banner was unfolded and snapshots taken. What a sight from up there! You could touch the passing clouds. Not far away you see a transmitting tower — (Is it Zoo 101.6?). After ½ hour of carefree relaxation, "On On" was announced. We began our descent back to base camp. Leading the pack was none other than Mr. TIT BUSTER. Chairman, GM,

SIBOK etc wandered away from the trail. We were lost for 10 minutes. Seletar's "Are you?" cry managed to attract SAYETING'S group up front. We were rescued! At one point we detoured to fill our water bottles with clean, cool, clear mineral water oozing from behind a dark rock cave, Thanks to SAYETING for this discovery.

2.30 p.m. — Returned to base camp. Our haversacks, belongings, were safely guarded by Adrian, Pat and 4 other juniors. Spent the whole afternoon fooling around in the cool waterfall and just 'relax' man.

5.00 p.m. — Mount Ophir Bar Happy Hours open. With only one night left, we decided not to hold back our drinking prowess. Dinner consisted of sweet-and-sour pork chop direct from Chairman's 'Refrigerator', onion soup, fried vege and luncheon meat. We literally cleaned up every single dish. The hashmen were voted to wash up for the evening. First time you see them squatting at the fast flowing water stream polishing the pots and pans. 1st prize was awarded to TIT BUSTER for cleanest cooking pot. "Down Down" to him. Passed the night away in sing-a-long session, two teams competing from 1940 songs to 1988 pop. The children came up with 2 numbers and a stage presentation. HOBBIE gave a demo on latest dance. Excellent. 'Don't worry be happy' was the theme for the evening. Retired for the night at about 11.00 p.m. The

weather was cold and sleeping bags came in handy.

**27 Nov '88 Sunday** — After breakfast, (Bread and meat sandwiches) we broke camp at 9.20 a.m. Again candid snapshots were taken. "One for the road" before we started our descent. Going down was a breeze. Haversacks a lot lighter now but poor Lawrence sprained his ankle. "Don't worry Be Happy", our medic SAYETING bandaged him like new. At 10.45 a.m. we reached the ¼ way waterfall. Everybody jumped in for a swim. ½ hour later we proceeded our descent again, walked another ¾ hours and almost reaching the foothill when we washed ourselves and put on fresh clothing. At 12.15 p.m. reached Samy's store. The beer never tasted better. As usual, collected \$10/- from each for beers. Boarded the bus into Tengkat town. Had a 6-course best in the world (Value for Money) lunch and plenty of beer and stout. Everybody, including the children, were put on "down-down" by self-appointed Whip SIBOK. Bade goodbye to Tengkat ' 3.15 p.m. and arrived in J.B. at 7.15 p.m. Had dinner in a restaurant next to Jaws. Food was not as good — B.V.F.M. (Bad value for Money). The bus brought most of us back to Bo Tien Home to pick up our cars. Some dropped off along the way. Charity Run and Climb ends here, \$23,707.30 the better for the needy.



'You don't try that on me Tit-buster'.



OPD leading an Ophir Planning Discussion.



# MT. OPHIR: 16-19 March 1989

## OPTO'S Report

Mt Ophir (Gunong Ledang) is on the border between  
Johore & Malacca



*While Popeye went to mount Olive, we went to Mount Ophir.*

*"Yet come with me to the shadow of Tahan Mountain,  
And I will show you a secret sleeping stream."*

(Edwin Thumboo)

There is no doubt about it. A mountain is a good place to find yourself, your True Self. St John of the Cross, Christianity's most famous mountain climber, called his mountain Carmel. He drew a picture of it for his disciples and taught them that the ascent consisted of six steps, "Nada, nada, nada".... "nothing, nothing, nothing" — even on the mountain top, "nada" ... not heavy, not light, not high, not low, not Christian, not Buddhist... just "nothing".

I have not climbed a mountain before and I missed the chance when Seletar Hash went up Mt. Ophir last November for our "Annual Charity Run." So, when I heard from John Chee that the gang were going up Mt Ophir again the week-end before Easter, I eagerly invited myself.

I've been a regular at our Seletar Tuesday evenings, so I reckoned I was well trained on beer. I did two practice flights up John Chee's block of 25 floors at Laguna Park, so I reckoned I was strong on legs. And, I was highly motivated to go, never mind if there was to be no income for a workoholic on a busy school holiday week-end.

### An Extended Family

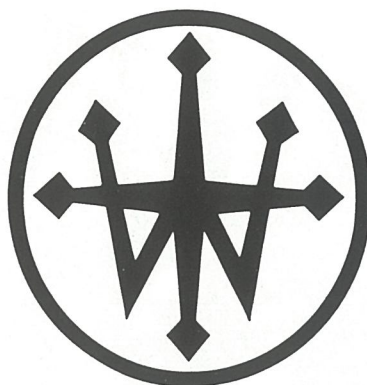
There were 32 of us — an extended family — that comprised William Cheng, Henry Choo, the brothers Vincent and Philip Ying, Ang Chuan Seng, Harry Yong, Ex-Seletar hashman and strongman Chong Kwek Fong, all with their wives or children and batangs John, King Kong, myself. The youngest boy was 9 and the youngest girl 10. I was the oldest. There were a dozen others invited "paying" guests who came along as travelling companions to share the fellowship, the climb, the packs, the conversation, and to act as mosquito bait.



*They like to look down on people.*



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Each man, woman, and child to his pack, and we loaded into the bus, which had a seating capacity for 44, so there was comfortable room. The bus departed soon after 10.30 pm, after a head-count, and made a quick journey to the Johore Causeway check-point, which was cleared without fuss. Chilled beers and sing-song as we drove along the Johore main trunk road, northwards and soon we arrived at Ayer Hitam for a "piss-stop" and, would you believe, supper at midnight! Back into the bus, it was a quiet drive into the night, dry and breezy, arriving at Tengkak, off Muar, just before 3 AM.

William Cheng, our group leader, had already prepared a checklist of climbers which he presented at the Sagil Police Station.

The policeman on duty stirred from his sleep and opened the station to oblige us. This was not a necessary formality, but a precaution, just in case climbers got lost (which had happened in the past). Arriving at the foot-hill of Mt. Ophir, we bedded down on the table-tops and floor of the hawker stalls.

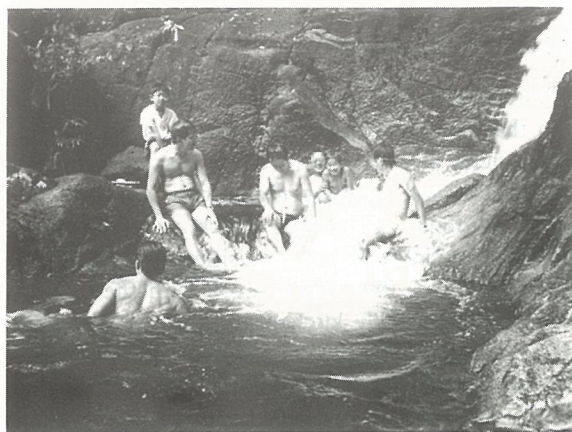
### Awake and breakfast

7 am and still dark, but the party was already awake and making noise, waking up everyone to a breakfast of "roti-prata" and coffee at the "mama" Samy hawker stall.

When all eyes were rubbed and cleared, William introduced the party to all around. He was to lead the pack, Phil to act as sweeper, and husband(s) and wife(s) not to stay together so as not to hold up the pace. "Please avoid touching the acid sap off the tree trunks." We found that no directions were necessary. The litter all



*Karen on look-out post duty.*



*Sheer exhilaration this.*

along the track would take us to the top, not unlike a hash trail. (And I was told that on a holiday weekend, it could be as busy as Orchard Road).

Because of a slow-coach like myself, the move-up started at 8.30 am. Warming up along the stretches of picnic grounds at the side of a waterfall and flowing waters, on concrete walks, we soon arrived at a flight of 500 meandering concrete steps, which took us to the upper reaches of the picnic areas.

From here on, it was jungle terrain and a direct ascent, one step after another, on a well-trodden jungle path, going up and up. The roots of the marantha trees held and blocked off stretches of earth, into natural steps, which made climbing easy. One step after another, along the right-hand bank of the down-following stream, and we soon arrived at a waterfall and flat out-crop of rocks, 1,000 feet up, drenched in sweat, an hour and a half after start time (time now 10 am).

### Swim at the Waterfall

Here the party rested for a ½ hour swim in the waterfall — nice warm day and just cool water. Chong was the first into the waterfall — fully dressed — never mind the cold on stretched muscles. HARRY quickly said "good-bye" to his spectacles (he had a "T loan" from one of the girls to admire the views later).

Resuming our climb we crossed the waterfall and left the stream altogether and went up jungle terrain on a steeper slope. We had to scale a rope up a rock tunnel, or detour up a hard hillside, up yet another opensided rock tunnel, and more climbing, up and up.

### Secret Camp

At about noon (3 hours after start time) we reached open ground. Here the party re-grouped and, when no-one else was in sight, we made our way to a secret hideout-which was a natural camp-site that the "Esso climbers" (William and Phil are with them) had discovered and cleared off trees — on flat ground, sur-



rounded by two flowing streams, 2,000 feet up, in the middle of primary forest.

We retrieved the tarpaulin sheets and cooking utensils that had been hidden away after previous trips, and quickly erected cover. Tent sheets, ground sheets, hammocks and sleeping areas were laid out. The packs of food and rations which were distributed among the climbers were requisitioned and soon, our F&B manager, Phil was at work with the ladies to clean up the jungle kitchen and prepare the meals. Harry (our experienced fire-bug) lighted up the dried leaves and woods and had boiling water, off the flowing stream. Lunch was served and relished by empty stomachs, which had shrunk during the climb.

### **Happy Hour at the Waterfall**

Quickly and efficiently, Chong (our toilet engineer) rigged up cover for the jungle latrine and declared, "Happy Hour for bath". This ritual, practised from many a previous climb, comprised a swig of "XO" or "DOM" that was passed around the bathers at the waterfall. It was a fine day and the water not as cold as I was told. Perhaps the brandy helped.

Some people prescribed rest hours for themselves without having to be told so, but the cooks (i.e. the ladies) were busy at dinner, which was served before darkness fell.

Chong had a "warm-up" rehearsal, with brandy and song, with the Seletar Singers, who then presented their show on re-opening of the bar after dinner. "Happy hour" once more! King Kong's karaoke and ukelele were specially brought up for this hour. Phil's portable radio and pre-recorded tapes provided a musical backdrop. Song sheets were passed around. The singing went on till 10.30 pm, when the tired bodies passed off in sleep. Drinking was in excess, but no hangovers because of the cold.

Henry lit up the candles placed around the 4 corners of the camp. These were mounted on specially machined metal holders, placed inside inverted plastic soft drink bottles. You had to control the opening (and oxygen) for the size of the flame. A dry, warm night passed. There was no need to slip into the sleeping bags. After tossing around for awhile, I dozed off with the crickets.

### **Cicada Song at Sunrise**

Awoke to crickets and loud cicada songs ringing in the forest and to bright sunshine. I would have paid anything to listen to this jungle symphony. My enjoyment was complete. This was how Yma Sumac sang, after the creatures in the forest. After breakfast, leaving 3-4 girls behind to guard the camp and prepare meals for our return, the party left at 9.30 am for the final ascent to the top. This took 2½ hours, on terrain steeper than on the lower reaches of the mountain, first downhill and then all the way up, up. One step

after another, take 5, take 10, up and up, and we were at Botak (bald) Hill, officially named on the map, but claimed by our King Kong as his, with applause to him when he finally made it. We chose, for safety, not to go up the granite face-cliff by propelling rope but made our way up by a detour, where we also collected clear water off a hidden mountain stream — precious water that we saved for whisky later.

### **On Top of Mt. Ophir**

4187 feet up, on a steep hill with a flat top, littered by previous campers. What a sight! 360 degrees panorama. Look around, take photos, admire the view of South China Sea to the east and Malacca straits to the west, through the clouds. A radio transmitting station on a hill nearby. See the reservoir at Sagil below where we had come by road. See Asuhan, the alternate route up. A dry day with little sun and just nicely cool. Ophir, mountain, I. We shared a lunch of biscuits, raisins, fruit cakes and chocolates. Then, to celebrate our ascent, we made a bon-fire and cleaned the hill-top of all the litter that had been lying around.

### **Downhill to Base Camp**

Downhill took about the same time, because we went slower, although the going was easier. Arriving back at our base camp, it was "happy hour and XO" once more at the waterfall, and an early dinner of "nasi-lemak", prawn sambal, drunken chicken, and wine-stewed pig trotters (sufficient to warm any maiden in confinement).

The sing-along MC-ceed again by Chong, included presentations by "Taiwanese", "Canton Village", and "HK" songstresses, specially brought up for Mt. Ophir. Henry's wife Roslia, celebrated her birthday with candle and cake and a loving kiss for the occasion. Green peas for supper, and bedded-down at 11.30, with Chong still calling for more songs. He had a fixation for Cantonese song-birds.

We broke camp the next morning and made our quick descent, where a good lunch was had at the Chinese restaurant at Tengkek. Down-downs were drunk to: Henry Choo, who organised the climb; Philip Ying, our F&B manager; John Chee, our financial controller; and William Cheng and Patricia, the journey leaders.

### **To Each his own Mountain**

The delights of climbing a mountain are manifold. St. John of the Cross scatters them around the top of his mountain as flowers. He calls them peace, joy, happiness, delight, wisdom, justice, fortitude, charity and piety, and reminds us of the eternal promise of God, "I will bring you into the land of Carmel and eat its fruits and its good things."

Finally, I had my mountain.



## Dhana urges S'poreans to be more adventurous on holidays

By SERENE LIM

SINGAPOREANS need to be more adventurous in the way they spend their leisure and holidays, the Minister for National Development, Mr S. Dhana-

balan, said last night. He suggested that their holidays abroad should be more than just sight-seeing and shopping. "Try hang-gliding, or try cycling down to South Island in New Zealand instead," he said.

Mr Dhana, chairman of the Advisory Council on Sports and Recreation, said organisations like the Singapore Armed Forces Reservist Association (Safra) could whip youth by organising adventurous holidays or them.

The association could hold training sessions, such as simulated hang-



MR DHANABALAN  
"consider adventures  
when promoting staff"

gliding, with these youths before they leave.

He said this at an Operation Raleigh presentation at DBS Auditorium at which 10 adventurers spoke about their experi-

# A Mountain Picnic — Berkalah Waterfall

29.4.89-1.5.89

Berkalah Waterfall is in Pahang, 45km from Kuantan

"First I went following the scented grasses  
And then I returned pursuing the falling flowers."

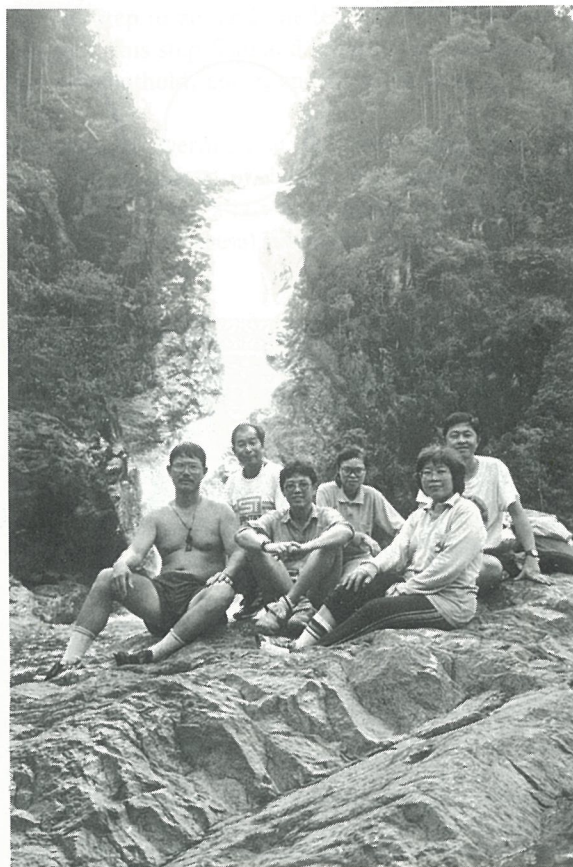
Everything was completely real. As OPD (Henry Choo) scaled down the vertical rock-cliff and found himself in a tight situation, he asked himself, "What am I doing here?"

What are we doing here? We had come the day before, leaving Singapore in two cars at 5 am, travelling with OPD, TIT BUSTER, SAYETING, his wife Pat and niece Theresa. We then left our cars at the Malay coffee stall, by the roadside on the East-West highway 45 km from Kuantan, and had trekked two hours upstream to our base camp where we camped overnight. This morning, the 30th of April 1989, we were scaling the mountain top, to the waterfall called Berkalah.

One look at the rocky cliff-face, and I declared, "I'm not going up that precipice. You all carry on." They had all gone up the cliff and SAYETING urged, "Its team spirit, we will make it as a team." I had no choice.



All set for Berkalah — tak mau kalah!



The trekkers in idly idyllic setting.

Follow, I did, one step after another, going up the cliff-face. After that, it was easier, going upstream along the rocky boulders of the flowing river, at times crossing the river, but mostly climbing and hanging onto the treks that skirted the fast flowing water 100 feet below.

In the middle of primary forest, just climbing. Admire the trees and rocks, and sound of flowing water. See the scenic view below. Meet an eight inch reddish-brown centipede sharing our footpath. See

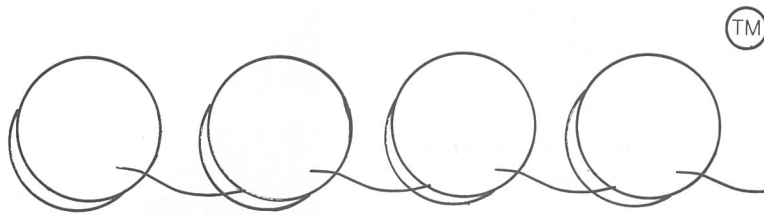


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*When I'm in Singapore,  
I always unwind with...*

# Seletar

Hash House Harriers



*...but then, unfortunately, I'm not able to feel  
my mainspring for about four days.*





*On! On! to the food.*

my primal face. Going up and up a mountain path,  
never to reach its source.

Coming along a hidden track  
I found something endearing  
About wild orchids.

One last climb up a cliff, turn around, and, with a  
sudden thunder of roaring waters, we meet the ma-  
jestic Berkalah waterfall in full view — opening from  
the mountain plateau, as if from the heavens above,



*Litter victim.*

from the two mountain ranges that feed it, and pour-  
ing 500 feet down. Silence, except for the thundering  
water, as we admire the awesome view.

The water poured into what was a bottomless pit. A  
young man from the Singapore Adventurer's Club  
told us that a diver had descended 20 feet down, met  
darkness all round, but could not find the bottom. We  
slipped into this bottomless pit for a swim. Suddenly,  
the sky darkened and the rains came down. Shivering  
in the cold, we shared a lunch of corned-beef and  
sweetmeats sandwiches, with sips of "XO". We  
waited for the rain to stop. There was a constant  
draught coming from the direction of the down-  
pouring water, which added to the cold.

You cannot see enough of Berkalah, but we had to go.  
When the sun came out, just after 2 pm, we packed  
our bags and made our slow descent. Coming down is  
always easier and more reassuring. One step down is  
one step nearer home, and so we retrieved our steps,  
one less step to go, and one less obstacle, but always  
this step, this step firm and secure, concentrating on  
just this foothold, got it, and then the next.

