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It has been a great honour to serve as GM of GCH3



Bloody year book why bother Same ole same ole



It has been an absolute pleasure to serve as the on-sec for the Gold Coast Gourmet Hash



Hashadashary

Boring title now to be replaced by a combined title: Special Events & Hashadashary



GOLD COAST HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 2015 ... 2016

A back to basics year



So many shots, so many memories. Thousands of them that will live in our collective hearts forever!

This year's dynamic duo, picked up the batten after last year's terrific Booze Masters and refined it a little bit better to bring you a selection of nice beers, red wine, cider and ginger beer

ON-ON

ON-ON

GRAND MASTER

RUG



It has been a great honour to serve as GM of GCH3 and I would like to offer my thanks to a great team of committee members who have worked tirelessly throughout the hash year to facilitate some great nights of hashing.

A big thank you to Sir Two Dogs who took control for the first part of my reign shortly after last year's AGPU, as I headed off on a pre-planned holiday to Europe where I was able to represent GCH3 at hash kennels in my UK home town of Scarborough, The Yorkshire Pups Hash (Pissed up Pensioners!) and at the Newcastle Hash. On my return to the Gold Coast I managed to attend one hash night before joining fellow GCH3 members in Yangon for the Me-kong Hash, followed by the motor bike ride and island cruise. Throughout the year there have been many memorable occasions where Sir Two Dogs has administered appropriate liquid rewards to those miscreants who continually step up to the plate to amuse the pack during the hash circle.

Our Booze-masters Weekly & Brewtus have performed a first class service on our hash nights and special events and it is time for them to take a well-deserved break. Each hash night is unique and has been faithfully documented, thanks to the diligence of Fanny Charmer and the stand-in scribes throughout the year. The joint trail(er) master job became a sole position, efficiently executed by Missing Link, when his counterpart Aussie had to spend much of the year on business in the USA. A hearty thank you goes to Truck Tyres for volunteering, on many occasions, to drive the trailer to the hash.

Our Hash Cash, Sir Prince Valiant, has done a great job in keeping a tight reign on Hierarchy travel and restaurant expenses and this is reflected in the quality of this year's give-aways at the AGPU. Thanks go to Sir Rabbit for organising the procurement of the embroidered hash give-aways, milestone awards and trophies. Jigsaw has cheerfully advanced his photographic skills during the year thanks to his commitment and the great work of our tireless Webmaster, Sir Botcho in bringing together the words and pictures of each hash event. Our Minister of Everything, Nasty has done a splendid job of working quietly behind the scenes, often in far-away places, to pick up the many loose ends that hash event organisation inevitably brings.

This year's highlight was undoubtedly the 2000th Run Celebrations & Bike Ride to Boonah which was superbly organised by our most experienced hash members, "The Sir's." A shower of compliments for the event and its organisation came from the visitors and local hasher's who participated. On behalf of myself and this year's committee I would like to express sincere thanks to "The Sir's" for taking charge of this important milestone in GCH3's history.

On-On to 3000

Rug

RELIGIOUS ADVISER

SIR TWO DOGS



Firstly, I must mention that most thought last year's Hierarchy had lost the plot when they announced the new incoming Hierarchy, which consisted of members who were all, at some time during the year, going to be away on "tour" for substantial periods of time. On reflection this was a most cunning and conniving plan, as the "tourists" had already booked their fares and thus would be less likely to stick their snouts in the trough, and at the same time hiding the huge financial black hole after a year of excess, brilliant manoeuvre.

What can one say about being in the prestigious job of RA? Looking from the outside it is a sort of nothing existence basically giving the GM a break from his circle ramblings and trying to find evidence of misdemeanours amongst the pack. Being new at this role I thought it would be difficult to find many wrong doings but then it all became very clear. If there wasn't some article in the paper referring to "Swindlers" or the like, there were pack members who were more than willing to forward photos and information, which could be readily used (or simply applied), to make a charge. Then if all is lost and nothing forthcoming then there were always the likes of Flasher, Latrine, Truckie and a few others who were always good as a fall back. And of course there was always the reliable Miscarriage and Caustic if one needed some charges from the floor to add fodder for the evening, thanks guys.

As always a post on the Hierarchy is one of privilege and again I have been able to upgrade my vehicle and pay my marina fees. I must also add that my "Sirs" inauguration was a highlight of my Hash career and great to have been Hashing for all those years and making so many friends along the way. And I must finish by saying it was great to be a part of the 2000th run celebrations, and whilst it was hard work for the organising committee and volunteers, is great to see something like that go off without a hitch (at least seen that is), and so well supported by the Gold Coast Hash members.

Oh! And Congratulations to the incoming Hierarchy, I'm sure you'll be as thrilled as we were last year.

On On

Sir Two Dogs

HASH CASH

SIR PRINCE VALIANT



ON SEC

FANNY CHARMER



"It has been an absolute pleasure to serve as the on-sec for the Gold Coast Gourmet Hash for this last year, with each Monday night bringing new surprises both in terms of the runs and the various noshes and I have enjoyed putting pen to paper, or rather, tapping on the keyboard to provide you all with a summary of each event. As a relative newcomer to the Hash, I can only say that I should have done this years ago because each Monday night, I look forward to the comraderie, a bit of exercise, a couple of drinks and (generally) a good feed.

I never go home disappointed, no matter how cold it is or how many times I go down false trails or how much my legs ache, particularly when some bastard tells you it's a five kilometre run and it turns out to be more like eight or nine.

