



# PCH3

TRASH #346

**Founded**  
**Dec 15,**  
**1992**  
**“Only Half**  
**A Mind”**

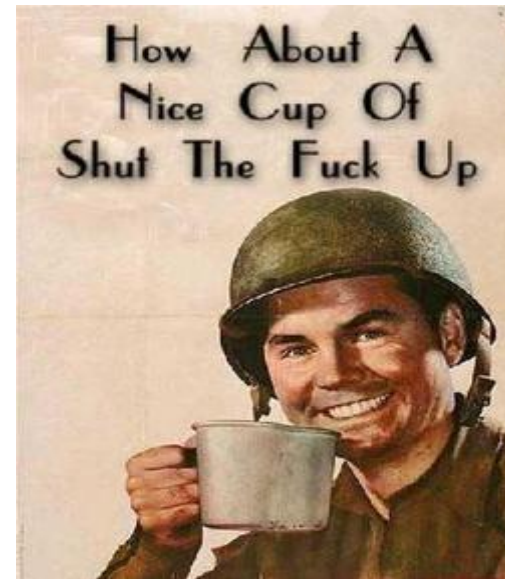
The goals of the Panama City HASH House Harriers Harriers are to promote camaraderie, physical fitness, and the consumption of our beverages of choice BEER and “JUNGLE JUICE”. The material contained within is intended for the entertainment only and does not represent the opinion of any person or organization associated with the PCH3 and is provided for Humor Only – OnOn!

## HASH STAFF.... 2003

**Grand**  
**Master**

**(CTT)**  
**Cant**  
**Touch**  
**This**

<b><u>RELIGIOUS</u></b>	<b>SCRIBE</b>	<b>&amp;</b>	<b>SHOE</b>
<b><u>ADVISOR</u></b>			<b>COPS</b>
<b>OILS WELL</b>	<b>Cant</b>	<b>POP,</b>	<b>PP</b>
	<b>Touch</b>	<b>SUMMERS</b>	<b>CANAL</b>
	<b>This</b>	<b>EVE</b>	
<b><u>Hooches</u></b>		<b><u>Haberdasher</u></b>	
<b>(CJ)</b>		<b>and Hash Cash</b>	
<b>Cadaver</b>		<b>TIM THE</b>	
<b>Jabber</b>		<b>TITMAN TAYLOR</b>	
<b>DING-DONG</b>			
<b><u>Hash Flash</u></b>	<b>PCH3 HASH GODS</b>		
<b>Tim The</b>	<b>Skidmarks</b>	<b>LBB</b>	<b>No Blow</b>
<b>Titman Taylor</b>		<b>(Here, was</b>	<b>PANSY</b>
	<b>(Here)</b>	<b>there)</b>	<b>(There)</b>
<b><u>SONGSTER</u></b>	<b><u>MUNCH MIESTER</u></b>		
<b>Summers Eve,</b>			
<b>POP</b>	<b>HEAD NURSE</b>		



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VISIT the website. [www.geocities.com/hasherctt/PCHHH.html](http://www.geocities.com/hasherctt/PCHHH.html)

HAVE YOU VISITED YET? ? ? IF SO SIGN THE GUEST BOOK

**CONGRATS TO ALL THE NEW STAFF!**

**QUICK NEWS WE DECIDED THAT WE ARE GOING TO USE THE POWDER KEG AS THE NEW HASH HANGOUT. HELL THEY DON'T HAVE PIZZA, BUT IF THEY DID THEN I'M SURE THEY WOULDN'T CHARGE \$30 FOR THREE AND CALL IT HALF PRICE!**



The HASH's New MUNCH MIESTER makes up some treats!