We camped overnight at the base camp, and the  
following morning, made our way down-stream to  
civilization, where a last wash in the river, got all of  
us (except for Theresa) bitten by leeches.

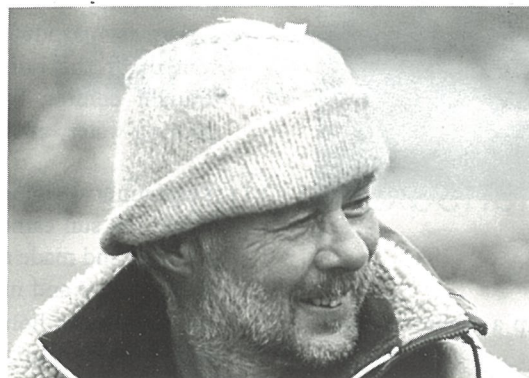
## OPTO



*Take ten.*



*ON ON  
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# Obituary for a Blue Coral Snake

## *Or the Resurrection of Kevin Parnell*

Run No: 462                      31 January 1989

Hares:     HORNBLOWER (Kevin Parnell), IL DUCE (Fabian Franco), BLOWJOB (Bob Johnson),  
             FEARLESS F FRED (Frievogel)

Location: MacRitchie Forest



*Wading waist-deep in MacRitchie waters.*

History will never forget the infamous Run No. 279 (8.10.85), now known as the legendary Blue Coral Snake (BCS) run. BCS earned for its hares, HORNBLOWER & Gordon Mackenzie (stand-in), the highest number of Seletar Oscar Awards, viz:

- |                         |                                  |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Hashshit of the Year | 2. Longest Run                   |
| 3. Worst Car Park       | 3. Highest number of Nominations |

BCS was also nominated for:

- |                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Best use of Terrain | 2. Most unusual Run |
|------------------------|---------------------|

To talk of yet another BCS run seems pointless, nugatory, gratuitous, otiose. The state of mind [hash mind perhaps] that can set a BCS run can also lay such another, with no regards to decency and consideration for fellow hashers. In disgust, and in order to avoid further penalties, the Grandmaster TODDY MAMA declared the BCS II a "non-run." Yet, it is the duty of history to record.

Here are three completely unsolicited and independent reports on yet another Parnell debacle, viz. from the venerable CROTCH, the incredulous BABYFACE, and one Kiwi non-starter called AYDZ.



# How I Survived the Great Aussie Disaster Run

CROTCH (Mike Croft) reports:

We need a proper name for this disaster — 'BCS2' is unimaginative. Some of you may be familiar with the word 'SNAFU' which originates with cynical troops in the bush referring to an exercise as 'Situation normal, all fouled up'.

I propose therefore that this be known as THE GREAT SNAFU RUN, from 'Snakeyear Australian Foul Up'. Trust the Australians to try and outdo Moses. Those who have read the Good Book will recall that many people thought Moses was overdoing things a bit by keeping the pack out wandering the desert for forty years. Why try and match the Israelites' fate?

First of all — a surprise accusation. The run could have started 15 minutes earlier and ended 30 minutes earlier (don't forget the cumulative effect) if 2ND HAND PUSSY did not have a beard and eyebrows.... How so, I hear you ask? (Go on... ask...) Simple! If he had not drawn in his likeness on the face of one of the white ghosts on the front of the newsletter, thereby obscuring the run details, we could have all been aware it was a 5.45 start bus run. Especially, if you are not at the previous run to hear the announcements. So, the first stage of the disaster saw most of us sitting fuming in the buses while some members leisurely changed out of shirt and tie at 5.55 pm. The second stage of the disaster — the PIE traffic jam eastbound between 5.30–7.00 pm which is known to everyone but the hares. My prediction on the bus that the food should be put back to 10 pm was greeted only by nervous laughter. 'What are you going to do CROTCH?' asks DIRTY HACKER. 'To avoid this madness' I replied, 'I'm going to put my head down and run MR 25'.

The third stage of the disaster was not long in coming... our bus pulls in at Lakeview at 6.23 pm. No sign of the other bus (we later found out it had gone into MacRitchie). "Wait for the bus" said the majority. 'Get lost' replied the minority. I was already up the slope and onto the outer path of MR 25 — to find paper going both ways. A quick detour down to the Convent fence confirmed it was coming from that direction, so back to the outer path, and three or four guys ahead of me. Let them go. Turn left, get on the main MR 25 trail and GO.

Fourth stage of the disaster — the precious fifteen minutes lost fiddling around on the outer trail before

the trail crossed MR 25 into the dreaded BCS territory — committed (as should be the hares) once PNR (point of no return) was reached.

So its 7.05 as I arrive at Sime Road roundabout, all on my own, quite content — but no bus! And paper going into the stream! The fifth stage (etc) — to put the buses at Rifle Range Road (R3) instead of Sime Road. Oh well, never mind, its still light, so into the stream, all very pleasant, and out onto Rifle Range/CIS parking lot at 7.25 pm, to be greeted by — what? 3 hares, 3 cars, 2 buses, and FORESKIN! Apparently he came in at 7.20, and then Eddie Yen followed me in at 7.30! It appears we had all done roughly the same thing (except FORESKIN who came around the pipeline from Sime Road) but we had not seen each other at any time.

I help myself to a quick beer and start relaying the five stages of disaster to the three disbelieving hares. 'They won't be out until 9–9.30' I tell them. 'Where are the keys?' I ask. A good job I asked — F3 has them. Take mine, and the shirt of the day from BLOW JOB, and I announce my intention to leave them and run back to the car park. Don't do it! They shout 'You'll get lost' (think about that statement for a moment, please) 'Its bad enough having the pack out there, we don't want to have to look for you as well'. But I am a hundred yards away by now, head down for the second time that evening, down R3 to the pipeline, along the pipeline, past Bukit Timah (its very dark now) left before the Orchid Farm, breakthrough into the end of Dairy Farm Road, down to the Bukit Timah Road junction, turn left and ON HOME at 8.25 pm.

What's this? 15–20 TAXI shortcutters (you all know who) happy because they have the beer wagon, unhappy because they don't have their car keys, and like the hares, slightly disbelieving of the magnitude of scale of the SNAFU disaster.

After a lot of talk and a lot of beer we realise I'm the only one with car keys. So at 9 pm I load 2 crates into the back of the car and set-off for R3 where I intercept the bus at 9.25 pm just leaving the site. I can't help noticing I am greeted by the lost souls on the bus with slightly more enthusiasm than I normally expect as I deliver the two crates.

All this has left me a little 'overtired' and when I learn



that the other bus has already gone to Sime Road I set course for home and by 10 pm am enveloped in the bosom of my family as the saying goes. I later learn that the R3 bus got in at about 9.45 and the Sime Road bus at about 10.15 pm. I say 'about' because the quoted times vary anywhere from 10-11 pm depending on who you ask. The rest, as they say, is History, as the pack tried to bury the hares alive in an anthheap.

### Postscript

'You should have stayed with the pack and suffered like us' is one I've heard in the past week. What to do, lah? If you, the pack, did not wish to be collectively

screwed, why actually lay back on the grass with a smile on your faces? Or as the quote goes from my favourite film of all time, the Magnificent Seven — 'If God had not intended them to be sheared, he would not have made them sheep'!!

No, gentlemen of the jury, that argument simply won't work. If I am one of the lemmings about to race over a two hundred foot Norwegian cliff, I reserve the right to choose not to jump. Survival, lah!

No more SNAFU's for a while please. Say about ten years?

---

## SOS MEETING



*The Revival Combo — Can we get it up, Popeye?*

A group of about 30 well meaning and concerned Seletar Hashman gathered on 7.1.89 for an SOS meeting. As the name suggests the meeting was convened to "Sav Our Singing" which has been on the decline ever since we gradually grew in numbers from the former 40 to the present 130 members.

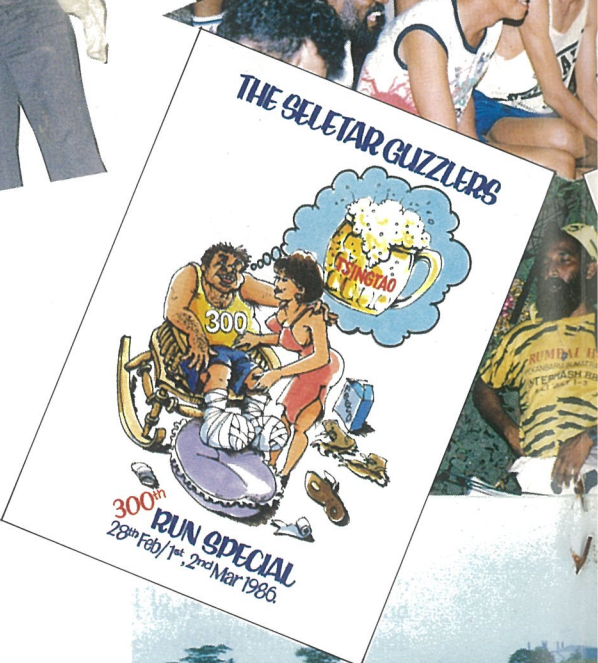
After an hour of brain storming, a Bard Sub-Committee was formed and the following suggestions were adopted:

1. Upon initiation new boots will be required to lead in a Hash song at the Circle. They are to be supported and encouraged by the rest.
2. Hares to give us a song before they are iced.
3. 5 musically talented Hashmen were nominated to take turns to play the guitar and lead in the singing each week.
4. A new guitar and a conga drum to be purchased if possible.
5. Charts with lyrics of Hash songs to be provided at every run.

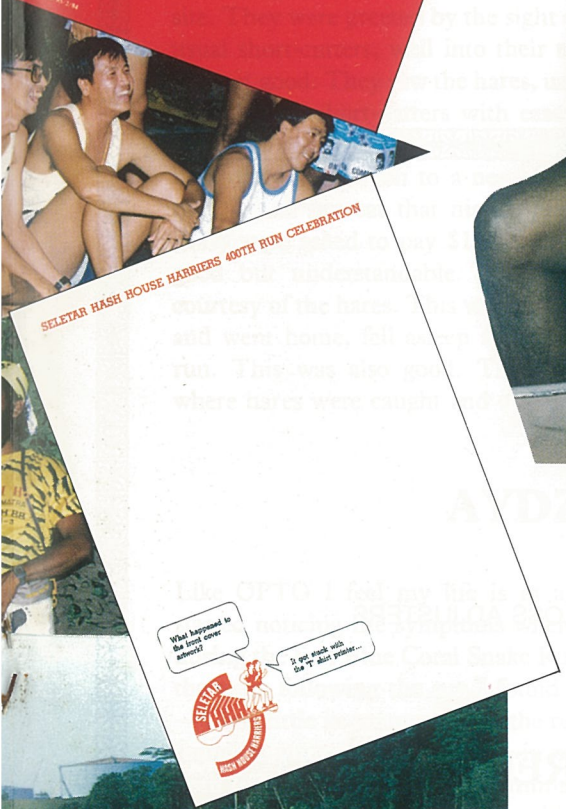
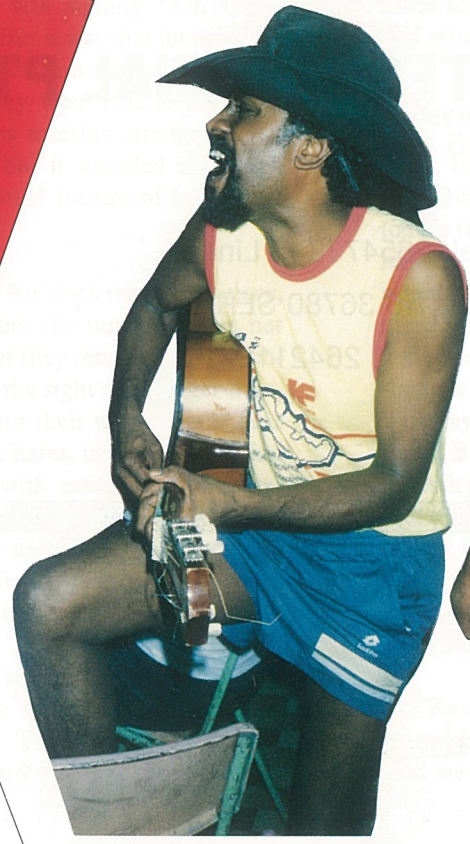
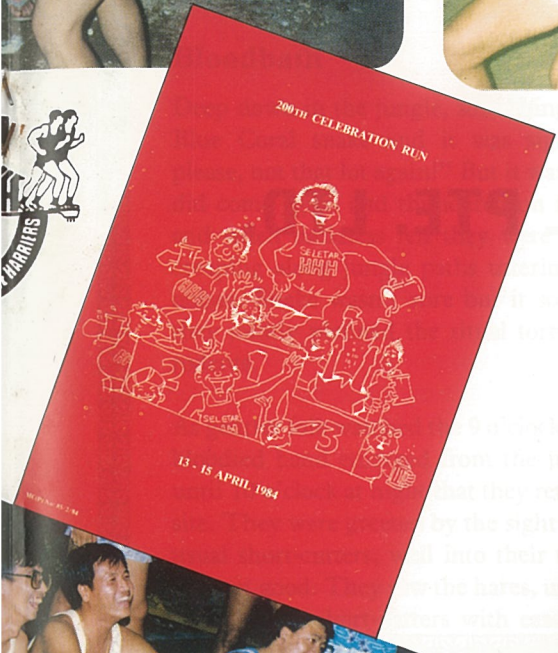
The singing started off well on 10.1.89 led by SANDO on the guitar, TANNANEH on the bongos and the others with their vocal cords.

**ARSE GRABBER reports.**











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# BLUE CORAL II or “Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the jungle.”

**BABYFACE (Bill Gartshore) reports:**

## **Bloodbath**

Deep down in the jungle, something stirred. It was a Blue Coral snake and it was sighing “Oh God!, please, not that lot again!” But it was that lot and they did come again and thundered on for an hour or so and when darkness fell they were still to be heard creeping along jungle paths uttering strange animal noises. Snake wasn’t sure but it sounded as though they jointly planned the ritual torture of long-eared rodents.

As gentler folk watched the 9 o’clock news, the weary, bloodied band emerged from the jungle. It was not until 10 o’clock at night that they returned to the run-site. They were greeted by the sight of smuggler-than-usual short-cutters, well into their tenth beers. This was not good. They saw the hares, unscathed, moving amongst the short-cutters with ease and confidence. This was not good. They were told to quickly grab a beer or two and rush to a nearby restaurant or else they would not eat that night. This was not good. They were asked to pay \$10 for food. This was not good but understandable. They were given beer, courtesy of the hares. This was good. They ate, drank and went home, fell asleep and forgot all about the run. This was also good. They dreamed a dream where hares were caught and tied and thrown into a

pit seething with vicious Blue Coral snakes, with a few King Cobras thrown in for good measure. The hares screamed in terror as the snakes struck, struck and struck again. This was very good.

## **Aftermath**

Well, hares, Kevin Parnell in particular (the only double-blue coral hare) it really was very nice of you to take the trouble to show our newer members “what hashing is sometimes all about.” Yes, there was much grumbling, especially when yet another vine took more skin off a bruised and bloody shin. Yes, there was cursing as long-time members realised that for the first time in years it was nearing ten o’clock on a Tuesday night and they had yet to taste the amber liquid. But it was also a night when, albeit out of necessity, for the first time in months, the pack acted as a team, back-markers were given time to catch up, calling was for real and all were reminded vividly of the reason for leaving keys with the hares and as far as I know, no one was lost or seriously maimed. Not even the hares at the on-on.

So, Kevin, Bob Johnson, Franco Fabian and Fred Frievoegel, cheerio, we really are going to miss you. And we certainly will remember you.

## **AYDZ (Kim Mathews) laments:**

Like OPTO I feel my life is in a vacuum. I first started noticing the symptoms when I was outstation during the first Blue Coral Snake Run. On my return the week following the run I found that — suddenly — I had little in common with the rest of the Hash. I found it impossible to engage in social intercourse with fellow members who, two minutes into the conversation, inevitably turned the subject around to the Blue Coral Snake Run. I feel I was the only virgin in the convent.

Unfortunately I was outstation again for the run which has been called the Blue Coral Snake Run II. Once again I am having trouble looking fellow

hashers in the eye knowing full well they will want to hear about my adventures on that fateful day and half the night.

In view of the above I wonder if it might be possible for the committee to arrange another Blue Coral Snake Run in the immediate future? Those of us unfortunate enough to miss the previous run(s) can then have the opportunity to experience all that MacRitchie has to offer and join the mainstream of Seletar hashers.

P.S. Do you recommend Alkaline or Heavy Duty torch batteries?



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# Tokyo H3 Run 537

## TWO BALLS (David Theobald) reports:

"When in Rome... I arrived in Tokyo and immediately put Polly Hadfield's Hash Directory to use and found the Tokyo Hash. It was with great trepidation that I set out in the freezing cold to tackle the subway and find Nakamegura station. Outside the station there was an arrow chalked on the wall with "TH3" under it. Suspecting I must be on the right track, I followed more arrows to be led into a tiny pub full of gangster types. I began to get worried until I was ushered upstairs by the original toothless bearded hag to find two kwaitohs sitting at a table. One was the hare and he said that the run had taken two hours to set — two minutes in the ambient air temperature was going to be a bit "too" much I thought. I decided that my usual 'run in no shirt policy' might be a touch foolish, and promptly donned two T-shirts and a tracksuit.

Time to assess the pack: there were — wait for it — eight of us, five kwaitohs (four of us were guests!) and three Japanese, including the Hash horn, a gent by the name of TADPOLE. The hare dragged us out into the street and set us off on our way to follow chalk arrows through suburban Tokyo. Then it started to snow. I kid you not. It started to bloody well snow — I recognised it instantly from pictures on X'mas cards. One of the major drawbacks of hashing in the

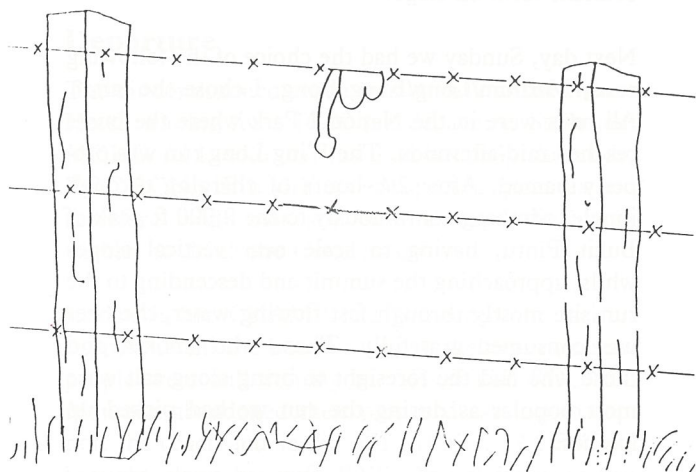
snow is that when the trail has been marked with (white) chalk arrows on the pavement, the aforementioned trail promptly starts disappearing. After about five minutes trying to find the third check under steadily deepening snow, TADPOLE was pushed into a shop to ask for directions back to the Hash pub. Ten minutes "On-home" and that was that, thirty-six minutes in all.