The Hash has also meant involvement in other activities, including the Warriors Premier Cycling Troupe whenever I can make the time, the Wankers competition cycling team (fiercely hated by the Warriors!) and also the Splinter Lunch on the last Friday of each month....

oh, and let's not forget the overseas cycling trips, two so far for me with Trust Me Tours, Vietnam in 2014 and the Philippines in 2015..and hopefully more to come in future years. I say unreservedly that the guys in the Hash are the most fun-loving bunch of blokes I have ever met, realising that life is short and to be lived to the full. So, in all, it's been great and whilst I am stepping down from the Hierarchy, I look forward to more fun times with you all.

On On.
Fanny Charmer

BOOZE MASTERS

Weekly & Brewtus



John (Weekly) Daley and Marc (Brewtus) Cronin have the pleasure of presenting this year's Booze Masters Report, to all of the alcoholic gentlemen that turn up regularly every Monday night.

This year's dynamic duo, picked up the batten after last year's terrific Booze Masters and refined it a little bit better to bring you a selection of nice beers, red wine, cider and ginger beer.

Continuing on with the sourced free ice from Maccas every week has been a really money saver this year thanks again the Woodsy

Some interesting statistics for you drunken lot:

Revenue received for drink approx: \$7516.00

Profit received for drinks: \$6000.00 (given to treasury throughout the year)

Drinks consumed each week:

Approx. 3 dozen beers

10-15 bottles cider

1-2 x 4Litre wine casks

6-7 x 2Litre Ginger beer

In closing we owe a special thanks to Blackie, Flasher, Fanny Charmer & to all the others that helped to unpack and pack away all the esky's each Monday night.

On...on
Weekly & Brewtus

KNIGHTHOODS

Two Dogs & Botcho

To coin a phrase...Oh what a night !

Grand Master from last year, Kitchen Bitch along with his hard working Hierarchy put on a top night to celebrate this auspicious occasion.

The Knighting of Two Dogs and Botcho.

Both had complete 1000 runs with the Gold Coast Hash House Harriers

The theme was Medi Evil

What a Fantastic night it was....

- Gourmet Food
- More beer than you could drink
- Top selection of wine
- And serving wenches

Many thanks to KB's Ice party, Great job, much appreciated

On On

Botcho



HASHADASHARY

Sir Rabbit



Hashadashary

Boring title now to be replaced by a combined title: Special Events & Hashadashary I liked "Minister for Loose Ends" but things must change sometimes, as you will later find out. For better or worse time will tell.

What appeared to be a cruisy job started off with a shipping container full of soiled and unloved Hash apparel dumped on me by the large predecessor who vanished immediately after the dumping. With the invaluable aid of "Mademoiselle Latrine" I was able to export most of the undesired garments to the distant shores of the Philippines to some less fortunate peasants of the lost & forgotten tribes.

Even my own pre loved things destined for the op shops, ancient work tools, sound equipment and a bike were added to the consignment to add excitement for the receiving officer at the other end. I have been reliably informed that nothing goes to waste not even the packaging and a little in house squabbling over the prime hash shirts was eventually resolved peacefully. After an eventful recent Hierarchy meeting this years choice of apparel was finally resolved so things have gone into full production. Hope we get it all back in time?

The awards are currently going through a major revamp and downsize so as to fit nicely onto the family mantel-piece to take pride of place for another year. Extensive and extreme op shopping with no expense spared has sourced new and exciting artefacts to be mounted on the former bland awards to make them more portable and eye appealing.

A last minute delivery of more surplus garments were quickly dealt with in the same former manner with the additional help of "Fanny Charmer" who personally fitted out a number of less fortunate Hash men at "Jigsaw's" recent run. The rest of the gear is currently in transit to "you guessed it the Philippines"?

