

# BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

[www.burniehhh.blogspot.com](http://www.burniehhh.blogspot.com)



**Next r\*n 988 will be set by your hare Ringo. Go to Highclere Shop, and follow signs.**

**Bring: Hat, mug, joke, friend, \$10, raffle money, extra drinks if you are a pisshead  
Sunday (long weekend)  
March 8th, 5.30pm.**

## Receding Hareline

**R\*n 989**—March 15th—  
Mystery Irish Hare @ TBA

**R\*n 990**—March 22nd—  
Dyke@TBA.

**R\*n 991**—March 29th—

***Hare required.***

**R\*n 992**—April 4-5th—  
Flasher's HOFT to Montezuma Falls and Nelson Falls. Daylight saving finishes this weekend.

**R\*n 993**—April 12th—  
Giggles@TBA.

**R\*n 986**—The Steel Toecap Blue Singlet Hi-Viz Zone@ River Road, set by Speed Hump (343) , February 22nd, 2009.

*The pack: Ringo(626), Chunder(179), Ratchet(320), GonZo(157), Urang(175), Dyke(59), Dini(381), Phay Wray(259), Giggles(33), Knickers(272).*

Nothing like a moving target is there? Nothing like a challenge.... a great big green rabbit in the headlights was what Urang saw as he drove along River Road. But no, **stop!** Think of the mess, and the kiddies and the carrion eaters with their facial tumours and everything. Luckily it did not come to that—Chunder leapt out to the way at the critical moment and Urang pretended his shoe had been accidentally stuck on the accelerator, nonchalantly exiting the car and commenting on the weather.

Here was the pack, assembling at the arse end of the most industrial road in the most industrial end of Burnie, ready for lots of boring industrial strength territory. Urang's famous horns had invited a couple of friends along—Ratchet carried a shiny brass throaty farter, and Giggles a small but deadly squeaky tweeter. The effect was philharmonic, in a tone deaf sort of way.

Our cunning artificer, hare Speedy, lurked in the background until ON was called by the recently endangered Trailmaster Chunder. She then slunk away, presumably to slay a brace of sausages and dismember a loaf of bread in readiness for our return.

North along Hazardous Materials Street towards the sea, with a check at the railway line. There was also a railway bridge leading westward, offering a crossing so hazardous that no warning signs were deemed necessary. A quick check to the first sleeper found no trail, just vertigo. Dyke procrastinated because his pink towelling visor was too tight for his head and he couldn't think. Chunder secured trail leading eastward along the railway line reserve. Into the showgrounds for a trot and canter around the track and inspection of the toilet block. Trail returned to Peeling Paint Street, then southwards to visit all the relations that we are really fond of now that they're underground.

Beyond the cemetery trail continued into a cul-de-sac (did I say a dead end?) where

some street rats were skipping and playing. They watched the pack pass with expressionless grey eyes.

Dini could feel it in her water that further torture in the form of a steep hill was imminent, and was well engaged in a grumbling whinge when the Hare was sighted, bearing piss stop supplies. "She's just softening you up" predicted the Dire Dini. "We'll all be doomed to climbing a big steep hill". But the only torture was from one of the street rats who wouldn't shut up until we gave him one of Speedy's special super sticky coffee toffees which gummed his tongue to his palate.

Meanwhile the hare confessed that she had wanted to take us up that big mean nasty hill (I knew it, whinge, whinge), but there was now a big mean nasty fence in the way so she couldn't.

The Domestos and Passiona Punch consumed (and no MC jokes delivered), the pack turned on its collective heel and retraced to a right turn on Rustymetal Street. Down Blackberry Lane, where masses of overripe tasteless fruit hung temptingly among the huge thorns. Here the hare collected her car, meanwhile handcuffing and blindfolding Gonzo, who protested ever so slightly before smiling broadly and climbing in for a ride home.

Busy on the kerb, Dyke of the cast iron gut quickly consumed 4 times the daily allowance of stolen blackberry fruit, 5 times the weekly allowance of roadside dust, and twice the toxic threshold of Brush-off. No one else ate any of the above, as the hare had not supplied any whipped cream!

North along Mouldy Render Street, across that bloody railway line again and now there was a pack of noses pressed against a shop window selling...red slinky lingerie? Well, no, not quite. Giggles' new hot water service was in the window looking sensuous, so we all ogled it and made appreciative sounds. The girls argued about how it worked, while the boys discussed available colours.

Trail crossed the highway and plunged over the guardrail down a steep embankment to the beach. Phay Wray and Knickers refused the jump down and tottered home along the highway. The remnants of the pack strolled along the beach, picking up pebbles and getting sand in everything, as you do.

The On On removed to Hump House for a fine repast and the odd sherbet.

