

A Bob Rogers-Stuart International Inc. publication for the Interhash 1978 Committee, Hong Kong

INTERHASH



Close
encounters
of a turd kind

STOP PRESS
The Interhash Unconvention
1980 will be held
in Kuala Lumpur at Easter



The wind-up to the wing-ding:

HOW A HASH HORROR HATCHED

What more pessimistic approach to Interhash '78 than to have the inaugural meeting on Friday, 13th May, last year? The Chairman was elected but was absent at the time and couldn't demure. And it was fun! Everyone had ideas ".....charge this round to Interhash.....", etc. and before the first meeting finally fell apart a great deal had been said, but.....

The second meeting was somewhat funeral compared with the first ebullient success. Penang, Taipei, Hunter (N.S.W.) and Jakarta had all written saying they would come. We felt we were saddled with it. Someone suggested writing again telling everyone it was only a joke..... no more bright ideas so the directors of bored slipped their thumbs from their bums and their minds out of neutral to get on with that 'Hashanathema' organization.

There were address lists, forms for registration, liaison with travel agencies, guestimates at hotel prices, numbers, pints, women..... and it was really quite revealing and how much hidden talent there was lurking behind the alcoholic vapour and bloodshot eyes of the Committee. A starchy eyed bit of fluff from the Ladies Hash turned out to be all stuff and NO nonsense. Wandsworth, hitherto thought to have been born a zombie, turned out to be half intelligent in his office of 'General' Committee Member and Lyons' share of the treasury worked the up-keep of the Interhash Committee for the year-long planning stage. When we needed paper (to write on) Sophie Chu's artists set to work on a

letter-head emitting that air of polish and distinction usually only found amongst the most professional of ladies. Eftsoons the epissals went out with INTERHASH '78 splashed right across the front.

Joking aside, we ought to mention (for posteriority) those names that did all the donkey work. Wes Parfitt, otherwise reviled as Westering Parfitt, was the Chairman and his lot was to jockey along the whole proceedings. He must have got pissed off (sometimes just pissed) when the bottles piled up. But still his mellifluousity presided.

Stuart McDouall (McTool O'Tool of the Kowloon Hash) wrote the first bunch of Epissals and compiled the address list. Between times, he wrestled with Cathay Pacific before chickening out, spending X'mas in the U.K. and refusing to come back until Easter 1978.

Sophie, a dynamic chic of the Ladies H3, printed right all those epissals, lists and forms that you got. And she even went into debt over it, not charging any interest!

Dave Lyons of H4 did more than almost anybody. First, he was the Treasurer in charge of nothing but debts, but then he also designed the fiscal year of Interhash '78 - no mean feat. As a side line, he run around the post offices collecting, sorting and delivering; making a decent stamp collection and a good messenger boy on the side.

Peter Wilkinson of the Kowloon Hash did his share of the hard graft too - cajoling and cuasing where necessary and running around like a

blue-arsed fly at the committee's behest - someone had to do it afterall.

Sharon Morrow, the only committee member always there, short handed the first seven months of meetings, turning them into intelligible minutes necessary for the sober perusal of members who couldn't remember what they'd said or decided two days before. Then Virginia Angove took over doing an equally magnificent job.

Roger Medcalf, whose claim to fame is the coining of the word 'unconvention', took over the job of Scribe when McTool threw his hand in and is responsible for the hint of finesse that crept into the epissals thereafter.

Later on, others joined in the melee and a noteworthy protagonist was Barry Griffin of the Kowloon Hash. Otherwise slanged as Bazza O'friet, he still managed to beg, borrow or steal thousands of pints of the amber fluid from San Miguel for our pleasure. Well done, Sir! H4's Rod Olsen, a powerhouse of Kiwi talent, showed totally unhash efficiency as Chairman of the finance committee and general operations manager. He is probably more responsible than anyone else for the embarrassing surplus, the Un-convention ended up with.

It was the second epissal that convinced us (and some of them) that we were going places (let me out of here!.....they're coming to take me away, Ha Ha!) as we put in a half concise address list and a most business-like booking form, which was actually nothing of the sort. It looked good and more Hashes wrote to us asking what it was all about.

By American Independence Day (the third Committee meeting), we had booked a hundred hotel rooms "....more than enough...." we thought. Any extras could kip in spare bedrooms, on sofas or with the Amah. At that time, we also suffered the first of many expansions to the committee making decisions, decisions more and more complicated. This man Cox was, however, the inside man out of C.P.A. and our roving ambassador on his regular jaunts abroad.

August went by with the formation of a dozen sub-committees - we were breeding like rabbits - which all went scurrying around the Colony sussing out run locations, fixing up logistics, etc. Neighbouring Macau sounded a good bet but the problem of getting there and back proved insurmountable. Then we reckoned a couple of promising island locations wouldn't be able to hack the Hash in bulk and we even thought it might be frowned upon, if seven hundred loud mouthed dirty all-sorts crusaded through the posh Peninsula and Hilton Hotel of H.K. The sub-committees continued the search. Meanwhile Committee fingers were getting stuck into little fertile pies: the catering business, brewery outlets, airlines, tailors, printers and bladder makers (we thought a game of footy at an On On.) Some took a lot of persuading, but our tame Police interrogators (Hashmen on the side) saw to it that there was always co-operation with the Hashia organization. Discounts began to roll in: 50% from Cathay, Umpteen barrels of grog "on the house" from San Miguel, rock bottom curries from the army....Army rocks from curried bottom....rock curries from the Army bottom....bottom curries from.... Inexorably tempus did fugit and by the end of September (eighth Committee meeting) a deadline for joining the INTERHASH '78 movement was fixed for December 1st. Now we may as well tell you that there was never any intention to enforce it; just spur everyone on; We also had an outline of a programme but only one aspect of which came to pass: "Sunday (25th) will be an all-day affair, others will probably be mid-afternoon through evening". All the plans/dreams of triple-decker ferries, Hilton ballrooms and Chinese Night Clubs, went out the window later.

Come the tenth meeting and the end of October, the Committees were getting to know each other quite well:-

"Don't I know you?...."

"Hello, Bob here...."

"Call me Rogers."

"Fucking hell! THE Rogers...."

"I'm Stuart."

Etc.

Significant things were happening then, such as the first \$50.00 HK registration fee from Jim Raper of the Surrey Hash, U.K. This was altogether unexpected, however, as we estimated there were 143 definites at that stage. Something that still hadn't happened unfortunately was the design of a 'T' shirt - an all time great to celebrate INTERHASH '78. Plenty of artistic ideas were expounded but nothing done about them as usual - well, that's Hash for you!

On the subject of the \$50.00 HK registration fee, as we called it, we may as well mention its whys and wherefores. The telling factor was, of course, that we'd no previous experience of an Interhash to draw upon. Would we impose a levy of \$50.00-HK (after all that is only \$10.00-US) if we were to do it all over again? Yes, in the light of experience, a levy - call it what you will - is necessary though perhaps not as much (we are handing over a few thousand dollars H.K. in surplus funds to the next INTERHASH organisers).

