

BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

www.burniehhh.blogspot.com



Next r*n 993 will be set by the Easter Bunny Giggles from Calder Road, Wynyard. Check the blog for directions. Bring Easter bonnet, fluffy tail, mug, crucifixion joke, friend, \$10 Sunday April 12th, As daylight savings has ended, start time is 3.30 pm.

Receding Hareline

R*n 994—April 19th—
Chunder @ TBA

R*n 995—April 26th—
Hare required

R*n 996—May 3rd—DT @
TBA

May 10th—Mothers Day—
No Run?

R*n 991—The Great Tiger Hunt *Or Where the Hell is Everyone?*
@ Fern Glade, set by A Bit of This (144), March 29th, 2009

The Poxo Pack

| | |
|-----------------|--|
| Hare | A Bit of This |
| Grand Mistress | A Bit of This |
| JMs | A Bit of This, Speed Hump |
| Pack on-trail | Speed Hump |
| Pack post-trail | Speed Hump(347), DT(94) & Dini(385) |
| Trail Mistress | Speed Hump |
| Hash Hops | Speed Hump |
| Lip | Speed Hump |
| On Sec | Speed Hump |
| Monk on-trail | A Bit of This |
| Monk post-trail | DT |
| Hash Horn | Truly |
| Hash Cash | Speed Hump |
| Hash Flash | Speed Hump |
| Hash Hawker | Truly |
| Webwanker | Truly |



It was a bright and sunny evening when a mighty pack, the biggest of the summer-time season, gathered at the top car park at Fern Glade. The only problem was, there was no longer a top car park at Fern Glade – the shy little car park pebbles had grown a big bit boulder, effectively cutting off every attempt at parking unless one had a six wheel drive or a bulldozer, which one didn't. This meant that the view from the road did not include a mobile postcode and A Bit of This. The native hashers, comprising Speed Hump, duly searched further, and voila. Alas, the colonist hashers, namely DT, duly searched further and further and further but were unable to locate the mobile postcode and the little red sedan. Until just after Hare and Pack emerged red-faced from the shrubbery an

hour later – no, no hanky-panky had been happening, but the Pack was recovering from coming this close!! to catching a Tasmanian tiger.

You may ask how this occurred. Well, Pack set off at about the appointed time, after waiting at least three minutes for any latecomers. A short way down the trail, while wildly calling On On, Pack found SOME SCAT! No, it wasn't fox – ABOT knows what fox scat looks like. It was definitely Tassie Tiger poo. Excitedly, Pack hid themselves down the path, giddily cavorting through the gum trees and person-ferns, at every bend catching sight of the TT tail just disappearing around the next corner! How thrilling! On and on the chase went, on and on the TT sped – until, reaching a look-out over the river, the TT was spotted, in the distance, breaking through a wire fence and falling, YES, FALLING, into the river below, to be washed downstream and into the sea.



All this is true – there is photographic evidence: the hole left by the TT; Speedy jumping the fence trying to catch the poor stripy creature before it tumbled to the rocks below; and, as failure loomed, ABOT waving her hands in the air and leaving the scene, crying bitterly as the furry little body (not Speedy's, the TT's) plummeted to the raging torrent below.

Bereft, their tails between their legs, Pack headed On Home, to be attacked by the spirit of the Tiger, as it took a fancy to ABOT's legs and threatened to hump them silly. Cheered by this display of affection from the ghost of the departed Tiger, ABOT and Speedy happily made their way back Home, red faces brightly reflecting the setting sun. As Pack were about to remove to the lower car park for the on-on, DT, having by now come closer and closer, finally found the postcode, turning up as any sensible guest does, just before tucker.



There was one other little challenge, however, on a day full of challenges and excitement.



Speedy and DT's intensely clever idea of "lower car park" did not match ABOT's odd idea of "lower car park" – waiting, waiting, waiting for ABOT at the proper lower car park, thinking ABOT must have broken down somewhere along the half-mile stretch from top to bottom, then ringing her, only to find ABOT was talking about the "car park where Dini did the r*n when we all went to the distillery and got tipsy and mushrooms". Oh, THAT car park! DT and Speedy jumped back in their cars (after a photo of DT to commemorate) and found ABOT and a feast of chicken, salad, and hardboiled eggs. Yummy.

