



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](mailto:lindykeith27@gmail.com)  
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## RECEDING HARELINE – 6 PM Run Start

RUN #	WHEN	HARES	WHARE	SCRIBE
2078	22 FEB.	EATON & CUTTLEFISH	80 GERARD ST, CJONG	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	21 CRETE ST, A'VALE	CUTTLEFISH
2082	21 MAR	RAGS	TBA	BALLSY
2083	28 MAR	TARTAN & SWAMP	22 HICKS ST, KRWN	
<b>FULLMOON</b>	TUE 23 FEB	COPLOCK – KIRWAN SPORTS, BAMFORD LANE – 6.00 PM (ISH)		
<b>PEDDLERS</b>	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

**Booger**

## ERECTUS:

**Still El Dringo**

**Annual Subs – Last chance for this year**  
 Pay for a year of Hash for \$170: Includes all runs except Red Dress and 2100 Celebration. Available to end of Feb. See Imelda.

## Upcoming Hash Events

17 – 22 May – Bali Interhash

## **292 International Hash – A Rare Event**

"An Olympiad of Hard Core Hashing – 292 runs every four years on Feb 29." Next Monday is 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 next Monday.

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

# RUN REPORT – Run 2077

## TARTS' RUN

A strong pack gathered for the Tarts' run at Mitchell Street. *Cock Cock* sent the runners off with the promise of a chalk arrow every 20 meters. The walkers split, with the young ones heading to the Australian and the older folk heading up the hill to Gregory Street.

After a leisurely stay at the drink stop, we meandered down to the Seaview, but the drinks were far too dear to stay for too long.

Cheerio's and cob loaves greeted us on our return, albeit already mostly eaten by the runners and early walkers.

GM *Catblew* called her pack into the circle and introduced a new punishment for people caught talking while she was, which she promptly enacted on *Eaton*.

Prick of the Week went to *Booger*, being the only name *Cumikaze* could remember. Erectus was not passed on, to be kept by *El Dringo* for another week. Raffle was drawn, and it seems the red tickets had finally been put into the draw because all the winners carried red tickets. Top ticket drawing.

Pizza for nosh, all in all a great run and a great night  
On on,  
Bri

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The Pope and Donald Trump are on the same stage in Sydney in front of a huge crowd.

The Pope leans towards Trump and says, "Do you know that with one little wave of my hand I can make every person in this crowd go wild with joy? This joy will not be a momentary display, but will go deep into their hearts and they'll forever speak of this day and rejoice!"

Trump replies, "I seriously doubt that! With one little wave of your hand?....Show me!"

So the Pope backhanded him and knocked him off the stage and the crowd cheered wildly and there was happiness throughout the land!

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**Hash Classified: *Eaton* is “looking for a house sitter from mid-March to mid-April. She is getting desperate.” (The temptation to make some obvious comments here will be rejected! ... Ed.) Please let her know if you can help.**

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A group of Primary School infants, accompanied by two female teachers went on a field trip to Cluden to see and learn about thoroughbred horses.

When it was time to take the children to the toilet, it was decided that the girls would go with one teacher and the boys would go with the other. The teacher assigned to the boys was waiting outside the men's toilet when one of the boys came out and told her that none of them could reach the urinal.

Having no choice, she went inside, helped the boys with their underpants, and began hoisting the boys up, one by one, holding their willies to direct the flow away from their clothes.

As she lifted one, she couldn't help but notice that he was unusually well endowed. Trying not to show that she was staring, the teacher said, 'You must be in year four.'

"No, love," he replied. "I'm riding Silver Arrow in the 2.15"

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During his physical examination, *Ballsy's* doctor asked him about his physical activity level. He described a typical day, "Well, yesterday afternoon, I took a five hour walk about 7 miles through some pretty rough terrain. I waded along the edge of a lake. I pushed my way through brambles. I got sand in my shoes and my eyes. I avoided standing on a snake. I climbed several rocky hills. I took a few 'leaks' behind some big trees. The mental stress of it all left me shattered.

At the end of it all I drank eight beers."

Inspired by the story, the doctor said, "You must be one hell of an outdoors man!"

"No," *Ballsy* replied, "I'm just a terrible golfer."

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When *Agnes* was getting close to retiring, he went to Social Security to apply for a pension.

The woman behind the counter asked for his driver's License to verify his age.

He looked in his pockets and realized he had left his wallet at home.

He told the woman that he was very sorry, but would have to go home and come back later.

The woman said, 'Unbutton your shirt'.

He opened his shirt revealing curly silver hair.

She said, 'That silver hair on your chest is proof enough for me' and she processed his pension application.

When he got home, he excitedly told *Sparkles* about his experience at the Social Security office.

*Sparkles* said, 'You should have dropped your pants. You might have gotten a disability pension too!'

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***Agnes*, If a certain person's monthly internet usage exceeds 2.5GB over the next fifty runs or so – You are toast!!**

On on, ... Ed.