

LH3 Hash

Weekly Bull Shit (new Boong size font for easy reading)

Run report for run 2205 – Sheila Tailrace Tennis Centre

A fine mob of hashers set off on Sheila's standard "Run B" with a jaunt through the Community Church Grounds, around the Tailrace, along the boardwalk to the first check. What a picturesque run as the pack ambled along the rivers edge taking in the full glory of the Tamar at low tide, including breathtaking vistas from the Graeme Beams viewing deck and Tamar Marine boat ramp. Up the Gorge track, no – up the zigzag, no – into the city, no – it was up those bloody steps into Trevallyn. Tricky, the on home was not in the normal location of the rotunda but further along near the shopping centre. "Too long" some said while many others confessed it was the best run they had ever been on.

The On On the tessellated pavers

Cutbacks Committee!!! Only a light barrel and a few cans of heavy!!! – No-one seemed too disappointed as they pigged into both along with the complimentary surplus bacon, sausages, eggs and bread. Ballpoint had a cameo appearance and Tiles got the 2016 Hash AFL tipping season off to a brilliant start by handing out 2014 tipping forms. The minor prizes of the raffle were drawn, Thumbs took and eternity to claim his bag of lollies; bottle of catspiss and other shit was awarded to hash men wishing to remain nameless, Ballpoint won a

LED torch ---- but when it came to the meat tray whisperings between Sheila and Fingers of a weekend BBQ caused concerns to Goblet. He sensed impropriety and corruption afoot and duly got Buggy to pull out Derby's ticket – no bribery, kickbacks or fraudulent motives here even though Goblet won TCS employee of the year for 12 consecutive years. On downs to Inlet and Shrek for I can't remember what. Scary pinged for excessive speed and fuel wastage on the Midlands Hwy, Ballpoint for showing up and Sheila for a bravura run.

Catch all 52 professional quality action images of the 2205 run on the Hash Web Page.

This weeks run is at Fingers's Thursday Hash is at the Perth Hotel (PAYG Meals) ring Onehump for details.

Salty, an old retired sailor, puts on his old uniform and heads for the docks of Hobart - for old time's sake he's looking for some hot action. He engages a lovely prostitute and takes her up to a room. He's soon going at it as well as he can for a guy his age, but needing some reassurance, he asks,

'How am I doing? '

The prostitute replies,

'Well Salty, ya old sailor, you're doing about three knots. '

'Three knots?' he asks.

'What's that supposed to mean? '

She says,

'Salty you're knot hard, you're knot in, and you're knot getting your money back. '

Lost trash 2200 Westbury St Patricks Day.

Turning up to the Westbury Showground one could ask whether one is in the correct place as there are packs of horses and herds of dogs as far as the eye can see. In a tiny corner behind a mountain of horse shit Pash has plotted a claim and set up camp. Drawing closer one could barely distinguish the Hashers from the horse arses; only distinguished among the sea of jodhpurs, silks and skull caps by the Irish Green St Patricks regalia. A modest but solid showing of hashers followed the trail set by Leprechaun Goblet through the streets of Westbury. A lost trail near Worm's car (he was too sick to come to the run but obviously not too sick to revel in the village green festivities) was finally called by the troll in the tunnel under the road. This track led to many riches; Leprechaun Goblet and Faerie Dunoim awaiting with bountiful amounts of Guinness and nibbles to treat.

After a strenuous stagger back to the Hash On On Camp we see that many of the horsy and doggy jetsetters have packed their poodles and spotted appaloosas and hit the road.

The late afternoon sun was perfect as was a few more Guinness and some horsemeat snacks.

Skols - Blakey's lip session preached from atop Birthday Boy Pash's ute had him up for that reason. Tiles came clean after an ongoing misdemeanour has left him without a licence.

Goblet for setting a most excellent run,
Gorbachov for returning to the fold for the day,

Sprocket – he'll never learn – abandoned his empty grail, Pash and Dunoim in some fiasco with the trailer. There was some conjecture in why Deep Shit, Bendover, Goblet and Sheila received special edition St Patrick Day 2200 Run memorabilia courtesy of Spyder. The fact that they are all good blokes didn't cut it and a Down Down for each was the charge. Visitors Drawbridge, Urang, Bastard, B-Tracker had a down for their respective clubs. Drawbridge and Tap for Rent-a-wreck shonky Mitsy camper deal. Although Onehump was present it was still a great run with good atmosphere and sufficient catering. Good work Pash, Goblet, Dunoim and others that helped organise a memorable day. If you weren't Ya should have been there.