Circle had just started: The Hare had done a down for being The Hare, and DT was about to do a down for Doubling the Pack, when Dini arrived, fresh (probably the wrong word) from her winery pickling down south with Dyke, Griz and LA, so she did a down for Tripling the Pack and being a Late Arrival. Speedy did a down for something, she probably deserved it, and by then the pyrex jug of brew (one can of beer topped up with a bit of ginger ale) was drained to the dregs.

Hashit was awarded to Ringo for being late as usual – just because he was OS at the Grand Prix means nothing. Next week's run etc. was announced, rigged raffle was side-stepped, tentative plans for the Tassie bid for the 2011 Nash Hash imparted, the BH3 Anthem was sung to the accompaniment of doosh-doosh from the Mini Prix on Fern Glade Road, and circle ended with a bit of fruitcake.

ON ON

Speed Hump



BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

*Presenting - your slightly slop-soiled
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)

A woman goes into a store to buy a fishing rod and reel for her grandson's birthday... She doesn't know which one to get, so she just grabs one and goes over to the counter. The salesman is standing there, wearing dark glasses. She says, 'Excuse me. Can you tell me anything about this rod and reel?' He says, 'Madam, I'm completely blind; but, if you'll drop it on the counter, I can tell you everything you need to know about it from the sound it makes.' She doesn't believe him but drops it on the counter anyway. He says, 'That's a two metre Shakespeare graphite rod with a Zebco reel and 5-kg. Test line. It's a good all around combination, and it's on sale this week for \$44...' She says, 'It's amazing that you can tell all that just by the sound of it dropping on the counter. I'll take it!' As she opens her purse, her credit card drops on the floor. 'Oh, That sounds like a Visa card,says the salesman'. As the lady bends down to pick up the card, she accidentally farts. At first she is really embarrassed but then realizes there is no way the blind salesman could tell it was she who had farted. The salesman rings up the sale and says, 'That'll be \$58.50 please.' The woman is totally confused by this and asks, 'Didn't You tell me it was on sale for 44? How did you get to \$58.50?' 'The Duck Caller is \$11 and the Fish Bait is \$3.50.'



Two Aussie builders (Phil and Eric) are seated either side of a table in a rough pub when a well-dressed man enters, orders a beer and sits on a stool at the bar. The two builders start to speculate about the occupation of the 'suit'.

Phil: - I reckon he's an accountant.

Eric: - No way - he's a stockbroker.

Phil: - He ain't no stockbroker! A stockbroker wouldn't come in here! The argument repeats itself for some time until the volume of beer gets the better of Phil and he makes for the toilet. On entering the toilet he sees that The 'suit' is standing at a urinal. Curiosity and the several beers get the better of the builder.

Phil: - 'Scuse me... No offence meant, but me and me mate were wondering what you do for a living?

Suit: - No offence taken! I'm a Logical Scientist by profession.

Phil: - Oh! What's that then?

Suit: - I'll try to explain by example... Do you have a goldfish at home?

Phil: - Er... Mmm . Well yeah, I do as it happens!

Suit: - Well, it's logical to follow that you keep it in a bowl or in a pond. Which is it?

Phil: - It's in a pond!

Suit: - Well then it's reasonable to suppose that you have a large garden

Phil: - As it happens, yes I have got a big garden!

Suit: - Well then it's logical to assume that in this town if you have a large garden then you have a large house?

Phil: - As it happens I've got a five-bedroom house...built it myself!

Suit: - Well given that you've built a five-bedroom house it is logical to assume that you haven't built it just for yourself and that you are quite probably married?

Phil: - Yes I am married; I live with my wife and three children.

Suit: - Well then it is logical to assume that you are sexually active with your wife on a regular basis?

Phil: - Yep! Four nights a week!

Suit: - Well then it is logical to suggest that you do not masturbate very often?

Phil: - Me? Never.

Suit: - Well there you are! That's logical science at work!

Phil: - How's that then?

Suit: - Well from finding out that you had a goldfish, I've told you about your sex life!

Phil: - I see! That's pretty impressive...thanks mate!

Both leave the toilet and Phil returns to his mate.

Eric: - I see the suit was in there. Did you ask him what he does?

Phil: - Yep! He's a logical scientist!

Eric: - What's that then?

Phil: - I'll try and explain. Do you have a goldfish?

Eric: - Nope.

Phil: - Well then, you're a wanker.

BOOM BOOM

*Did you hear about the guy who had a mole on his dick?
... He was reported to the RSPCA.*

*What did the cannibal do after he dumped his girlfriend?
... Wiped his arse.*

Up and cumming....