Back at the On-On-On site where a jointmaster (an Englishman attired in a very snappy business suit) greeted us with a cheery, "You must be bonkers to go for a run in that" and started dishing out the sake. The On-On-On consisted of one "down-down" (jointmaster's wife pregnant), good if slightly odd food, heaps of the amber elixir and, mercifully, no ice.

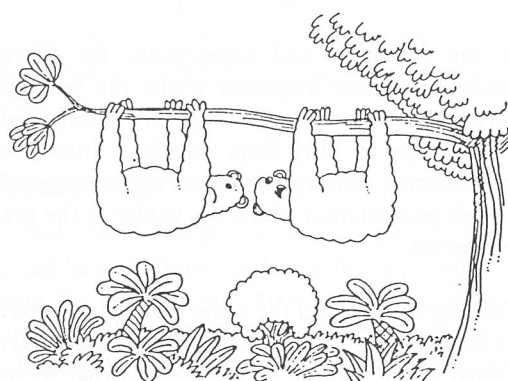
Hashing in winter in Tokyo is certainly different, but bloody good fun all the same — I'm going to try the Harriettes tomorrow night; it's a mixed Hash which has two sub 2.40 marathoners running with them — not so sure how I'll fare there, sounds bloody serious."

### Winter of discontent

Tokyo, 1987



*Hashin: can be hazardous to your health.*



*There must be more to life than just avoiding herpes.*



# SECOND BORNEO NASH HASH '89

## MIRI 2-4TH JUNE

### SQUEALING (Bagpipes) PIG James Kerr Reports:

"At the last minute I had an opportunity to attend the Borneo Nash Hash so I quickly contacted the Travel Agent to ascertain whether they could get me there at such short notice. After much arranging I was presented with the flight and accommodation documentation for departure to Kuching, ex Changi airport, 09-00 hours, on Friday 2nd June '89.

Last year's Borneo get-together was held in Kuching but this year it was the turn of the Miri Hash, situated next to the Brunei border some 500 km up country. The transfer at Kuching was no problem and I was soon on the tarmac again anxiously awaiting to see the "small aircraft" which the Agent had said to expect for the internal flight over the Sarawak jungle. It turned out to be a little Fokker, (correct spelling), twin prop job. My previous encounter with one of those was in Saudi Arabi coming down between 300 meter high sand dunes in the Rub Al Khali, (empty quarter), in temperatures exceeding 50°C.

On board I met a contingent from Jakarta Hash who vividly recalled the antics of certain Singapore Hashers at their 1000th run celebrations last February. BROWN EYES from that Hash was in good form being disappointed that no beer was on board, we could not afford the extra weight!

Soon we were in the oil town of Miri settling into our accommodation in preparation for the pre-Hash gathering that evening.

At the reception and registration, the inevitable goodie bags were dispersed whilst the beer flowed freely. After the makan the stage acts commenced, led by a troupe of Billy Boys especially hired from a neighbouring country. These boys/girls were brilliant in their presentation which got wilder as the evening progressed.

Next day we boarded the buses early in the afternoon for run number one, located some 50 km away. We arrived at the site and were informed that we had to attend a pre-run reception at a nearby long house. Anxious to proceed with the running, we filed over to the long house and were greeted by a multi shotgun salute from the balcony. Some guys from the Hong Kong South Side Hash replied with fire-crackers which they had brought in.

Once inside the long house I was amazed at the length. It must have been at least 500 metres long, occupied by 48 individual families. I give these statistics to illustrate what came next. As each family's floor space was entered we had to receive a sampling of Tuak, (rice wine), or Aarak, (rice spirit), it being regarded as extremely impolite to decline. Half way along the long house was a table containing around 50 bottles of the drinks specially provided for the post run activities.

More was to come. About three quarters round the run trail a narrow bridge had to be crossed. Lining the bridge were six locals holding bottles and full glasses for our refreshment. We were glad to get back to the run site.

At the head count on the buses for the return journey it was found that BROWN EYES was missing. He had not gone on any of the runs but had stayed in the long house sampling the various offerings(?) Somehow he had managed to sneak out and attempted to negotiate one of the run trails on his own. A search party found him sometime later.

Back at Miri, the on-on gathering was again adequately entertained by the Billy Boys, who by now were in brilliant form on stage.

Next day, Sunday we had the choice of the following runs, Medium/Long/F'ing Long. I chose the latter. All runs were in the National Park where the buses reached mid-afternoon. The F'ing Long run was properly named. After 2½ hours of charging through jungle, climbing continuously to the 2,000 ft peak of Bukit Pintu, having to scale near vertical slopes whilst approaching the summit and descending to the run site mostly through fast flowing water, the beer was consumed gratefully. Those who smoked and those who had the foresight to bring along salt were most popular as during the run we had picked up leeches.

That evening there was no formal reception but the plentiful and varied night life of Miri was quickly taken advantage of. The weekend activities were enjoyed by all. The Miri Hash committee had worked extremely hard to arrange all the events for us which was much appreciated.



# PETALING JAYA

## (THE ANIMALS) 10th Anniversary: 21.3.87

### HHH OPTO'S REPORT



*At the start — looking better for the worse.*

I may not have travelled in the realms of hash but Petaling Jaya's 10th Anniversary was one event I wasn't going to miss.

#### Departure

The air-conditioned coach was already at the Amara Hotel, waiting for a 10.00 pm departure. Stella and MOHD ALI, who had just had his belly shaved by DOC RONNIE BABY for a suspected appendix and therefore could not go, were among other well-wishers to drink the Guzzlers off.

Interhash Sec CHAMP had bemoaned the lack of support to fill the bus but, up till the last moments, people were still coming in. SHORTIE ROO and Maureen abandoned their proposed car trip to support the coach and so did AH MENG. SAYETING brought along his wife PAT. And there were two other harriets from Lion City.

Drinking was already underway at the Wall Street Pub when I arrived at 10 pm. GM FER downed a half-yard and so did Rama, who immediately went into a valsava. Some of the smarter and more seasoned travellers, like FER, Paul Ang, Simon, BREWER, PETER SELLERS, Hong Tee and Mike Chan pissed off home to catch up with some sleep before flying the next day. The coach departed after 11.

#### Flying in

A Saturday morning workaholic, and the working class to boot, I could only catch the 2.45 shuttle. Arriving at Subang Airport at 3.30 and realising that CHAMP's arrangement to pick me up had failed, I found my way to the run-site at Batu Tiga Race Course at Shah Alam, 11 km away. The Animals were guarding the tunnelled entrance to the run-site to ensure that none other than batangs (males) were admitted.

#### Welcome

P.J.'s GM THE BEAR was very much the father figure and he was prominently seen moving around to welcome the guests. Only male clubs were invited and they came from the length and breadth of Peninsular Malaysia. No doubt they were also old and welcomed friends.

A pre-start photo showed some 250–300 eager hashers posing under a large welcome banner. "On-On" was called at 5.30 pm.

#### The Run

Coming all the way from Singapore, I was determined to go for the whole run. The paper trail went



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along muddy tracks on a large excavated expanse of land that was being bull-dozed for a new town. Even in Malaysia, hash country was being fast eaten up by development. Jumping in between dump trucks laden with mud, we reached the edge of a rubber plantation some 1.5 km away.

From here on, it was up and down neglected rubber plantations and we were taken up and down the slopes of 3 small hills. There wasn't much chance for running in the thick undergrowth of ferns and I scratched my leg badly in several trips. Paul Ang fell and sustained cuts on his knee and hand. This wasn't what I would consider a good running terrain and, in Seletar, it would have earned the hashshit. Together with SAYETING, SHIT UP A TREE, Aloysius and half a dozen Animal stragglers, we formed the back of the pack. It took me a full hour to negotiate the three hills.

Then, yet a fourth hill and we lost paper (2x4 squares) altogether. Failing to find the way over the hill, which the front runners and middle pack must have gone, we retraced our path to a Malay kampong (the only dwellings thus far on the run) and made our way out to the road, which led to the newly-built million dollar mosque in the centre of Shah Alam. I'm sure the pack did not cross my road, and so we were on the wrong side of the hill. We found our way back, by road, to the run-site, coming in 2 hours after the start.

## Dinner

Carlsberg and Guinness Stout on draught. The early birds had started on a delicious dinner of mutton curry and roast pork. There was no second round.

## Showtime

The BEAR mounted a lorry (which served as a stage) to welcome all visting GMs on stage for a mass down-down. This was followed by shaving-off of the BEAR's beard for charity, which took some time, as the luxuriant growth had not been razored since the Animal's inaugural run.

## HASH TRASH

Chick: "Mom Am I HASH people?"

Mother Hen: "No you're chicken."

Chick: "Are chickens born"

M. Hen: "No chickens come from eggs."

Chick: "Are eggs born."

M. Hen: "No they're laid."

Chick: "Are HASH people laid."

M. Hen: "Well ... Some are and others are chicken."

All visiting clubs were then called up on stage to present an item of entertainment. Seletar's pros MABOK, FER, BREWER, SIBOK and SANDO (on guitar) gave a rendition of "I don't want to join the army". Our hosts then put on a "Pondan" show, as if their own guys, dressed up as dolly girls in an earlier presentation, was not exciting enough.

Then, the inevitable boat race. Seletar's team comprising CHAMP, MESSY, SIBOK, FER and KICHI-BAI, won the event, beating all the chapters throughout Malaysia and reaffirming ourselves as champion guzzlers.

It was now past midnight and people were drifting away. BREWER and I were given a ride back to KL by the Animal's Lui. We celebrated BREWER's birthday with more beers and Bak Kut Teh at a nearby coffee shop. Back to the Grand Pacific Hotel, our other Seletar guys and their families were entertaining themselves in the coffee house where a vivacious cabaret singer performed till 1 am.

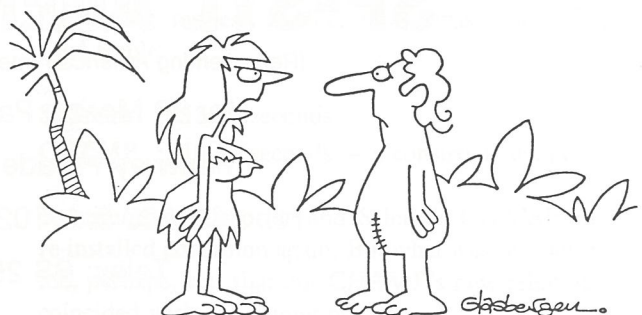
## Footbrawl

The bus was held up for an hour by LARCHAR Foong, who was looking after the two Lion City harriets. At the P.J. club, the footbrawl was already underway and this was followed by the wibbly-wobbly games. There was only Seletar and P.J. present and this could have been another annual reunion. As expected, our departure was delayed until 4 pm when the Animals filled the coach with chilled beers before allowing us to leave.

## Homeward bound

There was a further delay when Seremban's founder GM Hylam SEE, who escorted our coach out of P.J. hijacked the bus for a "half hour" extension at his pub in Seremban. The momentum being lost, we did not reach Malacca till 7.30 pm and, after dinner, returning to Singapore at 2 am. It would have been alright if I did not have to get up at 7.00 am, and leave for morning surgery at 9.

Many thanks to the Animals for a fantastic weekend.



"Mr. King of the Jungle! Mr. Macho! Only an asshole like you would ask a crocodile for a blowjob!"



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# FIRST PAN-ASIA HASH: CHAMP RE-INSTALLED

## HHH OPTO'S REPORT

Although I had registered and paid in full for the Pan-Asia Hash which Seletar hosted, I went away on a local meditation retreat over the Easter weekend and could not make it to the runs. But my attendance at the final fellowship night on Sunday 19th April 1987 more than made up for it.



*In Action.*

Mr. Ho's BBQ was, as expected, fabulous. After the food and drinks it was show-time and this was performed on a gigantic stage erected by our professional hash-contractors on the Sembawang Shipyard sports field, all lighted-up with sound effects.

KOOL KEV (Kevin Parnell), as chairman of the organising committee, took it upon himself to discharge his duties as MC for the evening. This he did, amidst a background of usual Seletar hecklers, through some light-hearted numbers, plus a couple of items from the night before which were, I was told, given an even more lusty rendering.

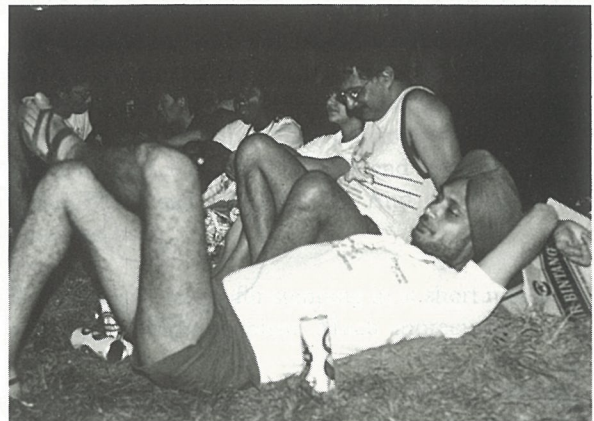
Then came the beer drinking contest to find a "Champion" of world stature, and there were no lack of contestants. They came on stage, some hopeful, some serious, but all representing a hash club that was participating at the Pan-Asia Hash. Representatives from the following hash clubs each entered a contestant:

1. Hammersley
2. Colombo
3. P. J. Animals
4. Lion City
5. Seletar
6. Katherine
7. Perth
8. Samurai H3 (Japan)
9. Scott Smith

The contestants, who came from the entire Pan-Asia, were lined up on stage and each one was, in turn, required to drink without spilling, a half-yard of beer to a stop-watch. The time-keeping judges were ANDY CLAP of Batu Pahat (H3) and Judy (of Katherine H3) who presided over the time-check.

After the first round, the best times returned were 10.75 by Scott Smith (a bicyclist from East London who was currently cycling around the world on a "Save the Children" campaign) and 10.55 second by Seletar's own Abtar CHAMP Singh.

Our CHAMP had already beaten all the other hashing contestants, as Scott Smith was not in the strictest sense of the word a member of any hash club. The judges, however, offered the close contenders another round to decide on a winner but Scott Smith declined the offer, whereupon the judges (on the basis of the best times returned rather than on maintaining the status quo of declaring the present incumbent the winner) declared CHAMP the winner.



*Off Action.*

This brought forth a protest from Scott Smith and so, by popular request, another round was called. The final result;

S. Smith : 13.80 seconds

CHAMP : 10.56 seconds — a consistent winner.

So, countrymen's pride and Seletar's CHAMP was re-installed champion again. But what was relevant to me, perhaps, was that our CHAMP's new reign also coincided with my drying out.



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# THE RETURN OF THE MAD DOG

Run No : 423

Hares : MAD DOG/SCARFACE

Venue : Jurong East Street 11

Date : 17th May 1988

It was entitled 'The Return Of The Mad Dog' and it was one of those occasions when events lived up to expectations...

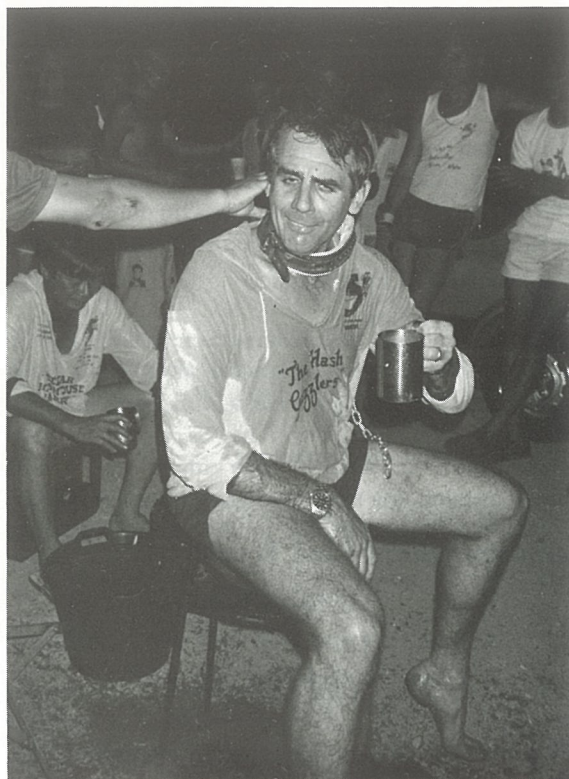
First thing — there were real live and really mad dogs at the run site. One mangy cur rushed at CROTCH but backed off when CROTCH counter-attacked (and who wouldn't). Later, HANS SOLO was attacked and bitten on a thigh. And was he mad!



Growl — Mad Dog on the loose!

The run itself was one for the record books. After a wide loop, the paper disappeared down a drain which ran under the pavement. POPEYE and APACHE went down and, above, the pack followed the sound of the horn as it moved along under the pavement. Then it was across pipes above a canal — for some — and on down to Ayer Rajah for a "unique, only Mad Dog would think of it" false trail up some scaffolding and onto the elevated MRT. I was one who climbed up and from this vantage point I watched as CHAMP, Doc Bala and pals began a leisurely stroll back to the wagon. If only I had known then...

The trail led us to mostly residential areas — the various Fabers, the railway track, Hong Leong Gardens, all the time our fleeting presence generously acknowledged by a cacophony of barking mad dogs, of all breeds and sizes. And all the time we seemed to be heading away from the run-site. "Must be a bus run" was heard at around 7 p.m. when the pack were scouring the maze of 'West Coast' streets. But it wasn't, was it? As it was getting dark, paper was



MD in resplendent form.

found somewhere east of Clementi Town Centre and a long and strung-out pack made its weary way home. These first runners home on paper took about 1½ hours and so the honour of the ancient toilet seats was taken, reluctantly, from the previous week's hares CINDERELLA and GUZZLER and bestowed upon MAD DOG and SCARFACE. And the dogs continued to bark...

Thanks again, hares, for stepping in at short notice to solve our hareline problem. Much appreciated.

Scribe: BABYFACE (Standing in for SYPH who had to attend the Stevie Wonder gig, on official standby as replacement act...)

## Mad dogs biting more English mailmen in noonday sun

LONDON — Dogs who go out in the noonday sun are biting more and more English mailmen, the Post Office said.

It said hot weather makes dogs irritable and attacks on mailmen were up by 40 per cent in the first six months of this year.

A survey of the problem in the current long hot summer by The Times of London reported that a mailman in Somerset was bitten on the arm when a dog leapt through the window of his delivery van. In Bristol, a guard dog in a house crashed through the glass front door to try and get at a postman.

A quarter of the 100 mailmen in In-

verness, Scotland, were bitten last year. There were 7,067 dog attacks on mailmen in Britain last year, nearly one-fifth more than in 1987.

The Post Office said dog attacks cost it £330,000 (\$890,000) a year in payment for sick leave and loss of service.

To try to stop attacks, the Post Office is testing a device which emits a high-pitched sound inaudible to humans but allegedly intimidating to dogs.

In the past, mailmen facing a threatening dog were advised to get down on all fours and look it straight in the eye.

But few mailmen were brave enough to try that, the Post Office said. — AP.



# Super Tuesday

## The Aries Joint Birthday Run, '88

Run No. : 420  
Date : 26.4.88  
Hares : date of birth  
SKIDMARKS (Linus Manuel) 17.4  
SIBOK (Albert Ng) 11.4  
HOT DOG (Joseph Lim) 15.4  
Bob Neo 5.4  
Venue : Amara Hotel  
ON-ON : Poolside Restaurant

### Announcement Last Week:

#### "Air Cond Bus

**A Team: Long Run 5.45 pm**

**B Team: Short Run 6.00 pm"**

### "Why were They Born so Beautiful?"

SKIDMARKS and SIBOK. Two of the most dependable characters in Seletar Hash and nowhere abler in their organisation, logistic support and services, than in the many celebration events they have mounted for Seletar in the past, both for the enjoyment of our members as well as for the entertainment of our ladies. (A pity the ladies were not included in this event.)

