

AH3 = ADELAIDE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

A drinking Club with a Running Problem!!

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Hash Trash - 16 September 2024



AH3 Committee

Grand Master	Bigus Dickus	
Religious Advisor	Bus Stop	0415 276 608
Hash Cash	Inherendo	
Hash Trash	£oo\$e Cħang€	
Trail Mistress / Facebook	Olive Oil	
Keg Master / Hash Splash	Mc Taf	0419 288 101
Hash Horn	Chesty	0412 368 340
Memorabilia / Hash Haberdash	Unstoppable	0403 053 800
Choir Mistress	Betty Boop	
Website Dude	Moped	Not a committee member, but a bloody legend.

Disclaimer:

The numbers in italics are fictitious.

Any resemblance to real sex line numbers is purely coincidental - yet highly likely. Phone at your own risk.

\$10 sign on for Non-Drinkers - \$20 for Drinkers

RECEDING HARELINE	HARE	RUN LOCATION	COMMENTS
Run 2560 23 September 2024	Chesty	Kensington Baseball Club Newland Avenue, Erindale	
Run 2561 30 September 2024	Olive Oil	TBA	
Run 2562 7 October 2024	McTaf & Betty Boop	TBA	Oktoberfest Run (Public Holiday)
Run 2563 14 October 2024	Crunchy Crack	TBA	Her 40 th Birthday

Run Details

Run Number / Date	Hare	Run Location
Run 2559 16 September 2024	Bearded Clam	Golden Grove Church of Eternal Damnation
18 Runners and 1 Dog		

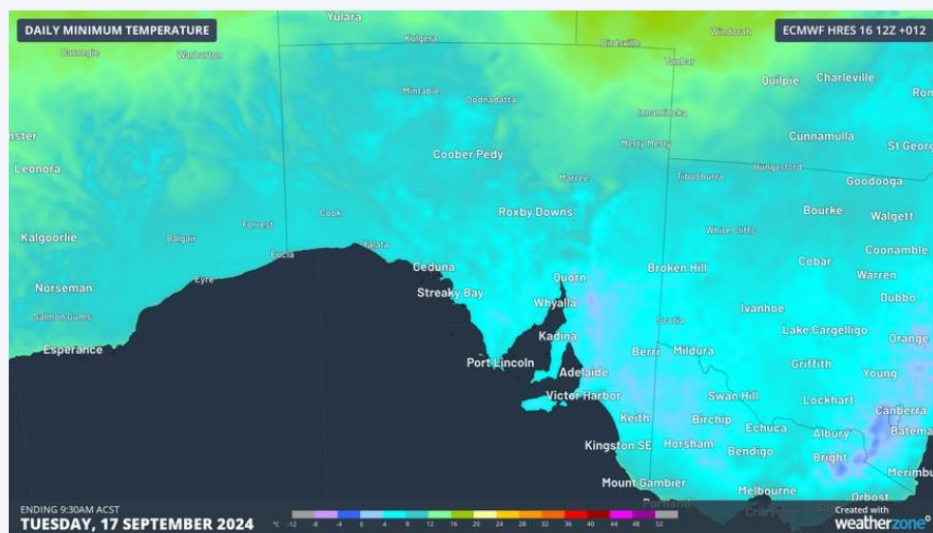
Many thanks to Bus Stop for this week's trash!

After a weekend comprising a strenuous City 2 Bay event as well as numerous football finals, combined with a bloody freezing evening, there was every expectation of a very small turnout.

