



YEAR BOOK 2020



Stop! Go Back! **WRONGWAY!**

Despite the warnings, we went ahead anyway.

In most things you do, there is a right way and a wrong way. Consistent with MH3 tradition, in October 2019 and in desperation, the grand council of MH3 retired Chief Poo Bahs chose to go the **Wrongway**. Paradoxically, it was the right way. Our Grand Master shot through early on and left us to it while he visited the ancient caves around Penang searching for the Holy Hash Grail. When he ultimately returned I'm not really sure what he brought back with him. The country was soon all consumed by the deadly Novel Corona Virus, or COVID 19 as we came to know it. Where the fuck is Wuhan? We were in the vulnerable group but never mind said our wise GM, stick your head up your bum and wait it out. Or at least that's what I thought he said. I never know. Next thing we do know is the Hash angel, aka Kanza, Zooms in and we find ourselves virtually in the cloud, being encouraged to follow our own trail. Stick it says the Big Q, fake runs don't count. Oh well. After six weeks we took our heads out of our bums and smelled the fresh air. Ahhh. MH3 didn't need much of a spark as the embers were still there. In all our wisdom the noisy majority ruled and we ventured out at three o'clock and got home by six to the cosiness of the nests to which we had become accustomed. Irish suggested we all grow beards but Herpes voted that idea down as silly. Soon there was light at the end of the tunnel. Unfortunately it was a train and we had to withdraw, just on the point of coming (back). The GM was distraught and thought it must be his fault. It was a while before we disaffected, and disinfected, him. As his appointment anniversary approached, we were still in the grip of a Dandemic and locked up with few privileges. Wrongway started to fret as we weren't convinced he'd done enough - even though it was lots more than previous esteemed GMs had achieved, but who's counting? He had the last laugh as he had possession of the GMs Jacket and got it embroidered. It was then just a matter of waiting till more than two of us could gather and he could drop it and run. So here we are, as strong as ever. Cough, cough, sniff. Woo Hoo.

Herewith the yearbook, and a quote from Churchill: 'From now on, ending a sentence with a preposition is something up with which I will not put'! Enjoy. Ed.



A reminder that while we were locked up, other things were going on. Both men here are now forgiven but are reluctant to join Hash because of the damage it might do to their reputations.

In the interests of posterity, this is what your office bearers looked like in the cool light of day. I won't call it a committee as I think you have to have meetings to qualify for that. Suffice to say we were ably regulated and supervised by our triopoly of GM Wrongway, bagman Quasi, and Zoom censor Kanza.

- Grand Master
- SGT@Arms
- On Sec and Hash Cash
- Religious Advisor
- Trail Master
- Choir Master
- Grog Masters
- Swindler
- Hash Scribes
- Hash Flash

- Wrongway
- Trickey
- Quas-I
- Dungfoot
- Phantom II
- Gonzo
- Herpes & Top Gum
- Happy
- Six 35, Irish & JC
- Kanza & (occasionally) Farkin



One is out of order. It's typical. You work it out.

REPORT FROM OUR ESTEEMED GM

It was planned. The job was accepted with the condition that I will be out of the country for at least 4 months. Told to have a good Sergeant, and it will be fine. Yes, GM's job was no big issue. Went back to Penang, run hash, came back after 6 weeks, and Trickey and MH3 committee was running itself like a clockwork. I sat down with our efficient On Sex/Hash Cash Quasi and had planned an out of town run and to produce some hash shorts. But we have no idea that the year was turning into the year of Covid-19, a pandemic like nothing before. In the past it was well known that Hash never stop running even during very severe constraints or situations. This time, Hash is forced to stop running all over the world, and I have the dubious honour of shutting down Melbourne Hash on 23rd March 2020 when we had the last pre-covid lockdown run from Teflon's factory at Hallam.

Kanza our webmaster/hash/flash also volunteered to take on the task of Zoommaster. We were forced to learn the meaning of the word luddite. Zoom meetings kept us all together for about 7 and half months, with about 3 months of "10 to a group runs" included in it. It was a lifesaver under the circumstance. We were able to create a semblance of hash mob behaviour even on zoom

The Scribes JC, Irish and Six-35 were faced with the very tough conditions to actually still produce the Hashtralian for us week after week in spite of lockdown to keep everyone informed and sane.

Trailmaster Phamtom2 was very slick indeed. Once he sense there is physical runs coming up, he will always have the hares ready. Remember to ask him, if you need help for any arm twisting. Reminds me of the mafia.

It was a more relaxing year for RA Dungfoot, Choirmaster Gonzo, Raffle Master Happy, and Grogmasters Herpes and Topypy courtesy of covid, not through their fault. Still, we managed about 4 half months of full running.

All in all, we still had a fairly busy year, at least putting up one members night. 4 MH3 members and I were present for the memorial service of one of our past GMs, The Count at Sommerville on 18/11/19. Some members and me also managed to attend the Lakeside AGM and D&E AGM before we were shut down.

We did not have enough activities, but the consolation we have is that there will be a healthy kitty carried forward to the new committee to celebrate the 50th anniversary next year.

Thanks to the committee for making the year 2020 a successful one. And to the members for tolerating the virus year of Wrongway. What a year to remember!

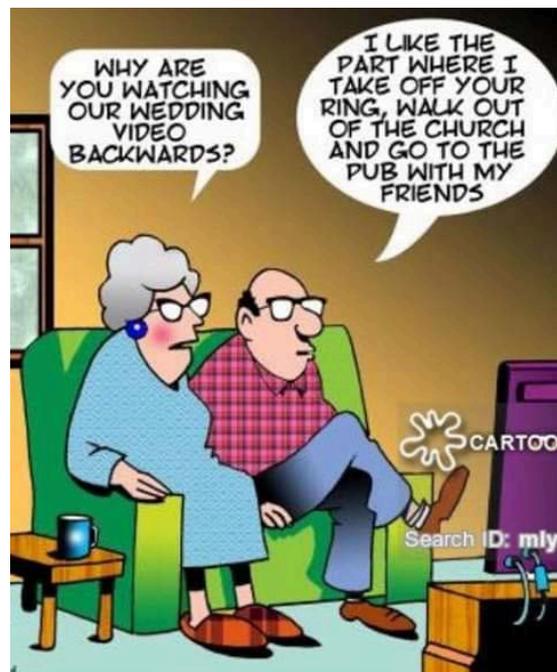
On On, Wrongway.





One of our lot, who shall remain nameless, says he's ready for Interhash in Trinidad in 2022 only this time he's going to do it a bit differently. "Four years ago we went to Bali and Mary got pregnant. In 2018 we went to Nadi and Mary got pregnant." "So what's different this time?" asks his mate. "I'm taking her with me!"

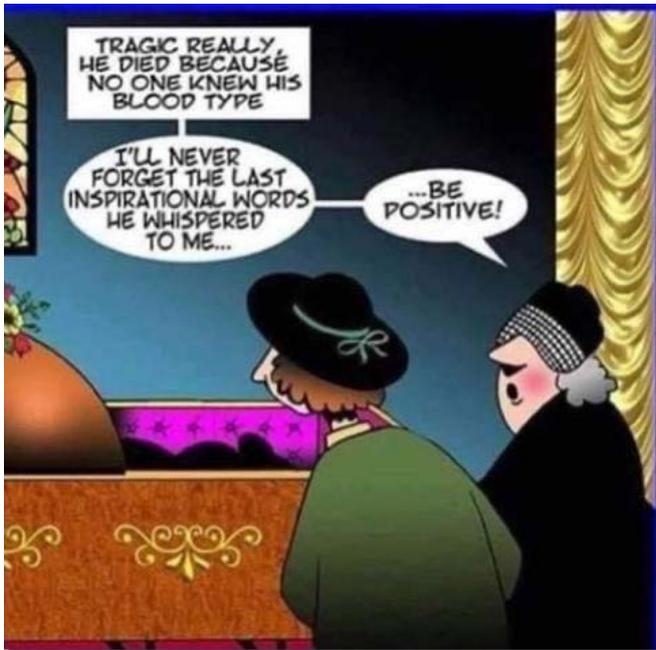
A man invites his mate from the pub home for dinner. His wife screams at him, "I've not done my hair, not done my make-up, not done any housework, not done the dishes & can't be bothered with cooking! What the fuck did you invite him round for?" Cos he's thinking of getting married."



