



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	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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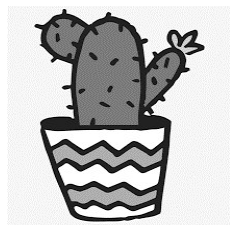
BSB: 633000 ACC: 157243379

RECEDING HARELINE - 6 PM Run Start

Run #	When	Hares	Whare	Scribe
2486	12-Feb-24	Serinity and Scissors	14 A Campbell St, Hermit Park	Self Abuse & Pick Up
2487	19-Feb-24	Motherduck and Hemroids	12 Clay St, Bohle	Serinity and Scissors
2488	26-Feb-24	Cuttlefish	17 Gladys St Kelso	Motherduck and Hemroids
2489	04-Mar-24	Inbread	9 Water St, Mundingburra	Cuttlefish

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:

Serenity ⇒ Black and Decker

ERECTUS:

Blow Back ⇒ Bentabeak

Interhash – Queenstown – NZ

8-10 March 2024

Cairns H3 2500th Run

Cardwell Beachcombers Holiday Park

19-21 April

All Special Events - Click on Link

<https://tvh3.net/contact-2/>

This weeks Scribe is Self Abuse & Pick Up

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

Run Report - 2485 - Pick Up and Self Abuse 5 Camellia Court, Annandale

Hot and humid afternoon but what more would you expect at this time of the year, the hashers arrived at the slightly cyclone touched suburb of Annandale. On arrival I was greeted by **SELF ABUSE** out on the street acting like some lost traffic cop on the Autobahn not having much effect. **SERENITY** was beside him trying to work out how the got the power poles underground.

For some reason all the clocks are fast at **PICK UP** and **SELF ABUSE**'s which surprised a few with the pack leaving early, poor old tardy **SHATTER** missed joining the trio of runners cutting their way through the streets. Maybe next time.

The run led out towards the Army barracks then onto the labyrinth of bike track which cuts their way around Ross River, the runners found the trotters standing idle of one such track with **BLOW BACK** explaining to **MOTHER DUCK** and **BOT BOT** the wonders of the world of Meteorology and how the guessing has only gotten worse since his departure. Once he was pushed off his soap box, we found he was standing on a false trail so the runners head off to wards the hospital. Once near the hospital the trail led to a minor jungle full of leeches, spiders and crocodiles and the remnants of Gonwana land. After fighting our way along this trail of hazard we emerged at the Palmatum, only to have the Walkers bearing down on us, so we quickly took flight to get home before them.

SELF ABUSE had only just robbed every vending machine in the greater Townsville area and feeling fairly chuffed with himself shouted the club reduced drinks so that he could launder some of ill gained funds. After much standing around and the ever-amusing display of **SCISSORS** try to get that bloody table assembled the GM called the pack to order.

Mass confusion on who was picking up the trailer which led to several charges for the ill-informed and ill advised, but somehow it still turned up at the right address. No milestone runners/walkers or trotters the Erectus was passed around to another old hashers be nice to see it go to some new blood, but they are hard to find. There were a lot of birthdays which makes me wonder what is some special about the month May thru the ages.

The Prick of the week was supposed to go to **BLOWBACK** but he and **COP IT** made some lame excuse about pissing off to Tasmania, so the author of this report copped it for making **SERENITY** sweat a bit. The raffle was drawn and won leaving most of the pack wondering if **POWERBALL** would have been a better option. The nosh was much appreciated and quickly devoured and then it time to depart, till next time

ON ON BLACK N DECKER

Gone but not forgotten.

Alberto Esteban Ignacio Gispert, "G" 31 Jul 1903-11 Feb 1942

We are all here because of what "G" started some 80 years ago



".....Bukit Timah was not a tidy battlefield. Ahead of Tomforce, and behind the hilltop position Tsuji (a Japanese Officer) was on, about 200 of Stewart's cut-off Argylls had fragmented into a dozen or so small parties.

After they had delayed the Japanese armour long enough for Major MacDonald to set up the anti-tank guns, Stewart had retired about 100 yards into the rubber to the east of the road. He had intended to lie low there, silent and not giving away their positions by firing at shadows, until first light, when they would ambush the infantry reinforcements which would surely follow up the T95's. (T95 is a medium tank).

But by 4am, (February 11th 1942), (a considerable force of) the Japanese (from track junction 751179), whose English-speaking mimics with their 'Is anyone there?' had largely failed to lure the Argylls out of cover, were already beginning to send large patrols into the rubber, (having moved up the track some 200yards).

One of these came within 10 yards of Stewart's battalion HQ and killed four men, including his **mortar officer Lieutenant Albert Gispert**, an accountant from Kuala Lumpur and a transfer to the Argylls from the Federated Malay States Volunteer Force.

Lest we Forget

RIP "G"

