



Townsville Hash House Harriers Est.

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
2097	4 JUL	CAT BLEW & SUZI WONG	11 LABURNAM ST, CRANBROOK	NAPICAN
2098	11 JUL	WART, PULLY & WETCHEQUES	109 ASPLEY DVE, KIRWAN	ALL HALLOWS GRADUATE
2099	18 JUL	TARTANN, SWAMP & SOFT'N'CREAMY	22 HICKS ST, KIRWAN	PARQUET LETCH
2101	25 JUL	COWBOY & DUNNY	35 LAMBERT ST, HEATLEY	SCREAM'N SWAN
2102	1 AUG	MOTHER DUCK & HEMROID	12 CLAY ST, BOHLE	BULLSHIT
FULLMOON	WED 20 JUL	Hares: Ballsy and Imelda Marcos		
PEDDLERS	SAT 9 JUL	"VATEHASH" – 2.00 PM AT THE ROSS ISLAND PUB		

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

PRICK OF THE WEEK:

Cuttlefish (from Ewok)

ERECTUS:

Wet Spot (forgot it – so kept it)

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

Upcoming Hash Events

- 16 July – Airlie Beach Hash 10th Anniversary
 – Changed conditions – Now a pub crawl only, on Saturday night – See Airlie Beach Hash facebook page for more info
- 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 website (www.tvh3.net) for more info.

Run 2096: Pocock St, Vincent
Captain and Tenielle

Another “winter” run for the suffering TVH3. When the bloody hell are we finally going to get a bit of dry, cold air? The answer has probably already been answered over the last couple of days at the 2100th up at Broadwater. (Quill is writing this Thursday lunchtime so this comment might come home to bight him on the bum!)

Pocock St – Chez *Captain and Tenielle* was the venue and we were all looking forward to the reliable good nosh this venue is famous for. *Captain* started us off in the usual direction, straight out the driveway and head south! What a boring way to set a trail – Come on, *Captain*, surely you can use a bit of imagination sometime and start us off in some other direction – It’s almost as bad as *Tyson and Hotfa* always heading us off to the North!

Anyway once we hit Tregaskis we did change direction and headed off through downtown Vincent. Lilliput Hash, though depleted through the non-arrival of *Notso* and the unavailability of *Tenielle*, was pretty chuffed to be wandering down Lilliputilli St, being ably protected from the local dregs by one of the Hash Superheroes.

We bumped into the aimless runners several times before being given the choice of doing a lap of Warrina Pk, or short-cutting straight to Palmeston and home. (The latter alternative won hands down.)

Back at the bucket all the talk was about the huge week-end news about the Brexit – Hmmm maybe it was about the huge news about the coming weekend’s 2100th Run – Or was it about the impending Feral Erection – I really can’t remember or give a phuck because I was on the piss.

Ewok presented the PoW to *Cuttlefish* who proceeded to down-down the full member (to be mentioned later). *Wetspot* forgot to bring the *Erectus* (or was she just “enjoying” it too much) so was invited to keep it. The free piss raffle prize was won by *Eaton* who promptly told *Cuttle* he was driving home who promptly told her she was driving home as he had just sculled the *prick* (remember!)

Nosh was indeed good curry and spring rolls – the piss and bullshit kept on flowing – the final reprobates disappeared about 2am, only to adjourn to another venue until 4am. Gee, it’s great to be retired!

‘Twas a good night. On on, Blowback

AN IRISH MOTHER'S LETTER

Dear Son,

Just a few lines to let you know I'm still alive.

I'm writing this letter slowly because I know you can't read fast.

We are all doing very well.

You won't recognize the house when you get home - we have moved. Your dad read in the newspaper that most accidents happen within 20 miles from your home, so we moved 30 miles away.

I won't be able to send you the address because the last Irish family that lived here took the house number when they moved so that they wouldn't have to change their address.

This place is really nice. It even has a washing machine. I'm not sure it works so well though: last week I put a load in, pulled the chain and haven't seen it since.

Your father's got a really good job now. He's got 500 men under him - he's cutting the grass at the cemetery. Your sister Mary had a baby this morning but I haven't found out if it's a boy or a girl, so I don't know whether you are an auntie or an uncle.

Your brother Tom is still in the army. He's only been there a short while and they've already made him a court martial!

Your Uncle Patrick drowned last week in a vat of whiskey in the Dublin Brewery. Some of his workmates tried to save him but he fought them off bravely. They cremated him and it took three days to put out the fire.

I'm sorry to say that your cousin Seamus was arrested while riding his bicycle last week. They are charging him with dope peddling.

I went to the doctor on Thursday and your father went with me. The doctor put a small tube in my mouth and told me not to talk for ten minutes. Your father offered to buy it from him.

The weather isn't bad here. It only rained twice this week, first for three days and then for four days.

Monday was so windy one of the chickens laid the same egg four times.

We had a letter from the undertaker. He said if the last payment on your grandmother's plot wasn't paid in seven days, up she comes.

About that coat you wanted me to send you: your Uncle Stanley said it would be too heavy to send in the mail with the buttons on, so we cut them off and put them in one of the pockets.

John locked his keys in the car yesterday. We were really worried because it took him two hours to get me and your father out.

There isn't much more news at this time. Nothing much has happened.

Your loving Mum.

P..S. I was going to send you some money but I had already sealed the envelope