



HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

P.O. BOX 1978, CAIRNS

GRAND MASTER	PIGGY	51 4058
JOINT MASTER	BALLS N ALL	51 6672
ON SEC	WINDY SAILS	54 1735
HASH CASH	BOOB INSPECTOR	55 1126
TRAILMASTER	HOMO	51 5833
HASH BOOZE	BRANDYBURGER	51 1007
HASH FLASH	SHITTA	51 4511

PUBLISHED FOR MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 188 - 29.12.80

START: Kevin St., Whitfield.

HARES: Kermit & Mustard

TURNOUT: 33

There was movement at the Hash for the word had passed around, that Kermit the frog had set a trail. But no one was aware that a Kermit would set a King of the Mountain Run.

So it was on-on up a few streets with everyone running around in circles when finally up a small hill and down a dry creek and through 6ft. high grass fit only for frogs. Balls n All by this stage took a short cut back to the keg along with a few followers. The front runners lead the confused and already worn out pack to the foot of a giant mountain and proceed upwards with Kermit making sure no one escaped.

Piggy, frothing at the mouth and turning blue in colour from lack of oxygen at such a height, caught the mob near the top with a story of getting lost. (But who with? Who knows.) The mob moved up passing comments about a "bloody shithouse run" and "I will kill that frog if he dares to sit still". Wendy Wales was heard to say she was stuffed and almost decided to stay put and be rescued.

The top at last and a beautiful view. The pack was on their last legs and very weary. A small regroup, on-on home to a very welcome keg and one drunk Balls n All who had been there for an hour previous. Pervin Irvin was last seen peering down the front of a lady's top and the girl had to be rescued.

The frog has since been drowned in beer, he got off lightly for such a bloody long run.

RHONDA ROTTEN BOX.

RUNS TO CUM:

190	12. 1.81	Balls n All - Mulgrave River, Gordonvale. NOBH \$1.00 ea
191	19. 1.81	Spouting Wales - Irene Street, Earlville.
192	26. 1.81	Pervin Irvin & Pee Bee - Bunda Street. 50 cents for raffle - mystery prize.
193	2. 2.81	Bloodsucker & Allan Aumuller - Brinsmead Road, 1/4 mile past Cool Waters.
194	9. 2.81	HARES PLEASE.

HASH CALENDAR:

17. 1.81	Sydney South Harbour Hash House Harriers 100th Run.
24. 1.81	Noosa Hash House Harriers 50th Run.
6. 6.91	Interhash 500 Durban, South Africa.
12. 6.81	Pan Pacific Hash, Port Vila.

HASH TRASH:

Late one night the paths of a young man and a lady of pleasure crossed. "Ten quid the night, luv" the lady proposed. "Fine" the young man reposted, "But" he cautioned, "I must warn you that you may find my tastes strange". "I'm not having anything kinky" warned the lady. "My predilections would cause you no pain" the man assured her "and I could stretch to another five pounds". Thus, the bargain was struck and the young man was led to the flat of the lady where they undressed. "Now perhaps," ventured the young man, "you could direct me to the bathroom". This she did and the young man leapt nimbly into the bath. Then he instructed her to turn the shower on. Cold. "Ah" said the young man, raising his voice above the cascading water, while his face melted with delight. "That fan over there - could you bring it nearer and turn it full on", the lady obliged. "You see", said the man, "I have this great fantasy that really turns me on. I'm in a wood, naked, in the dead of night and the wind and rain are howling down around me." His knees were starting to tremble. "Quick, quick" he cried, "stand by the light and turn it on and off". This the lady did. "Oh, that's perfect, perfect, I'M in the wood and I'm naked and the rain's pouring down, the cold wind's blowing and the lightning's flashing...." "Well" said the lady "how about making love now, then". "What" the man screamed, horrified. "In weather like this?"

.....

Harry came to work clutching a shoe box under his arm. His workmates finally persuaded him to open it. There was a turd about a foot long and three inches thick.

"You should see a doctor" they said.

"Yes, I've made an appointment to see an eye specialist", he replied.

"AN EYE SPECIALIST???" they exclaimed.

"Yes, when I pass one of these my eyes water", Harry replied.

.....

CONFUSIUS SAY: Man who goes to bed with sex problem on mind, wakes up with solution in hand.



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REPORT ON RUN 187 - 22.12.80

START: Golden Key Caravan Park

HARES: Super Sterk & Stork

TURNOUT: 40

It was only a small pack that set off from the Earlville Park. It might be a good idea to check at Buchan's Point to see that all Harriers got home from the Xmas run.

The pack set off along the railway line, it was feared we would have to climb the hill at the Quarry but this wasn't to be, for after a short false trail, we were then led to the highway where the pack lost the trail. After much searching it was on-on through the carpark of Earlville Shopping Centre where Piggy & Boob Inspector organised a soccer match using an orange for a ball, then on across the drain to a regroup at Ishmael Road. Through the grass, along the creek where the pack split up in search of the trail and after much confusion, it was on-on to the lights at Mulgrave Road. The traffic was brought to a halt and to the amazement of the motorists, forty sweaty Harriers came out of the drain and darted across the road.

The front runners were just getting into their stride when on-back was located. An amazed spook, for the first time in his life, found he was leading the pack. Then on-on across Munroe's Creek and across and across and across. It is believed that Boob Inspector still hasn't got his eyes in focus after all the inspecting he did at the Xmas run because he missed his stride at one of the crossings and landed up to his arse in mud.

It was on-on along the creek to a regroup at the railway line. From here it was a dash down the railway line and on keg where it was found the usual mob of S.C.B.'s were doing their best to demolish the keg before the pack got back.

A good, well set run and a pleasant change from hills.

SPOUTING WALES.

RUNS TO CUM:

189	5. 1.81	Horse Dick - Machans Beach.
190	12. 1.81	Balls n All - Mulgrave River, Gordonvale. NOSH \$1.00 EA.
191	19. 1.81	Spouting Wales - Irene Street, Earlville.
192	26. 1.81	Pervin Irvin & Pee Bee - Bunda Street. 50cents for raffle - mystery prize.

HASH CALENDAR:

Noosa Hash House Harriers 50th Run - Australia Day Long Weekend.

Run - 2 p.m. Saturday 24th January, 1981.

Cost will be \$30.00 per runner which covers Saturday lunch, run, barbeque, Sunday breakfast and all the cans you can drink.

Anyone interested contact On Sec.

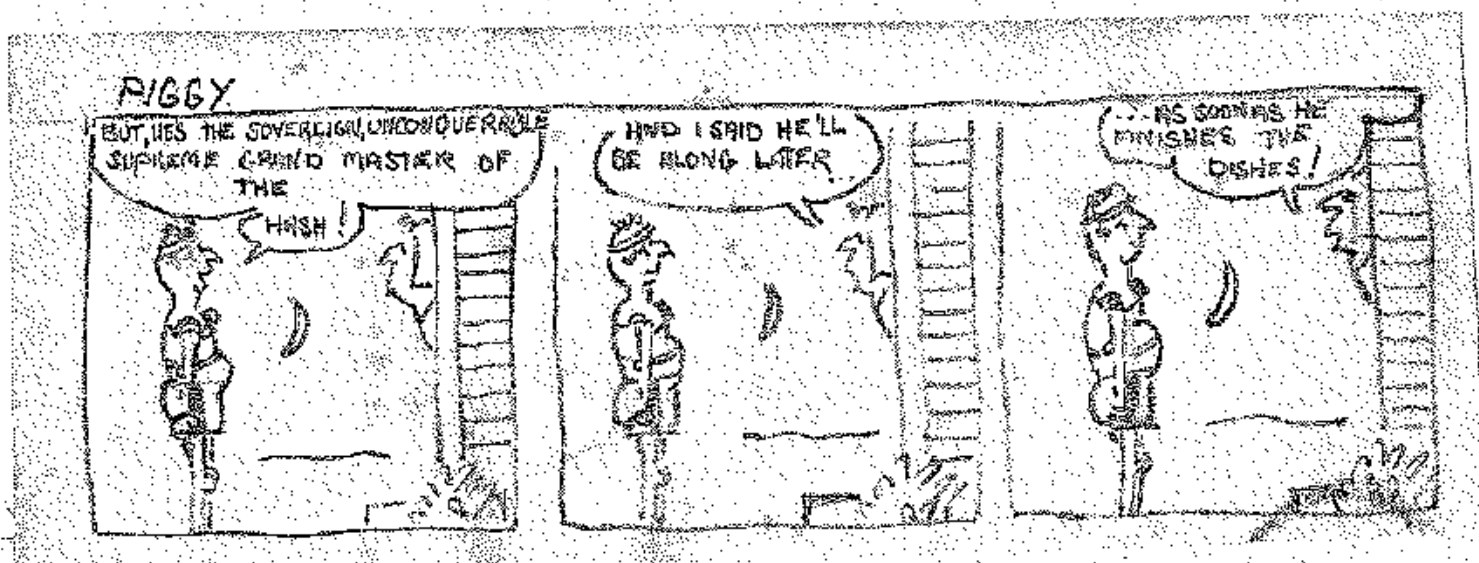
HASH TRASH:

Think YOU have too many decisions? What if you were a porcupine and had to stop and figure out which prick to use.

.....

Pat McGroin and his nephew Holden were drinking at the bar when a well built wench winked at Holden. Holden whispered, "Look what she's doing, Uncle. What am I supposed to do?" Pat chuckled, "Wink back, you moron." Holden winked. The beauty responded by opening her blouse to show how much she wasn't wearing underneath. Holden mumbled in panic "I ain't got no tits to flash, Unc....what do I do?" Pat laughed, "Show her your nuts." Holden stood up, crossed his eyes, put both thumbs in his mouth, stuck out his tongue and went "BLUUGH".

.....



"I'm AMBI-SEXTRIOUS"



"Perfect! You must be Cinderella!"



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REPORT ON RUN 186 - 15.12.80

START: Buchan's Point

HARES: Bud Abbott & Boob Inspector

TURNOUT: 69

CHRISTMAS RUN'N'FUN 1980

Boob Inspector greeted Hashers at the gate to relieve them of \$10.00 for the night's activities. By 6p.m. a large pack waited with bated breath for the hares to send us off. It was good to see a top roll up of out of town visitors. A trail with plenty of regroupes and other diversions was promised. By 6.10 the pack was off up the nearest hill in a most unchristian manner. (What else would you expect from Hash?) The first regroup had the pack coming from two directions with some F.R.B.'s going over the edge to check a false. From there it was on up the ridge to a power pole then a screaming rightie down into the bush. And scream we did. The hot sweaty bunched-up pack reeled under the aromatic onslaught. Up and down a few gullies to a welcome regroup.

As soon as the last near-fainting back runner arrived it was on-on through more open timber and bloody gullies. In an advanced state of dehydration the pack waited for the back runners. Some arrived in a condition that would make an IBA hunger-striker seem hale and hearty. Bud Abbott had to persuade Idi and Idi-ette not to disappear into the bush. After all it was a Hash Run.

From here the pack raced off in full cry down a rough track towards the road. There were more hard-ons than a hotel full of honeymooners. Was there refreshments at the beach to replace the vital body fluids lost? There was a fall and one Brown Dog grazed a hind leg. The pack startled many a motorist in its lemming-like dash across the road. What a beautiful regroup. Hashmen looking through half closed eyes at hemispherical objects of an even brown colour with something in the middle for sucking. A stubby close up is a beautiful sight. Shithouse found that his horn wouldn't work.

Then on-on along the beach to Buchan Point. Never before has there been so much clothing worn on the beach. Only last week two old ladies were peeping through the grass here and one said "Isn't that Dick Brown over there?" "Oh no" replied the other "just sunburnt".

A well strung out pack zoomed up the hill to the next regroup. And



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REPORT ON RUN 185 - 8.12.80

START: Kamerunga

HARES: Bob Herron

TURNOUT: 57

Despite the inclement weather there was a good turnup at Lake Placid for the start of the run. But after much confusion and checking for the hare, it was on back to Kamerunga for the start.

Soon the pack was off towards the New Barron Bridge and from here the trail proved to be as elusive as the start had been. After three or four crossings of the new bridge, Flower Power turned up to say hello on his way to the start of the run (only half an hour late this time). Finally a well informed Boob Inspector led us out of our predicament and it was on on through scenic town Caravanica where the hash was invited to join in the fourth cricket test while we had a regroup and Kinky was chatting up the local talent.

No-one could have guessed what was going to happen next, Balls n All led the pack out across the much travelled and familiar cow paddock. We knew something was wrong, it was dry this time and covered in cow pads, knee high grass and it was real ankle broken country.

The greyhounds were well in the lead again by the time they reached the hill and I don't know why they continue to do it but they got sucked into the false at the top of the hill again. By this time Balls n All and his band of more intelligent runners were half way to Lake Placid.

By the time we reached the Power Station road, the more dedicated runners in our midst were just warmed up and decided they would do another five miles up hill and scramble through some rain forest before they came and helped us to drink the keg. So this is where the pack did a large split and Balls n All continued to lead his merry band on home. We were doing real well until a hundred yards from the keg we were confronted with the first large obstacle of the day. There was much debate, should we go upstream, should we go downstream, should we use the specially constructed flying fox that fell down, but at last driven by a mad lust for the keg, we decided to swim across thus taking the fastest and most direct route to the keg. It wasn't long before

the front runners joined us and we soon demolished the keg.

CARNAL.

RUNS TO CUM:

187	22.12.80	Super Stork - Golden Key Caravan Park.
188	29.12.80	Kermit - Kevin Street, Whitfield.
189	5. 1.81	HARES PLEASE
190	12. 1.81	HARES PLEASE

NOTE FROM HASH CASH:

As of the 16th December, total amount outstanding to Brad will be £384.00. All other debts are paid. Estimated subs for January quarter, approximately £1,500.00. The Cairns Hash should be operating in the black in the new year.

Boob Inspector.

HASH TRASH:

SANTA'S XMAS GREETINGS TO CAIRNS HASH.

"You think YOU'VE got it bad? All night long there was soot in the chimneys, smelly socks on fireplaces, dangerous dogs. I was shot at twice.....taken for a stork. Wasted three hours waiting for nosey kids to get to bed, damn near got killed by a 747, Mrs. Claus was teed off because I was late, and that ain't all.....Donner and Blitzen got the squirts over Albuquerque and you should've seen my suit. The fugging elves wouldn't clean my sleigh unless I paid them overtime. I'm so sick of milk and cookies that I could throw up. The only highball I had all evening happened when I slipped getting out of my sleigh. Prostate giving me hell.....no john to go to.....wet my pants at 2,000 feet and froze to the seat. Drove all night in the snow, so darned allergic to prickly pine needles that I itch all over, and I think my hemorrhoids are back. Finally, I couldn't wait to get back home to snuggle in bed with Missus Claus, and she had a headache. HO HO HO. Merry Miss My Ass."

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The attractive school teacher was giving her first lessons in the new school when she saw the word 'penis' at one corner of the board. It was a boy's school and thinking that the previous period was Health Science, rubbed it off embarrassingly. The following day, she found the word again in the same place, this time in bigger letters. Again she pretended and at the appropriate moment, rubbed it off. When she entered the class on the third day, she could no longer ignore it. There, across the board was the word. Furious, she ran to the board to erase it. As she stood there with the duster poised, she noticed the smaller writing below the word, 'The harder you rub, the bigger it gets.'

.....



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REPORT ON RUN 184 - 1.12.80

START: Freshwater Swimming Hole

HARES: Cecil & Tom Lynch

TURNOUT: 60

THE LONG HORN

A ripper run set by Loud Lynch (the lad with the long legs) and Cecil (the one that runs with a horn).

It started at the Freshy swimming hole with a check at the crossroads. On right - No, they wouldn't go that way, there's no hills, so on left and past the Freshy Pub. Lost a few there. Picked up a stray athlete along the way who thought we seemed to be having fun and so joined us. Silly prick. Several falsies, including one set of false calls by the local delinquents, then, naturally, on up.

Up to a great little suburban block with 360° views, but pity the milkman and garbo. Soapy led us up there. Cecil and Loud were noticeably absent. A re-group at the top, and then using a barbed-wire handrail, Bud led us down the creek until we came out near Snoopy's place at upper Freshwater. (Noticed his missus following the run in the car, checking up on him.)

A re-group here and then on down Merrybrook Street and home to the keg. The pack went straight through the school grounds, but Speedgun, although in plain clothes, proceeded in an orderly fashion in single-file around its perimeter. Dirty Darryl and Flower Power were the smartest of the lot and came home along the railway line. The usual bunch of S.C.B.'s were back at the keg drinking their share and everyone else's.

Then followed a ripper nosh. Dogs, rolls and coleslaw. No second keg, but this was overcome by an issue of tinnies. Quite a few poofers were identified in the crowd when the standard tap-dancing test was applied. Lightest on his feet was Wombat. Spook tried to split a log with his head during a dead-ant demonstration. Both legs had concussion.

A top run, a top nosh and a good on-on.

KINKY.

RUNS TO CUM:

- 186 15.12.80 XMAS RUN - Bud Abbott & Boeb Inspector.
S.E.S. Centre, Buchan's Point. \$10.00 head.
Everyone bring a torch.
Anyone wishing to bring visitors to the Xmas run
must notify Hash Cash by 8.12.80 (that's tonight)
otherwise they shall not be catered for.
- 187 22.12.80 Super Stork - Golden Key Caravan Park.
188 29.12.80 Kermit - Kevin Street, Whitfield.

HASH TRASH:

A couple of men who were friends but hadn't seen each other for a long time met on the street one day, and one man was complimenting the other for looking in such fine physical trim. "How do you keep in such good shape?" he asked enviously. "Well" explained the other man, "every morning I exercise strenuously. When I wake up I say to myself sternly: UP ... DOWN ... UP ... DOWN ... UP ... DOWN. I keep this up for about 15 minutes or more." "But don't you think that's pretty debilitating for a man of your age?" asked his friend. "Not at all," smiled the other man. "When I get through, I just say: Now, honey, turn over and let's try it the other way."

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GOLF SPORT: Girl who will help a man putt it in.

SWINGING CHICK: Double-breasted bed-thrasher who can usually be brought down with a couple of shots of alcohol.

BED BUNNY: The hoppy hecker.

SLEEP-IN SECRETARY: One who takes things down that come up in the night.

PILLOW: Headquarters for hindquarters.

FUR TRAPPER: A catchy zipper.

TWEZERS: Indispensable tools for playing strip poker in a nudist colony.

HOT ROD: A stolen dildo.



"You're coming home with me right now, Philip!"

FLOWER POWER'S REPORT ON ROCKHAMPTON 150TH.

HASH QUOTE: The question was asked "WEARS YEPPON"
The answer was given "NEXT TO YA-PLATE".

Rockhampton's 150th was a HASH INCREDIBLE.

2 - Stroke and myself represented Cairns Hash and we had a Great Kuppela Beers at Great Keppel Island. The whole thing kicked off at the Leichhardt Rowing Club in Rocky on Friday night. We ononed there from 7.00pm till too late then back again in the morning about 7.30am to finish off a coldy or five before the morning run.

The buses took us into the centre of Rocky where we ran through the main streets, to the dismay of the locals and the cops that showed us the way. A half a mile later it was ON ON buses again and onto Yeppon. But there was a 9,000 ft. Rock on the way and those Rocky Bastards made us run over it without any PISS-UP. So it was ON ON buses to the first pub in Yeppoon. A short snort then a jaunt down the main street. Back on the buses and down to the boat where 120 "ODD" Hashers boarded with 86 cartons of Piss, one third was XXXX Cans and rest Brisbane River. The bar on the boat was drained of alcohol to conserve Hash's own stocks which had to be tapped before we reached the Island.

All the gear was put ashore with some hashers, but the rest of us went for a trip around the north side of Great Keppel. They had a race up a sand dune to win a T-Shirt. After that it was on back to the resort for the 150th. Those Rocky Hashers thought that hashers were smart but we showed-em. We ran the first part of the run backwards. When we asked the Hares to tell us where to go, they told us alright and then they showed us where the run went. ON - UPDEVIL was the call, (if you don't know what this means then you should have been there) it was called by Bruce, ON UP and UP 10,000 Bloody feet up, then finally a piss stop at the top. Then ON ON was called and down was the only way to go, on down and down and still bloody down back to sea level. Across a huge salt flat and out on the beach to another Piss stop. This one we had to swim to because it was anchored off shore, then back to shore for an ON-HOME around forty miles of shore line. HASH COMMENT: A fucking top run.

Then into the piss.

Rocky's HASH MONK gave us a sermon. (Young half hand) Songs were sung by all with top marks to the Brisbane Harriets, they're a top lot. After down downs and Hash Hymns the old 10ft aluminium flaty cum icebox was getting a bit low but all the time the great nosh was on and going strong. It was steak, snags and salad. A few hours later (morning) we were into it again. Some went on the recovery run, others died, and a few of us with beers in hand could only make it to the beach to watch the Birdlife. ON BACK was called to pack up and after checking supplies about 80 cartons had gone by the tree side. On the way back to the mainland, Wobby of Townsville was married to a Brisbane Harriet cum airhosty. But as it turns out she was only after his camera on his body. Those Townsville Hashers are a top hash, about twenty came down, four from Trinity Hash, big heaps from Brisbane, some from Ipswich, Noosa, Gold Coast, Collinsville etc. For \$30.00 Rocky's Hash put on a top weekend. Heaps of Piss, Nosh and Harriets. But the Brisbane Harriets we will never forget. On the way home 2-Stroke and I stopped at Townsville on Monday night for the A.G.P.U. and that was a top turnout. ON ON Townsville.

FLOWER POWER

over by Speedgun. Up Up ever bloody upwards till finally a regroup at a watertower which was straight away polluted by Dirty Daryl. If going up was hard, going down was a bloody nightmare of dense jungle, but eventually we burst into a clearing to find a sign "ON KEG". Great, but where the fuck was the keg, for that matter where the fuck were we? But all in all a good run on the whole, obviously set by tailenders for tailenders, stiff shit for those F.R.B's.

SPOOK.

RUNS TO CUM

185	8.12.80	Bob Herron - Lake Placid
186	15.12.80	<u>XMAS RUN</u> - Bud Abbott & Bech Inspector S.E.S. Centre, Buchan's Point. Approx. \$10.00 head.
187	22.12.80	HARES PLEASE
188	29.12.80	HARES PLEASE

DATES TO REMEMBER:

13.12.80 SINGAPORE 1000TH RUN.

12 - 13 - 14 JUNE, 1981. PAN PACIFIC HASH. PORT VILA.

Cost \$50.00 for members. This includes beer, registration, beer, transport, beer, meals for the two evenings and Sunday lunch.

6th & 7th June, 1981. INTERHASH 500 DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA.

Venue - Glenmore Beach Hotel which is located on the picturesque South Coast of Natal. This hotel is run by a hasher and will be thrown open for our exclusive use.

This is the weekend following the world famous Comrades Marathon run this year from Durban to Pietermaritzburg. Why not do both - Comrades and Interhash 500?

HASH TRASH:

Little Suzy, a young Japanese exchange student at the Cairns High School the other day jumped to her feet when the teacher asked, "Where and when was gold first discovered in Australia?"

"Victoria 1851", she replied.

"That's very good", said the teacher and continued, "Why can't the rest of you children be that smart?"

As Suzy sat down, Johnny next to her said "Fuck the Japs".

The teacher called out "Who said that?"

Suzy sprang to her feet, "General McArthur, 1941".

.....

There was a young lady from Wheeling
Who professed to lack sexual feeling
Till a cynic named Boris
Simply touched her clitoris
And she had to be scraped off the ceiling.

.....

There was a young lady of Michigan
Who said "Dammit, I've got the itch again".
Her mother said "That's strange,
I'm surprised it aint mange,
If you've slept with that son-of-a-bitch-again".



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REPORT ON RUN 182 - 17.11.80

START: Cairns Yacht Club

HARES: Snoopy & Spook

TURNOUT: 50

A blistering pace was set from the start north along the Esplanade. Piggy saved us from the first false and led the pack down Shields Street, where he realized the folly of 50 Hashmen passing his prized front window, and headed up Tropical Arcade Mountain. Why did Soapy appear out of an unmarked door with a smile on his face? Then on on north again to more false trails and a very welcome regroup. Boob Inspector at this stage, appeared in a very flushed and flagged state near the back of the pack - it was soon realized that he has been following Quickdraws in her see through shorts and he had little spots before his eyes.

On on through the old cemetery, along the railway line and back towards the centre of town. The pack was spread out and all the S.C.B.'s were hell bent on the shortest course for the keg. The Spook had other ideas and sent many down Grafton Street to a regroup at the Water Works.

Snoopy then changed the course marking to "ON YELLOW" - "WOT A WAY TO GO" The well known mating call of the Black Crow "FAAARK" was heard to echo throughout the complex and justifiably so. Top run and good nosh.

P.S. The Hash order of the "WARM TURD" has been awarded to the Hares for selecting a "Bare breasted Cecil" to represent us in the Cairns Post. There are at least six other Hash people far better equipped to represent us in like fashion.

MUSTURD.

