



Townsville Hash House Harriers Est.

Hash Trash



<http://www.tvh3.net>

Mail: TVH3 PO BOX 769 Hyde Park QLD 4812

2017/18 Mis-Management Committee

Grand Master	- Booga.....	0459 190 225
Joint Master	- Shocker.....	0428 788 895
Hash Cash	- Wetcheques.....	4723 5931
On Sec	- Swamp.....	4775 3664
Trail-Masters	- Coyote Ugly.....	0436 487 155
	- Wart.....	0409 762 272
WalkMasters	- Orgasm.....	0427 772 822
	- Dunkin.....	0438 117 559
Hash Horns	- Groper.....	0417 578 087
	- Cum'nTime.....	0407 882 323
Hash Raffleers	- Not So.....	0450 404 524
	- Copit.....	4740 4194
Hash Haberdash	- Tartann.....	0429 701 694
	- SoftnCreamy.....	0427 103 462
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
2149	26 JUNE	BALLSY AND IMELDA	11 ANGELA COURT, CRANBROOK	SHATTER
2150	30 JUNE – 2 JULY	COMMITTEE	CAMP GEDLING, HERVEY RANGE	RAMMY
2151	3 JULY	TRAIL MASTERS	174 FULHAM RD, GULLIVER (BOOGER'S)	G.M'S CHOICE
2152	10 JULY	B.J AND RAMMY	26 MASON STRTEET, UPPER CURRAJONG	G.M'S CHOICE
2153	17 JULY	PULLY & FALCON	109 ASPLEY DRIVE, KIRWAN	RAMMY
FULLMOON	SUN 9 JULY	COP-IT	RUN 325 – TOM'S TAVERN.	
PEDDLERS	SAT 8 JULY	SHERLOCK	Run 134 – ANNUAL V8 SUPERCAR RIDE, ROSS ISLAND HOTEL. 2.00 PM START.	

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

PRICK OF THE WEEK:

Kung Poo from De-Muncher

ERECTUS:

Freya from B.Y.O AKA Dave

RUN REPORTS – send to Swamp
 BY **WEDNESDAY** NIGHT!!!!
 Ph: 4775 3664
 EMAIL: lagunafamily101@gmail.com

30 June – 2 July '17 -Townsville H3 2150 Run
 28–30 July' 17 Airlie Beach H3 run, Ph -0431096214
 18-21 August '17 – Cooktown H3 1770th
 25-27 August'17 – Trinity H.H.H 2000th run
 8–9 Sept,17 – TVH3 Combined Harriette's run.
 19–25 Sep (Sydney); 27–30 Oct (Hobart)
 50 Years Hash in Australia \$230 from 30 Sep.
 27-29 Oct '17- Pan Asia Hash Sth Korea
 24-27 May 2018 – InterHash Fiji (Nadi)
 14–16 Sep 2018 – Mother-Hash Kuala Lumpur 80th anniversary celebration.

**Run report: 2148 – 7 Biara St, Cranbrook
Shatter & Coyote F'n Ugly**

Firstly, apologies to the intrepid On Sexes for the late arrival of this report. One of the unfortunate side effects of being retired is that there is no such night as Wednesday – we only have Friday and Saturday nights – so here I am on one of our Saturday or Sunday mornings quilling (not quilting, you morons, that's for *Co-pit*).

A small pack started coagulating at *Shatter's* in anticipation of a good run/walk. One could only foreshadow this with one of the hares being the current *Trail-master* and the other one obviously having a good head for haring as there is no other hair there.

At the appointed hour *Fugly* uttered the usual "Runners to the left, walkers to the right" and we invaded downtown Cranbrook. The *frb's* followed *F'n Ugly Wart* with the back packers (*bp's*) consisting of only *Captain* and *Quill* – *Jizbelle* feigning "shagger's back" or some other bullshit excuse and *Streaker* A.W.O.L, probably getting a hair-cut. The *bp's* succumbed to temptation when trail went dangerously close to *Chez Sherlock* where four kilometres of running were transformed into a cupla cold tinnies. A reliable relative of *quill* informed that the *frb's* continued via Heatley Park to a surreptitiously secreted bora ring not far from Heatley High where the hares or should that be hairs, or maybe even heirs had smuggled some f'n sweet beverage to revive the hounds.

With the walkers at this stage lost and convinced that the *DS* was in fact going to be at *Scrubber's* they failed to attend the aforementioned *secret business place*, leaving *Shatter* to bring the remaining beverage back for the circle – which now it is time to talk about!

The *trailer trash* had maintained security of the bucket – it's a tough job and we all appreciate their diligence week after week. After a quick nibble and a first few thirst-quenchers the *JM* took control of the circle in the *GM's* absence. Among other down-downs and charges, the *P.O.W* was returned from *Da-Muncher* to *Kung Poo* who had neglected to date the shirt the previous week, then Dave proceeded to pass the *Erectus* to Freya who he had just introduced to TVH³. After a bit of confusion about how to treat the *Erectus*, the *F'n Ugly Monk* made an appearance and proceeded to baptize Dave, naming him *BYO*. *Quill* is looking forward to *BYO's* inaugural *Periodic Pedal* and hearing *The Big Wheel* say, "BYO, O.Y.B!")

After that it was time for the hares to display their culinary skills and provide the pack with the nosh that they had obviously taken not insignificant time and effort in preparing. The stocks of nosh depleted, the pack remnants continued thirst-quenching in front of the Hash Fire, which *Miss Daisy* had managed to locate somewhere in the locale, before he mimicked *Mother*

Duck with his now-boring comment about *quill*, "Luss drinks!", (which *Cop-it* knows only too well) and then departing with the trailer.

The final few swamped down a cupla roadies before calling it a night and defungerating in a homewards direction.

Thankyou linesmen, thank you ball boys, thankyou hares.

On on to the *Potato Factory*, *Copit* & *Blowback*.

Wiremu, a New Zealander, was on the dole in Australia but about to fly home to watch the Rugby World Cup and was not feeling well, so he decided to see a doctor.

"Hey doc, I dun't feel so good, ey" said Wiremu.

The doctor gave him a thorough examination and informed Wiremu that he had long existing and advanced prostate problems and that the only cure was testicular removal.

"No way doc" replied Wiremu "I'm gitting a sicond opinion ey!"

The second Aussie doctor gave Wiremu the same diagnosis and also advised him that testicular removal was the only cure. Not surprisingly, Wiremu refused the treatment.

Wiremu was devastated, but with the Rugby World Cup just around the corner he found an expat Kiwi doctor and decided to get one last opinion from someone he could trust.

The Kiwi doctor examined him and said: "Wiremu Cuzzy Bro, you huv Prostate suckness ey."

"What's the cure thin doc?" asked Wiremu hoping for a different answer.

"Wull, Wiremu", said the Kiwi doctor "Wi're gonna huv to cut off your balls."

"Phew, thank god for thut!" said Wiremu,

"Them Aussie bastards wanted to take my test tickets off

me!" 



Hashing in Loas