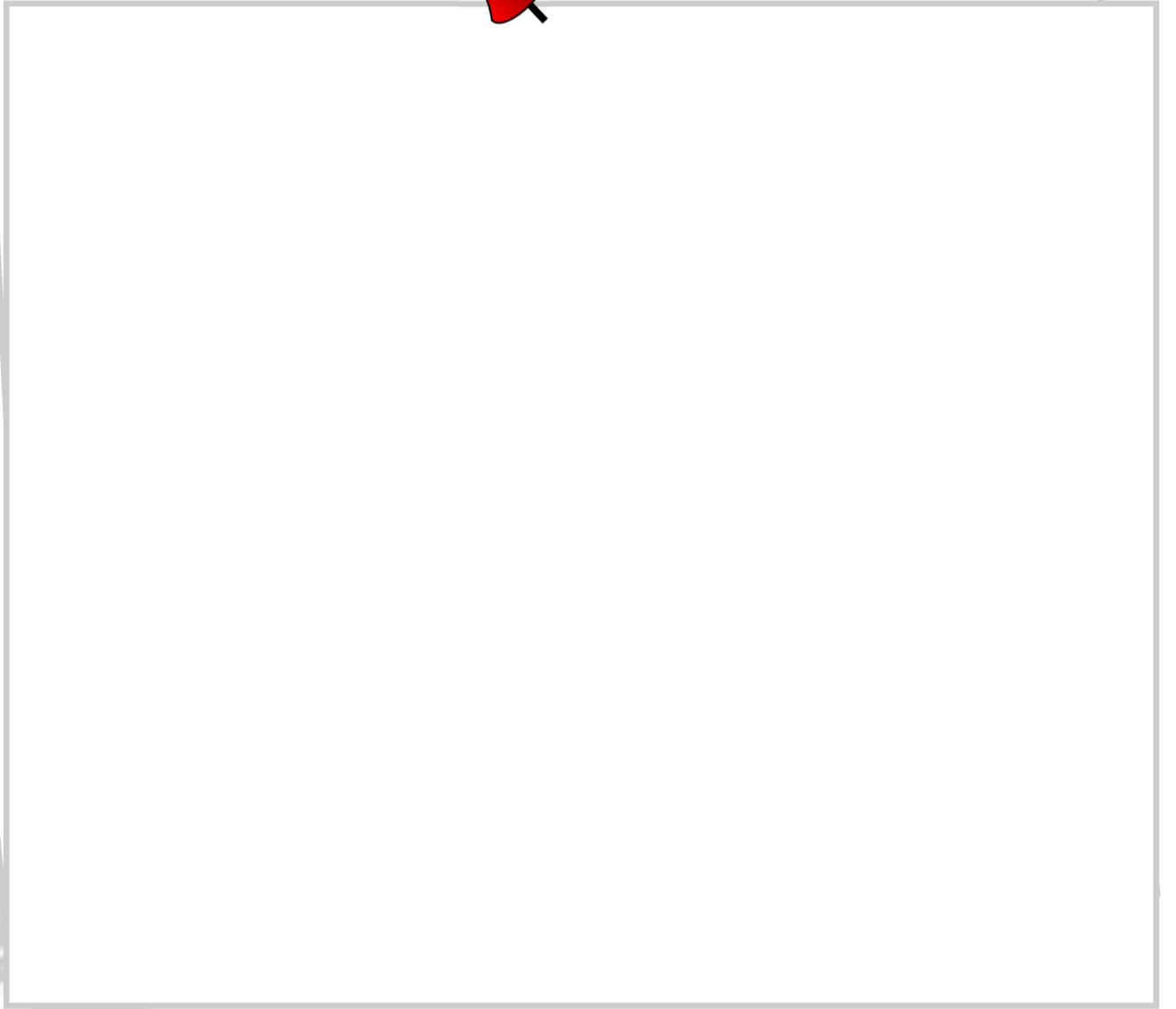
One of the highlight's of the year must go to the Medieval Knighting ceremony of Sir Botcho & Sir Two Dogs at "Sir Slab's" factory where the former Hierarchy & Co organised the Knights of the round table feast where we reaped the awards of the food debacle shortfall of the previous AGPU. Where did "Kitchen Bitch" and of course "Crocodile" go after that Knight?

Oops I nearly forgot, another highlight goes to the 2000th Run Extravaganza and the great job the Sir's & helpers teams producing another outstanding Hash event. Let's not forget the Sir Rabbit loss of car keys debacle of which I'm still not clear as to what actually happened, but Mademoiselle Latrine & Truck Tyres had a major part of it, say no more!

Good luck to the new committee and hope you put together another great year of Hashing.

MINISTER OF EVERYTHING

Nasty



TRAIL MASTER

Missing link



Bloody year book why bother

Same ole same ole
Anyway will keep it short and sweet, To coin a well used phase Another year gone.

Here is me thinking Trail Master (with Aussie) piece of piss, well i thought so, But due to the complexity of getting hares to perform as required the year wasn't without its ups and downs, especially with the trailer to look after.

I only have two comments on the year just gone.

One is to thank Trucky for his support with the trailer, without his help things could have got very messy,

Thanks Trucky.

The other thankyou is to Elvis who stepped up to the plate on very short notice on 3 occasions to put on runs when hares became unavailable for whatever reason

Thanks Elvis.

The year was always going to be low key by design and in that we succeeded

thanks guys.

Good luck to the next Trail Master, it is still fun

On On

Missing Link

HASH FLASH

jigsaw



"Veni, vidi, vici" is a term that shall always remind me of my stint as Hash Flash. For you plebs it's a phrase my namesake Julius Caesar used to describe his victory over the marauding "hashers" saying "I came; I saw; I conquered!"

Yes, it was quite a challenge to capture you "gourmet" hashers at your most vulnerable moments. And you even faintly smiled at me as I shot you. So many shots, so many memories. Thousands of them that will live in our collective hearts forever!

Enough of that garbage, it was a pleasure to serve as Hash Flash this year. My trusty camera served me well, thanks to the \$1000 subsidy from the Hash funds to buy a new camera. Many thanks for allowing me to keep it now that it's all over.

My photo of the year is awarded to Botcho who I captured grovelling for some extra food at Rock Hard's epic run at Mudgereeba. You can all remember eating the lashings of spaghetti "sans" any meat, spices in fact anything to make this dish a bit interesting. But he made up for it with a well known no frills brand ice cream and lovely peach slices. Yummo! *&^! Well done Botcho for capturing the desperation...