Notable Downs :

Ratchet for making everyone late by being slow loading Knickers' bricks on the trailer while she had a nice cup of tea.

Dini for being a whingeing bitch.

Phay Wray for missing the imaginary beach Mastercheck.

Urang for kitchen bitch duties.

Happy Raffle w\*nners this week: Chunder the port, Dyke an Arthur Dent dressing gown, seconded from a nursing home fete, Phay Wray a hair-squashing cap advertising her favourite beer (imagine how slow her downs would be if she didn't like it). Knickers took the hashit home for heinous Wankerphone sins, not only on the r\*n but (drum-roll) ***in the circle!***

The evening concluded with the telling of some Urang and Phay Wray's side-splitting family myths and legends, over a delicious vat of raffle-grade port.

***ON ON Dini***

# BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

*Presenting - your Mismanagement Committee 2008/9*

**Hash Monk—Dick Tayshun** (dt@dhash.com)

**Hash Horn—Urang** (urang@dhash.com)

**Hash Cash—Speed Hump**(0400 016 283)(speedhump@dhash.com)

**Hash Lip—Slack Mac** (home: 6425 7190)(slackmac@dhash.com)

**Hash Flash—Phay Wray** (home: 64333399)(phaywray@dhash.com)

**On Sex—Dini** (Dini@ingottec.com)or (dini@dhash.com) (0407 876 567)and

**Tals** with cameo appearances from **Knickers**(knickers@dhash.com)

**Hash Hawker—GonZo** (gonzo@dhash.com)

**Hash Hops—Ringo** (0417 118 661) (ringo@dhash.com)

**Trailmaster—Chunder** (home: 6431 4186)(chunder@dhash.com)

**Webwanker—Grizzly**(faulks42@bigpond.com)or (grizzly@dhash.com)  
(0418 143 481)

**JMs—Ringo**(rmunden@ingottec.com)(home: 6433 3333)(0417 118 661) and

**Ratchet** (0419 143 688) (ratchet@dhash.com)

**Grand Mattress—A Bit of This** (0428 592 420) (abitofthis@dhash.com)

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Next time you think your hotel bill is too high you might want to consider this...

A husband and wife are travelling by car from Brisbane to Melbourne.

After almost ten hours on the road, they're too tired to continue and they decide to stop for a rest. They stop at a nice hotel and take a room, but they only plan to sleep for four hours and then get back on the road. When they check out four hours later, the desk clerk; hands them a bill for \$450.00. The man explodes and demands to know why the charge is so high. He tells the clerk although it's a nice hotel; the rooms certainly aren't worth \$450.00.

When the clerk tells him \$450.00 is the standard rate, the man insists on speaking to the Manager. The Manager appears, listens to the man, and then explains that the hotel has an Olympic-sized pool and a huge conference centre that were available for the husband and wife to use. 'But we didn't use them,' the man complains 'Well, they are here, and you could have,' explains the Manager. He goes on to explain they could have taken in one of the shows for which the hotel is famous. 'The best entertainers from New York , Hollywood , and Las Vegas perform here,' the Manager says. 'But we didn't go to any of those shows,' complains the man again. 'Well, we have them, and you could have,' the Manager replies. No matter what amenity the Manager mentions! the man replies, 'But we didn't use it!' The Manager is unmoved, and eventually the man gives up and agrees to pay. He writes a cheque and gives it to the Manager. The Manager is surprised when he looks at the cheque. 'But sir,' he says, 'this cheque is only made out for \$50.00.'

'That's correct,' says the man. 'I charged you \$400 for sleeping with my wife.'

'But I didn't!' exclaims the Manager.

'Well, too bad,' the man replies. 'She was here and you could have!'

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***Two Irishmen were sitting at a pub having beer and watching the brothel across the street.***

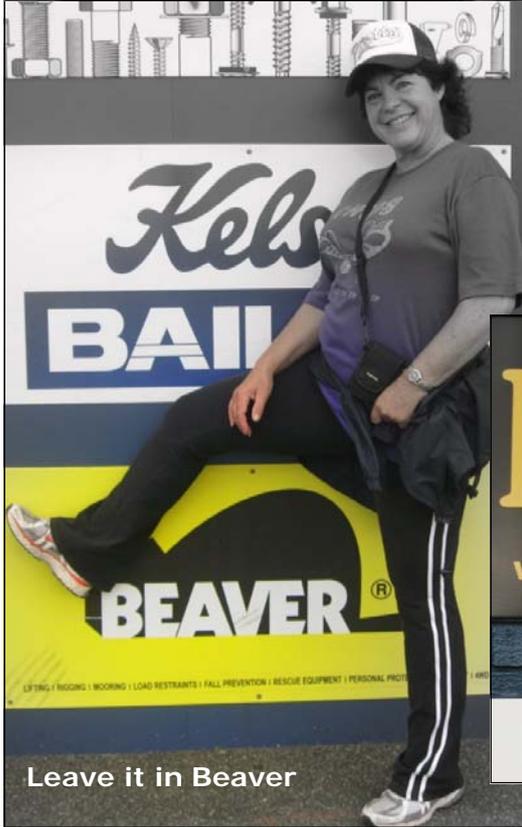
***They saw a Baptist minister walk into the brothel, and one of them said, "Aye, 'tis a shame to see a man of the cloth goin' bad."***