**We run, walk (and drink) on Saturdays at 1500 that's 3pm! Next hash 25<sup>th</sup> Jan at the Panama City Marina. Baby oh Baby hash!**

**THE GATHERING:**

We adjourned (man using big words) the mis-management meeting at our new hang out the Powder Keg. Then we traveled all the way out the door to the hash site! CTT circled up the pack, which consisted of hash GODs LBB and SKIDMARKS, Cadaver, Canal, Oils Well, Head Nurse, Kibbles and Summers Eve, POP and Briggs&Strap-on, CHI CHI Mama, and PP Lopez, JUST Beth, and VIRGIN Just MATT. CTT brief the virgin Just Matt asked who brought him out and the wanker turned on the GM accusing him of bringing him out. Oh well shit happens. Oils Well officially did her first function as the RA and blessed the hares CTT and LBB as LBB was in a hurry to leave! Then we were on our way.



**New HASH markings...trail goes straight!**

## THE TRAIL AND THE CIRCLE:

LBB and CTT sprinted on out of there faster than you running to the bathroom after an all night broccoli and chili fest. Okay maybe not the fast...hell you could still see the two hares about a half mile into the trail. Well that's if the pack was looking...we'll were YOU? Anyway many checks were to be had and even a witchy-way...that no known witchy even took...well to my knowledge. Trail continued to the point of destination that was really no secret. The pack nearly caught the hares as Briggs/Strap on nearly snared them...20 more feet and he would have along with JUST MATT and SKIDMARKS. The on-in was located across from the Runway...that would be restaurant and not the thing you see those big things in the sky making all that noise! The rest of the pack soon filled on in and then by George (ok by the carriage house) we circled up. Did I tell you it was cold? Hey it was cold! CTT summoned the circle and it was done! LBB and CTT of course were recognized for their uhh straight trail! JUST MATT was showed how to drink beverage of choice and was so anxious started drinking before the damn song was done....man what enthusiasm. Next up was the FRB which, went to BRIGGS/STRAP-ON for being competitive, and DFL to JUST RICH, also an auto hasher by the way. CTT turn the HASHIT over to CADAVER JABER since there was no beer at the start to be blessed. JUST BETH got to drink out of her shoe and even volunteered to do...got to love that! We had no other traditions, except BRIGGS wanted to be renamed, but I think the pack might have convinced him that might not be a good idea...time will tell. So's we swung low and ate pricey pizza!

On-On

**CTT's DISCLAIMER: IF YOU REMEMBER SOMETHING DIFFERENT PLEASE DON'T TELL ME AS I'LL DENY IT ANYWAY!**

## SONG OF THE TRASH

Melody - Itself

Perv verses by Flying Booger

My name is Jack (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I'm a necrophiliac (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I fucks dead wimmen (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
And I fills 'em full of jism.

I get frustrated (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
When they're cremated (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Cause try as I must (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I can't fuck dust!

Each time I pass a cemetery gate,  
I whip it out and masturbate.

My name is Judy (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
My favorite stiff's a beauty (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Though his pecker's soft and thin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I find his femur slips right in.

Most girls like their guys aware (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
My name is Mary (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I met my lover through an obituary (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
So what if he's dead (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
At least he doesn't fart in bed.

I like his leathery skin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I can poke it with a pin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
And when the worms come out his butt (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I feed them to the mutt!

Every time I see a crematory urn,  
My genitals begin to burn.

My name is Ron (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I get a hard-on (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
When I see a redhead (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Who's deader than dead.  
You don't polka or waltz (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
With a girl with no pulse (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I like my wimmen old (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I prefer my wimmen cold!

Each time I pass a mausoleum,  
My shorts fill up with cream.

My name is Denise (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
My man is deceased (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I think it's wise (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
To love a man who's demised.  
I broke into his tomb (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Took him home to my room (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
My mother Doris (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Admires his rigor mortis!

Each time I pass the old graveyard,  
I find my nipples getting hard.

My name is Mitch (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
And I dig a wealthy bitch (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Not because she's really rich (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
But 'cause she's in a six-foot ditch.  
Most like their ladies hot (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I rather fancy not (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Just in case you have forgotten (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I prefer my wimmen rotten!

Each time I pass a funeral pyre,  
My libido catches fire.

My name is Gertrude (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Now you may think this rather rude (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
But I don't find it crude (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
To go down on a dead dude.  
He won't come in my mouth (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
His sex drive has gone south (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

He won't take my money (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
And he'll never call me Honey!