RUNS TO CUM:

184 1.12.80
185 8.12.80
186 15.12.80

Wayne Brewer & Tom Lynch - Freshwater Swimming Hole
Bob Herron - Lake Placid
XMAS RUN - Bud Abbott & Boob Inspector
S.E.S. Centre, Buchan's Point.
Approx. \$10.00 head.
This covers all BOOZE (33 galls), FOOD (Boeuf a la
Bourguignonne, Veal Cordon Bleu, Coq au Vin) and
DOLLIES.



Cheaper rate without heads.
Nobody looks at their heads
anyway.

HASH TRASH:

DOWN WITH AUTOMATION

Vibrators, even guys concede
May improvise to meet a need;
Imprisoned twist demanding thighs
Their penetrating enterprise
Must doubtless be exhilarating,
Such probes, voraciously vibrating,
Provide excitement swift (though brief)
For girls who need express relief...
Your Yorkshire correspondent, Lynne,
Confides to Eve with boastful grin
She keeps vibrator "on all day"
Until the current's worn away,
Which puts her g-strings under stress
Small wonder she gives no address;
Most modern damsels, sweet and young,
Prefer their lover's hungry tongue -
To watch the boy's adoring face
Exploring regions trimmed with lace,
And proving they can hold their lickers
To crotch of nibbled cami-knickers
Far greater thrills can be conferred
As each commanding word from bird
Or firmly guiding finger-tips
Control his thrusting, thirsty lips.
His eager mouth can go to work
In ways that drive a bird berserk;
Its fiendish skills and flattery
Need no replacement battery;
However hard he may be pressed
This slave obeys each curt request.
As Eve remarks, though men are fussy
They can't resist a creamy pussy,
Their tireless tongue exists to savour
Her funny honey-cunnie flavour,
and far from deeming it distasteful
They think all unlicked honey wasteful....



"What made you decide to become a lady jockey?"



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HASH FLASH	SHITTA	51 4511

REPORT ON RUN 181 - 10.11.80

START: The Rocks, Redlynch.

HARRIS: Soapy

TURNOUT: 42

SOAPY HAS A QUICKIE

The Hash set off from the Rocks. It was on on across the creek and down a track until a house was sighted with the angry owner and two of the biggest dogs I have ever seen, barking up a storm and blocking the trail. In true Hash fashion, we all beat a hasty retreat with the runners at the rear finding it hard to get traction because of the evil smelling brown substance being sprayed on the track by the front of the pack. Pity no one had a stop watch as some record braking times must have been set.

We again picked up the trail which led through a drain pipe then up a gully until we came to an ON BACK sign. Down we went until we came to the track we started on. By this time everyone was warmed up and ready to run when ON KEG was called.

The run was a bit like a drunken lover. He gets his girl all hotted up and ready to go and then he fizzles out.

SPOUTING WALES.

RUNS TO CUM:

183	24.11.80	Brown Dog & Pervin Irvin - First bitumen road on right past Golf Club.
184	1.12.80	Wayne Brewer & Tom Lynch - Freshwater Swimming Hole
185	8.12.80	Bob Herron - Lake Placid.
186	15.12.80	<u>XMAS RUN</u> - Bud Abbott & Boob Inspector S.E.S. Centre, Buchan's Point. Approx. \$10.00 head. This covers all BOOZE, FOOD and DOLLIES.

DATES TO REMEMBER:

- 13.12.80 SINGAPORE 1000TH RUN. Registration Fee \$10.00 covers run & ON ON. Four runs of varying lengths to suit all tastes, sizes and sexes.
- 12 - 13 - 14 JUNE, 1981. PAN PACIFIC HASH, PORT VILA.
Cost \$50.00 for members. This includes beer, registration, beer, transport, beer, meals for the two evenings and Sunday lunch.

HASH TRASH:

FUCK

Perhaps one of the most interesting words in the English language today which can describe pain, pleasure, hate and love. Fuck, takes its name from the German word, Fricken, which means to strike. In language "FUCK" falls into many grammatical categories, it can be used as a verb, both transitive (John fucked Jill) and intransitive (Jill was fucked by John). As an adverb (Jill is fucking well interested in John) and a pronoun (Jill is a fine fuck). Also as an adjective (Jill is fucking beautifully). As you can see there are not many words with the same versatility as the word FUCK.

Besides the sexual meaning there is also the following:

1. FRAUD. I got fucked at the used car lot.
2. IGNORANCE. Fucked if I know.
3. TROUBLE. I guess I'm fucked now.
4. AGGRESSION. Fuck you.
5. ENJOYMENT. This is fucking great.
6. DIFFICULTY. I can't understand this fucking mess.
7. DISPLEASURE. What the fuck is going on here?
8. SUSPICION. What the fuck are you doing?
9. REQUEST. Get the fuck out of here.
10. SURPRISE. Well I'll be fucked.
11. HOSTILITY. I'm going to knock your fucking head off.
12. EXASPERATION. For fucks sake.
13. INCOMPETENCE. What a fuck up.

You may think this is rude and uncivil, if you do find it this way then FUCK YOU too.



HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

P.O. BOX 1978, CAIRNS

GRAND MASTER	PIGGY	51 4058
JOINT MASTER	BALLS N ALL	51 6672
ON SEC	WINDY SAILS	54 1735
HASH CASH	BOOB INSPECTOR	55 1126
TRAILMASTER	HOMO	51 5833
HASH BOOZE	BRANDYBURGER	51 1007
HASH FLASH	SHITTA	51 4511

REPORT ON RUN 180 - 3.11.80

START: Aeroglen Park

HARES: Bud Abbott & Piggy

Turnout: 44

BUD & PIGGY DO IT IN THE HILLS

The Hash set off from Aeroglen Park with the words of warning from Bud Abbott still ringing in our ears. "We must set off on time or be lost forever if caught on the trail after dark and beware of stinging nettle, rock slides, tiapans, wild pigs, marauding cassowaries, mountain goats" and a last comforting word from Piggy, "I've been round once and I'm not going again."

Brown Dog set an early lead up Lumley Hill (up meaning vertical) only to find at the 1000 ft. mark, the dreaded sign "ON BACK". So it was on back along the fire break with the tail enders in front and the front runners still clambering down from dizzy heights. By the time the trail led us to the new highway the pack had regathered. On past the aerodrome and across a maddy drain to a regroup at the Kindy.

Again the front runners sped off up a steep spur only to be fronted with another ON BACK and once again the tail enders became the front runners. The trail then led up a gorge and continued on and on and up and up until the red arrow trail was reached. Some breathtaking views were had by the back of the pack as the Harriets scrambled up over rocks and boulders.

Soapy then took off up the trail only to find ON BACK PAST THE CREEK, while the rest of the pack milled around catching their breath. Then on down a spur (truly mountain goat country) to an old Quarry and a regroup. There the slow runners were shown a short cut while the rest of the pack took a longer and more difficult route.

On arriving back we found Piggy had not waited to spear the keg and was drinking straight out of the barrel.

A well set run with a lot of thought given to keeping the pack together.

SPOUTING WALES.

RUNS TO CUM:

182	17.11.80	Snoopy & Spook - Anzac Park.
183	24.11.80	Brown Dog & Pervin Irvin - First bitumen road on right past Golf Club.
184	1.12.80	HARES PLEASE.
185	8.12.80	HARES PLEASE.

HASH TRASH:

The other day we noticed one of our lovely office gals walking kind of bow-legged, and asked what was the matter. She explained that she was going to an orgy that night and had her hair up in curlers.

.....

A girl had a fight with her longtime steady boyfriend, and broke off their affair. A few days later she went into a bar and saw him sitting with a well-stacked blonde. The girl strode up to the pair and snapped to her ex-boyfriend: "You think you're smart, going out with her because she has a 38 inch bust. Well, let me tell you something. The only reason they're so big is because she lets all the men play with them." The man smiled knowingly, and replied: "That explains something I've always wondered about the size of your Paradise Valley."

.....

The teacher asked her children's art class to draw on the blackboard their impressions of the most exciting thing they could think of. One little boy got up and drew a long jagged line. "What's that?" asked the teacher. "Lightning," said the boy. "Everytime I see lightning I get so excited I scream." "Very good," said the teacher. Next a little girl drew a wavy line with the broad side of the chalk. She explained that was her idea of thunder, which always excited her. The teacher thought that was excellent, too. Then little Jerry stepped to the board and made a single dot and sat down. "What's that?" queried the teacher, a bit perplexed. "It's a period," replied Jerry. "Well Jerry, now what's so exciting about a period?" "I don't know teacher," replied the boy. "But my sister missed two of 'em and my whole family's excited."

.....



HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

P.O. BOX 1978, CAIRNS

GRAND MASTER	QUICK MICK	51 450
JOINT MASTER	BALLS N ALL	51 667
ON SEC	WINDY SAILS	54 173
HASH CASH	BOOB INSPECTOR	50 221
HASH OWNER	PIGGY	51 405
TRAILMASTER	HOMO	51 583
HASH BOOZE	BRANDYBURGER	51 100

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 01

REPORT ON RUN 179 - 27.10.80

START: McKinlay Street, Whitfield.

HARES: Mother & Kinky

TURNOUT: 43

MOTHER MOFFATT'S MT. EVEREST ASSAULT

Despite opposition attempts to sabotage the run by misplacing the drink mugs, the run was only a few minutes late when 40 or more mugs careered away hoping the western trail wouldn't be used. Carnel Carne was first to defect when he only made it to the first check to be lured away by a cold stubby or two. Even then Dirty Darryl, Balls and Wombat were to beat him to the keg.

Meanwhile back on the run Hashers were struggling to the top of the Whitfield Range in agony. A welcome regroup at the top and away roared the pack downhill to Brinsmead Road and away along the tramway where Bloodsucker was duped by a LONG ON BACK.

Catching the pack was nearly impossible as the front runners seemed to have prior knowledge of the trail which led us up Marinos Hill and then to a regroup before the long run home to Mothers via Irene Street.

A bloody good long 5 mile run and a bloody good BOOZE UP AND NOSH.

MEATBALLS.

RUNS TO CUM:

181	10.11.80	Soapy - The Rocks, Redlynch.
182	17.11.80	Snoopy & Spook - Start to be advised.
183	24.11.80	HARES PLEASE
184	1.12.80	HARES PLEASE

NOTE FROM HASH CASH:

There is still \$600.00 in SUBS outstanding for final quarter, so get your finger out and PAY UP. Booze must be paid for before you drink it.

Debentures still being taken.

If our Xmas run is to be a success and our debts paid by January 1981, these outstanding dues must be paid.

HASH TRASH:

Seeing a couple of dogs copulating in the park, a little boy asked his father what they were doing. "That's a mommy and a daddy dog son. They are making puppies together." Forgetting to close their bedroom door that night, the man and his wife were making love when the little boy happened to wander in. When he asked what they were doing, his father said: "We're making you a little brother." "Ah, hell" said the youngster disappointedly. "Couldn't you turn her over so I could have a puppy instead."

.....

A shy young thing recently applied for a job. When she had completed the application form, the personnel man reviewed it and discovered an interesting entry. In the blank marked "Sex" she had very neatly written: Once in Central Park.

.....

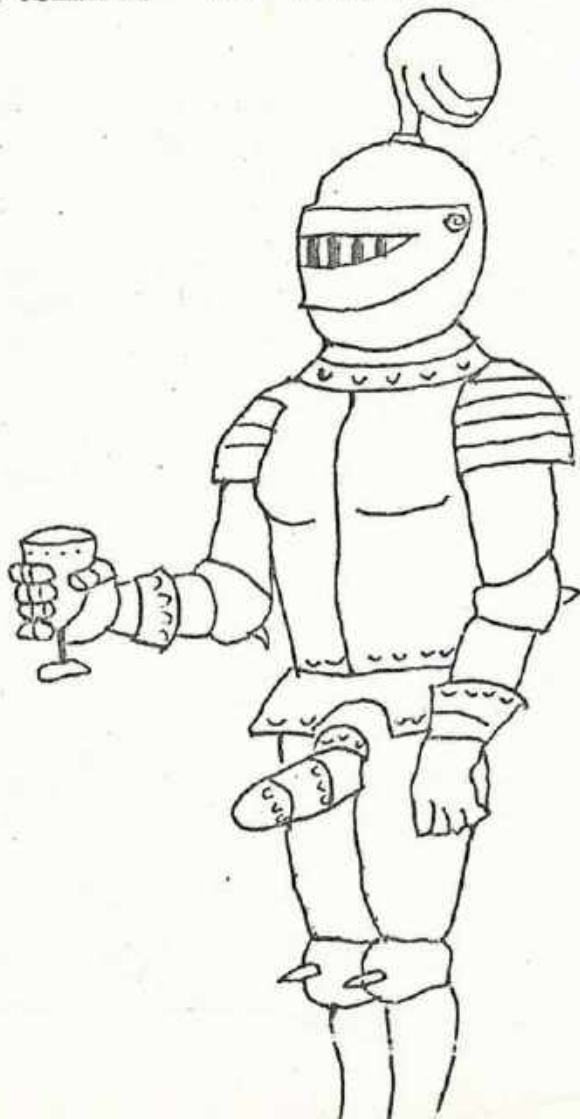
Mary, Mandy & Daisy were talking about their men. Mary said to Mandy, "What your man name Mandy." "My man name SEVEN UP, he got 7" and it always up." "What your man name Mary." "My man name ACTIVE 8, he got 8" and boy he active." "What your man name Daisy." "My man name DRAMBUIE." "But" Mandy said, "Dats a powerful liquor".
"DATS MY BOY."

.....

COMPULSIVE GAMBLER: Man who'd rather lay a bet than a girl.

FRUSTRATION: Something just short of 69 - like 66 for example.

AVIATION HAZARD: A stewardess with VD.





HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

P.O. BOX 1978, CAIRNS

GRAND MASTER	QUICK MICK	51 4500
JOINT MASTER	BALLS N ALL	51 6672
ON SEC	SHITTA	51 4511
HASH CASH	FLOWER POWER	55 6497
HASH OWNER	PIGGY	51 4058
TRAILMASTER	HOMO	51 5833
HASH BOOZE	BRANDYBURGER	51 1007
HASH FLASH	BOOB INSPECTOR	50 2211
PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY		

REPORT ON RUN 177

HARES: Bloodsucker and Meatballs

START: CENTENARY LAKES
13.10.80

TURNOUT: 29 + 3 + 10 = 42

A BALL-SUCKER'S REHASH OF THE FUN IN THE SUN RUN

Only irish hashmen, masochists and plain, dumb animals go on a run set by that pair of sadistic bastards, Meatballs and Bloodsucker so soon after the Fun in the Sun Run. The scribe is sure he belongs to the third group if he has got his parentage right. What a bloody marathon!!!!!! Leaving the barbeque area of Centenary Lakes, the pack head off across the spillway towards the gardens. A strong aroma was obvious at the back of the pack as it was herded by that famous and well-aired pair, Snoopy and Kinky, who have gone from strength to strength on their special diet. Many streets, parks, swamps, hills and suburbs later the pack in sheer agony from throbbing calves, thighs and other public places, found themselves at the canal crossing on Pease Street. Here a beautiful pair of falsies sucked everyone in. Soapy then took over and lead the pack at blistering pace to Anderson Street where the remnants of the pack were allowed to regroup (thanks Homo, you beaut). Here the fucked hashmen enjoyed an unbelievable sight - a black Mick jogging along with a dog (not a Brown Dog nor a beagle) following closely behind no doubt hoping for some quick mick. Spook was put out by this unwashed, fishy-smelling apparition and was lamenting his recent visit to Tropical sand blasters and so wasn't looking his best.

After this, the irish hashmen disappeared in the direction of the Council yards, the railway line and North Cairns whereas the SCB's found the smell of the keg and returned in droves to demolish not only the keg but the softies also something any Mother would cry over. Biscuit's 50th was celebrated and he was overheard to complain that all he wanted was a third of Super Stalk's stalk rather than a mug. Gravel rash would be a problem, Biscuit, unless Piggy can sell you joggers in sets of three. A great run and great nosh - many thanks to the hares.

KERMY

RUNS TU CUM:

120	3.11.80	Tablecloth & ? (Captain Cadbury) - Start announced tonight
181	10.11.80	Soapy - The Rocks, via Redlynch
122	17.11.80	HARES PLEASE
183	24.11.80	HARES PLEASE

TRASH:

honour of Snoopy -

WHICH ONE SUITS YOU

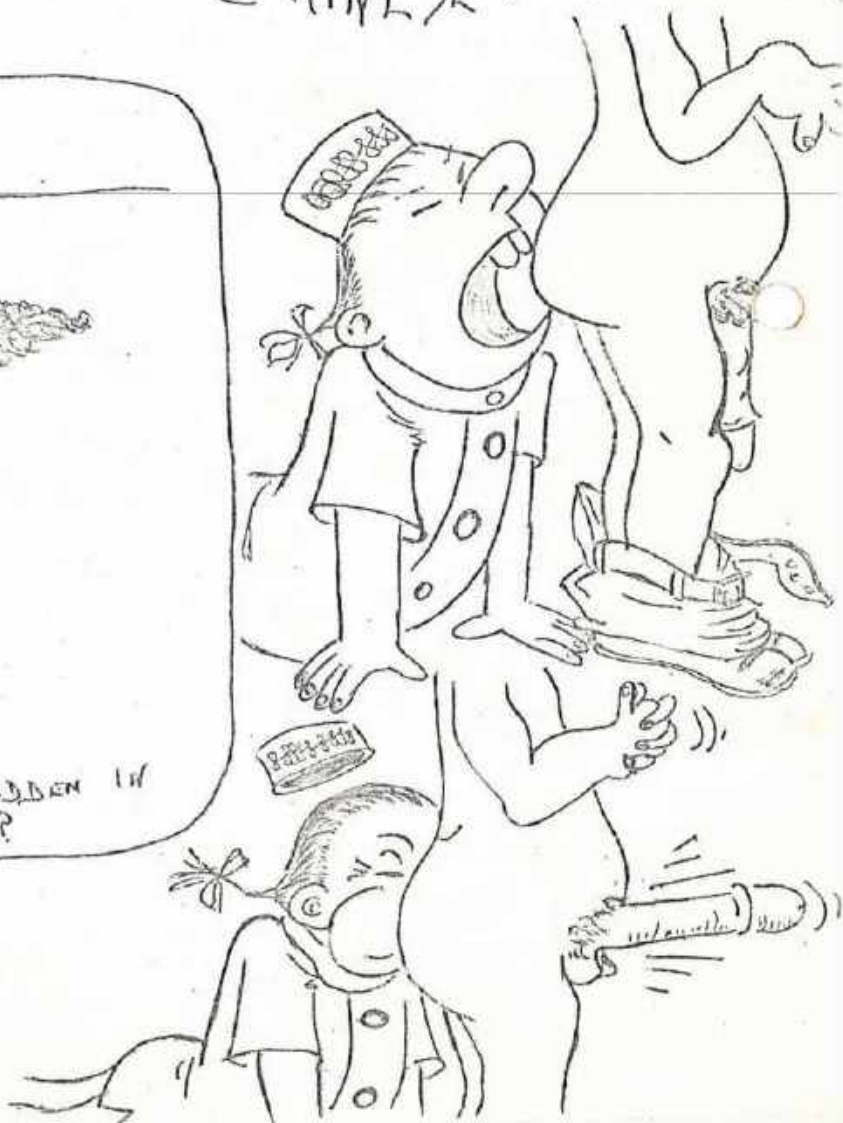
- | | |
|-------------------------|---|
| • A VAIN PERSON | 1. ONE WHO LOVES THE SMELL OF HIS OWN FART |
| • AN AMIABLE PERSON | 2. ONE WHO LOVES THE SMELL OF OTHER-PEOPLES FARTS |
| • A PROUD PERSON | 3. ONE WHO THINKS HIS FARTS ARE EXCEPTIONALLY PLEASANT |
| • A SHY PERSON | 4. ONE WHO RELEASES SILENT FARTS THEN BLUSHES |
| • AN IMPUDENT PERSON | 5. ONE WHO FARTS OUT LOUD THEN LAUGHS |
| • A SCIENTIFIC PERSON | 6. ONE WHO FARTS REGULARLY BUT IS CONCERNED WITH POLLUTION |
| • AN UNFORTUNATE PERSON | 7. ONE WHO TRIES TO FART BUT SHITS INSTEAD |
| • A NERVOUS PERSON | 8. ONE WHO STOPS IN THE MIDDLE OF A FART |
| • AN HONEST PERSON | 9. ONE WHO ADMITS HE FARTED BUT OFFERS A GOOD MEDICAL REASON |
| • A DISHONEST PERSON | 10. ONE WHO FARTS AND BLAMES HIS DOG |
| • A FOOLISH PERSON | 11. ONE WHO SUPPRESSES A FART FOR HOURS |
| • A THRIFTY PERSON | 12. ONE WHO ALWAYS HAS FARTS IN RESERVE |
| • AN ANTISOCIAL PERSON | 13. ONE WHO EXCUSES HIMSELF AND FARTS IN PRIVATE |
| • STRATEGIC PERSON | 14. ONE WHO CONCEALS HIS FARTS BY LOUD LAUGHTER |
| • INTELLECTUAL PERSON | 15. ONE WHO CAN DETERMINE THE SMELL OF HIS NEIGHBOURS FARTS |
| • ATHLETIC PERSON | 16. ONE WHO FARTS AT THE SLIGHTEST EXERTION |
| • MISERABLE PERSON | 17. ONE WHO TRULY ENJOYS A FART BUT CANT |
| • SADISTIC PERSON | 18. ONE WHO FARTS IN BED THEN FLUFFS THE COVERS OVER HIS BEDMATE |
| • SENSITIVE PERSON | 19. ONE WHO FARTS THEN STARTS CRYING |
| • AQUATIC PERSON | 20. ONE WHO FARTS IN THE BATH THEN BURSTS THE BUBBLES WITH HIS TOES |

CHINESE BLOW JOB!

HEY KIDS....



There Are SIX CUTE LITTLE KITTENS HIDDEN IN THIS PICTURE... CAN YOU FIND THEM ???





HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

P.O. BOX 1978, CAIRNS

GRAND MASTER	QUICK MICK	514500
JOINT MASTER	BALLS N ALL	516672
ON SEC	SHITTA	514511
HASH CASH	FLOWER POWER	556497
HASH OWNER	PIGGY	514058
TRAILMASTER	HOMO	515833
HASH BOOZE	BRANDYBURGER	511007
HASH FLASH	BOOB INSPECTOR	502211
PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY		

REPORT ON RUN 174

HARES: Boob Inspector

TURNOUT: 21 + 3 + 10 = 34

START: Freshwater Riding School
22.9.80

What a kunt of a run, this would have to be the WORSE run in hash history, terrible, rotten, boo. Boob Inspector must be the only wanker who can squeeze a four day hike into one hour. After a falsie down the rail line which fooled no one, well, maybe one or two, that well known sprinter snoopy pulled the pack out of the shit with the tracking skill of a beagle, only for that mongrel, Brown Dog, to lead them down just an average kind of falsie, which only fooled six to ten average hashers, followed by a reasonably good falsie which only fooled fifteen or twenty reasonably good hashers. After this the hares could not make up their mind which side of Freshie Creek they wanted us on, so we tried both sides, several times, and formed a regroup to allow the pricks who don't like to get wet catch up. The pack took off on a very nice little jog until, bugger me, an excellent falsie, fooling twenty to thirty excellent hashers. Thoughts of on home were shattered by Bloodsucker with his SCB's running us down to and across the Barron rail bridge where, wait for it, a tremendous falsie, and you guessed it, 40 tremendous hashers shot clean up it. There were some bits of this run that I liked while the tremendous 40 were clean up it. That well known beagle with a blistering turn of speed opened up the greatest lead in hash history, even had time for a private regroup on the Tenni Bridge. An extremely well laid trail, soon had us back into the cane where Soapy, thinking that ten miles was a bit short ran an extra five around the headlands. Not to be outdone, Meatballs in a flash had us smack dab, in the middle of a cane fire, jumping roast taipan, barbie bandicoot and grilled crawldads, fantastic tales were backed up with singed sideburns and blackened pubes, this run isn't as bad as first thought.

ON ON we charged, frantically looking for a way out of this fucking cane, ON ON, more cane, my god I am rooted, my heart just split, can't stop now, only five more fucking miles to go, slow down you bastards, don't leave me, OH shit!! Fuck the hash!! Over the rise and there they are, the SCB's about two miles distant, demolishing the keg, leave some for me you bastards, go legs go, at last I can smell the piss, I'm saved, OH JOY, OH ELISS, what a great run, terrific, mighty!! This would have to be the greatest hash run of the century, so Boob Inspector, rest on your laurels, please don't ever set another great, fantastic top little run again.

Yours truly,
THE PHANTOM BUGLER

AND NOW.....

REPORT ON RUN 175START: Holloways BeachHARES: Edi and Soapy

29.9.80

TURNOUT: 27 + 3 + 10 = 40

As this run was so long ago Hash scribe (failed) cannot remember much about it except that Boob Inspector received his commission as Hash Cash and Bloodsucker is Assistant H.C. So you see we are really scraping the bottom of the barrel. On the run itself, vague memories come to mind of sugar cane, tram tracks, more sugar cane, and Edi standing at a corner of a headland saying "PSST, PSST, shortcutters this way!!!"

It must have been a tough run because we were back after dark and Quick Mick had been at the bucket a long time before us and most of the piss was gone.

