

INTERHASH NEWS

- 1 Mid Oct/Mid Nov 85 Himalayan Hash Trek.
- 2 7 Dec 85 Kampar H3 363 run.
- 3 28-31 March 1986 INTERHASH 86, Pattaya Beach, Thailand.

We published an INTERHASH registration form recently - please hand it to Rajiv with a \$50 deposit if you are going.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS DUE

Very soon we will publish the SHIT LIST of those idle buggers who have not bothered to pay their subs for September to November quarter. See Margaret with the money and avoid all your friends knowing what you are really like.

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RUN NO. 148, 13 September 85  
HARES: Sally and Alan Barnes.  
LOCATION: Singapore Boys Home, Clementi Road.  
SCRIBE: Peter Jenkin.

Not that I was meant to be scribe, but our designated scribe failed to come up with the goods, on some feeble excuse, so here I am scratching my head trying to remember 2 weeks back. And for someone who has trouble remembering where he put his drink down, that is a problem.

I remember enough to say it was the "something old, something new, and something blue" run. The something new was the Ngee Ann Poly, which we ran through from the start, and the something old was the old Singapore - Kampongs, jungle, etc that awaited us later. The blue was the air round your scribe when he got himself lost towards the end of the run - silly bugger.

We crossed the PIE heading north, and after some housing areas, there was the jungle etc and the good old railway that I always rick my ankles on. Afraid I can't remember the early checks - more about the last check later. We must have crossed Upper Bukit Timah Road somewhere, but that is lost in the mists of time. Then in the jungle again, with the merry sound of rifles cracking from the rifle range. I guess we must have got that far by coming around the north of Bukit Timah. Going south on a narrow road just west of the range, a few of us tail end runners met that twit Woolford running the other way, saying the trail was not that way, it must head across the top of the range. So we all went along, in the face of evidence that most of the pack had decided to go the way he spurned, so there must have been something there. Next time I will trust myself, not other gits. After wasting 15 minutes or so looking for a trail that was manifestly not there, we ran back to the south, and found the trail about 50 yards beyond MW's turnback point. However in thus castigating the mini pack that ran the wrong way, it must be remarked that it was one hell of a check that led us astray; a

backcheck that infringed the rules on distance from check to trail. So south under the PIE, and across Bukit Timah Road and along beside the railway station. The hares must be public transport enthusiasts. The last check was on the railway line, and the trail evidently led up over a grassy hill back towards Clementi Road. When the checkers failed to find it, I ran back to Bukit Timah Road, and home on the roads, one small pack was heading along the Jurong branch of the railway; and the checkers were still checking. I made it back in about an hour and twenty, as far as I can recall, in the dark. Fortunately the beer had not run out.

The on-on was on site, Mr. Ho's fish and chips. With some of that inside me, I thought I had enjoyed the run, except for that second last check. So thanks to the hares!

ps. If the designated scribe does come up with the story of this run, it will be interesting to see what she thought of the checks!

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#### HASH TRASH

You have all heard about English humour, haven't you, about how subtle and elegant it is. Here is a recent example.

Q: Why is there always a bucket of shit at an Aussie wedding?

A: To keep the flies off the bride.

Q: What is the difference between an Aussie and a bucket of shit?

A: The bucket.

Anything those Pommy bastards can do, I can do worse. Did you hear about the Pommy who promised his newly wed bride 12 inches? He fucked her 12 times.

And number 12 was an anniversary present.

## Organ replant man passes the 'test'

SYDNEY, Tues. — An Australian man who had micro-surgery to rejoin his penis which was allegedly cut off by a jealous lover said yesterday he successfully tried it out on a prostitute.

Mr Leitu Fiso of Belmore, a Sydney suburb, said he enjoyed the "test" very much.

He said the penis worked perfectly although he suffered some pain.

The micro-surgeon who performed the operation said it was slightly more difficult than sewing on a finger.

Mr Fiso is the first man in Australia to have undergone a successful penis replant. — UPI.

(The young lady said it was a wonderful sensation, probably due to the fact that they had sewn it on upside down.)