

RUN NO: 107  
VENUE: O brigado Barracks

DATE: 12 May 2002  
HARES: KIWI Lines

# PUDDLE JUMPERS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS DILI, EAST TIMOR



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Founded by Slops & PNS  
First run 30 April 2000

# HASH TRASH

Web Site -  
<http://www.angelfire.com/on3/puddlejumpers>

**NEXT WEEK'S RUN: Sunday – May 19<sup>th</sup> the 109<sup>th</sup> regular run from the (Resende)**

## RUN & WALK NO. 106 – Governor's Bombed Out Palace

It was a nice day for the 106<sup>th</sup> Hash Run in Dili. The birds were singing and the cool breeze gentle whispered through the hair of those who had some. And then the shit hit the fan and the run and walk started.

The hare **Wee Willie** had covered all bases. A short walk for the sedate and infirmed walkers and a slog walk for those who desired the torture treatment and then there was the run. Apart from the sedate walkers track that ambled around the Old Portuguese hospital, the others were on up right from the start and it didn't stop there. By the time all had reached the first summit some were requiring oxygen. The FRB's were however chomping at the bit to get going but good control prevented that until all had gathered.

For here it was up to the disused TV Station which yes was at the top of another wee hill. Walkers and all eventually ended up there. **Drover** thought that he would become a lead scout for the

runners and when he was meant to stop he carried on and discovered the track.

On being called back you could hear him say "I found the track I found the track". **Wee Willie** on hearing this knew there would be some pissed off runners if they followed **Drover** and, as it happened to turn out the majority of the runners were sucked into the weak option and decided to run down the hill after **Drover**.

### Runs to Cum!!!!

Special Announcement  
**INDEPENDENCE DAY RUN**  
– 108½ run - May 18<sup>th</sup> (which is a **SATURDAY**) from the Resende – 16:00hrs sharp (Across from Hello Mister) in the back.

When the runner final got back on track and the staunch walkers got onto their track that had been kindly pointed out to them, the action was all go. Runners ran along ridges with some following false trails but hooking in once again and walkers hit the road after bit of bush bashing. With the meeting

up of all those brave hearts, and once the runners had been sent of on a false trail it was down hill to the area near the Old Hospital. Walkers were then given the **ON HOME**, while the runners continued on with the sedate walkers track to finish off before heading for home. However **Drover** did his thing again: followed a short cut track down a hill and you guessed it, he was being followed by half the pack (when will they learn this was a **Wee Willie** run **ON UP**).

Fun was had by all, some complained about length and height, but who cares that was the run and walk which ended with the sun still shining in a blue sky, with a breath taking view of Dili's foreshores and city centre and with the breeze blowing gently up the **GM's** skirt. What a picture, what a day, and what a good **SHIT** run.



**CIRCLE CIRCUS**

The circle was the biggest event of the week – as usual. Starting the ball rolling was the usual attack on **newbies** and their sponsors. Then came the entertainment that went down like a New Zealand submarine – the singing oldies. A new Hash song was forced upon all the Hashers and included the following bad voices – **Brown Eye, Joe Blow, Rupiah, Slops, Scrubber, Wee Willie, and Haidrolik**. After our ears finally cleared, it was on to the more routine matters of beer drinking, beer drinking and beer drinking. The **GM** passes Skirt to **Town Bike** who was only too happy to accept the role of cross dresser. It then it was time to pass back to **Beetle Nuts**, the role of Sergeant at Arms. **Vulga** was given a thumbs down for his whipping up decent the week before as some of the unmentionables thought it was aimed at them. But the best news was the hand over to the new hash trash editor **Tale Light** who now takes on the biggest responsibility i.e. keeping hashers informed of the weekly runs and other important news. **ON ON**



PLEASE NOTE: **BOTTOM FEEDER** IS A LAZY BASTARD – NO WALK DISCUSSION – get in the circle

<b>DOWN DOWNS</b>	
<b>Hares</b>	<b>Wee Willie, Bottom Feeder</b>
<b>Newbies</b>	<b>Terachi, Lasse, Greg, Brendon, David, Terry, Sarah, Nichole</b>
<b>Sponsors</b>	<b>Porker, Hot Lips, Warthog, Piston, Carl, Ann, Owen, P Squared</b>
<b>SCB</b>	All the walkers
<b>FRB</b>	<b>Wee Willie</b>
<b>Returnees</b>	<b>Pedo, Blow Joe, Beetle Nuts, Laceration, Chris</b>
<b>Leavers</b>	<b>Vegina, Drover, Porker</b>
<b>Zeros</b>	<b>Flat Out, PeekABoo, Pedo, UpRight (10 runs all), Streaker 20runs</b>
<b>Leaners</b>	The guy who didn't like hash
<b>New Shoes</b>	<b>Joe Blow,</b>

<b>CHARGES FROM THE CIRCLE</b>	
<b>Blow Joe</b>	Charged Everyone including: <b>Scrubber</b> for placing an add in Darwin Post about <b>Oh No, Oh Yes, Gud Head</b> for being out of the loop, <b>Brandon</b> for wearing stretches, <b>Randy</b> for misrepresentation, <b>Grouper</b> for false advertising (re-run charge), <b>Peekaboo</b> for not showing up, <b>Tri Fukta</b> for training, <b>Gurgler</b> for no hash t-shirt, <b>Porker</b> for training, drover,
<b>Porker</b>	Charged <b>Grass Cutter</b> for bringing kids to the hash (it may have been <b>Pedo</b> )
<b>GM</b>	Charged <b>On Top</b> for beating up on Yankees (what's wrong with that)
<b>GM</b>	Charged <b>Perspiration</b> for calling him a bastard (again)
<b>Porker</b>	Charged <b>Sniffer</b> for causing a multiple vehicle car pile up
<b>GM</b>	Charged <b>Tri Fukta</b> for being bored in circle

**NEW NAMES**

James Ross becomes **Brown Finger**

**POTW**

**Mud Flaps** hands over to **Beetle Nuts** for abstaining from drinking at the wrong time.

**A Classic**

A burglar broke into a house one night. He shone his flashlight around, looking for valuables, and when he picked up a CD player to place into his sack, a strange, disembodied voice echoed from the dark saying, "Jesus is watching you." He nearly jumped out of his skin, clicked his flashlight off and froze. When he heard nothing more after a bit, he shook his head, promised himself a long vacation after his next big score, then clicked the flashlight back on and began searching for more valuables. Just as he pulled the stereo out so that he could disconnect the wires, clear as a bell he heard, "Jesus is watching you." Totally rattled, he shone his flashlight around frantically, looking for the source of the voice. Finally, in the corner of the room, his flashlight beam came to rest on a parrot. "Did you say that"? He hissed at the parrot. "Yes," the parrot confessed, and then squawked, "I'm just trying to warn you. "The burglar relaxed. "Warn me, huh? Who do you think you are anyway?" "Moses," replied the parrot. "Moses," the burglar laughed. "What kind of people would name a parrot Moses?" The parrot quickly answered, "The same kind of people that would name a Rottweiler, Jesus."