HASH TRASH

BLOODSUCKER

A travelling saleswoman was in bed with the farmers son.

"How about trading sides with me?" she suggested.

"You roll over me and I'll roll over you and we'll be more comfortable".

They did this several times without much results.

"You know", said the woman "I don't think you know what I really want".

"The hell I don't!" said the farmers son "You want the whole damn bed, but you ain't gonna get it!!"

HASH DEFINITIONS

Polythene bag = A greek prostitute

Hormone = A crying brothel

Blunder Bus = coach load of spinsters going to the maternity unit

AND NOW A FEW DROPPINGS ON RUN 176

HARES: Quickdraws & (Possibly) START: Stanton Road

TURNOUT: 31 + 2 + 8 = 41 Quick Mick 6.10.80

A good turn-up of runners as expected with everyone interested to see how Quickdraws does her stuff. The pack got off to a late start and although the hare assured us there were no hills on the run, when she pointed her dainty finger the general direction was "ON-UP". Everyone was impressed except Quick Mick who was either too old or too bloody lazy to care less. He subsequently volunteered to stay behind to watch the keg and get a head start on us dinkum runners!! With Quickdraws delicate scent luring us on we sniffed out the trail up, up and further bloody up the Great Dividing Range. From our strategic position at the tail of the pack Flower Power, Acid Head and yours truly could see the randy runners spread out for miles sniffing trees, poles and blades of grass for telltale signs. Arriving at the zenith of our ascent we were in time to catch the pack returning from a false up in the rain forest and from here the scent lead us along the top of the ridges. Shithouse (our champion) was assigned to engage in verbal battle against the king of the mountain (a randy old bastard obviously knocked back by Quickdraws on her practice run). With the only choice being "ON-DOWN" the pack tripped, fell and rolled through the jungle down the other side of the mountain.

From here it was an 8 mile practice run for the Fun in the Sun runners through beautiful down town Smithfield. The front runners piled the pressure on hoping to get back in time to rescue the keg from the thirsty clutches of Quick Mick!!

...3...

On our arrival Quick Mick had other things on his mind and was proudly displaying his sausages for our pleasure and enjoyment. However all the attention was shifted to Super Stalk who after 150 runs has developed into a fine upstanding hashman and has proved the old motto "Beer drinkers make better lovers".

Heaps of snags and booze and later it was ON-ON to the Stratti all except for Shitta who ON-ONED over in Quickdraws Den. Rumour has it that he turned up safely for work next morning.

(ON SEC NOTE - Hey, u bastards, cut this out - my wife types these notes and hopefully she can't read!!)

CARNAL

RUNS TO CUM:

178	20.10.80	- Dirty Darryl & 2 Stroke - Speedway, Edmonton
179	27.10.80	- Tablecloth & ? - START PLEASE
180	3.11.80	- Soapy (Again) - START PLEASE
181	10.11.80	- HARES PLEASE

Innisfail 50th run 31st October - Start Garadunga Pub
Run Saturday at McCutcheon Park off the Cowley Beach Road on Liverpool Creek
approx 14 miles south of Innisfail. \$20 the lot. 3 P.M. start

THE END

DON'T FORGET U BASKETS SUBS ARE DEW!!! NOW..... YES NOW....!@#\$%&* YA!!
P.S.DON't FORGET U 2 can BE a HASH HOWNER da SUBscriptions Ta Da debbENTures
rae Still OPeN,,.... ONLY \$20... BE da FIRST In THE BLoCK Ta own ya own
pet HASH (relatives Of DE FUX Ned nit APPLY)....NATRually...
..... Geees tits hard ta tIpe wit mA nUse,me Wif Has LerNt te READ.....?!!

*** **

GUD Ta SEa a BIG Lut OF U WinkERS AT De CUN BUN Shit any 1 how FIST ADE...

Allo apologies for not petting in all of your bits & things..Mebe next week

OK Michael !! *****88888*****



HASH TRASH:

How does an Irish jet pilot know when he has landed with his wheels up?
He has to taxi at full power ?!?!?!?!?

Quote of the week from the Cairns Post 30.8.80

"76 year old vegetarian Stan Simpson says "As far as wind goes I knock the young blokes out"!!!!

Uncle George and Auntie Mable both fainted at the breakfast table. This should be sufficient warning not to do it in the morning. But Ovilvine soon put them right, now they do it twice a night and Uncle George is hoping soon to do it in the afternoon.

The stranger at the Golf Club bar was very drunk and abusive.
"Excuse me", said the barman "are you a member?"
"I'm a country member"
"Yes, I remember", said the barman

A young kid working in a record shop. An old lady comes in

OLD LADY: "Have you got jingle bells on a 12"
YOUNG KID: "No, but I've got dangle balls on a 6"
OLD LADY: "Is that a record?"
YOUNG KID: "Well, I'm only 15"

A bloke picks up a bird from a pub. When they get to his place he asks how she would like her eggs in the morning.
Her reply "Preferably unfertilized!!!!!!"

OTHER RUNS:

17th January, 1981 - 100th run Sydney South Harbour Hash House Harriers
7th, 8th, 9th November, 1980 - 100th run Cove Top Hash

**

Townsville Hash are using our pisse phone every week and Wobbegong says GIDDAY

Did you see CARNAL make it legal?????
Bells n All and Dirty Annie should be back soon



* SUALLY I CAN STAND
VENTRILLOQUISM



HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

P.O. BOX 1978, CAIRNS

GRAND MASTER:	Quick Mick	51 4500
JOINT MASTER:	Balls n All	51 6672
ON SEC:	Shitta	51 4511
HASH CASH:	Flower Power	55 6497
TRAILMASTER:	Homo	51 5833
HASH OWNER:	Brandyburger	51 1007
HASH FLASH:	Pervin	
PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY		

REPORT ON RUN 172

HARES: Flower Power & Koala
& Blackpower
TURNOUT: 27 + 3 + 13 = 43

START: Kamerunga Crossing
8.9.80

MANY RIVERS TO CROSS

The CN GN came from Flower Power, Black Power and Koala..... The pack went up over Kamerunga Road and powered through a freshly cultivated cane field over a small creek, around another cane field, down grassy slopes where Idlette was heard to say "shit! isn't this slippery". Onto the road and back over the bridge, short-run but good.. Then comes the good bit.... "Bangers and Beer" over the camp fire. Soon everyone got into the mood, one at least did BOOB INSPECTOR I think he's run 69 times or something, anyway he hopped up onto the bonnet of the landrover and did a strip while skolling his beer, the harriets were really impressed. The night finished with a sing along lead by Quick Mick.

** Many thanks to the -
Band: SNOOPY
Hash Duo: IDI & IDIETTE
Hash Singers and many others
Hash stripper: BOOB INSPECTOR

Apologies to Rob Goodwin

RUNS TO COME:

174	22.9.80	Boob Inspector & Weethix - Freshwater Horse Riding Club
175	29.9.80	Edi & Soapy - Holloways Beech
176	6.10.80	Quickdrawers - Stanton Road, Smithfield
177	13.10.80	HARES PLEASE ????????
178	20.10.80	SOAPY - START PLEASE??????

* * * *



HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

P.O. BOX 1978, CAIRNS

GRAND MASTER:	Quick Mick.	51.4500
JOINT MASTER:	Brandyburger	51.1007
ON SEC:	Shitta	51.4511
HASH CASH:	Flower Power	55.6497
TRAILMASTER:	Homo	51.5833
HASH BOOZE:	Brandyburger	51.1007
HASH FLASH:	Ballbanger	55.1372

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3
ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 171

HARES: Pervin & Brown Dog

TURNOUT: 25 + 1 + 6 = 32

START: Bayview Heights Kindergarten
1.9.80

PERVIN FINALLY DOES IT RITE

THANKS ROB GOODWIN ?!#???!!!##\$\$????

1. It was long
2. Everyone got lost
3. Bludy good ON ON

Notes written by Two stroke

RUNS TU CUM:

173	15.9.80	Tony Dutton & Black Power - will announce tonite
174	22.9.80	Boob Inspector and Weetbix - Freshwater Horse Riding Club
175	29.9.80	Edi and Soapy - Holloways Beech
176	6.10.80	Quickdrawers - Stanton Road, Smithfield
177	13.10.80	HARES PLEASE ???????????
178	20.10.80	HARES PLEASE ?????????????

** *** **

HASH TRASH:

Memorable Hash Quotes -

Homo to Pervin: "There's nothing beats a hare"!!!!!!
Later - "those fuckin little arrows again"

Piggy: "No, I'm not the oldest but I am the longest"!!!!!!

Pervin: "Well you just bang it down like that and it leaves a mark. Of course it doesn't work too well when it's wet"!!!!!!

Weetbix: "I see Quickdrawers needed a shoe horn to fit into her jeans"!!!!!!

Browndog: "Why did everyone bring toilet paper?????"

Bloodsuckers joke - Scene - a one bedroom flat. Man brings home two monkeys.
Wife - "what will they eat? What about the smell?"
Husband - "they'll get used to it the same as I did".

"I have to take every precaution to avoid pregnancy", confided the lovely Harriet. "But, hasn't your hubby had a vasectomy?" inquired her friend. "Yes, that's why I have to take every precaution" !!!!!!!

"The doctor was just about to leave the surgery when the receptionist asked him to sign a prescription. Reaching into his pocket he pulled out a suppository. "Oh Shit", he swore "some bum's got my biro!"

The handsome (?) Pommy found he was unsuccessful with the Aussie sheilas until he learnt a few Bazzaisms. His faultlessly put on Ocker accent then immediately netted him a ripper bird; but as he climbed into the cot with her he confessed "I say, I actually come from the other side you know". "This I gotte see", she grinned!!!



The Townsville Daily Bulletin, Monday, June 30, 1980

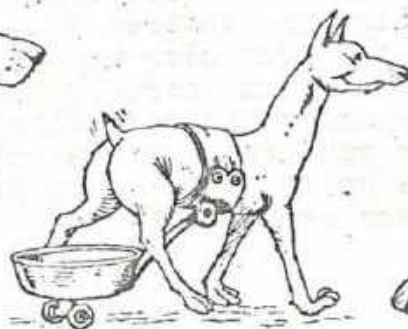
Big Cities all turn into gigantic dog toilets,

Cairns H3 Committee are to make an approach to the Council about our hounds on hash runs having a jolly dash devil of a time dodging dog turds. Hash as come up with the following anti polution devices - patient pending. We could make our fortune here and then you wouldn't have to pay your dues.

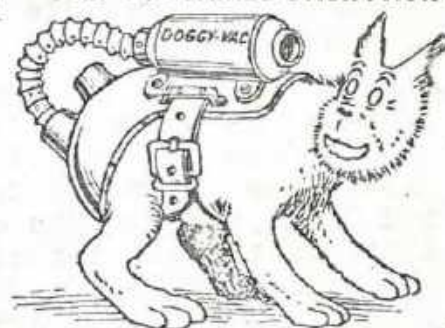
MOBILE REAR COVER



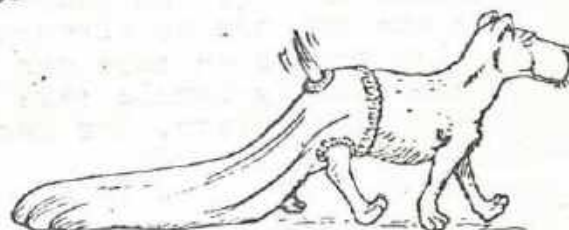
PORTABLE POOP CART



SELF-CONTAINED BACK-PACK-VAC



SNAP-ON TAIL BAG





HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

P.O. BOX 1978, CAIRNS

GRAND MASTER:	Quick Mick.	51.4500
JOINT MASTER:	Brandyburger	51.1007
ON SEC:	Shitta	51.4511
HASH CASH:	Flower Power	55.6497
TRAILMASTER:	Homo	51.5833
HASH BOOZE:	Brandyburger	51.1007
HASH FLASH:	Ballbanger	55.1372

*PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 170

HALES: Spooky

TURNOUT: WHO'SE GOT THE BLOODY BOOK!!!!!!?????

START: Machans Beach

25.8.80



THE SPOOK GETS HIS

There we were, gathered for another auspicious occasion, waiting with baited breath as the Spook made his greatest speech. Then on into the wild the pack went. A quick sprint up past the school, a quick false, then on into the gloom. The pack quickly settled down to a fast walk, for this, the first section of the London to Sydney marathon!!!!!! The first overnight stop came at the Machans Beach Road, then having refuelled with oxygen, a nasty diversion into the scrub land back out onto the road again. On down to the cycle track, then into the mud. Miles and miles of it!!!! Stinking, smelly, gooey, black mud!!!!

A quick regroup had to be called at the cane to wait for survivors and rescue the injured. Then off again only to find ourselves coming out at BCH. Too bad if you wanted to short cut, it was quicker to keep going. It was now the dumb ones that knew that we were in for a swim. The bright ones hoped for a bridge! After a quick dash thru H/BCH we arrived at the English Channel in full flood. If you couldn't swim - TOUGH - you drowned I suppose. The water was coming in at about 20 knots. Just enough to suck you off, the bank, that is!! Out of the Grand Canyon and a quick dash across the Simpson Desert to the keg. Now the fun started. At the keg Quick Mick and Homo were seen in the possession of 4 gallons of mud in a drum which was enthusiastically lent to them by Snoopy. Poor old Spook was then called up to give a speech only to be tossed in the stuff by Homo and Two Stroke. Quickdrawers and Idiette were seen to be giving moral support to the perpartraitors. Also seen calling for more mud to be put on poor Spook was Cecil, Piggy, Bud and Idi. Rotten sods!!!! After the event a pair of grubby characters namely Kinky and Meatballs were seen spreading mud around the keg, just so the rest of us could step in it. Then Piggy thought he was missing out and threw mud on himself along with anyone whowas nearby. Then Quickdrawers got randy and started chasing the lads. Luckily we all got away!!!! As she couldn't catch anyone, she retaliated by putting mud on to the keg tap. All in all we had a good time. Spook - if you want to blame someone, any of the above names will do!!!!

(THE AUTHOR WILL REMAIN ANONOUSE ON THE GROUNDS THAT IT WILL INCINERATE HIM!!

RESULTS TO CUM:

172	8.9.80	Flower Power, Black Power and Koala - Kangerung Crossing. Nash - Bring 82 - and everyone must bring a visitor
173	15.9.80	HARES PLEASE?????????
174	22.9.80	Bob Inspector and Westbix - Freshwater Horse Riding Club
175	22.9.80	HARES PLEASE????????????
176	6.10.80	HARES PLEASE????????!!!!????

HASH TRASH:

Question: What do you get when you cross an onion with a donkey?
Answer: Most of the time you get onions with long ears, but once in a while you get piece of ass that brings tears to your eyes.

** ** *

18th October - THHH 400th Run - All other Hashes Invited .. that! Taipei !!!
you S.C.B.'s

During a huge bumper to bumper hold up on the freeway a man appeared coming along the line of cars, hat in hand and stopping at each car. Finally he got to the Australians car and the Aussie put his head out and said "Whats going on mate?" Well a Pakistani has just poured a gallon of petrol over himself, set himself alight and committed suicide so I'm taking a collection for his wife and kids whom he left in the car". Came the reply "Put me down for half a gallon".

** ** *

For Piggy

A young executive was at an out-of-town convention when he picked up a beautiful young girl. Upon getting back to the motel where he was staying, he found that his cock was strictly "no go" for the evening.

On his first night home, he looked at his wife with her rumpled bathrobe, her hair curled and her face creamed, munching candy while she leafed through a movie magazine. Suddenly, he felt the onset of a magnificent hard-on. Looking down at his throbbing cock, the man suddenly lost control. "Why, you ungrateful, mixed-up son of a bitch," he snarled, "now I know why they call you a prick!"

Port Moresby Hash House Harriers 350th Run Weekend (12th to 15th September, 1980)

** ** *

A concrete finisher consulted a doctor about his constipation and the doc gave him a laxative. He came back three days later, with no results, so the doctor prescribed a more potent remedy. Several more days passed, but nothing else did, so he returned to the doctor again. This time the doctor said, "There's nothing really wrong with you. Take off your pants and bend over." So he did, and the doctor gave him a tremendous whack across the rump with a table leaf, and the stuff came forth, all over the office. When he could speak again, the man said, "Gosh, doc, I hope I don't have to get hit like that every time I have to go!" The doctor replied, "You won't, if you'll quit wiping your ass on those empty cement bags!!!!!"

Bloke at a party doing pretty well with a bird thought he'd put it on her. "How do you like your eggs in the morning?" he asked. A sweet smile "Unfertilised, thank you".



HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

P.O. BOX 1978, CAIRNS

GRAND MASTER:	QUICK MICK	51.4500
	Balls n All	51.6672
JOINT MASTER:	Brandyburger	51.1007
ON SEC:	Shitta	51.4511
HASH CASH:	Flower Power	55.6497
TRAILMASTER:	Homo	51.5833
HASH BOOZE:	Brandyburger	51.1007
HASH FLASH:	Ballbanger	55.1372

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3
ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 169

START: Redlynch State School

HILLS: Shithouse, Tablecloth & Cadbury

TURNOUT: 25 + 2 + 5 = 32

AN AFTERNOON AT SCHOOL

A bitterly cold wind sweeping down off the ice capped peaks of Redlynch Alps had the pack toey and eager to start if just for the sake of warming up. A nice easy start saw the pack head past the Red Beret, a hash establishment from yesteryear, some say there's no truth in the rumour hash peoples are not welcome there, maybe!!!! - but why when the publican saw us cuming did he bolt the doors, bar the windows and hang out a "for sale" sign!!!!!!

On to the railway crossing and like little kids playing trains up and down the track we ran, not a sign of a trail. Eventually it was picked up by that super athlete, man-about-town and part-time model, who???? HOMO of course and it was ON ON towards Mossman. A lost trail once again, but picked up around the backblocks of Redlynch and into a headwind that had the likes of Wombat running sideways to make ground. Into the inevitable sugar cane, a good falsie saw the pack cum together again and on up Mt. Redlynch. What a bloody climb, luckily we went over the side just before we reach Kuranda!! Most made it to the regroup at the tunnel. Quick Mick was an exception, at one of the more demanding sections of our ascent he gave a gasp and a fart, fell in a heap, and rolled back to the bottom before he could get hold of himself.

Most were content to take in the orgasmic view from the regroup. Shitta thought the tunnel wall was a bit grubby, so finding the right tool in hand he hosed it down!! So it was a relieved Shitta and a refreshed pack that was off playing trains once more, most probably thinking of a long slog home via train tracks, but it was not to be - Shitta showing an unusual amount of intelligence for a hashman, checked and found the trail, one of the best on downs since the last one. There was even a cheerful greeting waiting for us at the bottom, greetings over we were told what a pack of ignorant bastards we are, well even hashmen aren't perfect!!!! A short run home saw the speedsters Meatballs and Bud Abbott burn up the bitumen and lead the pack to the waiting keg. A real fun run.

HOMO

RUNS TO CUM:

171 1.9.80 - Pervin & Brown Dog - Bayview Heights Kindergarten
172 8.9.80 - Koala & Black Power - (Resurrected) - START PLEASE???
173 15.9.80 - Boob Inspector & Weetbix - WILL ADVISE????
174 22.9.80 - HARES PLEASE??????
175 29.9.80 - HARES PLEASE??????

*** ***

CONGRATULATIONS - to Balls n All and Dirty Annie for finally getting it together on a permanent basis!!!!????!!!

*** ***

HASH TRASH:

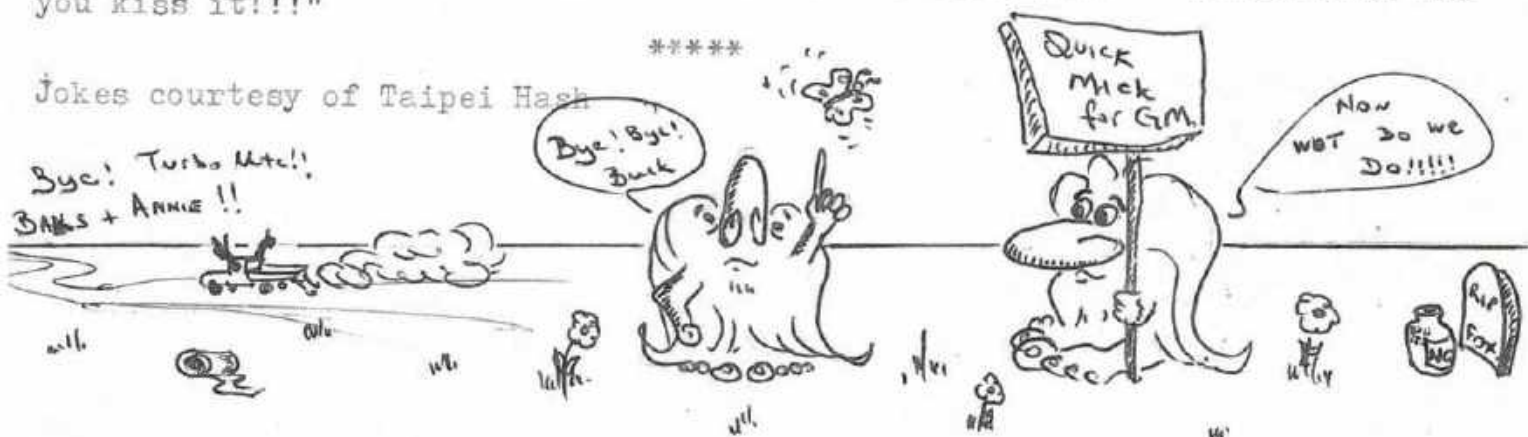
The iceman had lugged a large block of ice up four flights of stairs, and put it carefully into the ice box. "That'll be two bucks, lady", he said. The lady couldn't find the money. "How would you like to take it out in trade?" she asked coyly. The iceman looked her over and said he'd have to consult his partner. "Consult your partner!" she shrieked. "For a lousy two bucks?" she screeched. "Well, lady", said the iceman, "it's because it's only July and me and my partner have already screwed away two tons of ice".

Two men and their pet dog were stranded on a deserted island. One day an empty keg with two holes floated in. One said "What can we use this for?" the other said "Well, you use one hole and I will use the other to wank off". After some months of this, the barrel was filled up. "What do we do now?" asked one. The other answered "Seal it up and cast it out to sea." Before they did that they let their pet dog get his last shot. After months of tossing around at sea, the keg was washed up near a convent. The good sisters retrieved the keg and noticing the soapy substance inside decided to use it to make candles. A few months pass. One day, a sister asked to see the reverend Mother as she had a personal problem - "I'm going to have puppies!!!"

A Ballerina complained to her doctor one day about her peculiar problem. "It's like this doctor, everytime I pirouette, I fart. It doesn't smell, or anything, but its very embarrassing. The other dancers get upset and my performance is affected. Do you think you can give me an operation?". "Well," said the doctor, "an operation is a serious step. Can you demonstrate so I can see just how serious the problem is?". So the girl spun across the surgery and sure enough a delicate "PHEEEET" could clearly be heard. "Yes", said the doctor, "I see, well we'll give you an operation all right, but it'll be on your nose, not your arse. If you don't think that smells...."

"Knock knock". "Who's there?". "Eileen." "Eileen who?" "Eileen Over and you kiss it!!!"

Jokes courtesy of Taipei Hash





HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

P.O. BOX 1978, CAIRNS

GRAND MASTER:	Balls n All	51.6672
JOINT MASTER:	Brandyburger	51.1007
ON SEC:	Shitta	51.4511
HASH CASH:	Flower Power	55.6497
TRAILMASTER:	Homo	51.5833
HASH BOOZE:	Brandyburger	51.1007
HASH FLASH:	Ballbanger	55.1372

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3
ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 168

HARES: Kinky & Kermit

TURNOUT: 27 + 3 + 5 = 35

START: Flying Doctor Centre,
Junction Street.
12.8.80

KERMITS KINKY BIT

There was a time when it never rained on Monday nights. Last week was the third run of Kermit's when it pissed down!!!!!! The pack left the Flying Doc very reluctantly. Could it have been the ominous black clouds or the threat of a run through that rotten rainforest that held them back???? Not really. It was the fact that the delightful Dulcie was changing her gear in the Daihatsu!!!!!!

Kermit, true to his profession, went mad with the chalk and put arrows everywhere - always in the wrong bluddy direction!! Several false trails down to Collins Avenue, then onto flour and up the hill to the reservoir. I had trouble setting this section. There were three dogs following me eating the flour. Balls claimed GM licence and short-cutted, but got lost. With him were Annie, Wombat, Spook, Shithouse and Brown Dog. The latter two were repentant and tried to join the pack in the jungle. They were marked down for rescue after the first keg. In the bush was darker than a bull's bum!! The pack slipped and slid onwards to emerge at the top of Jensen Street. A big ON-HOME from here, with lots of scope for initiative. There was the short way over the electric fence, through the cane with the 3 metre wash-out, or run like buggery around the streets. Snoopy emerged from the cane with a yarn about a wild horse and Mick spun a tale about a dog chasing him.