### These Boys have Class

Together with HOT DOG (who did a similar birthday-run last year with BROTHER who now opted-out) and Bob Neo (the original appointed scribe) no clearance was necessary from the Committee to have an unprecedented 4 hares on a non-club celebration, as a splendid time would be had by all.

As it turned out — Air Conditioned Bus, T-shirt, souvenir pottery beer mug, MRT tunnel, poolside, great food, private showers, free flowing beer, KING KONG's musical combo — all the elements of a successful evening. They even provided a short run to cater for the SCBs.

### Welcome GM Rama's Committee '88

This joint-birthday run which coincided with the first run of the new committee year, was a legacy from the "Laid Back Committee". A hangover, which the hares made an appropriate tribute to "Welcome GM Rama's Committee 88."

### Super Tuesday

The rain stopped after two heavy evening downpours. To be sure, I stopped work too (never mind the loss of income) to catch the bus on time, as I belong to the "A Team".

The Seletar gang, also arriving early, were gathering in strength outside the Wall Street Pub, gaily decked in their colourful T-shirts and shorts, against a drab Chinatown back-street and curious on-lookers. The hares were at the gate to hand out free car parking coupons.

### On the Bus

The usual bunch of FRBs, comprising mostly Kwai Lohs with equal representation from the Chinamen and Indians, boarded the de-luxe air conditioned bus which left sharply at 5.45. The new Horn, POPEYE just managed to jump into the bus when it stopped at the Tanjong Pagar traffic lights. I like these bus runs which have the novelty of a picnic.

The bus went along the East Coast Expressway to Kallang Park, where we alighted at the Old Mill Road. The start of the run was at the old Kallang aerodrome where I once boarded a Dakota way back in 1951 on my first flight to Sydney. Over the years the scenery has changed and the polluted old Kallang Basin has been cleaned up. They now call it the clean river, but it was muddy after an overnight rain.

### Run Starts

SIBOK, the hare, accompanied the pack to the first check. "Keep on paper, man!" he encouraged, but allowed 4 SKIN and myself to follow the pavement walk all along the left bank of the Kallang river.

The first check, "following the scented grasses", was easily broken and, with some more running, we caught up with the start of the "Short Run" at Marina Square, where SKIDMARKS and Bob had just left off the B Team. Up and over Benjamin Sheares Bridge and down again to the vast stretches of Marina Bay, all along the reclaimed coastline, wet and muddy from yesterday's rain — a long loop that allowed short cuts for those so inclined.

I found that FRB, SINNA SUSU ("can't run today, back pain") with a lame excuse running next to me as we met the front of the pack at Finger Pier after our



short-cut. Kevin emerged, dieting and now half his usual self- where had he disappeared to? The last check, "among the fallen flowers" at a construction site, was again easily broken and soon we found our way to the Tanjong Pagar MRT Station (where the T shirts were handed out) and home. The first runners following paper came in about an hour, which was an easy run for most — no dirty drains and no cuts from ferns.

## A Noisy Circle

Up at the 6th floor Amara Hotel poolside, souvenir beer mugs were handed out with free flowing beer by the hares. Some of the Kwai Lohs washed off their filthy bodies in the pool. We won't report them to the authorities but a rabid MAD DOG, SYPHILIS and AYDZ were seen polluting the water. I had the luxury of a private shower and shifted into dry clothes.

A noisy Circle started with the JMs' announcements and the Whip took over — noisy APACHE, pudeyander. This woodcock (alias Woodcock) is no new cock to game. He was the whip ions ago and is now reliving a second childhood.

"Gentleman and hashers, I'm not going to comment on the run as a whole, restraining myself only to the before and after highlights. Before the run, the hares put us in an air-conditioned bus. After the run, they took us through an air-conditioned tunnel. And all this in the rain."

The Hares had it again: "F... Great T-shirt, but we can't use it! Where is the Seletar hash logo?"

Pandemonium broke loose when COOL HAND LUKE (Chuan) celebrating his 50th run was wheeled in a bucket of ice into the pool. FEARLESS celebrated his 100th run and RAINBOW 150. WATER-TING had a field day throwing water which came aplenty from the wading pool.



The birthday boys were thrown into the swimming pool, The Outgoing Committee was thrown into the pool. The Incoming Committee was thrown into the pool. PALE FACE, all dressed up in beautiful hat, T-shirt and sarong with his wallet of last year's cash collections, was thrown into the wading pool.

## Top Guns

A great makan was had by all and I myself had 3 helpings, KING KONG, the maiden new bard, started on the piano to present his new Seletar songs. More beers flowed till the taps ran dry and the hares laid on more beers.

The evening's entertainment was going top guns but some spoil-sports decided to on-on-on downstairs to the Wall Street Pub, when it was announced that paid beer will now be served. For me, enough was enough, and I left. From what I gathered from SKID-MARKS, the birthday boys were also dragged downstairs and neither he nor SIBOK could leave until 2 am.

## Verdict

A birthday celebration on a scale that has never been seen before in Seletar nor will it ever be surpassed. Many thanks to the hares and the new boot Bob Neo, who deserves a hashname (now christened PEE-COCK).

Only one technical hitch, which those of us not being city slicks soon found out. You can't, as CROTCH discovered, use your mobile phone in a basement car park. It's balek kampong, for us peasants and, for me, good old Jalan Ulu Sembawang and the crickets!

## OPTO

Hashtorian





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# AUSSIES CELEBRATE BICENTENNIAL AS ABORIGINES PROTEST

Fair Dinkum report on Run 407 (26.2.88)

## Reuters reported:

"As millions of Australians celebrated their bicentennial at Sydney Harbour, the indigenous aborigines mounted their biggest protest ever, to mourn the loss of their home-land of 40,000 years."

And it had to happen to Seletar, as well.

## "You Awake?" (Aussie fore-play)

Spontaneous though was the white invasion of Australia, 200 years ago, that was history. Now, 200 years later, the latter day Aussies in the Seletar hash community started an impromptu beat around the bush and came up with a "Bicentennial Run" to celebrate Australia day. The run itself was held on 26.1.88 (which coincided with an Indian Deity Day, to the delight of our Bayees).



*Modern day Abo.*

## "Bruce (Aussie term of endearment) & Co"

The 6 "Bruces" — Bob Johnson, Kevin, Franco, Arul, Tony and a Kiwi-transplant named Kim — all recently released from the penal colony and exiled to Seletar, were distinguished by a touch of education which became obvious when they opened their mouths to speak. (Even my three kids, now studying in Melbourne, are beginning to speak "bush"). They did not need the swagman's hat or striped convict gear to tell us they were the hares.

## Run Starts

"Bruce", alias Kevin Parnell ("I love EMPTY HEAD"), appeared to be their chief spokesman, when he reminded the pack to pay obeisance to an Aussie flag, hung from an imported gum tree, which Chinaman BOO(S) promptly desecrated by presenting his rotund naked posterior. When the pack had properly shown their "respect" (an event which reminded me of reversed posturing during the Japanese Occupation), we set off. Tragedy and the whole truth.



*A chain reaction — get balled.*

## A Sudden Downpour

As soon as the run started, there was a sudden deluge of rain. However, using Neanderthal logic, BOO(S) found a left exit on a mud track from the temple ground at Jln Sungei Poyan, but his cries of "On-On" were disregarded because of his totally earned reputation of an SCB calling "Wolf". But, this time, BOO(S) actually was on paper, as the main pack, which went uphill on a false trail to a Chinese cemetery, returned to acknowledge his calling. By now, the front runners had gone down a slippery slope to a live-firing exercise that was going on at Poyan range.

I returned to the car park to find the hares marsupialed in a hut, away from the rain, fortified with Fosters. The Kiwi-transplant, looking bewildered (he must have conspired with the hares), gave me directions to catch up with the runners behind the firing range.

## Rain Stops

By the time I found paper again, the pack was nowhere in sight. I could hear TODDY and POPEYE



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*Mad Dog gnarling his teeth at protestors.*

calling from across a fish farm. Apparently, the pack had broken the check and gone ahead, leaving these two, and TODDY went ahead, but POPEYE waited for me to catch up.

### **Uphill and Down**

We climbed to the top of a hill to touch the perimeter fence of the Poyan missile range, then skidded downhill, holding on to the fence to avoid slipping. Losing paper in an abandoned lemon farm, we beat our way out to Jln Bahar, but POPEYE was insistent on following the trail, which we found when we back-tracked to a muddy path which took us through a Hindu cemetery to Chua Chu Kang village and home.

### **Celebration Starts: Demo by ABOs**

After the Grand Master had called the hares for the piss-pot, there was a noisy demonstration at the Circle. Down came the ABOs carrying placards protesting: "New Australians Equals Invasion", "You Awake?" "Save the ABO", "Home Rule for Ayer's Rock", and so on. Behind the boot-polished blackened faces, I could make out our "Pommies" — Marcus, Woodcock, Mike Cockman, Theobald and Jim Walker,

each carrying a chain and ball, made of cement hardened in a foot-ball and painted black, which they unceremoniously-locked onto the ankles of the 5 Aussie celebrants, sparing only the Kiwi-transplant (who already has a natural black ball at birth),

### **Lay Me Down Kangaroo, Sport**

I've never heard so much applause from the Seletar crowd, who are not given to courtesies, nor seen so much harrassment on the Aussie faces. But the "Bruces" had their own back when their Whip Bob Johnson allowed each of his fellow convicts in the chain gang to perform as "Mystery Whips". And so, the "Pommie Bastards" (not sparing their Aussie compatriot George Petty) were made to pay the penalty on ice, for whatever reasons which never came to mind.

### **That was not All: Who stole the Aussie Flag?**

Before the makan (an excellent BBQ Aussie style by Mr. Ho), the Whip passed around song-sheets of "Waltzing Matilda" and urged the Circle to sing their "anthem". What happened? Disaster! The Pommies came out loud and clear with "Rule Britannia" and the Bayees enjoined with "Majulah Singapura".

A sumptuous feast accompanied the festive board. A dwindling crowd then carried on with an on-site ON3 armed with guitar and Fosters (minus the convicts who were by now safely returned to the penal colony).

Thus ended another Seletar Tuesday. Submitted, with respect to all our Aussie brethen, before this merry event becomes but a faded memory.

### **OPTO**

Official Hashtorian



*Ferocious 300th run celebrant.*



*"I'll get you, SAYETING".*



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# *Family Assault on Batam*

## *Bonus Run No. 441: 17-18th September 1988*

### *OPTO'S Report*

This bonus run was, surprisingly, laid on by the "LOOK INTO" Committee and, as it was a "jolly" family weekend, members will notice that the theme varied somewhat from a regular Seletar "Tuesday".

For the working class, taking a day off on a busy Saturday morning was, perhaps, not un-extravagant. But as it was for the hash and it was the "LOOK INTO" Committee's first major initiative, I rationalised myself into going. For \$130.10 per head, with the prospect of recouping much of it by duty-free purchases on the island, it even seemed attractive!! So, I coughed up my hard-earned cash and handed my meagre savings to GM RAMA and signed up for the Batam weekend, persuading many others such as ROSE CHAN & family to do likewise.



*Mad Dog organising kiddos' games.*

I've run on Batam before — on 28.7.85 on a 15 km road run from Simpang Peternakan to the supermarket — organised by the Batam Island Authority. No watering points and no sponging-down — a "dry" run for their Marathon "trails". And I've lived on Batam before during the Japanese Occupation of Singapore, from 1941–1945, but a re-visit there in 1985 did not allow for any geographical recognition of the village at the estuary of Sungei Pandas, which was reclaimed by mangrove swamps, save the old well and the deserted Chinese temple where my mother had worshipped. So, for me, it was not going to be a nostalgic return but to just go and enjoy the hash, and enjoy the lovely Batam View Hotel. And, I must confess, APACHE'S account of Seletar's Batam weekend the year before somewhat encouraged me.

### **Cock-Up**

STUMBLEBUM and Clan were waiting at Finger Pier by 8.30 am. When I arrived at 9.30 am, at the same time as the GM's family, a crowd of 60 or so Seletar hashers and their families were already

gathered, in holiday mood and dressed like-wise. ARUL and family, EL DUCE and family, SHIT-UP-A TREE, PRESS ONCE, MESSY, POPEYE ... you could count them all. But what happened? The 10 am ferry, specially promised for us, was delayed by 45 minutes. It seemed that the Batam View Hotel, (the commission agents) had booked us on a ferry that had not been commissioned. Still, if there is no cock-up, it's not the hash. But the mistake could clearly be laid on the doorsteps of the Batam View Hotel.

### **Arrival**

A smooth ½ hour ride by the MV SEAFLYTE and we landed at Sekupang (colloquially a "one dollar" destination stop for the adjacent islanders). There, waiting for us, was BILLY SLICK and the GM's new secretary TANNANEH, who had arrived the day before to make arrangements for our visit.

### **The Bucket of Iced Beers**

That this pair had made the necessary arrangements, such as allocating the hotel rooms in advance of our arrival, was clearly evident from the bucket of ice-cold Heineken beers that greeted us at the customs checkpoint. This same bucket of ice-cold beers (and soft drinks) accompanied the hash, wherever we went, throughout our visit. In fact, this same bucket should be called upon to make the report as it witnessed all events and went to some of the places that I did not venture to.

### **Land Transfer**

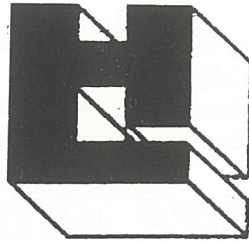
Two small pickup vans and a 40-seater airconditioned coach took us on the 45-minute drive from the jetty to



*'I did it my way'.*



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the Batam View Hotel. Our guide was quick to point out the many "one and only" features on the island, e.g. the "one and only" fire-station, supermarket, shopping complex, casino, hospital, traffic light and so on, not excluding the "one and only" 40-seater air-conditioned coach and "one and only" guide. With a name like Zulfakir, you can imagine how the guide's name was pronounced and BOO(s) quickly gave him a down-down in the bus.

Batam View Hotel (of the "View" chain) is strategically built (it took 14 years) on an outcrop of land overlooking a cliff, giving a beautiful sea-view from nearly all the rooms. There is a new jetty with a Chinese restaurant called "The Kelong" belonging to the hotel, but we had our lunch at the hotel itself.

## Run Starts

The afternoon crowd arrived in two pickup vans and the family "run" started at 5.15 pm. There was a "short-run", a "shorter" and one for the kids. A quick trot on the beach, led by POPEYE, cutting across the blukar to the one and only approach road to the Hotel, then up a hill (AVGAS' wife was running hard, but where was AVGAS?) and down again to the same road. Then a loop through rubber plantations and back again to the same road, arriving at Nongsa village. Here, the third and final check took us on a quick run home — an hour's walk at the most for the beer-soaked runners.

## On-On

DIRTY HACKER was assigned the mystery whip but he gave a credible explanation ("he could not leave his bedroom") as to why MAD DOG did the whipping instead. The many attractive prizes donated by MOHD ALI were then handed out.

## Dinner

A seafood BBQ, at the pool-side, was enjoyed by all, but according to authority (MESSY), it was only a "shadow" of last year's feast that Seletar enjoyed here. A slight drizzle started after dinner and, because the pool was so tempting, people got themselves thrown in. I won't tell you who the culprits were, but SHIT UP A TREE was one such victim, in a plastered arm and all.



*Sinna Susu giving demo to junior.*



*Arul with old Indian rope trick?*

The party then adjourned, with the bucket of ice-cold Heineken, to the Hotel lobby where SANDO and JJ held court until 5 am. A few who tried the Hotel's "Electric Mid-nite" show were sadly disappointed. AH MENG tried to hi-jack a car to town for a massage but he was also sadly disappointed.

## Sunday Morning

Awoke to my biological clock at 6.50 am Singapore time (5.50 am Batam time) to find MAD DOG and his wife still in the swimming-pool, after he had been thrown in the night before.

The Hotel had a "assemble at 7.30 am" for morning joggers, but I did my own run, tracing last night's track to Nongsa village, returning by the beach.

## Morning Games

After breakfast, GM Rama continued with the children's games which were terminated prematurely the night before, due to early darkness on adjusted time. Henry Choo, GENERAL, SINNASUSU (minus his bleeper), were a delight with the kids. But who is this CHICKEN SHIT and MOTHER HEN SHIT that seemed to amuse HANS SOLO? A pickup van took us to Nongsa village for a seafood lunch. I went across by boat to No-man's Island, in the heavy rain to find the Seletar crowd (and the ice-bucket) sheltering in a tea kiosk. Meanwhile, MESSY had ordered lunch for our party which consisted of ICE CREAM, AH MENG, SIMON, BILLY and our families. I did speak to Rajiv and his constant companion. He seems to have found the GENERAL's rank in coming to celebration events only but it was too awkward for me to ask if he was still in the hash.

## Home

Back to the Hotel where we checked out at 2.30 pm. for shopping in Nagoya Chinatown. In spite of time constraints, a number of hashmen (we won't reveal their names) made a quick dash to the "one and only" massage joint there. Sailing into the sunset, the 7 pm ferry took us safely home, with our grateful thanks to all those who had made this weekend memorable.



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# Tiger Brewery Run

Run No. 432 19 July

Hares: AYDZ/Gwee

Postscript by Crotch

The crowd at Brewery Runs is always larger than normal — no complaints by Hon Sec about low turnout that week. There were a few Bali stragglers, and a number of US matelots, and guests out of the woodwork like Bruce Hawley from Monday/Friday who admitted he had not been to a Seletar Run for two years.

I suspect the division of responsibilities by the Hares was the Run by AYDZ and Brew by GWEE. The only question on everybody's lips was, would it be the Predictable Run 'A', 'B', or 'C'? It turned out to be Predictable Run 'B' run in reverse, with minor varia-

tions, and one big variation in the form of the bus home. The sight that greeted the runners coming off the bus and entering the Brewery was of a larger group of hashers than is normally seen on regular runs already oblivious to the return of the few because they had had their snouts in the trough for the past 45 minutes.

Searching for good or adverse comments on the run, all I got was complaints of being asphyxiated by diesel fumes on the run out along the main road. Now you know why so many turned back, hares.

---

## SENESCENCE AN EX-GRANDMASTER REMINISCES

We would start our run at 6:20 because we were waiting for more runners to show up.

We would suffer harrassment from police patrol cars because of complaints made by the friendly neighbourhood on the noise we made.

Our subs were a lot less than today's.

We used to sing clean nursery songs such as "I am a music man, and I come from far away" chorus: "what do you play?" "I play the piano" chorus: "Pi-an pi-an piano, piano, piano...."

We did not have a beer-wagon, we just piled into the Seletar Officers Mess for our beer after the run.

ABEY, BOO, FORESKIN, AH WAI, SANDO, CHAMP were all bachelors.

How each of us were given our hash name.

How week after week, the construction of the PIE, BKE, AYE, CTE & ECP would cut away our precious running territory, right before our very feet.

CHAMP (Abtar) was crowned the world (beer guzzling) champ in Jakarta.

