



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
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
2103	8 AUG	HOO NOSE	BLIND ANTELOPE	ME MUDDER
2104	15 AUG	GASH, PHLASH & SLASH	AS ABOVE	SEE LEFT
FULLMOON	WED 20 JUL	BALLSY & IMELDA	KIRWAN SPORTS CLUB, BAMFORD LANE 6PM	
PEDDLERS	SAT 6 AUG	RAM ROOTER & BJ	CENTENARY HOTEL, OYB 2PM + A BIT	

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

PRICK OF THE WEEK:

Soft-n-Creamy (from Blow Job)

ERECTUS:

Daniel (from Wetspot)

Upcoming Hash Events

26–27 Aug – Tarts' Convention at Mission Beach – See a tart for info, or read your bloody email!
 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.

Why does Goofy stand erect while Pluto remains on all fours? They're both dogs!

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

Run Report – No. 2098 – Aspley Dve, Kirwan Hares: Wart, Pull Thru & Wet Cheques

An All Hallows Alumna was supposed to do this report, but as usual an ex-Terracian will come to the rescue.

The pack coagulated on Aspley Island, surrounded on all four sides by two houses, one golf fairway with associated water hazard (where golf balls are driven, not cars), and Aspley Drive (where cars are driven, not golf balls). As usual, it was on on to the golf course to look for ~~golf balls~~ trail, back towards the tee.

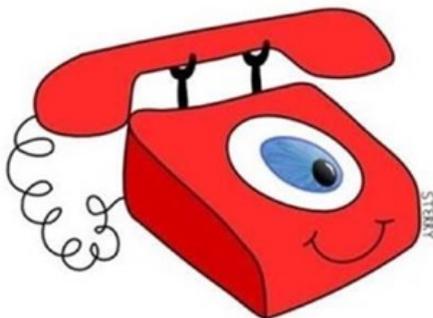
Quill was, as usual, broken down so can't talk too much about the run (or the walk) except to say that there was a drink stop up near the corner of Golf Links Drive and Dalrymple Rd (where four lanes become two before four before again two etc!) The concoction was trad Ginger wine and lemonade and was well received by the not so thirsty hounds.

On back to the start where there was a queue for entrée of little boys (never seen a queue for entrée before!) while the pack rehydrated in anticipation of words of wisdom from the GM. This proved futile as she spoke her usual shit.

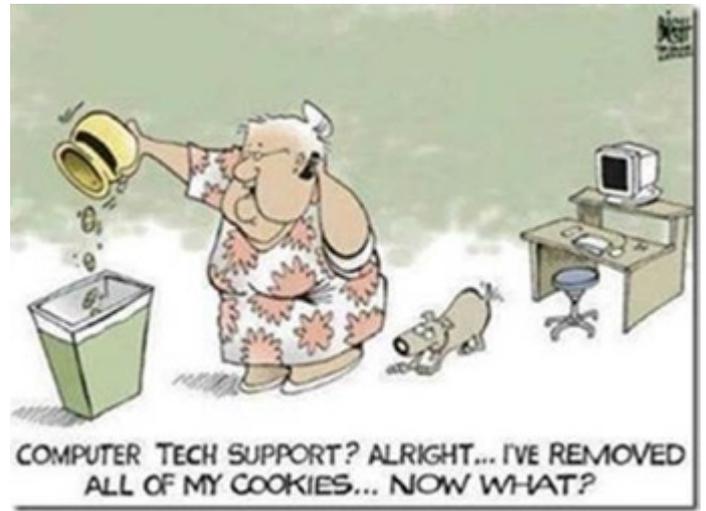
Wetspot finally managed to bring the erectus and handed it on to Daniel, a virgin, while the PoW was handed to *Soft-n-Creamy* for a very good reason that slips *quill's* mind.

Following the circle, the hares served up a feast of regal proportions. It is truly amazing the effort that some hares go to to satisfy the pack. Some were underwhelmed but the majority enjoyed the hot chip sangers. The stayers stayed til later in the evening before retiring to *Chez Batsey* for a late night quaff of red (or two).

And it's good night by the hares, and "Good night" from *Quill*. On on, Ed...



The EyePhone!



The Sheer Nightgown....

A husband walks into Victoria's Secret to purchase a sheer negligee for his wife. He is shown several possibilities that range from \$250 to \$500 in price – the sheerer, the higher the price. Naturally, he opts for the sheerest item, pays the \$500, and takes it home. He presents it to his wife and asks her to go upstairs, put it on, and model it for him.

Upstairs the wife thinks (she's no dummy), 'I have an idea. It's so sheer that it might as well be nothing. I won't put it on, but I'll do the modelling naked, return it tomorrow, and keep the \$500 refund for myself.'

She appears naked on the balcony and strikes a pose.

The husband says, 'Good Grief! You'd think for \$500, they'd at least iron it!'

Three New York surgeons were playing golf together and discussing surgeries they had performed.

One of them said, 'I'm the best surgeon in the state. In my favourite case, a concert pianist lost seven fingers in an accident; I re-attached them, and 8 months later he performed a private concert for the Queen of England'.

The second surgeon said, 'That's nothing. A young man lost an arm and both legs in an accident; I reattached them, and 2 years later he won a gold medal in track and field events in the Olympics'.

The third surgeon said, 'You guys are amateurs. Several years ago a man was high on cocaine and marijuana and he rode a horse head-on into a train, travelling 80 miles an hour. All I had left to work with was the man's blonde hair and the horse's ass. I was able to put them together and now he's running for president of the USA!'

Why is "bra" singular and "panties" plural?

If the professor on Gilligan's Island can make a radio out of a coconut, why can't he fix a hole in a boat?