Entertainment was provided at the keg by Shitta and his missus. When she arrived to pick him up, he put his foot down firmly and asked if she'd let him stay a bit longer!!! Five minutes later he nicked off and must have been home earlier than Mother Moffatt!! At last we got rid of Balls!! At a secret ballot held beside the keg, Quick Mick was elected GM with a majority of none. Hash Cash showed him the books and he instantly tried to resign, but wasn't allowed. All in all, a brilliant run, which must go down as the best of the year. Well marked, well planned, plenty of re-groups and no doubt set by thoughtful, considerate hares (And if Shitta doesn't edit this, I'll stand for the boys!!!!!!)

KINKY

WASH TRASH:

70	26.8.80	Spook & ? - Machans Beach
71	1.9.80	Pervin & Brown Dog - Bayview Heights Kindergarten
72	8.9.80	Boala & Black Power - (Resurrected) - START PLEASE??
73	15.9.80	HARES PLEASE???????
74	22.9.80	HARES PLEASE???????

X - WHO HAVE WE MISSED ?????????

CURRENT LIST OF MEMBERS

. Irvin	Shitta
. Abbott	A. Wales
. Seanes	Shithouse
. Homos	L. Thomson
. Power	Kinsley
. Carne	R. Dutton
. Robins	K. Rix
. A. Ede	G. Knell
. Sullivan	Mother
. Jinky Kellor	R. Hall
. Lightner	A. McKenna
. Herron	W. Gilbert
. Ede (MAL)	Tom
. Teatballs	Wayne Brewer (MAL)
. Brandenburg	Tony Ditton
. Vombat	Robert Grigg
. Kellahan	Chris Murray
. R.B. (MAL)	Diane Abbott (MAL)

* * * *

WASH TRASH:

"How soon after your wife has a baby do you make love?" he asked
"Well, it all depends" said the man with 10 kids "on whether it's a public
or private ward???"

ON SEC NOTE: Thanks for all your contributions, fellas???!!!!

Then there was the Irish mechanic who had a head cold.....He pulled
his nose apart to see what made it run.

They called her the woodcutters daughter cos you could hear her ring
bark for miles!



HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

P.O. BOX 1978, CAIRNS

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HASH FLASH:	Ballbanger	55.1372

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3
ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 166

HARES: Arfa and Wendy Wales

TURNOUT: 24 + 3 + 4 = 31

START: Carnation Drive and Beatrice St.
28.7.80

ARFA PULLS A LONG ONE

Yes, it was another marrathon run but a well set one. It started off through the dark twisting bush. It was back and forth across the stream, obviously trying to wet as many people as possible! Once out of the bush the pack came upon a fork. Most of us took the least obvious track which turned out to be the right one but some took the false one not to be seen again until the keg!

For the rest of us it was off behind everything. Behind this! Behind that! and running behind some very nice little behinds, one in all white and one in red and white! We lost the trail a couple of times at this part but picked it up again after some lengthy checking and it was on the way home.

We lost a few on the way home. Most were run over by the loco, some jumped to their end from the bridges. The rest of us stumbled and crawled home to the keg. All in all a good run for those that made it. For those that didn't, TUFF!!!!!!

SOAPY

P.S. Good on you Shitta for the pie cart. Enjoyed by most so keep it coming. (Actually, Kinky organised it, but I will take the credit ... SHITTA)

RUNS TO CUM:

168	11.8.80	Kinky & Kermit - Near Flying Doctor Headquarters, Junction St.,
169	18.8.80	Ballbanger - Edmonton - 6.30 P.M. Start - torch - (E/Hill) light run
170	25.8.80	Quick Mick & ???? - START PLEASE
171	1.9.80	Two Stroke & ????? - START PLEASE
172	8.9.80	Carnal & ????? - START PLEASE (Please bring your own compass and torch)

Many thanks from the Ponticello's for not smashing the kerbing!!!!!!

PERVIN IRVIN & BROWN DOG

Sad to see Ballbanger step down as Hon. Sec. Keep up his good work Shitta.

(I'll try, Brown Dog, if you and Pervin refrain from writing these notes in bed, or were you both stoned???)

RUNS TO CUM:

162	30.6.80	Goldilocks & Paddy - Copperlode Dam road turnoff
163	7.7.80	Quick Draws & Taproot - Maitland Rd., Edmonton
164	14.7.80	Hares needed
165	21.7.80	Hares needed
166	28.7.80	Hares needed

HASH CASH LASH!!!!!!!

All subs are required by next week!! New list of members to be drawn up.
U no pay, U no gonna play! O.K.!!!!!!

By the way, who the bloody hell are all the MAL's. We don't have an up to date list!!!!!!

* * * * *

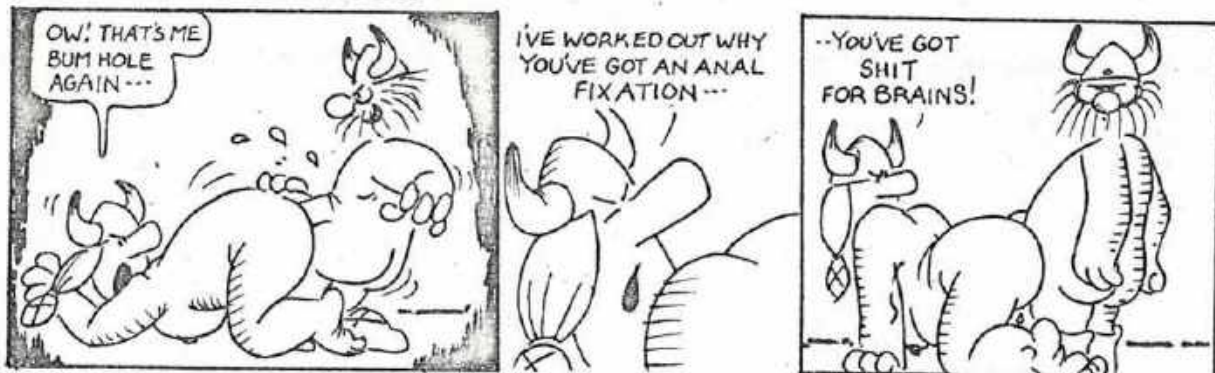
Nice to see Diana Abbott cumming again!!!

Don't forget we need some good bits to be put in the notes. We'll print
M O S T things!!!!

RANDY CLAPP



RAGARS THE RAPER



THE KING





HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

P.O. BOX 1978, CAIRNS

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HASH FLASH:	Ballbanger	55.1372

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3
ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 165

START: Purbeck Place, Edge Hill

HARES: Brown Dog & Meatballs

21.7.80

TURNOUT: 28 + 2 + 2 + 4 = 36

CUM ON ON THE MOUNTAIN

The pack set off from Purbeck Place to head for the hills. However, difficulty was found by many nearsighted Hashmen in finding the microscopic arrows and so many missed the hillclimb. It was rumoured that Balls and Quickdrawers were the only ones on a marked trail which they had set for themselves and then tried to exclude others from their personal trail.

The true Hashmen continued up the hill and down creeks, through tunnels to join Meatballs at a check in McManus Street. Piggy showed his usual by attempting to flatten his snout. Hashmen came from all directions to the regroup where they were told that the remainder of the trail was marked with flour coloured horseshit. This was easy to find and from here it was on home to a good keg which did not last long enough!!!!

GOLDILOCKS

RUNS TO CUM:

167	4.8.80	Balls n All & Homo - START PLEASE
168	11.8.80	Kinky & Kermit - START PLEASE
169	18.8.80	Ballbanger - Edmonton - 6.30 P.M. Start - torch light run
170	25.8.80	HARES PLEASE ??????
171	1.9.80	HARES - STUFF YA
172	8.9.80	HARES - PUBIC PREFERABLY

* * * * *

LET IT BE KNOWN!!!!!!!

From this day forth Bob Heron shall be known as Tablecloth.....
He likes to be laid three times a day and pulled off after each meal!!!!!!!

From this day forth Kingsley Stewart shall be known as Koala
He is known to be found sleeping in forks !!!!!

FROM QUICK MICKS MAILBOX

The Reverend John Davies
Salvation Rescue Mission
843 Forest Road
HURSTVILLE NSW

Dear Mr. Michael Quirk,

Perhaps you have heard of me and my nationwide campaign in the cause of temperance. Annually, for the past fourteen years, I have made a tour of Australia, delivering a series of lectures on the evils of drinking. On these tours I have been accompanied by my young friend and assistant, Clyde Linson. Clyde, a young man of good family and excellent background, is a pathetic example of life ruined by excessive indulgence in whisky and women.

Clyde would appear with me at these lectures and sit on the platform drunk, wheezing and staring at the audience through bleary and bloodshot eyes, sweating profusely, picking his nose, belching, passing wind and making obscene gestures at the ladies, while I would point him out as an example of what over-indulgence can do to a person.

This winter, unfortunately, Clyde died. A mutual friend has given me your name, and I wonder if you would be available to take Clyde's place on my 1981 tour of Australia.

Yours faithfully,

J Davies
REV J. DAVIES

* * * * *

Edi playing tennis ???... Forehand! Backhand! Forehand! Backhand! Forehand!
Backhand!Juice !!!!!

Red Riding Hood - Irishman thought it was a Communist contraceptive!!!!

Here bout the pro who left the leper colony Business was falling off!

Here bout the poofteer outlaw Jumped his horse, then shot up the Sheriff. But they couldn't do anything to him as he was inside the Law. They put him in jail but he pulled himself thru the bars!!!!



HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

P.O. BOX 1978, CAIRNS

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HASH BOOZE:	Brandyburger	51.1007
HASH FLASH:	Ballbanger	55.1372

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 164

HARES: Arfa Wales & Balls n All

TURNOUT: A fair few

START: Lyons Street Football Field
14.7.80

ARFA PULLS OFF A QUICKIE

With a wave of his gland, er hand, Spouting Wales pointed with two fingers, that way. Off went the pack at a cracking pace, i.e. Quickdrawers and Rottenbox leading the pack. Like a pack of mad dogs on the scent we set off after them, baeying and howling in true HHH fashion. Up Mann Street to the drain and then along a falsie to Mulgrave Road. True to form Homo and friends hung around near the footbridge hoping the trail went over it. Like a blowfly around a shithouse they stuck there until at last "check back" was heard and off went Homo and poofers across the bridge and onto the trail. A decent haul up to Raintrees where a regroup was held. ON ON again around the cycle track, up Moody Street, around the cycle track, back to Raintrees, around the cycle track with udder confusion. Homo again with marvellous instinct led a few diehards up to Swallow Street calling ON ON with not a scrap of trail to be seen. What instinct!!!! What a prick f a swamp!!! True Trinity Hash cuntry with horse shit, horse piss, mud and burrs, just built for Hash to wallow in. On thru with Kinky and Spook hopefully waiting on the bituman for the trail to end in a falsie - no such luck. On wadded the pack through slops and smell reminiscent of ordours experienced around the keg after any hash run. Regroup was called short of Kangaroos club to the dismay of the pack with Meatballs calling for a nosh on, hard on, or whatever!!!

On up Koppens Hill with our arses hanging out, amongst other things, Harriets being helped up in typical style, the summit was reached. What joy and delight to find the sign that told all to get stuffed, bums into gear... and sprint the remaining 20 kms back to the keg. Dirty Darryl led the way in true Olympic style with Meatballs hot up his rear. All in all a good run.

"MOTHER"

ON SEC NOTE: And all n all not bad notes

166 28.7.80 Arfa Wales - Earlville - Coronation Drive
 167 4.8.80 Balls n All & Homo - START PLEASE
 168 11.8.80 Kinky & Kermit - START PLEASE
 169 18.8.80 Ballbanger - Edmonton - 6.30 P.M. Start - torch light run
 170 25.8.80 HARES PLEASE??????

* * * * *



Flower Powers:- Believe it or not!!!!!!

Did you know it costs approximately \$110 per week for each run??????????

Yes, made up as follows -

1. 10 gallon keg	\$60.00
2. 5 gallon keg	\$30.00
3. Soft Drink	\$10.00
4. Ice	\$ 2.00
5. Notes	\$ 8.00

TOTAL \$110.00

Total expenditure per annum 5720.00

Total income from 51 members
 @ \$100 per annum 5100.00

Deficiency to be made up from
 MAL and Visitors \$620.00
 =====

This means we can either have less grog consumed, more members or increase in subs. WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT??????????

* * * * *

HASH TRASH:

Did you hear the one about the seven foot nun -----

Kept all the priests on their toes!!!!!!!

Why has an elephant got four feet -----

Four inches would not be much good, would it?????????

Did you hear the one about the Hashman with five (???) dicks -----

His undies fitted him like a glove!!!!!!!

Did you hear about the Irish Evil Knevil?

Tried to jump a truck over five motor bikes !!!!!!!

Balls n All is back as Grand Master, no one else answered the adds*****



HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

P.O. BOX 1978, CAIRNS

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HASH FLASH:	Ballbanger	55.1372

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 163

HARES: Quickdrawers & Taproot

TURNOUT: 32 + 1 + 9 = 42

START: Maitland Road, Edmonton
7.7.80

QUICKDRAWERS - (I can get them off faster than anyone)

&
TAPROOT SPECIAL - (The tap's are ok, it's the thread that hurt)

If you made it to the run last Monday you were lucky, because you needed a weeks rations, a tank of petrol and had to leave town at about 2 o'clock to get there. Also note that when the hares say Edmonton - read it to mean - 5 miles south of the town on the way to Brisbane, where one could not miss the turnoff due to the 10 x 10 MM sign. After a speech by Taproot (gawd, what a name for a female hasher), the troops who made it to this auspicious occasion raced off into the cane. First up came a good set of falsies before the track led over a precipitous drop into the valley below. Unfortunately I fell to the bottom whereas most had a comfortable journey on their posterior (you're not allowed to use any fucking dirty words in sh notes). Then came a creek. Shame there was no bridge for me to destroy!! Weetbix had to swim the creek because he's the short little fellow with the beard. All other Harriers are of normal height. On On into the wilderness we went - until a red loamy hill loomed in the distance. Again the hares had done a good job. All that was needed to get up the miserable 20ft was mountain climbing gear!!! At the summit Wombat was seen to be throwing wild fruit at the poor sods still trying to scramble up the hill.

As usual purple nickered Idiette needed a push in the right direction to get up. Also well noted was Quick Drawers coming around the corner with a bunch of S.C.B.'s. Now the pack headed off on a variety of compass headings till "wait for it", Ball n All found the track and was in the lead. Back across the creek and up another slippery slope. These are great for helping the girls up. Then a quick sprint to the road for a regroup. But not for long - the keg was sighted 400 yards to the west and the pack was off like Quick Drawers drawers and home we went. For the run the girls get top marks even though the Sebastian Coe's could have done with another 2 to 3 miles. For further note writers, please leave the S on the end of Quickdrawer - she hates it!!!!

THE BOOB INSPECTOR

Many thanks from the Ponticello's for not smashing the kerbing!!!!!!

PERVIN IRVIN & BROWN DOG

Sad to see Ballbanger step down as Hon. Sec. Keep up his good work Shitta.

(I'll try, Brown Dog, if you and Pervin refrain from writing these notes in bed, or were you both stoned???)

RUNS TO CUM:

162	30.6.80	Goldilocks & Paddy - Copperlode Dam road turnoff
163	7.7.80	Quick Draws & Taproot - Maitland Rd., Edmonton
164	14.7.80	Hares needed
165	21.7.80	Hares needed
166	28.7.80	Hares needed

RUNS TO CUM:

165	21.7.80	Meatballs & Brown Dog - Purbeck Place, Edge Hill
166	28.7.80	Arfa Wales - Cnr. Carnation Drive & Beatrice St., E'Ville
167	4.8.80	Balls n All & Homo - START PLEASE
168	11.8.80	Kinky & Kermit - START PLEASE
169	18.8.80	Ballbanger - Edmonton - 6.30 P.M. Start - torch light run
170	25.8.80	Hares please

* * * *

HASH TRASH:

Harvey puts a bit in

SOME HASH DRINKING HINTS

SYMPTON

Drinking fails to give satisfaction and taste, shirt front wet.

Drinking fails to give satisfaction and taste, beer unusually pale and clear

Feet cold and wet

Feet warm and wet

Bar blurred

Bar swaying

Bar moving

You notice that the wall opposite is covered with ceiling tiles and has a fluorescent light strips across it

Everything has gone dim

Everything has gone dark

You have woken up to find your bed cold, hard.

FAULT

Mouth not open while drinking

Glass empty

Glass being held at incorrect angle

Incorrect bladder control

You are looking thru the bottom of your empty glass

Air turbulence is unusually high - may be due to darts match in progress

You are being carried out

You have fallen over

You have fallen over forwards

Pub is closing

You have spent the night in the gutter

REMEDIAL ACTION

Buy another pint and practise in front of mirror. Drink as necessary until drinking technique is perfect.

Find someone who will buy you another pint

Turn the glass the other way up, so that the open end is pointing towards the ceiling.

Go and stand next to the nearest dog and blame it

Find someone who will buy you another pint

Insert broom handle down back of jacket

Find out if you are being taken to another pub - if not complain loudly

If your glass is still full and no-one is standing on your drinking arm, stay put. If not, get someone to help you up and lash yourself to the bar

See above

PANIC

Check your watch. See if it's opening time. If not, treat yourself to a lie-in!!!!!!

AND NEXT WEEK - THE COST OF A RUN



HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

P.O. BOX 1978, CAIRNS

GRAND MASTER:	Balls n All	51.6672
JOINT MASTER:	Brandyburger	51.1007
ON SEC:	Shitta	51.4511
HASH CASH:	Flower Power	55.6497
TRAILMASTER:	Homo	51.5833
HASH BOOZE:	Brandyburger	51.1007
HASH FLASH:	Ballbanger	55.1372

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 162

HARES: Goldilocks & Paddy

TURNOUT: 35

START: Copperlode Dam Road Turnoff
30.6.80

PIGGY CRACKS THE BIGGEST

The latest Hash Bash to be thrown before the Cairns H3 got underway last Monday at the Copperlode Dam turnoff. Another two were thrown into the fray with the return of our Grand Poobah, Balls n All and with him the decent weather which allows greater comfort at the ON-PISS UP and yarn session later. A notable absentee at the last 2 runs was Cairns own longdistance runner cum blacktracker extraordinair TED or TESS, who it was rumoured had forsaken the Hash to allow him more time to fly his toy FUKKER, ooopps, sorry, FOKKER, at the local model airstrip.

Goldilocks gave us the usual flour and paper talk, mumbled something about it being a short run, then fell to the roadway laughing. As it turned out if we had completed the full course set by Goldilocks, the first runner would have arrived at the Keg at midnight, needed the stamina of a marathon runner, the agility of a mountain goat and the tracking sence of a blood hound. The pace to the first regroup was quite hefty, but at this point two startling incidents occurred. The first to a local Bikie who probably had to use some of our trail marking equipment when he arrived at the top of the hill to find approx 30 gruesome looking hecklers, all with their tongues hanging out and dressed in lawn mowing attire. The second was to the Hash members themselves when they were subjected to the rather dubious sight of the Grandmaster and Homo refusing to climb to the first regroup then disappearing into the scrub together. On reaching the Ponticello Estate on Brinsmead Road a check was initiated, Arab was seen disappearing into the estate at such a rate as to make one wonder if he had completely lost his marbles and thought the keg which had been there 2 weeks ago might still be there!!!

Arabs optomistic dash was labelled a falsie and the search for a marker continued down Brinsmead Road. By this time we had completely lost any sniff of the trail, it was suggested by one misguided lunatic that the trail disappeared into the rainforest, swamp area on the left side of Brinsmead Road. It took the rest of us about 10 milleseconds to reject his idea, this was definitely a positive step because a romp in the swamp at this point would have been about as welcome as a pork chop in a synagogue!!!!!!

The normal staid character of the Harrier was beginning to turn into uncertainty, a strange guggling sound was emanating from the throats of some of the runners and they were beginning that strange ritual dance of 1 step forward and 5 steps back. The first to break was Dirty Darrell, this started the avalanche and everyone woss off. Whilst enjoying the ON-PISS UP we observed Homo approaching from the completely opposite direction and could only conclude that he either knew where there was a group of Girl Guides camping or had been on a run with Trinity Hash. By the way, on seeing Homo, we did check and the Grand Master was already back!!!!!!

AUTONOMOUS

* * * * *

(ON SEC NOTE: No, there are not spelling erros. We only typed wot was rote!!!!!!)

* * * * *

RUNS TO CUM:

164	14.7.80	Wendy Wales - Football Grounds, Lyons Street
165	21.7.80	Meatballs - START PLEASE?
166	28.7.80	Arfa Wales - Earlville
167	4.8.80	Bub Abbott & ? - START PLEASE?
168	11.8.80	Balls n All & Homo - START PLEASE?
169	18.8.80	Ballbanger - Edmonton - 6.30P.M. Start - torch light run.

* * * * *

HASH TRASH:

Bride on Wedding night stopping at mother's place.

Bedroom: Husband takes off shirt, Bride shocked. Runs downstairs to mother.

Bride: "Mother, he's got such a hairy chest."

Mother: "That's all right dear. Just go and do your wifely duty!"

Husband takes off trousers, Bride runs to mother.

Bride: "Mother, he's got such hairy legs."

Mother: "That's all right dear. Just go and do your wifely duty!"

Husband takes off socks and Bride finds he has only half of a foot. Runs down to mother.

Bride: "Mother, he's only got one and a half feet."

Mother: "That's all right dear. You wait here and I will go up!!!!!!"

NEXT WEEK:

* Ballbangers humorous bit will be in

* Plus..... if the notes are short enough, will even let you know how much a run costs, 'cos boy are we broke!!!!!!

ON.ON.



HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

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HASH FLASH:	Ballbanger	55.1372

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3
ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 160

HARES: Shitta & Seman

TURNOUT: A fair few

START: Ponticello Estate
16.6.80

OUR WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE

Colonel Laurens Van der Post described his wilderness experience in his keynote address at the World Wilderness Congress. He found inner peace and tranquility after the rigours of World War II. Jesus Christ went into the Wilderness for forty days and forty nights to meditate. Cairns Hash generally find peace (?) and stability (in stability) around the keg. Last week we tried the bush. Shitta waxed lyrical about the views and scenery, then the smallish pack set off into the undergrowth. Led by Arab, it struggled through the mollasses grass. This grass has evolved through eons of time to grow in a thick mass just higher than a hashman can lift his feet.

The trail was marked with enough flour to feed a village of Indians for a week (Hon. Sec. note, eat your heart out Pervin). It led us up the hill and a regroup with the promised scenic view. Then we made desultory progress along the ridge to an obvious falsie into the scrub. The pack was then in more strife than a pregnant nun, as cries of "on back", "hard on", "checking" rang through the primordial gloom. With dark adaption we saw to our horror the trail really did go down a creek bed, through the jungle. Cries of "wait-a-while" had Shamus O'Flaherty stopping for a regroup. On on thru the jungle. Snakes hissed, vines grabbed, stones slipped, mud stuck, light left. And still on-on thru the jungle..... Then daylight at last.

One anonymous hashman vented his relief with a smell that was worse than the dead 'roo that was there last year. Hashman staggered into the dazzling evening light. A couple of guavas each then gave us the necessary fuel for the downhill run to the fount of all our inner peace. Quick Mick is now famed at being the only man to run the complete trail (he thought it was a short cut).

Many thanks from the Ponticello's for not smashing the kerbing!!!!!!

PERVIN IRVIN & BROWN DOG

Sad to see Ballbanger step down as Hon. Sec. Keep up his good work Shitta.

(I'll try, Brown Dog, if you and Pervin refrain from writing these notes in bed, or were you both stoned???)

RUNS TO CUM:

162	30.6.80	Goldilocks & Paddy - Copperlode Dam road turnoff
163	7.7.80	Quick Draws & Taproot - Maitland Rd., Edmonton
164	14.7.80	Hares needed
165	21.7.80	Hares needed
166	28.7.80	Hares needed

Johnny 5 years old

Jane 4 years old

Johnny rushes in and says: "I found a contraceptive on the patio"

Jane: "What's a patio?"

3 fishermen rescue Premier Joh. Desert Island. Grants all a wish.

1st: Round world trip

Prem. Joh: Ok

2nd: Rolls Royce

Prem. Joh: No trouble

3rd: State Funerals for 3 of them

Prem. Joh: Why

3rd: Our friends will kill us when they find we rescued you.

Did you hear about the tired gynaecologist who came home after a hard day at the orifice???

Special thanks to Ballbanger for pulling off a fine job as "On Sec". Cumming regularly and writing all those notes for those illiterate bastards. His enthusiasm is equalled only by a shithouse collector throwing himself in his work.

Many thanks Harv for a job well done.



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HASH BOOZE:	Brandyburger	51.1007
HASH FLASH:	Shitta	

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 159

HARES: Pervin Irvin & Kinky

TURNOUT: A fair few.