We were missing FATSO FER after a run, and then he emerged from the outhouse next to the onsite having taken a shit that "even my mother would have been proud of".

We had a 5 minute run because the hares ICHIBAWAH and SIMON met a snake at Pierce reservoir 2 minutes after setting out to lay a run. It took us one minute to run to the end of the paper, then 2½ minutes of checking and 1½ minutes to walk back to the cars.

Ting organised a fireworks display after a run.

CHAMP panicked and almost drowned in a reservoir during one of the runs.

Our fabulous "tulang" on-on-on-on-ons

In 1983, the whip (myself) was a nice, popular and well-liked guy.

I can go on and on and on. SELETAR HASH, YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY BABE.

**NUTS (Leon Lui)**



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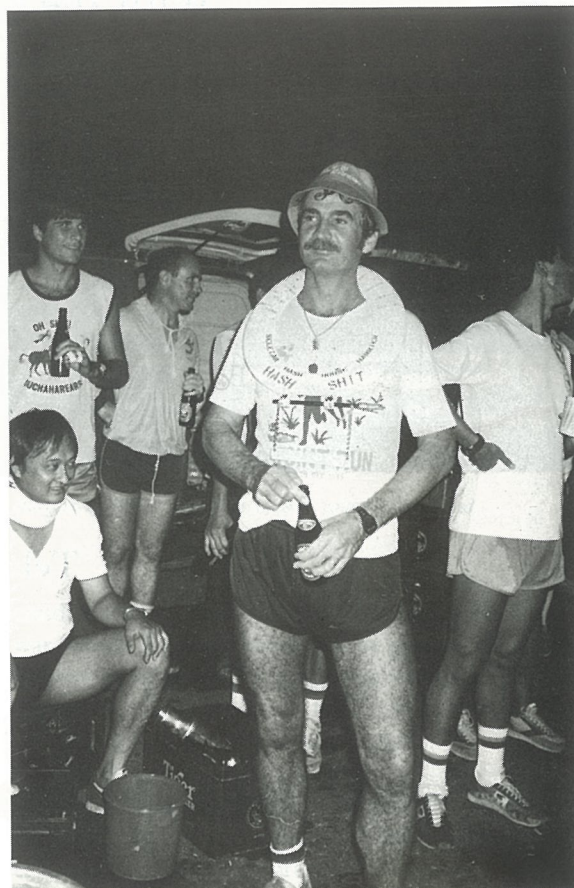
# STUMBLING ALONG: RUN 419

STUMBLEBUM (Alistair Cooke) reports:

On entering the car park which was invaded by school kids, I was just in time to see the pack setting off, and that was the last I saw of them or, in fact, of any paper either until my arrival back, where I finally saw some hanging from the stairs to the road crossover, so that's where the pack went! Anyhow as I started off, I was directed by those bloody kids that the pack went on left, so off I stumbled, only to find Monday, Wednesday & even Friday's paper but no bloody 'Seletar'. On reaching the Island Club, I decided that enough's enough, so I continued on my stumbling down Thomson Road, wishing I had taken some money with me for a beer, as at this stage, I was getting most annoyed. However, I felt sure that I was going to pick up the trail somewhere along Thomson, but no, I was later informed it was an 'MRT' affair. What the bloody hell has that got to do with hashing apart from a few of our 'MRT' members.

Anyhow, from all accounts, the run was enjoyed by all, but how could the other 'MRT' passengers stand the smell? (Because of this run, MRT has introduced a new rule: "No bare bodies in the trains." — Ed.)

I stayed on at the beer truck until the ungodly time of 2230hrs, which for the life of me I cannot ever remember lasting as long as this in the history of 'Seletar'. Once again, lads, a good run and well thought out.



*Stumblebum: Paying full attention at the Circle.*



*It was a good Eat-Out run!*



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# WHAT TO DO WITH THE KIDS ON SUNDAY AFTERNOONS!!



*Horrors 150th Run — July 1989.*



*Horrors National Day Run 1989 — colour coordinated.*

— Take them to the Hash of course — the Hash House Horrors!

The junior branch of Seletar Hash was founded in 1982 and initially ran once a month. After a couple of years it's popularity grew and to meet the persistent demands of those pesky kids we changed it to once every two weeks on a Sunday afternoon.

Technically and legally we are the "Seletar Hash House Harriers Fun Run", but everyone knows us as the Horrors. Two runs are set each time. A short run of about 20 mins is for the under sevens and the lazy. This often includes toddlers on their father's shoulders and mothers pushing babies in prams. Our youngest runner was a week old! The mother walked around in the last week of her pregnancy and then carried the baby at the next run two weeks later!

The longer run is about 40 minutes and gives the older ones a chance to stretch their legs. Total membership is about 110. We normally have about 70 members and 10-15 guests at each run.

Apart from the running the mood is more of the

childrens party, with balloons and games and tug-of-war (which is usually sabotaged by parents rushing in to help 'their' side). Mr Tan's beer wagon is there for the parents, and soft drinks for the kids, and Mr Hoe provides fish and chips or hamburgers. We even had satay and noodles at the last run!

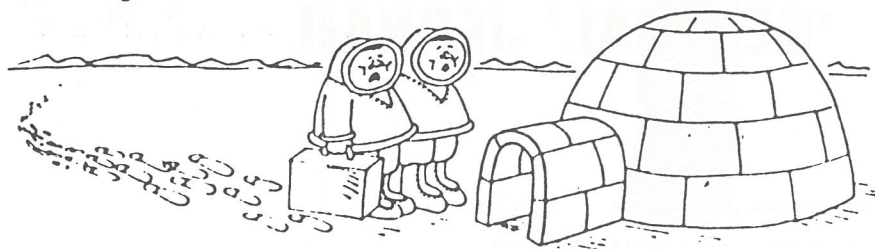
Although the top age limit of 15 years is not strictly enforced, we find in practice that most children 'outgrow' the Horrors at 13/14 years old. Many of those Seletar Hashmen's children of that age who were the early pioneers were welcomed back to our 150th Run in July, and can be seen in the photograph. These included the families of Simon Lim, ICE CREAM Lee, AH MENG, Ting and SMOOTHIE Ang.

The other photograph shows our National Day Run this year on Marina South in patriotic coloured T-Shirts and shorts.

Thanks again to Seletar Hash for continuing to sponsor us, from all the kids and parents too.

**UNCLE MIKE "CROTCH"**

*"Not much of a home exchange scheme though, is it?"*





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HARRIERS***

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# THE RUN OF THE HARMONIC CONFLUENCE

NZ FORCE RUNNERS CLUB HALF MARATHON 16.8.87

## HHH OPTO'S REPORT

When I first ran the NZFRC Half Marathon Singapore on 14.7.85, PETER SELLERS had warned me: "the last 5k is uphill". That the course was gruelling was attested to by my time of 2.13:35, which I improved upon somewhat at the Mobil Marathon on 6th October 1985 when I completed "the half" in 2.12.

So, when TODDY MAMA (Rama) asked me at our regular Tuesday hash run during the week before the event, if I would participate, I gave a definite "No!" But TODDY was encouraging: "PETER SELLERS, SMOOTHIE, SINNA SUSU and others would be there", he said. But my real reason was that I was going to sit in astronomic meditation over the weekend of August 15-17th. It was the day of the Harmonic Confluence, when the seven planets with the fire signs which comprise the fiery chariot forming an equatorial triangle around the sky will, on the morning of the 17th, with another three planets, form another triangle to complete the Star of David. This has never happened before.

Awoke at 5 am and after a half-hour sit in meditation, I felt prepared to do some running and so proceeded in haste to the NZFRC at Lagos Circle, arriving at 6.00 am. The last number given out to registrants was number 374 and they would not accept late entries, so I had to run without a number.

Venus, the Morning Star, was near a fading half moon when the gun went off at 6.30 am. "The start will go around the NZ camp, adding 380 metres to the course to make it more accurate," the announcer said.

The morning star went down Sembawang Road with the horde of some 400 runners and disappeared into Jalan Ulu Sembawang. Good old JUS — the location of so many of our Seletar hash runs and always a winning favourite! And, on the morning of the 16th, JUS was peaceful and quiet as she awoke with the dawn and stirred to life. The sun rose slowly above the tree-tops as the runners went further up JUS leaving shoe-tracks on the wet mud.

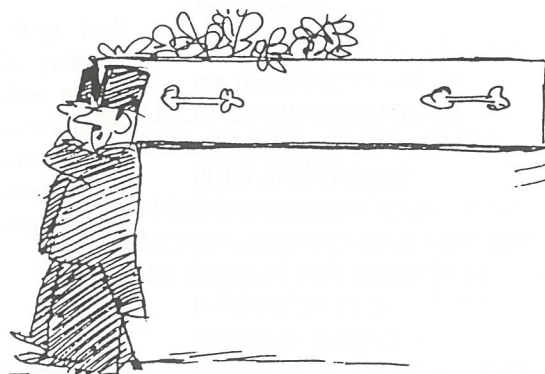
I ran and ran. There were 2 or 3 watering spots, which, by my reckoning were approximately at every 5 km. There were sufficient directional arrows and white tapes tied on branches, not unlike hash paper which were particularly helpful at the many junctions that criss-crossed JUS. And Stella Zais and another marshall drove around to help at some of the more difficult junctions. But there were only two "distance markers", viz. at the 10 km and 15 km mark. By the 15 km mark, I was still running, very slowly, probably the last, with only or three stragglers behind me; and I began the fantasize. I thought of what I would have for breakfast. My mind went back to the NZ flag which the runners made "running-shorts" of. Why won't the Laidback Committee make running shorts out of the Singapore flag? This would make the Kwai Loh Pommies and Aussies happy when they wear their versions and maybe KOOL CLIT will be pleased.

The astrological significance of this weekend came back to me again. Tomorrow is Lord Krishna's birthday. Yesterday is gone, and now I am running, running away from the real world, not unlike the multitudes who are just now sitting in meditation in peace and harmony with the cosmos, but disturbing when you realise that they have given up on the real world.

Now I have seen, I have work to do.

So, when an ambulance came by, I hopped into it and dropped off at Lor. Gambas/JUS junction to quickly finish the course.

At the finishing point. TODDY declared. "I must have more respect for the half marathon." But where is the rest of the Seletar gang? "Too pissed, after last night's opening of the Hash Pub." Maybe, they were the wise ones after all.



*"Until now . . . I'd never believed in levitation"*





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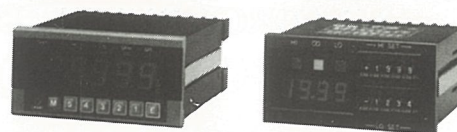
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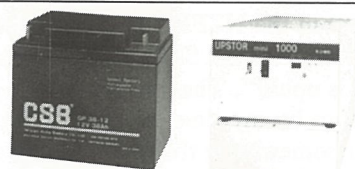
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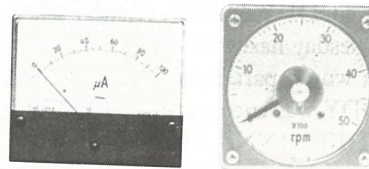
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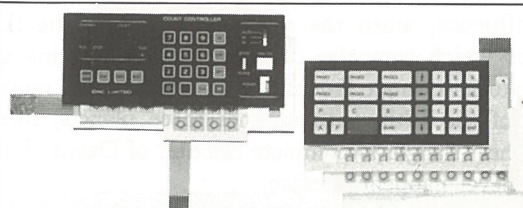
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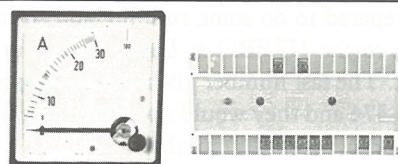
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# HASH GLOSSARY UPDATED

## *or the Gospel, according to Bill Gartshore*

### **On-On**

Useful word due to wide variety of meanings e.g. call by JM starting run, denoting paper found after a check, term for venue after wagon depleted of beer (sometimes called on-on-on and on occasions on-on-on-on and so on).

### **Check**

Time for a breather for most. A few members still interpret this as a signal to rush around trying to find the trail although this is fast disappearing on Seletar Hash.

### **False Trail**

The SCB's best friend.

### **SCB**

Term used to refer to the wiser, more experienced hasher meaning in full 'Sensible, Clever Bloke' due to innate navigational skills and years of experience with the terrain.

### **FRB**

Term for younger, less experienced members meaning 'Foolish, Raw Beginners' due to their inability to find short cuts and to hold checks. They are usually last to arrive back at the run site and so miss out on some beer. Despite their obvious shortcomings, many are befriended by SCB's and some even learn eventually to become SCB's themselves.

### **Hash Whip**

A man of immense wisdom and fairness, a veritable Solomon who only dishes out punishment for serious crimes and when there really is no alternative. He is all-knowing, even down to trivia such as who wrote this description.

### **Wagon**

A type of mobile magnet and much revered holy place.

### **Recce**

Another fast diminishing habit which is also closely related to the hash shit award in that the number of recces are in inverse proportion to the likelihood of achieving the coveted award.

### **Down down**

A ritual designed to reward a member for a special or notable performance such as ultra short cutting or changing in full view of the fairer sex. The ritual is the rapid consumption of a mug of beer although on very special occasions a larger volume piss-pot is used and, when directed by Hash Whip, is performed seated on a block of ice, the ultimate accolade.

### **Last Beers**

A chilling, dread cry made sometimes mockingly by a cruel Hash Brew advising depletion of the wagon's stock.

### **Second Round**

A call for HANS SOLO to go for his fourth or fifth round of makan.

### **Boo**

Call to clear stray dogs and small children from the path of on-rushing hashmen. Also name denoting an expert reverse trail runner and "multi short-cutter" — short cuts so numerous they amount to a distance longer than the laid trail.

### **Hash Hush**

When the number of hashmen gabbling away after a run reduces

to a mere 50% generally when under threat from the Hash Whip at the Circle announcements.

### **Blue Coral**

The name of an indigenous venomous snake but now more commonly used to describe a particularly bad or overlong run e.g. "it was a right blue coral". The origin of this new meaning is lost in the mists of MacRitchie forest.

### **Bloodhound**

A recently adopted expletive sometimes used as alternative to 'Blue Coral' (see 'Blue Coral')

### **Bus Run**

Term used to describe an unimaginative run usually adopted by hares who are incapable of laying a trail which starts and ends in the same place with an interesting and good length run in between.

### **Holding a check**

No, not delaying payment U.S. style — this is an ancient custom whereby front-runners would wait at a check for a spread out tail of back-runners to catch up. Is it common nowadays? Have you seen a Dodo recently?

### **Checking**

What 90% of the pack call, hoping that the 10% will do.

### **Mad Dogs**

These are normally seen in rural areas spitting froth and barking like Billy-O, mercifully from behind the safety of a chicken wire cage. But beware, they can take human form. For more information talk to the SH3 Hash Whip.



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## Calling

Something you do when on or off-paper (lost). Sometimes, after repeated screams of "ARE YOU?" a faint whisper of "ON-ON" can be heard in reply. Nowadays, it is understood that being a front-runner absolves one of the need to call.

## Taxi

Originally the hash name of one Claude Ricca who got lost and returned by cab too many times to

re-count. It has now developed into a very "to run in opposite direction of all logic and in the face of obvious signs (not to mention paper), to pass from sight, vanish, be lost, depart e.g. "Where's William?" "He's done a taxi". (Second thoughts, maybe it's a noun, too.)

## Blue Coral II (See Blue Coral)

They say history has a habit of repeating itself. Well, it did this

time. Blue Coral II is merely the second of two Kevin Parnell specials. To have lived through both Blue Corals is a mark of great distinction. So Kevin returned and disappeared down-under with the memory of his parting gift etched like carved granite in the minds of the brave few.

## Warning

He may be returning for a hat-trick, beware the BCS!

# HOW TO SET A HASH RUN

## Guidelines for Hares

These are rough guidelines only and all hares should employ them using both their initiative with respect to the terrain when setting their runs. Please remember that most hashmen running on Tuesdays expect a good run.

- i) A virgin hare must set with an experienced hare.
- ii) Do not lay runs through private property, flower & vegetable gardens or any other crops.
- iii) Do not lay runs through built-up areas e.g. HDB flats, Marina Centre or Geylang Bahru.
- iv) Do not lay runs across or down main roads or graves.
- v) Must ensure there is adequate parking for 40 vehicles.
- vi) Do not place checks in Kampongs or within 1 mile of the finish.
- vii) Avoid difficult, dangerous obstacles.
- viii) If we must go through water, ensure it is not deep — not all hashmen can swim.
- ix) Ensure sufficient paper is laid, especially in heavily vegetated terrain.
- x) Secure approval from your JM for your proposed location and plan at least 4 weeks in advance.

**Recce** — In an unfamiliar area you may require 3 or 4 recces to set a good run.

**Distance** — At least 6 km but not exceeding 10 km.

**Avoid** — Where possible, fences, obstacles, extremely mud laden areas and other extremely difficult paths.



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# Hash Shit Run

Run No.: 405 Date: 12th January 1988  
Hares: SAYETING & SINNA SUSU  
Runsite: Loyang Way Members: 63 + 2 guests  
Scribe: OPTO

SAYETING: "Don't feel bad, Krish. It's going to be a hashit".

SINNA SUSU: "Can't believe it!"

Thereby hangs a tale. Shari-pooche!

## Great Expectations

SAYETING (better known as "WATER" TING for obvious reasons) was the scribe's senior hare when the club hashtorian set his first run with Seletar on 25th September 1984 (run no. 225). That was a long run, even though we cut it down to a manageable 10K. And with SINNA SUSU, Seletar's hard-running FRB as SAYETING's co-hare today, I was expecting a long, hard run.

NUTS ("I set a farewell run every year") was at the start when the J.M. TWOBALLS called the pack at 6. TWOBALLS, in flip-flops, promptly turned around to return to his home at nearby Loyang Valley, pre-empting the run's outcome and proving to be the only sensible "runner" that evening.

## False Trail

A long false trail took the pack to the end of Loyang Way at Galax Marines and 15 minutes was lost trying to re-locate paper. BROTHER spied CROTCH and POPEYE "trying a short-cut to the beach" and quickly reported this to the scribe, but they actually found paper which took us across the Loyang monsoon canal to the waste land at Pasir Ris, where paper was lost again.

## Paradise Lost

Another 15 minutes was spent trying to re-locate paper, after which the pack started to disperse in all directions — some to the beach, some to Pasir Ris Raod, but all totally lost, sending our FRBs to check in all directions — to the construction site nearby, up the blukar, up the hill-top, but all to no avail.

TODDY, FEARLESS, HUNG LOW, SIBOK, APACHE, RAINBOW and a host of eager checkers were running around in circles, more in frustration, I suspect, for having no proper running to do (have you ever seen a chicken without its head?), but where has the paper gone?

SAYETING had reported strong winds that afternoon but the paper could not have just disappeared into thin air. And with the thin air, our sweat had also dried — SLICK thus declaring himself in "no more mood for further running."

## What Happened?

As it turned out (on post-mortem later with the hares), the paper was located half-way up-hill near the blukar, which POPEYE found, and even that quickly disappeared without trace.

## False Calling

As the main pack was starting to proceed home at about 6.40, AYDZ had an inspiration ("I raced all the way from Orchard Hotel, leaving late at 5.30, to find disillusion here") and persuaded 2nd HAND PUSSY to go up the hill-top with him to make a false call. I warned RAINBOW and KOOL KLIT against this, but they were taken up by AYDZ's seemingly convincing calling, more so in frustration for wanting some running to do, for which APACHE worked out an orgasm, but poor 2nd HAND PUSSY was later made to pay the penalty by the Whip.