April 6th, Monday 6.30pm—Devonport H3—This week's r*n set by Bastard from Hiscutt Park, Penguin. Bring \$10, Hub, odd socks, pith helmet, three legged stool, and extra drinks if you are a pisshead.

Daylight savings finished, so don't forget your torch!!!!

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 Spooof 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, Ochaye..** Genuine Hash Hunting Kilts now selling @ Hashspace

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

July 25-26th 2009—**Burnie HHH Waratah Wild West Weekend**

August 15-16, 2009—**Devonport H3 Tour de Pisse @TBA**

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

Burnie H3 Upcumming events @
www.burniehhh.blogspot.com

This trash is now available on line at
www.burniehhh.blogspot.com and www.dhash.com

A petrol station owner in Dublin was trying to increase his sales. So, he put up a sign that read, 'Free Sex with Fill-Up.' Soon Paddy pulled in, filled his tank and asked for his free sex. The owner told him to pick a number from 1 to 10. If he guessed correctly, he would get his free sex. Paddy guessed 8, and the proprietor said, 'You were close. The number was 7. Sorry. No sex this time.' A week later, Paddy, along with his friend Mick, pulled in for another fill-up. Again he asked for his free sex. The proprietor again gave him the same story, and asked him to guess the correct number. Paddy guessed 2 this time. The proprietor said, 'Sorry, it was 3. You were close, but no free sex this time.' As they were driving away, Mick said to Paddy, 'I think that game is rigged and he doesn't really give away free sex.' Paddy replied, 'No it ain't, Mick. It's not rigged at all. My wife won twice last week.'

Note to self:

'Cancel credit cards prior to death'!

Be sure and cancel your credit cards before you die! This is so priceless and so easy to see happening - customer service, being what it is today!

A lady died this past January, and ANZ bank billed her for February and March for their annual service charges on her credit card, and Then added late fees and interest on the monthly charge. The balance had been \$0.00, now is somewhere around \$60.00.

A family member placed a call to the ANZ Bank:

Family Member: I am calling to tell you that she died in January.'

ANZ: 'The account was never closed and the late fees and charges still apply.'

Family Member: 'Maybe, you should turn it over to collections.'

ANZ: 'Since it is two months past due, it already has been.'

Family Member:

So, what will they do when they find out she is dead?'

ANZ:

'Either report her account to the frauds division or report her to the credit bureau, maybe both!'

Family Member: Do you think God will be mad at her?'

ANZ: 'Excuse me?'

Family Member: 'Did you just get what I was telling you . . . The part about her being dead?'

ANZ: 'Sir, you'll have to speak to my supervisor.' Supervisor gets on the phone:

Family Member:

'I'm calling to tell you, she died in January.'

ANZ: 'The account was never closed and the late fees and charges still apply.'

Family Member: 'You mean you want to collect from her estate?'

ANZ: (Stammer) 'Are you her lawyer?'

Family Member: 'No, I'm her great nephew.' Lawyer info given)

ANZ: 'Could you fax us a certificate of death?'

Family Member: 'Sure.'(fax number is given) After they get the fax

ANZ: 'Our system just isn't set up for death. I don't know what more can do to help.'

Family Member: 'Well, if you figure it out, great! If not, you could just keep billing her. I don't think she will care.'

ANZ: 'Well, the late fees and charges do still apply.'

Family Member: 'Would you like her new billing address?'

ANZ: 'That might help.'

Family Member: ' Rookwood Memorial Cemetery, 1249 Centenary Rd, Sydney Plot Number 1049.'

ANZ: 'Sir, that's a cemetery!'

Family Member: 'Well, what the F*** do you do with dead people on your planet??!!'

AUSSIE NASH HASH 2009

TASSIE 2011 BID TEE SHIRTS

Heading to Cairns for **Aussie Nash Hash 2009**?

Show everyone where you come from and where to go in 2011 with a Tassie bid tee.

These tees feature moisture-wicking fabric in white and forest green. Unlike the Interhash 2008 shirts, these tees (as modelled below by Lone Arranger*) are guaranteed to make any harriette popular.

* shirt design an approximation, effect on wearer total fabrication

Cost per shirt is **\$25** – order and money to Grizzly, Lone Arranger or Dini by **April 14**. This year.

- \$25 per shirt
- Cool-Dri fabric
- Sizes S to XXXL
- Order by 14 April



Please send completed order form and **\$25** to Grizzly, Lone Arranger or Dini by 14th April

Hash name:

Hash club:

Size: Small Medium Large
 XLarge XXLarge XXXLarge