START: Bayview State School

9.6.80

'ANOTHER PERVIN BALLTEARER'

Well, we gave Pervin another chance and he blew it!! His runs are about as well marked as Shitta's noshes are tasty. Soaking wet, thirty odd Hashers hit the toe for a clockwise lap of the State School (not bad so far) - five minutes later we're all back at the keg with people walking around wondering whether they'd made a mistake and run with Trinity Hash - but Farkanal knew we'd run too far for that. After a quick game of soccer and a bit of sniffing of some spoils of war from an orgy we were sent from whence we came, only still to be in total confusion with no trail in sight. Then came the magic words 'Hard-On' and it was On into the cane. If you were anywhere between two and fifteen feet in height it was a sheer bloody nightmare, a top setting for an Alfred Hitchcock horror movie, by the time we all got out of the jungle we were almost whipped to death. A bit more searching and we were off again, around the cane and very suspiciously headed towards a nice little hill. Once at the hill, our expedition leader, Homo, called a regroup to work out a plan of attack. Bloodsucker led the first assault (like a rat up a rafter) with the pack slip'n'sliding behind only to have to do some down-hill mud skiing on the other side. Back on the low ground it was (apparently) On-Home around a couple of acres of cane.

Back at the keg, while the rains came down, there was a competition to see who spotted the most toilet paper on the run - nobody won. We gave the five a miss due to inclement weather and headed for the balaclava, with a much needed munchies stop at Southgate. The usual crew drank the night and themselves into oblivion - as usual.

'Almost written by PIGGY BANKS'

* * * * *

RUNS TO CUM:

161	23.6.80	Bloodsucker - Little St. Cemetary.
162	30.6.80	Goldilocks & Paddy - Copperlode Dam road turnoff.
163	7.7.80	Quick draws & Taproot - Maitland Rd. Edmonton.
164	14.7.80	Hares needed.
165	21.7.80	Hares needed.

HASH TRASH:

A farmer engaged in experimental animal husbandry, showed a visitor over his property. Pointing to a bird in the field he said; "That's a cross between a chicken and a turkey, I call it a churkey". Walking along further he said, "Now that bird you see is a cross between a chicken and a goose, I call it a choose". The farmer finally pointed to a bird in a large cage saying "Now this is my pride and joy. It's a cross between a pheasant and a duck. And I call it George".

* * * * *

Did you hear about the Irish commercial pilot who flew into a thick fog and radioed back to base to get directions. On his radio a voice replied: "This is ground control. Please advise your height and present position." The pilot radioed back: "Well I'm about five foot six and right now I'm sitting up the front of the aircraft".

* * * * *

The Scottish sergeant major walked into a Glasgow drugstore and took a beat-up condom out of his kilt. "How much, mon", he asked the proprietor, "would it cost to fix this?".

"Let's see", murmured the druggist. "I could launder and disinfect it, heat-weld the holes and tears and insert a new elastic in the top. That would cost you two shillings, the same as the price of a new one". The sergeant major said he would think it over. He returned the next day. "Ye've convinced us, mon", he announced. "The rrregiment has decide to rrreplace".

* * * * *



HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

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TRAILMASTER:	Homo	51.5833
HASH BOOZE:	Brandyburger	51.1007
HASH FLASH:	Shitta	

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 158

START: Stratford Animal Refuge

HARES: Brown Dog & Ballbanger

2.6.80

TURNOUT: 28 + 4 + 13 = 45

'A RUN FOR MONGREL DOGS AND STRAY PUSSIES'

Run was to prove notable for a number of Hash firsts - Brown Dog setting a run from her stately residence, Statford Dog Pound, was a first but more was to cum with Ballbanger threatening to live up to his name if I didn't, I volunteered to write this weeks bullshit, another first. Before turning the pack loose, Brown Dog, leaping onto Ball's truck like a turbo charged dachshund called for visitors whereupon a hundred hands went up, for the first time harriers were outnumbered by visitors, mostly coyotes by the sound of their foriegn barks. By now totally confused Brown Dog yelped we were on dunny paper and flea powder and with a wave of her paw set the pack off in all directions. But with the help of some black dog, Brown Dog's room mate, we soon sniffed out the trail and were off and running. Now all good news hounds know that to get the best scoops you have to be where the action is so I decided that instead of loping along behind the field as usual I would stride out and keep with the pack. Well we shortly arrived at some quarry cum rubbish dump cum cess pit and our first check with some very obvious shit paper to the left we naturally picked up the trail to the right which sure enough proved to be a bloody falsie and with Kermit croaking curses we slogged back to the check where after five minutes aimless searching, Speedgun, hollering hard on was seen disappearing into the scrub. The pack knowing Speedgun's traffic directing abilities took off in the opposite direction and quickly picked up the trail. Half a mile further on, another check, whitch had everyone scratching their heads except Dirty Daryl who was scratching everything else except his head. While scouting for the trail we found Speedgun and a few of his followers well and truely lost in jungle and led them out to safety. By then the hounds had picked up the scent and were off and running through mud and mangroves to a rather nasty looking creek. Shitta said it was only the sewer outlet and jumped in. Other S.C.B.'s did the tight rope walking bit across a fallen tree. One smart arse did a Tarzan with a vine full of dry rot and landed up to his neck in mud, made a nice stepping stone for the rest of the S.CB.'s. The true-blue Hashmen followed the creek for 20 yards, found the road and a bridge and crossed over to the regroup. Here Snoopy was found to have injured himself and was loosing blood like an overdue monthly, Bloodsucker offered to clean the wound. From the regroup it was

More.....

On-On through some of the worst mud thinkable which stuck to our boots like shit to a blanket so that by the time we emerged at the Barron River each foot weighed ten pounds or more. From the Barron it was on across more mud, another bridge obviously Has built, which had our American visitors marvelling at our engineering expertise. From then it was On-Home along the road and having kept to the pack to this point I decided I would pour on the pace and started to stretch out and then it hit me, 'the wall of pain! I had reached my very limit of human endurance. A searing agony ripped my lungs with every breath, all over my body taut tendons shrieked their message of anguish along white hot neural cords. For the life of me I couldn't remember where I was or where I was going. Physiologically the wall of pain heralds the depletion of stored glycogen in my muscles, with its carbohydrate supply down to zero my body had either to shut down or switch to protein fuel, after a 100 yards I was burning a Hec's pie I digested last week at 200 I began metabolising my underpants. The body is a machine. Treat the body with respect and like any fine engineered machine it will respond with power, precision and dependability, treat it with disrespect and it will fall down in the bushes and throw up. It was in this state of agony I staggered to the keg only to find all the bloody mugs were gone - stuffin S.C.B.'s. Then another Hash first, spaghetti and Pal dog food for the nosh. Talk about chew and spew. Snoopy and Kinky had their sixty-niners together and seemed to enjoy it and then all the visitors had to down-down a mug which finished off the bloody keg so it was On-On Stratty where Shithouse welcomed us with opened arms. A good roll up with plenty of sing song and Ballbanger telling 'Irish' jokes and some poofter Yank telling an 'Aussie' joke. I took my leave when Homo started telling the Yanks to get out of Russia.

'SPOOK'

* * * * *

RUNS TO CUM:

160	16.6.80	Shitta - The estate at the Brinsmead Rd end of McManus St., Whitfield. <u>NO NOSH.</u>
161	23.6.80	Bloodsucker - Little St. Cemetary.
162	30.6.80	Hares needed.
163	7.7.80	Quick Draws & Taproot - Maitland Rd. Edmonton.
164	14.7.80	Hares needed.
165	21.7.80	Hares needed.
166	28.7.80	Hares needed.
167	4.8.80	Hares needed.

* * * * *

HASH TRASH:

Three seminarians, about to go for their final test before ordination, were taken by an old priest into a luxurious room, told to strip and then tie a small bell to their organ. Suddenly, a ravishing girl entered the room and one bell ding-a-linged furiously. "To the showers, Fogarty!" barked the old priest. Then as the girl tantalisingly undressed, the father heard a ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling. "Sorry about that O'Brien. The showers for you too". Finally alone with the naked lovely, the remaining seminarian watched as the girl writhed seductively about him, yet he somehow remained calm and the bell silent. "Praise the Lord and congratulations, Featherstone!" the priest exulted. "You make it! Now go and join those weaker souls in the showers". Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling.

* * * * *

While attending confession, the first of three roomates admitted to the priest that she had let a man fondle her breasts. The priest told her to wash them with holy water. The second roomie confessed that she had touched a mans sexual organ. The priest told her to wash her hands with holy water. The two girls were busy washing at the font when their friend joined them. "Move over girls", she said. "I have to gargle".



HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

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PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY		

'THE AMAZING MANGROVE MAZE'

We were all looking forward to a nice easy run, but we were there for a long hard read. Shitta (alias Leon Uris) your fucked man. Arab led the pack around the keg and disappeared down the road. Others of us disappeared into the sand dunes, never to see the Arab again until the end. What followed, for us poor fools who thought Homo knew where the, or, a, trail was in and out of the mangroves. Nobody knew where they, or, we were going, but it seemed like a good idea at the time. The On-On went down well. To those dirty pofta's who skulled all the piss, thanks for nothing. The usual crew On-Oned at the Straty.

Yours truly

'2 Stroke!

P.S. Leon Uris is a bloke who writes long books.

* * * * *

- | | | |
|-----|---------|---|
| 159 | 9.6.80 | Pervin Irvin & Someone else who's name I've forgotten Bayview State School - Bring your own flour, paper and chalk. |
| 160 | 16.6.80 | Hares needed - Long Weekend. |
| 161 | 23.6.80 | Bloodsucker & Shitta - Little St. Cemetary - <u>No Nosh</u> |
| 162 | 30.6.80 | Hares needed |
| 163 | 7.7.80 | Quick Draws & Taproot - Maitland Rd. Edmonton. |
| 164 | 14.7.80 | Hares needed. |
| 165 | 21.7.80 | Hares needed. |
| 166 | 28.7.80 | Hares needed. |

* * * * *

HASH NOTES:

- (1) Don't forget to get your name down with the On-Sec for the bus trip to Townsville's 150th on the 9th August - SOON!!!
- (2) How about a few more of the members turning up for the weekly runs like you did for the Impy run???? That's how it should be every week.
- (3) Drink more piss.

HASH TRASH:

From the bad old days of harsh Army discipline comes the story of a soldier whose nationality might be guessed at. Tied to the dreaded triangle for a flogging, he laughed when the first lash hit him, laughed even louder at the second...and third...and fourth. By the time the flogging was over he was roaring with mirth. When the man was being cut free the bewildered officer in charge said, "What was the joke?" The man responded with a fresh burst of laughter. "It was on you," he gurgled. "I'm the wrong man."

* * * * *

A touring hashman in northern Spain was intrigued by a striking architectural oddity. "Why," he asked his guide, "does this beautiful church have so many doors? Dozens of doors! Why?". "Because senor," said the guide, "we don't want all our Basques in one exit."

* * * * *

An elderly maiden who had never been on a racecourse or even had a bet at the TAB was told by a friend about a horse he said was certain to win and at good odds. "It's name is 'Fire'" said the friend. "If you put 10 dollars on it you'll collect 200 or more. It's a certainty." So she drew 10 dollars from her savings and went to the racecourse. But once there, she didn't know what to do next. She stood, bewildered by what was going on all around her and wondering how to go about placing her bet. She looked around for someone to ask and settled for a man who looked as if he might have been some kind of course official. She approached the man and said, "Excuse me, sir, where must I go to back Fire?" The man waved a vague hand and said, "Oh, anywhere around here. Nobody will take any notice."

* * * * *

The parents of a popular high school girl were reading in bed one night when the mother looked at the father and said, "What do you think, Harry? It's past one o'clock. Shouldn't I go downstairs and tell Linda's boy friend it's time to go home?" Harry leaned over and pecked her on the cheek. "Now, now darling," he said smilingly, "don't you remember what it was like when we were courting?". The woman flung back the covers. "Harry," she exclaimed, "I'm going right down and throw that fucker out of the house!".

* * * * *



HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

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HASH BOOZE:	Brandyburger	51.1007
HASH FLASH:	Shitta	

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 156:

START: Imperial Hotel 19.5.80

HARES: Brandyburger, Desert Head and Ballbanger

TURNOUT: 41 + 3 + 15 = 59

THE OBITUARY OR AN EPILOGUE

The Impy died on Monday 19th May 1980, leaving behind a bereaved family of Hash Harriers. A sad event on normal occasions but to Hash the things they will most remember will be - Which was best - 1. The run, or 2. The On-On. Truly a magic night for those who were there.

The run started innocently enough, I admired Taproot's usual top equipment and Quick Draws shiny white 'omo draws. (Curses! why did they do away with physicals to join Hash?). Surprising to see so many people but that other mob were there also, so they would probably beat us back to the keg knowing their inbreeding techniques had produced a mob of shitty S.C.B.'s. (Who said poofter mob!!!!.....Sorry Fox).

Anyway Ballbanger said that Piggy and Desert Head weren't putting their things together for the run, so he helped them pull it off. (the run that is)

Anyway, meanwhile, thereupon, it came to pass that low and behold the run finally started...across the road to the cop shop where the hard-on was subdued, mainly due to the blue men taking offence to the illegal street arch around their house. Of course, Quick Mick explained we were there for the travelling club. He heard that Joh was going to Bankock or is it Ban Cock. Anyway he thought it was something to do with fast naughty bits. A very simple falsie that caught the majority of the other mob,,but the proper Hash people knew to run around the block back to the pub. Engineered by those well known nuts, Balls n All and Ballbanger.

Well you can imagine how Brandyburger felt when he saw all these hot, sweaty, fit people arrive. Followed of course by that other poof... mob who were late again having tried to get up each other again in the wrong direction. (And I have been told that on occasion it can be painful). Anyway back to Brandy who threw open his arms and turned his back to lead both boys and girls upstairs for what we thought was a quickie. Well, I had suspected Brandy was a glutton for punishment. I mean taking on the hole pack, but now I think the marriage must be getting to the difficult bits for just when he threw himself into R.R.B.'s arms (and legs) this fella burst through the doors and asked us to bunch up(with what ! dear Henry??) then poof! a photo. When the court case comes up, Carnal and Super Stork said they were at early mass, cause that's how they explained the smell of alcohol on their breath (What about the love bits on their.....?). After going up a couple of levels at the Impy, some of the other poof... mob thought it was the biggest rise they have had all year, so Meatballs pulled them down the quick hot root to the bottom. Two Stroke was reaching fever pitch by this stage and began chasing Farcanal and associates through the dark passages. (Continued.....)

Mind you, Spook, Kinky and Kermit plus a few other associates were beginning to voice their pleasure too by yelling loudly just to listen to the echo and frighten the divorce court photographer away. Apparently they said they were visiting sick relations (Or was it the Trinity Hash? We will never know.) Windy's pink lacey pants bobbed happily along until they hit the railway station when Bloodsucker decided to give them back to her, but Windy had told the tall red homo Trailmaster who sent the hole pack searching for another root. Idi-ette took fright with this, thinking of her shiny white nickers and how lovely Speedgun looked in his, they led the pack up and across (New position eh!! Number 54 for those with the book). Over the bridge to where Pervin was checking out his rolling stock (Skite!). Naturally it didn't take long so Shithouse quickly led us off the straight and narrow, On round a few short cuts that had Quick Mick and his faithful companion, that other all time great short cutter, no not Arab you fool! the one with the big bent horn with the rubber end that you put your mouth on. Cecil, I think his name is.

Suddenly the trail became elusive but Treetrunks knew what was on (or off) and with some assistance(and considerable embarrassment) let that loud mouth idiot from that other mob, call a silent regroup at a place in Bunda Street. Well I thought it must be something like Wall street in New York, 'cause Boob Inspector, Idi and Wombat stood talking about the high cost of their things and how quickly it had risen in that house. Dirty Daryl was quiet mainly 'cause he had been told never to speak with his mouth full. Dirty Annie for some strange reason began to stagger frequently after this regroup. Coincidence that, eh???

Focker Fukker not knowing which one he wants to be behind, led us up a few dirty bits until he hit the big Broadway. Meatballs and a few other fanatics ran their extra 20 miles while the pack refuelled at the Ampol depot, until Wheat Bix could show us the correct way on. On-On over to the water and mud where Piggy found that the \$\$\$ he had slipped to Ballbanger were paying dividends because it was ideal ankle and sneaker loosing, mud crab holing country. Infact he got that excited when he reached for his wallet to pay the hares he injured his shoulder. Don't be mislead by that feeble story of his that he fell over on the run and jarred his shoulder. We know that something always happens to Piggy that a mere mortal could not survive, but he always manages to pull himself.....through.

Flower Power having been quiet all this time, began to smell the money offered by visitors and the pure aroma of the keg, quickly led the pack into the dark and past the American Navy destroyer. The other mob slowed down at this stage thinking to satisfy their thirst in their own private backward way, whilst the proper Hash and Idi, raced to the keg.

You can rest assured that the run was tops and the hares and Joint Master are thoroughly deserving of the brown eyes they received later that night.

(Except of course Two Stroke, his brown eye needs glasses to help it look better, but he persisted in drinking from his mug (Unhygienic thing))

Actually the hardest part of writing these notes was not to mention the beaut On-On that followed. Heaps of piss. Beautiful and I mean beaut...two... full waitress, with plus or minus blue blouse. Overseas entertainers, The perfect evening marred only by the loud mouths from that other mob, one who told the same jokes as he told last year, a grand master nobody wanted to listen to (or conversly one we had to listen to) And the grand theft of clothing. (which was pretty difficult to listen to) Finally for the second time this year at a Hash event, the cooking was off, Brandyburger must have used all the dregs he could find to put in the nosh, because for the second time this year the majority of proper civilized Hash people were thoroughly sick of themselves the next day. At least when I cook the Nosh nobody gets sick(Maybe I am guilty of encouraging a few to leave early though I suppose)

'The Prolific Shitta'

P.S. Fortunately, although the Impy has gone, the Hash watering hole will shift with the Master. See you there.

(EDS. NOTE: If anyone writes notes this long again, they can kiss their nuts goodbye!!)

- 158 2.6.80 Brown Dog & Ballbanger - Stratford Animal Refuge - Nosh.
159 9.6.80 Pervin Irvin & ??? - Bayview State School.



HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

P.O. BOX 1978, CAIRNS

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JOINT MASTER:	Brandyburger	51.3200
ON SEC:	Ballbanger	55.1372
HASH CASH:	Flower Power	55.6497
TRAILMASTER:	Homo	51.5833
HASH BOOZE:	Brandyburger	51.3200
HASH FLASH:	Shitta	

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 154:

HARE: Speedgun

TURNOUT: 21 + 1 + 2 = 24

START: Woree Railway Station
5.5.80

'CAIRNS H3 "BOSTON MARATHON"

You have all heard "why" the burglar didn't go into the laundry - "because the copper was there" - well in regard to Speedgun you just have to follow the law (on the trail).

We were off - over the creek and down a dirt road. Quick off the mark was Quick Draws (pun), close behind was Shithouse, Soapy and Bloodsucker and Meatballs. The further we ran the smellier it got. We thought because Quick Mick was near the front, he was leaving us a trail (couldn't have been Shitta he wasn't running) but the closer we got to him, the more obvious we realised where we were. Now, we have all seen the giant Shithouse (pun for Warick) - (what a place for a regroup - thanks Homo) and we now know where our meals all end up (I remember a joke from last years notes - 50 million flies can't wrong - soeat shit.)

From the Drive-In, which we were so nicely sent back to, Taproot was off like a rabbit - doesn't like to hang around. It was On-On to Whiterock. By this time we were looking for a trail home. Ballbanger was on the railway line, and even some were heading home - Idi & Idi-ette caught the bus back. But it was past the Golf Club and On-On into the sunset. Into the cane fields we headed - thank goodness Homo doesn't get lost, because we had another re-group. Mother tried to get us to go up Red Hill (by this time it was dark - and because of snakes, and the time was only 6.15p.m., Speedgun said On-Home along the railway line.

From last to first - Kermit, Snoopy and the Arab were off - what a pace they set - you couldn't see anyway. Carnal, Bud, Goldilocks, Biggy and Spook were somewhere behind trying to keep up.

On-On to Bayview, across Toogood - then the pipe crossing. It was here that the Arab's camel legs chickened out - not even for the Monte Carlo Circus home. Some one way, some another.

A good long, smelly, dark, well marked marathon.

'THE ARAB'

HASH NOTES:

1. Jews are Jew NOW!!! Pay up or become a visitor.
2. For those ignorant visitors who don't sign on or off and are too tight to fork out \$3 for the piss they drink every week - PISS OFF, We don't need you.
3. Good response for Hares lately, let's keep it that way so that we don't have to go bagging for them. If your an inexperienced hare make sure you grab an experienced hare ~~xxx~~ to give you a hand.
4. It's nice to see Piggy Banks pull himself through another near-death sickness. What's next Banksy?? - You've only got the black plague to go.
5. It might sound a bit early, but Townsville's 150th is on the 9th August, and the Cairns Hash is going to organise a mini-bus (17 people) to go down for the weekend. It saves us a lot of driving and is pretty cheap so see On Sec - first in best dressed.
6. Let's hear a bit more yelling and screaming from the pack of a night, it's supposed to be Hash not a bloody old maids meeting.

* * * * *

RUNS TO CUM:

156	19.5.80	Joint Run with Trinity Hash - Farewell to the Impy.
157	26.5.80	Soapy & Spook - Holloway Beach.
158	2.6.80	Brown Dog & Ballbanger - Stratford Animal Refuge - Nosh.
159	9.6.80	Taproot & Quick Draws - Maitland Road, Edmonton. 1st house on right.
160	16.6.80	Bloodsucker & ??? - Start please.

* * * * *

HASH TRASH:

The local synagogue was holding a raffle to raise money for a new building. The third prize winner was announced and he won a beautiful colour T.V. set. Then they announced the second prize winner. It was Mr. Epstein. Up he walked to collect the prize and you can imagine his surprise when he found out it was a sponge cake. "Who wants a sponge cake? I spent \$100 on a raffle ticket, third prize is a colour T.V. and I win a sponge cake? I ain't gonna take a sponge cake!". "Shh," said the man next to him. "The sponge cake was baked by the Rabbi's wife," "Fuck the Rabbi's wife," said Mr. Epstein. "Ssshhh," said the man, "that's the first prize!".

* * * * *

Two friends were out duck shooting one very cold morning. One had a ~~fixxx~~ flask of coffee, the other had a bottle of whisky. Eventually after several chilling hours, a lone duck flew overhead. The coffee drinker put down his flask, raised his gun and fired. The duck kept going. His friend put down the whisky bottle, raised his gun and brought the duck down with a single shot. "Hell! that's pretty good shooting," said the coffee drinker. "Ah, nothing to it," hiccupped his mate, "When there's a flock like that, you'd be unlucky not to hit one of them."

* * * * *

The American rescue mission to Iran failed but the Irish back-up team was successful. The only trouble was that they hit to Zoo and released 32 ostriches.

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HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

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ON SEC:	Ballbanger	55.1372
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TRAILMASTER:	Homo	51.5833
HASH BOOZE:	Brandyburger	51.3200
HASH FLASH:	Shitta	

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 153

ARES: Arab & Farker

TURNOUT: 37 + 2 + 5 = 44

START: Savina Estate, Freshwater.

28.4.80

'A FARKING ARAB'S ROAD BASH'

As I was standing quietly by the keg enjoying a lemonade, trying to look as inconspicuous as possible in my lairy yellow shorts and blue jacket, I was suddenly accosted by two obnoxious Hashmen, Ballbanger and Balls n All. They were urging me to fulfil a promise that I so recklessly at the previous On-On. Should I? Why not! My turn at last! The event I had been looking forward to with wild anticipation - writing the bloody Hash notes!! Following brief instructions from Arab a relatively small pack of Hashmen set off to be joined later by several late comers. It wasn't long before Piggy and Tree Trunks led us to believe there was a hard-On, straight up a hill. We couldn't believe our luck so early in the run. On-up we went to discover that we had been tricked (what a disappointment) there was no Hard-On at all but instead a 'U' turn, so it was on back through a horse paddock to the start where a horrified Arab stood guarding the the keg with his life. Something had gone wrong! He was sure he had set a longer run. Further directions were given by Arab to keep the pack moving. This time in a different direction. Once again we found ourselves running through a paddock of long grass and for the first time, thanks to Ballbanger, after thirty odd runs I had lost my fear of snakes. I now realise that although some species may appear to be dangerous, they are in actual fact quite harmless, particularly if wearing a pink bow. On-On we went following every false trail possible and pf course each one involved a hill climb. Although given the energy charge by the intake of a 'banana smoothy', "Slitz" couldn't muster the strength to follow Mother and his family up the mountain behind the 'Straty'. As far as the Harriets are concerned falsies may be in order but certainly not of this type. So for us it was on-down the hill to the railway crossing where Arab greeted us with a smile assuring us that there would be a re-group coming up soon. Ha! Ha!. After stumbling along the worlds worst railway track we encountered on a Hash run, with its crooked and unevenly-spaced sleepers we eventually came across a group of odd beings clustered around a waterhole quenching their thirst, the keg, the oasis. God bless the Arab! We madeit. Some time passed before we noticed Tree Trunks standing alone looking all forlorn. When asked what the trouble was he ~~xxxx~~ answered, "I've lost my Taproot". There was great Hash concern "What ha d happened to Tree Trunks Taproot?" The question was soon answered. Her weary body made its way to the k keg, looking worse for wear in knee-high tigers, suffering from another

bout of Hash Rash and a severe stitch. She was closely followed by the hares and Wendy.

On the hole it was a good run. The highlight of the run for me was watching several terrified hashmen running for their lives in fear of the dog with the two-stroke bark. After all he wasn't really vicious, just trying to communicate with his canine friend from Innisfail.

