



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	- Cowboy	0439 645 980
	- Dunkin	0438 117 559
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
2104	15 AUG	GASH, PHLASH & SLASH	210 ROSS R RD, A'VALE (NEXT TO ENDEAVOUR) HASH MASH – BRING A TIN – LABEL ATTACHED – NO PET FOOD!!!	SHITCARGO
2105	22 AUG	BOOGA	174 FULHAM RD, PIMLICO	PHALLASS
2106	29 AUG	BLACK'N'DECKER & BETTY BAREFOOT	14 KITCHENER RD, PIMLICO	A GOOB
2107	5 SEP	CODS & DAMMIT	2 DANIELS ST, VINCENT	FOOD BELTER
2108	12 SEP	TBA	TBA	SCAM IT
FULLMOON	THU 18 AUG	SHERLOCK	RSL, CHARTERS TOWERS RD, 6 PM(ISH)	
PEDDLERS	SAT 10 SEP	TBA	TBA	

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

PRICK OF THE WEEK:

Hemroid (from Blowback)

ERECTUS:

Hemroid (from Fat Guy)

Upcoming Hash Events

26–27 Aug – Tarts' *Convention* at Mission Beach – See a tart for info, or read your bloody email!
 23–25 Sep – Trinity 1950 “Fishery Falls Finals Festivities”, Fishery Falls Hotel. \$75 + accom
 21–23 Oct – Mackay Hash Beach Party
 12–13 Nov – Cairns *Mulgrave Madness* 2100 run, Little Mulgrave. \$75 before 10/10, then \$85.
 24–26 Feb, 2017 – *Gold Rush* Nash Hash, Ballarat
 14–16 Sep 2018 – Motherhash Kuala Lumpur 80th anniversary celebration

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

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

Run Report: Run 2103 – Hacienda d'El Dringo
Hares: El Dringo, Shattter & Carla

Me Mudder failed to supply a run report this week so *Me Mudder's Son* will have to come to the party.

The pack converged on *El Dringo's* hovel from all directions (except up and down) towards the time when the Sun was setting, quivering (not) with anticipation of the usual run that the hare has set on the last pooften occasions, only to have chief hare tell them that on this occasion he had delved into his imagination and concocted a novel root. *Quill* was planning on running at least some part of the run but after encountering a particularly dodgy vindaloo the previous evening, with the expected resultant torn gluteus maximus ensuing, he was restricted to a quiet stroll with the walkers. Then when chief walkmaster, *Ballsy*, long-cutted within fifty metres of the start, discretion seemed the better part of valour and a quick retreat to the bucket was the preferred option.

Apparently there was a piss stop at the Centen and that is the limit of comment possible in regard to the run!

Buck at the bucket, frivolity and licentious behaviour weren't the order of the day, but there was plenty of piss and bullshit. When the *Mattress* called the circle stand-in *JM, Dammit*, jumped to attention and proceeded to grovel at her feet. For the first time in several weeks *Coyote f'n Ugly* kept his arse warm and dry. Highlight of the night was a short history lesson from one of the more learned and experienced club members, telling the pack of how many times an errant individual participant had "earned" both *Erectus* and *PoW* concurrently. This honour was then conferred on *Hemroid* for similar indiscretion (though some several orders of magnitude more severe!!!)

The most significant raffle prize was won by *Sudden Insane*, who did it proud, before a pretty pleasant curry was distributed to the assembled multitude. The stayers were kicked out of the *Plaza d'El Dringo* before the trailer was emptied and headed off "On on Home" (albeit by a variety of circuitous routes – some more so than others).

Quill didn't hear of any complaints so it was obviously a good Monday evening. On on, ... Ed.

P.S. There was one complaint, not regarding anything to do with the hares' performance of their duties on the evening. It is reproduced here:

Another week and another CHARGE I take for my sister.

SHE AIN'T HEAVY SHE'S MY SISTER

The road is lonnggg with many a drunken' turn.
That leads us to EL DRINGO'S den.
But I'm stronnggg, strong enough to carry HER (*Bullseye*).
She ain't heavy, she's my SISTER.

Sooooo ON ON I goooo, HER welfare is of my concern.
No burden is SHE to bear, I'll get HER there.
For I knowww, SHE would not restrict me
She ain't heavy, SHE'S my SISTER.

If I'm pissed-off at all, I'm drunk from sculling.
That everyone's heart is filled with gladness.
Of bullshit for one another.

It's a long lonnggg road.
From which there is nooooo return.
While we stagger there, why not share.
For the loaaddd does'nt weigh me down downnn downnn.
At all.

SHE AIN'T HEAVY, SHE'S MY SISTER.

On on, DUNKIN' (Well, Phuck me!!!!!!!!!! ...Ed.)

For those that know *Roots* from Mackay Hash (believe me if you have met him you will remember him) there will be a last run for him (at his home) on Monday 22 August in Mackay. *Roots* has terminal cancer and his life expectancy is measured in weeks rather than months or years. Mackay Hash, *Roots* and his wife *Wombat* have extended an invitation to any visiting hashers who would like to attend the run. Mackay Hash will provide accommodation for any visiting hashers. If you are interested in making a trip to Mackay for the run see *Wetcheques (Big Wetty)*.

Two women were out for a Saturday stroll. One had a Doberman and the other, a Chihuahua. As they walked down the street, the one with the Doberman Said to her friend, "Let's go over to that bar for a drink." The lady with the Chihuahua said, "We can't go in there. We've got dogs with us." The one with the Doberman said, "Just watch, and do as I do." They walked over to the bar and the one with the Doberman put on a pair of dark glasses and started to walk in. The bouncer at the door said, "Sorry, lady, no pets allowed." The woman with the Doberman said, "You don't understand. This is my seeing-eye dog." The bouncer said, "A Doberman?" The woman said, "Yes, they're using them now. They're very good." The bouncer said, "OK, come on in." The lady with the Chihuahua thought that convincing him that a Chihuahua was a seeing-eye dog may be a bit more difficult, but thought, "What the heck." So she put on her dark glasses and started to walk in. Once again the bouncer said, "Sorry, lady, no pets allowed." The woman said, "You don't understand. This is my seeing-eye dog" The bouncer said, "A Chihuahua?" She shrieked, "A Chihuahua? You mean they gave me a fucking Chihuahua?!"