

# Hash Horn Report



Historically, blowing the Hash Horn was once a necessary job for young, male, lusty, board shouldered, well muscled, sweat covered....(Oo! Sorry got side tracked)..expat cross country runners trying to find the pack in the humid impenetrable jungles of Malaysia. Today .....well...the custom is just another kind of over kill noise pollution in the suburban streets of Townsville. However, tradition says we have them so tradition it is.

Originally put into Cowboys care, the **Runners Hash Horn** got passed over to multi-tasker Joint Master Coyote Ugly when Cowboy had to retire for health reasons. Not sure Coyote Ugly knew what to do with it. As I don't run, I don't know if he blew it at all. But he did his best and he did it with a smile, who can ask for more!

I received the care of the **Walkers Hash Horn** with the comment from Self Abuse, "that's good now you can drive me to the hash committee meetings" .....gotta love Hash men.....

Heck of a good instrument to use when working on lung improvement, stirring up local dogs, and added benefit of covering up fart noises from the aging walking pack. It has been a pleasure and a honour to support the out going GM and the committee. However, I will be gladly handing on the horn, as I was always worried about forgetting where I put the bloody thing .

On On Pick Up & Coyote Ugly



# PEDDLERS ANNUAL REPORT '19



Well there's nothing like being prepared to do an annual run report than get an email from some obscure email address that reads, **EIDringo** will do a peddler's annual report for the AGPU mag, thanks **Big Wettie**.

From my hazy memory of rides throughout the year we had a great time, visited many pubs and had drink stops in some obscure places, don't know how **Coppit** finds us with the drinks cart sometimes as we ride over hills and through scrub and there she be with drinks and nibbles, thanks **Coppit**. **Blowie**, you obviously have way too much time on your hands finding all these bush tracks and unusual places for a drink, well done. Also some very creative concepts like the port ride whilst we were in **Port Douglas**, for **Crock Hash**, very clever.

Seem to remember a couple of rides terminating at **Slash's** place, lots of yummy nosh, toooo much beer and some rum also involved culminating in lots of lost brain cells and on one occasion a lost pushbike. My bike got "stolen" from **Slash's** place only to end up at **Masterbates'** place thanks to a joy ride from **Lil Wettie**, **Cods** and I did a bike retrieval next morning ending up with a couple of bikes.

Seem to remember a ride that had nosh at **Show Stoppers** place that included a swim and of course beer.



Had a large gathering for my ride in September, pub run, that took us to the newly re opened Commonwealth hotel and back to my place for a BBQ and surprise surprise beers, **Shatter** was the stayer leaving about midnight as I poured self into bed.

Overall a great Peddlers year, no one hurt, no bikes busted, the usual great company and some scenic routes were a bonus

Thanks to all who joined in

On On

EIDringo