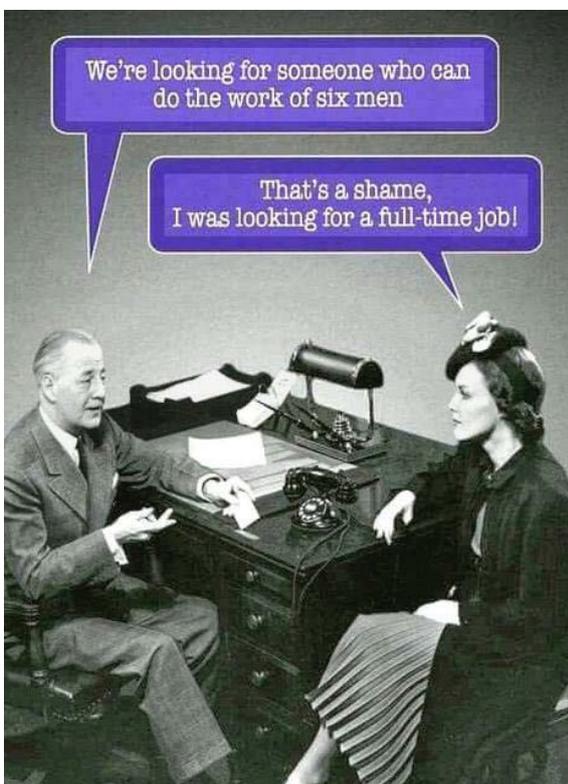
An Australian learning to dive asked Paddy: "Why do Scuba divers always fall backwards off the boat?" Paddy just shook his head and said: "If tey fell forwards tey'd still be in the fockin' boat."

MELBOURNE H3 GRAND MASTERS

1971	GARRY SMITH
1972	JERRY TIPPING
1973	BASIL 'DOC' LIGHTFOOT
1974	ED DAVIS
1975	PAUL 'PULSATING' HOLLISTER
1976	IAN 'SLOCKY' SLOCKWITCH
1977	JOHN 'SPRINGS' PARRY
1978	DAVE 'WEARAWAY' WATERHOUSE
1979	TITTO 'LE FROG' RADAS
1980	ROGER 'HOPPY' HOPKINS
1981	BRUCE 'NO BALLS' ALCOCK
1982	IAN 'COUNT' MARGOCSY
1983	TIM 'SHIT LIPS' STEVENS
1984	ADRIAN 'BABBLING' BROOKS
1985	ROSS 'STEAMSHOES' JOHNSTONE
1986	TONY 'SMURF' BROWN
1987	RICK 'LUBRA' MAPP
1988	PAUL '6.35' FAIRBROTHER
1989	BOB 'TICKET' STUBBS
1990	DOUG 'QUASI' TRAYNOR
1991	GRAEME 'PUCK' BOWES
1992	JOHN 'HERPES' YOUL
1993	JACK 'PHANTOM II' WALKER
1994	ROB 'TWO BOB' YOUNG
1995	NICK 'SICK NICK' HOFFMAN
1996	TITTO RADAS
1997	BILL 'HAPPY' CROSS
1998	PAUL 'TANGLES' MACNAMARA
1999	ANDREW 'DUNGFOOT' WILLGOOSE
2000	NILS 'TOP GUM' BRODERS
2001	KEITH 'SHUNT' RALPH
2002	LYALL 'BILO' TRAYNOR
2003	KARLIS 'BOTTOM GUM' BRODERS
2004	MIKE 'POL POT' HODGSON
2005	RAY 'IRISH' CHADWICK
2006	GEORGE 'NON-STOP' SUSIL
2007	KEVIN 'CLIT' KITTERINGHAM
2008	JOHN 'JC' CLARKSON
2009	BARRY 'GG' KERR
2010	IAN 'GROTTI' SCOTT
2011	JIM 'THE PHANTOM' ATKIN
2012	PETER 'TRICKEY' HICKEY
2013	KEVIN 'KAGEE' GANNON
2014	ANDREW 'SWISS ROLL' SOLDAN
2015	LEIGH 'LETHAL' CHAPMAN
2016	NEIL 'KANZA' MORRIS
2017	STEVE 'BIONIC' ELMER
2018	KARL 'ADOLF' HABRES
2019	BOB 'FARKIN' LARKIN
2020	TEW LOEI 'WRONGWAY' BOON



On a hash run, a certain hashman rang for an ambulance because his mate had just been hit by a car. 'Get the ambulance here quick. He's bleeding from his nose and ears and I think both legs are broken.' 'What's your location?' asks the operator. 'Eucalyptus St.' 'How do you spell that?' There was silence for some time apart from some heavy breathing. 'Hello sir, are you there?' Still more heavy breathing. 'Sir, please answer me.' 'Sorry about that says the hashman, I couldn't spell eucalyptus so I've dragged him round to Oak Street.'



Sergeant's Report



Maybe this year it should be called the Corporal's Report as I didn't really earn the three stripes! Things started off in a fairly conventional manner as in introducing the GM to the throng assembled to tear through the suburb each Monday evening, again for the Circle and thereafter attempting to reign in the ratbag elements (not only Herpes!). Then all of a sudden the GM decamped OS and left me to shoulder both our tasks!

This worked OK when I remembered to bring the milk crate for increased visibility. Eventually he returned, so for a short while we both fell back into our traditional roles. Before we knew it we were all locked down and playing Zoom from our hideaways at home. No chance to inflict some discipline there! If only I had access to Kanza's mute button! Didn't take long to identify those that love the sound of their own voice and thriving on the ability to lock everyone out. Same as normal really! Electronic version of LoudMouth! Actually it wasn't bad fun and the participation was general, wide spread and in good spirit. But there wasn't much for the Sergeant to do or achieve.

So I probably only deserved Two stripes, if that!

Sergeant? TRICKEY.



He tried the water pistol but it didn't work. I wonder why!

Honour Board

Hash name	Name	Joined	Real Runs as at Run 26/10/20
Quasi	Douglas Traynor	1981	1817
Six 35	Paul Fairbrother	1980	1746
Grotti	Ian Scott	1978	1629
Phantom II	Jack Walker	1986	1608
Topgum	Nils Broders	1988	1375
Irish	Ray Chadwick	1980	1368
Happy	Bill Cross	1992	1356
GG	Barry Kerr	1985	1330
Steamshoes	Ross Johnstone	1981	1182
Herpes	John Youl	1980	1145
Pol Pot	Mike Hodgson	1993	1114
Smurf	Tony Brown	1974	1101
Ticket	Bob Stubbs	1980	1076
Clit	Kevin Kitteringham	1985	1036
Puck	Graeme Bowes	1982	1036
Lethal	Lee Chapman	1977	1033
Bilo	Lyll Traynor	1991	970
JC	John Clarkson	1984	849
Lubra	Rick Mapp	1982	823
Non Stop	George Susil	1996	821
Trickey	Peter Hickey	1986	811
Bionic	Steve Elmer	1979	804
Dungfoot	Andrew Willgoose	1994	706
Bent	Brent Leeden	1987	664
Swiss Roll	Andrew Soldan	1987	652
Farkin	Bob Larkin	1979	627
Lunna	Gary Lupton	1992	604
Adolf	Karl Habres	1987	571
Kanza	Neil Morris	2008	531
Spermblank	Alan Forbes	2014	530
Bottom Gum	Karlis Broders	1997	461
KG	Kevin Gannan	1985	452
Sydway	Sidney Ong	2004	451
Gibbo	David Gibson	1979	450
Shunt	Keith Ralph	1991	437
Drinkstop	Chris Susil	2004	426
Murf	Tony Murphy	1977	303
Phantom	Jim Atkin	1982	255
Wrongway	Tew Loei Boon	2013	237
Green Machine	Andrew Green	2012	144
Glass Jaw	Grant Newman	1987	140
Gonzo	Andy Smith	2016	129
MyWay	Michael Chan	2014	115
2 Streets	Russell Collins	2017	79
Big Ears	Lee Hazelwood	2008	56
Shiny Dick	Ricky Abedi	2019	34

ON SEC / HASH CASH REPORTS 2020

Last year I started with “Where did the last year go? They seem to go by quicker each year”. Well not this one!

We had 21 runs up when the first lock-down happened on 23rd March, then we re-started with another 8 runs before the 2nd lock-down (29 live runs in total for the year and 23 Zoom-only runs).

So, in the first 5 months of Wrong Way’s year we celebrated the Combined Christmas run at Wattle Park with a crowd of 80+. We also had a Members’ Night at the Shangri-La Inn, Vermont where the GM supplied bags of chips before the run.

