



Townsville Hash House Harriers INC.

Hash Trash



Mail: TVH3, PO BOX 1360, Thuringowa Central QLD 4817

2024 Mis-Management Committee

Grand Mattress	Hercules	0458 409 224
Joint Mattress	Scissors	0402 322 137
Hash Cash	Wetcheques	0408 592 723
On Secs	Blow Back	0421 658 021
	Shit Happens	0418 410 394
Trail Master	Wart	0431 032 295
Walk Master	Cuttlefish	0447 788 768
Hare Organiser	Bot Bot	0419 867 823
Runners Horn	Shit Happens	0418 410 694
Walkers Horn	Rektinol	0408 745 447
Rafflers	Sum C#nt	0418 979 894
	G-String	0476 932 245
Hash Haberdash	Catblew	0429 065 075
Brew Organizer	Serenity	0437 126 460



Web Site: <http://www.tvh3.net>

FB: Townsville Hash House Harriers

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BSB: 633000 ACC: 157243379

RECEDING HARELINE - 6 PM Run Start

Run #	When	Hares	Whare	Scribe
2484	29-Jan-24	BETTY BAREFOOT & B&D	14 KITCHENER RD, PIMLICO	EL Dringo
2485	05-Feb-24	SELF ABUSE & PICKUP	5 CAMELIA CT, ANNANDALE	Black and Decker
2486	12-Feb-24	SHIT HAPPENS & BOT BOT	3 La Trobe Close, Douglas	Self Abuse & Pick Up
2487	19-Feb-24	Mother Duck and Hemroids	12 Clay St Bohle	Bot Bot

Full Moon, Pedlars & Hangover – Check the website for up-to-date information

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



PRICK OF THE WEEK:

Eldringo ⇒ Rooster

ERECTUS:

Know Knob ⇒ MIA

Interhash – Queenstown – NZ

8-10 March 2024

Cairns H3 2500th Run Lake Eacham Tourist Park

19-21 April

See website for more information

RUN REPORTS – shappensh3@gmail.com Ph: 0418 410 394
send to Shit Happens– BY THURSDAY NIGHT PLEEZE

Run Report - 2283 - El Dringo and Think Big - 12 Hopkins St, Currajong

The pack gathered at Eldringos and Think Bigs place for their annual AUSTRALIA DAY run. Unfortunately this year Woolworths withdrew their sponsorship for the run and it was left up to ED & TB to do all the work themselves. The promise of three drink stops got the pack excited however as we all know in Hash you never trust a hare.

The runners set off around the streets of Currajong and at times crossing paths with the trotters. The walkers were nowhere to be seen so I am not sure if they even made it out of the front gate. Suds represented "Beer Hunter Hash" and found his way to the local pub.

When the pack returned we were greeted with good old Aussie Vegemite Sambos and shit tones of Ausie Fruit (not supplied by Woolworths).

The Circle started with a Hash Version of the Australian National Anthem then it was onto the usual charges.

A big congratulations to Ballsy for spending shit tones of money over 30 plus years and achieving his 1600th Run.

Suds was granted Legend Status for completing 1000 runs.

Other people without a life was Cat Blew, 800 Runs, Black and Decker 650 runs and our GM Hercules with 500 runs.

POW was handed to Rooster - fuck knows what for I wasn't paying any attention because I wasn't writing the rag this week. The Erectus is still with Know Knob as he failed to drag his arse to Hash last Monday.

Shit tones of people were awarded Down Downs - Fuck knows what for (see above). The circle concluded and El Dringo and Think Big put on a great Aussie Barbie. Good Run and Good Mash. Thanks Eldringo and Think Big

On On

Shit Happens

El Dringo - *Your on the hook for writing the next Trash*

A neutron walks into a bar and orders a drink. When the neutron gets his drink, he asks, "Bartender, how much do I owe you?" The bartender replies, "For you, neutron, no charge."



Hemroids walks into a bar and says to the bartender, "I'd like to buy some peanuts." The bartender says, "Sorry, don't sell peanuts." Hemroids leaves. The next day, Hemroids returns and again says, "I want to buy some peanuts." The bartender replies, a bit gruffly this time, "I already told you I don't sell peanuts." Hemroids leaves.

The next day, Hemroids comes in once again and yet again demands, "I want to buy some peanuts!" The outraged bartender yells back, "I told you, I don't sell peanuts! If you ask one more time, I'll nail you to the wall!" Then Hemroids leaves.

The next day, Hemroids walks into the bar and before the bartender can say a word, Hemroids asks, "Do you have any nails?" The bartender looks taken aback and says quietly, "Sorry, don't have nails." Hemroids asks, "Well then, do you have any peanuts?"

