



Townsville Hash House Harriers Est. 1977

Hash Trash



<http://www.tvh3.net>

Mail: TVH3 PO BOX 769 Hyde Park QLD 4812

2016/17 MisManagement Committee

Grand Master	- Cat Blew	0429 065 075
Joint Master	- Clever Punt	0408 707 506
Hash Cash	- Imelda Marcos	0459 200 223
On Sec	- Blowback	4740 4194
TrailMasters	- Ewok	0418 747 100
	- Wart	0409 762 272
WalkMasters	- Clitus	0488 508 746
	- Ballsy	0417 072 275
Hash Horns	- Pink Bits	0405 132 044
	- Cowboy	0439 645 980
Hash Raffleers	- Not So	0450 404 524
	- Copit	4740 4194
Hash Haberdash	- Dammit	0417 619 539
	- Wet Spot	0412 998 314
Brewmeister	- Miss Daisy	0402 709 359



Facebook: Townsville Hash House Harriers
 Website: <http://www.tvh3.net>
 Hash Spider - Hot 4 Male
lindykeith27@gmail.com
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RECEDING HARELINE – 6 PM Run Start

RUN #	WHEN	HARES	WHARE	SCRIBE
2077	15 FEB.	TARTS' RUN	33 MITCHELL ST	BOOGER
2078	22 FEB.	EATON & CUTTLEFISH	80 GERARD ST	A TART
2079	29 FEB.	LEAP YEAR HASH – SHERLOCK, SELF-ABUSE & BLOWBACK	CNR PILEA ST, A'DALE (I LEAP CT)	EATON
2080	7 MAR.	TOUCHUP, MUFFIN DIVA & CUTTLEFISH – (KELSO HASH)	11 BAYSTONE CT, KELSO	SHERLOCK
2081	14 MAR.	IMELDA & BALLSY	11 ANGELA CT	CUTTLEFISH
2082	21 MAR	RAGS	TBA	BALLSY
FULLMOON	TUE 23 FEB	COPLOCK – KIRWAN SPORTS, BAMFORD LANE – 6.00 PM (ISH)		
PEDDLERS	SAT 5 MAR	CRAPPA – FROM "OUR HOUSE" 14, LABURNAM ST, CRANBROOK		

Runs sometimes subject to change – always check <http://www.tvh3.net> for latest information.

PRICK OF THE WEEK

Cumakazi

ERECTUS:

El Dringo

Upcoming Hash Events

17 – 22 May – Bali Interhash

Annual Subs

Pay for a year of Hash for \$170: Includes all runs except Red Dress and 2100 Celebration. Available to end of Feb. See Imelda.

292 International Hash – A Rare Event

"An Olympiad of Hard Core Hashing – 292 runs every four years on Feb 29." 2016 marks only the third occasion in Hash History that this celebrated event falls on a Monday. (Previously 1988 and 1960) If you attended TVH3's AGPU in 1988, and still have the singlet for this event, don't forget to wear it this year.

RUN REPORTS – send to Blowback
 BY WEDNESDAY NIGHT!!!!
 Ph: 4740 4194
 EMAIL: generuss@optusnet.com.au

RUN REPORTS #2076

A small pack braved the weather to assemble at *Booger's* place on Fulham Road, The first wet run for many many months (if not Years).

Benta sent the Hashers off with specific directions on how he had marked the run, not sure how the chalk held up in the downpour though.

On the return of the runners *Booger and Benta* provided snacks galore.

Our newest GM *Catblew* called her first circle, while *Crapper* kept her protected from the elements with his trusty umbrella. The Monk made a wet appearance and named one of our newest Hashers "*Cumacarsi*".

Black and Decker entertained us with his rendition of Singing in the rain accompanied by a few totally saturated fellow Hashers.

Prick of the week went to newly named *Cumacarsi* and the erectus went to *El Dringo*.

Raffle up was announced and 3 lucky Hashers walked away with great prizes including *Sex Pistol* with few drinks from the Trailer for the night.

The crowd thinned out as the storms came in, Another great nite at TVH3

On On, *Wetspot*

And some words of wisdom from *Serenity*:

Hares : ***BOOGER (the Chucker) and BENTABEAK (the Plucker)***

WET! WET! WET! Not the band, the weather. From sweat to wet in five easy kilometres. What a mattress of wizardry is our new GM. We started the run in stifling heat and under the clear instructions from blistered-finger *BENTABEAK* from his over-zealous chalk-a-thon. Each crossed check we stumbled on led us to three new FT's and a doubleback over and over again. It was a dizzy run with a well spaced drink stop, along with our own private background guitarist for inspiration and entertainment. Well organized hares they be. The drink was cold and refreshing but the music was shite.

Enough was had and it was back on the trail again. It seems the chalk was slowing disappearing in our misty eyes, stinging from the sweat, and staring above at a most promising stormy sky. It was like heaven when again we reached the cold-laden trailer for recovery and refueling.

And then out of the blue it happened. It actually rained proper rain. No need to wash the hash outfit this week. Mother nature has done it for me. There were some sceptical hashers who had not seen the rain for that long that they went and hid in the bushes and under the trees, even during the circle. It was like day

3 at Lords. The brollies were out (*BOOGER* needed instructions and still broke the handle off), the body stockings were donned like life-size condoms, and some were wearing what they had prepared earlier – a raincoat. It was a wet and boisterous circle that met the new GM in all her finery and with her own personal umbrella holder. She quickly got the crowd going with down down after down down, and with send offs by name only. Even the JM copped a charge for watering down the beers.

A welcome reprieve occurred when the blessed *MONK* arrived and had all on bended knee in the pouring rain. He ranted and raved and finally baptized our newest recruit with the name *CUMAKAZI*, something to do with Sino-Australian politics. Welcome aboard and happy running. The *ERECTUS* was passed on to *EL DRINGO* for his dress sense and allergy to rainwater, and *CUMAKAZI* earned the POW for poking the Chinese in the eyes all the time. The raffles were drawn with last week's tickets and the major suckhole was *SEX PISTOL* who won free piss all night. He eventually paid for it when he came off the peddle on his hazy ride home. *SERENITY* had to swim across Mindham River with bike on shoulder due to the flooding (or was I only dreaming or just pissed). *KUNG POO* was throwing his money around like there was no tomorrow, and he also won the male camel-toe competition later in the night. (It must be the shape of his bike seat).

Those who witnessed these events saw the best "flies eyes" show in years. *BOOGER* and company put on a gourmet of flied lice for all to fill, and then later told us it was maggots and not rice. Regardless, it was tasty and many plates went back a second time. Good nosh.

Next week is the *TART'S* run, so come on boys and splash on the lippy, pull the old G-banger out of the draw, and let's give these Harriettes a run for their money, especially you *BOOGER*.

This was a wet and fantastic start to a new run year, and I only hope that the body and the bike can hold up to more nights like this.

ON ON *SERENITY*