From this ordeal - writing the Hash notes - I've learnt a very valuable lesson, never make Hash promises, particularly at an On-On!! That's it fellas and please remember - "No more promises".

* 'QUICK DRAWS'

* * * * *

RUNS TO CUM:

154	5.5.80	Speedgun - Woree Railway Station
155	12.5.80	Stork & Black Power - 76 Mc Coggmack St. West Cairns.
156	19.5.80	Joint Run with Trinity Hash farewell to the Impy - Imperial
157	26.5.80	Soapy & Spook - Holloway Beach.
158	2.6.80	Brown Dog & Ballbanger - Stratford Animal Refuge - Nosh.
159	9.6.80	Taproot & Quick Draws - Maitland Road, Edmondton. 1st house on right.
160	16.6.80	Bloodsucker & ???? - Start please.

* * * * *

HASH TRASH:

A psychiatrist was talking to a woman whose husband thought he was a lawn mower. "Just be patient," said the doctor. "It's a harmless fantasy that will soon pass." "I hope so," said the woman. "I'm getting sick of lending him to the neighbors."

* * * * *

A group of interllectual Australians fresh off shift from Broken Hill mines, observed with interest the opening of a taxidermist's establishment in their town.

"Jeeze Blue!" said Bruce "What's a taxidermist do?"

"Strewth, stone the crows mate! How could I know?" answered his mate.

"We best take a look". So off they set into the premises.

"Morning sport", said Blue, "What's a taxidermist do?"

"Well mate," said the proprietor, "I stuff animaks."

"You do?". "Sure do." "It's OK fellas!" says Bruce returning to his cronies,

"He's one of us".

* * * * *

One hashman was approached by a pro one night, but only had a dollar. she said he could look at it for that. He of course wanted to know what was special that was worth a dollar.

"Best pubic hair in the business", she said. Down a dark alley he examines it with a cigarette lighter. "Can you really piss through it?", he asked "Of course!", she exclaimed. "Then you'd better start" he said, "because I just set fire to it".

* * * * *



HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

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HASH BOOZE:	Brandyburger	51.3200
HASH FLASH:	Shitta	
PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY		

REPORT ON RUN 152

HARES: Wombat & Kermit

TURNOUT: 31.+ 2 + 4 = 37

START: McMANUS & BOLTON STS.

21.4.80

'THE VIEW FROM THE QUARRY AGAIN'

It's been 42 runs since our merry mob has had a start at McManus & Bolton, but the neighbourhood still remembered us, especially the noise and the smell. Hard-ON into Richardson Street and straight into Wombats place, a bit of moral support from Mrs Wombat upstairs, thru the backyard and into a dirty little creek, fancy getting our boots wet in the first five minutes!! Two minutes later we caught up with the S.C.B.'s who went straight past Wombat's place. Off the end of Richardson St and into the scrub, a bit of Hash history then took place as our G.M. took the lead and showed the pack the way - there were a few nasty comments heard like "What's Balls still doing with the pack, is he lost or something???" Balls didn't know what they were talking about. Through some nice scratching scrub and across some tinkling creeks Ballbanger soon grabbed the lead and with a fine exhibition of nimble-footed running led the pack along the creek ridge. Thru barbed wire and with everyone sucked in it was 'check back'. After a very long check the trail was found to be forward not back. So it was off around some nice cane led by Stork and Pervin to another check. Good 'ol Mother raced off into the sunset checking, never to be seen again. After a fair bit of rooting around in the ~~max~~ cane, the trail led out onto McManus St and across into the new sub-division Where a re-group was called. The hares should have had the sense to use this gathering to issue the pack with oxygen masks. I'm not saying that the hill was steep, but that was the first time I've ever walked with my arse-hole parallel to the ground. The only thing that kept me cumming up the hill was a cute little bum that was just out of hands reach in front of me. The pack finally reached the top and almost dropped dead with amazement - our G.M. was still with us - "He must be lost" - "It's probably just a cardboard cut-out" - "Maybe he's sick". Balls didn't know what they were talking about. Looking down on the start (and almost the outskirts of Innisfail) plans were being made as to the best glide path to hang glide home. Cecil and his Mother must have either been on a promise or were scared of the dark cause they kept on trying to sneak offhome. It was a long rapid run downhill to a well received keg, at which Wombat received his fiftieth and Meatballs entertained us with tales of Interhash. Looks like we're allowed to show our faces at the Newmarket again.

'Written by the mug who writes them when the poofteer who should've...didn't!!!!'

RUNS TO CUM:

154	5.5.80	Speedgun - Woree Railway Station, Opp Pub.
155	12.5.80	Stork & Black Power - 76 McCormack St., West Cairns.
156	19.5.80	Brown Dog & Ballbanger - Stratford Animal Refuge (Nosh, \$1 in)
157	26.5.80	Soapy & Spook - Holloway Beach.
158	2.6.80	Hares please.
159	9.6.80	Hares please.
160	16.6.80	Hares please.

* * * * *

HASH TRASH:

The husband leaned over to his wife and asked, "Come on, darling, let's make love." His wife replied, "Billy, I wish you wouldn't talk that way, the children might hear you. Whenever you're in the mood why don't you say to me 'Honey, I'd like to use your washing machine'". A few nights later, the wife felt in a romantic mood and leaning over to her husband, asked "Billy, would you like to use my washing machine?" Bill replied, "To tell you the truth dear, it was such a little bundle, I did it by hand."

* * * * *

A man steps into the confessional and says, "Father forgive, for I have sinned. The other day my wife bent over and I slipped one up her." "Goodness gracious my son, that's only natural between man and wife" replies the priest. "Then I won't be banned from the church?" "Of course not my son," confided the reverend father. "Thank Christ for that," replies the man, "I've already been banned from the supermarket".

* * * * *

A hashman in Asia grew pineapples and one batch had a funny taste, so he sent a telegram to his agent saying - "DO YOU HAVE A MARKET FOR PINEAPPLES WITH A FUNNY TASTE!" - The telegraph office stuffed it up and delivered the following telegram to the agent - "DO YOU HAVE A MARKET FOR PINEAPPLES WITH A FANNY TASTE?" - to which the agent replied - "NO MARKET FOR PINEAPPLES WITH FANNY TASTE BUT BIG BIG BIG MARKET FOR FANNYS WITH A PINEAPPLE TASTE!".

* * * * *

Two bachelor girls went to see a skin flick. Midway through the film, one whispered to the other, "The man sitting next to me is masturbating" "Just ignore him," mumbled her friend. "I can't he's using my hand".

* * * * *

As the Shakespearean actor slipped off his trousers and prepared to join her in bed, the lady of the evening gave an appreciative whistle at his generous endowment. "Madam", he cautioned in response, "we have come to bury Caesar, not to praise him."

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HASH FLASH:	Shitta	
PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY		

REPORT ON RUN 152

START: Cnr. Mulgrave Rd. & Lyons St.
14.4.80

HADES: SPOUTING & WINDY WALES

TURNOUT: 29 + 2 + 4 = 35

'WALES'S RECOVERY RUN'

It was a sad and sorry looking bunch that rolled up for Spouting & Windy's recovery run last Monday. It was only out of habit that most of us fronted. A nice easy run was promised by the hares, knowing everyone was still recovering from the 150th. Pervin Irvin made a rapid break to the front to lead the pack down the length of the football field onto Mulgrave Road. The pack sniffed around and found the trail back down the other side of the drain, Piggy and Farker went down Mulgrave Road.

False trails abounded, but we weren't about to be tricked, we're not just a bunch of dumb-arse runners, we can think for ourselves, we followed the hare!!

After about 15 minutes of road bashing, by this time Piggy and Farker had returned from Mulgrave Road, the pack came to a very welcome beer stop - this was slowly enjoyed and then it was straight back the way we came.

The trip back was made more pleasant by the strange but true stories of Cecil's exploits in the great U.S. of A.

Good ol' G.M. jumped at the offer to drive the beer truck back to the start and set up the keg for all of us, it's good to have a G.M. who unselfishly looks after us.

The keg was very pleasantly disposed of by a thirsty bunch of drinkers with enough stayers left over for an On-On at the Balaclava.

'BALLBANGER'

* * * * *

RUNS TO CUM:

153	28.4.80	Arab & Farker Parker - Savina Estate, Freshwater (opp Crawfords
154	5.5.80	Speedgun - Start please. (public holiday)
155	12.5.80	Stork & Black Power - 76 McCormack St. West Cairns
156	19.5.80	Brown Dog & Ballbanger - Stratford Animal Refuge - Nosh
157	26.5.80	Soapy & Spook - Holloway Beach.
158	2.6.80	Hares please.
159	9.6.80	Hares please.

* * * * *

REPORT ON CAIRNS MIGHTY 150th.

Run 150. Well on the police report it sounded innocent enough, but little did we know when we descended on that sleepy little river bank, dear readers, that behind a normal Hash run was one of the most evil and carefully disguised plots to ever befall a Hash event. A new era in the toilet bowls of Hash House's was to unfurl on the next day. A plot so carefully hidden to the normal intellectual, non-latin reading Hash person that some harriers were left staggering for some considerable period from a full confrontation of the turd kind.

What is this event you say?? this thing that will linger in the minds & bums of all who were there you say?? Run 150 was organised. Yes, would you believe it. Bloody organised. Unbelievable!! Incredible!! Fantastic!! Now you know what it was like, time for a few minor details, such as what happened.

I walked down to the river bank muttering about how untraditional it was to have a Hash run on a Saturday, not realizing till later what a good idea it was.

Balls n All was on his pile waving his arms and giving his blessings to the visitors and regular sinners. Dirty Annie handing out latin reading matter and Homo did all the translating to English for those that failed the physical for the nunnery. Apologies Stains and Quick Draw, promise we won't tell.

Anyway, meanwhile, thereupon, it came to pass that we start off running (or walking) down the rocky road to the bridge where we cum to the first predictable falsie. On into cane headland (unusual you say) where Kermit led Speedgun and a few other potential olympians around to another falsie which eventually led up the creek bed. Here Stork took a firm grip of himself and pulled his pack to the top near a farm house. Homo was so surprised how quickly the rest of the pack came that he called a regroup to settle things down. By this time Brandyburger became official pied piper playing that well known transisterised thing that keppt Mrs Palmer & her daughters entertained. Piggy & Quick Mick were so mesmerized by what he had in his hand they followed him around for most of the run (do Brandyburgers go on heat). Arab by this stage was so disgusted that when we hit the main road again he wanted to lead them back to the keg. His unerring homoing instincts foiled eventually by the sight of the Red Beret and Boob Inspector trying to get into Speedgun's tube (painful).

On-On down the road to the railway where low and behold a blue ute with everyone lining up for a 20c look at the engine. No, Rhonda Rotten Box was in the back in a big white box and tasted delicious as they pulled at their tops. While we waited for the next part of the run, Idi & Idi-ette gave a brief demonstration as to why they have had difficulty in breeding. Now came the hardest part of the run. Would you believe running all the way from Redlynch to Kuranda via the railway line. Talk about rugged. Some of the F.R.B.'s such as Black Power and Carnal had to be slowed down by carrying Snoopy on a ladder stretcher, with R.R.B. in tow (do ladders go on heat?) Fortunately roller skates were provided by Q. G. R. that other well known hash mob. Farcanal & Fig supervised this part of the on-on to make sure it wasn't up to standard of these other hash people's runs and you guessed it, it was on up all the way, no falsies (thank heavens) or regroups. Piggy by this stage developed a purple leak near his belly button and after a few dark tunnels we noticed R.R.B. had purple marks near her upper torso. She claims they were dated but Idi showed us what that was before. Curious that, eh!! Well by now Homo was ravenous and feeling like a new man, grabbed at Dirty Darryl to find out why he got the name. Then the pack was called off and out. Quick Mick had sighted a couple of local lasses swimming topless & bottomless (keen eyesight of the year award) so the pack grabbed their extensions then onto the rocks. Up a ladder where Quick Draw & Brown Dog went up backwards so Harriers could remember what their interesting bits looked like. When we arrived at the top, another regroup and those girls were really Ballbanger and Balls n All, Quick Mick's eyesight must be failing (148..149..150).

continued.....

Wombat showed Windy where to find natural brown eyes in the forest and then it was on-up the trail to the buses, with light refreshment again provided. The buses were really converted gas ovens on wheels. Quick Mick having failed the physical for the S.S. decided to show how cultured his internals were by letting everyone have a good whiff. Fortunately Wheatbix opened the window and saved the day. Off the bus at the Barron for a bush bash across a raging inferno of white water. By now it was getting a little difficult to stay upright and Spouting went down on Kinky several times several times before the trail was found for the finish. With the sun setting a top night unfurled. Topless waitresses, heaps of piss, good company and the pig tasted delicious. Cairns Hash redeemed the honour of Hash to the visitors after the damage done by the 'snob squad'. Top run, top nosh, top piss, top time. We know now your run is only as good as the effort you put in it. And this run had heaps. Final Note: We think the pig was off because it got brought up again the next day by a lot of Hashmen. Maybe Ballbanger gets the award for the worst nosh and Balls n All the award for the longest run.

'SHITTA'

* * * * *

Below is a copy of a letter received by Cairns Hash this week--

Queensland Government Railways
Cairns.
15th April, 1980

Attention: Cairns Hash House Harriers

Dear Sir/Madam,

It has been drawn to my attention that your organisation has breached railway regulations.

These being:

(a) On the 12/4/80 did evade fares to the extent of \$17.42. Instead of alighting at Barron Falls as Arranged, your party went on an extra 1.7kl. The normal fare for this distance is 16c each. Double penalty for this offence is 34c multiplied by 63 comes to a total of \$21.93.

(b) While ordinary and step ladders travel at 50% fare, extension ladders are charged 75% (see carriage of goods regulation section 7, par 4, item 3c). Therefore you are liable for extra payment of 47c plus the afore mentioned penalty of 19c.

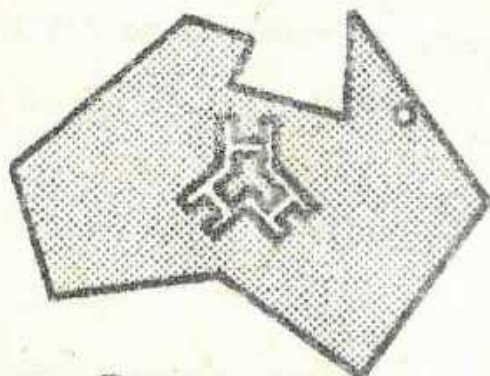
Your prompt payment of \$24.12 is requested or you won't be allowed to ride on our Choo Choo any more.

(c) The train driver (F. Nurk, driver 2nd Class) reports that a homosexual member of your executive called himm Quote: "A stupid poofta" Stupid, yes. Poofta, no. (Iv& been trying him unsuccessfully for years). Also comments were made reflecting on the inefficiency of our railway department. Our railway system is one of the most up the date and best in the world.

Yours faithfully,

J. Bloggs.

(District Superintendant)



CAIRNS

Hash House Harriers

P.O. Box 1978, Cairns, Qld. 4870.

GRAND MASTER:	Balls n All	51.6672
JOINT MASTERS:	Itz Curtins	51.6666
	Brandyburger	51.3200
ON SEC:	BALLbanger	55.1372
HASH CASH:	Flower Power	55.6497
TRAILMASTER:	Homo	51.5833
HASH BOOZE:	Brandyburger	51.3200
HASH FLASH:	Shitta	

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 149

START: Copperlode Dam Road

HARES: Boob Inspector & Weat Bix

7.4.80

TURNOUT: 20 + 1 + 3 = 24

THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBING EXPEDITION

With the word 'hard on' down the tram tracks the galant but very small pack of hashmen started out. It seemed as though we were off for Hambleton Mill, but if only we had known what goodies were in store for us we all would have gladly run to the bloody mill.

After straddling railway sleepers for a quarter of a mile, the poor tired and aching pack (still recovering from the Easter weekend) split into two groups. One group were hard on the false trail, while the other group led by Stork were on paper and flour down a headland.

Then it was hard on up the resevoir hill, groveling and groping to gain traction in the first of many ascents. The comforting words of 'regroup' urged the fallen hashmen to muster enough energy to stagger on up to the eservoir.

But as for Arab, wh was so far in front, he did not hear the regroup call. So in future we might have to lock a ball and chain to his leg to slow the bastard down. After a short rest it was hard up the hill again (I didn't think we could go any higher) while navigating a freshly bulldozed road up the hill, Balls n All cried out in sheer delight, "Wow what a beauty, a bottomless hole" on that even the stoutest hashman could not satisfy. So Balls began throwing rocks down it to see if it was real. But to the other true runners they managed to drag Balls away and back to the track up to the summit.

Once up the top the leaders realized that the rest of the pack had short-cut and could hear the distant cries of the S.C.B.'s down below in the cane. So then it was hard down past a field of sprinting greyhounds, who stared in wonder at the speed of the passing hashmen. As the pack hit on through the quarry, words of abuse were heard to utter from the lips of Shitta, as his big toe came to rest against the vertical side of a boulder.

As the L.R.B.'s headed for the cane train line again they saw Hambleton Mill's latest sugar loco called 'Monaro' sitting on the tracks.

Then under the direction of Edmond Hillery (the Boob Inspector) it was on with the climbing gear and with faces pointed to the heavens, it was hard up another mountain.

When the Copperlode Dam road was reached the final sprint 'on keg' was uttered and hard on down, down and down through the clouds they ran with the scent of amber fluid in the air.

'BLACK POWER'

RUNS TO CUM:

The following list is a good indication of how eager everyone is to set runs.

21.4.80	152	Hares please.
28.4.80	153	Hares please.
5.5.80	154	Hares please. (Public holiday)
12.5.80	155	Hares please.
19.5.80	156	Hares please.
26.5.80	157	Hares please.

* * * * *

HASH TRASH:

The phone rang in the examination room and the young doctor answered. On the other end was the pretty young thing who'd been in earlier that day. "Oh doctor," she cooed, "would please have a look around your office...er...you see, I think I left my panties there." Blushing furiously, the medico looked around the room, found nothing, then, just to be sure, looked under all the furniture in the waiting room, and reported back, "Sorry ma'am. Nothing here."

There was a slight pause on the other end of the line, then : "Oh, I suppose I must have left them at the dentist's."

* * * * *

The young couple were going at it hot and heavy on a park bench, when the girl was heard to say, "Morris, could you please take off your glasses? They're hurting my thighs." Quickly, he whipped them off and went back to work. After a few moments, the girl could be heard again. "Morris, could you put your glasses back on? You're eating the bench."

* * * * *

How do you know when a plane is full of English tourists?
When the engine stops it carries on whining.

* * * * *

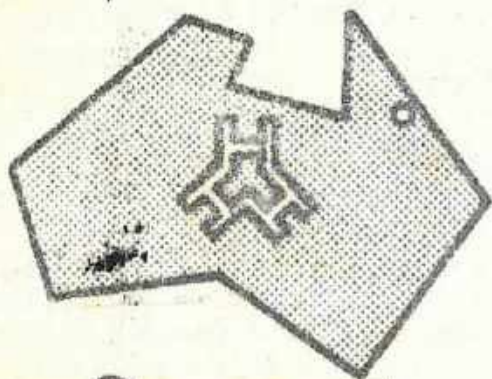
THE PLAY

There were two little boys elected to be in the school play, each had a small line to recite, one being, "Oh fair maid I have come to snatch a kiss, and fill your soul with hope". The second boy on hearing this was to say, "Hark, I hear a pistol shot". The night of the play came, and the two very nervous boys, arrived each noticing that his parents were in the front row as they went on stage. Finally it came time for the first boy to speak and being very nervous he said, "Oh fair maid, I have come to kiss your snatch and fill your hole with soap". On hearing this the second boy being even more nervous and upset said, "Hark, a shistol pet....a postel shit....a pit shot....a shit pot....cow shit....bull shet....Bollocks, I didn't want to be in this furking play in the first place.

* * * * *

Convicted of murder and sentenced to death, the shapely young lady asked, as a last request, that she be hanged in the nude. Although the warden thought this unusual, he felt a last request was not something to be denied. When the condemned prisoner arrived at the gallows, the hangman gasped, "My God, you have the most beautiful body I have ever seen." Came the whispered reply, "It's all yours if you keep your trap shut".

* * * * *



CAIRNS

Hash House Harriers

GRAND MASTER: Balls n All 51.6672
P.O. Box 1878 Cairns, Qld 4870.
JOINT MASTERS: Itz Curtins 51.6666
Brandyburger 51.3200
ON SEC: Ballbanger 55.1372
HASH CASH: Flower Power 55.6497
TRAILMASTER: Homo 51.5833
HASH BOOZE: Brandyburger 51.3200
HASH FLASH: Shitta

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 148

HARES: Idi & Idi-ette

TURNOUT: 36 + 1 + 5 = 42

START: Holloway Beach
31.3.80

THE HORRIBLE HOLLOWAY HOLES RUN

With the words "you're on shit paper, chalk and flour" still ringing in their ears, the pack set off in the general direction of the mouth of Thomatis Creek for the usual false start while Quick Mick and Balls sped off for the hoped quickie around the block. After this preliminary along the local riviera, the on-back took us across some exciting real estate towards standard Hash country - constipating mangrove swamps. As the trail turned to flank this local attraction, many multiple blessings were heard to be bestowed on the hares. Along a vile smelling drain (across for those sucked-in) the trail led back to Holloways suburbia. Here at a check, one brave hashman was seen fighting off a hairy four-legged creature standing about two metres high, with a piece of sawdust as he tried to protect the virginity of his back parts (where were you Homo). The pack were then treated to some scenic views of the lakes and scrub where one false trail led the front runners up to Sewerage Point. After a regroup Mother led us along bush tracks and cane headlands. Throughout the run there was a constant muttering from one member of the pack of "This is going to be my objective...??...er, goal??...er, aim????...fuk!" He was so delirious that she didn't know whether she was cumming or going. In chorus with her was some FRB making 'noises of a mating pigeon' as he roared by. Making a bitumen road, the pack found Idi-ette in purple panties (kinky) kindly directing the Hash trash into many miles of cane headlands ploughed to a texture of sifted flour many miles deep. As the pack sank up to their crotches, they not only smelt fowl but were heard foul with the exception of Snoopy who had disappeared from sight. With everyone looking like spooks, only the first smell of hash piss in the sea air kept them churning onto reach firmer ground. Here a big black bastard (Idi who?) was seen leaning out of his transport and, flanked by lackeys, directing the pack on-home. With taste buds winning over common sense, all set off to the kegs along the longest stretch of bitumen ever thought up by a sadist. Witnessed by many was an event that even Nostradamus could not prophesize - Balls and Quick Mick, those renowned stayers, were observed running (lost?) well back in the field as the first keg was being demolished. During this historic occasion, one harriet was going about offering discounts to hash men and business was expected to be so hot that she was going to install a cash register. Some arab-looking bloke was suspected to be behind this venture.

Continued.....

the full moon, sweat work was made of the kegs, the side dishes of cheese and bikkies and the choir singing. Shitta was heard to complain about the cuisine.

Many thanks to the hares for a great run.

'KERMIT'

* * * * *

PROGRAMME FOR CAIRNS 150th RUN

FRIDAY 11th APRIL - 7.00pm - Sign on at the Imperial - welcome visiting Hashers - All people taking billets please turn up - keg on.

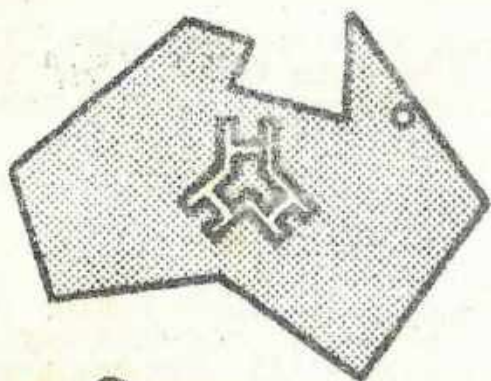
SATURDAY 12th APRIL - Noon - Kamerunga Crossing for pre-run drinkies and watch the pig go down - 3.00pm 150th Run instructions and start - 7.00pm approx end of Run - feast and piss-up into the night.

SUNDAY 13th APRIL - Morning breakfast/lunch and back into the piss again

MONDAY 14th APRIL - Normal Monday night run - 5.30
Cnr Lyons & Mulgrave Rd. - football field.
Hares - A pair of spouting Wales!

Cost for the 150th is \$15 this includes T-Shirt, car sticker, badge, year book, food and heaps of piss.

ON * ON



CAIRNS

Hash House Harriers.6672

JOINT MASTERS Itz Curtains 51.6666
P.O. Box 1078, Cairns, Qld 4870. Brandyburger 51.3200

ON SEC: Ballbanger 55.1372
HASH CASH: Flower Power 55.6497
TRAILMASTER: Homo 51.5833
HASH BOOZE: Brandyburger 51.3200
HASH FLASH: Shitta

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY

A MUSHY MUDDIE AT MACHANS BEACH

REPORT ON RUN 147:

START: Machans Beach

HARES: Flower, Dirty Darrel, Homo

24.3.80

TURNOUT: 33 + 0 + 5 = 38

After driving to three different starts, fixing the G.M.'s shredded fan belt and waiting for an hour or two the hares finally showed up to give the eager pack their directions. ON-ON across the bridge and down the beachfront ~~straight~~ straight with a bit of encouragement from a bewildered local. After a nice one mile warm-up we came to the real start (thanks hares).

