

# LH3 EXAGGERATOR

VOLUME 37 ISSUE 28

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**Warning** - This Publication  
may contain some TRUTH

**LAUNCESTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS  
A DRINKING CLUB WITH  
A RUNNING PROBLEM**

RUN No 2229 167 Invermay Rd Hare: Thumbs



## Run report for run 2229 – Thumbs – Swamp Run

What a fine crew assembled and ready for action tonight at Arthur Daley Motors. Wasn't long before Arthur Daley himself gave a few instructions and sent the crew off into the quagmire known as Invermay. Goblet had to be coaxed out the gate as his gaze was fixated upon the sleek lines of the luxury 2 door Mercedes – perhaps his perfectly matched vehicle as they are both old, worn out and way past their prime. At least Invermay is relatively flat which makes for easy running and the broad variety of architecture makes for interesting scenery. Looking like a vigilante posse, red coats and a red rear headlight seemed to be the order for the night – enough to scare any god fearing citizen. A few circuits of the area with Edwardian and Victorian heritage mixed in with experimental Art Deco brought us to the soon to be revamped Star Theatre. Nearby Pellows is the renowned PokéStop where one can stock up on Poké Balls – I think Fingers has worn himself out keeping the stocks up to the unprecedented demand caused by this latest phenomenon

but he does he have the rare Poliwhirl? The trail then made its way to Heritage Forest. **Q-1.** What do you do with millions of tons of garbage, industrial refuse, toxic waste and heavy metals? **A.** You find a hole in the middle of Invermay to put it in. **Q-2.** How do you hide millions of tons of garbage, industrial refuse, toxic waste and heavy metals in a hole in the middle of Invermay? **A.** You cover it with some top soil, plant some trees, build sports grounds on it and call it Heritage Forest!! After some time on the flour trail in the darkness of the leafy reserve a check was found – Rickshaw was quick to call on-on but it was soon discovered that Rickshaw can't tell the difference between flour and bird shit. Those with keener senses called the trail toward Mowbray and the picnic area – yes the clever authorities in city planning have hidden one of Launceston's biggest environmental fuck ups under a children's playground and family BBQ area ..... and a Hash Trail. A visit through Kuzza's old residential area and then up the only hill on the run to discover the ON HOME. A hurried journey back to the ON ON capped off a good run – well done, good job Arthur ... I mean Thumbs.





## ON ON:

Back in Thumbs' motor garage the beer was flowing slowly, thanks to the super efficient, high tech, low wastage tap system – this beer is also super chilled as the following hashers were to find out;-

## On Downs:

Thumbs - Hare

Fingers – 1100 runs

Rickshaw – called a false trail of bird shit



## Raffle:

Goblet put his pants on and took time out from sensually caressing the Merc Coupe to rig the raffle.

First out was Scary winning a bottle for Tightspot's insatiable wine appetite. Boong won the car cleaning kit – maybe he could wash and iron a new door for Pash. Deli took the cooler bag AND AND AND Tiles finally won the Meat tray!!!!!!!!!!!!!! After 2½ years of zilch, nothing, zero, nil Goblet determined by some fate of the Duckworth-Lewis system that Tiles' number was up and awarded the meat. Tiles didn't care about the technicalities of how it came to be, he was happy as a dog with two dicks as he packed the prize ready for home.









The **2016 Committee** The Committee that charges you more and gives you less

**GM:** Thumbs **JM:** Tyles, **Hash Cash:** Pash, **Monk:** Goblet, **Trail Master:** Fingers, **Horn:** Rickshaw, **Lip:** Blakey **Scribe:** Sheila, **Web Wanker:** Buggy, **Hash Hops:** Scary

## Receding Hare Line

Tuesday 30th August 13 Fryett St Waverley Lazer Tagg night. **Hare:** Bendover

Tuesday 6th September 53Newlands St Trevallyn **Hare:** Scary

More Hares required see this years Trail Master Fingers before he **nominates you** to set a run or we will be back at Rowland Cres

**LH4 Ph. 0408139601 (Magpie) <http://www.lh4.com.au>**

## LH4 Receding Hare Line

Thursday 1st September Perth Pub **Hare:** Sly

### Joke of the Week

- > Malcolm Turnbull called Bill Shorten into his office recently and said, 'Bill, I have a
- > great idea. We are going to go all out & talk to country voters.'
- > 'Good idea Malcolm, how will we go about it?' said Bill.
- > 'Well,' said Malcolm, 'We'll get ourselves one of those
- > Driza Bone coats, some RM Williams boots, a stick & an Akubra hat.
- > Oh, and a blue cattle dog. Then we'll really look the part.
- >> We'll go to a typical old outback country pub, we'll show we really enjoy the bush.'
- 'Right.' said Bill.
- > Days later, all kitted out & with the requisite blue heeler, they set off from
- > Canberra in a westerly direction. >
- > Eventually they arrived at just the place they were looking for & found a typical outback pub.
- > They walked in with the dog & up to the bar. > 'G'day mate,' said Malcolm to the bartender, 'two
- > middies of your best beer.'
- > 'Good afternoon Malcolm,' said the bartender, 'two middies of our best coming up.'
- Turnbull & Shorten stood leaning on the bar drinking their beer and chatting,
- > nodding now & again to whoever came into the bar for a drink. The dog lay quietly at their feet.
- > > All of a sudden, the door from the adjacent bar opened & in came a grizzled
- > old stockman, complete with stockwhip. He walked up to the
- > cattle dog, lifted its tail with the whip & looked underneath, shrugged his shoulders & walked back
- > to the other bar.
- > A few moments later, in came another old stockman with his whip. He walked up to
- > the dog & lifted its tail, looked underneath, scratched his head & went back to the other bar.
- > Over the course of the next hour or so another four or five stockmen came in & lifted the dogs tail and went away looking puzzled.
- > Eventually, Turnbull and Shorten could stand it no longer & called the barman over.
- > 'Tell me,' said Shorten, 'why did all those old stockmen come in & look under the dog's tail like that? Is it an old outback custom?'
- > 'Strewth no,' said the barman. 'Someone told 'em there was a cattle dog in the bar with two arseholes.'





I thought Tyles  
was picking me  
up on his way  
to the concert

Pash you missed  
a good concert  
Bro