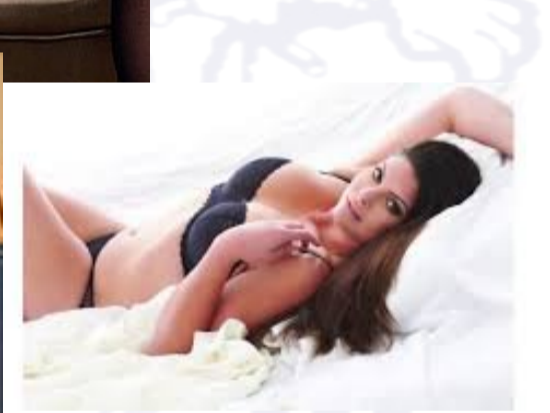
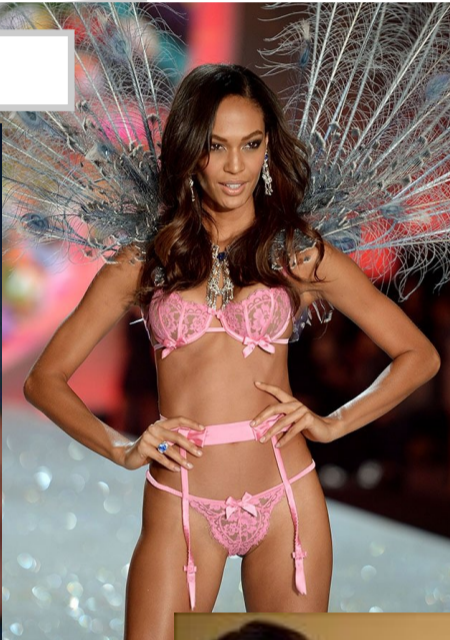
Love you'se all. Congratulations to the incoming Hash Flash.

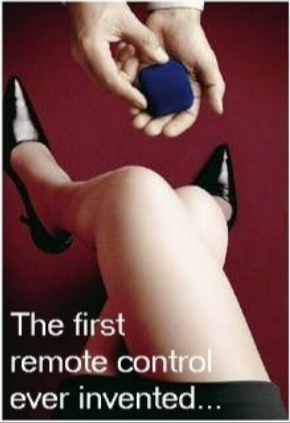
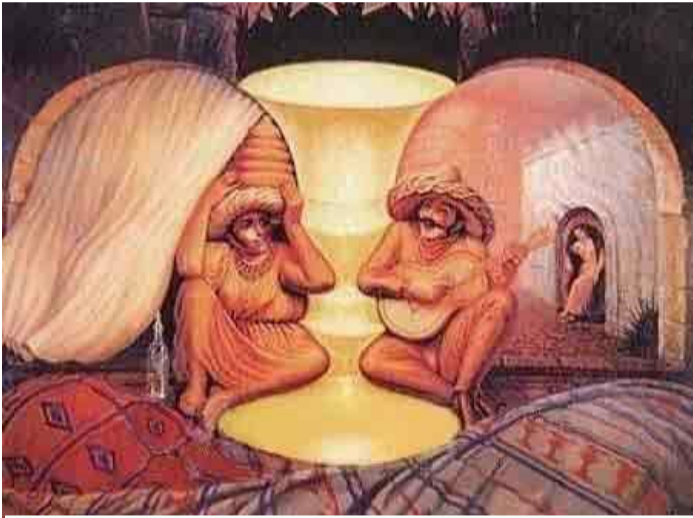
On On

Jigsaw



BLUE CARD'S
Centre fold





ICE MAN'S Funnies

Botcho a Hash House Harrier approaches a young woman in a large store, he says "I can't find my wife; can I talk to you for a few minutes"?

The young woman says "sure but do you have any idea where your wife is"?

"Not a clue" said Botcho, "but whenever I talk to a lovely young woman like you, she always appears out of nowhere"!

A harrier and a harriet (names withheld) who had never met before, found themselves sharing a bunk room at the Gold Coast 2000th Celebrations at Boonah. Although the harrier was initially embarrassed and uneasy over sharing a room, they were both very tired and fell asleep quickly, he in the upper berth and she in the lower.

At 1:00 AM, the harrier leaned down and gently woke the harriet saying, 'excuse me, I'm sorry to bother you, but would you be willing to reach into that cupboard to get me a second blanket? I'm awfully cold.'

'I have a better idea,' the harriet replied 'Just for tonight, why not pretend that we're married.'

'Wow! That's a great idea!' exclaimed the harrier.

'OK,' replied the harriet. 'Get your own fucking blanket.'

Flasher a Hash House Harrier and his wife are shopping in Woolworths, Flasher puts 10 cans of Carlton Mid in the trolley and Madam Lash says, "You can put those back they cost \$10 they're too expensive".

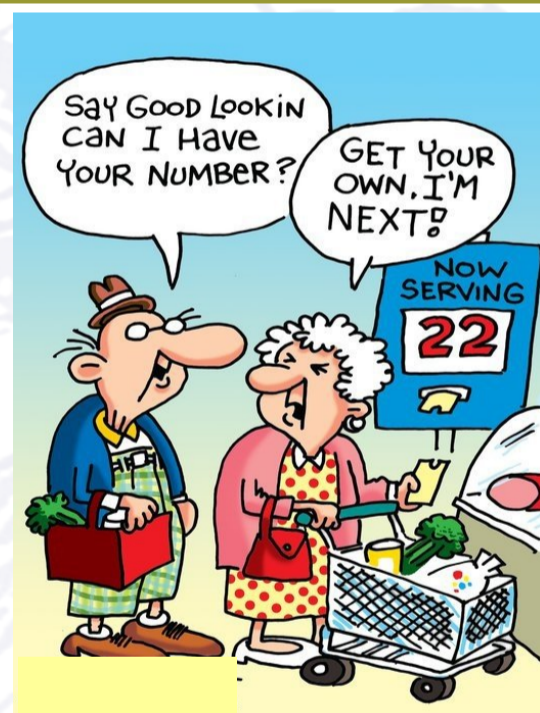
Further down the aisle Madam Lash puts a \$20 tub of face cream in the trolley, "hold on a minute" Flasher says, "that's too expensive", "but darling" she says "this will make me look beautiful for you".

