



30 YEARS OF HASHING 1981 TO 2011



Dolebludger

Layup

Monty

Radar

Twintub

Whammy

RIP—Ordinary

who also joined in 1981

Similar notices were published in the 20 and 25 year commemorations for these six Hashers.

**30 YEARS OF HASHING
1981 TO 2011
Dolebludger, Layup, Monty, Radar, Twintub, Whammy**

LAYUP THE EARLY DAYS

Brengun, my illustrious brother, the one who won Shit of the Year in 2000, for shitting in my Woolloongabba Garden whilst I was out, introduced me to Hash in November 1981.

I was playing basket ball at the time and he kept pestering me for months, "come to Hash, just once. We run around the streets at night, about 100 of us, and yell out **on-on**. It is a lot of fun!" Just imagine what I thought, having never heard of Hash. (What a bunch of fools).

My first run was from the Copper Kettle Hotel, Holland Park, it was November 1981 and we had a heat wave. The course was hilly, it was a long hard run. What an introduction.!

Then came the On-On. GM "**Rip van Winkle**" was a better short cutter than **Snappy Tom**, and a real front man in the Circle. The circle was more to my liking with the crowd listening to their GM (please note, they used to show respect in those days) and was very entertaining.. The food was pub food on trays, it look ok but I never saw any as the **seagulls** took over the food, grabbing hands full of hot food in asbestos hands. I had nothing to eat that night.

So after my first run and meeting such people as **Rip van Winkle, Snappy Tom, JC, Brown Eye, Kuntri, Cream Puff, Orgasm, Louis the Fly I, Porno (the famous)** I was hooked, so I kept coming. I even mastered the art of the Seagull in a few weeks.

Memorable occasions which spring immediately to mind. The "Team Trot" fun runs, from 1982 to 1984. On one occasion, only 20M behind the finishing line, **Rip van Winkle** had a trailer backed up with a keg on board, handing out pots as we came over the finish line. It was a Sunday and I remember getting home at 3am on the Monday, via the Brekky Creek, where birds were picked up, then on to **Rip's** Spring Hill residence.

The 600th Run at the GPS boat sheds and the "catering Affair" (ask **Monty**).

The 700th Run on Moreton, getting a root and **Covenry** rolling into the fire, pissed. Several Noosa Australia Day long weekend camps. Getting a root, showering with the Harriettes in communal showers, the general fun and games on those weekends.

InterHash 1984 in Sydney. Meeting one of the origi-

nal Hash founders, "**Horse Thompson**". Getting a root. **Radar** in the Down-Downs

InterHash 1986 at Pataya Beach, Thailand. The interesting runs, the local colour. The bars and the bar girls.

InterHash 1988 in Bali. The runs in particular were the best Hash runs I have ever done. The entertainment. The availability of Harriettes and female tourists.

All those years of AGPU's. The debauchery. The live on stage roots. Four in all.

The annual Ballsup. Always a great event. Hash men behalving themselves (sort of).

The Hash Stagers. Some immediately spring to mind. The Punk Stagger. We started out with 200 people and ended up with about 210. We somehow accumulated some real punks on the way and managed to get included in wedding photos at the Roma St forum.

Nash Hash was invented at the Gold Coast in 1985. The one in 1987 on central coast of NSW and 1991 in Launceston, Tasmania kept up the tradition. Some "interesting" activities to say the least, occurred.

The numerous animal acts by leading animals like **Kuntri** and **Coventry** insured against a dull moment.

The special commemorative runs used to be large and well attended Hash events. There was Moreton Island, mentioned earlier where many got a root and **Coventry** rolled into the fire asleep. Then the Samford Valley camp where we managed to kill a prize cow and run up a bill of \$600. **Brengun** was GM at the time. Remember the white coats brigade at the annual Ball!! More **Brengun** debts. The incoming committee inherited a bill of \$600 for a cow, \$400 for white coat hire and carried the lost \$600 cash from a Xmas cocktail party. Poor **Twintub** was incoming GM and required the whole year to pay it all off.

The Brookfield Camp for the 900th where a certain Harriette was rooted in full view of everyone between the parked cars and **Mudguard** up-ended a bin of horse shit on **Kuntri** and he never found out who did it.

The list goes on. Will I have another 20 years of Hashing? Well I am going to try!