In the first couple of months, each of our three host Hashes had to inject \$500 HK into a common fund and even then we still owed printers several hundreds bucks not to mention fears that deposits on hotel bookings, public transport contracts, etc., would be required. And the Hong Kong Hashes are not rich! So we decided ready cash was needed to tide over deposits, to cover mounting expenses in the admin' field and to take care of running expenses incurred over and above our estimates during the Fiesta itself. Furthermore, we thought then, and still believe now, that money is the non-committed and vacillating Hashman's greatest incentive to action; to fill in his name (those damned forms) purchase the tickets, persuade the wife.

Of course, we got some flak - one noble chapter of the Hash were particularly anti - but I think everyone who did turn up to INTERHASH '78 realised the necessity for the registration fee. Kuala Lumpur H3 wrote to us saying "...whenever we have held a major celebration run, we have borne all the costs of entertaining our guests ourselves, not un-naturally, our members are concerned that before they consider committing themselves to your H.K.\$50 levy, they should have full details...." K.L.H3 have in fact hosted as many as 500 people

before on celebration runs but they have never been put to all the organization necessary for an influx of nearly 1,000 strangers in a setting such as Hong Kong's where fleets of coaches had to be organised, Hotels booked, etc.

Perhaps the height of ambition was to be the towel vendor at Auschwitz Public showers, or the nappy cleaner to Idi Amin's S.S. guard but hundreds still came (to the sound of music) and gate-crashed Hong Kong as the climax of their career in Hashing. That was my impression.

The runs that I went on were particularly poignant examples of modern hashing. On the Lam Kam Road (near the Fire Service's depot) run to Sek Kong (Monday 27th.) there was plenty of the most excellent observance of Hash etiquette. What I mean was that forerunners were sitting on blatantly obvious checks waiting for the vanguard to turn up on the horizon before bawling the 'ON ON' over the rolling hills and dales.

That was a good interesting run of decent length. Not so fortunate were the hapless bastards that boarded the buses headed for route TWISK. A hard grind from start to finish (reminiscent of a cheap whore) was all their reward for coming.

At the Sek Kong Airstrip, 500 Ladies and Hommes converged from all points of the compass on the drink wagons. Some went to flop on the grass and others, after assuaging raging thirsts, played touch ragger. A few photographers even climbed on top of a San Miguel lorry parked there to capture semi-serial immortalizations of the degenerate crowds below.

Then Maunsell-Ward (Jelabi-What?) of Kowloon Hash announced that half a dozen Army Cooks were coming and the decks were cleared for action! One of the most prolific curries ever witnessed was majestically tipped out of the back of a ten ton truck and an orderly queue began to dip their plates in.

Whilst the curry and beer amalgamated in the most deadly of 'morning after' conspiracies - the shits - major remnants of the run set to a chorus of songs led largely by Arch-Bish Dave Walker, a heathen bard of many parts, from the Kowloon Hash. At some suitable juncture in the night, people groped their way on to the buses again, returned to the red lights of Tsim Sha Tsui, Kowloon and continued the revelry.



The wildest rave-up of Interhash '78 was almost certainly the first night at the China Fleet Club where close to 1000 Hashmen and women, 17 truckloads of beer and three strippers wallowed in orgiastic ecstasy. Most of the pictures on the following pages were taken there.

They came at Interhash '78



Daddy and me, after all these years





Festering Pastit, Unconvention Chairman, rear centre



Sugardaddy Phil Kirkland (right) in mid-gripe





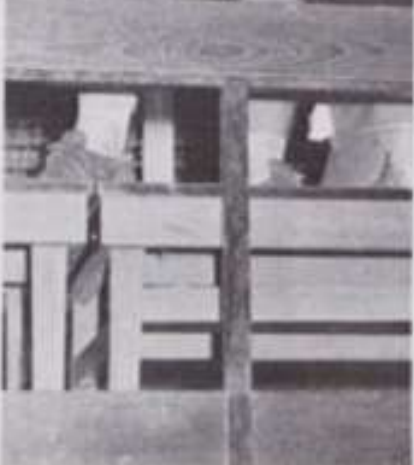
"Now you'll think I'm awful!!"



Festering (right) has Pastit



Leo Murray, Russ Manton, Helga Campbell



Frank Tainsh (left), Interhash committee



The hall was hushed as the eyeballs locked in...



Sir Jasper's wide-eyed cuddle (left) the girl who united more Hashmen in song than anyone in Hash history before her (See Page 5)

WIDE-EYED CUDDLIES AND DROPLETS OF DROOL

The moment, for me, when the Unconvention blew, fused if you like, climaxed, was when a wide-eyed cuddle from Malaysia got the entire multitude singing together. 'Oh, Sir Jasper, do not touch me', she screeched in a high and melodious voice into a megaphone on the stage at the China Fleet Club, and hundreds of Hashmen roared back: 'As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all'. That girl, with the sex appealing personality she projected from that stage, united more Hashmen from more clubs in song than anybody else in Hash history before her.

There were many unforgettable moments at the first World Hash Unconvention. There was the card from Taipei with the lunatic grin, who bared his arse out of the top deck of a double-decker bus for 10 miles from the run finish to the On On at the Fleet Club. Can you imagine the expressions on the faces of the inscrutable on the streets below, as the ginger-tussocked brown-eye passed by on parade?

Then there was my personal favourite story of the Unconvention. Here it is, as told by Monica Shillinglaw, a Harriette committee member.

'Many of the runners put their belongings in my car at the Repulse Bay start. After the run, one chap complained his bag had gone missing. So I went to the nearest Police Station to report its loss. 'Who does the bag belong to?' asked the policeman on the desk. 'Would you believe I don't know?' Monica said. 'You see,' Monica said. 'It belongs to one of the hundreds of people who are running half-naked around the hills this weekend'. 'Ah Ha!' said the policeman. 'We've got one of those!'

It turned out that an Aussie Hashman had got lost near the suburb of North Point, became thoroughly frightened amongst the multi-storey tenement buildings and the thousands of alien faces and had stampeded for the nearest Police Station, seeking a safe haven. Ironically, the character in question is an Australian Chinese policeman. (We know his name but won't embarrass the prick, by revealing it.) The police spent some time trying to calm down the jibbering, sweat-soaked idiot



The first to come

before the call came from Repulse Bay that the police there thought they had a lady who might be able to sort out the weirdo at North Point. Monica explained and drove over to North Point to pick him up.

The climax of the Unconvention was certainly the Friday night rave-up in the China Fleet Club. The Big Bang came first, as it turned out. The lads and lasses had all completed one of six trails, run simultaneously because of the huge numbers taking part. The runs started in six different places, but all finished at the Cricket Club at the Wongneichong Gap saddle in the centre of Hong Kong Island. After the Hashmen had been standing around for two hours, barracking the slower runners in, heavy rain began to fall and the multitude, headed for the On On at the China Fleet Club.

The Fleet Club, which has an amphitheatre-like hall that can seat about 400 for dinner, was soon thoroughly swamped. And the doors weren't even opened. A restless, aggressive, thirsty throng surged to and fro against the doors, threatening to break them down. In the nick of time, just as a hefty PNG type was working up his courage to shoulder-ram the door, the Manager turned up. In we went.

No beer!

'Crumbs' said the committee members. Or words to that effect. 'What hath we looked oop?'

Furious scrambling, shouting and shoving.

'Where's the beer?'

Miraculously the beer arrived in large icy, satisfying quantity and the mad multitude was passified for the moment. And then it all began.