So, I gave up and returned to the car-park. What else can I say about a "run" that had come to a stand still?

BROTHER again lamented: "Look, people are coming in from 360 degrees. Heck! This is the first hashit of the new year and it has to go to an experienced senior ex-GM."

The venerable CROTCH came in, with a finality of judgement: "Hashit". Not believing my ears, I asked and he clarified, "Bad trailing. We found paper and lost it 3 times".

The Whip's performance made up for the evening. BLOWJOB was in fine form as he (and I) were going to be relieved of the hashit at last, after 13 weeks. BLOWJOB reluctantly put APACHE on the ice for conspiring with the hares on today's run so that the latter (viz APACHE) could hold on to his 16 week hashit record. Now, can anyone better this? Can anything surpass this? Can any whip do better?

Tough luck (and no hard feelings) WATERTING, as water rained down on him and SINNA when the wretched hares received the GM's verdict.

## Last Quote

WATERTING: "I've never had a hashit before."

OPTO: "How do you know?"

WATERING: "Everybody says it's a hashit."

What can we say? After the non-run, the food was plentiful but there were no takers. Thanks anyway, for the 2 crates on-site ON3.



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# YOU JUST KNOW IT'S GOING TO BE A HASHSHIT WHEN;

I You get a call from the hare the day before the run and he asks when his run is scheduled.

II The hare calls up at 4pm on the afternoon of the run and asks where he can get some more shredded paper.

III You have to ask for directions 4 times and drive around for 35 minutes before finding the small muddy trail that leads to the carpark.

IV 5 minutes before 6 and there is no sign of the hares in the carpark.

V 6 o'clock sharp and the hares arrive on the site in a taxi as they had got lost and couldn't find their way back to the run site.

VI 5 minutes after 6 and the pack still cannot find the trail from the carpark.

VII 10 minutes into the run and the trail splits into a Y with paper going both directions.

VIII 15 minutes into the run and the pack has just found the home trail and is now heading back to the carpark.

IX 20 minutes into the run and pack still hasn't come to the first check.

X 25 minutes into a run marked with chalk it begins to piss down with rain.

XI 30 minutes into the run and you run around the corner to see the hare running ahead of you throwing out paper.

XII 35 minutes into the run and you still cannot find the trail from the first check.

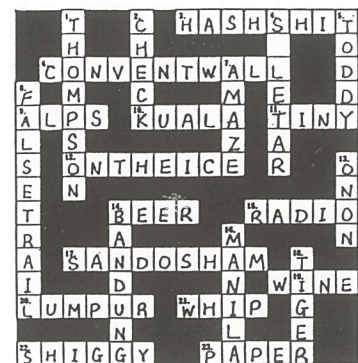
XIII You run around a corner to find half of the pack running towards you yelling ON ON.

XIV 45 minutes into the run and you find the hare looking anxiously at their watches and saying that you aren't even halfway yet.

XV 1hr and 30 minutes into the run and you are still up to your waist in water wading around the dark shores of MacRitchie Reservoir.

Hashit!!

**Jointmaster AYDZ**



## AIDS WARNING

I'm sure you have noticed when passing through the departure gates at Changi Airport there is a leaflet warning travellers about the risk of AIDS. Think where they place this handout. Is it in a secluded corner so you can sidle up and pick it up discreetly. No. Is it at a convenient height to be able to slip into your pocket without attracting attention? No. It is placed on an otherwise bare counter, under neon lights, next to an immigration officer. No wonder that people are still ignorant about the subject. They are shit-scared of appearing interested.

To rectify all this, the selfless Seletar investigative team has provided a "Guide to Aids" as a service to all red-blooded Hashers.

### Step 1 — Identify the disease

If you catch it from a cocktail waitress you have BARM AIDS

If you get it from a virgin you have FIRST AIDS

If you have been infected by Jack Lemmon it is LEMMON AIDS

If you contract it at school it is GRAIDS

If you catch it from followers of Jim Jones, it is KOOLAIDS

If you get it in Florida it is called GATOR AIDS

If it is spread by cockroaches it is RAIDS

If you are lucky enough to have got it from Bo Derek it is BRAIDS

If you catch it in France it is PAR LE VOUS FRANCAIDS

If you are infected by George Bush you have PRESIDENTIAL AIDS

If you have touched an infected pair of sunglasses it is SH AIDS

If you get it from a musician it is BANDAIDS

If you catch it at home it is called MAIDS

### Step 2 — Actions

a) Check your will

b) Do not start reading War and Peace

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# HASH COMMANDMENTS

1. Thou shalt have no other Hash before the Seletar H.H.H. for it is sacred and held in much reverence.
  2. Honour thy Grand Master and thy Joint Masters and thy days may be prolonged and that it may go well with thee, and should it come to pass that we have a Joint Mistress, honour her as well.
  3. Thou shalt keep Tuesday a Hashday as the Joint Masters have commanded thee, six days shalt thou labour and on the seventh thou shalt Hash.
  4. Beest thou hare, thou shalt cast thy paper freely on the ground, that they who follow may not be led astray and that thy path through the wilderness be clear to the eye of the beholder, for they who wander in the wilderness of the valley of darkness shalt hunger and thirst exceedingly and no men shalt be safe from their wrath.
  5. Thou shalt lay thy paper in the wilderness and not in the cultivated lands flowing with milk and honey and bearing the fruits of the soil and of the labour of men, for verily their wrath shall know no bounds and their vengeance will descend-upon the innocent as upon the guilty.
  6. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy fellow hasher, nor cry "checking" when thou hast already found paper, for many of thy brothers knoweth not the path and are like lost children.
  7. Thou shalt not accept conveyance on any chariot but shalt cover the ground by thy own exertions, for thus beest the law.
  8. Thou shalt not covet thy fellow Hasher's wife (lest thou be caught), nor his Tiger (or Anchor), his trail, nor his manservant, nor his amah, nor his ass (see below) nor anything which is thy neighbours.
- Note:** The Hash Commandments were discovered in abandoned caves many thousands of years since they were written, and the law has in this particular instance changed. Thou are permitted to covet thy neighbour's ass, *provided* "there are two consenting adult persons and that the act be performed in a private place".
9. He that Holdeth the Hashit, and who has invoked much scorn, so shall he convey the Hashit unto the place of congregation each week, so that it may watch over all who hash.
  10. And let it be written, that when thy brothers have taken sustenance, and be they still sore distressed, and shall cry "Ashit Fodairs, Ashit Fodairs", then shall the hashit be awarded at the whim of the members present, determined by voice vote interpreted by Grand Master, Joint Masters or in their absence, by any Hash Official. The Hashmen thus awarded shall argue, shall protest, shalt squirm to the span of their ability, but shall accept the judgement of their peers in good grace. So beest the law.

雜種子流居！  
二月十二日理事會決定

1. 由現在開始已經沒有啤酒帶給會員只來而沒跑。
2. 本會絕對不歡迎會員只參加而不跑，本會是跑步俱樂部不是飲酒會。  
會員只來而沒跑絕對不可動用飲品。

沒跑沒飲品！不用來如你參加跑！

Which means.... No running, no beer.... it is not just a drinking club.  
The same club has food problems as the next note reveals!

**Food:** The essence of the chicken was in the curry but not the flesh. Can you beat it the HARE cooked one chicken for 50 hashmen?



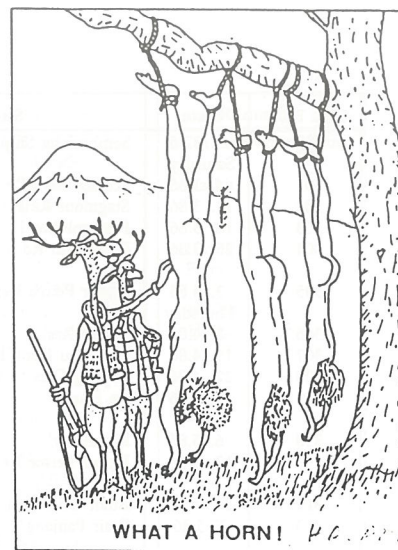
# CURRENT MEMBERSHIP

S/N	SURNAME	NAME	HASH NAME
1	ABEYRATNE	JAMES	
2	ALLEN	G. R.	GREMLIN
3	AMBOO	KRISHAN	SINNA SUSU
4	ANG	CHUAN SENG	SMOOTHIE
5	ANTHONY SAMY	FATIPAH	FATIMA
6	ARAM	MIKE	THAI PUSSY
7	ARULANANTHAN	ARUJUNA	2ND HAND PUSSY
8	BALAKRISHNAN	ABILASH	GREENBALLS
9	BAPTIST	MARTIN	SALAMI MABOK
10	BARRETT	ROD	CHICKEN SHIT
11	BEALE	PAUL	TWO WHEELS
12	BEWSHER	TONY	LIFEBUOY
13	BOO	MOH CHEH	BOO(S)
14	BROWNLOW	JIM	
15	CHAN	EWING	GIGI
16	CHAN	RAPHAEL	ROSE CHAN
17	CHAUDHARY	RAJIV	PETER SELLERS
18	CHEE	JOHN	TIT BUSTER
19	CHENG	ANDREW	BROTHER
20	CHENG	PETER	
21	CHENG	WILLIAM	SAYETING
22	CHERIAN	THOMAS	DOC
23	CHOO	HENRY	OPD
24	COCKMAN	PHILIP	SYPHILIS
25	CROFT	MIKE	CROTCH
26	D'COTTA	DENNIS	KOTEK
27	DAVIES	STUART	ICE
28	EE	KIAN SOON	RAMBO II
		EDMUND	
29	FONG	KOK WAI	AH WAI
30	FOO	FOO KHANG	
31	FOONG	WENG HONG	
32	FINLAY	CHARLES	SUCKER
33	GARTSHORE	BILL	BABY FACE
34	GWEE	TECK KENG	
35	HANG	R. S.	HANS SOLO
36	HANSEN	MICHAEL	IRIAN JAYA
37	HULSTON	STEPHEN	AND MINDY
38	JONES	TREVOR	MARLIN
39	KERR	JAMES	SQUEALING PIG
40	KOSHY	MATTHEWS	CUSHY KOSHY
41	LEE	SIAH CHENG	ICE CREAM
42	LIM	DOW HIAM	VESPA
43	LIM	IVAN	SHIT PAPER
44	LIM	JEFFREY	U-TURN
45	LIM	JOSEPH	HOT DOG
46	LIM	KUANG HUI	OPTO
47	LIM	MICHAEL	THE FAIRY
48	LIM	ROGER C K	
49	LIM	SIMON	LIE LOW
50	M. SELVAM	M. KUMAR	TANNANEH
51	M. SILVARAJO		POPEYE
52	M. RAMASAMY		TODDY MAMA
53	MANUEL	LINUS	SKIDMARK'S
54	MATHEWS	KIM	AYDZ
55	MOSLEY	WILLIAM	
56	NEO	BOB	PEACOCK
57	NEOH	REYNOLD	SNAKE-HIPS
58	NG	ALBERT	SIBOK

S/N	SURNAME	NAME	HASH NAME
59	NG	HOCK LENG	MESSY
60	NG	KHIM	KING KONG
		KHIONG	
61	ONG	CHIN CHAI	OPERA
62	P. MURUGIAN	MANI	
63	PETTY	GEORGE	MAD DOG
64	PILLAI	ALOYSIUS	ARSE GRABBER
65	PRABA	G. MENON	
66	RACHA	KRISHNAN	
67	REEVES	DOUGLAS	SHORTEEE ROO
68	RICCA	CLAUDE	TAXI
69	ROARK	DICK	DIRTY HACKER
70	SAMY	GOVENDA	PERUT BESAR
71	SAMY	K. K.	HASH FLASH
72	SANDOSHAM	JAMES	WINNIE T. POOH
73	SANKARAN	KARTHI- GAYAN	ZINZA
74	SEBASTIAN	ROBINSON	BRUT
75	SEE-TOH	MENG KONG	K9
76	SETTATREE	COLLIN W	SHIT UP A TREE
77	SEWARD	KEN	PISSING WET
78	SHANMUGARAJ	CHARLES	PALE FACE RIDER
79	SINGH	ABTAR	CHAMP
80	SINGH	DHILLON	GUN SMOKE
81	SINGH	HARJEET	
82	SINGH	JERNAIL	GENERAL
83	SINGH	JOG JEE	JOG
84	SINGH	KULBIR	COOL BEER
85	SINGH	MEHAR	PAPA SMURF
86	SINGH	MOHAN	JIMMY
87	SINGH	NARINDAR	KICHI BHAI
88	SINGH	PAUL	HARSHMAN
89	SINGH	RASPAL	GUZZLER
90	SMITH	DUNCAN	DOUGHNUT
91	SMITH	HOWARD	PUKI KAMBING
92	TAN	DENNIS	DENTISTA
93	TAN	RAYMOND	
94	TAN	ROBERT	DEEP HOLE
95	TANG	HOK MING	
96	TANGASAMY	SILWARAJU	GOLD FINGER
97	TAY	JERNARD	
98	THEOBALD	DAVID R	TWO BALLS
99	TING	THIN HOCK	PERFECT
100	VAN	WENG KOON	GASMAN
101	VOO	BOO MENG	AH MENG
102	WONG	BILLY	SLICK
103	WONG	LAWRENCE	WRONG SIZE
104	YAP	PETER	DERBY
105	YEN	EDDIE	ICHI BAWASAN
106	YEO	RICHARD	FER
107	YING	PHILIP	SHADES
108	YING	VINCENT	PRESS ONCE
109	YONG	HARRY	HARI2 GANG BANG
110	ZAIS	MOHAMMED	MOHD ALI
111	ZIMMECK	OTTMAR	ALIEN OTTER



S/N	SURNAME	NAME	HASH NAME
1	AHERN	TED	A-HER NIA
2	BARRET	ALLEN	RAMBO
3	BIRD	DICK	BIRD BRAIN
4	COCKMAN	MIKE	FORESKIN
5	FREIVOGEL	FRED	FEARLESS F. FRED
6	LEITCH	DICK	THE PRICK
7	LUI	LEON	NUTS
8	MACKENZIE	GORDON	FLASHER
9	MORGAN	GARY	
10	PARNELL	KEVIN	KOOL KEV
11	REID	JOHN	HURRICANE
12	SANDERS	ROBIN	DEEP-THROAT
13	YEUTTER	PHIL	FLUETTER



*Run Count, as at Run No. 494 (12.9.89)*

1. Eddie Yen	452	46. Lim Kuang Hui	172	91. Charles Finlay	49
2. A. Krishnan	418	47. A. Balakrishnan	169	92. Dennis D'Cotta	44
3. Raspal Singh	416	48. Rajiv Chaudhury	169	93. Mathew Koshy	38
4. Simon Lim	396	49. Ng Khim Keong	167	94. Amerjeet Singh	37
5. Jogjee Singh	392	50. Kim Mathews	166	95. Ivan Lim	36
6. Ng Hock Leng	381	51. Aloysius Pillai	163	96. Victor Rameker	34
7. Mehar Singh	363	52. Van Weng Koon	162	97. Michael Hansen	32
8. Andrew Cheng	361	53. Raphael Chan	161	98. Foo Fook Khang	26
9. M. Rama	355	54. S. Kumar	160	99. Harjeet Singh	25
10. Mike Croft	355	55. Billy Wong	159	100. S. Robinson	24
11. Ang Chuan Seng	354	56. Seetoh Meng Kong	158	101. Trevor Jones	22
12. William Cheng	347	57. Edmund Ee	149	102. Rod Barrett	22
13. Hans R S	345	58. Stuart Davis	148	103. Ken Seaward	20
14. Voo Boo Meng	341	59. Amrick Singh	147	104. James Kerr	20
15. Harry Yong	334	60. Douglas Reeves	143	105. Graham Allen	18
16. James Sandosham	330	61. Paul Beale	131	106. Anthony Samy	16
17. Abtar Singh	330	62. Foong Weng Hong	128	107. Paul Singh	14
18. Richard Yeo	310	63. Colin Settatre	125	108. Zimmeck Ottmar	13
19. Philip Ying	309	64. Mohd Zais	124	109. Steven Hulston	12
20. Mohan Singh	301	65. Jeffrey Lim	121	110. Tang Hock Ming	10
21. Lee Siah Cheng	300	66. Henry Choo	115	111. Jim Brownlow	8
22. Ong Chin Chai	294	67. S. Kathigayan	114	112. Raymond Tan	8
23. Vincent Ying	289	68. Jernail Singh	111	113. Bernard Tay	7
24. Linus Manuel	284	69. Philip Cockman	103	114. Michael Lim	6
25. Boo Moh Cheh	275	70. A. Arulanathan	87	115. M. Radhakrishnan	6
26. Neil Woodcock	268	71. Chan Yee Wing	84	116. Brian Sykes	6
27. Martin Baptist	252	72. Claude Ricca	81	117. William Mosley	3
28. Fong Kok Wai	251	73. George Petty	78	118. Roger Lim	2
29. Avtar Singh	248	74. Joseph Lim	77	119. Praba Menon	1
30. Lim Dow Hiam	247	75. Robert Tan	73		
31. Peter Yap	242	76. Howard Smith	73		
32. Albert Ng	236	77. Dick Roarke	71		
33. M. Selvarajoo	230	78. Greg Bridgestock	71		
34. Lawrence Wong	225	79. Govindasamy	68		
35. David Theobald	213	80. Mike Aram	67		
36. Bill Gartshore	213	81. Bob Neo	63		
37. Peter Cheng	206	82. Gwee Teck Keng	63		
38. Narindar Singh	200	83. Dennis Tan	59		
39. T. Silwaraju	197	84. Reynold Neoh	59		
40. C. Shanmugaraj	194	85. K. Samy	56		
41. Ting Thin Hock	192	86. Brad Petit	56		
42. Kulbir Singh	186	87. Chuan Campbell	54		
43. John Chee	178	88. Tony Bewsher	52		
44. Thomas Cherian	178	89. Ronald Brett	52		
45. Sethi Singh	172	90. Duncan Smith	49		

### LIFE MEMBERS

1. Mike Cockman	353
2. Leon Lui	308
3. Kevin Parnell	163
4. Allan Barratt	140
5. Gordon Mackenzie	133
6. Fred Freivogel	127
7. Phil Yuetter	117
8. John Reid	69
9. Ted Ahern	62
10. Robin Sanders	62
11. Dick Bird	42
12. Richard Leith	38
13. Gary Morgan	32