Flasher replies, "so will 10 cans of Carlton Mid and that's half the price". Flasher a hash house harrier and his wife are shopping in Woolworths, Flasher puts 10 cans of Carlton Mid in the trolley and Madam Lash says, "You can put those back they cost \$10 they're too expensive".

Further down the aisle Madam Lash puts a \$20 tub of face cream in the trolley, "hold on a minute" Flasher says, "that's too expensive", "but darling" she says "this will make me look beautiful for you". Flasher replies, "so will 10 cans of Carlton Mid and that's half the price".

Q: Did you hear about the race between the lettuce and the tomato?

A: The lettuce was a head and the tomato was trying to ketchup.





Front running bastard.
I'll be Grand Master
one day...!!!



Why do Hash House Harriers laugh three times when they hear Ice Man's jokes?
Once when it is told, once when it is explained to them, and once when they understand it.

How do insane runners go through the forest?
They take the Psycho Path!

BEACH TO BOONAH BIKE RIDE



Date: 27th April - 29th April 2016

Location: Miami Beach to Boonah

Hares: Sir Slab, Sir Botcho, Ferrett, VD, Kwakka, Weekly

Hashers: 40

Where would one start to begin to convey the semantics (and antics) of the Beach to Boonah bike ride? I took my cue from Cappuccino who surreptitiously remarked to me in a private moment *"we have been planning and working on it since Christmas"* and she surely did not misrepresent the truth when one witnessed the logistical magnificence that played itself out over the entire days of riding and dying that were sequestered in modest pomp and circumstance by all who attended.

A quorum of nearly 40 gathered to herald the sunrise at Miami Beach 27 April to witness a gathering of joyful, rested and exuberant individuals on the wrong side of 50 (with the exception of Jock and Whing.com). Sirs Botcho and Slab were in the throws of action as Weekly and Ferret meandered about looking to usurp any last minute political favours while Kwakka kept to himself. Little did we all know that these men would dictate the epicenter of our pain and pleasure over the next few days.

Prior to departure at 7:30, Sir Slab awarded the Richard Cranium (Dick Head) Chuck to Tuck Tyres (in absentia as he had already gone missing). Someone mentioned that Blue Card physically resembled Truck Tyres – so he was given the ominous pleasure of carrying the bird....and we were off.....!!!

The pack was very, very tight....each person adamant about staying with the pack. Sylvana (Kwakka's Mrs) and Nasty joined in sending us off but poor Nasty ran afoul of Swollen Colon's orange safety flag in the first of several mishaps.

The initial moaning and bitching commenced when bicycle tyres collided on the small uphill climbs and frequent stops. *"OK bitch, I'll take the blame"* remarked one Female Hasher to another.

And we were On On to never ending picture of suburbia that went on via level surfaces over 20 kilometres. Finally, the well herded pack arrived at a road overpass to the first water stop where male and females alike could urinate in peace under the bridge. It was the ominous turning point for the ride as the "hills" lay before us. Sir Black Stump repeatedly implored of us to *"don't talk, just keep grinding away"*.

Those words of inspiration held little meaning to those with a \$2,000 bicycle that had only been ridden less than an hour the past year as the hapless pack made their way up 5-6 kilometres mountain ranges. The pack literally came apart...and it was here the men were separated from the boys and the boys separated from the exhubriant neophytes.



It was TOUGH going and the true Aussie spirit predominated as no one whinged but instead blamed themselves for being overweight, out of shape, over 50, and generally not fit. It became a truly arduous experience and illustrious nightmare for those unconditioned and ill experienced for a two wheeled mountain climb.

Sir Botcho had warned at the outset *"those of you too far behind will be remanded to the trailer"* and it was Waste of Time and Mademoiselle Latrine both fell forcible victim to the Grim Reaper, Ferret – who ordered the hapless pair to put their bicycles onto his trailer for the sick and infirmed as they walked and meandered aimlessly with their cycles some 6 kilometres behind the pack.

The first and most formidable Hash Crash of the tour eventuated when Cheezy Pizza's chain derailed on a downhill spurt that left im in a ditch with a derailed chain and bloody knee. A passing motorist offered help and, Cheezy Pizza – too proud for his own good – declined assistance, got his chain back on and finished (and just barely, I tell you) to the lunch – looking really worse for wear. In my humble estimation, I accorded Cheezy Pizza "the best of the worst" rider of the day and without a doubt, Tazzy Crumpet held second place. Tazzy Crumpet brought new meaning to the word tenacious. Bear in mind, both of those riders were able to circumvent the Grim Reaper's pick up van.

Having worked and lived in both Latin America and Mexico, I have a more than fair idea what a good taco tastes like, but NOTHING held a candle to the most salubrious and tasty tacos we had for lunch! The mince had the perfect spice and the tomatoes were as red and fresh as one could get. Swindler, ever the gentlemen, served each person individually, and one everyone gobbled their lunch with delight.

Swindler then nominated himself to be Kwakka's aide de Camp and ensured the proper signage was posted in the appropriate places. Every Harriette will tell you that to do a good job you need the right tool but Kwakka ruined a perfectly good hammer that had been in his family for generations because he drove screws with hammer instead of a screwdriver.