Hundreds of Hashmen pushed into the hall, grabbing beer, fighting for chairs and struggling towards the stage where microphones stood waiting for the egotists. Drunken Hashmen are all egotists. They sang and they danced. They stripped and they streaked. There were about 30 per cent Hash females present and not one showed any sign of being upset by the bare arses and bare cocks flashing all around them. Such was the atmosphere. Everyone was determined to have a good time regardless - they had come thousands of miles for this, the first ever World Hash Bash.

Above the stage a 55ft., red and white banner proclaimed 'Interhash Unconvention 1978', as the lads on the stage ripped into 'Old MacDonald's Farm', 'One Black One, One White One' and 'Arseholes are Cheap Today'. Every Hashman tried to out do the other - particularly the old rivals like Sydney and Melbourne, a Penang and Ipoh and for that matter, Kowloon and Hong Kong, the allegedly joint hosts.

Much of the singing was isolated - the microphone being the one major organizational letdown - and it took the little cuddle from Malaysia, to get the entire assembly to sing together. Quite some accomplishment - there were close to 1,000 people in the hall.

Inevitably, there were the strippers, professionals this time. The first, European and five years past her best, drew cries of 'put it back on' everytime she took off a garment. The second was a ravishingly healthy animal, gorgeously Asian - exactly what the lads had come all the way from Wagga Wagga to see. The hall was hushed as the eyeballs locked in on alabaster nubbity and you could hear the droplets of drool hitting the floor.

When she finished, there was a chorus of strangled cries, 'Let me at it,' and 'I gotta get me some of that' and a stampede of Hashmen lit out for the red-light bars of Wan-chai, a hundred yards away.

So ended - or began - the climatic night of Interhash 78.

For some it was a very long night. One character from the Hunter Hash managed to get himself onto a Star Ferry and promptly fell into a drunken sleep. He was woken up four hours later, by a ferry crewman going off work having made about 25 trips backward and forward across the harbour.



Some shots taken on or by the ferries that took close to 1000 Hash people to the island of Lantau for the Sunday run.

Ladies Day at the remand centre

AROUND THE WINKY-WANKY'S ORIFICE

Ladies Day - shades of Arcot or Bumbledon. But Interhash 78 came very near to having one, and even nearer to losing it, on Easter Sunday, 1978.

It is not out of the ordinary in this bastion of the British Empire, to arrange a launch picnic for the family, stags, wives, children - the lot - but the idea of in-viegling some six hundred (and estimates ranged upwards to one thousand) dyed-in-the-wool Hashman on a cruise, seemed diabolic. Hats off (and anything else you may care to doff) to Helga Campbell and her hordes (albeit not hairy) for brushing aside any dissent from the predominantly male committee and engineering an excellent day's lashing. Would you believe that the arch-SCB Dick Gibb also played a part in this?

A measure of the degree of (Un) organization is the tale of a Hasher who met a fellow Hashman on the Star Ferry to Kowloon, at a time when both the Wanchai ferry pier and the Kowloon Public pier, were asea with bodies. ETD 9am.

But the Hasher and gun-totting friend knew better - they went to the Ocean Terminal for breakfast. Much was their surprise to find, by 9.20, the pier empty of all but three (very) stunning Harriettes, one the Secretary of Interhash and two from Sabah. 'The ferries have gone' they cried. However, an exceptional Hashmetite, one Hot Rod, sent a last ferry across for the waifs - and all was saved. The ferry pushed off - and caught one Mangrove unawares - he fled the ship. The idea of having two ferries making four runs in all, was mindboggling.

One worry was the effect of six or seven Hash puppies, bodies, etc. on the sands of Chimawan, a beach normally reserved for the remanded and the police. The answer seemed to be to have the beer on the ferries, lure the runners of the first two runs onto the boats after the frosties and away. Only half the number (the second ferry, the second run) would be left.

The run itself was circular, like the

orifice of the winky-wanky bird and the end result was similar. There were Hashmen everywhere, carrying either red, white or blue chops on their paws. The hares ran out of white chalk and started using green, would you believe - in lush subtropical jungle? Some Hashmen disturbed the Hash romance of the day (an H4 bloke gave up his running to tend a dainty Asian girl who was near fainting; at the time of writing his early sollicitude was still paying nocturnal dividends) while a posse of others so far afield that they ended up in Silvermine Bay and returned to Chimawan in time to see the ferries disappearing over the horizon.

The weather was perfect, a murky rainy Hash-type day, so ideal for running, that no Hashite lurked on the beach and only one wanker swam.

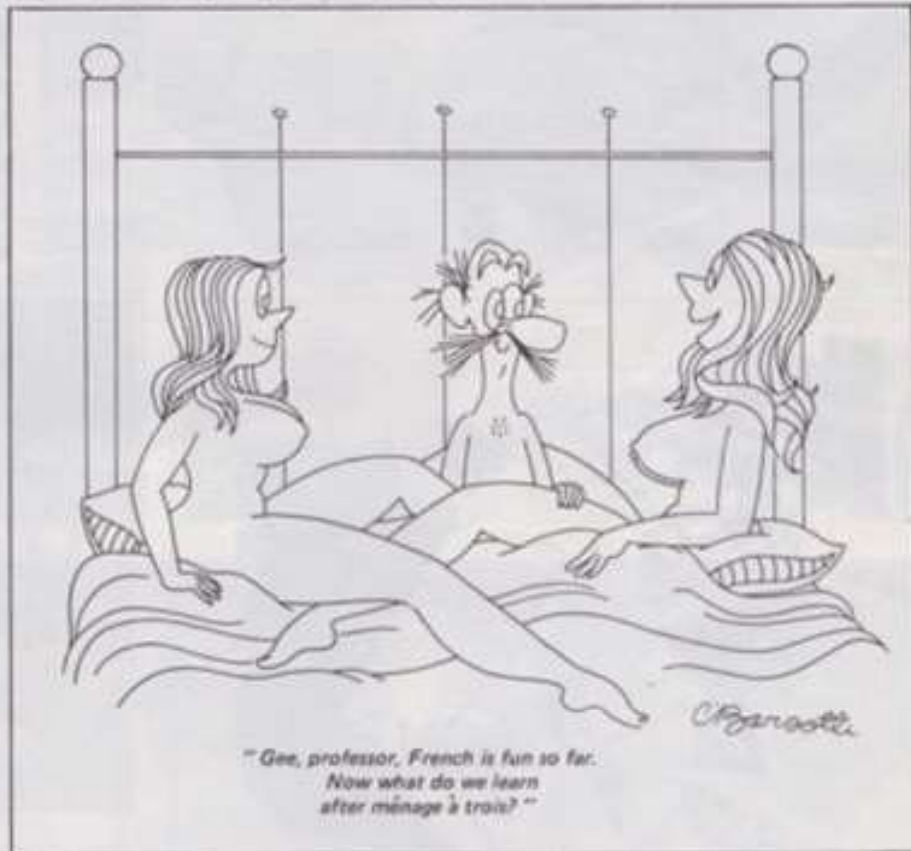
The return trip was over lubricated, if that is possible in Hashing, and Teheran Hash mixed voice (not that way) choir exceled themselves at the fine vocal arts. Those lads surely deserve free trips to somewhere - perhaps the next Interhash.