## HARELINE

Run No.	Date	Site	Hares	Scribe	Remarks
300	1. 3.86 Saturday	Sembawang Shipyard	Rama/APACHE	OPTO/TWOBALLS/ SANDO	300th Celebration
301	4. 3.86	Science Park Dr.	Jeffrey Lim/JACKOFF	Jaya	Hashit
302	11. 3.86	Stagmont Ring	POPEYE/4 SKIN	VESPA	
303	18. 3.86	Punggol Ave 17	PRESS ONCE/SIBOK	D. MacRae	
304	25. 3.86	Kook Min Rd	AHERNIA/RAINBOW/ SLEEPY	BOO(S)	Kwailoh Special
305	3. 4.86 Thursday	Upper Peirce Res.	Haydn Davies/TANNANEH	SMOOTHIE	All Fool's Day Run Hashit
306	8. 4.86	Kranji Res.	TWOBALLS/GIGI	Lawrence	
307	15. 4.86	Lim Chu Kang Rd	Committee	BAP	Live Hare Run
308	22. 4.86	Loyang Cres	DOC SATAY/Grant	Lawrence	
309	29. 4.86	Jln Murai	AYDZ/PALE RIDER	Krishnan	
310	6. 5.86	Mt. Faber	CHAMP/HARIMAU	ICE	All Bayee Run
311	13. 5.86	Upper Peirce Res	Gordon/NUTS/APACHE	GIGI	Whips Alumni Run
312	20. 5.86	Bukit Batok Ind. Park	HARI HARI/KICHIBAI	SANDO	
313	27.5.86	Pasir Panjang	HORNBLOWER/Gordon	ICE	Gordon/s Farewell Run Hashit
314	3. 6.86	Lor Terigu	ICE/Patrick Goh	SeeToh	
315	10. 6.86	Toh Guan Rd	MESSY/MRT MAD DOG	Foong	MADDOG'S Farewell
316	17. 6.86	Jln Murai	TAFF/SeeToh	4SKIN II	
317	21. 6.86	Senoko South Rd	SANDO/BREWER/FER	APACHE	6th Anniversary Run
318	24. 6.89	Nee Soon Rd	SHORTIE ROO/SHITUP A TREE/AH HONG/APACHE	Dave Clark	Joint Birthday
319	1. 7.89	Hougang Ave 8	4 SKIN/KOTEK	BILLY SLICK	
320	8. 7.89	Lor Sesuai	Beale/Fabbian/Haydn Davies	Mr T	Haydn (PUSSY'S) Farewell Hashit
321	15. 7.89	Seletar East Farmway 5	RAMBO/Phillip Ng	AHERNIA	
322	22. 7.89	Jln Lor Besar	BREWER/Foong	TANNENEH	
323	29. 7.89	Pending Rd	CUNT/RAINBOW	BRA	Jointmasters Run
324	5. 8.89	Bishan St 31	GASMAN/D Clark	KICHIBAI	
325	9. 8.89	Jln Kedai	PETER SELLERS/4SKIN (Seletar Studs)	CROTCH	National Day Joint Run with Lion City
326	12. 8.89	Lor Malai	Selva/Hong Tee	PALE RIDER	
327	19. 8.89	Lor Crescent	ZINZA/DERBY/CURLS	RONNIE BABY	CURL'S Farewell Hashit
328	26. 8.89	Jln Ulu Semb	Felix G/Soong	Peng Siang	
329	2. 9.89	Kaki Bukit Ave 2	VESPA/Mike Chan	PALE RIDER	
330	9. 9.89	Lim Chu Kang Rd	BLOWJOB/H. CAT	BRA	
331	16. 9.89	Upp Jurong Track 14	BABYFACE/OPTO	GASMAN	Hashit
332	23. 9.89	Riverside Rd	JIMMY/Amrick	SYPHILIS	
333	30. 9.89	Lor Asrama	AH MENG/Lawrence	Felix	333 Run
334	7.10.89	Bukit Batok	SHADS/Peng Siang	PLAYBOY	
335	14.10.89	Sembawang Rd	Bala/Dick Bird	M. Chan	Hashit
336	21.10.89	Jln Pelitok	HANSSOLO/CLARK KENT	THE PRICK	
337	28.10.89	Wing Loong Rd	ICECREAM LEE/JOG	PLAYBOY	Hashit
338	4.11.89	Sungei Kadut Ave	Rama/Doc/COOLBEER	Foong	Deepavali
339	11.11.89	Bukit Timah Railway Station	Satpal/J Walker	Aloysius	Hashit
340	14.11.89	Batam Island	PLAYBOY/SMOOTHIE	OPTO	Family Run
341	18.11.89	Mandai Lake	SANDO/Aloysius	Soong	
342	22.11.89	Seletar Res	SAYETING/Kumar/Mr T	SANDO	Joint Run PJ
343	25.11.86	Liang Court	AHERNIA/JACKOFF	HS Lin	
344	2.12.86	Chestnut Ave	Peter Cheng/Govinda	J Walker	Hashit
345	9.12.86	Punggol Rd	SKIDMARKS/RAMBO II	Simon	
346	16.12.86	Sungei Kadut Dr.	POPEYE/Karu	Bobby's Girl	
347	23.12.86	Dempsey Rd	Simon/Ting/AH WAI	BROTHER	
348	30.12.86	Upper Pierce Res	THE PRICK/J. Brennan/ SYPH	M. Aram	Farewell to '86
349	6. 1.87	Railway Rest.	Jaya/M. Aram	Rama	
350	13. 1.87	Science Park	AVGAS/HS Lin		Hashit
351	20. 1.87	Jln Buangkok Farmway 2	KINGKONG/NO FEAR	Goven	
352	21. 1.87	Jln Guan Choon	SINNA SUSU/ROSE CHAN	NO FEAR	
353	3. 2.87	Chua Chu Kang	BOBBY'S GIRL/John Kuo	Bala	
354	10. 2.87	Sembawang Shipyard	PRESSONCE/Billy SLICK	RAMBO	Chinese New Year
355	17. 2.87	Tiger Brewery	TROY/Gwee	Phillip Ng	
356	24. 2.87	Island Club	BOO(s)/CROTCH	COOLHAND	Joint Birthday
357	3. 3.87	Whitley Rd	OPERA/COOLHAND	TAFF	
358	10. 3.87	Tampines St 92	SIBOK/BRA	HongTee	Hashit
359	17. 3.87	Jurong Tr 27	Jeffrey Lim/Ronnie	Soong	
360	24. 3.87	Chestnut Ave	SLEEPY LOO/David Chan	SMOOTHIE	Hashit
361	31/ 3.87	Tagore Lane	SYPH/BABY FACE/ICE	Arul	
362	7. 4.87	Lor Murai	AYDZ/Karamchan	IL DUCE	Hashit
363	14. 4.87	Ng Tiong Choon Fish	BROTHER/HOT DOG	J Kuo	Birthday
364	21. 4.87	Chia Eng Say Rd	HORNBLOWER/APACHE	BIGMAC	
365	28. 4.87	Lor Terigu	Bob Tan/2nd HAND JOB	Roger	
366	5. 5.87	Jurong Tr 22	GUZZLER/FRIDAY	Winston Yee	
367	12. 5.87	Kranji Dam	PALERIDER/J Molloy	Mabok	
368	19. 5.87	Woodlands Ave 9	CHAMP/MIKE CLARKE	J. BRENNAN	
369	26. 5.87	Wing Loong Rd	Mr T/TIT BUSTER	ROSE CHAN	
370	2. 6.87	Loyang Ave	SALAMI/Howard	HOTDOG	
371	9. 6.87	Hillview Ave	KICHIBAI/FLOPPY DICK	KOTEK	
372	16. 6.87	Tagore Rd	BREWER/KOTEK	MIKE CLARK	



# HARELINE

Run No.	Date	Site	Hares	Scribe	Remarks
373	20. 6.87	Pulau Ubin	Committee	MOHD ALI	7th Anniversary Run
374	23. 6.87	Lor Woodland Kechil	HARI HARI/RAINBOW	P. SELLERS	
375	30. 6.87	Commonwealth Ave West	MESSY/R. Hughes	TIT BUSTERS	Hashit
376	7. 7.87	Yishun Ave 7	TAFF/SeeToh	BREWER	
377	14. 7.87	Mandai Lake	BROTHER/TWOBALLS	Ray Hughes	
378	28. 7.87	Bukit Batok	CUNT/GIGI	Errol	Hashit
380	4. 8.87	Hillview Terrace	SLEEPY/RAINBOW/Mr T	Ah WAI	Farewell
381	11. 8.87	Woodland St 41	Felix/CROTCH	S. MABOK	
382	18. 8.87	Jln Mata Ayer	FER/Narramore	BREWER	Hashit
383	25. 8.87	Petir Rd	GOLDFINGER/Soong	Henry Choo	Hashit
384	1. 9.87	Mandai Rd	P. SELLERS/H. Choo	FRIDAY	
385	8. 9.87	Jln Kedai	SHITUP A TREE/ STUMBLEBUM	4SKIN	
386	15. 9.87	Upper Peirce Res	GASMAN/IL DUCE	Bob Tan	
387	22. 9.87	Tanah Merah Besar	ZINZA/J. Abey	IL DUCT	
388	29. 9.87	Lentor Rd	VESPA/MOHD ALI	SATPAL	
389	3.10.87	Woodland St 41	CROTCH/AH MENG/ 2ND HAND JOB	ICRECREAM	
390	6.10.87	Loyang Way	DOC CHERIAN/DERBY	Foong	
391	20.10.87	Windsor Dr	4SKIN/Phil Ng	HANSSOLO	
392	20.10.87	Sarimbun Ave	BLOWJOB/OPTO	SUCKER	Hashit
393	27.10.87	Yio Chu Kang Tr 14	TODDY/PERUK BESAR/ GOLDFINGER	Shepperd	Deepavali Run
394	3.11.87	Chestnut Ave	JAYA/Parnell	AVGAS	
395	10.11.87	Woodland Ave 4	Amrick/HUNGLOW	TWODOGS	
396	17.11.87	Lentor Loop	SLICK/Ben & Carl	CINDERELLA	
397	24.11.87	Tampines Ave 4	Lawrence Wong/RAMBO II	POPEYE	
399	8.12.87	Lor Terigu	Bala/SHADS	RAMBO II	
400	5.12.87	Sungei Kadut Ave	WINNIE/BREWER/ SMOOTHIE/POPEYE	GOLDFINGER	400th Celerbation
401	Saturday 15. 1.87	Rifle Range Rd	AH WAI/CLARK KENT/NUTS	DIRTY HACER	
402	22.12.87	Teck Whye Lane	TODDY/COOL-BEER	TOT BUSTER	
403	29.12.87	Arcadia Rd	HANSSOLO/WANKER	BUZZLER	
404	5. 1.88	Pierce Rd	SATPAL/BRA	RAINBOW	
405	12. 1.88	Bukit Batok	SAYETING/SINN	OPTO	Hashit
406	19. 1.88	Lor Gaung	SMOOTHIE/GENERAL	JAYA	
407	26. 1.88	Jln Sungei Poyan	BRUCEX4	Amrick	AUSSIE National Day
408	2. 2.88	Mandai Rd	Bob Tan/Bruce Taylor	CHAMP	
409	9. 2.89	Lor Asrama	FEARLESS/Jimmy	BOO(S)	
410	18. 2.88	Lim Chu Kang	DIRTY HACKER/Grover	Jeffrey Lim	
411	23. 2.88	Lor Chuan	BOO(S) Low Peng Siang	SHADES	
412	1. 3.88	Ng Tiong Choon	Jeffrey Lim/David Chan/ MESSY	APACHE	Chinese New Year
413	8. 3.88	Hong San Terrace	RAINBOW/PUSSY HUGIST/DUCE	FEARLESS	
414	15. 3.88	Lor Halus	JOGJEE/SECRET AGENT	MESSY	
415	22. 3.88	Ottawa Rd	POPEYE/SYPH	CLARK KENT	
416	29. 3.88	Sembawang Rd	ALOYSIUS/AVGAS	PRESS ONCE	
417	5. 4.88	Lor Asrama	TANNANEH/Mike Aram	FEARLESS	All Fool's Run
418	12. 4.88	North Buona Vista Rd	BABYFACE/Saw Chin Jin	James Abey	
419	19. 4.88	Tuah Rd	STUMBLEBUM/SUCKER	FER	KWAI LOH Special Birthday Run
420	26. 4.88	Amara Hotel	SKIDMARKS/HOTDOG/ SIBOK	OPTO	
421	3. 5.88	Sungei Tengah	ICHIBAWASAN/Claude	Rameker	
422	10. 5.88	Rifle Range Rd	CINDERELLA/GUZZLER	CLAUDE	
423	17. 5.88	Jurong East St 11	MADDOG/SCAR FACE	SYPH	
424	24. 5.88	Saddle Club	COOLHAND/RAMEKER	TWO DOGS	
425	31. 5.88	Lor Sesuai	ICE/BRUT	SYPH	
426	7. 6.88	Kranji Dam	WINNIE THE POOH/ FRIDAY	Tony Bewsher	
427	14. 6.88	Sime Rd	4SKIN/PALE RIDER	Tony Bewsher	
428	21. 6.88	Woodlands St 41	APACHE/Ting/Simon Lim	Paul Beale	Seletar Birthday
429	28. 6.88	Yishun Ind Park	GIGI/James Abey	ICECREAM	
430	5. 7.88	Boh Sua Tian Rd	GANGBANG/AH MENG	Brut	
431	12. 7.88	Yishun Ave 6	CHAMP/Govinda	SYPH	
432	19. 7.88	Tiger Brewery	AYDZ/Gwee	CROTCH	
433	26. 7.88	Chestnut Ave	PRESSONCE/SAT-PAL	ICE	Farewell
434	2. 8.88	Tanah Merah	ROSE CHAN/TIT BUSTER	VESPA	
435	9. 8.88	Victoria St	OPERA/SAMY/RAINBOW/ Duncan	BLOWJOB	National Day
436	16. 8.88	Sungei Kadut	BROTHER/Peter Cheng	JIMMY	
437	23. 8.88	Pungol Ave	KINGKONG/SNAKE HIPS	BROTHER	
438	30. 8.88	Lor Gaung	DOG SATAY/F K Foo	AH MENG	
439	6. 9.88	Camp Rd	Foong/MATT KOSHY	AYDZ	
440	13. 9.88	J U S	MOHD ALI/NO NAME	PALE RIDER	
441	17. 9.88	Batam Is	RAMA/TANNANEH	OPTO	Family Run
442	20. 9.88	Kranji Dam	2ND HAND PUSSY/ SHORTIE ROO/ CHICKEN SHIT	KINGKONG	
443	27. 9.88	Jln Kayu	FEARLESS/RAMBO II	SKIDMARKS	
444	4.10.88	Jln San Kong Si	ICECREAM/Ian Williams	Simon Lim	
445	11.10.88	MacRitchie Res	CROTCH/DODDY	Ian Williams	
446	18.10.88	Woodland St 41	TWOBALLS/BEWSHER	TANNANEH	
447	25.10.88	Jln Bahtera			



# HARELINE

Run No.	Date	Site	Hares	Scribe	Remarks
448	1. .88	Nanyang Ave	KICHIBAI/BABY FACE	GIGI	
449	8. .88	J U S	FER/AH WAI	BRA	
450	15.11.88	Sailing Cen	POPEYE/TANNANEH	Peng Siang	Deepavali
451	22.11.88	Dairy Farm	Henry Choo/MESSY	AVGAS	
452	24.11.88	Mt. Ophir	Henry Choo & Subcommittee	OPD	Charity Run
453	29.11.88	Malta Cr	STUMBLEBUM/ICE		St Andrew's Day
454	6.12.88	Tiger Brewery	GASMAN/HOWARD	GENERAL	Brewery Run
455	13.12.88	Kranji Dam	SALAMI/GREMLIN	COOLBEER	
456	20.12.88	Sentosa	SYPH/Seetoh/ HORNBLLOWER	GANGBANG	
457	27.12.88	Mt Faber	HANS SOLO/Lawrence	Gwee	
458	3. 1.89	Jurong Tr 46	JAYA/IRIAN JAYA	Lawrence	
459	10. 1.89	Tampines Av 9	DERBY/RAMBO II	HORNBLLOWER	
460	17. 1.89	Sarimbun Rd	APACHE/HORNBLLOWER/ BLOWJOB	OPERA	WHIPS ALUMNI
461	24. 1.89	Jurong Tr 22	NO NAME/Harry Hall	BLOWJOB	
462	31. 1.89	Lakeview Res	HORNBLLOWER/EL DUCE/	SeeToh	Blue Coral
463	7. 2.89	Sembawang Hill	AVGAS/SINNASUSU	Snake Run II	
464	14. 2.89	Sembawang Sports Complex	GANGBANG/SNAKE HIPS	SMURF	
465	21. 2.89	Upper East Coast Rd	Mohan/SHIT-UP-A-TREE	ICE	Chinese New Year
466	28. 2.89	Venus Dr	BOO(S)/Alex Owen	DERBY	
467	7. 3.89	Dempsey Rd	GREENBALLS/BIG HOLE	ICECREAM	
468	14. 3.89	Hougang Ave 10	CHERIAN/Ivan Lim	BILLY SLICK	
469	21. 3.89	Peirce Res	PUSSY/PISSING WET	SMOOTHIE	
470	28. 3.89	Kranji Dam	NO NAME/Owen/Riley/ Melling	DODDY	
471	4. 4.89	Boh Sua Tian Rd	ARSE GRABBER/ DENTISTA	GREENBALLS	
473	18. 4.89	Stagmont Ring	SHADES/SMOOTHIE	THAI PUSSY	
474	25. 4.89	Punggol Ave 24	SID MARKS/HOT DOG	SALAMI	
475	2. 5.89	Jurong Tr 22	COOLBER/CUNT	Ivon Lim	
476	9. 5.89	Kiang Hong Rd	SAYETING/SUCKER	TIT BUSTER	
477	16. 5.89	Chestnut Ave	Bob Neo/Enda O' Brien	ROSE CHAN	
478	23. 5.89	Ng Tiong Choon	MAD DOG/GUZZLER	GIGI	
479	30. 5.89	Bt Timah Railway Station	Beale Paul/Paul Singh	PETER SELLERS	
480	6. 6.89	Lokyang Way	FRIDAY/ZINZA	TIT BUSTER Hashit	
481	13. 6.89	Jurong Tr 22	JOG/B Sykes	NO NAME	Hashit
482	20. 6.89	Springleaf Rd	Lim Simon/4SKIN/AYDZ	KOTEK	9th Anniversary
483	27. 6.89	Jln Sam Kong Si	Low Peng Siong/TAXI	2ND HAND PUSSY	
484	4. 7.89	Woodlands Ave 4	Vic Rameker/ DIRTY HACKER	HOT DOG	
485	11. 7.89	Johore	PRESSONCE/GIGI/ SHIT-UP-A-TREE	Peter Cheng	
486	18. 7.89	Ang Mo Kio Ave 5	SIBOK/AH MENG	SNAKE HIPS	Johore Run
487	25. 7.89	Tiger Brewery	CHAMP/PERUK BESAR	Beale Paul	
488	1. 8.89	Seletar West Farmway 10	TIT BUSTER/KINGKONG	GREMLIN	Brewery Run
489	8. 8.89	Sime Rd	TWO BALLS/AYDZ	MAD FOG	
490	15. 8.89	Woodland St 41	BROTHER/Harjeet	SIBOK	KWAILOH RUN
491	22. 8.89	Lor Gambas	Peter Cheng/Mohd Ali	KOSHY	
492	29. 8.89	Lor Banir	BILLY SLICK/Ivon	ARSE GRABBER	
493	5. 9.89	Bt Batok	DOUGHNUT/Stephen Hulston	ICHIBAWASAN	
494	12. 9.89	Sunset Way	OPERA/HASH FLASH	WINNIE	
495	19. 9.89	Marina Village	WINNIE-THE-POOH/ GENERAL	Harjeet Singh	
496	24. 9.89	Desaru	LAILOW/SMOOTHIE/FER/ ARSE GRABBER	DEEP HOLE	
497	26. 9.89	Telok Blangah Green	OPTO/GUNSMOKE	OPTO	FAMILY RUN
498	3.10.89	Woodlands Ave 41	CROTCH/FATIMAH	KICHIBAI	
499	10.10.89	South Buona Vista	TAXI/ALIEN OTTER	SATAY	Hashit
500	14.10.89	Sembawang Shipyard	AYDZ/Harjeet	GUNSMOKE	500TH SPECIAL
				DOUGHNUT	



"I'll tell you what turns him on! Seletar Hash."