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Update after 30 Years

Well another five years and I have reached 30 in BHHH. When I joined Brisbane Hash **Monty** was running good marathon times, I did my first marathon soon after and even ran London Marathon with **Brengun**. There was always an upcoming event to attend with Interhash, Nash Hash and commemorative runs for BHHH. I attended Interhash in KL in 1998 and Hobart in 2000. Recently there was Nash Hash in Hobart in 2011. We celebrated our 2000th run in 2008. Gradually we all showed those aging signs. Running not so far and not so fast. Drinking more piss and gaining some weight. Gradually it was noted some had passed sixty years. Brengun founded the "Over Sixty" Chapter and those numbers began to swell. As at 18/11/11 there are about 60 over sixty members with regular dinners for admission of new members on their birthdays.

With the sad passing of **Bluevein**, **Snot**, **Ordinary** and recently **Licker** we have entered that period in the human life cycle.

Hash has never become boring. Monday nights are sacred. What else would you do on a Monday night? Sit at home watch TV and get fatter?

For a bunch of 60+ old farts we are doing pretty well and I look forward to more years of Hashing.

On-On Layup

MONTY'S MEMORIES FROM 20 YEARS OF BH3

It was all a big mistake. A 55 year old athlete, (**John Jeffcoat**) that I was training with, suggested I should join BH3 to get some speed training.

I turned up as a young 40 year old with my wife and two little girls at the Newmarket Hotel, expecting half a dozen athletes and a 30 minute sprint.

My wife quickly adjourned to the safety of the lounge, leaving me with the pack of 50 dubious looking characters.

Not knowing the ropes I tucked in behind front runner '**Bugs**' and cruised over the course coming in right on his shoulder. – Ah! Those were the days!

GM '**Rip Van winkle**' made me most welcome and, as I drank my first beer 'too fast', gave me a second, followed by a third, this time for being 'too slow'.

Thereafter I left the wife and children at home and managed to get some excellent speed training with the FRT's

By now I realised that **Embryo** had lied, and the Club was for drinkers who liked a jog rather than Runners who enjoyed a drink.

As I had some acquaintances who were heavy drinkers, I invited them along thinking they would enjoy themselves.

Kimbies was the first, soon to be followed by **Blewvain**, **Skullcave**, **Hangman**, **Shorttime**, **Grewsum**, **Pavarotti**, **Kreepy Krawler**, **Cavity Prick**, **Kneepads** and others.

I must apologize for most of these introductions, but at least Blewvain was good value. Sadly he did not follow my good example and drank to excess and died. Pity it was not **Kimbies**.

Whilst the body is now trying hard to reject the running side of Hashing, it is moving quickly to accepting the more social activities.

With the likes of **Embryo** and **Snot** as role models, I expect to have many more years of enjoyable Hashing, even if my days as a FRT are long gone.

Update for 30 years

Monty 2006-2011

Well my first 25 years Hashing was a blast. The times since then have seen a huge shift. I have gained a whole new group of friends.

Once I used to run with hounds like **Bugs**, **MOT**, **Tarjay**, **Grewsom** and **Even Fenton**. I now find myself with a much more laid back group which includes **Twin Tub**, **Whorator**, **RTB**, **Embryo** and **Fang**. I have time to smell the roses and listen to the numerous jokes.

I had reached the stage where the only joints that did anything for me were the ones I rolled myself.

It was time for a wheel chair but the one I choose had the wheels fore and aft. It took me to the Perth Interhash and then on around Oz.

Back in Brissie, Whale and myself started the new chapter of the Brisbane Hash called the "Half way round the pub hash." We never actually ran half way but short cutted and ran the shortest way to the nearest door.

The group has been growing fast with ageing members rushing to enjoy the 'crack' in the bar and only occasionally venturing outside to support the ON ON.

I had left the Hash for a while, when I could not enjoy the running any more, but I returned because I missed the camaraderie of my friends of many years. I hope

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you will all remain with the group many years after the legs fail. We have done our bit and I am prepared to accept criticism only from those who also have done their 50 Marathons and 1000 Brisbane Hash runs.

Why quit the wonderful world of Hash just because the legs have failed.

Gregarious extroverts like Brisbane Hashmen can go on enjoying the ambience of Hashing for many years. Get your disabled parking stickers from **Vaso** before he retires and we can all park at the Pub front door.

Fuck that running Bullshit. Look what it did for **Blew-vain, Snot, Ordinary** and now **Licker**.

On-On

Monty September 2011

WHAMMY'S MEMORIES FROM 20 YEARS OF BH3

The year was 1981 and I had just returned to Australia from Papua New Guinea having been deported for that most heinous of crimes "failing to activate the black box". It wasn't my fault. After four years with the Port Moresby HHH my fellow Hashmen decided that it was time for me to "get my wings". This in PNG talk meant screwing a local. So they lined me up with a dusky harriette, a carton of South Pacific and hoped nature would take it's course. Unfortunately the carton of S. P. took preference to nature and with a most unhappy dusky maiden screaming for my scalp (amongst other things) I decided to return to Australia.