All the signage still didn't help. Of all people, it was RADAR who got lost and did not find his way to the happy our drink stop in Beaudesert. Amongst us, we had one modest, yet venerable Hashman who had flown in from Myanmar/Burma named Lion. I saw Lion softly weeping at the first day's Happy hour and I asked him what was wrong. He said *"nothing- I'm so happy"* About what? I implored. *"You Hashers are the best....you have a Lion's club and the Lion's club donated the shed where we are having this venue and we just finished riding our bikes down Lion's road...I'm impressed beyond words"*. And Lion was ostensibly correct. All of us were impressed beyond words. The first days ride was theoretically 85 kilometres but all the odometers evidenced something more than 92 kms. It seems that everything for Kiwis is approximate or "ish".

At happy hour the grog was flowing and the Hash ladies glowing. Everyone was on their best behaviour and most of those in attendance were more than elated to have survived the day. Weekly, the omnipotent and revered BOOZEMASTER was thoroughly in his element and well prepared – ably assisted by Sir Botcholism. There were proper, hand polished wine glasses...you name it – it was available – we were situated next to an authentic Japanese garden and the sun had returned to grace us as well after a cloudy, windy and drizzling ride over a mountain range earlier in the day. The Happy Hour(s) was/were first class.

BEACH TO BOONAH BIKE RIDE



Magnificent. There was even Henkell Trocken (trocken in English is dry) sparkling white wine - the world class German bottled leg opener on offer. Whing.com took a commanding and much appreciated role with her ability to chant and recant a myriad of hash songs we all so love (and don't remember) to each down down. I had never seen our esteemed, incessantly jovial and beloved Boozemaster spit the dummy – but it happened LIVE in the circle when Ginger beer got mixed with REAL BEER – the sacred hash BEvERage.

You had to laugh at all the attention paid to Deb, the Bar Mistress who announced who would be sleeping with whom the first night at the Beaudesert Hotel as she unceremoniously handed out the keys. It was parma night at the pub and therefore nearly everyone ate that. There was a booze circle of sorts where gossip and lies are exchanged and Caustic Crusader, Phantom and two other Hashmen were told LAST DRINKS about 11:30pm by the bellicose barmaid.

Day 2: it always amazes me that people feel they can cure a hangover with a cup of coffee. No idea how many hashers attempted to absolve themselves from their misery with a paper cup of brown water and milk that morning. The hard realisation that I had missed out on the REAL party at the Beaudesert hotel was when I saw the spent condom in the drain of the bathtub in the men's bathroom. But, 8 am we were off. The road out of Beaudesert offered up a very dead hare and I was eternally grateful Sir Rabbit wasn't there to witness it. Amazingly, the tempo for the first 14 kilometres was as amazing as it was brutal. The tempo of the best and fittest averaged over 30 kilometres per hour while the less fortunate found themselves dismounting their bicycles. I had always wondered why real Australians referred to bicycles as a "push bike" or a "pushie". Now I fully understood. I watched Tig, Swollen Collen, Waste of Time and nameless others PUSH their bike up the hill as they stumbled along with it. Much to my amazement, I watched Magician RIDE by – up the hill – whilst smiling. I begged and pleaded with him at the next rest stop to give me one of the pills he had taken that morning – to no avail.

After the first break and water stop, Sir Slab advised the next leg would be 10 kilometres – 5 and then turn right to avoid the Lost Valley. Fcuk me dead mate – after we turned right to the Hillview Crest, Hashers came off their PUSH BIKES in record numbers. To be honest and statistically correct – virtually EVERYONE dismounted and pushed their cycles up the hill with the exception of five Hashers:

- Sir Slab
- Vomit
- Radar

Honka (travelled 2 kilometres per hour – the pace of those walking!!)

The fifth hasher was Tig, who collapsed and was taken by the Grim Reaper (Ferret) whilst navigating the arduous 18 degree inclined hill. The Queensland government had posted a sign at the bottom of the "Hill" stating "not suitable for campers and trailers"

I can advise with veracity it was not suitable for bicycles or push bikes either!

Then came the down down down down down – also at 18 degrees. We had one amongst us who confessed to NOT using his hand brakes despite speeds of up to 70 kmph. Somehow, Waste of Time alleged he went hands free down the hill. I needed BOTH brakes on in FULL GRIP to avoid cashing in on my life insurance. You tell me.

Death awaited the unsuspecting on this morning. The landscape was betrayingly beautiful. There were great expanses of land that are the picture perfect scenario of the way Australia is idyllically portrayed in its auspicious splendour. There was a total consensus that

AUSTRALIA is an amazing place and the unspoken and unheralded organizers had taken pains (literally) to ensure that each of us could bear witness to the beautiful hinterlands of Queensland.

The weather was an epitome of perfection.....but there were “undulations” or mini hills or just hills that preyed upon the weakest amongst us. The second day had sorted out those upon whom the vultures stared and was it ugly. Many had relegated themselves to their fate by succumbing themselves to the Grim Reapers chariot. The first was Rockhard, who complaining of a heartbeat in excess of 80 whacks a minute fell out at 10 minutes then Cherry Pizza, also Mata Hari, then Lion; Swindler lost his lust for pain, Blue Card found himself to be a better driver than rider, Kimasutra (overwhelmed by coitus non interruptus and Jake the Pegs magnanimous efforts), and Flasher – whom much to his chagrin – found no way to short cut- all fell victim to the Grim Reaper.

Having collapsed myself at 11:23 am, the Grim Reaper moved in on me. But to behold – there was no room in the inn for another casket. With a full boat, Ferret was rubbing his hands in jubilation and Blue Card’s vehicle had only one seat left for the physically paralysed. In the distance, we could see Phantom and Tazzie Crumpet ambulating towards us. Tazzie’s front tyre wobbled so badly she would have been done for drink driving on the spot. Phantom’s English language ability had been reduced to two words- “I’m Fcuked, I’m Fcuked”.