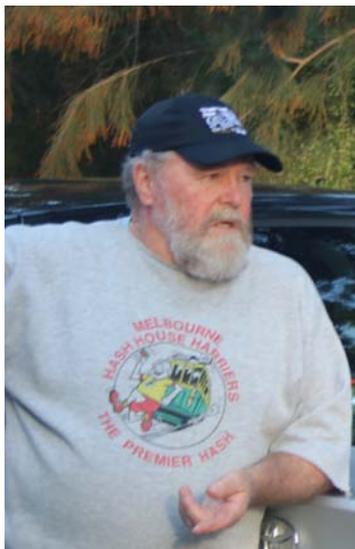
My Red Pen also had a break with only 29 Official live runs with an average of 18 runners.

We hope to move forward and be able to celebrate our 50th Anniversary on Sunday, 25th April, 2021.

There was 1½ less financial members than last year. As we were only running for 6 and a bit months, there were only a couple of commemorative runs and a Members’ Night, so there were minimal expenses. Don’t worry, we will make it up to you!

We had a few good milestone runs this year:

Bionic	800
Dungfoot	700
Non Stop	800
Phantom II	1600
Pol Pot	1100
Quas-I	1800
Trickey	800



On On
Quas-I
Hash Cash and On Sec 2020

PS: With Summer just around the corner, a reminder that we still have some Sky Blue T-Shirts and Polo Shirts available for sale.

T-Shirts - \$12.00

Polo Shirts - \$20.00

Hash name	Name	Joined	Live Runs @ 26/10/2020	Total Live Runs in 2020	Total COVID Zoom only @ 26 Oct 2020
Adolf	Karl Habres	1987	571	19	23
Bent	Brent Leeden	1987	664	0	
Big Ears	Lee Hazelwood	2008	56	2	
Bilo	Lyall Traynor	1991	970	1	
Bionic	Steve Elmer	1979	804	19	15
Bottom Gum	Karlis Broders	1997	461	4	8
Clit	Kevin Kitteringham	1985	1036	1	
Drinkstop	Chris Susil	2004	426	16	
Dungfoot	Andrew Willgoose	1994	706	14	9
Farkin	Bob Larkin	1979	627	14	23
GG	Barry Kerr	1985	1330	7	
Gibbo	David Gibson	1979	450	2	4
Glass Jaw	Grant Newman	1987	140	4	
Gonzo	Andy Smith	2016	129	11	17
Green Machine	Andrew Green	2012	144	1	3
Grotti	Ian Scott	1978	1629	0	
Happy	Bill Cross	1992	1356	25	
Herpes	John Youl	1980	1145	21	
Irish	Ray Chadwick	1980	1368	23	23
JC	John Clarkson	1984	849	25	23
KG	Kevin Gannan	1985	452	1	
Kanza	Neil Morris	2008	531	24	23
Lethal	Lee Chapman	1977	1033	11	18
Lubra	Rick Mapp	1982	823	4	
Lunna	Gary Lupton	1992	604	3	
MyWay	Michael Chan	2014	115	15	14
Non Stop	George Susil	1996	821	24	
Phantom II	Jack Walker	1986	1608	26	23
Pol Pot	Mike Hodgson	1993	1114	24	20
Puck	Graeme Bowes	1982	1036	2	
Quasi	Douglas Traynor	1981	1817	25	
Shunt	Keith Ralph	1991	437	0	
Six 35	Paul Fairbrother	1980	1746	27	23
Smurf	Tony Brown	1974	1101	1	22
Spermblank	Alan Forbes	2014	530	1	
Steamshoes	Ross Johnstone	1981	1182	6	
Swiss Roll	Andrew Soldan	1987	652	0	
Sydway	Sidney Ong	2004	451	4	3
Ticket	Bob Stubbs	1980	1076	6	
Topgum	Nils Broders	1988	1375	27	23
Trickey	Peter Hickey	1986	811	21	23
Wrongway	Tew Loei Boon	2013	237	22	23
2 Streets	Russell Collins	2017	79	20	23
Shiny Dick	Ricky Abedi	2019	34	12	8
Murf	Tony Murphy	1977	303	0	1
Zulu Boy	Michael Black	2020	7	7	2

Melb HHH Trail Master Report 2020 – Phantom II

Another year has passed and it is time to hand over the task to someone else – if only it was a normal year. I'm resigned to doing another year in the job as it's been an easy year so far. However, I could be tempted to hand over to someone else if there is someone volunteering. Any takers?

After the AGM, it was easy to get hares for the summer runs and the usual highlights were the joint Christmas run from Wattle Park and our Australia Day run from the Burwood Soccer Club.

All went to plan until the COVID-19 restrictions came into being with our last conventional runs being the St Pat's Day run from Irish's shed and Teflon's factory run.

We then went into hibernation until we broke out for a few runs in June 2020 starting with my old venue, Valley Reserve in Mt Waverley. From our regular ZOOM meetings it was agreed that 3pm Mon park runs (BYO drinks and snacks) were the way to go for the foreseeable future and these were very successful as most of us were retired and there was no desire to meet up in the cold and dark for a 7pm run (pubs, clubs, houses were out of bounds). Interestingly, D & E did continue to meet at 7pm for their Wed run but I believe their numbers were down as expected.

The only significant run we missed was our 49th birthday run on ANZAC Day. It was also planned to present Irish and Prince with a certificate for 40 years of Hashing.

I'm not sure when we can get back to normal runs but I'm sure beer gardens will be a feature long before we get back inside pubs for public bar pot and parma specials. I think my favourite venue, the Notting Hill Hotel, has the best beer garden in our zone of operation so I'll make a booking there as soon as Steely Dan lifts the ring of steel around us. I would encourage others to think of potential venues for the future.

Onon **Phantom II**



The Real Origin of Hash?

(This first bit is from Wikipedia) A game called "Hunt the Fox" or "Hunt the Hare" had been played in English schools at least since the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. Shakespeare appears to make reference to it in Hamlet when he eludes the guards at Elsinore he cries "Hide, fox, and all after". Around 1800 the game was organised at Shrewsbury School into an outdoor game called "the Hunt" or "the Hounds", to prepare the young gentlemen for their future pastime of fox hunting. The two runners making the trail with paper were called "foxes", those chasing them were called "hounds". Hare coursing rather than fox hunting was used as an analogy when the game spread to Bath School, so the trail-makers were called "hares". This term was made popular by the paper chase scene in Tom Brown's School Days. The Royal Shrewsbury School Hunt is the oldest cross-country club in the world, with written records going back to 1831 and evidence that it was established by 1819.

During the 18th and 19th centuries, a favourite pastime of the landed English gentry was coursing ie, greyhounds vs hares. Perhaps not surprisingly, after their coursing exertions the exhausted gentry would retire to the pub for a beer. 'Hare and Hounds' was a derivation of coursing without the need to own a dog or property, or chase a fretting animal.

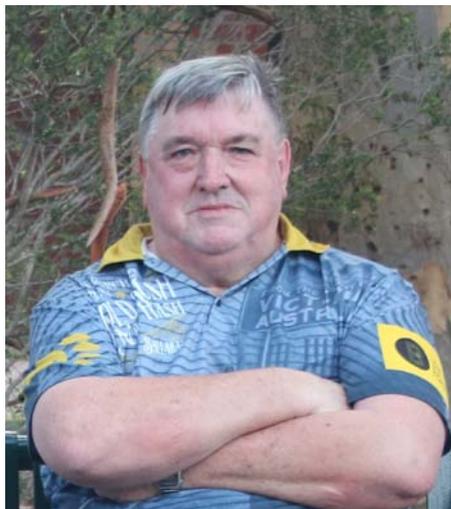
Thames Hare and Hounds is the oldest adult cross-country club in the world, based on the Roehampton end of Wimbledon Common, adjacent to Richmond Park. The Illustrated London News of 27th November, 1869, reported: 'A merry company of athletic pedestrian sportsmen, who styled themselves the Thames Hare and Hounds Club, were wont to seek a healthy pastime in the pursuit of mock chase following a paper trail laid by two of their fellows. They usually met at the well-known public house, the King's Head, Roehampton Bottom, where they equipped themselves in fitting attire. The running was tolerably correct, but always spirited and full of enjoyment.'



