

BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

www.burniehhh.blogspot.com



Next r*n 991 will be set by a mystery hare from the top car park at Fern Glade, Burnie

Bring: Hat, mug, joke, friend, \$10.

Sunday March 29th, 5.30pm.

Receding Hareline

R*n 992—April 4-5th—
Flasher's HOFT to Montezuma Falls and Nelson Falls.

R*n 993—April 12th(Easter)—
Bunny Giggles @ Calder

R*n 994—April 19th—
Chunder @ TBA.

R*n 995—April 26th—

Hare required

R*n 996—May 3rd—

Hare required

R*n 967—May 10th—

Hare required

R*n 989—Early Blooming Shamrocks @ Bass Highway, Cooe, set by Great Green Grizzly (708) , March 15th, 2009.

The pack: Lone Arranger(358), Chunder(182), DT(93), GonZo(160), Ballpoint(6), Crème Brulee(1), A Bit of This(143), Phay Wray(262), Urang(178), Dyke(61), Speed Hump(346), Dini(384). LaLa (DNR)(141).

A pack of hashers as Irish as the pigs from Dublin assembled on the Cooe foreshore. A mass of green shirts, DT with green satin ribbons through her goldie locks, A Bit of This in her very own Irish racing silks with some tale of how Lester Piggott once slept in them. Crème Brulee in layer upon green layer of thermals and windcheaters and coats to insulate against the non-Mozambiquan climate. Phay Wray lush and furry green, Dini big and green and felt (her hat that is), and a goodly amount of Boags green caps topped off the St Patrick's day fashion outbreak.

With the knowledge that the hare had a fairly small start, Ballpoint pounded off competitively along the highway the moment Chunder call the ON. The rest of the pack were more circumspect, strolling gently along in the sunshine and basking in a bit of local knowledge which saw Ballpoint drawn into a FRB sucker's loop. Across the High School oval and up through the gardens where a Mastercheck halted the hashers for jokes in the shelter shed. The jokes were shelter-shed appropriate, and on was called promptly, with some relief.

A quick colonoscopy through the bowels of the school building, a little fiddle on Fidler Street, then across the Cooe oval. This charming and rather quaint sportsground is now a combat zone between the warring Burnie and South Burnie Bowls Clubs (don't ever mess with the greys who wear white). The pack skirted the newly grassed greens, vigilant for signs of land mines in the shape of jacks, and trick kneeling mats with hidden razor spikes.

But the only surprise was a family visit from Fawny, beautifully outfitted in designer couch clothes and no shoes, dashing after mother Speedy and brandishing a large glass of rum-based beverage. I mean, why would you r*n away?

Off through the Cooee back streets now, past the grotty industrial bits. A missed photo opportunity—the Hash Flash was furious with Urang for failing to make a spectacle (let alone a pair of them) in front of a handy sign in a private front garden. He does his best most days though, without coaxing.

Trail followed Durham Road now, and the volume of muttering increased as flour led towards a substantial hill. Ballpoint was well up the slope and ploughing forth with vigour, and the Irish flock followed. Chunder was equally culpable, blithely leading the bulk of the pack onwards upwards with nary a skerrick of flour. Lone Arranger hung back, convinced that the Grizzly hare would not lead Burnie Hashers to the hilltop and a dead end—that would be too similar to the dross served up in the south...

And isn't she always right. The bleating subsided and the pack (minus Ballpoint) came back down the hill, sliding down an embankment (or hashing around the bitumen) and pausing at a Mastercheck adjoining one of Cooee's many junkyards. In the hazy distance a thickly drawn stick-figure moved on the horizon. By the time Phay Wray delivered a joke, the thick sticks became Ballpoint, returning to the MC and protesting that he had merely been in pursuit of the view from the hilltop. Maybe they get dross in the north, too...

On On to the very pretty Cooee Beach and yet another Mastercheck, this time on the scenic sewerage outfall pipe near the abattoirs. A very chilly breeze whipped up and none were keen to linger. With the necessary photos taken, the pack headed away, out to the saleyards. But there was a cracking hash to be had, through the fence, round the street past the witch's house and along the railway line home. A solid nub of pack took this option, tragically missing the hare and his piss stop stocked with Father O'Leary's Killabrown Dog Cream.

Determined that no penguins should be harmed by leftover alcohol, GonZo took it upon herself to consume as much of the piss as was necessary. Some others gleaned a drop or two also, and with the bottle relegated to a harmless state, the pack returned to their cars and a removable On On.

Back at the Blarney Chicken Castle, Guinness was served, but only to a select few—namely the Grand Mattress and her dog. The others slumped with Hash Brew or Chateau Generic. Speed Hump took the floor, a couple of chairs and a small corner of the table, and meted out downs to larrikin and leprechaun alike. The hare, his wife, their hosts, their daughter, and several innocent bystanders (I made that bit up) were called to account for sins against potatoes and other nefarious acts.

Liquid raffle spoils went to Chunder, green trouser appliances to Grizzly (they double as braces I believe), green bling headwear to La La, and the Hashit to Urang.

ON ON Dini

An Aussie truckie walks into an outback cafe' with a full-grown emu behind him. The waitress asks them for their orders.

The truckie says, 'A hamburger, chips and a coke,' and turns to the emu, 'What's yours?' 'I'll have the same,' says the emu.

A short time later the waitress returns with the order 'That will be \$9.40 please,' and he reaches into his pocket and pulls out the exact change for payment.

The next day, the man and the emu come again and he says, 'A hamburger, chips and a coke.' The emu says, 'I'll have the same.'

