

RUN NOs: 276 - 279 (Incl First Lady Cup)

VENUE: Jesus Carpark, GPA, Baucau

Hares: Multiple Hares

PUDDLE JUMPERS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS DILI, TIMOR – LESTE



Grand Master
Religious Advisor
Choir Master
Hash Trash
Trail Master
Hash Habedashery
Hash Cash
Hash Name Sheets
Beer Master
Beer Truck
Hash Flash
Web Page
Hash Special Events
Hash Social Secretary

Peter
Craig
Charles
Wanda
Brad
Chris
Daryl
Wanda
Trevor
Darrin
Josephine
Josephine
Daryl
Lisa

HOT ARSE
ROCKS-OFF
CUMILLA
FOSSIL FIDDLER
BALDDICK
HANDJOB
DAISY
FOSSIL FIDDLER
MUDFLAP
CRUTCHLESS
INSIDER
INSIDER
DAISY
TAILLIGHT

Berney
Tarbotton
Andrews
Sendzimir
Coulter
Steel
Mills
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Parris
Whitehouse
Lee
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Parris

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Founded by Slops & PNS First
Run 30 April 2000

HASH TRASH

Website:
<http://au.geocities.com/dilihash>
Hash Trash + Archives:
<http://www.lafaek.info/dilihash/index.html>

OMNIBUS FIRST LADY CUP, JESUS CARPARK “DRIVE IN”, AIRPORT & BAUCAU SPECIAL



After a hard day's work still trying to get into the GPA, “Honest Ollie” began to think about his weekend options. After hearing all about the “Hillsong Experience” in Australia, the stage was set when someone mentioned that Jesus has his own drive-in carpark and beach complex in Dili, and it was to be the venue for a Hash. “On me bloody bike” was the word....., “I’m there, trust me”.

But like Ollie, some Hashers tried anything to get out of the Saturday run, some saving themselves for the 1st Lady Cup, others using the poor excuse of accidental beheading whilst shaving



Even the big bloke on the hill got into the spirit of the Carpark run



Some even used the excuse of the soup served earlier at lunch. But everyone who was everyone made it to the First lady Cup on Sunday. Everyone from an Olympic Runner to the lay non-Hasher turned out, with Presidential Police Escort (in case Cumilla began quoting DH Lawrence “whilst taking his first drink of the day with a straw”, again!). Over US\$4.8k raised for Alola & Rotary – well done!



Police escort one of the lead runners, 1st Lady Cup

And thence On On to Baucau....



Chook on the Hoof....



Hash Ute – some people will do anything to get out of the Run



Giant Knob spotted on the Walk



Leglifter eyes off a down-down



Freshly re-named, "Mr Hankie" searches for his dignity



"Leisure Suit Larry & Friend"



"Lips on Fire" grabs the Mug

Reactions to the Two-Headed Prick



Hashers were hushed upon sighting the rare "Bicephallus Robusta", or "Two-Headed Prick"



Even looking in magazines doesn't help, oh god, I think they need therapy....



Ewww, get it off my shoulder...

Your humble correspondent felt better immediately after reading about these two old Hashers....



Alan: I met Terry down the pub years ago, in Redcliffe, near Brisbane. He'd come up from Tasmania in a caravan with his brother, after he'd been retrenched from the mine. I was playing the piano, and things used to get very merry at the old Moreton Bay Hotel. It wasn't uncommon for me to run out of keyboard and fall off my chair. One day old Terry volunteered

caravan and went back to Tasmania. He got a job in his hometown pub, in Rosebery, cleaning the toilets, replacing the bar towels, keeping the fire going. He was more or less running the hotel, really. Or he helped himself to free piss as if he did, anyway.

Meanwhile I'd moved back to Magnetic Island. One day I thought I'd ring the old fella. So I rang up

"At 6.30 we get up and sit on the lawn with a beer, to toast the new day. We'll have a few more, and a few ports, until it's time to go to the pub."

to be my chair-holder. He didn't hold it very well, but he still struck me as a useful sort of a mate.

We ended up doing a bit of sailing together – you know, drinking and fishing. Mostly drinking. I'd sunk a few boats in my time, so we'd get through the beer quickly in case we got into trouble. We didn't want to lose the beer as well.

I lost a boat with Terry aboard. We hit a reef about five miles out. I said to him, 'Abandon ship!', but we were already down to our necks. A shocking situation. We had to scramble onto a buoy in the end. All we had was our jocks – you don't wear clothes out there – and I had to use mine to flag down a passing boat. After that we bought a boat between us but we had to sell that when we ran out of drinking money.

Living in a van park drove Terry mad in the end. Way too much thieving going on. So he sold his

and said, 'Terry old fella,' but the bloke said, 'There's no Terry here. Everyone here's called Reg.' It's true, too, down in that corner of Tasmania everyone's Reg, even the barmaid. Anyway, turned out this Reg was Terry and we got talking about our old times at Redcliffe, you know, the boats we'd sunk, the songs we'd sung, and he said, 'It's bloody freezing here. I might come up. How long shall I stay for?' And I said, 'Oh, as long as you like.' So he sold his house, hopped on the plane and he's still here, eight years later.