Hong Kong Hash in full cry: George King Cobra King, Langle, Drainolt Bob, Sandy Neil and Chunder Chen



See front cover







← Some asshole ↓







You could hear the droplets of drool hitting the floor







Tom Cox (left), Cathay Pathetic committeeman



"Christ, it's Monday. Another night of B.O. and brewer's droop."







HASH CASH'S PATHETIC ATTEMPT TO

INTERHASH '78

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 30TH JUNE, 1978

	HK\$
Stock (see notes)	2,589
Debtors (see notes)	1,255
Cash in bank	32,364
	<u>36,208</u>
Less	
Provision for Magazine	10,000
	<u>\$26,208</u>
Surplus from Interhash '78 held by the Interhash Committee	\$26,208

Financial whiz kids could give you many answers to the figures reproduced here, but those of you who attended, the facts speak for themselves.

The 'money results' of Interhash show what an embarrassing success it was, but to those of us who were involved in the organization, it was touch and go until the end. Some of you who heard us say we expected a very small surplus, at best, will now be wondering what the hell those money grabbing Hong Kong Hashmen were talking about and undoubtedly, you do have a point! However, I will try to explain our thinking prior to the event, what actually happened during the festivities and our post-mortem, once our heads had cleared.

Taking income firstly, you will see we were over and under on most of our estimates and where we gained in some areas, we lost on others, and vice versa. A disappointing aspect which was noticed by those who were desperately trying to flog tickets, was the large number of hashmen who came to Hong Kong and who apparently did not participate in the events. This can be accepted as part of the spirit of hashing, but we did expect people who came the vast distances involved and who spent considerable sums of money getting here, to at least join in. Admittedly the weather was poor, in fact it was bloody cold, and as most of you were expecting better from a 'moderate climate' we have assumed that this was the reason for the significant departure from our estimates.

If we had really tried I'm sure our sales of shirts and other accessories could have brought in much more "profit" but we did not want to turn the event into a commercial bazaar, which was the reason for the limited stock available. In addition, we did not want to promote Interhash as a commercial venture and have adverts all over the shirts etc., as we in Hong Kong do not think that this is in the true spirit of hashing. In any case,

INTERHASH '78

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

		Budget	
INCOME		HK\$	HK\$
Non-refundable Registration Fees - Overseas		58,895	33,000
- Hong Kong		8,340	7,500
		<u>47,235</u>	<u>40,500</u>
Hotel Deposits	2,193		
Less: paid to Swire Travel	2,193	—	—
Tankards, T-shirts and Run Income		<u>71,860</u>	<u>83,500</u>
		119,095	124,000
EXPENDITURE			
Run-Expenses (see notes)	45,145		74,300
Tankards	15,977		18,800
T-shirts	10,698		10,000
Printing and Stationery	15,575		5,100
Telephone and Cable Expenses	1,832	}	10,900
Miscellaneous (see notes)	3,660		
		<u>92,887</u>	<u>119,100</u>
		26,208	4,900

EXPLAIN HIS DASTARDLY PROFITEERING

anybody who could afford the few hundred dollars to get here, could easily part with a few dollars more, to purchase a memento of the occasion, the Interhash T-shirt and mug.

As you will see from the cash flow statement, which has been fixed to show the desperate state we were in, the cash spent and committed, prior to the 24th March, meant we were going to be down in a big way, if nobody had bothered to attend. This you may say was a bloody ridiculous assessment of the situation but when you are dealing with bookings and cancellations, as well as a number of nil responses to many of our cables and telexes, anything could have happened or not happened. Being the first truly world-wide Hashing event, we didn't know how many crazy bastards there would be, who once committed to HK\$50 would follow up with another few hundred to make it all happen.

In the end, we were able to cut back our estimates by both reducing the volume of beer, which we were required to purchase we were not able to get it all free of charge and also by limiting the number of buses which were used for the first and third runs. Our budgeting had to be slightly pessimistic as we were uncertain of all the sundry expenses which might have been incurred, e.g. telex, cable and telephone calls, and it was therefore set with a certain amount of pudding.

What shall we do with the money in the bank? At present the surplus is being retained by the Interhash Committee until we hear from a group who will take on the mammoth task of organizing the next Interhash event. Sending the money back to the Hash Clubs which took part, has been considered, but rejected in favour of the theory that it should be used to ensure the Interhash Idea goes on. The money therefore, will almost certainly be turned over to the Interhash '80 Committee.

NOTES TO THE ACCOUNTS

	HK\$	Budget HK\$
Run Expenses		
Ferry Hire	10,000	11,000
Bus Hire	6,500	9,500
Food	19,980	24,000
Drink	8,330	25,150
Miscellaneous	335	4,650
	<u>\$45,145</u>	<u>74,300</u>
	*****	*****
Miscellaneous Expenses		
Donations and Gratuities	1,002	
Committee Expenses	906	
Artwork	450	
Insurance	600	
Banners and Markers	425	
Repairs	150	
Transport Hire	90	
Stamp Duty	37	
	<u>\$3,660</u>	

NOTES TO THE ACCOUNTS

STOCK

	HK\$	
Stock on Hand		
5 Engraved Tankards	210	
48 Unengraved Tankards	1,920	
7 T-shirts	63	
	<u>2,193</u>	
On Consignment		
6 Engraved Tankards	252	
16 T-shirts	144	
	<u>396</u>	
		<u>\$2,589</u>

DEBTORS

Hong Kong Hash House Harriers	\$1,255



**Some of
them
even ran**





Whittle (left), who has done 350 runs and looks every mile of it





Bob Gandt, who probably flew further than anyone else to come to Interhash





Phil Grant, at the time Grandmaster of KM3





Some of the members of the Interhash Unconvention committee who met the first arrivals at Kai Tak Airport: (from left) Dave Lyon treasurer and dogged worker, Ginny Baggott, assistant secretary and general help, Rod Olsen, the Kiwi whiz-kid, Bob Leonard of "Bob Rogers-Stuart" fame, Virginia Angove, willing and ever-amiable secretary, Festering Pastit, our even-tempered, well-liked chairman, Tom Cox, roving ambassador, Helga Campbell, who worked as hard as anybody in the last weeks, Roger Medcalf, sometime scribe and another member of the "Bob Rogers-Stuart" trio and Sophie Chu, now Mrs. Noble, our printer-charmer.

A story that must be told, but not necessarily read **Mouthings over months of madness**

Just for the record Interhash '78 was first taken seriously at the beginning of April '77, (around about the 1st in fact) when several Kowloon Hash members instructed their scribe to write a letter to every Hash in the World.....just like that!!!!!!

Typically this first circular wasn't even dated but then when you think about it, it's bloody marvelous it was even written! And it was posted to thirty odd addresses from which (surprise, surprise) a couple of replies were forthcoming within the month.

That was the clinch of the matter - because several hashes took that first missive seriously KH3's scribe duly formed up in front of his G'M' and Interhash '78 was hatched.

KH3's G.M., 'Westering' Parfitt said he'd chair a committee, Stuart 'McTool' said he'd scribe for it and Peter Wankinson said he'd Sec' for it. But it was felt that KH3 couldn't hope to control this beast on their lone-some so Hong Kong Hash and the Ladies Hash were asked to chip in.

Then H4's treasurer said he'd lend his banking experience to the committee; Roger Medcalf said he'd throw his bit in and two ladies, the Misses Chu

and Morrow, said they'd print and type respectively.