Again the truckie reaches into his pocket and pays with exact change.

This becomes routine until the two enter again. 'The usual?' asks the waitress. 'No, it's Friday night, so I'll have a steak, baked potato and a salad,' says the man. 'Same,' says the emu.

Shortly the waitress brings the order and says, 'That will be \$32.65.'

Once again the man pulls the exact change out of his pocket and places it on the table.

The waitress cannot hold back her curiosity any longer. 'Excuse me, mate, how do you manage to always come up with the exact change in your pocket every time?'

'Well, love' says the truckie, 'a few years ago, I was cleaning out the back shed, and found an old lamp. When I rubbed it, a Genie appeared and offered me two wishes. My first wish was that if I ever had to pay for anything, I would just put my hand in my pocket and the right amount of money would always be there.'

'That's brilliant!' says the waitress. 'Most people would ask for a million dollars or something, but you'll always be as rich as you want for as long as you live!'

'That's right. Whether it's a gallon of milk or a Rolls Royce, the exact money is always there,' says the man.

The waitress asks, 'What's with the emu?'

The truckie sighs, pauses, and answers, 'My second wish was for a tall chick with a big arse and long legs, who agrees with everything I say.'

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Trucker's Breakfast...

A trucker came into a truck stop cafe and placed his order. He said, 'I want three flat tyres, a pair of headlights and a pair of running boards.'

The brand new blonde waitress, not wanting to appear stupid, went to the kitchen and said to the cook, 'This guy out there just ordered three flat tyres, a pair of headlights and a pair of running boards..... What does he think this place is - an auto parts store?'

'No,' the cook said. 'Three flat tyres means three pancakes; a pair of headlights is two eggs sunny side up; and a pair of running boards are 2 slices of crisp bacon ! 'Oh,... OK!' said the blonde. She thought about it for a moment and then spooned up a bowl of beans and gave it to the customer.

The trucker asked, 'What are the beans for Blondie?'

'She replied, 'I thought while you were waiting for the flat tyres, headlights and running boards, you might as well gas up!

FOR ONCE THE BLONDE GETS EVEN!!!!!!



Renowned hashers who hold their liquor well



Show me a sign and I'll show you some git to take the piss out of it



Can you tell Lone Arranger I know it was her? I can smell it from over here!

Hey Ballpoint, I've found the perfect colour scheme for our new house!



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)

TWENTY DOLLARS

On their wedding night, the young bride approached her new husband and asked for \$20.00 for their first lovemaking encounter. In his highly aroused state, her husband readily agreed.

This scenario was repeated each time they made love, for more than 30 years, with him thinking that it was a cute way for her to afford new clothes and other incidentals that she needed.

Arriving home around noon one day, she was surprised to find her husband in a very drunken state.

During the next few minutes, he explained that his employer was going through a process of corporate downsizing, and he had been let go.

It was unlikely that, at the age of 59, he'd be able to find another position that paid anywhere near what he'd been earning, and therefore, they were financially ruined.

Calmly, his wife handed him a bank book which showed more than thirty years of steady deposits and interest totalling nearly \$1 million. Then she showed him certificates of deposits issued by the bank which were worth over \$2 million, and informed him that they were one of the largest depositors in the bank. She explained that for more than three decades she had 'charged' him for sex, these holdings had multiplied and these were the results of her savings and investments.

Faced with evidence of cash and investments worth over \$3 million, her husband was so astounded he could barely speak, but finally he found his voice and blurted out,

'If I'd had any idea what you were doing, I would have given you all my business!'

That's when she shot him.

Up and cumming....

March 23rd, Monday 6.30pm—Devonport H3—This week's r*n set by Dyke from the Olympic Swimming Pool, Devonport. Bring \$10, Hub, torch, odd socks, floaties, and extra drinks if you are a pisshead. DHHH receding hareline (at least as credible as the BH3 version...)

March 30th, DH3, HARE REQUIRED

April 6th, (Daylight savings finished) DH3, Bastard@TBA.

April 4th-5th—Weekend HOFT (Hashing Old Farts Trek)—Saturday walk into Montezuma Falls at Rosebery, then on to Queenstown for an overnigher – Mt Lyell Motor Inn – Sunday recovery walk to Nelson Falls. Anyone interested contact Flasher(flasher@dhash.com) **a.s.a.p.** to secure accommodation. Note that daylight saving ends on this weekend.

April 20th, Monday—H5 AGPU@ the Philip Smith Centre, 2 Edward Street, Glebe.

May 1st-3rd, 2009, Fri-Sun — Aussie Nash Hash @ Cairns registrations now \$350 until March 31st 2009. Get off your arse and register if you are cumming. Even SpooF has his rego in already. Some vacancies left for the Hamersley men's lunch at an over-inflated price.

May 23rd, Saturday—"Bone Idol", a karaoke pseudo-spectacular for the **Burnie Hash AGPU**, this year live on stage at Ratchet and Knickers' place, 1054 Isandula Road, Gawler. Campers welcome, soundproof canvas recommended. See in the new Cummittee to the tunes of "Who can it be now" and "Secondhand Rose". Get out your best big hair.

June 6-8th, 2009—The Highland Fling @ Great Lake Hotel, Och aye..

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

July/August TBA, 2009—Burnie HHH Waratah Wild West Weekend

August/September TBA 2009—Devonport H3 Tour de Pisse @Ulverstone

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.

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plus you can also get your very own hash email address with your Hash Name by emailing goneagain@dhash.com!

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