Oh well! I thought, I'll join the Hash in Brisbane. I'd seen their performances at the previous Interhashes in Hong Kong and K.L. (most notably **Snappy Tom's** effort in Hong Kong) and they didn't appear to be a bad bunch. What I wasn't to know was that another former Port Moresby Hashman, "**Kuntri**" had also joined Brisbane and in the few months that he had been a member had proved that his Hash name described him nicely. Anyhow when **Kuntri** found out I was coming to town he told everyone who would listen (and you would have to be deaf not to hear the loud mouth bastard) that his "BEST MATE" was about to join Hash.

What an introduction. It took me months to convince suspicious hashmen that I was not a **Kuntri** clone and finally gain acceptance and even then, one Hashman, namely **J.C.** claimed that he had witnessed a vegetarian performance by me with the lovely Rose Chan (no relation to **Snappy**) at the Kuala Lumpur Interhash. Obviously **J.C.** was suffering from hallucinations at the time.

One of my first recollections of my new Hash was on a Saturday afternoon when I was having drinks around the pool of my unit with a couple of Hashmen, **Cowshit** and **Gash**. There was a lot of noise going on across the river at the boatshed. Then my flatmate "**Dipstick**" comes down and tells me she has received a phone call from some guy called **Radar** who had spotted us and was going to swim across from the boatshed to join us. He insisted that we have a cold one waiting. Shortly afterwards I see some idiot throw himself in the river and head towards us. After he had made his first few strokes, I said to **Cowshit** that this guy can't swim and that he'd be lucky to make it across. **Gash** remarked that the clown hadn't allowed for the outgoing tide and would probably be hauled out at North Quay. We weren't too concerned. After all we hardly knew the guy and there were plenty more good Hashmen around. About half an hour later a muddied **Radar** with beer glass in hand (no wonder he had an unorthodox swimming style) appears and demands sustenance.

Hashing just got better and .Over the past 20 years some old Hashmen have gone (some permanently) and their places have been taken by a new generation. Thankfully nothing has changed.

On On Whammy

PS: Whammy was too slack to provide a 30 year update



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20 YEARS OF BRISBANE HASHING by DOLEBLUDGER

When asked to reflect on Brisbane Hashing through the 80s, 90's and 2000's I immediately thought 'Where do I start!'

When I joined Hash in 1980 the scene was a lot different. Brisbane Hash consisted of a range of members, mainly younger virile Hashmen and harriettes, Single, Divorced, 'Just Looking'. All trying to get into each others pants,

at and after Monday night runs or on Friday Night meets in the city or at weekend Hash parties.

DOLEBLUDGER, personally, was 26, single, fitter and 'socially mobile'.

Now 20 years later, Married to one of the original Brisbane harriettes (**Darby**), 2 children (2 junior Hashmen in the making), Not so fit, and past the need to be 'socially mobile', the reasons and reflections on 'Why I have stayed with Hash for 20+ years' are not hard to highlight.

Some of these reasons / memories are:

1980's Friday Nights - Hash met at the 'CREST' - Globetrotters Bar antics / Redford Bar debauchery
'**COVENTRY**'s right angled drinking salute to females - Saturdays at the 'Jazz' sessions back bar of the Caxton
Sundays - Balimore, the Breckie Creek, Brothers Union, Bonapartes and back to Monday Night Hashing

Gold Coast half & full Marathons in July, the **SCARE** hikes into the 'Lost World' and the Lamington Plateau
PUSHUP's 'piece of piss' hike descriptions, **INTERHASH** in Sydney in 1984, **TARJAY** streaking down the main straight of the race track at the Friday night welcoming party for **INTERHASH**.

1982 Commonwealth Games Hash Meet in Brisbane organised by Chairman Chan - **SNAPPY TOM** and his committee, **SNAPPY**'s little yellow stool for Monday night GM announcements.

The tradition of kissing the toad - dried toads, ceramic toads, large toads, small toads - we've gone through a few over the years, many stolen from the monk, or stolen by other associated **HASHes** - like the 'Half Wits' the Half-Way Hash.

'The **FANG** Memorial Hut and AGPU run' and who could forget the start of the Hash tradition of nude female run activities, that particular AGPU started - the memories of **FANG**, **GASH** and **FAR-CN-HELL** on the picnic table at that AGPU.