No one could remember a time when select members of all three Hashes in Hongkore had got together before - let alone soberly and there wasn't even a slanging match (usually plenty of healthy internecine warfare goes on). But on Friday 13th November, 1977 the Interhash Committee met for the first time (and the last time as a whole) to start the ball rolling.

The scene at Kai Tak Airport on the afternoon of Saturday 18th March appeared to set the seal on Interhash '78.

The uncommittee, or as many as could be mustered at that prime drinking time of 1 pm, had just completed their final meeting before Holy week and were assembled in the waiting hall to greet the first arrivals.

The Happy Hash from Sandakan was reportedly due in on CX999 at 3 pm - the first of the overseas visitors to Interhash whose movements had been plotted.

The matronly ladies reps on the Committee draped themselves beneath the Hash banner, their male counterparts playing supporting roles and Interhash Cash even brought along the children as if to plead his innocence.

BUT, unbelievably the powers that

be had redesigned the airport exit into several exits that very week giving arriving passengers the chance to escape unwanted clutches.

So we waited....and no one came! know the feeling?

The next day the undaunted few of yesterday's welcoming Committee returned to the airport - and met Hashmen. Eureka! For the next week the forced smiles were there at the exits but still many slipped through unnoticed.

A recurrent theme during Interhash '78 was that the organisation was just not Hash. It did become obvious to just about every visitor to Hong Kong that some modicum of that dirty word was necessary - especially those that arrived unsung (and mostly unheralded to)

And we couldn't be slanged for being blind either. One Hashman arriving on some unscheduled flight or other had the misfortune to be wearing a SUIT.

When we began to find out where all the wandering Hashmen were, all true blue, we had to find a way to make 'T' shirts, tankards and literature available to them. Originally the Hong Kong Tourist Information Service offered to help dispense these things at the airport but they closed after normal office hours and so weren't much use.

Then a Hong Kong Island Hashman said he knew someone in the China Fleet Club, Wanchai, who would lend us a room and telephone. Simultaneously a Kowloon man commandeered the Kangaroo Club in Tsim Sha Tsui and we suddenly had our two headquarters without any letters or red tape at all. Such is the Hash.

With most of the multitude occupying hotels on Kowloon side the Kangaroo Club became something of a nerve (un-nerving) centre and on that very first night of popularity with the Hash we drank the place dry. The more complicated decisions were therefore made over in the quieter Fleet Club.

Dissemination? You may well ask. Only as the heroes arrived like locusts on Africa's Horn, did the need for news media and information arise. Previously we had thought of printing millions of posters in both English and Australian and sending out spare hashmen with a bucket of glue and a brush to plaster the town. For some reason this was decided not to be 'Hash' and the idea was dropped. One wonders why the whole idea of Interhash '78 was not considered 'unhash' after that. Anyone contemplating the idea of organizing an Interhash in the future should note that publicity was the biggest obstacle to getting this thing off the ground. Maybe that is why it was boycotted by one illustrious Hash.

I digress. The following tale is often told of a member of that Hash who came out of the Ulu and went on his first run with his new found friends. In good Hash spirit he finished the course - long after dark - with aching thighs and anxious thirst, to find that his allocation was one tinned ale. Then, just to add injury to insult, a lean streak of piss came up and said "If you can't run faster than that you needn't come again" - a message more suited to a massage parlour. Which is where he went and where he spent his Mondays and monies ever since.

Very bureaucratic sheets with instructions on each run were hastily brought out by the hares and those that weren't used as bog paper, gave visiting Hashmen some idea of what they were in for. But what was needed it was felt, was a broad sheet. Its publication was left very late as more facts came to light, like where the buses would be waiting and what time ferries would leave. The decision to go ahead and print, two days before the event, was disastrous and the triumvirate, Bob Rogers-Stuart, (You didn't think a bloke would have a name like that did you?) never recovered.

As told elsewhere, long evening hours spent pouring over appalling copy and quaffing ales eventually produced a miraculous 8 page edition of brilliant smut. One of the following mornings it was put to bed with a not so reputable local rag and, would you credit it? they refused to print. We found out when we went to proof read, the finished product that evening. The press boss reckoned it was vile, filthy, depraved and contravened the law anyway. It was a case of edit or be damned and so a much expurgated version on four sheets, eventually came out. THAT was unhash!

Wither wankers? What was Hash? was asked in the first edition of the Hash House Herald, a newsheet that not only died an unnatural death before the Unconvention had ended, but left so many copies in the hands of the idiots that they had been wiping their asses with them ever since.

It is many months since the invasion of Hong Kong took place and memories are fading fast - memories of the trivia but also of the gut-feeling that something quite healthy in Hashing, had happened at Interhash '78.

But what, whatever, wherefor? Now is the time to refute the prophets of doom, gainay the naysayers and wank off the winky-wankers. Wherefore goes Interhash? Does it have a future?



On a Sunday evening during Interhash in a bistro off Arse Nal Street, a meeting was called to discuss just that and in the euphoria of the movement it was decided unanimously that Interhashes should be held every two years - and that the First Interhash Committee should be responsible for stirring up in the next one and deciding - if there were competing bids - which Hash should host Interhash 80. The meeting favoured Malaysia, Indonesia, Taiwan and the Philippines as the most suit-

able locales.

The mind boggles at the possibilities for the next meet. The first Interhash was tainted with colonial unoriginality but the prospect of freer and easier Interhashes lovingly created in the lush meadows of Midura or the bayous of Baguio might add lustre to the proceedings. It is perhaps a pity that the urbane needs of the Hash animal demand a fair-sized metropolis to harbour them and an adequate air service to ferry them. This puts paid to such favoured sports as Ranau (what about a run up the mountain) or Rawa Island, Diamantina and the Drongo Heights.

The future of Interhash lies not in such UnHash activities as publicity campaigns but simply in the finding of a site for 1980. One of the most attractive suggestions that have come to light is that of using a railway network. The trans-Siberian would take too long and the Shinkansen cost too much. But in Indonesia, Malaysia and Taiwan, there are fine networks, that like gentle Nell, might do the trick. There are probably more.

Why not a water system? That mysterious Rawa Island creeps to mind with runs also at Mering and the Mandal Swamps. The average Hashman does not exist as everyone is an exception - see Rule 6 - but they are deployed throughout the world and some must surely have bright ideas. What price an A to B run with camels as the transport back? Or of spot of orienteering out of the famous Orient Hotel.

One threat that hung over Interhash 78 was the omniscient female and the clash with the underprivileged male. The outcome was a true Hash compromise proving that it might be said that it takes liquorice to make the world. The wide-eyed cuddle of the Friday night and the shirt-shifting sheila of the Monday bus spring to mind. Many were the debates and discussions over the status of women at Interhash 78 - and may there be more to come (we add hopefully) - but the answer is an enigma or a variation thereon.

The Interhash Unconvention is here to stay, we think. It will evolve, changed in subtle or dramatic ways by each individual committee. The first committee has no right obviously, to influence later Interhashes. Its job finishes the moment the Interhash 80 committee is selected and the surplus money collected at Interhash 78 turned over.

There can be no doubt, given the tremendous spirit that electrified the atmosphere at the China Fleet Club, that Interhash has become an irrevocable part of Hashing.