Poms needed rules or laws for their sports. 'Ten minutes start is given to the Hare who, provided with a large bag of cut paper (scent) runs off, occasionally scattering scent as he proceeds. The hounds should be led by the quickest runner of the party, and he is generally known as the Master of the Harriers. The Whipper-in who brings up the rear, carries a small flag and should be a lad of tact and management, able to cheer up the weak ones and control the refractory. The Master carries a horn and runs on as well as he can from the scent, being careful to deviate as little as possible from the track. If he loses the scent, he announces the fact by blowing three blasts on the horn. The pack immediately halts, Whipper-in plants his

flag at the last scent and the hounds circle round the scent, each from his halting place. Scent is thus soon recovered, the Master is informed, and with another sound of the horn all are at once in file, the flag is again waved aloft by the man in the rear and all proceed again with their Yoicks and Tallyhoes resounding merrily. So on, for the whole run, the game continues until either the Hare is run to ground or until his pursuers, baffled and pumped out, give up the chase for the day. Some authorities give it that the hounds must make no short cuts, but are bound strictly to follow the scent; this is a law difficult to enforce and is hardly fair on the pack.

Sound familiar?



Grog Masters' Report:

Who could have known!!! It was November 2019 when the brand new GM: WRONGWAY, decided in his wisdom (or otherwise), that HERPES and TOPGUM would be the Hash's Grog Masters, whose principal tasks were to NEVER let the troops run out of well-iced beer and 'softies', plus unwarmed wine, all to be properly delivered (in the grog wagon if applicable), with all to be neatly dispensed, and the cash-tin to be maintained as only slightly overflowing.

TWO STREETS should also get a mention and thanks, as he industriously sought out for us, cut-price grand old wines at Auctions – what a team!!

And so it was, until the night of Monday 23rd March 2020, at TEFLON's factory (bless his heart), when, with the world descending into chaos (and ultimately lockdowns), and with the smell of a Dettol bath and swabs in profusion wafting in the air, and unfortunately also in the taste buds, the 'not-so-new' GM: WRONGWAY, 'pulled the COVID-19 pin', and it all stopped – (the Grog Masters chores, that is!!).

The Hash has continued with regular 7pm ZOOM sessions, and spasmodic 3pm run groupings when allowed – but the Grog Masters have ceased to function up until even this date of mid-November 2020.

Who could have known!!!

Fondest regards to all (and stay safe!!). OnOn,

Herpes & Topgum.



I was talking to a young woman in the bar last night.

She said, "If you lost a few pounds, had a shave and got your hair cut, you'd look all right."

I said, "If I did that, I'd be talking to your friends over there instead of you."

The doctors say I will walk again, but I will always have a limp.

MH3 Master Run Sheet 2019/20

Date	Run	Venue	Hare	Melway
11 Nov 19	2744	AGM, Eastern Lions Soccer Club, Sixth Av, Burwood	JC	60 J8
18 Nov 19	2745	5 Sunnybrook Drive, Wheelers Hill	Herpes	71 H6
25 Nov 19	2746	Joan's Place, 6 Ophir Rd, Mt Waverley	Phantom II	70 G2
2 Dec 19	2747	Simpson Park, Cochrane St Mitcham	Adolf	49 A10
9 Dec 19	2748	Hurlingham Park, Milliarda Grove, Brighton East	Pol Pot	67 J10
16 Dec 19	2749	Wick's Reserve, Olinda Rd, The Basin	JC	65 H8
23 Dec 19	2750	Joint Christmas run with MLH3 & D&E, Wattle Park	Bandung barry	60 K3
30 Dec 19	2751	Mountain View Hotel, Springvale/High St Rds, Glen Waverley	Top Gum	71 D1
6 Jan 20	2752	19 Possum Lane, Heathmont	Top Gum	64 A2
13 Jan 20	2753	Fairpark Reserve, Park Boulevarde, Ferntree Gully	Happy	64 E11
20 Jan 20	2754	4 Cormorant Close, Endeavour Hills	Steamshoes & Glass Jaw	91 A4
27 Jan 20	2755	Australia Day Run, noon, Eastern Lions Soccer Club, Burwood	Prince/Kokup	60J8
3 Feb 20	2756	Waitangi Day #3, 24 Whalley Dve, Wheelers Hill	Ticket/Kanza	71 J12
10 Feb 20	2757	Frog Hollow, Fordham Ave, Camberwell	2 Streets	60 B2
17 Feb 20	2758	H.A.Smith Reserve, Glenferrie Rd, Hawthorn	Non Stop	59 D2
24 Feb 20	2759	Harleston Park BBQs, Allison Rd Caulfield	Six 35	67 H2
26 Feb 20	2760	D&E AGM, West Heidelberg FC, Beverley Dve	D&E	32 C4
2 Mar 20	2761	Members Night, Changri La, Brentford Sq, Forest Hill	Wrong/Myway	62 G2
9 Mar 20	2762	Ross Reserve, Corrigan Rd, Noble Park	Bionic	80 D11
16 Mar 20	2763	St Pat's Day, 22 Pauline Ave, Dingley	Irish	88 F7
23 Mar 20	2764	Factory 6, 13-15 David Lee Rd, Hallam	Teflon	96 F3
6 Apr to 11 May 20	VR2 - VR7	COVID19 Lockdown. Zoom talk sessions continued at 1900 for six weeks, including one on ANZAC Day.	gatekeeper Kanza	
18 May 20	2765	Valley Reserve, Mt Waverley	Phantom II	70 G2
25 May 20	2766	Norton's Park, Norton's Lane	Top Gum	72 A2
1 Jun 20	2767	Brick Makers Park, Oakleigh	Lethal	69 H6
8 Jun 20	2768	Karkarook Park, Heatherton	The Stops	78 D8
15 Jun 20	2769	Glenhuntly Park, Booran & Neerim Rds, Caulfield East	Pol Pot	68 E3
22 Jun 20	2770	Winter Solstice, Jells Park South	Dungfoot	72 A9
29 Jun 20	2771	Namatjira Park, Springs Rd, Clayton	Irish & GG	79 A5
6 Jul 20	2772	David Cooper Park, Jenola St, Wantirna Sth.	Top Gum	63 G12
13 Jul 20		This is where it all came to grinding halt.		
2 Nov 20	2773	Basterfield Park, Hampton East	Trickey	77 C7
9 Nov 20	2774	Darling Park, Darling	JC	59 K11
16 Nov 20	2775	Percy Treyvaud Reserve, Chadstone	Lethal	69 D3
23 Nov 20	2776	Wally Tew Reserve, Ferntree Gully	Quasi	74 B5

MH3 Run Summary 2020



Run 2744, 11th November 2019. If the photo looks familiar it's because we returned to the soccer club for an AGPU threepeat. Other hashes are getting used to it and attendances are on the up – 60+ this year. The run tested most but only a few impatient walkers failed to discover the DS. Tuff. Farkin breathed a sigh of relief and passed the GM's jacket to Wrongway.



Run 2745, 18th November. Hairless Herpes once again kick started the new Hash year using rainbow trout as the bait to get us to his place. We had a good run through the golf course, Shepherd's Bush and Jells Park before devouring the healthiest meal most of us will ever have. Ticket & Quasi returned the bollard that Herpes had smashed twelve months previously as another memento for his pool room, sorry, shed.



Run 2746, 25th November 2019. New Trail Master Phantom kept the momentum up with his run through Valley Reserve. Half the new committee had already had second thoughts and absented themselves. Maybe they reckoned they'd done it (Valley reserve) all before.



Run 2747, 2nd December. We hadn't been to Simpson Park out Mitcham way for some years and Top Gum reminded us it was exactly 21 years before at the same venue when he lost his 'earing. Did I hear that right? Adolf invited Tail End Charlie, down from Canberra, to help him set the run. I hope they co-ordinate their business better than they plan runs; one of them went backwards and they agreed to meet in the middle. When they met they found there was an eight foot cyclone wire fence separating them. Doh!

Run 2748, 9th December. Pol Pot dragged us back to Hurlingham Park in East Brighton where Shiny Dick got his first taste of Melbourne summer weather; 30+ deg just before the run and tit freezing 20 deg less when we got to the Circle. We were all rugged up while Shiny Dick shivered in his teeshirt.



Run 2749, 16th December. Wick's Reserve, The Basin. I set it so thought it was a brilliant bit of scheming to get everyone, well most, up hills and through the scrub. Phantom liked the track names but didn't like the food I cooked up, reckoned it reminded him of what he feeds his dogs. He might be right.