The Grim Reaper and his assistant had full loads going onto the lunch break at day 2. Thank God – the beer was cold at the pub. Hamburgers highlighted the mid-day feeding frenzy and those who felt so inspired raced off for the last 18 kilometres to HAPPY HOURS where huge white plastic chairs had been laid out for the decrepit and agonized masses. The infidel hordes could hardly move but their elbows were in prime form, I tell you. I, personally, had not seen that much grog on display since Interhash! GMs were called into action for the Circle and Sheep Trills navigated with his emotive way as Whing.com read hash songs from a notebook. The ensuing char grilled steaks from the Super Butcher made a perfect evening even better! Lots of behind the scenes work transpired to see dogs were treated like Kings!

Day 3. After a hot brekkie, Jigsaw and Cheezy Pizza refused to mount their push bikes for reasons/excuses known only to them. Phantom had departed early, knowing he would lag eventually. Madamoiselle Latrine stole Jigsaw’s bike and rode it for the first 25 kilometres – making such a debacle of himself that Jigsaw commanded back his pushie and rode it on home. Cheezy Pizza decided that he’d spent too much time on his bum and motivated himself to ride – and did well.

The final circle evidenced that innumerable personalities had given their best but also their worst. Never to be outdone, Sir Botcholism had a litany of awards for the motley crew which included:

- **Most time in the Sag wagon Award** – Cheezy Pizza
- **First to The Bucket Award** – Vomit (nepotic decision!)... First home most days
- **The Cussing Award** – Trazzy Crumpet... “Not another effing Hill”
- **Dragging the Chain Award** - Truck Tyres... Last rider to the start line
- **The Early Bird Award:** Kimisutra – For loving an early rise
- **The Look At Me Award** – Radar... Taking selfie while riding
- **The Mustard award** - Flasher- Always keen to get stared

The Ferret Award- Dimprick... Always first in line for the nosh

The circle concluded at 1:38 pm and one Hasher saw Sir Botcholism collapsing under the incessant strain of having produced a perfect event!

On On

Madamoiselle Latrine

BEACH TO BOONAH BIKE RIDE



2000th Run

Date: 29th April – 1st May 2016

Location: Boonah

Hares: The Sirs and many helpers

Hashers: 120

The celebrations began at 2.00pm with registration. Yours truly, Mrs FC and Rug were given the task of handing out T-shirts and other goodies and registering the runners and others and telling them where they would be accommodated. Well...it was like herding cats!!! There were people in corridors, people without beds, but hey, in the end it all worked out and I understand that everybody ended up with somewhere to lay their weary heads.

After registrations, many of us went to our digs to spruce up for the festivities of the night, being the formal dinner. Some of us had a small "nanna nap" but it was obvious that some thought it was a good idea to just keep the hell on drinking!!

Dinner was served...you guessed it, at the highest point of the resort, meaning a tough climb up the hill for many of us...but it was worth it...the organising committee had laid it all out beautifully with set tables and all nicely decorated. Most of the GCHHH were resplendent in their formal attire, meaning tails and hats....some of us were a bit slacker than that and just dressed as we would for a splinter lunch (me included!).

The food was excellent but I think that the caterers had a bit of an issue with portion control as I hear that some attendees were not able to be provided with their mains. I hope that this resolved in the end. The entrees were loved dumplings, all provided out of the Hash Trailer and I particularly noted the hard work being done by Sir Prince Valiant and Lion, slaving over hot (very hot!) woks.

The music for the night was provided by Sir Rabbit and it was most appropriate for the occasion, with most of us recognising all of the tunes he had selected...thanks Sir Rabbit.

Out the front controlling the flow of alcohol I recall seeing Sir Two Dogs who appeared to be in control but others were also there, including Sir Botcho.

The night, up to the point when I left, which was fairly early, went brilliantly...I think my head hit the pillow at a few minutes past 8.00pm so I leave it to others to fill in the gaps!!

2000th run...Friday night

But.....that is not where my night ended because at exactly 12.03 am (I checked the time on my phone) I was awoken by the dulcet tones of Mme Latrine, who has obviously succumbed to the effects of alcohol....I think he'd better stick to his day job and leave the singing to Pavarotti and others.

Breakfast on Saturday was a site to behold...these Hashers must be a tough lot because there they all were, mostly fresh as daisies, ready to consume vast amounts of breakfast. Even Mme Latrine fronted looking fairly fresh, considering the punishment he had inflicted on his poor body.

Of note were the tremendous efforts of the team doing the breakfast. I don't want to miss any body out but Caustic was there sweating over hot barbeques, Lion over dirty dishes along with Rock Hard, Botcho organising plates and cutlery and numerous other helpers racing around keeping everybody happy.

Last word must go to our boozemasters...Weekly and Brewtus were there all the time ensuring that we had ample supplies of cold booze on hand. Thanks guys, you've done yourselves proud.

I think that's all I can say from the little time that I was there...but it was a WONDERFUL day and I cannot thank the organising committee enough, on behalf of all who attended.

Fanny Charmer ...

On Sec for Friday



2000th run...Friday night



2000th run... Saturday night

Date: 30th april 2016

Location: Boonah

Hares: The Sirs and many helpers

Hashers: 120

My first recollections of Saturday at Boonah was when I stepped out of the darkness of Room 8 or was it Room 10? at 0210 hrs for my regular middle of the night "snakes hiss " and saw a body wrapped up in a blue doonah lying on the floor boards outside the men,s dunny just across from our room. I must have disturbed the said body as whilst standing contemplating the steam rising from the bowl I heard someone in the Ladies Comfort Room next door loudly calling for "herbyyyyyy ". Upon exiting the men,s I noticed the body had disappeared .