What the world's press had to say

Los Angeles Times, Oct. 16, 1977

'HASHING IS JOGGING RUN AMOK'

BY LINDA MATHEWS
Times Staff Writer

HONG KONG - It is dusk, and the tycoons and bankers who run this British colony from their snug villas atop Victoria Peak have settled down to their gin and tonics.

Suddenly the stillness of Hong Kong's best neighborhood is shattered by a dozen men, hot, sweating and out of breath, who burst from a thicket of trees. One spies a telltale chalk mark, grabs a battered bugle hanging at his side and sounds a short blast. Amid shouts of "On, on," they disappear down a shadowy lane between the mansions.

Soon, several dozen more men, equally disheveled, come crashing through the brush, examine the ground and take off in hot pursuit.

Despite the commotion, this noisy crew rates hardly a second glance from the denizens of the Peak. Like nearly everyone else in Hong Kong, the tycoons know it's only the local chapter of the Hash House Harriers, Asia's oldest and most eccentric sports club, off on its weekly run over the toughest terrain available.

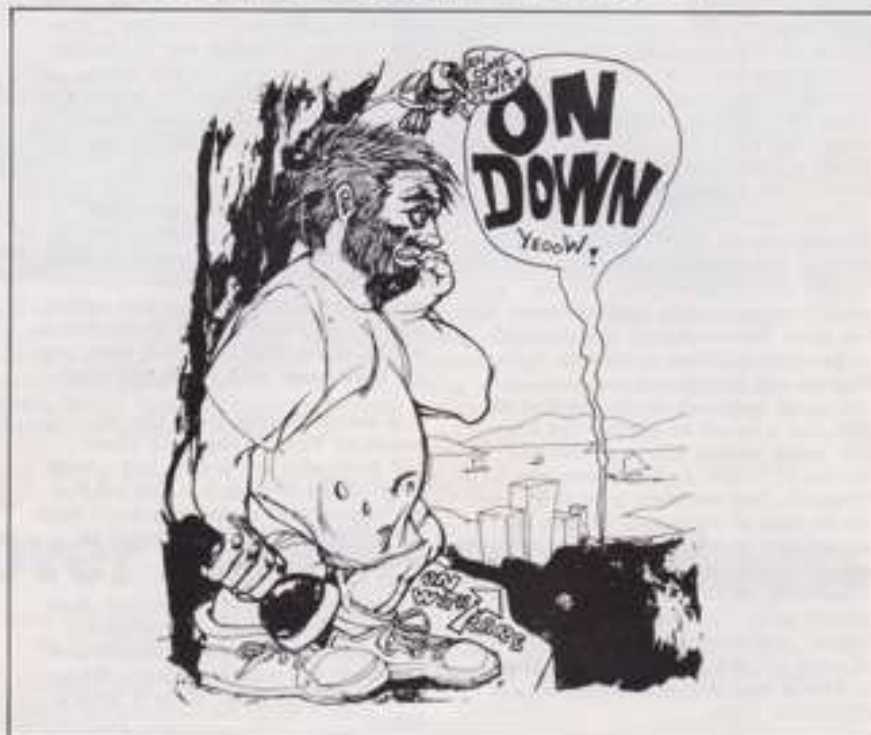
From Seoul to Sarawak, Asia has more than 60 chapters dedicated to "hashing," a combination of jogging and steeplechasing that often takes its adherents sprinting past rice paddies, wading through swamps and cutting through jungles.

Hashing, says a former practitioner, "is jogging run amok."

Most "hashers", as the members are called, join for the physical conditioning to be gained from weekly runs that average five miles each. But in the anticompulsive spirit that has become the hasher's trademark, they also insist that just as important as the exercise is the beer wagon that always waits at the finish line.

"We're just a bunch of fellows who run occasionally to develop a good thirst," Brian Angove, secretary of the Hong Kong chapter, said.

Trevor Hewitt, a British civil servant, agreed. "That's right," he said, "obviously, if there were no run, we wouldn't get much of a



turnout. But if there were no beer, there'd be fewer still."

The club got its start, and its name, nearly 40 years ago in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. An Australian named A.S. Gispert decided to sweat off the excesses of his weekends by running every Monday night around the padang, the huge open park and athletic ground that is one of the city's landmarks.

The running actually did Gispert little good, for he always ended the evening with several rounds of cold beer at a Chinese eatery called the Hash House.

Soon, however, several of Gispert's drinking buddies began to join him for the running as well as the beer. When the padang became too confining the group took to running through the Malaysian countryside.

The Hash House's enterprising owner, anxious to keep the harriers' business, followed the pack with a beer wagon and was always on hand to greet them at the finish line.

Gispert, remembered in hashing annals as "short and rather rotund," gave the club the tone that prevails

today. C.H. Lee, one of the founding members, recalls that Gispert "wasn't an athlete, and stress was laid as much on the subsequent refreshment as on the pure and austere running... Life was then conservative rather than competitive."

World War II halted the club's activities. Gispert died in the battle for Singapore. The club was revived after the war by Torch Bennett, who won reparations from the Japanese to replace club property destroyed in the fighting - 24 beer mugs and a bugle used to summon the runners.

Hashing was confined to Kuala Lumpur until 1962, when a member moved to Singapore and set up a chapter there. Other branches followed and today there are 20 clubs in Malaysia, 15 in Australia, 9 in Indonesia and at least one in every major Asian city outside mainland China.

Old Asia hands have taken hashing home with them. Clubs have been set up as far afield as Switzerland, Bahrain and North Little Rock, Ark. No one knows exactly how many branches there are - hashers aren't that organized - but it is believed that there are at least three others in the United States: in Washington, D.C., Boston and Philadelphia.

Hashing is easily transported because its principles are simple, a variation on the old British game of hare and hounds. Two "hares" set the course on the afternoon of the run, marking the trail with shredded newspapers or, in urban areas with anti-littering ordinances, with flour or chalk. The "hounds," the other runners, follow it.

To confuse the hounds and prolong the exercise, the hares deliberately set a few false trails. At key junctures, the trail may diverge in three or four directions, forcing the front runners to explore each path until they find the main trail. As soon as a lead hound knows he's back on course, he signals the rest of the pack by shouting, "on, on," and the others pick up the cry.

Because competition is forbidden, no one keeps track of who finishes first or what their times were. Even wayward hashers who return from vacations 10 pounds overweight feel no hesitation about joining the pack.

The only criticism is reserved for what Ian Campbell, a Canadian architect, calls "SCBs," in hash parlance, "short-cutting bastards."

"There are always a few who can stick their noses in the air and tell immediately where the beer wagon is," Campbell, the grand master, or presiding officer, of the Hong Kong chapter, said with a trace of scorn.

Even in clubs as large as Hong Kong's, which has 150 members, almost all the runners can finish the course in an hour, if there are no mishaps. The problem is that usually there are.

A sudden downpour can wipe out a trail, forcing hashers to find their way home after dark as best they can. More than one harrier has had to spend the night in the boondocks, huddled under a ledge or in a cave, to the delight of his brethren.

It's not always funny. A few years ago, an army regiment had to be deployed to search the environs of Kuala Lumpur for several stragglers who had failed to return up 24 hours after a run.

In 40 years of hashing, only one fatality has been recorded. Last year, the Taipei club lost a man who slipped over a waterfall while setting a course. But there have been many close calls.