Run 2750, 23rd December. This was our annual Christmas run which we happily allowed D&E to host. Bandung Barry set the run and their committee paid for the food with the Tarts. We sold grog and raffle tickets and made a killing. Why didn't we think of this years ago? We got a bumper crowd of 80+, including a dozen from Peninsular and a couple of Eastern Suburbs ring-ins. We were also pleased to host ex GM legends Pulsating and No Balls who we hadn't seen for far too long. Good cheer in abundance.



Instructions to the throng



And those who made it to the drink stop.

Run 2751, 30th December 2019. While the State burned, Top Gum took us to the Mountain View Hotel in Glen Waverley where we were once again joined by a few from D&E because they didn't want to run on New Years Day. What's this world coming to? Quasi and Derelict both celebrated their 1800th run. SGT@Arms Trickey called for the charges to be short, sharp and witty which only meant the Circle ended without much ado. He'll learn. Or maybe he already has!



Run 2752, 6th January 2020. Top Gum hosted us for the second week in a row at his, now, traditional first, and so far best, run of the year from his backyard. The run seemed to go up hill double the amount it went downhill. Even the creek path went up hill. Prawns aplenty once

we got back but don't forget to wash your hands in beer before you get home. Trickey showed he was height sensitive by charging the Bayside Bus pax for forgetting his box.



Run 2753, 13th January 2020. Happy set this run from Fairpark Reserve in Ferntree Gully where only a meagre pack of ten fronted to enjoy the jaunt around the Knox community vineyard. That meant we had lots of snag curry and Happy still had left overs for the next week (he didn't dare feed it to the cat). Six 35 was pissed off that no-one appreciated his write up from the previous run and became even more pissed off when he got POW.

Run 2754, 20th January. What a summer. The rain was really a blessing and gave hope that Herpes, Bionic, et al, could retrieve their caravans from Gippsland. But Glass Jaw was not going to set the trail twice so sent Steamers out as a live Hare. He didn't get far. The drink stop esky didn't leave the car port and was a source of free grog till it was emptied.



Run 2755, 27th January. This was the now traditional Australia Day (Monday) run for Melbourne Hashes from the Eastern Lions Soccer Club with Lakeside doing the honours. Prince, Shiny Dick and Kokup did the deed. A good crowd turned up and did justice to Bionic's brain fart of three years ago.

Run 2756, 3rd February. What, another tradition? What's this disorganised Hash coming to? We must be getting old. Waitangi Day at Ticket's place. Means nothing to us but if the Kiwis want to put on lots of food who's going to say no. The Circle reminded me of the outer terraces at Eden Park when all the ferals come out to play. What a hoot. We celebrated Pol Pot's 1100th run and Non Stop's 800th.



Run 2757, 10th February. Back to Frog Hollow in Camberwell. 2 Streets was Hare and deemed to take us past Ferndale Park where everyone once again bagged Trickey for misdemeanours of years past. Zulu Boy came back for a second run; he might be snagged!

Run 2758, 17th February 2020. Pizzas in the Park (Harris Reserve, Glenferrie). Non Stop took us past many houses in Toorak that he wished he could afford before crossing the Yarra and checking out the Kevin Bartlett Reserve environs. Long slog back via Swan St. Trickey 800 and Dungfoot 700 runs. Pol Pot dodged the COVID ward.



Run 2759, 24th February. Six 35 got Myway to cook because he can't. Other than snags I mean. We were in Harleston Park, Caulfield after a long absence and checked out the Holocaust Museum. Wrongway returned from self exile and Herpes got pushed under an

ambulance, which sensibly didn't stop. Adolf was insensitively selected to gush about the run; and Corner Boy couldn't help himself and reverted to a former persona.



Run 2760, 26th February 2020. This was D&E's AGM when Bum Crack gave a hospital pass to poor old Doona. Eight of us did the right thing but not me. I was in Canberra with my snout in the trough.

Run 2761, 2nd March. Wrongway was currying favour to mark his return so threw on a member's night at Shangri La restaurant in Forest Hill. Don't know how much it cost the till but if any of the 25 went home hungry or thirsty they only had themselves to blame. To earn the feast we had to first negotiate a pretty decent run down Bellbird Dell and all the way back up the hill. Adolf, Shiny Dick and Herpes were so depleted of oxygen they attempted to go around twice. This would have been funny except Herpes had the key to the grog!



Run 2762, 9th March. The 'virus' is closing in on us. If someone sneezes, everyone else shits themselves. There was a run on dunny paper. Tonight, we were all the way out at Ross Reserve in Noble Park where some of the locals were now selling bog rolls from their garages at a significant mark-up. We did one better and raffled a roll. Hare Bionic had a sniffle so kept his distance. Everyone was a bit on edge but we got through. Trail was a bit obtuse in places but Six 35 had the 'good oil' and kept the machine working. The Circle was somewhat chaotic. Everyone seemed to be wondering when the 'wave' would hit.

Run 2763, 16th March. Just one more traditional run: St Pat's Day from the vicarage in Dingley. Irish did his best to feed us a run with some difference; we went clockwise this time. When we got to Springvale Rd the W/R sign assigned the runners to the 3km treadmill along the by-pass

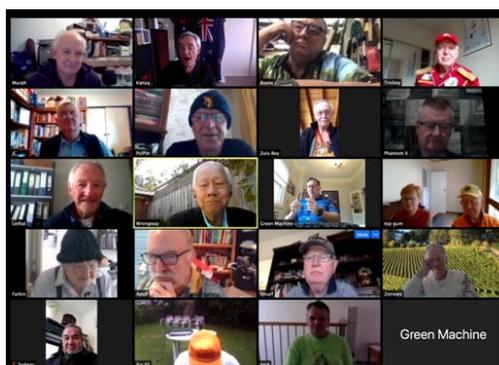
bike track to Cheltenham Rd and home. Anyone else in the street looked strangely suspicious. Did they have the dreaded virus? Green curry as befits St Pat's Day and Phantom got his updated plaque for his 1600th. Kagee turned up out of the blue to prove he's still alive and kicking.



Run 2764, 23rd March 2020. No Corona Virus lockdown yet but it was only a matter of time. Teflon went through with his commitment to set a run from his factory in Hallam but only ten turned up. Many were already in hibernation. The run took the pack to the pub, which they found closed, so they about turned and went back to the factory for free grog (no money to change hands) and spag bol made with chunky beef because the supermarket shelves were denuded of mince. It was all very sombre. Wrongway said "see you at the end of the tunnel".



Sitting at home fiddling can do your head in. Some were suffering withdrawal symptoms after the next Monday stuck at home so Wrongway and Kanza, egged on by 2Streets, decided to push Zoom sessions on us. Some salacious rumours about lack of security circulated and spooked a few but that fear soon passed. Particularly for the handful who had to borrow the missus' lap top. For the next six weeks we concocted virtual runs; ie went out individually then Zoomed in for the Circle. It was a bit chaotic but we got better at it, and it also allowed After Burner, Smurf, Murf and Green Machine to re-join us for a period. We were soon over it.



As soon as we were allowed to gather in groups of no more than ten we were off. It was slightly different to normal with a three o'clock start, BYOG, and no food. But, the runs would count! For the first two weeks we went home after a quick beer and chat, and subsequently Zoomed in at 7pm. After two of these our limit increased to 20 so we ditched the Zoom and had a brief Circle after the run. Things were looking up.

Run 2765, 18th May 2020. Where else would we go to get back in the saddle but the safe haven of Valley Reserve, the staple run of Trail master Phantom II. We didn't over do it and departed in waves (or maybe ripples is more accurate). Off to Blackburn Rd and back. The drink stop at Joan's place didn't eventuate. We had twelve in the group so Herpes laid down and pretended to be a corpse because funerals are allowed 20.

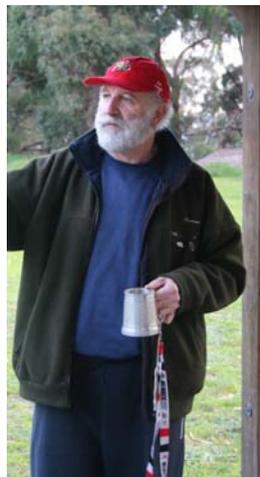


Run 2766, 25th May 2020. Lovely weather. We are blessed. This 3pm stuff could catch on. Wrongway rang the few of us still young enough to work and to get their and unable to fool their bosses to see what they think. They were overwhelmed with emotion about being considered and nodded consent - how did he know if it was a voice call? Top Gum found a modicum of shiggy in Notons Park so gave us a medium trek through parts of Shepherds Bush then back up the hill. Everyone else in the park gave us a wide berth. A couple of cleansing ales before heading home.