Adelaide's coldest spring morning on record

ANTHONY SHARWOOD
17 SEP 2024, 10:23 AM ACST

SHARE



We were all completely surprised when we gathered for the hare's briefing that there were in fact 18 runners and one dog in attendance. As we shivered and listened intently, we picked up on the key ingredients we all wanted to hear:

- Short run/walk
- Plenty of checks
- A drink stop at an undisclosed location

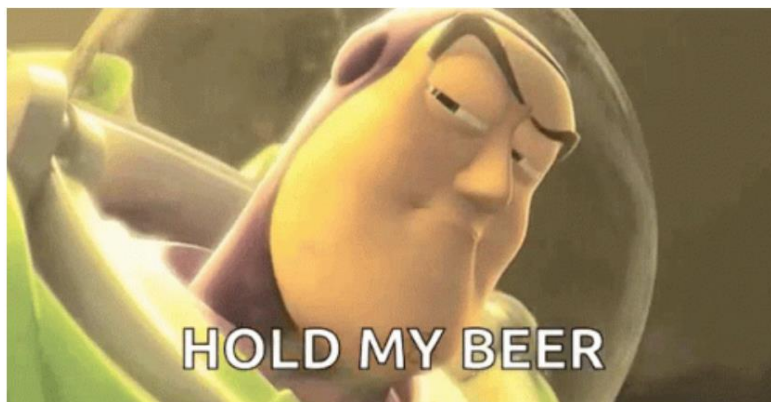
As we slipped through the hole in the fence we were soon to discover that the hare was not intending to let us off lightly, with two false trails to whet the appetite. As we proceeded into the housing area behind the Stables, we were presented with numerous cunning checks laced with generous amounts of false trails.

The difficult checks provided plenty of opportunity for the well-rested Iron Knob and Elf to show off their competitive running skills, secure in the knowledge that the current custodian of the anchor was once again missing in action.

After a tricky check bordering on the Petworth lakes, we were soon making our way towards the Greenwith Primary School where a check directly opposite Laburnum Drive offered plenty of confidence that we would soon be drinking piss at Bearded's place. Sure enough, a short jog along Laburnum saw us all enjoying a more than welcome Furphy in the welcoming warmth of the hare's garage!

At this point there were some suggestions that we should call McTaf and ask him to tow the trailer back to Bearded's place, but one of the more sensible amongst us (probably the dog) pointed out that by the time the trailer arrived, all of the sausages would have fallen off the barbecue.

Oh, but if only someone could magically transport that magnificent gas heater back to the freezing run site.



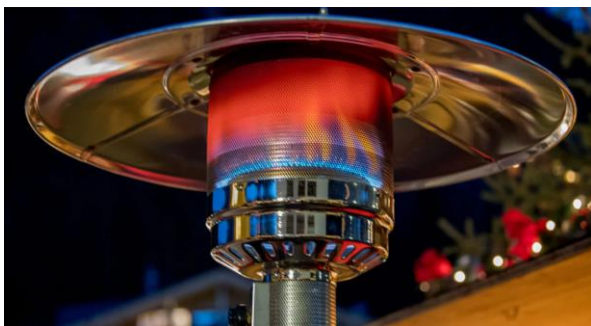
At this point Russian Bride piped up; "Hold My Beer". The next thing the gas heater was being loaded onto Bearded's wheelbarrow with Russian Bride, Moped and Gout embarking on the long road trip towards the run site, finely balancing the precious cargo with the balance and precision of a seasoned pole dancer.

As the runners headed back to the run site, we encountered McTaf, who in an effort to escape hypothermia had lit the barbecue, and while he was at it, proceeded to cook most of the burgers, steaks and sausages (not to mention the three tonnes of onions). As we approached the trailer we could hear McTaf singing loudly;

*"There is a Church in Golden Grove,
A bloody terrible one,
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy.
And God I know I'm one".*

As we took the opportunity to enjoy a well-earned beer, we soon saw the precious gas heater arrive at the run site, still in perfect shape despite the precarious wheelbarrow tour of Golden Grove.

With most of the food already cooked, we took the sensible decision to eat nosh first, enjoying great nosh in warm surroundings. After nosh a short circle saw a few runners punished for missing the C2B and the hare congratulated on a good shit run with the whole pack gathered within a metre of that God-sent gas heater.



Many thanks to the hare and supporting co-hares for a sensible, well-set run, great nosh and a most pleasant evening.