He likes it at sea, old Terry. Come from being underground, I'd say. He nearly got killed [in the Rosebery mine] when an ore truck came off the line and pinned him to the tunnel wall. He came back to the top then, doing contract work. Made a packet. He and his missus used to blow it each year at the racing carnivals in Sydney and

Retirees Alan "Magoo" Priddle (at right), 63, and his best mate, Terry "Magoo Two" Smith, 62, share a house on Magnetic Island, North Queensland. Alan has painted, sailed and hitched his way around the world and never married. Terry spent half his life in a Tasmanian lead, zinc and copper mine and is a widower. Both drink all day, every day – but, they say, only in moderation.

Melbourne. Couldn't get enough of it. Then the missus died of cancer and he stopped going.

He's not too good at the moment, old Terry. Got a hernia. Legs are rooted. Emphysema, asthma, the lot. Can't walk far, the bugger. He's got to go to the mainland next week to have his hernia operated on. Thing is, they've just moved the Townsville hospital. Moved it inland. A terrible situation. It now costs \$33 for a taxi ride [from the ferry terminal] to hospital. Last time it was four bucks. I'll come with him as far as the nearest pub and wait for him there. They do a nice cold moselle on the ferry and we'll stay in town and make a night of it. We don't get to the mainland much but we don't mind travelling. If we had the money we'd go around the world. Terry's never been out of Australia. I'd love to show him Spain, because he loves that flamenco guitar.

Terry: Our days are much the same. At around 6.30 am we get up and sit on the front lawn with a glass of beer, to toast the new day. We'll have a few more as it warms up, and a few ports – especially in winter – until it's time to get dressed to go to the pub. We have to be there right on opening, at 10, otherwise there'd be a search party out for us.

On the way we always swing by the sea to check out the sailing conditions, although we don't sail these days. After an hour at the pub we'll buy the day's slab and cigarettes and go home. Magoo likes to put the Valiant to bed around 11.30 am, see, so he can have a proper drink. I don't drive. I lost my licence 40 years ago. The judge told me to choose between drinking and driving, so I did. The rest of the day we'll sit around here, yarn, drink, play a bit of music, watch a bit of TV. We each got our own TV, plus a spare, so we never argue.

Coming here is the best move I ever made. Magoo and I got the same sense of humour, the same taste in music and we drink at the

same pace. People always get us mixed up. They call me Magoo Two. [Mr Magoo was a short-sighted, accident-prone 1960s cartoon character.] The only thing we don't agree about is politics. The silly bugger likes Mr Howard.

Magoo went to Melbourne Grammar and was a choirboy at St Paul's Cathedral in Melbourne, singing soprano. Later he went to the conservatorium to be a concert pianist, but it was too expensive, so he left. He became a sign-writer instead and went travelling. He's worked all over the world, painting signs, murals, houses. He's had a few de factos and liked the knock-shops, but he never stayed in one place long.

He also used to paint landscapes. Not now. The paint costs too much. Anyway, he reckons the less of them he paints, the more Priddles will go up in value. Maybe after he's dead, though I hope I don't get to see that. He's promised me a few paintings, but I'd rather have my best friend.

He still gives the old piano a good rattle. He used to play the restaurants around here, but he'd get too pissed and the tourists didn't know how to take him. He's a bit of a larrikin. Magoo once walked into the pub after he'd shaved off his beard. He'd taken his glasses off and said his name was John. I didn't recognise him at first and everyone was laughing at me. Then he had to get his music book, so I went and got my beard shaved off then. He hardly recognised me, either. The barmaid thought we'd gone mad.

We like going places together, but not by bus. Can't drink on a bus. One year we went by bus to Moura [central Queensland], where the local sergeant had invited Magoo to play at his birthday. We took a great big bag of vodka and orange, which we stored overhead with a tube hanging down. But the driver sprung us and put it underneath. They're like police, those drivers. Three hundred miles without a drink, so we took the plane back. Drank rum and coke all the way home. ■

Namings Mini-Dickus to Mr Hankie, Lips on Fire, Re-Entry, Tuning Fork, Cop-u-later, Cop-it-Sweet, Lolly, Pop

POTW

Can't remember them all, but Mr Hankie & Two-Heads got a double prick at Baucau for disgraceful personal habits.

You Pricks!!

UPCOMING HASHES

Trailmaster – come on Hares, hands up...:



DATE	LOCATION	HARE – Run	HARE – Walk	THEME??
Sat 30th July	Jesus Statue, car-park.			
Sun 31st July	First Lady Cup – GPA car park 7.30am	Baldick	Baldick	First Lady Cup – wear your Hash gear.
Sat 6th Aug	Dili Airport, car-park (no flights Sat Arvo!)	Blackout / Insider		
Sat 13th & Sun 14th Aug	Bacau; weekend away. Staying at Tricia's lodges on the beach (details TBA)	Baldick		Beach Party; get out that floral shirt!
Sat 20th Aug	Vicinity of Tai-Bessi market. (details TBA)	Cum on my Lips		
Sat 27th Aug	Car-park opposite Dili 2000 restaurant.			
Sat 3rd Sept	Port Herra	Cumilla		
Sat 10th Sept	Car-park of National Stadium (vicinity of AAJ's)	Baldick		P for...Party. You are encouraged to run or walk as a 'P'. (ie; Postman, police, professor, prick etc.)
Sat 17th Sept	Dollar Beach			Beach Party; bonfire & volleyball.
Sat 24th Sept	Monkey Bar (morning run & walk)			Aussie Rules grand-final. Bring out ya team gear.