Kit Villiers, a charter member of the Seoul club, once fell into a manure pit and nearly drowned. It took six washings in a local farmer's well to get him clean. And last year, a Hong Kong harrier skidded down a hillside and landed on top of a king cobra.



Temporarily disoriented, the man picked up the snake and ran off to show it to the other runners. "He claimed it chased him," Campbell recalled.

Another pack ran into trouble when it detoured, by accident, through a stream where several Malay maidens were bathing in the nude. The girls screamed, and their menfolk took off after the hashers with their bush knives flashing.

The hashers carry on under all circumstances, undaunted by wild animals, angry villagers or Communist insurrections. Not long ago, a group of harriers who, had lost its way ran through an insurgents' camp near the Thai-Malaysian border. The guerrillas were too startled to reach for their guns. And the harriers, good citizens all, didn't stop running until they found a military patrol and reported their discovery.

Despite the hazards, the harriers have never lacked for members. The Hong Kong chapter is so oversubscribed that Alfred Kleindienst, a Dow Chemical Co. economist and son of former Atty. Gen. Richard G. Kleindienst, has been on the waiting list for six months and doesn't expect his name to come up for another year.

The harriers welcome all races and nationalities, but find that Europeans and Australians far outnumber the Asians in their ranks.

"The Chinese are just too serious-minded for us," a Hong Kong member said.

Women runners, no matter how able, are shunted off to a women's auxiliary, the Hash House Harriets. The ostensible reason for the segregation is that women can't run as far or as fast, but there may be some misogyny involved.

"The club constitution clearly states that dogs, women and other pets are not permitted on runs," an Australian growled. The women, for their part, bridle at the suggestion that they're not as good. "Every time the men and women have a joint run, some of us finish far ahead of the men," Cynthia Chin, a Hong Kong Harriet, said.

Most Hong Kong Hashers are so devoted to the club that they run rain or shine, even when typhoon warnings are hoisted and sensible citizens are quaking indoors. What brings them out every Monday, they say, is the camaraderie plus the chance to escape the pressures of business. "I look forward to this all week," Phil Kirkland, an Australian executive, said. "This is the only place in Hong Kong where people don't talk business." Others suggest that if you want a reason for the popularity of hashing, you need look no further than the club's motto: "If you've half a mind to join the hash, that's all you need."

UNHARRIED HARRIERS ARE HASHING IT UP

By S. KARENE WITCHER

Special to the Asian Wall Street Journal

HONG KONG- In crowded Kai Tak Airport, two young women holding a red banner emblazoned with "Interhash" anxiously scrutinize a group of arriving passengers.

"No one looks 'hash-ish' " one says regretfully to the other. "How does one look hashish?" a bystander asks. "Oh, they just come streaking out," she giggles.

The two were waiting for members of the Hash House Harriers, a club with chapters throughout Asia and in Australia, Britain, Europe and the U.S. dedicated to the art of "Hashing" - a hodge-podge of jogging, mountain-climbing, steeple-chasing and beer guzzling.

This week anywhere from 300 to 700 persons are making tracks to Hong Kong for the first-ever Hash House Harriers Interhash Unconvention. The first delegates to land in Hong Kong came five days before the activities were actually scheduled to begin. They came from a Sandakan Hash chapter in Sabah, Malaysia, - or at least that's what the welcoming committee thought.

The greeters were members of the Hong Kong Ladies Hash and they expected 35 or so runners sometimes that day, but nobody knew exactly when or on what flight. An hour and a half later, the first Hashers approached the girls and eventually about 15 showed up. The girls breathed a sign of relief.

"We came out here yesterday with this banner and our Hash T-shirts and a photographer," one of them say. "And nobody ever came. Some of the newcomers, however, reported that part of their delegation did arrive the day before. "Maybe somebody did come," says Frank Tainsh, a Hong Kong Hasher and one of the organizing committee members on hand. "We don't know."

Planning is a weak suit. Through Friday, members of Hong Kong's three Hash clubs - Hong Kong, Kowloon and the Ladies - will be on duty at the airport to welcome delegates, even though many visitors haven't notified the local club of the times of their arrivals or even the date.

Indeed, the Hash prides itself on doing the impromptu and stakes its reputation on disorganization. And this latest undertaking promises to do nothing less than enhance that tradition.

There's some confusion among the members of the sponsoring Hashes as to who actually came up with the idea of trying to bring together Hashes



"Reminds me of someone I know."

from all over the world. Some say that two Kowloon Hashers thought of doing it two years ago and others believe the idea "just generated itself." "Two years ago, we thought we could get it going," says Barry Griffin, a six-year veteran of the Kowloon chapter and one of the original proponents of the Interhash. "We approached the Pong Kong Hash thinking we could get it organized in six months. Six months later, they were still discussing it." At any rate, the notion took hold and last May circulars went out from Hong Kong to overseas Hash chapters. To date, the local Hash has received close to 8,000 in entry fees, at \$10 a clip, from Hashers as far away as Bahrain, Britain, Tokyo and Washington, D.C.

The entry fees will go towards offsetting expenditures for this three-day extravaganza that are expected to re-

ached \$26,000, Mr. Tainsh says, and a great portion of that will go into liquid assets-beer.

"We're a social club, not a sporting club," he adds. "That's where a lot of people make their mistake." Creating a Monster?

"The running is just an excuse for drinking," one member says. "The more you run, the more you can drink."

Finding a place in crowded Hong Kong for about 700 visitors and 100 local Hashers to run presents some logistical problems. Hong Kong mightn't seem the ideal setting for such a meet, given its limited land area, but the Hash here is determined somehow to cope with the numbers. "The idea of physically moving" all those people "was frightening," Mr. Griffin says. "We thought for a while it was a monster getting out of hand."