A bit of confusion followed here, there were Hashers running every bush track available until they were shown the ~~xxxx~~ true path in life by Homo's calling of a regroup. Someone was kind enough to drive all our cars to the regroup, but did a very messy job of it.

Well, what can a person say about the rest of the run. It was a slimmy, stinking, shitty, sloppy, whoreish, muther-fucker of a mud bash set by non-humans who have no respect for human dignity, let alone personal hygiene. It was great. Everyone enjoyed the jaunt thru the swamp, even the visitor from Brisbane who jumped when anything moved in the swamp and swore he'd never return to Cairns, even Idi-ette who was calling Are-You every 4.5 seconds just in case, even the Arab who had his boots sucked off more times than Linda Lovelace has given head, even Windy Wales who was down more than she was up, even Piggy Banks who nearly had a close encounter of the turd kind with a wasp's nest.

It was a welcome relief to cum (???) out of the swamp and find the keg within crawling distance. After some frivolity around the shower, the serious matter of demolishing the kegs got under way. All the slack-arses who left early gave the stayers some serious drinking to do (thank you) We now have a 'choir master' Idi, who entertained us drunks into the night. There was also a guest appearance of that demon of speed 'Quick Mick'.

'BALLBANGER'

* * * * *

RUNS TO CUM

3.4.80 149 ~~148~~

The Boob Inspector & Weat Bix - Witfield Range Turnoff, The Coperlode Dam road.

12.4.80 150

Kamerunga Crossing.

14.4.80 151

This run is the monday night after the 150th, so we need some hares who will be able to get the energy together to set it.

21.4.80 152

Hares please.

28.4.80 153

Hares please.

HASH ATTENTION:

To all those people who weren't at last weeks run, we still need more billets for the visiting Hashers to our 150th. Please cum foreward and take some even one is a help. Don't let these blokes down we want to make it a top weekend.

* * * * *

HASH TRASH:

One of the congregation at our local was put in his place last week. "Give us a fu*&ing beer, love" he said to the buxom young wench behind the bar. Well didn't she see red! She went right off her nuts. "Is that any way to order a beer?" She ranted and raved, then said "I'll show you how to order it. You stand here behind the bar and I'll come in and order a beer." She went out, came in, strolled up and said to the guy "Could I have a beer please, luv?" to which he snapped back "No, fu*\$ ya, you wouldn't give me one".

* * * * *

When an angel who had the night off paid a visit to California, he imbibed so much in the disco run by an entrepreneur named samuel W. Frank that he grew careless about his belongings. When the winged one flew back home the next morning, he was stoppped at the Pearly Gates by Saint Peter, who asked sternly. "Haven't you forgotten something?". "Heavens," exclaimed the hung-over angel, "I left my harp in Sam Frank's disco".

* * * * *

What's black and cleans cars?
- Chamois Davis Junoor.

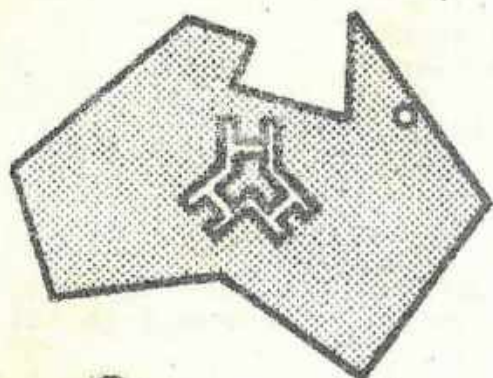
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Do you know how to cook toilet paper?
- Brown it on one side and throw it in the pan?

* * * * *

Have you heard the latest proposal of marriage?
- "Darling, how would you like to do this every night?"

* * * * *



CAIRNS

Hash House Harriers

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HASH BOOZE:	Brandyburger	51.3200
HASH FLASH:	Shitta	
PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY		

REPORT ON RUN 146

HARES: Kinky & Kermit

TURNOUT: $34 + 2 + 5 = 41$

START: Cement Strip

17.3.80

'THE VERY WET CHECKS RUN'

The usual Hash run is a story of sweaty front-runners, shortcutting bastards and the state of the piss.

This story is about *

- (1) a ~~fx~~ refugee from the Trinity Hash.
- (2) a lost Hashman and
- (3) the state of the pids.

The run started in usual style, a slow jog down the concrete, Goldilocks leading the way and then foolishly turning around to follow the pack on a false trail. By this stage the refugee from the Trinity Hash had run 300 yards and was ready to head for home.

Back onto the trail, past the new fishing boat base into Alligator Swamp. Balls and a few others, subnormals, actually entered the black hole and were never seen again by the pack until the keg was reached.

Leaving subnormal Balls the pack ventured on into an exploration of guinea grass, malaria swamps, old car bodies and a lost trail for half the pack who turned right and arrived early back at the keg.

The rest, including the intrepid refugee from trinity Hash, blundered on through the rain into sulphur and metho swamps to finally penetrate Cairn's Pine Gap, the Q.E.G.B. generating station at the top of Hartley Street.

On-On past the meanest junk yard dog guarding Prices Wreckers, over the two bridges and then.....the remainder of the pack got lost.

The intrepid refugee from Trinity Hash, realising he was on his own, put his nose in the air and smelt piss and On-On past the Balaclava down Mulgrave Road and many side streets to the keg to find Mother Moffatt had been unable to break into an unlocked car to retrieve his wet weather gear. Shitta at this stage was descriptively orgasmically the shape of the drowned Harriett's tits.

Then a Hash first, everyone started complaining that there was too much beer to drink and someone even suggested abandoning the remaining beer, merely because it appeared the first cyclone of the season was hitting Cairns. Commonsense prevailed and the keg was emptied in due course and the On-On continued at the Bungalow despite a blackout which meant Dirty Anne was forced to drink a rum & beer as the Coke only flows when the power is on. A thoroughly enjoyed, well set and well organised run.

'Farcanal'

RUNS TO CUM:

31.3.80	148	Edi Amin & Edi-ette - Hollaway Beach
7.4.80	149	Boob Inspector & ????? - Start please.
12.4.80	150	Kamerunga Crossing.
14.4.80	151	Some keen hates needed to set this one!!!!

* * * * *

HASH TRASH:

The Irish woman rushed into the police station and yelled, "I've been raped by an idiot". When the policeman asked how she ascertained he was an idiot she replied "Cause I had to show him what to do".

* * * * *

Lucy was getting ready to go out on a date when her mother walked into her bedroom. "But dear! You're not wearing any underpants!"
"Put it this way mum," the young lady said in exasperation, "if you were going out on a date and expected to be kissed, would you wear a veil?"

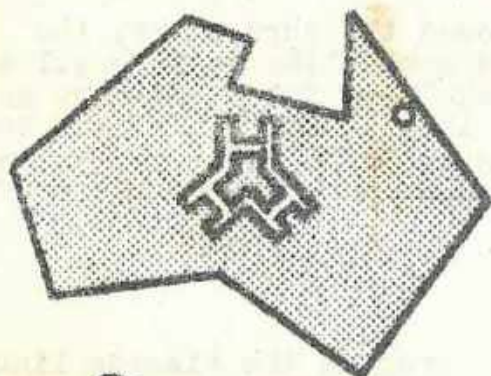
* * * * *

A young couple were having a torrid lovemaking session in the back of his car and when they had finished he said. "I wish you'd have told me you were a virgin because I would've taken more time".
She replied "I wish I'd have known you had more time because I'd have taken off my pantyhose!".

* * * * *

"Oh," the sweet young thing cooed, "you certainly have a small organ."
"Yes," he rejoindered, "and it's not used to playing in a cathedral, either"

* * * * *



CAIRNS

Hash House Harriers

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HASH BOOZE:	Brandyburger	51.3200
HASH FLASH:	Itz Curtins	51.6666
PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY		

REPORT ON RUN 145:

HARES: Butterfly & R.R.B.

TURNOUT: $35 + 1 + 3 = 39$

START: Tennis Courts, Edmonton.

10.3.80

THE BUTTERFLY FAREWELL RUN

The half hour before the run started at Edmonton was a sheer delight to any fans of Monty Python or the Goon Show. Every street and lane had a 'harrier carrying chariot' criss-crossing paths with a screaming occupant yelling "Where the bloody hell are the tennis courts!!!".

After a pleasant false trail for a warm up, the pack headed back past the Grafton Pub for the initial troop dispersal which saw hashers spread out like a maiden aunt on her wedding night. Several true trail sleuths (complete with rotating heads for seeing approaching trains) disappeared north before picking up the scent and heading back past - wait for it - the Grafton Pub.

From there it must have been either an epidemic of laryngitis or mumbled obscenities under the beards that made any calls of 'On On' sound like a silkworms expostulation. After a regroup at the pre-keg the 'On Home' just happened to go past the Grafton Pub again and it became obvious how the trail had been conjured up from the bar with several quick excursions into the mulga to lay the odd clue.

Buck was literally drenched with fond farewells and after this run I'm sure we'd all just have one message - BON VOYAGE.

'EDI'

RUNS TO CUM:

24.3.80	147	Homo & Dirty Darryl - Start announced tonight.
31.3.80	148	Edi Amin & his Edi-ette - Hollaway Beach.
7.4.80	149	Boob Inspector & ??? - Start please.
12.4.80	150	Balls n All and his Merry Men - Kamerunga Crossing.

HASH DIARY:

29.3.80	Jakarta 900th.
12/13.4.80	Cairns 150th.
June '81	Pan Pacific Hash, Port Vila, New Hebrides.
30.9./9.10.82	Interhash, Brisbane.

HASHBLOODYATTENTION:

As you all realise, the Cairns 150th is just around the corner. We, the committee, are starting the final organising and would like to have all those photos and articles for the year book that we asked you for weeks ago, so please give generously to En Sec any crap you'd like to see go in (the book) Also we will be needing billets for the visiting Hashers, so if anyone wants to sleep with a couple of guys from out of town for the weekend, put your name down with On Sec NOW!!!.

* * * * *

HASH TRASH:

An eccentric professor had deduced that he could produce the missing link if he could find someone willing to mate a giant female gorilla. The professor visited a local building site and put his proposals to the foreman, offering him \$100 if he could persuade one of his workmen to have sex with the gorilla, adding that he would be willing to pay the volunteer \$200. "I'm after a volunteer to mate with a gorilla for \$200," the foreman told his men.

"Oi'll do it," piped up Paddy, "on three conditions,"

The foreman turned to the professor and told him he had found the man.

"But he'll only do it on three conditions," explained the foreman. "He wants the gorilla's arms tied behind her back so she can't scratch him, he wants her muzzled, so that she can't bit him."

The professor agreed and then asked for the third condition.

"You'll have to give him six weeks before he does it."

The professor asked why, and they called in Paddy who explained that it would take him that long to save up the \$200.

* * * * *

A man owned a hand-operated rotisserie and was Bar-b-cuing a chicken in his backyard when a drunk staggered by. "I dont want to piss you off" said the drunk, "but your music has stopped and your monkey's on fire!".

* * * * *

An Irishman was walking down the street when he came upon a new gleaming, black Rolls-Royce. While he stood admiring it the owner arrived and the Irishman commented, "A damn fine motor, sor! I would like one of them." The upper notch Englishman haughtily replied, "I work for Cunard you know." The Irishman retorted, "I work fuckin' hard too but I still can't afford A new Rolls!".

* * * * *

Bloodsucker walks up to this girl in Hash and says

"Would you screw me for US\$1,000,000?"

Girl: "I guess so, love."

Bloodsucker: "Would you screw me for NT\$100?"

Girl: "What do you take me for?"

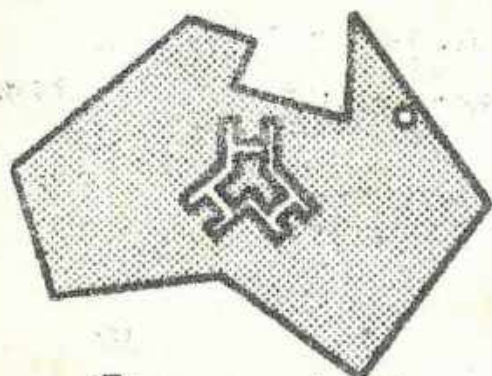
Bloodsucker: "We've already established that. We're only discussing terms!".

* * * * *

Mick had proudly demonstrated his new ultracompact sports car to his date and had spun the little wonder to a halt on a lonely country road. After a considerable amount of amorous preliminaries, his girl coyly jumped out of car and headed for a grassy spot nearby. Noticing that Mick wasn't following, she turned and said, "Hurry and get out of the car before I get out of the mood."

Mick struggled for a while, then muttered, "Until I get out of the mood, I can't get out of the car!".

* * * * *



CAIRNS

Hash House Harriers

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HASH FLASH:	Itz Curtins	51.6666

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY

REPORT ON RWN 144

START: Trinity Beach

HARES: Shithouse & Sumkarnt

3.3.80

TURNOUT: ?????.

Still suffering from the tropical Earlville swamp hash rash with it's debilitating effect upon my mind & body I struggled to recollect thoughts of run 144. Slowly it cums to me-SHITHOUSE- the word rings in my ears, the pain intensifies. There was a beach, or was it a desert & up-on up & up & again the ringing in my ears-SHITHOUSE-I fought to remain calm. But all at once the pain dispels I see the watering hole-the oasis - (the bloody pub!). I knew this was my destiny. But no, SUMKARNT be so cruel surely!! It was on on on - the ice coldies fading in my befuddled brain- and the ringing swells again-SHITHOUSE. I pulled up my socks (literally) to the cries of off off not on on & plunged into hash rash country to find myself the only female with a pack of super hash athletes-my day had really cum! There were cries of snake! snake! & I quickly identified the deadly "trouser" type variety & made my dash to the cries of hard-on boys.

What climax would await me as the pack again scented the sweet aroma of the watering hole-but again on past the bloody pub! The mind & body exhausted there was the rejuvenating shout of ON-HOME, visions of coldies again. My climax had cum.

TINA.

RUNS TO CUM:

10.3.80.	145	Butterfly & R.R.B.-Tennis Courts, Edmonton.
17.3.80	146	Kinky & Kermit-Saundillan Street, near Tancred's.
24.3.80	147	Blowfly & Dirty Darryl- Start please.
31.3.80	148	Edi Amin & His Edi-ette- Hollaway's Beach.
7.4.80	149	Boob Inspector & ????-Start please.
12.4.80	150	Balls 'n All & his Merry Men.- Kamerunga Crossing.

HASH DIARY:

29.3.80	Jakarta 500th.
12/13.4.80	Cairns 150th.
June '81	PannPacific Hash, Port Vila, New Hebrides.
30.9.-9.10.82	Interhash, Brisbane.

HASH TRASH:

A farm boy got off the school bus in a foul mood. On his way through the yard, he kicked a cow that was in his way. Further along, a chicken crossed his path & he kicked that too. As he reached the back, he stumbled over a pig & kicked it. His mother met him at the door.

"I saw what you did," she said, scolding him. "For that, you'll get no supper. No milk for kicking the cow, no eggs for kicking the chicken & no meat for kicking the pig."

Just then, the boy's father walked in, slammed the back door & kicked the family pussy cat. The boy turned to his mother: "Well, are you going to tell him, or shall I?"

"You're looking rather pleased with yourself", said the barman to his most regular of customers.

"You bet," replied the drunk. "I've just joined the Cairns Prostitute Club!"

"But there isn't a prostitute club in Cairns!" retorted his host.

"Yes there is" slurred the drunk. "Here's my membership card."

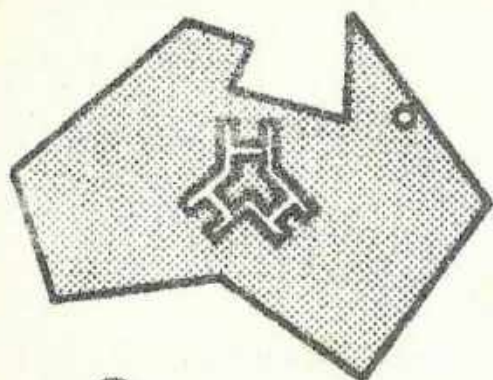
"That says Cairns Parachute Club?"

"Oh hell, I've just put myself down for 10 jumps!"

ALIMONT: A system which results when 2 people make a mistake & one of them continues to pay for it.

Quick Mick's car doesn't use any petrol".
How can that be?"

"Don't ask me but it's true. Last night he went forty miles out of his way to take a girl home from the dance, & when I saw him this morning he said "All that way for nothing."



CAIRNS

Hash House Harriers

P.O. Box 1978, Cairns, Qld. 4870.

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JOINT MASTERS:	Itz Curtins	51.6666
	Brandyburger	51.3200
ON SEC:	Ballbanger	55.1372
HASH CASH:	Flower Power	55.6497
TRAILMASTER:	Homo	51.5833
HASH BOOZE:	Brandyburger	51.3200
HASH FLASH:	Itz Curtins	51.6666
PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY		

REPORT ON RUN 143

HARES: Piggy & Cecil

TURNOUT: 33 + 2 + 7 = 42

START: Cool Waters Caravan Park
25.2.80

THE PIGGY AND CECIL FINE WEATHER RUN

Write the notes!!! What notes?? I don't know anything about writing the notes. "Course you do" says Ballbanger who is standing in the middle of the airport terminal during the lunchtime rush asking for them. Someone forgot to tell me. How unfortunate, start writing he says. Gathered we were in the drizzling rain, standing on this suicidal corner, the pack waited with baited breath. "Go" says Balls n All. "Stop" says Piggy. "Fuck" says the troops. And we all chased Juicy Lucy. It was an auspicious start to the P & C fun run. Piggy didn't want anyone to go chasing Cecil who was out re-marking the trail, he was going to catch him, himself. Anyway after much stopping and starting and going for a short sprint up a tram track the now soggy pack headed back to some genuine hash country where everyone started to become totally confused. It was the paper that did it. We had white toilet paper, yellow paper and about twenty shades in between. I knew it wouldn't take long to get mixed up with the Trinity Bums. Of course the piss de resistance was the invisible flour - you had to see it to believe it. It proved very difficult to follow. So with Piggy as our shining star we rushed off into the wilderness. About this stage a few decided to get into a creek. It was great in there 'cause you couldn't see where you were going. Never follow Juicy Lucy. Now as the trail became non existant and this ghastly itchy grass scratched you, we stuck to Piggy like shit to a blanket. We were not getting lost out there (dear old Piggy would never get lost). On On, On Back, On this way and that, we struggled On.

At about this stage Quick Mick decides he knows the track better than the hare. The troops take sides, 10% with Mick, 90% with Piggy. They were never seen or heard from again till some dolly starts yelling at Q.M. to get his dirty feet off her land. Q.M.'s reply is classified. Back to the 90%. Well we have come across a small hill. Small hill my boot. It was so high the air was rarified at the top and even a cable car would have trouble getting up it. When Piggy got to the top Ballbanger was going to put him in a hole that he found and I was going to make some concrete booties with the spare concrete lying around. Slowly an emancipated and dehydrated pack emerged on the summit. Snow was starting to fall. Thank Christ it was On Home. Only to get home and find Q.M. & his 10% drinking the turps before us. Rotten sods. Anyway, top run except for the start, the middle, the finish, the itchy grass the tall grass, the clear markings, the hot ginger beer and the lack of harriets boobs for me.

RUNS TO CUM:

10.3.80	145	Butterfly & R.R.B. - Tennis Courts, Edmonton.
17.3.80	146	Kinky & Kermit - Start please.
24.3.80	147	Hares please.
31.3.80	148	Hares please.
7.4.80	149	Hares please.
12.4.80	150	Celebration run. Kamerunga.

* * * * *

HASH DIARY

29.3.80	Jakarta 500th.
4/6.4.80	Interhash, Kuala Lumpur.
12/13.4.80	Cairns 150th.
June '81	Pan Pacific Hash, Port Vila, New Hebrides.
30.9./9.10.82	Interhash, Brisbane.

* * * * *

HASH TRASH:

Warren Gilbert had a minor emergency at work the other day. Seems he was putting salt on his pie over an open battery and some got among the acid. To prevent adverse reaction, he grabbed it to empty it - by the terminals! It was horrible - charged with a salted battery.

* * * * *

There's a girl around town in the home furnishing business. She's very skilful on antique furniture, an expert on shag carpets and doesn't do too bad on lino either. So if you want to get felt go and see her.

* * * * *

Three ladies were picking cotton in the Deep South and comparing the names they called their menfolk.

"Ise call mah man 'Oarsman' on account of his massive stroke."

"Wahl, Ise calls mah man 'Jet Plane' on account of his thrust."

"I jus calls mah little de man 'Drambuie.'"

"Hieel Lisa, aint that some kind of fancy liquor?"

"Dats right gal, dat sur is right enuff."

* * * * *

A bosomy blonde was trying on an extremely low-cut dress. As she studied herself in the mirror, she asked the saleswoman if she thought it was too low cut.

The saleswoman replied, "Do you have hair on your chest?" to which the blonde retorted, "No!"

"Then," the saleswoman shot back, "it's too Low-cut!"

* * * * *

Overheard between two Hashmen.

"Did I tell you I got engaged?"

"About time you put a ring on her finger, you've had hers around your finger for long enough."



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HASH FLASH:	Itz Curtins	51.6666

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 142:

START: Behind Tobruk Pool

HARES: Balls n All & Homo

18.2.80

TURNOUT: 37 + 1 + 7 = 45

It finished up with a fair few of the stayers going to Balls n All's place for a bit of a rage. Before this we had drunk 20 gallons of lovely amber fluid (Brad, I swear you make it taste better every week) and demolished with great gusto the Irish potatoes and corn that was so thoughtfully provided. Most of us had needed a wash after sloshing our way through about 50 miles of mangrove swamp. This was pretty exciting since some lost their joggers (Kinky has had to buy a new pair of Nikes for today's run) and plenty of others nearly lost theirs. And crabs! talk about crabs! some even ended up in jocks (were they there before the run started???) And holes! crab holes so big even Butterfly would have got lost - if he'd gone in. Cedil went down to his ears at one stage and it took Parker all his might to extract a great big jenny from his flange. Nobody believed we were going there anyway so there were quite a few S.C.B.'s. Think of all the fun they missed out on just because they had some cuts and bruises, weak hearts and any other excuse they could think of at the time. We had come down from the infamous Red Arrow walk in searing heat. It really wasn't that bad because the mosquitoes carried us most of the way up and we fell most of the way down. Good fun those hills!. The hockey ground was where we had started from and the run proved to be a fair bit of fun even if it was an uk fup. So I thought I'd uk fup the notes so they'd never ask me to do them again.

SCORE - MARKS OUT OF TEN -	'PIGGY'
Trail	9
Aerial views	8
Mosquitoes	*4
Free falling	7
Harriet's tits	6
Scenery (incl. swamp)	-2
Pack stench	10
Nosh	15
Keg(s)	20
Next morning	-5

RUNS TO CUM:

3.3.80	144	Shithouse & Sumkarnt - On the beach, Trinity Beach.
0.3.80	145	Butterfly & R.R.B. - Tennis Courts, Edmonton (Bucks farewell)
17.3.80	146	Kinky & Kermit - Start please.
24.3.80	147	Hares please.
31.3.80	148	Hares please.
7.4.80	149	Hares please.

* * * * *

PLEASE NOTE: The CAIRNS 150th RUN falls on the 12th & 13th April - not the 19th & 20th as previously announced. (Your On Sec hasn't learnt how to read a calendar.)

* * * * *

REPORT ON TRINITY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS INAUGRAL RUN - 23.2.80

It was good to see the old familiar faces of Townsville and Innisfail Hash roll up for the Inaugral. Ninety Hashers made their presence known at Bob Clelands hideaway at Redlynch ready for a good run and heaps of piss and nosh. After the sale of T-Shirts the pack was off for a 3 mile jaunt. Then came the sad bit, after about 2 miles the pack split up and became totally lost trying to find the trail. After having a couple of very refreshing dips in a few of the creeks the pack decided to head home. They came from everywhere, wandering home like brown's cows from a dozen different directions. After the disappointment of the run all the pack wanted to make them happy was some good entertainment, nosh and heaps of piss. WE got the nosh and piss and that's all - except an hour of joke telling. Thank God ~~W~~ Maza Maza had a party on that night otherwise 75 blokes would have been home watching 'Poldark'. THE END.

* * * * *

HASH TRASH:

Graffiti seen in Sydney.

'What would you do if God came to Manly?' - some religious crank had written Underneath was penned -

'Put him in the centres with Fulton and move Brannigan out to the wing.'

* * * * *



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PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 141:

START: 4 Stillman St., Earlville.

RES: A Pair of Spouting Wales

11.2.80

TURNOUT: 40 + 0 + 6 = 46

The weather was wet and drizzly, not at all inviting and the Hash scribe was gleefully anticipating knocking off two ten gallons of piss with only a handful of Hashmen to assist.

But the Hash is made of sterner stuff as 46 hounds set off into the head-high (and wet) guinea grass and up a rocky creek on a long false trail. Why no one broke their arse on the slippery rocks is a Hash mystery.