The **STAGGERS** over the years - some more memorable than others - 100 Hash Derro's looking for vegemite sandwiches and bottles of port in Albert park. - the greasy chip fight at the Shamrock hotel in the valley **WHAMMY** in the gutter not even making the last venue of the stagger - The 'Punk' stagger and the wedding party photos of the punks.

The Brothel run from the Gabba to the Fiveways in the valley, the year **Russ Hinze** minister for everything including the police force said 'There are NO Brothels in Brisbane!' - the Big Mamma at the door stating 'You boys know where to come when you want a Hot Woman and a Cold Beer!' - **RADAR** and **ORDINARY** winning the 20 minute raffle prize.

The **BALLS-UP** memories - who could forget Mrs **ICE JOB** and her boobs falling out on the table in front of **SPERMWHALE & CHARLIE'S ANGLE - ICE JOB** wearing a \$1500.00 fine in court for disorderly conduct after being defended by **FAR** in court,

The line of well dressed Hashmen in court as character referees 'Would you believe!'

The Balls-Up with **KIMBIES** 'Dance of the Flaming Arseholes' with the newspaper up his arse on fire giving him 3rd degree burns.

The **AGPU** memories - the early years of food throwing in the City Council Hall at Hamilton, the RSL at Roslie and who can forget **KUNTRY**'s performance onstage with **CHARDARSE**'s performance a close second

VASSO's walking behind **KUNTRY** at next weeks joint run with a bell over his head calling 'Unclean, Unclean!' talk about dobbing your fellow Hashman in! - The fat-a-gram with **VOMIT & FAR**'s heads in her bra. **EMBRYO** running for his life!

The Moreton Island weekend runs with **SCUBIE DO**'s Misses (**Dodger**) moaning through the valley or Hashmen winging about the run up the gigantic sand dunes - The 'SACIREMA CUP' [Americas Cup backwards] and the Hash Yacht race with **COWSHIT**'s and **BRICK**'s boats.

Our budding Hash songster - the schizophrenic **VASSO** - mild mannered Hash Doctor by day - over the top deviate by night - composer of the **BRISBANE HASH ANTHEM** 'Oh! Brisbane Hash!'.
Oh! Brisbane Hash!

The 'Winger of the Year' competition between **TWIN TUB** and **MILES O'TOOLE** - **MILES** has carried off the award for years. - The antics of those size conscious 'Tall Men About Town' Hashmen **JEEVES** and **WHAMMY** - Stand up will you **JEEVES!**

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I could go ON & ON !!

But I'm sure you all have some of your own long list of memories!

2001 In the last 20 years Hashmen have come and gone - often returning to the real world and their lives of family and work. Some have moved on forever like the Gold Coast Hash's **SEWERAGE** and my good friend 'sadly missed' **BLUEVEIN** -

2 only Hashmen we have lost in 20 years. But a nucleus of long time Hashmen are still there each Monday night.

From the new Hashmen with under 50 runs to the old bastards who have been around forever like 'piece of piss' **PUSHUP**, 'Catwalk Club Rep' **SNAPPY**, winging **MILES**, and our Hash Accountant **JC** to the older bastards **EMBRYO** and **SNOT**.

I think I turn up Monday nights because of 2 reasons :

I need the exercise to grow old and stay around like **EMBRYO** and I need a Laugh! And invariably I get one! The antics of the run, the bullshit of the GM and the tripe of the Monk or the 'Shit of the Week' misdemeanors. I've chuckled many times during the week following Monday Night's Hash run / antics.

They say 'Laughter is the Best Medicine!' Keep It Up Lads!!

ON!ON! DOLEBLUDGER

30 YEARS OF BRISBAND HASHING – **The Further 10 Year update**

Once again - Looking back on the last decade of Hashing a few things have changed.

- The runners are thinning - The 'walking dead' are increasing
- The 'Let's go to the Bar' crowd of athletes have developed a following!
- The medical corrections are increasing – Hip Joint replacements – 'Zit', 'Radar' - Knee replacements – 'Fang'
- **Sir Kimbies**' losing that thought – but he now keeps his Y fronts on in the car park at down downs
- The new lease of life for the Hashmen who have found the 'little blue pill' & moved from the 80's LBFMs to the 2010's 'Russian Pole Dancers' - 'The walking dead' now out numbering the hash runners. 'The lycra club' cycling Hashmen – a New Breed! - - Have you ever seen a profile of **Irish Joke** from side on - on a bike!??

Most hashmen now have an ailment 'or three' often

addressed with an extra pill from their willing G.P. The 'bucket list' is now a regular discussion forum for a Hashman. A trip through Europe, Kokoda, Himalayas, South America, A marathon in some part of the world.