Dave Walker of KH3



Winterbottom Summerset





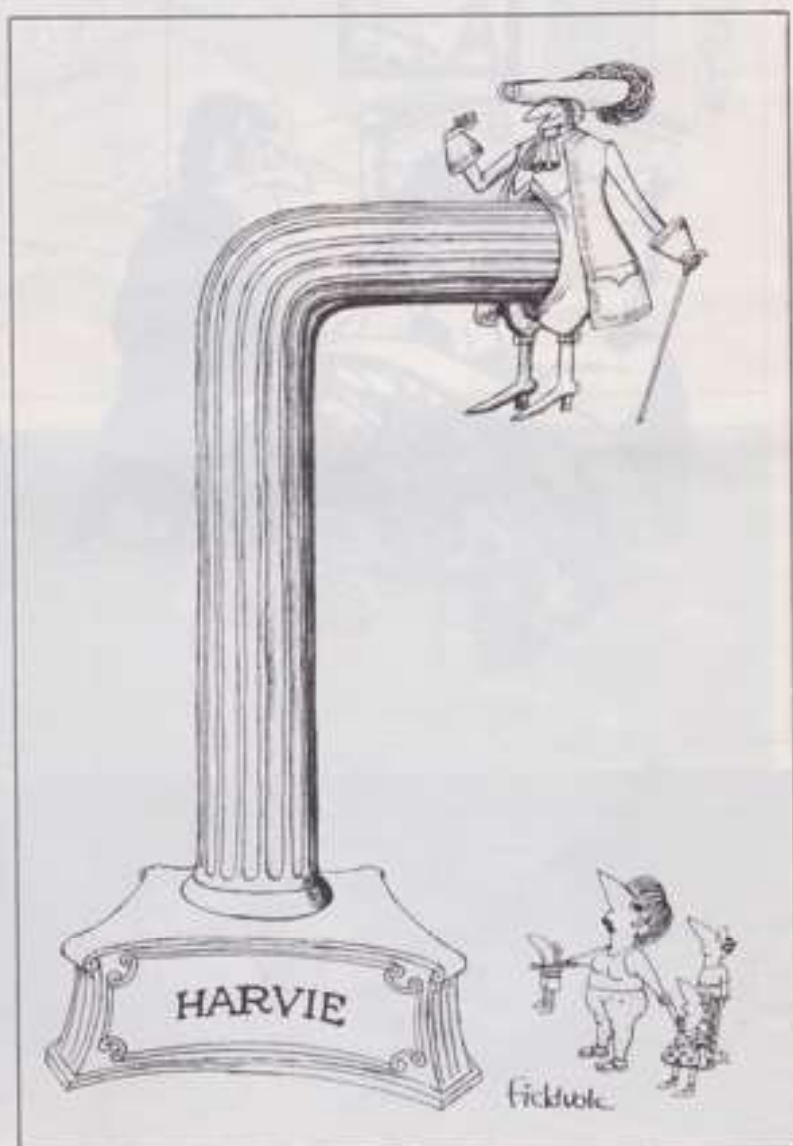


CHINESE BLOW JOB!











Trevor Hewitt of H4







An aftermort posthashem

PORT VILLA HASH writes:

Nobody could describe the Interhash Unconvention '78 as anything but a success. What appeared to the casual observer to be a complete shambles was in fact a highly and expertly organised shambles - something only the Hash could do! A hell of a lot of time (something like 12 months) and effort went into the (dis) organisation and it is a pity that the complete (dis) organisation prevented just tribute being given. In spite of the numbers the true Hash spirit both during the runs and after at the On Ons, was always in evidence, and the traditions never forgotten. Some new innovations have crept in but few detrimental to the original concept.

Those from Villa Hash should have benefited greatly from the experience and we hope this will eventually percolate through to the less fortunate. They should have noted that even with 150 pounds on one trail checks can be made to work and turn the pack around completely, giving everyone a chance to see what a check looks like. They should also have realised that with well marked trails it is not necessary for the hare to run with the pack and act as "guide". The "calling" on the runs was something to curdle the blood of most New Hebrideans, but nevertheless a tradition that is as old as the Hash and one that is essential in keeping

the pack together.

The Hash has grown from traditions, not rules. These traditions have survived 40 years. It is up to those who attended Interhash to see that these traditions are maintained and propagated.

Salutations and Congratulations for a well-organised and successful Unconvention.

Thanks for a good time and see you in '80.

HAPPY HASHING.
ON ON.

Mike Reeve
GRAND MASTER

On behalf of the Balikpapan Hash House Harriers, I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone on the Interhash '78 Committee for their efforts in organising the first International Hash Unconvention. It was only through your efforts, as well as those of Swire Travel and Cathay Pacific Airways, that made Interhash '78 the huge success that it was.

When I was in Hong Kong, there was some talk that Interhash '78 was in some financial trouble. If this is the case, please let us know and the Balikpapan Hash will do what we can to help defray some of the expenses of Interhash '78. Once again thanks to everyone for a truly

memorable Hash weekend.

John O. Edwards
Grand Master, BH-3

May I on behalf of the Tawau Hash House Harriers, express our gratitude and thanks for a well organised (disorganised?) run in Hong Kong, over the Easter weekend.

Our Hashers who attended, were full of praise of your hard work and dedication to success, in spite of the multifarious problems associated with handling some 900 odd, disorganised sweaty, swearing, drunken, loud mouthed hashers. The Tawau Hash group thoroughly enjoyed themselves nevertheless, and look forward to another Interhash.

We would also specially wish to thank via this letter, Tom Campbell, of Hong Kong Bank, (the local Irish rep. of the IRA!) an ex-Tawau Hasher, now one of your members, for his kind hospitality in seeing to his ex-colleagues in Tawau Hash and tolerating the barbaric onslaught on the Campbell household and his liquor stock, and the long suffering Mrs. Campbell, who again had to witness a raid on her house, and sanity, after having though she had finally got rid of the buggers, when she left Tawau!

Finally, once again Thank you, and may the HH & KH have many goods runs and enjoyable On! On's!

A bit of concern in Kuala Lumpur

This letter to the Editor was published in the Asian Wall Street Journal on April 14, 1978:

The interesting article which appeared in your March 23 edition regarding the Hash House Harriers caused a bit of concern to those of us associated with the Kuala Lumpur Hash.

As a start, we beg to point out that the affair in Hong Kong, "Interhash '78" as it called, wasn't the first Hash get-together, either conventional or otherwise. We in Kuala Lumpur have been hosting international Hashing events since our 1,000th run back in 1966. Our most recent "convention" was held last July to celebrate our 1,717th run. This three day affair attracted about 450 Harriers from various Hashes in the world. The singular, and in our view, disappointing feature distinguishing the Hong Kong affair was that it required visitors to pay entry and other fees. To our knowledge, this was the first time that visiting Harriers had to pay for their own beer.

Secondly, your reporter was misinformed about the origins of the Hash. The correct story, as recorded by Mr. Cecil Lee, one of the founders, is that Mr. Gispert was indeed English, not Australian. The original Hash House was not a Chinese eatery but, rather, the affectionate name given to the Selangor Club

Chambers, a dormitory wherein resided a number of bachelors and others temporarily separated from their wives. The food served in the Chamber's mess was described as "undistinguished" - hence the name.

Mr. Gispert didn't begin the Hash by running "around a city park", either. The Hash is, in reality, a recreation of the game of Hare and Hounds which had been known wherever Englishmen were in residence. Records show Harrier groups existing in Malaysia as far back as 1927.

The Hash House Harriers grew to its present size due to its basic philosophy (i.e., there is none) and rather rapid turn over of expatriates in Kuala Lumpur after the 1950s. It is strictly non-competitive and, in the pure form oriented toward good fellowship rather than the athletics. We lack organization but aren't disorganized.

On September 23, we in Kuala Lumpur shall celebrate our Fortieth Anniversary. Your reporter would be most welcome to join us on that day or any other. The running and beer are always plentiful.

Peter B. LaPorte
Hon. Secretary
Hash House Harriers

Kuala Lumpur

Footnote:

Original held by 'wee hash things' (**John Hastings**, UK) who joined Kowloon H3 in 1978.

Hand carried by 'coalman' (**John Arnold**) from KH3 reunion, London, 29-30 Jul 2017. delivered to **squatta** at manila airport 01 Aug 2017.

Scanned copy sent by **squatta** to **Neil Campbell**, hash house foundation webmaster
webmaster@thehashhouse.org 20 Aug 2017.

(pagination jumps from 22 to 27. original staple is in place, so perhaps this is printers error.)



Original Interhash Committee:

Left to Right, Barry Griffin, Wes Parfitt, Stuart McDouall, Roger Medcalf

Photo credit: **dances with dogs**. *sunset on the empire hash hong kong 1997* magazine.

(Reformatted and resized to A4 pdf and uploaded on 21 August 2017)