***Then they saw a rabbi enter the brothel, and the other Irishman said, "Aye, 'tis a shame to see that the Jews are fallin' victim to temptation as well."***

***Then they see a catholic priest enter the brothel, and one of the Irishmen said, "What a terrible pity...one of the girls must be dyin'."***



...Doodah, Doohdah



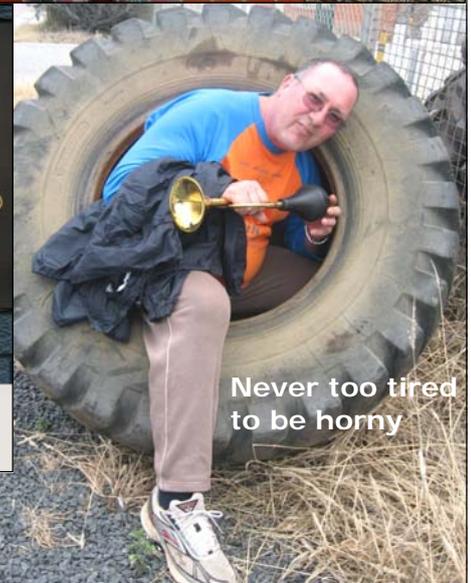
Leave it in Beaver



The old flame, definitely no matches when naked



Quality products



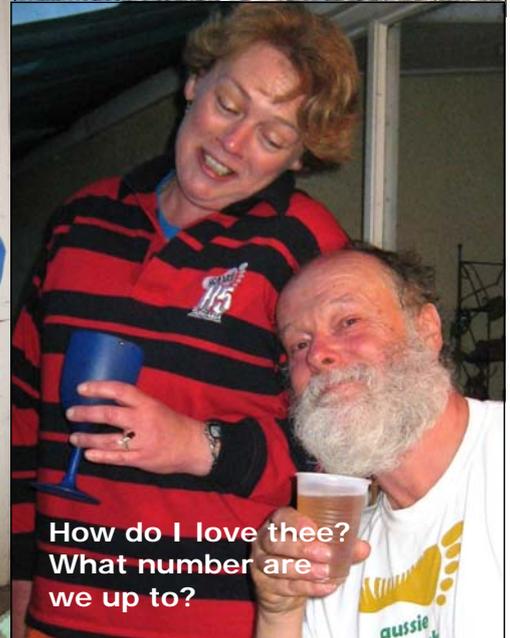
Never too tired to be horny



Talk to the fist, very carefully



It fits me like a glove, but only in warm weather



How do I love thee? What number are we up to?

# The Family Tree of Vincent Van Gogh

His dizzy aunt ----- Verti Gogh  
The brother who ate prunes--- ----- Gotta Gogh  
The brother who worked at a convenience store --Stop N Gogh  
The grandfather from Yugoslavia -----U Gogh  
The cousin from Illinois ----- Chica Gogh  
His magician uncle -----Where-diddy Gogh  
His Mexican cousin ----- A Mee Gogh  
The Mexican cousin's American half-brother -----Gring Gogh  
The nephew who drove a stage coach -----Wells-far Gogh  
The constipated uncle ----- Can't Gogh  
The ballroom dancing aunt ----- Tang Gogh  
The bird lover uncle ----- Flamin Gogh  
The fruit loving cousin ----- Man Gogh  
An aunt who taught positive thinking -----Way-to-Gogh  
The little bouncy nephew ----- Poe Gogh  
A sister who loved disco ----- Go Gogh  
And his niece who travels the country in an RV----- Winnie Bay Gogh

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A couple were 85 years old and had been married for sixty years. Though they were far from rich, they managed to get by because they watched their pennies. Though not young, they were both in very good health, largely due to the wife's insistence on healthy foods and exercise for the last decade.

One day, their good health didn't help when they went on a rare vacation and their plane crashed, sending them off to Heaven.

They reached the pearly gates, and St. Peter escorted them inside. He took them to a beautiful mansion, furnished in gold and fine silks, with a fully stocked kitchen and a waterfall in the master bath. A maid could be seen hanging their favourite clothes in the closet. They gasped in astonishment when he said, 'Welcome to Heaven. This will be your home now.'