'Who would have thought in the years of running in the 80's, ½ marathons, full marathons, fun runs etc, that a target in the 2010's for a marathon would be to beat the 6 hour mark. It used to be "can we get under 3 hrs" – How this has changed – Ask our mate **'Waste of Time'. Spermwhale**' metamorphosing from 'Admiral' at the little ships club to now a mild mannered contracted 'Santa Claus' for hire.

Its marvellous to watch the changing decades of hashmen. The old bastards getting older – more decrepit & some more depraved

The younger Hashmen in the main – young married joining the old bastards for a seat 'on the ice' on Monday nights

Gone are the Friday nights – debauched piss ups in the city – trying to get laid – trying to root anything that moves or more importantly 'would let them. Now its Friday nites at the Albion, The Paddo or for the young at Heart – **"Snappy Tom"** – The Waterloo. Getting pissed & if you last the distance – (9pm +) ending up like **'Little Arse Play' & "Snappy"** at some Chinese restaurant ordering copious quantities of food & too pissed to remember what was ordered or who was going to pay for it! **"Little Arse Play"** getting his weekly lunches from the take home 'doggy bags'.

Some things in Hash remain constant however:

- **'Embryo' & 'Fang'** lurking in the background – looking for their 'right' to a second can .
- **'Miles-O—Tool'** still whinging.
- The 'bucket list' team of hashmen with 'What goes on Tour' Stays on Tour!
- **'Beach Ball's'** 'reverence to Harriettes and their ability to be beautiful and caring – or is it "You're Too Lazy To Have A Wank!"
- **"Multiple Choice"** taking flack from **'Luftwaffe'** for his home life and support for the 'Flying Kangaroo' Airline.
- **'Monty & Spermwhale'** showing what quality living and marathon running can do to a Hashman's body
- **'Twin Tub'** still telling his jokes

And of course the Monday night – regular image -the 'body beautiful' look of a Hashman's arse as he sits on the 'new ice' – red & green and all colours of the rainbow thanks to **'Bugs'** – not a pretty sight

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And lastly now – the Hashman’s elite senior citizen’s organisation – ‘The Over 60’s Club’ – debauched bunch of piss pots meeting regularly at a ‘poor unsuspecting’ restaurant – introduced as a group of retired respectable businessmen – ‘Tell me another one!’ – ask our mate ‘**Minder**’ what happened at the last meeting – if he can remember!

Once again I could go on & on. Another decade gone and the old bastards are still attending Monday night runs – albeit most now ‘The Walking Dead’ – still enjoying & laughing about the memories of the past Monday night antics and looking forward to the committee runs & the AGPU spectacular I look forward to writing more of these – the 35 year & 40 year review of hashing at least – Let Monday Night hashing continue for decades to come & go
‘On On’

DOLEBLUDGER



RADAR’S TWENTY (+10) YEARS IN HASH

Gee! How time flies when you are having fun!

I arrived here from **Tassie** via a working holiday in Western Australia, the Northern Territory and tramping around Canada twenty years ago. I only knew a few people and whilst working out at the B.P. oil refinery I met **The Cardinal** who said he ran with the “Hash” and they were a bunch of party animals who had a great time. I had done a couple of hash runs in Gove but didn’t take too much notice of what they were about.

My first run was from the **Waterloo Hotel**, which happened to be the **Harriette’s** change over night. I didn’t have a clue where the run went but the On On was a ripper.

I got caught up in all the emotion of the beer throwing and hit **Snappy** full on. **Snappy** still chastises me for that little indiscretion!!!

A few more runs and I chatted to **Twin Tub** about rowing, which I managed to put in a couple of seasons. Talk about some funny happenings. **Kuntri, Doctor Bob, Zit, Catcut, AH, Speed.** They were all there!

The original Wednesday Night crew!

I became great buddies with **Titbit** (Original Chick magnet) and boy did we have a couple a years of solid party, party. Then the fateful half pissed statement to either **Whammy** and/or **Embryo** that at “Any one could run a marathon”

“Thirty eight “Marathons later.....”

Highlights of what I can remember so far!!

- Friday nights at the **Crest** with **Puff, Coventry Ice Job, Jeeves** and a cast of thousands.
- Saturday Arvo’s at the Sardine Tin called the **Caxton Street Pub.**
- **Titbit** and I running our first marathon by mistake.
- Sharing a unit with **Groper** and his lovely wife Megan.
- Sunday Session’s at the Breakfast Creek!!
- First hash run, set from **Cowshit’s** home at Kedron where we set a half marathon and almost burnt the house down.
- The **Fang Memorial Hut** run.

