



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 072 276
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
 0408 753 613

RECEDING HARELINE – 6 PM Run Start

RUN #	WHEN	HARES	WHARE	SCRIBE
2085	11 APR	BLOTTO & WET SPOT	9 SEVENTH AV, SOUTH TOWNSVILLE	PUSSY POO
2086	18 APR	CLITIS & GUMBOOT	11 BLUE LAKE CT, KIRWAN	WET BLOT
2087	25 APR	FILTHY AND FRESH FANNY	43 ACKERS ST, HERMIT PARK	BLOOTITS
2088	2 MAY	SUDDEN INSANE & NOT SO	15 CHAUNCY CR, DOUGLAS	FILTHY FANNY
2089	9 MAY	EWOK, CLEVER PUNT & DAMMIT	8 BRIARFIELD ST, MUNDINGBURRA	SO INSANE
FULLMOON	FRI 22 APR	WFK		
PEDDLERS	EARLY MAY	LOOKING FOR VOLUNTEERS		

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

PRICK OF THE WEEK:

Pull Thru

ERECTUS:

Blowballs

Upcoming Hash Events

17–22 May – Bali Interhash

1–3 July – TVH3 “Show” Run 2100

21–23 October – Mackay Hash Beach Party

24–26 February, 2017 – *Gold Rush* Nash Hash, Ballarat

14–16 September 2018 – Motherhash Kuala Lumpur 80th anniversary celebration

Check our website (tvh3.net) for more info.

RUN REPORTS – send to Cowboy
 BY WEDNESDAY NIGHT!!!!
 Ph: 0439 645 980
 EMAIL: gscurto.gc@gmail.com

Run 2084 – Ashburton Pl, Douglas Hares : *PUSSY LANE* and *KUNG POO*

A smallish pack gathered at the abode of *PUSSY LANE* and *KUNG POO* in lower Ashbourne Place – upper Ashbourne Place was 3 houses away. The stand-in hash cash *BALLSY* was settled in on a comfy chair under the veranda collecting all the hard earned \$\$\$\$ from the hashers. The ‘trailer trade’ was thriving with ample examples of the amber liquid flowing.

PUSSY LANE sent the pack off – both walkers and runners heading up towards ‘upper Ashbourne’, turning right to follow a path through the rain forest vegetation of the ‘upper Douglas’ suburb. There the trail split, walkers following the concrete path while the runners following the paper trail through the rain forest. Having a sneak preview of the runners and walkers map, *SWAMP* decided to do his own thing. Saw the arse end of the walkers who were disappearing into the shiggy near the motorway. Apparently both trails were well marked, as commented by a number of hashers (both runners and walkers). A drink stop was set-up somewhere on the trail, a short stop, then *ON ON* home to an entrée of crisps and lollies (the lollies were for a sugar hit, I believe).

The ‘erectus’ and the P.O.W were AWOL – one overseas and the other elsewhere. The circle was called – *CAT BLEW*, *CLEVER PUNT* were rewarded with a brewage from Singapore from *WART*, *EL DRINGO* was once again bare-arsed on the ice for the ‘trailer’ whilst the pack was away. *SHOCKER* (rum), *SHERLOCK* (leg opener) and *WART* (free piss all night) were the raffle winners. Other hashers were charged (can’t remember) for various misdemeanours.

Nosh of a ‘hot’ and ‘hotter’ savoury mince was provided by the hares. It went down rather well with all the condiments added. More amber fluid flowed and much crap was spoken.

All in all a very good night. Good long run and walk, good company, good nosh. And now its good night from us. Good night.

SWAMP and *TART ANN*

President Clinton looks up from his desk in the Oval Office to see one of his aides nervously approach him. "What is it?" yells the President. "It's this abortion bill, Mr. President. What do you want to do about it?" the aide asks. "Just go ahead and pay it." whispers the President.

Cop It decided her sex life needed spicing up after 30 years of marriage to *Blowie*.

After *Blowie* went to work to Tom’s one Sunday she went into a lingerie shop and picked up a pair of crotchless knickers. She went home, tarted herself up and donned the new garment and selected a short skirt to go with it. *Cop It* greeted *Blowie* when he came home from Tom’s and sat across from him after she gets him a can of VB from the fridge.

Cop It slowly spread her legs, and in a husky come f**k me voice says "Honey, would you like some of this?"

Blowie looks between her legs and lets out his breath, looking up at *Cop It* and replies, "HELL, NO! Look what it's done to your underwear."