I have been advised on good authority the Body belonged to Brewtus.

Upon arising about 0630 I was co-opted to the kitchen by SPV and given the special task of cooking about 120 fried eggs. What a team...Caustic on Bacon etc , Botcho running around the place like a Blue Assed fly doing everything and anything. SPV giving orders... and Sir Rabbit looking for his lost keys, In the end all good , everyone got a feed and the kitchen ran like clockwork.

There was a general buzz in the air about 1400 as Sir Slab hovered near the start. SPV was in a tither as the night before the caterer was about 15 meals short and he was going to make damn sure it did not happen again , soooo he and I attempted to count everyone as they mingled about in nervous anticipation of a cracker of a run/walk in the Boonah countryside.

Try as we may we kept getting different totals so in the end we made everyone pretend they were sheep and proceed out the opening in the fence. ...Counted 102 on that occasion so I guess SPV added a few and got to a correct number as we all got fed on Saturday night.

I went with the walkers lead by "Sir Rabbit" and got up a bit of a sweat around the streets and paddocks. Never seen so many roos and wallabies so close to a town , there must have 50 to 60 of them.

The run/walk finished in the:

2000th run... Saturday night

BBQ area at the bottom of the hill inside the of "The Outlook " complex and heaps of beer and wine was consumed . A typical Men's hash circle was conducted by SPV and many down downs awarded to outstanding participants. A great chorus of hash drinking songs was lead off by "Flower" who we later discovered had a great pair of Jugs that she proudly displayed for the asking later in the evening. Untouched by gravity but I'm not sure about the fondling hands of drunken hashmen.

The evenings festivities commenced around 1900 with soft carefully selected background music provided by "Sir Rabbit Productions" The alcohol soon loosened up everyone and by 2000 hrs the party was under way under the direction of "Paul McKenna" the Professional Entertainer " formally from the car rally last year. A great meal of chicken and or steak was devoured by all followed by a selection of sweets. The music was cranked up and all the rockers were soon on the floor again.

After a small altercation with a Turtle in a Blond wig and skin tight leggings and a pissed Harriet complaining about that they should get a best dressed prize. A quick team of Judges assembled and came up with some worthy winners. Suitable bottles of wine for prizes were selected and around 2100 SPV called for quiet and gave out the bottles of fine wine to deserving winners that had bothered to dress up in the Seventies gear.

Seems it was supposed to be a theme night? "but no one told most of us". Winners were: Turtle for mentioning the prize & Richard Clapton "alias Cheesy Pizza" won the sought after prizes as best dressed or undressed I'm not sure?. The party continued and your scribes for the night both fucked off early to catch up on some much needed zzzzzzzz.

Being of sound mind and knowing one of us had to drive the Range Rover and trailer back next day and called it quits about 2200 and slipped of to my bed

On On
Ferrett & Sir Rabbit



HASH AWARDS

2015 ... 2016

Worse Nosh: Show Pony

Best Nosh: Last Year's Committee for Knighthood ceremony at Sir Slab's factory.

Outstanding Hashman: Sir Slab for Boonah Bike Ride & 2000'th Run.

Advanced Drivers Award: Truck Tyres for advancing into concrete post at Missing Links when picking up trailer. \$300 towards \$600 insurance excess.

Best Run: Elvis Burleigh Run

Most Memorable Run: Miscarriage Dog Park Robina Parkway losing everyone in a bog.

MILESTONES

2015 .. 2016

100
Fanny Charmer
Madam Latrine
Slug

200
Shat

300
Caustic
Rock Hard
Weekly

500
Miscarriage

600
Show Pony

700
Bent Banana
Circumference

900
Josephine

1100
Sir Black Stump

1400
Sir Slab

1600
Sir Prince



HIERARCHY

2016 ... 2017



Grand Master
Rock Hard



Religious Adviser
Shat



Hash Cash
Ferrett



On Sec
Circumference



Booze Master
Bent Banana



Booze Master
Flasher



Trailer Master
Truck Tyres



Hash Flash
Slug

HIERARCHY
2016 ... 2017



Minister of Everything
Sir AH



SPLINTER LUNCH

EPULO ET CRAPULA MAXIMUS

What a great way to spend the last Friday of each month, wining and dining with your Hash mates. So many stories to tell but my memory fades after a few reds. You know the story!!
"What happened at lunch stays at lunch"

We dined in various Restaurants, mostly in Surfers Paradise where the food was always top notch, the BYO wine was the best that money could buy and the eye candy second to none. After each Gourmet lunch was completed and our eyes back in their sockets, we always moved on to a local watering hole for a cleansing ale or two.

WHY you ask? A bloody good question!!
Apparently we needed more liquid for the long ride home.

The annual Golf Day was also a great success, with 41 attending. No rain this year, which made a change from previous years when it was little wet under foot.


A Gourmet lunch followed (as you would expect from the Gourmet Splinter Hash)
The red wine and beer was served by Montana, a great day was had by all.

I can't remember who won the day, but I think that the award must go to Montana, nobody else came close on the score card.

On On
Botcho

SPLINTER LUNCH





This publication was compiled by Botcho
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Gourmet Hash?
Back to Basics Hash?
I'm confused