- *The First two **Sacirema Cups***
- **Desperate’s** Mom “flipping the lid”.... Blaming **Gash** for her little boys indiscretion of B.B.Q-ing his feet on a” Club Moreton “ pissup -----He wasn’t even there!
- Meeting my wife on a bus to **Rockhampton Hash’s** “**Get wrecked on Kepple** weekend”. This would still be one of the better weekends away! All of the Brizzy lads had a ball!
- **Whammy** showering with **Gypsy**----Which probably explains his aversion to women!!!
- Winning the **Sydney Inter hash’ Iron man’** competition. (Took a week to sober up)
- **Miles O Toole** short cutting the Gold Coast Marathon and **Bugs** being carried across the line to be confronted with Miles, a beer and a Silly Grin!! **Bugs** nearly killed him!

- *Some of the early **Balls Up** were great...Just ask **Monty!***

- *Getting home alive from some of the **AGPU’s***

- *Setting any of the nearly ninety runs—there always seems to have some drama!!*

- Trying to out fox **Embryo** and **Kimbies** on the run.

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- Running the **Honolulu** and **Boston marathons**.
- The look of anguish when Ordinary tried to sell his beer to the lads on the way back from the Straddie Island run

Finally I would like to thank every one for a bloody great time

On On Radar

PS: Radar was too slack to provide a 30 year update, so he deserves to be on the ice.



HOW AND WHY I JOINED HASH – TWINTUB

Many years ago when I was a member of the G.P.S. Rowing Club we had a lot of affiliated clubs rowing out of our shed. One such club was the Q.I.T. Rowing Club. I can clearly remember a certain Four that was in the shed at the time. I thought they must have come from dyslexic families as they all had funny names. The ring leader was a thin chap called Push Up who was in the furniture game. Another was called Tess-tickle who optimised an athlete by smoking a packet of fags a day. Another must have been a horrible chap I thought as he was called A.H. which was Arsehole for short. The last one was called J.C. which was Jesus Christ of course. I could never work out why they called him J.C. as he seemed to swear a lot.. Being a Private School Old Boy and raised in a strict Catholic home I refused to have anything to do with these ruffians. They all seemed to live in a house on the Corso with other desperates including Snappy Tom, Lesbian Two, Slops, Gomez and other low lifes.

However my life was to change as the Hash had a commemorative run from the rowing shed and we supplied the beer and barmen. By about 9p.m. that night the shed was full of drunken Hashmen, drunken Harriettes all trying to root each other. At one stage I went out the back for a leak and stumbled across Balls and All trying to root a Harriette and then I can remember saying to myself these immortal words “Fuck I’m going to join these cunts” and so my life as a Hashman was set. With people like **Cream Puff, Rip Van Winkle, Condom, Kank, Kuntri, The Balls Brothers, Zapata Menopaws Inches** and **Rocket**, my life became more debauched. I finally reached the height of stupidity by becoming G.M. and what an experience that was.. I inherited a dead cow from the dreaded Mr. **B. Gunn** and at one stage looked like being on A Current Affair facing a Mr.Morrison from Samford who claimed that his cow had won more shows than Tiger Woods.

My most embarrassing moment was when we had a pool party at **Porno’s** and **Weavil’s** place at Sunnybank. It was in this pool that this nice lady gave a Hashman a wank as was henceforth known as **Poolpuller**. Under the influence of the dreaded grog I tried to interfere with the ladies underwater fittings but was so pissed I flaked out. All I can remember was that she was so ugly that she used to make her own yogurt by staring at a glass of milk for ten minutes. A few nights later there I was in suit and tie entertaining the General Manager of Email Ltd (who had come up from Sydney) and as we were walking through the foyer of the Crest Hotel none other than Horror Head

herself jumps up and starts yelling “Hello Bath Tub” remember me. I immediately rolled a twenty cent piece through the foyer and crawled out beside it.

The S.C.A.R.E., the F.A.R.H.T.S, the A.G.P.U’s, the Balls Up’s , the Obi Obi’s and many other cock ups has made my life that much more enjoyable and I would not swap it for quids. With a Thousand runs around the corner it seems so long ago.

Remember if you have half a mind to join Hash that is all you need.

Twintub after 20 and 25 years membership

Update after 30 Years

What has 30 odd years of Hashing done.....I suppose you have to divide that into two segments that is Physical and Mental. If we deal with the latter that is Mental that can be described in one word. Take your pick "nothing" "zip" "nada" as it seems we are just as silly now as we were all those years ago.