Run 2767, 1st June. The first day of winter and didn't we know it. Bloody awful weather. The RA had to work (cough, cough) and stayed in the warmth of his command post. Lethal needn't have bothered setting trail. A few of us did the circuit from Brickmakers Park up to Huntingdale Rd and back along the creek, some repaired to their cars and demolished a bottle of red, a few stayed put in the rotunda, and two shot through after ticking the box.



Run 2768, 8th June. We went to Karkarook Park in Moorabbin for the Queen's Birthday weekend. And so did the rest of Melbourne. The Hares sent an early warning text to park in Bunnings. The crowd in the park didn't get in the way as The Stops sent us off to Heatherton and back, or so it seemed. More good weather and some bon homie under a shelter. Bottom Gum, Shiny Dick, Big Ears, GG and Spermy put in occasional appearances.





Run 2769, 15th June 2020. Horses for courses. Pol Pot invited us to the Glen Huntley oval where we've had a few runs previously. But we still can't work out when the gates to the racecourse are open and when they're closed. We got a good field of twenty although many didn't make it over the last hurdle (or even the first). Bionic got a head start before realising he had to do all the on-backs and checks. I doubt he'll try that again. Trail took us to Caulfield Park so we could check out the young mothers taking their strollers out and then came home around the racecourse. It worked out to be 3 x Caulfield Cups run.



Run 2770, 22nd June. Winter Solstice. Wet! COVID restrictions are back to where they were a month ago so groups of ten outdoors only. And pubs are still off the menu so Dungfoot took us to the great outdoors of Jells Park South. A bit of shiggy, damsels in distress and a debate about the wood duck that looked awfully like an ibis. At least this year we didn't upset the publican at Micawber Tavern with mud on his carpet.



Run 2771, 29th June 2020. I'm getting used to this 3pm stuff - pleasant temperature and plenty of light. Clit has branded us the 'retired' Hash. After much gnashing of teeth I guess if the hat fits..... That said, Shiny Dick knocked off early from his 5G duties and our two coppers have such a mucked up routine it probably makes little difference. For this outing, Irish invited us to

Namatjira Park in Clayton. It's much better presented these days and not the place for trolley man to hang around anymore. It was a shortish run with the pack turned on its head mid run up some concrete channel. A couple of the residents just stared in wonder at this pack of old farts scrambling through broken fences and going where we weren't allowed. It made no sense to them, or to me for that matter.



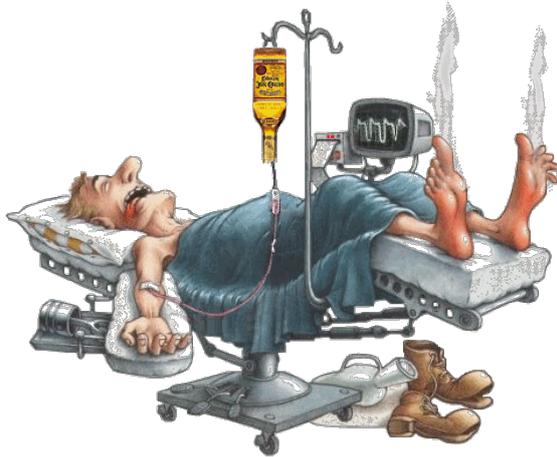
Run 2772, 6th July. Poor Top Gum was wringing his hands wondering what to do. He wasn't allowed, thanks to Dictator Dan, to invite anyone to his place for a birthday run. The first time he hasn't been able to do that for decades. OK then, let's go to David Cooper Park in Wantirna Sth. He found a good venue with a fair bit of virgin territory. The pack was a few more than the regulated ten. We sang happy birthday to the Penang twins, Toppo and Wrongway, but when GG let out a few expletives giving POW to Herpes we reckoned it might be time to split - some locals were sending too many side glances our way. Only half the pack could be bothered with Zoom. The novelty has worn off.



The storm clouds gathered as more COVID clusters broke out around north and north west Melbourne. Back to lockdown and a curfew. Dan had looked after his union mates and paid a private security firm a monty to control quarantine hotels. What did they do? Screwed a couple of returnees and allowed them to go shopping. O Oh! Then one of the guards got a dose and spread it around his rule breaking family at a religious feast. Next thing we know it's all through a couple of schools and a supermarket distribution centre. So what did the rest of us do? Ran out and bought more bog rolls. Then Dan explained Melbourne's predicament was due to a dense population. Couldn't agree more. So, no more Hash runs for a while. Bugger. And that's the way it lasted for the better part of four months; masks mandatory, 5km zone applied, pubs closed, shop for no more than an hour, which didn't matter much as most shops were closed, outside exercise with only one other person and for no more than an hour, etc, etc. No golf. Click and collect. Even when there was some relaxation of the lockdown it was

minimal and stupid. Those who lived alone could invite a single person to be in their bubble. If you wanted to screw them you had to keep your mask on. And the cops would police that?!

We survived the four months with CPR on Monday night 'Zoom' virtual Circles to keep an eye on the pulse. Kanza was MC. It was a struggle, but at least we kept our sense of humour. And here we are still, alive and well, and as obnoxious as always.



Run 2773, 2nd November. Hooray. We're out on parole. But don't mix in groups of more than ten. Wrongway is sweating as there's a groundswell that he hasn't done enough and should do another year. Trickey invited us to Basterfield Park in Hampton for our outcoming. 3pm start and it was near as damn it 30 degrees. Time we went back to 7pm, especially with DLS. We managed to pay respect to the Sainters home ground before returning to drink our own beer, have a chat in two distinct groups before going back to our nests. To prepare for our last ever (please, please) Zoom session.



Run 2774, 9th November. I set this one from Darling Park and we were back to our regular time slot. Up and down Gardiners Creek. Far be it from me to comment on my own run. Amongst the bouquets tossed my way was this from 2 Streets: 'Reminded me of some Asian trails but without the heat and cane toads. Well done.' I'll take that. Still in groups of ten but pizzas are easily distributed. No Circle and no Zoom. Whooppee.



Run 2775, 16th November. Lethal just up the road at Percy Treyvaud Reserve, Chadstone. Trail was in, out, up, and about to East Malvern Station and back. Walkers were given a head start but became confused when they found an on-back. Green chicken curry from Lethal's boot. There was a chill wind so everyone disappeared as soon as Six 35 had dispensed the Zoom period raffle prizes.



Run 2776, 23rd November. Quasi out Ferntree Gully way at Wally Tew Reserve. A short run up most hills in FTG. It was all that was needed though. Quasi donned the plastic gloves to serve the snags; what does he know that we don't? Numbers are up and the Circle was re-introduced. RA Dungfoot got POW because he didn't save us from the Dandemic.



Run 2777, 30th November – finally the AGM. Darling Park had proved to be nice and secluded so we went back for our AGM run. COVID limitations prevented us inviting other Hashes so we kept it simple. MyWay cooked up a storm and the grog was free. Shiny Dick set the run. Fantastic. I almost feel alive again. Herpes is awarded Jack Salmons Award.

Jack Salmons Award

(For undetected cock-ups in advancement of MH3 interests.)

Jack Salmons had been a teacher at the RAAF School in Penang in the late 60s when he was introduced to, and became addicted to, Hash. On his return to Melbourne he kick started Melbourne (The Premier) Hash House Harriers. The first run was from the Selby Picnic Ground on ANZAC Day 1971.

Jack Salmons was never GM, being content to rule as On Sec. He was transferred to Ruby School on the outskirts of Leongatha in 1975 and we lost touch with him. In 1980 the committee decided to introduce the Jack Salmons Perpetual Trophy to recognise selfless contribution to MH3, to be awarded 'annually'. Smurf was the inaugural recipient followed by Farkin. However, in typical fashion, we haven't been able to meet our forefather's expectations. The last time Jack presented the award was when After Burner got it at Bazzani's Restaurant Beaumaris in 1985.

The Jack Salmons Award is the prerogative of the GM of the day. The fact that we've had significant periods when Ye Olde Mug hasn't been presented is put down to slack GMs rather than an absence of worthwhile candidates. For most of the time the award was given to a single person and no-one got it twice. That is until 2014 when Biló got it for a second time, and it was in conjunction with his long term Grog Master mate Clit.