# ON ACHIEVING 100 RUNS OR EVERY RUN IS A GOOD LUN

By OPTO

---

**The mystique — which is why I run on the hash — setting forth each time on an unknown journey, not knowing until knowing becomes the experience.**

---

September 15th 1987 had no special significance for me, nor was run number 386 on the Seletar hare-line. But the LAID-BACK Committee, as per tradition, mis-managed and decreed that any member making his first one hundredth run was subject to a “celebration” — meaning an “ice-treatment”.

So, I said to the hare, GASMAN: “I’m doing my 100th run today. Make it a good run.”

GASMAN replied: “But, of course!”

Don’t all hares say that? At least, he was too modest to make claims on the “run of the year”, which some hares were won’t to do.

“What I mean, GASMAN,” I said to him clearly, “is — tell me where the possible short-cuts are. I’d like to exercise my options.”

## The Run

Armed with this knowledge, I set off, on this my 100th run with Seletar. Come to think of it, I’ve always had this knowledge, from the very first.

The supreme optimist, I was on my way — unlike the pack who did not know where they were going but were also on their way — the way of the hash. The mystique — which is why I run on the hash — setting forth each time on an unknown journey, not knowing until knowing becomes the experience.

From the car park at Upper Peirce Reservoir, back tracking on the road, whilst the pack hounded off into the bushes and out again, I went further up the road with the usual bunch of SCBs who seemed to have the same instincts, whilst the pack hounded off into the bushes and out again a second time — doing the reverse of last year’s “farewell to ’86” run.

Along came BOO(s), running backwards on paper: “The check is further up the road, by the stream, OPTO”.

He seemed to know, by Boo-boo intelligence (or otherwise?) and promptly bounded off in reverse into the bushes.

## Short Cut

All along the road I followed the SCBs (so I did not

give the game away), lead by FER who “found” paper by the stream, just when the FRBs, led by AYDZS (also during his 100th run — note the difference in quality of our runs — he the mindless idiot and I the “strategic” runner) caught up with me.

And whilst the FRBs went up on a false trail by the left back of the stream, BOO(s), back again and running around in circles picked up paper on the right bank.

Here was my point of “no-return” — as I’ve run this stretch before, in reverse. So, into the jungle for a half-hour hash, with rude comments from behind, such as KOOL KLIT saying loudly enough so that everyone could hear, “OPTO is holding up the pack!” These Australians surely have a sense of urgency.

## Down Down

Back at the Circle, after the down-down and water-throwing by SIBOK (WATER-TING was absent), the chorus asked: “What took OPTO so long?”

Indeed, what took me so long? Well, I’ll tell yer. Last year, when I was On-Sex and Editor of THE GUZZLER, I thought I had editorial privilege when I told the joint master to pull my card. To my horror, and 50 runs later (granted I did not complete all the runs but I did make most of the first checks) I found that the number of times he had actually pulled my card could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Trust your JM!

That’s the sound of one hand. To me, it matters not whether it was my 150, or 100 or 1. The fact is that run and every run is a “good lun” and that’s what’s matters most.

## A Pleasure Shared

What satisfied me most was that on that day I had the pleasure to share my 100 with the following hashers from Seletar, of whom I am so proud; 100 AYDZ, 250-HANS SOLO 300-Simon and JOG

Shiver, wet, you water-throwing ass-holes.

“Now showing its front side

Now its back

Falls the maple leaf.”

(Zen master Ryokan’s death poem)



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# Christmas

PARTY

KRISHNAN



Simon Levi

James S. Love, D.D.

Chas

Abd. Ali  
A/Musa

Alu

No more  

Green Bails

12  
B w 512

116  
Bwste

Gigi

6 July

Male  
General Brothers  
ANTISTAR

8. *Settatree*  
 a. *Settatree*

brother Goldfinger  
DENTIST  
Alice Hays

Wm. H. Hays

P.1 Belg  
Lons Solo

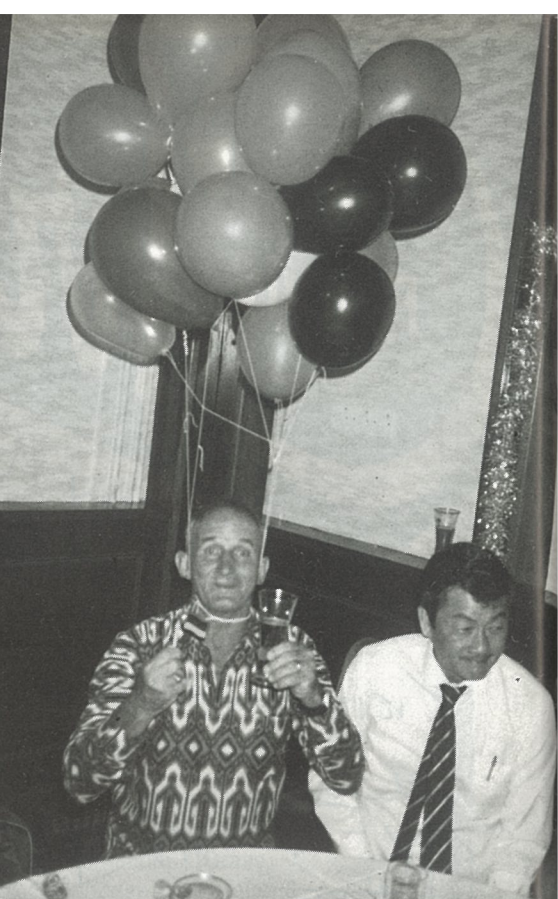
✓✓✓✓✓

Annand  
June



# X'MAS '88





*Singing in the Rain?*

*'Me?... full of hot air?'*



*'... and we'll look into it.'*



*I could have danced all night ....*



*That one got away*



*What's your numberm Apache.*



*Once a year, we dress up....*



*....and we boogie*



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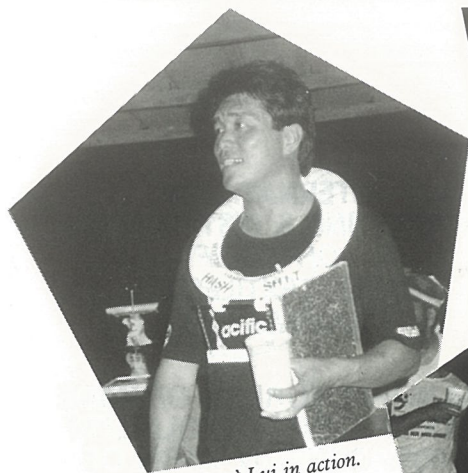
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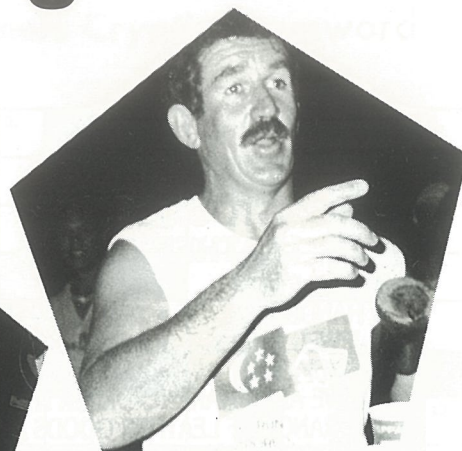
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Lorry*



# WHIPS



*'Nuts' Lui in action.*

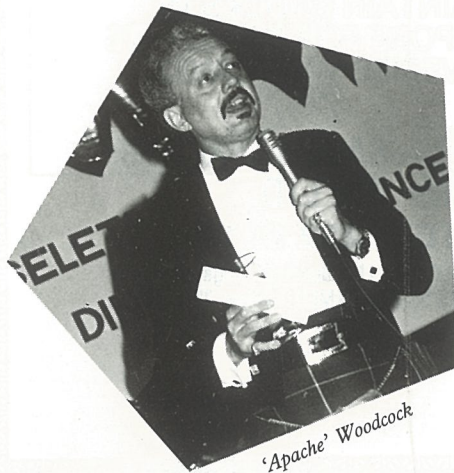


*Kool kev-blowing his Horn.*

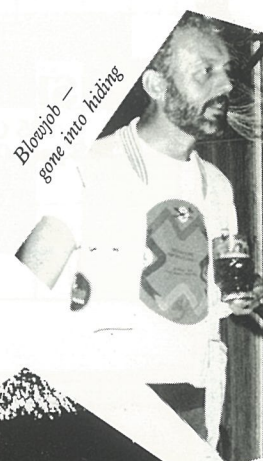


*'On the ice, mate!'*

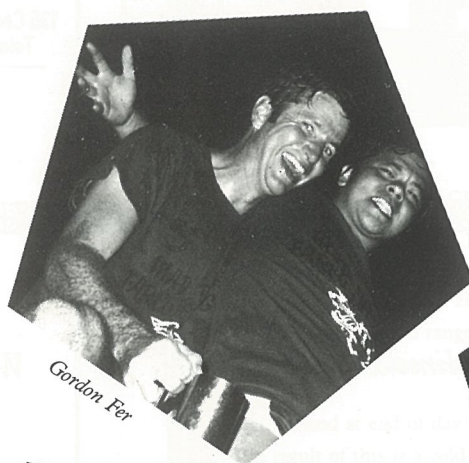
o f



*'Apache' Woodcock*



*Blowjob —  
gone into hiding*



*Gordon Fer*



*Not just a pretty face*

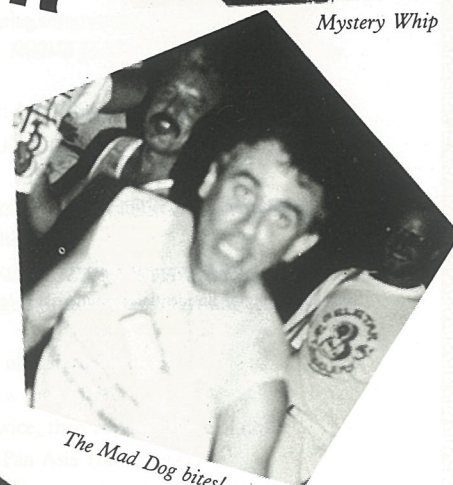


*Mystery Whip*

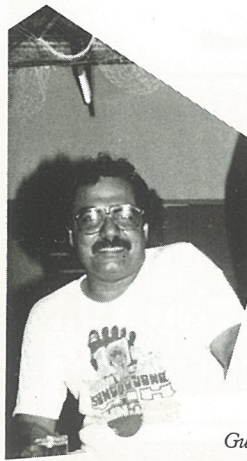
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*Sit Down*



*The Mad Dog bites!*



*Guzzler*



*The Crotch*



*Skintop*

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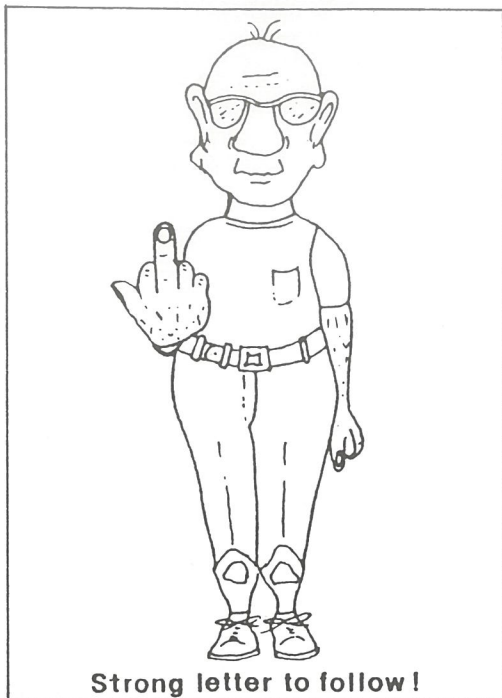
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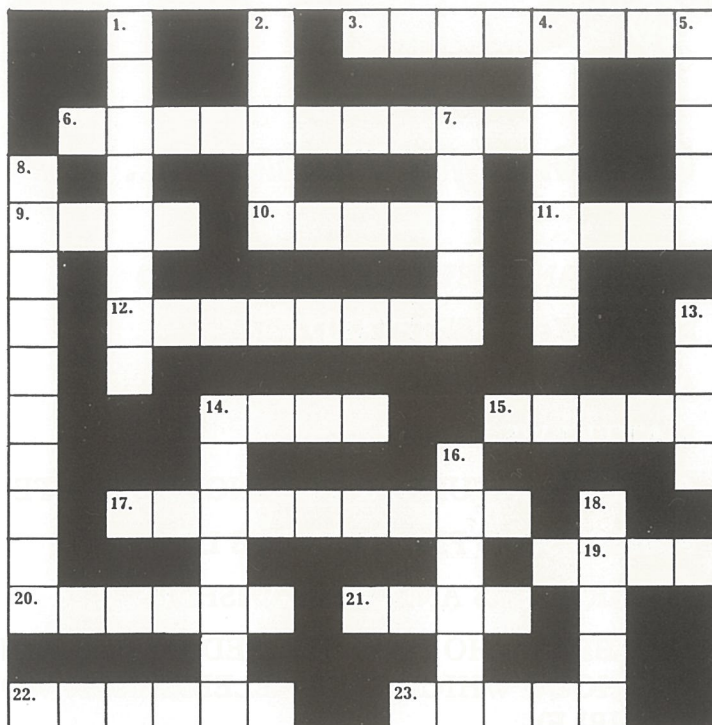
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# HASHWORD PUZZLE

Hash & Others Cryptic Crossword



## ACROSS

3. HHH takes Scandinavian National Carrier — it resolves to give the hares a bad name (4,4)
6. Nunnery gets barrier for Hash Song (7,4)
9. Scalp some mountain ranges? (4)
10. Pulau Maṛulk is disturbed when it becomes home of the Hash (6,5)
11. Metal found at end of day is very small (4)
12. The result of this is a cold posterior (2,3,3)
14. Want to be erotic? Drink (4)
15. To get publicity in RIO, use a wireless set (5)
17. Spanish saint goes to a party with disgrace and finds a hash man (9)
19. Victory by a point results in a drink. (4)
21. Cat o'nine tails is in the committee (4)
22. The starters of Seletar Hash is god's gift, yet is wet and muddy. (6)
23. Whip a pervert for the trail (5)

## DOWN

1. Name of road given to founder member of the Hash (8).
2. Curb the Hash search? (5)
4. Teresa mixes with student to get a chapter. (7)
5. Religious specialist gets into child's plaything because of alcoholic drink (5).
7. A corn by the sound of it is confuse. (5)
8. File L.A. Star lost is a trick (5,5)
13. Emphatically deny twice, then reverses the call (2,2)
14. Reject cowshit from Pan Asia Hash city (7)
16. Animal becomes crazy to go to Interhash City (6)
8. Animal's favourite drink (5)

(Clues: See SALAMI MABOK or Article on Aids Warning)

## Solution to Crossword 7,890,404



### Prizewinners

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14, The Cuttings,  
Maidenhead, Berks.

Mrs Atahualpa  
14, The Cuttings,  
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*Dog in the manger! A farmhouse in Sembawang says it all.*



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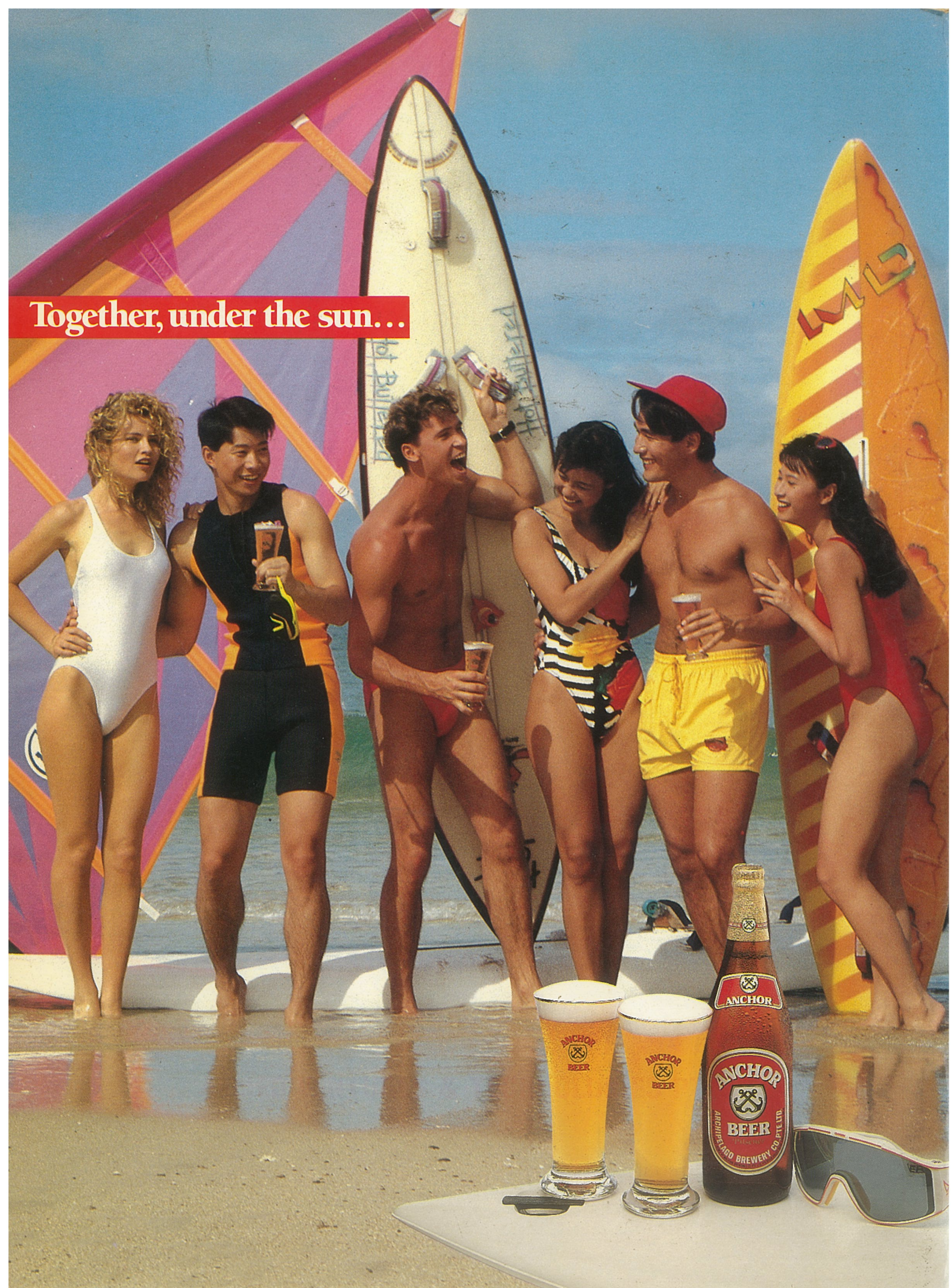
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