I think that represents all that is good in the H.H.H. To embody that great saying "If you have half a mind to join the Hash that is all you need" is a great feeling and must be kept up at all times. Being serious causes wrinkles and father time brings them on without any outside help.

Ah now the physical side, where do we start.....The suspension is rooted, pissing is now listed as a full time occupation. sitting on the ice is a two stage undertaking, five seconds to get on the ice and a half hour agony to get off, the time taken on deciding to short cut or not is now instant in the affirmative, Where once we were at the front of the A.G.P.U. "perv" show the back row is now O.K, (excludes **Fang**), the strippers no longer approach you, the young blokes in the Hash are now all over 45 and you are a fully fledged member of the walkers club.

Shit where has it all gone? It certainly has gone but it has been gobbled up by a ton of fun, fabulous memories (some not so memorable as when **Brengun** or **Gruesome** fart in your tent). Our runs slower our treks less demanding but the fun factor has not lowered.

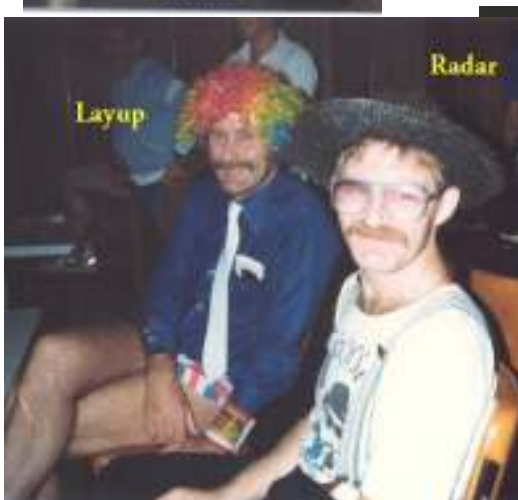
Laughter is still on the Hash menu in bold letters and the day that stops is the day I leave Hash.....

**On-On
Twin-Tub**

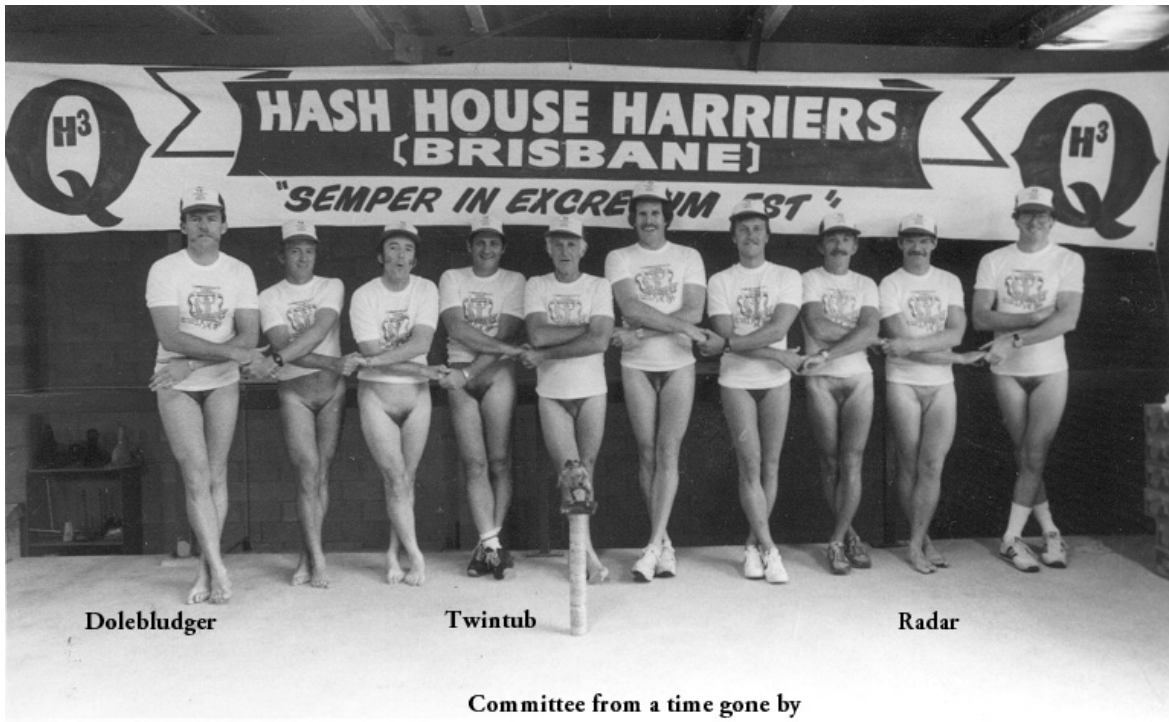
30 YEARS OF HASHING 1981 TO 2011



30 YEARS OF HASHING 1981 TO 2011



30 YEARS OF HASHING 1981 TO 2011



30 YEARS OF HASHING 1981 TO 2011



Radar



Porno

Twintub

Archives
(Mrs Anchovy)