This year, Wrongway was so happy that senior Grog Master Herpes didn't do anything for six months and didn't destroy our Zoom sessions during lock-down that he wanted to show gratitude. Actually, Wrongway was profoundly impressed when he learned of Herpes' decades long penchant for feeding us hard caught trout once a year to clear his freezer before his annual fishing trip, the many years he made his office available and printed the yearbooks, his 'Public Officer dedication, and, of course, his wonderfully reliable delivery of Hash Grog in recent years. A very big thank-you Herpes from all of us.



1980	Smurf
1981	Farkin
1982	Pulsating
1983	Airwick
1984	Philthy
1985	Afterburner
1986	Quasi
1988	Steamshoes
1989	Lubra
1992	Ticket
1997	BiLo

1998	Top Gum
1999	Sick Nick
2001	Phantom II
2008	Irish
2009	6.35
2010	JC
2014	Clit & BiLo
2015	Kanza
2016	Grotti
2017	Kanza & JC
2020	Herpes

Hash Swindler Report

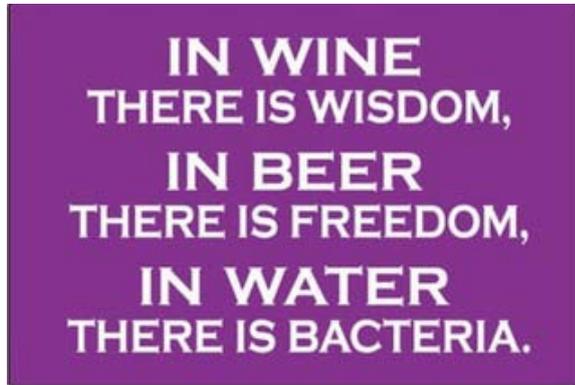
TO ALL MH3 MEMBERS;-

THOROUGHLY ENJOYED MY YEAR ? AS RAFFLE MASTER.

THANKS TO 2 STREETS FOR SURPPLYING GOOD RED WINE AT AN EXCELLENT PRICE!

THANKS TO HERPES FOR STORING IT FOR ME.

BIG ROUND OF APPLAUSE FROM ME TO TOPPY FOR STEPPING UP TO THE PLATE WHEN I WAS ABSENT,
AND OF COURSE THANKS WRONG WAY FOR APPOINTING ME!



ON ON HAPPY



HAPPY's PRICK OF THE YEAR REPORT

THESE ARE SOME REASONS WHY YOU RECEIVED P.O.T.W.

FARKIN ...,DEFECTING TO PENINSULA & BAD JOKE TELLING!

635..... MISTAKING Mt WAVERLEY FOR GLEN WAVERLEY!

GLAS JAW....DID NOT HAVE TO DRIVE!

JC.....AS ACTING RA PUTTING ON SHIT WEATHER.

TICKET.....INSULTING JC !

DRINK STOP.....ALLOWING NON STOP TO GO TO HIS BLOCK WITHOUT KEY!

PHANTOM.....NEGLECTFUL IN NOT TELLING POLLY GO GO TO DOC!

IRISH.....NOT INVITING ANY MELBOURNE HASH MEN TO HIS 70TH!

635.....INCOMPLETE DETAIL IN THE HASHTRALIAN!

HERPES.....BAD HAIRCUT

ZULU BOY.....CAN'T REMEMBER OR WASN'T THERE!

ZULU BOY.....LOVED ALL THE BOYS!

GONZO.....RUNNING THROUGH HASH HALT!

IRISH.....NOT RELEASING HASH TRASH!

JC.....BELIEVING THAT HE IS HOLIER THAN GOD!

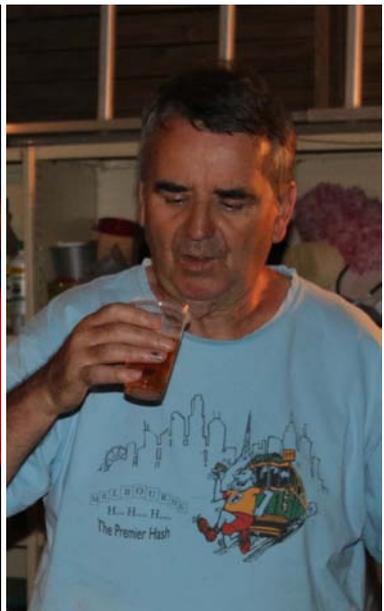
2 STREETS.....DRIVING A MERC AGAINST TRAFFIC DIRECTIONS!

IRISHBECAUSE HE WASN'T DRIVING.

DRINK STOP.....TOO LOQUACIOUS

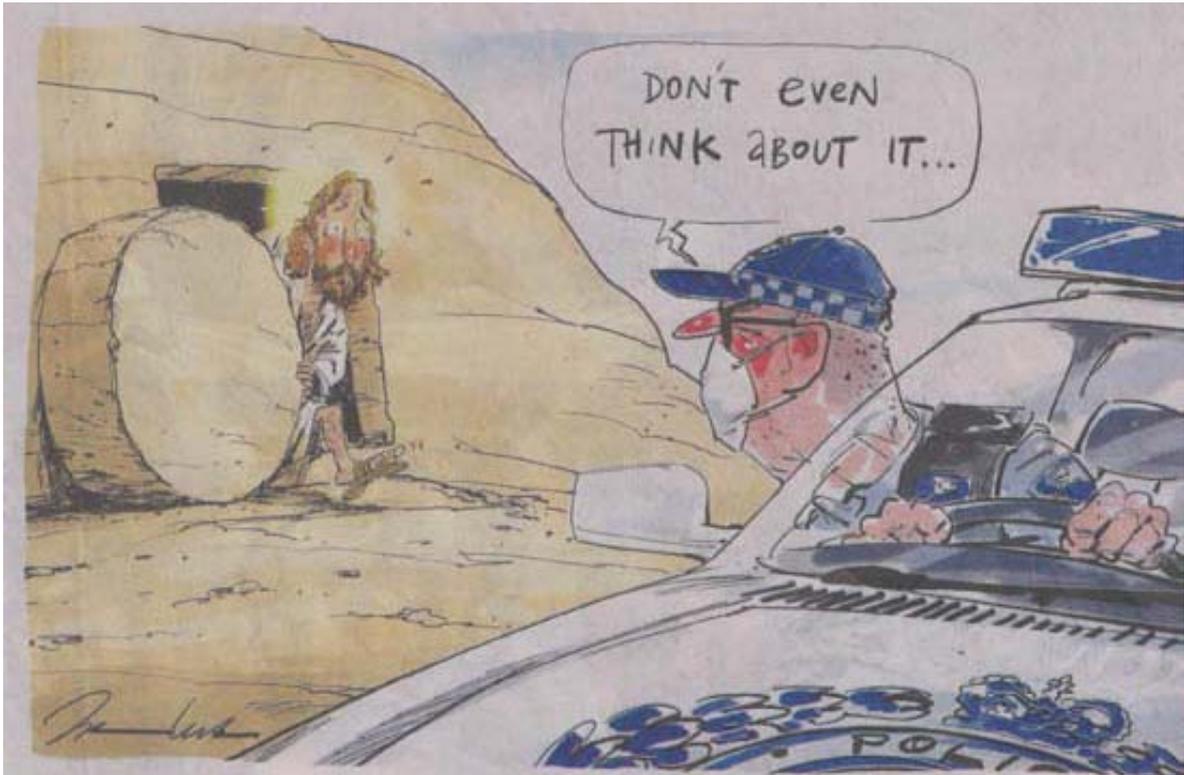
THE YEAR OF COVID19 !! WHAT A CRAZY YEAR !! CRAZY REASONS FOR GETTING THE PRICK of the YEAR!! WRONGWAY DOES A SMURF AND ONLY HAS 6 MONTHS OF GM ship.

IRISH IS P.O.Y. I KNOW HE WON'T ACCEPT THE TROPHY IN GOOD HUMOUR, SO IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S YOURS TO HANG ON TO POL POT !!



ON ON HAPPY

RA's Report



Some Quotes from Winston Churchill to ponder.

"Success is stumbling from failure to failure with no loss of enthusiasm."

"I am an optimist—it does not seem to be much use to be anything else."

"I'm always ready to learn although I do not always like being taught."

"The greatest lesson in life is to know that even fools are right sometimes."

"The best argument against democracy is a five-minute conversation with the average voter."