The old man asked Peter how much all this was going to cost. 'Why, nothing,' Peter replied, 'remember, this is your reward in Heaven.'

The old man looked out the window and right there he saw a championship golf course, finer and more beautiful than any ever built on Earth.

'What are the greens fees?' grumbled the old man.

'This is heaven,' St. Peter replied. 'You can play for free, every day.'

Next they went to the clubhouse and saw the lavish buffet lunch, with every imaginable cuisine laid out before them, from seafood to steaks to exotic deserts, free flowing beverages.

'Don't even ask,' said St. Peter to the man. This is Heaven, it is all free for you to enjoy.'

The old man looked around and glanced nervously at his wife.

'Well, where are the low fat and low cholesterol foods and the decaffeinated tea?' he asked.

That's the best part,' St. Peter replied. 'You can eat and drink as much as you like of whatever you like and you will never get fat or sick.

This is Heaven!'

The old man pushed, 'No gym to work out at?'

'Not unless you want to,' was the answer.

'No testing my sugar or blood pressure or...'

'Never again. All you do here is enjoy yourself.'

The old man glared at his wife and said, 'You and your f\*cking bran Flakes. We could have been here ten years ago!'

## **Up and cumming....**

March 2nd, Monday 6.30pm—Devonport HHH—This week's r\*n set by Guardsvan from Durkins Road Quarry. Bring \$10, Hub, lemons, chair, odd socks, notebook and waterproof marker, girlie drinks, and extra boy drinks if you are a pisshead.

March 4th-9th—Rainbow's Hash assault on the Overland Track

March 21st—**Combined Hash Clubs** R\*n from the Bream Creek Showgrounds, Copping. Bus leaves from the venue at 11 am. A steal at only \$5.

April 4th-5th—**Weekend HOFT**—Saturday walk into Montezuma Falls at Rosebery, then on to Queenstown for an overnigher – caravan park or motel depending on numbers – Sunday recovery walk to Nelson Falls. Anyone interested contact someone who looks a lot like Flasher but isn't, cos we're never going on another Flasher HOFT. (flasher@dhash.com) Note that daylight saving ends on this weekend.

May 1st-3rd, 2009, Fri-Sun — **Aussie Nash Hash @ Cairns** registrations now \$350 until March 31st 2009.

June 6-8th, 2009—**The Highland Fling @ Great Lake Hotel**

June 21st, 2009—**Burnie Hash House Harriers 1000th R\*n**—it's bound to be a long night...

July/August TBA, 2009—**Waratah Wild West Weekend**

September 9th, 2009—**Global Harriettes R\*n @ various locations**

October 17th-18th, 2009—**Burnie Hash's Burnie Ten weekend.**

July 1-4, 2010—Sarawak Rainforest **Interhash @ Kuching, Borneo.**

**Devonport H3 Upcumming events @ [www.dhash.com](http://www.dhash.com),**  
plus you can also get your very own hash email address with your Hash Name by emailing [goneagain@dhash.com](mailto:goneagain@dhash.com)!

**Burnie H3 Upcumming events @**  
[www.burniehhh.blogspot.com](http://www.burniehhh.blogspot.com)

**This trash is now available on line at**  
**[burniehhh.blogspot.com](http://burniehhh.blogspot.com) and [www.dhash.com](http://www.dhash.com)**

Great news for those wanting to own one of these brilliant Hash Jackets—there's an order being lodged shortly. As you can see there is now a choice of two—please note on the order form which you require - the Burnie (Royal Blue/Black with Burnie logo) or the Chardonnay (Navy Blue/Yellow with Chardonnay logo). Orders required by end of March, delivery in May. Deposits and completed order forms to Speed Hump.

*Burnie HHH*  
~~Chardonnay H3~~

# 3-in-1 jackets

**Royal blue/Black**  
~~Navy/Gold~~  
 Sizes S-3XL

Removable hood and sleeves

Embroidered ~~Chardonnay~~ logo  
 Burnie

\$50

Lined with polar fleece

Water-proof fabric

Crappy pockets



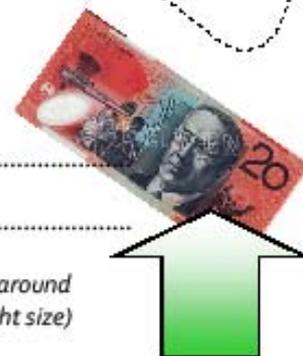
ORDER FORM

Name: .....

No, not your real name, your hash name! .....

Size required: [ ] S [ ] M  
 [ ] L [ ] XL  
 [ ] 2XL [ ] 3XL

(there are plenty of Burnie jackets around for you to try on to select the right size)



\$20 deposit required

Completed form and deposit to Hash Cash by 31 March 2009  
 Extra marks for neatness

Burnie Jacket

Chardonnay Jacket