

# LH3 EXAGGERATOR

VOLUME 37 ISSUE 30

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

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

*RUN No 2231 53 Newlands St. Trevallyn Hare: Scary*

## **LH3 Hash Weekly Bull Shit -**

### **Run report for run 2231 – Scary's - The Claytons Run**

The pack had gathered and was eagerly awaiting the start of Scary's run; after all we hadn't run in Riverside for months and Scary always sets a good run. One of the last to arrive was the Hare – something was amiss, he was not in his proper hash attire and looking somewhat dishevelled. His story unfolded that at the request of his boss he had been on a multimillion dollar contract in Hobart and has only just returned – obviously late to set tonight's run. Unusual that an out of town job would take higher status than Tuesday Hash, especially where the Hare is concerned. When Derbs defended the call, turns out that the actual job time was only a few hours and Scary had departed Hobart at 2:30. Now I think everyone knows the capability of Scary's van and his passion for value – on balance the van has outlasted all of his women (present company doesn't qualify yet). In standard form the van is competent at highway speeds but Scary has converted to the cheaper LPG, gaining \$\$\$ but losing many horses

**of output power, add that it is carrying a tonne of high quality tools including ladders on the unaerodynamic roof racks, the 500 000 km+ engine is also old and tired and he was driving into a headwind – BUT the main reason is in Scary's right foot – it will not exert any extra \$\$ pressure on the accelerator pedal especially when getting \$\$ travel time and/or \$\$ mileage. Long convoys are common sight through the Midland and Scary's**

van is the key reason the Liberal Party is pushing for a 4 lane highway. Scary's offer to be live hare was rejected by the pack as setting up the barrel and fire pot are much more pressing assignments. So the self guided horde exited – didn't get far as the new excavations across the road needed to be critiqued by those that know this stuff. Following the site assessment it's a pity they didn't follow those that know the area because, like sheep, they followed the leader down a private pathway to some random front door mistaken that it was the public route. Realising the error they scurried back out and along the road to the bono fide public pathway. Here a decision – up or down? up was more logical as this would mean a downhill run on home. The trail ensued – Cherry Rd, Pitt Av past A,B,C streets, past the wallaby park into Trevallyn Bowls Club car park, past Max Fry and the lady tennis players to the Trevallyn Shopping Centre. On Home from here down the terrace to Forest Rd, Cherry, into Newlands

**where the familiar hash fire smoke was evident and then the final haul up the steep driveway to the waiting beer. Great run Scary, the pack was together all the way, the trail was always clear although not marked, ABBA didn't get lost ya, perfect length, avoided unnecessary steep bits, thought the ON HOME would be in the rotunda but decided more appropriate at shopping centre. Sure fire contender for Clayton's run of the year!**





## ON ON:

Hash Hops Scary is sampling the keg as the troops trudge up Mt Newlands to the ON ON site and he admits that he has only just fired up the traditional fire put and is adamant that he is sampling his first beer. The usual bull shit proceeded and climaxed with the Monk ringing the bell calling the circle for Lip Blakey.



## On Downs:

Scary downed for not setting the run. Pash downed for continued his run of bad luck; this time he used the MTT bus to rip the door off of a poor little old lady's car. Shrek downed for his 40<sup>th</sup> birthday. Boong had one for his continued strange affliction with car doors – this time before alighting he carefully looked for log trucks and when clear jumped out and closed the door; driver Shrek took off but unfortunately unbeknown to all Boong had closed the door on his own coat tail. After a while Shrek felt something wrong with the car pulling slightly to the left along with a loud banging noise around the LHS sill panel, he also recalls hearing girl like screams over the top of the car stereo. When he stopped to investigate he saw Boongs head pop up – so the offending garment was released and luckily the car wasn't damaged this time.



## Raffle:

The raffle rigging continues;-

**Blakey** – chocolates.

**Goblet** – hat,.

**Derbs** – sparkling cat's piss.

**Scary** WD40.

**Sheila** – well deserved the meat tray.

**Tiles** – back to normal SFA





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 13th September 330 Hobart Rd Youngtown **Hare:** Shrek

Tuesday 20th September 67 Havelock St Summerhill **Hare:** Buggy

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 15th September 67 Havelock St Summerhill **Hare:** Magpie.

### Joke of the Week

Donald Trump goes on a fact-finding visit to Israel. While he is on a tour of Jerusalem he suffers a heart attack and dies.

The undertaker tells the American Diplomats accompanying him, 'You can have him shipped home for \$50,000, or you can bury him here, in the Holy Land for just \$100.'

The American Diplomats go into a corner and discuss for a few minutes. They come back to the undertaker and tell him they want Donald shipped home.

The undertaker is puzzled and asks, 'Why would you spend \$50,000 to ship him home, when it would be wonderful to be buried here and you would spend only \$100?'

The American Diplomats replied, 'Long ago a man died here, was buried here, and three days later he rose from the dead.'

We just can't take the risk.'



Michael went into the confessional box after years of being away from the Church.

Inside he found a fully equipped bar with Guinness on tap.

On one wall, there's a row of decanters with fine Irish whiskey and

Waterford crystal glasses. On the other wall is a dazzling array of the finest cigars and chocolates.

Then the priest came in. Mike said to him,

"Father, forgive me, for it's been a very long time since I've been to confession, but I must first admit that the confessional box is much more inviting than it used to be."

The Priest replied: " You idiot, you're in my side."





# THE ASS END OF THE TRASH



Out of control Metro bus loaded with school girls takes out elderly lady's car on Queechy hill



I must concentrate on driving the bus not ogling the girls in their summer uniforms