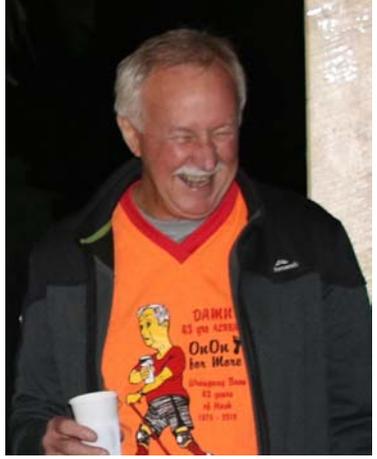
Lady Astor once said: "Winston, if I were your wife I'd put poison in your coffee."

Churchill replied: "Nancy, if I were your husband I'd drink it."

"We can always count on the Americans to do the right thing, after they have exhausted all the other possibilities."

"Tact is the ability to tell someone to go to hell in such a way that they look forward to the trip."





Scribbles From a Scribe

Well, What a year – and it aint over yet!

As I am sure most articles in the Year Book will refer to, this has been one Hell of a Year for everyone – a Year which we all seem to have survived – even The GM. It started off normally enough with the new GM taking over the reins, appointing his various Minions, including his 3 Scribes and leading us all the Wrong Way from the moment of his official appointment.

The AGM was quite typical – and a sign of things to come, with the New Committee struggling to make their presence felt. This of course was a source of amusement to the Pack, who knew that it takes a couple of months for all to settle in. What we didn't know was that "The Virus" was lurking in an animal cage in Wuhan and about to Wrong Foot the World.

However, as the weeks went on, there was plenty to report on and the Scribe's Rolling Duty soon came around – it seemed that no sooner had you submitted your version of the Hashtrilian, then it was your turn again! We had the usual regular Theme Nights and some special occasions, interspersed with some routine stuff as well. We had the Vagaries of Weather and the Variety of Locations that give Hash its unique character.

Blissfully, we carried on in our own little world and enjoyed our Mondays at Hash. HERPES performed his yearly Reverse Miracle feeding 2 dozen Hashmen with Five Fish and One Loaf, until they could eat no more. BIONIC gave Thanks to the Hash Gods when he finally received a 5XL Hash shirt and we got to The Christmas Combined Run with things going quite well.

However, there were a few little things that were not quite gelling.

The RA's Run Reports seemed to have several different – and erratic systems of scoring, with points varying from High Eighties to Low Twenties with lots of decimal points. This was made worse by the RA being on shift work with consequent absences from Hash, necessitating Stand Ins, who all tried to introduce their own unique and obtuse "Systems". Another disturbing factor was the Scribes articles being subjected to Post Write Up Critiques, where fine details of the write ups were held up to the light and challenged – even by Third Party Readers (eg Hash Wives!) This kind of thing was completely against the Hash Norm, where embroidery is rewarded more than truth - and certainly having to be accurate and truthful is not conducive to fun writing!

Pity the Poor Scribe, often sitting in The Dark, wind blowing his notes – and unable to hear what was going on in the Circle due to various off topic goings on. Then, if it was wet weather, our precocious Paparazzi Man declined to take his

Hash Flash/Zoom Master Report

Wot have I let myself into?



2020 Hierarchy

Anyone that steps out of line, gets it!



Herpes' Bollard Award



Will we miss this?



Waitangi Day Kiwi Boys?



Will we miss this also?



Social Distancing?

1st Virtual Hash



No more than 10 runners, 1st outing.



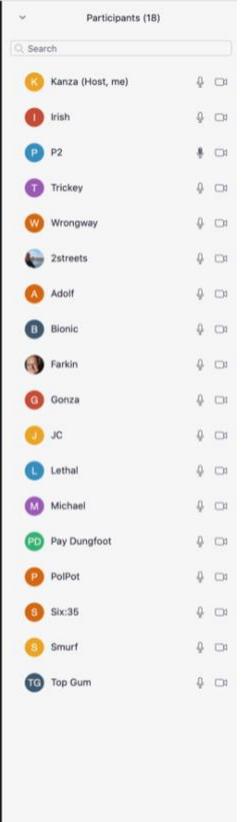
No more than 10 runners, last outing.



Look what's happened to the GM.



26 Virtual Hashes later!!



Camera out of its weather proof bag in case his expensive machine got wet!
So, No Photies to assist! And all this time we were subjected to the Sgt's Whistle to which he had resorted, to call us to order and try and keep control.

Here it is worth comparing the different techniques of the Three Hash Scribes. I prefer to take notes of both the Run and the Circle stuff. Only problem being that I do have difficulty in reading my own writing, even if I manage to get it home safely and quite often struggle into the night trying to decipher it all. JC seems to do it all by Memory as he sits somewhat removed and observes all that is going on, whilst often throwing in a Charge or two himself to keep the Circle performing.

IRISH appears to be a Note taker, but usually ignores his scribble and just makes it up, as and when he decides to publish.

So we were rattling along and doing OK, when out of the Wuh, comes the Chinese Virus which was unknown and pretty scary, resulting in that most sombre night at Teflon's Factory, when Hash was suspended in an air of disbelief and great sadness – but never believing that we would not be back to normal till our November AGM. At this point I would like to acknowledge and Thank Teflon, for the wonderful way in which he responded to the challenge of our Last Full Scale Run and how he put in place the required precautions at a time when there was not too much advice or solid information floating round.

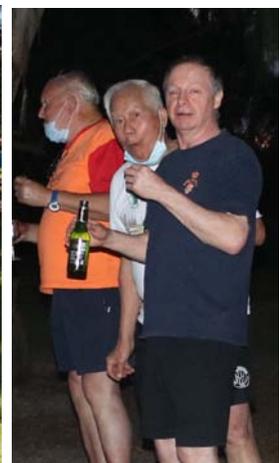
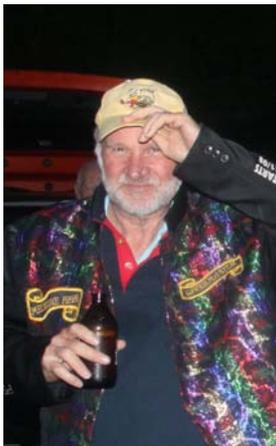
Well Done, Teflon and his Helpers.

Suspended we may have been, but all was not lost as we moved into a Zoom Phase and encountered 27 weeks of High Tech Schoolboy Bantering as we kept Hash together in a new format. Not everybody Zoomed, but we averaged round about 16 per session and over the period most people had some input.

We had Debates, Monologues, Hash History, Quizzes, Tales of Mushrooms, Falling Trees, Jokes, (a couple of which were quite funny), Hash Lies, a visit to Hospital and various visits around the World, (inc Vietnam), with scenic backdrops to some of the unlikely tales told by our more intrepid Hashmen. There was lots of discussion on Wine – and inspired By Wine. There were Highs and Lows, but most of all there was Continuity and Fellowship which kept us all together and has delivered us to the other side with no known losses. Our Thanks should go to Kanza our Zoom Master, Wrong Way our GM and our 3 Scribes, who I feel played a major part in keeping the Hash alive during this extended period. Their fortitude and imagination in putting together and publishing something readable each week takes some beating and played a significant role in keeping us all in tune and ready for our emergence from the Dark Days of the Winter Virus.



Dan was a single guy living at home with his father and working in the family business. When he found out he was going to inherit a fortune once his sickly father died, he decided he needed to find a wife with whom to share his fortune. One evening, at an investment meeting, he spotted the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her natural beauty took his breath away. "I may look like just an ordinary guy," he said to her, "but in just a few years, my father will die and I will inherit \$200 million." Impressed, the woman asked for his business card and three days later she became his stepmother.



DEAR NEIGHBOUR:

Hi, Max. This is Richard, next door. I've been riddled with guilt for a few months and have been trying to get up the courage to tell you face-to-face. When you're not around, I've been sharing your wife, day and night, probably much more than you. I haven't been getting it at home recently. I know that's no excuse. The temptation was just too great. I can't live with the guilt & hope you'll accept my sincere apology and forgive me.

Please suggest a fee for usage and I'll pay you.

Regards

Richard

Max, feeling enraged and betrayed, grabbed his gun, went next door, and shot Richard dead. He returned home, shot his wife, poured himself a stiff drink and sat down on the sofa. Max then looked at his phone and discovered a second text message from Richard.

SECOND TEXT MESSAGE:

Hi, Max. Richard here again. Sorry about the typo on my last text. I assume you figured it out and noticed that the darned Spell-Checker had changed "wi-fi" to "wife." Technology, huh? It'll be the death of us all.

It's finally time to introduce our new GM. And a warning to children, don't try this at home.

If you don't want to know what you are in for next year, look away now.