After a Hash swim in rock pools and an entertaining performance by some, sliding down the rocks and into the water with a splash (Buck's was a big one but R.R.B.'s was more tittillating) the pack went down the mountain to search for the trail.

There followed a lot of confused wanderers (where were our guides in our hour of need ???) and then it was 'On-On' along the creek and through a pipe under a causeway.

The pack started to string out as it followed the tramline, but on 'On Back' soon turned front runners into back runners. Then it was on along a deep, stoney ravine, with some educated Hashmen running along the top on level ground.

Then the Pack did an impersonation of the 'Far-kar-wee' tribe, wandering around in head-high grass followed by a scramble up a creek bank to the keg right there!!

A little later on 100th runners Cecil and Mother downed their two mugs. Also lined up were 69er Dirty Annie and 50th runners Juicy Lucy, Arab and Itz Curtins. Lucy showed us all just how to skol a beer. (ask Lucy and Arab how those puddles got behind them during G.M.'s intro??? ED.)

After that there was a top nosh with heaps of steaks, snags and piss. The regular stayers didn't have too much trouble demolishing the second keg (and numerous stubbies).

This has to go down in the Hash annals as a memorable run.

RUNS TO CUM:

BLOODSUCKER.

25.2.80	143	Piggy & Cecil - 1st clearing after Gool Waters caravan park
3.3.80	144	Shithouse & ????? - On the beach, Trinity Beach.
10.3.80	145	Butterfly & R.R.B. - Start please.
17.3.80	146	Kinky & Kermit - Start please.
24.3.80	147	Hares please.

HASH DIARY:

23.2.80 Trinity Hash - Inaugral Run - Saturday afternoon, Bob Cleland's property, end of Harvey Rd. Redlynch. (aprox \$10)
24.2.80 Sydney 650th.
29.3.80 Jakarta 500th.
4/6.4.80 Interhash, Kuala Lumpur.
19/20.4.80 Cairns 150th.
June '81 Pan Pacific Hash, Port Villa, New Hebrides.
30.9./9.10.82 Interhash, Brisbane.

* * * * *

HASH ATTENTION:

Calling all 100th runners - if you would like to hand over your % 50th mug (I realise it will be hard not to be able to sleep with it for a week) to the On Sec, Hash will have it engraved to show your 100th run.

* * * * *

HASH TRASH:

A newly married couple were bothered by the presence in their bedroom of a large and talkative parrot. During crucial moments the parrot indulged in a sort of a running commentary. Eventually in fury, the irate groom lept out of bed, threatened the parrot with being removed to the zoo and covered the cage with a bath towel.

The next morning the young couple were moving on and were having great trouble fastening their suitcase. One was trying to stand on it while the other fastened it. The groom said 'Darling, you get on top and I'll try'. It didn't work 'Alright darling, I'll get on top and you try'. It didn't work. 'Look darling, we'll both get on top and try it'. At this point the parrot yanked away the bath towel and said, 'Zoo or no zoo, this I've got to see!'

* * * * *

Another story of little Tommy, the terror of the classroom, always swearing. Teacher decided to take the class through the alphabet, naming an object with each letter.

"A" said the teacher. Immediately Tommy put up his hand. The teacher knowing Tommy's bad language thought, 'If I ask Tommy he'll probably say arse. So she asked little Betty. And little Betty said, "Apple".

"Very good" said the teacher. "B". Again, up shoots Tommy's hand. 'He'll probably say bumb this time thought the teacher. So she asked little Mary. And little Mary said, "Bottle".

"Very good, Mary" said the teacher. "C". This time Tommy's hand is first up. 'Hell' thought the teacher, 'I know what he'll say for this one'. So the teacher let little Larry answer. "Clock" said Larry.

"Very good" said the teacher.

Eventually the teacher gets to the letter 'R' and thinks 'If I ask Tommy, he'll say root, and I'll say very good Tommy, root of a tree.

"R". Sure enough up goes Tommy's hand. "Yes Tommy, what's the object?"

"Rats" replied Tommy.

"Rats???" Frowned the teacher.

"Yeh, that's right," said Tommy "Great big fucking grey bastards".

* * * * *

"Wot is a clack"

- it's a place where a chinese Hashman puts his plick.

* * * * *



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REPORT ON RUN 140:

START: Centenary Lakes

HARE: Shitta

4.2.80

TURNOUT: 40 + 2 + 11 = 53

A good turn up of over 50 Hashers eager to run new ground but there was a bit of a late start caused by the confusion as to the whereabouts of Centenary Lakes, seeing as how we'd never had a start from there before. Further delay was caused when everyone had to suffer through Shitta's sermon on the mount which told us everything but where the trail went. The Pack was finally off amidst shouts and farting and some delicate horn work from Cecil. Round and round the rugged rocks the ragged rascals ran. A nice burst through some mangroves and some burnt out hillside took us out to the highway where a first-class Hash transporter awaited our arrival - it was On Truck with Juicy Lucy nearly leaving a scalp on a barbed wire fence in the rush.

On route everyone managed to be as disgusting as possible to passer-bys, in true Hash tradition. After getting lost and doing a few blockies our Top Deck Blue Metal Tours screeched to a halt at Whitfield Shopping Centre dumping us off to find the trail. Wound and wound Whitfield the wicked wascals wun with the pack spreading out like a fart on a bus.

What can you say about a 2 mile road bash except that it's boring and like a niggers cock - long, hard and hot - so naturally all the girls loved it. There were no comments heard from the Pack due to half of them being asleep and the other half in a transe in anticipation of Shitta's nosh. On-Home down Conrod straight to a well received keg. Shitta kept his promise of not to put on those bloody terrible snags again and went one step worse with, would you believe, Big Country frozen hamburgers that tasted like laying mash, gravox and sawdust - nice one Shitta - what's next??? pubic hair and snot sandwiches???? Homo gets the 'cast iron stomach' award for staying behind to finish off the nosh (???).

Good turnup at the Balaclava for the On-On where the Hash Owner showed us what he's made of. (It wasn't a very pretty sight either). Plenty of photos and lots of piss to finish off a good Hash night.

'BALLBANGER'

RUNS TO CUM:

18.2.80	142	Balls n All & ????	- Behind Tobruk Pool.
25.2.80	143	Piggy Banks & Cecil	- 1st clearing after Cool Waters C.P.
3.3.80	144	Shithouse & ?????	- Start please.
10.3.80	145	Butterfly & ?????	- Start please.
17.3.80	146	Hares please.	

* * * * *

HASH DIARY:

24.2.80	Sydney 650th.
31.3.80	Jakarta 500th.
4/6.4.80	Interhash, Kuala Lumpur.
19/20.4.80	Cairns 150th.
June '81	Pan Pacific Hash, Port Vila, New Hebrides.
30.9./9.10.82	Interhash, Brisbane.

"HEAVENLY" * * * * *

HASH ATTENTION:

Hash Cash would like to bring to the attention of visitors that he is not here to run around like a blue arse fly chasing you lot for your \$3 each week. So find him and pay him. If you want to duck him and drink for free then piss off we dont need you.

* * * * *

Would all visitors please have the commonsense to sign on and off every time they run. The reasons being, we then know that you've run off and cum back and don't have to go bloodywell looking for you, also it gives us a record of your attendance.

* * * * *

Whoever accidentally (???) took home the photo of the Xmas Run nude from Meatballs run the other week would you please return it to the On Sec, we need it for the year book.

* * * * *

HASH TRASH:

A drunk sat at the bar with three dark brown pellets in his hand. The bartender asked what they were and the drunk replied, "These are smart pills, they make you smart," So the bartender said, "Let me have one," and downed it with water. Presently he came back and said, "I don't feel any smarter," so the drunk said, "Have another," which he did. Later the bartender swallowed a third, which he smelt and tasted and said, "This tastes like sheep shit." The drunk replied, "Now you're getting smarter!"

"HEAVENLY" * * * * *

A little guy stormed into a Texas bar, "Who was the smart ass cowboy who painted my horse's balls yellow?"

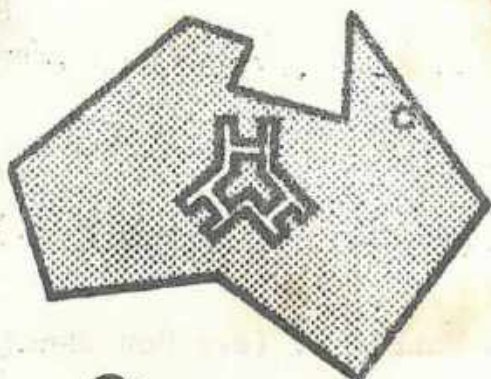
A typically large cowboy at 6'6" stepped out of the crowd, "I did," he drawled. The little Guy shrank a little then replied weakly, "Well, I thought you'd like to know the first coat is dry."

* * * * *

FOR SALE:

Set of BARBELLS used only 2-3 times, dropped once. Apply 4th floor of the Nurses Quarters, Esplanade. Barbells are on the 1st or possibly ground floor.

* * * * *



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REPORT ON RUN 139:

HARES: Annette & Tina

TURNOUT: 29 + 1 + 3 = 33

START: Stanton Road

28.1.80

It was a below capacity crowd that assembled at Stanton Road for the start of the Australia Day long weekend run, only to find there were no hares to be found. Finally someone knew which way was ON so the pack headed off down the road.

Everyone knew the familiar area and the trail was soon found. Up and down slopes and cane headlands the pack wound its weary way. The run was long and the day was hot but the hares had the foresight to find a cool clear stream for the pack to swim across.

It was on across the stream for a check at the road and the pack headed towards home.

Finally the pack returned to the keg for the much awaited piss. Snoopys 50th was announced and he downed amug or two.

The keg blew as it seems to be doing with persistant regularity lately and it was ON-ON Straty, but the pub was shut, so it was back to the Bungalow where a very small party ON-ONed and Homo and Shitta quietly decided how to get the Russians out of Afganistan.

ON ON

ITZ CURTINS.

SCORE - MARKS OUT OF TEN

Trail	9
Checks	8
Weather	5
Harriet's Tits	2
Falls	7
Scenery on run	4
Pack stench	8
Horns, Yelling etc.	1
Keg	10
On-On pub	-2

RUNS TO CUM:

11.2.80	141	A pair of spouting Wales - 4 Stillman St., Earlville. End of Balaclava Rd. - Nosh night.
18.2.80	142	Balls n All & Homo - Start please.
25.2.80	143	Piggy Banks & ///? - Start please.
3.3.80	144	Hares please.
10.3.80	145	Hares please.
17.3.80	146	Hares please.

HASH DIARY:

24.2.80	Sydney 650th.
31.3.80	Jakarta 500th.
4/6.4.80	Interhash, Kuala Lumpur.
19/20.4.80	Cairns 150th.
June '81	Pan Pacific Hash, Port Vila, New Hebrides. (see Hon Sec.)
30.9./9.10.82	Interhash, Brisbane.

HASH ATTENTION:

Let's have a bit more Hash support and have hares eager to set a run, especially the newer members. If you want to set a run and you have'n't set one before, grab an experienced Hasher and get him to give you a hand to set it properly. Also make sure you ask around as to ~~where~~ where a run has'n been set (well not for a while anyway). There's nothing worse than running the same area every other week.

HASH CHARITY:

Below is a copy of a letter from an old lady - long time acquaintance of our G.M. who talked Hashexec into sending her a gift on behalf of all you hopeless buggers, who would only spend it on booze anyway.

Mt. Kooyong Convalescent Home,
Mt. KOOYONG.

The Master,
Cairns Hash House Harriers,
CAIRNS.

Dear Ray and Cairns Hashmen,

I am writing this from my room at the Convalescent Home where as you know, I have lived ever since my daughter died sixteen years ago. It gets very lonely here and I don't know how to thank You for your wonderful gift of this beautiful portable radio.

I have not had a radio of my own before and you don't know how much comfort it is to be able to listen to the wonderful music. May God bless you for your kindness.

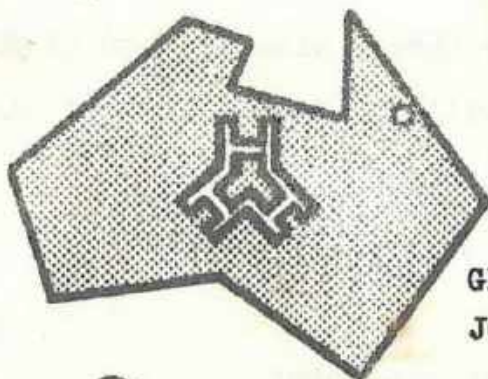
I share this room with my friend, Elsie Jack who is 81, I am 83! Else had a little radio but she always played it so softly that I could never hear it. The repair man said that it would not be worth fixing when she dropped it on the cement floor the other day, so you can see how nice it is to have my own.

Last night, while listening to the lovely Choral service from the Methodist Church, Elsie asked me to turn my radio up, so naturally I told her to get fucked.

Thank you again for your generosity.

May God bless you all.

Gladys Gardiner.



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REPORT ON RUN 138:

START: Cnr Swallow & Moody Sts.

HARE: Meatballs

21.1.80

TURNOUT: 39 + 1 + 6 = 46

Moody, Swallow St start - on chalk, flour and small bits of Cairns Post not big enough for shit paper. On-On to Swallow St., ran the reluctant pack, a stop at each corner and with the yell of Hard-On and a whinge from Butterfly complaining of a you beauty stitch.

Hard-On, round a few corners - across a bridge - back to Moody St. the confused pack was joined by a few late starters - next was the hard bit. Led by Arab, we all followed bits of Cairns Post - across a little gulley - back again - On-On and back across the gulley again. At this stage Arab led and Balls n All was way behind. Then the real hard bit - to dodge our way round an angry horse. From here it was a down-hill run and easy so Rah Rah Bee and Ansett joined the Pack, they had just finished their first run with Trinity Hash - shit easy - they only do one block.

Anyhow, it was On-On and On-Back, Quick Mick and Shitter well up in the field, finally a regroup on Reservoir Rd., the hares delivering the fallen and wounded to this point. Rah Rah Bee and Butterfly were lost again, apparently Butterfly was attacked by a snake, or was it Rah Rah Bee.

It was On-On down the gulley into a cane paddock - lost the way - had a piss - some went bush. And then on to the Newmarket - Parker Parker and Arab were seen short-cutting across the paddock.

Maza and Snoopy were trailing the Pack, Snoopy tried his trick, arse up, head down he headed bush never to be seen again - Maza revived gracefully with many others to head on home to a quiet beer, only to find the Pack had beaten him home.

MAZA MAZA.

SCORE - Marks out of ten

Trail	7
Checks	5
Weather	1
Harriet's Tits (on run)	4
Harriet's Tits (at keg)	6
Scenery on run	0
Horns, Yelling ect.	1
Kegs	10
On-On pub	3

RUNS TO CUM:

4.2.80	140	Shitta & Meatballs - Centenary Lakes, with another of SHITTA SHITTA's famous noshes.
11.2.80	141	A pair of Spouting Wales - 4 Stillman St. Earlville, end of Balaclava Rd. - Nosh night.
18.2.80	142	Balls n All & Homo - start please.
25.2.80	143	Piggy Banks & ??? - start please.

* * * * *

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE NEW HASH OWNER - OLD BUTTERFLY

I'm old
Butterfly.
Stiff in the joints.
Little to say.

I was the conscript
sent to Hash
to make in Cairns
the piss from cash.

I am he
who paved the way.
That you might run
in the Hash today

I love the heat,
Ibashed the track,
furrowed and bloody
upon my back.

I split the rock
I felled the tree
the Hash IS
because of me.

* *

by the SILVER FOX.

* * * * *

HASH TRASH:

Upon receiving his draft notice, the delicate looking young man reported to the draft board and confessed that he was a homosexual.
"Queer, huh?" one member grunted. "Do you think you could kill a man?"
"Oh yes" the fellow giggled, "but it would take me quite a while".

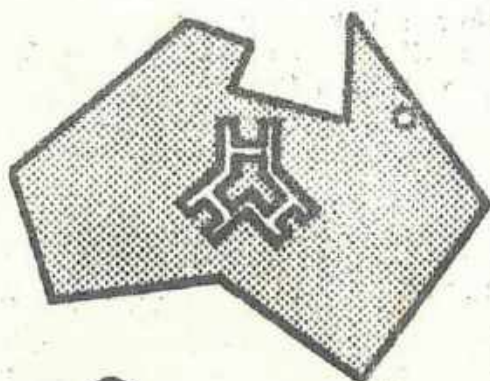
* * * * *

The strapping Australian farm boy on his first visit to Melbourne explained to a street walker he'd just met, "Ma run off when I was just a little critter, so there weren't no one to raise me ceptin Pa. He taught me most of what I need to know, but he said I'd have to come to the city to learn about women, so I'd be obliged if you'd teach me that".
The sympathetic prostitute took the farm boy to her apartment. She told him to get undressed and then went into an adjoining room and changed into a flimsy negligee. When she returned she found all the furniture stacked against the walls, carpets rolled back, and the young man naked and squatting on the floor. "What's going on here?" she demanded. The young man explained, "I don't know how it is with a woman, but I figured if its anything like kangaroos, we'd be needing plenty of room".

* * * * *

A waggish friend of ours explains that the difference between being hard up, and down and out, is about two minutes.

* * * * *



CAIRNS

Hash House Harriers

P.O. Box 1978, Cairns, Qld. 4870.

GRAND MASTER:	Balls n All	51.6672
JOINT MASTERS:	Its Curtains	51.6666
	Brandyburger	51.3200
ON SEC:	Ballbanger	55.1372
HASH CASH:	Flower Power	55.6497
TRAILMASTER:	Homo	51.5833
HASH BOOZE:	Brandyburger	51.3200
HASH FLASH:	Its Curtains	51.6666
PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY		

REPORT ON RUN 137:

HARES: Treetrunks & Soreballs

TURNOUT: 39 + 0 + 17 = 56

START: Near Caravonica, Smithfield.

14.1.80

It was a beautiful cool Monday arvo when Treetrunks and Soreballs sent the extra large Cairns H3 pack northwards on flour and shit paper. The two Mossman Hash F.R.B.s Coca Cola and Robin Hood headed the mob as the trail snaked west to old familiar mountain. Bloodsucker bloody near reached the summit before he heard the "false trail, on back" squeaked from a mob of mealie mouthed S.C.B!S headed by G.M. Balls n All.

A quick five mile bitumen bash and then on south to the river with Arab displaying the lethargy of one of his menstruating camels, and looking all the time for sneaky short cuts.

Now we come to the tragic bit as half the pack accidentally fell in the river and bloody near drowned.

Trailmaster Momo had his work cut out trying to con the bastards out of the drink and into the enduro again.

Wombat and some of the other top weights found the going very heavy heading down river and it was only the point blank view of Juicy Lucys lovely green bum that kept the poor bastards going.

A long straight thru the cane and into the water jump before the keg. This crystal clear babbling brook cleverly put there by Treetrunks was a top little stunt to help cool an over cooked pack.

Most creditable performance was put in by Quick Mick - returning first up after abspell and carrying top weight he showed all his usual early speed and never faltered in the long sprint home - well done Quick.

Quick Mick.

* * * * *

HEARD FROM THEVPACK:

HOMO: Boring.

BRANDYBURGER: Bloody lucky its not hot!

TINA: Not long enough Treetrunks.

CARNAL: Shit! that waters cold.

(over)

MARY ANNE: How about this!

ARAB: Anyone see my camel?

BALLBANGER: Cecil got his horn wet but it still works.

BUTTERFLY: More piss.

MEATBALLS: Hey Piggy, did you see your relatives on the run?

PIGGY: No, but I smelt them.

BLOODSUCKER: Hey Mick, I bet that silverfrost in your beard drives the women mad?

ROBBIN HOOD: Mossman Hash has increased by 50%, we've got 3 now.

DIRTY ANNIE: Gee, I thought Fox really liked me.

KINKY: I saw some bastard in that scrub that looked like Tarzan.

BRANDYBURGER: Well I'm off, I'll see if I can be GM of Hash 2.

JUICY LUCY: See if you can get me an inaugural run T-shirt?

* * *** * *

RUNS TO CUM:

28.1.80	139	Tina & Annette - Stanton Road (Again !!!!)
4.2.80	140	Shitta & ??? - Start please.
11.2.80	141	A pair of Spouting Wales - 4 Stillman St., Earlville, end of Balaclava Rd. - Nosh night.
18.2.80	142	Hares please.
25.2.80	143	Hares please.

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HASH DIARY:

24.2.80	Sydney 650th.
31.3.80	Jakarta 500th.
4/6.4.80	Interhash, Kuala Lumpur.
12/13.4.80	Cairns 150th.
30.9./9.10.82	Interhash, Brisbane.

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Hash House Harriers

P.O. Box 1978, Cairns, Qld. 4870.



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PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF CAIRNS H3 ONLY

REPORT ON RUN 136:

START: B.B.Q Area, Aeroglen

HARES: Ballbanger & Rah Rah BEE

7.1.80

TURNOUT: 33 + 0 + 14 = 47

Late one hot afternoon there was a pack of unaware Hashmen quietly mingling beneath the trees at the base of bloody Mount Everest. The word was given ON toilet paper, newspaper & ~~flour~~ flour. So off they ran like a pack of dumb blood hounds. The pack was strung out along the road with everybody trying to sniff out the first clue to the trail.

Then some clown found it and on up the hill was called, but all the pack didn't follow. Some had heard the rumour that the trail was over towards the Shit Works. So the pack split, some up the first part of the hill to a very picturesque waterfall, typical of the country seen on the Hash runs. Smooth rock faces with streams of water rolling over them into a crystal clear pond below, which was lined with neatly trimmed lush green lawns. The other half of the pack went off on their merry way to play in the shit. After the front pack had taken their very memorable photos of the surroundings it was off up the side of the cliff face, following the very neatly tied shit paper. Mount Everest here we come.

Having past the point of no return it was on up. Clinging to any jutting rocks or ledges the leaders set the trail for the others to follow, on and on they went hammering clinches into the rock face wherever they could. Pushing & pulling & pulling & pulling their bodies up & up, Further up into the thinner air and clouds. It was just then that it happened. Yes, Policeman, David Large 29, had a dart flung into the side of his face, whilst separating the spectators at the F.A. Cup game which ended in a 2-2 draw. On reaching the top the front pack sat and waited for the shit seekers, while waiting they tried their own little ways to out-smart the biting gnats. When most of the shit seekers had found their short cuts to the top of the mount, they split again. On Down was the sign on the seat at the top, on finding this final clue it was off down the hill the fastest way they could. Back at the keg many a tale was told of the happenings on the journey. Later in the evening as the sun slowly sank behind the peaks there was a check for lost persons or whatever. It was discovered that a hashman and a little brown dog had not yet returned. So out went the search parties (2 people) while the rest of the hashers stayed behind (with many regrets) to stop all that amber coloured fluid from becoming hot. Not long after Piggy had finished saying a very touching mass for the lost (the kegs off) they were spotted staggering around the corner, and told it was back to the Straty. Thanks from a mossie and his friends are given to all those blood donors who so generously gave so much.

RD FROM THE PACK:

Brown Dog: "They must be looking for us by now".
Treetrunks: "I wish that ~~was~~ dog would piss off".
Fox & Ratshit: "We only had a small ~~run~~ at the Straty!"
Spouting Wales: "Monumental run".
Balls n All: "Ballbanger wouldn't tell me a lie, follow me".
Farkenell: "Hey Buck, was that barmaid your mother".

* * * * *

RUNS TO CUM:

XX 21.1.80	138	Meatballs & ? - Cnr. Swallow & Moody Sts., Mooroolbool.
28.1.80	139	Tina & Annette - Start please.
4.2.80	140	A pair of Spouting Wales - 4 Stillman St., Earlville, end of Balacclava Rd. - Nosh night.
11.2.80	141	Shitta & ? - Start please.

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HASH DIARY:

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MEMBERS PLEASE NOTE: Subs are now jew.

Don't foreget to try and get some shit together for the 150th run yearbook. All contributions welcome.

* * * * *

A young couple called on the building contractor who would soon be building their house. They found him on the job in a completed house to which the finishing touches were being added and settled down to discuss business with him. The builder produced a notebook and took notes while they talked. When they got around to colours the builder said, "Excuse me." He walked to an open window and yelled, "GREEN SIDE UP!"

The young couple said they would like a pale yellow for the kitchen and dining alcove.

"Excuse me," said the builder. He walked to the open window and shouted, "GREEN SIDE UP!". Eventually the couple asked what was going on.

"Oh, don't mind that," said the contractor. "Iv'e got a couple of Irishmen outside laying turf".

* * * * *

She'd had quite a day, the young wife told her husband, and their baby son had supplied most of the action.

All the excitement about his first tooth and everything, and guess what happened: today he took his first step and said his first word!

Great said the young husband.

Not really, said the young wife.

When he took his first step he fell over and knocked out his tooth.

"It was then," she added, "that he said his first word. And you should have heard it!"

* * * * *

A man arrived home in the early hours of the morning and was greeted by an irate wife.

"Where the hell have you been until this hour?" she demanded.

"Never mind about that," he said, "just get your things together and be ready to move out. I lost you in a poker game."

"What" she shouted. "How could you do such a thing?"

"It wasn't easy," he shrugged. "I had to throw away four aces."

* * * * *