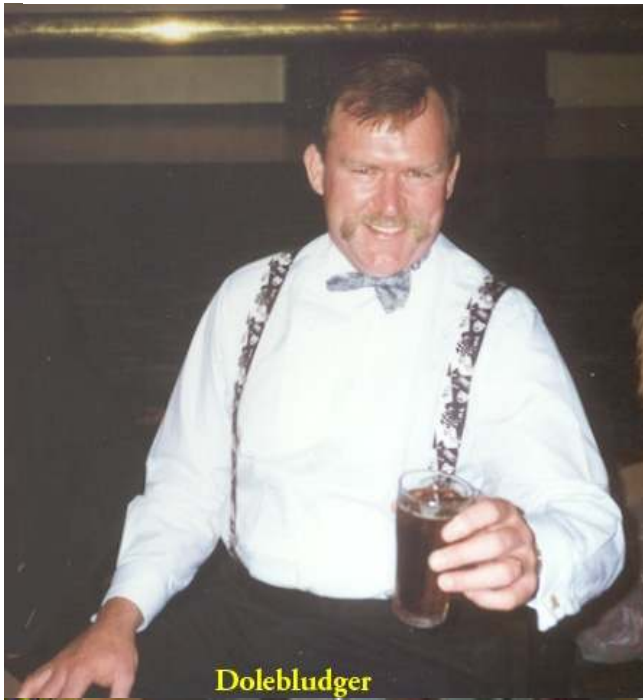


Kank

Ordinary

Whammy

30 YEARS OF HASHING 1981 TO 2011



Dolebludger



Monty



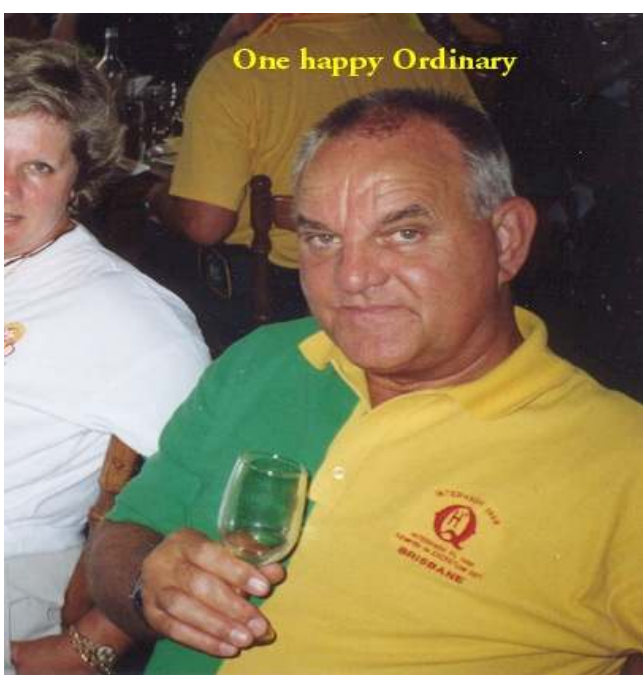
Layup

Dolebludger



Snappy Tom

Kimbies as GM



One happy Ordinary

For Hashmen who did not know Kimbies as GM, this is how he used to dress at the Hash Circle each week.

Ordinary also joined in 1981
RIP Ordinary

30 YEARS OF HASHING 1981 TO 2011
(More photos from Layup, Monty, Radar, Dolebludger, Whammy and Twintub)



30 YEARS OF HASHING 1981 TO 2011
(More photos from Layup, Monty, Radar, Dolebludger, Whammy and Twintub)



Whammy and Monty at an over 60's Dinner

Twintub and Layup at the 2008 FAHRT

30 YEARS OF HASHING 1981 TO 2011
 (More photos from Layup, Monty, Radar, Dolebludger, Whammy and Twintub)



Waste of Time and Layup turn 60 in 2004

Radat at the gathering of the Monks for Snappy Tom's 60th Birthday in 2004



30 YEARS OF HASHING
1981 TO 2011
Dolebludger, Layup, Monty, Radar, Twintub, Whammy



Photo taken after 20 years ↑

Von Layup the Monk with Miles O'Tool ↓



Hash FAHRT camping trip Layup, Twintub and Radar ↓

