

World of Hash for Ramasamy /Organ

Hash House Harriers	Period	Approximate Number Runs
Penang Hash House Harriers	June 1975 – January 1977; Oct 1983, August & September 1991	160
Penang Hash House Horrors	March 1976 – December 1977	77 plus
Kulim Hash House Harriers	April 1976 – December 1977; Oct 1983, September 1991	21
Townsville H3	March 1978 – January 1980 November 1990 - December 2014	548
Canberra H3	January 1980 – January 1982	100 plus
Ipswich H3	January 1982 – March 1985	150 plus
Munno Parra H3	March 1985 – November 1990	300 plus
Total Runs:		~1356

Beginning of Hash for Ramasamy - Penang H3 1975

After being bullied for 4 months by former on-sex Ken 'Robbo' Robinson (also Master Horror) about not going to Hash on Monday's I finally gave in to his torment one day in June 1975 and replied "Shit ! O.K.! I'll go ! What do I need? " I wish I hadn't – it was the temple of 1,000 steps in the pissing rain and after 2 hours and 10,000 ackes I collapsed in a heap in front of the G.M at the on on vouching that I would never do this again. I was then introduced to a loud mouthed mob of beer swilling, beer throwing idiots. "This is Dave Ramsay Nick a new poor bastard runner".

"Welcum to hash give him a revive of Goldie replied Nick, and with that PH3 was born for me. Two weeks later after the vital 2nd Monday run I was on a bus to IPOH with 40 other cheebyos swilling beer and knawing durians in between some organ playing and piss stops. I went on to survive many more Penang runs and even gave Winston a hand to get Kulim going properly with some other die hard ozzies, then the inevitable happened – Rocky Rowe was posted back to Oz and PH3 were looking to railroad a bullshitting bastard for On-Sex. Ramsay's got ¼ brain he'll do it – so I did and Rob Dickinson and I teamed up. I thought that I was reasonable at talking bullshit (a hash requirement) so it would have to be easier writing it.

At a Kulim Anniversary run during the home run stretch my partner and co. runner at this time was a real Ramasamy (black as they come) who must have been running in the sunlight and I in the darkness of the plantation because confusion reigned at the bucket and they (FRB's) all cried "Look it's Ramasamy !!" and from here on the "Great white clod Ramasamy was conceived. My poor compatriot as black as the ace of spades he was, was thus demoted to Ramsay the Blackest English – man ever seen this side of the black stump. I continued on in PH3 as faithfully as a hashman could and completed 152 runs plus 19 with Kulim Hash as a registered runner. Also 77 plus runs as Head Horror after Robbo was posted. Pamasamy also completed 77 runs as head Horroress and was hash cash with Harriettes with 108 runs under her belt. After almost being deported at the 5th farewell run at Island Glades I sought deliverance and was granted a Hash Honary passage home with discretion. Any Croaker and Dirty John Duerloos farewells were an event in themselves with the Hole Hash sampling raw parka-pen the neat way (must have been 20 feet long – whata prick hah stain marble maruels morgans table smashing farewell which cost the Hash \$40 was another famous farewell which can never be forgotten, I guess next time Trevor

Morgan moves a table to a convenient position he'll check under to see if the legs are attached.
An do it goes on –

Dragon boats, makan at pops with Piet Loman's love bug driven inside the restaurant much to Pop's disgust and the Hashes delight, around the island runs etc..

Onto Townsville for two years and in the shit again for setting Penang type hill runs with Thick Dick Boyne – also ex Penang. Penang Push as we were called were the scourge of North Queensland and it is still talked about in hash here today. My farewell run set in Mt Stuart cost us 10 cartons and 3 and half hour wait for the pack. On top of Castle Hill was the start of another run and when the pack ran all the way down to the pub at the bottom, they found a sign pinned to the Royal Hotel door "Have a drink stop then proceed and make your own way back on up !!. The Cook Uni was like a cemetery for hash as runners were fleeing everywhere snakes alive and wherethefuckawe grass kept the pack busy for most of the night. They had enough of this so pissed me off to Canberra for 2 years and another 100 runs.

Two annual Mt Coree Snow runs were as much as ours systems could take with minus 17 degrees chill factor ("crazy bastards running in T-shirts and shorts only and a strange blue colour all over ") was ab observation made by the local ski – club cloned in all the arctic warm attire.

Off to greener pastures in Ipswich where I meet two or more crazy Hash characters – one WW two relic donned in tin hat and surplus store army coat "Bentabeak", and Brian "Bloodsucker" Leech who married Chinese girl Francis – a hash wedding was performed in Ipswich to this effect. On another 150 plus runs and off to Munno Para, South Australia where they tied me down for 6 years, but it was too bloody cold to do all the runs hah. I managed Interhash Sydney 84 where I met up with Alex the Bear and Allan CheeBye. And a return visit as promised to Penang's 1000th with Bentabeak as my partner in crime. I think Benta and I did the infamous mouth organ arse organ trick, only this time it was on the manly ferry at lunch time to the surprise of the passengers and we had pretty faces painted on our botties.

Superturd visited us in Adelaide which gave Pam, Hills Hoist and I a chance to get even and set him a few special runs with some memories for him to take home. During this visit I arranged with the great guru to reinstate me as Ramasamy proper to stop these aussie cheerbyes calling me by organ... (You see aussies can't say Ramasamy). Time to retire and go back to Townsville if they'll have me. So after 12 years I've managed to get my TVL H3 100 run mug at last. Here I am to stay and finish up running full time TVL and part-time Penang until they build a bridge from Darwin to Singapore then we can have a mass exodus of Relay Runs to and from with the On! On! somewhere in the middle. It may well be wheelchair hash for some of us but what the heck – no trouble going all the way.

Once a Hashman, Always a Hashman!!

Origins of the Mouth Organ

Ramasamay / Organ was taught the mouth organ in his younger days by his father who played it.