

BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

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Next r*n 1001 will be set by Dini from the TAFE carpark, Mooreville Road Burnie.

(My word the new Trailmaster is off to a good start.)

Bring: Hat mug joke friend \$10

May 31st, 3.30pm

Receding Hareline

R*n 1002—June 6th—Long weekend —The Chardonnay Highland Fling @ Great Lake Hotel Miena, or the Lowland Fling somewhere in Burnie.

R*n 1003—June 14th—Hare required

R*n 1000

June 20th?—The new JMs @ Burnie

R*n 998—A HOFT to Mount Pillinger, set by Dyke(68) , May 17th, 2009

The Pack: Ringo(635) , Slack Mac(415) , Tals(352).

The hardy heroes of the day assembled under the Big Apple. Then, in his own time, Ringo caught up with them all at Sheffield. After a lengthy drive, the HOFTers disembarked and took six steps on the trail before it became a rather deep and very cold creek. Wet, wet, wet, and cold was the tone of the day - lots of walking through icy water of varying depth. First the Arm River Track, and then onto the Mount Pillinger Track, which according to the Department of Parks and Wildlife, doesn't exist anymore. Ironically, neither do they...or bits of them at least.

The trail was virtually invisible to the inexperienced eye, but trusty HOFT Honcho Dyke was able to lead his band into the wilds with absolute certainty. The fact that he had been there many times before also helped somewhat.

Apart from the sections, it was steep. It continued to be steep. Then there were more steep bits. Slacko loves looking at steep hills and mountains. So after a particularly steep bit, he decided that he would look at the mountain from that point, and would enjoy the view much better than from the top. Such wisdom is so rare these days. The others ploughed on up, Dyke strolling calmly whilst Tals' cheeks glowed rosy and Ringo steamed and panted. The climb continued over uneven rocky slopes, with thick patches of snow adding another degree of difficulty.

A superb view was to be had from the pinnacle as the mists cleared, looking down onto Lee's paddocks and across to Pelion East and beyond. The conquest was NOT marked with a wee dram, as nobody had carried supplies. Standards are dropping!

The descent was challenging in its own right, the slippery trail occasioning a few spills. Shortly before the light gave out, the pack returned safely and counter-attacked the Sheffield Pub for sustenance and something to eat too.

On! On!
(as described by Ringo to Dini)

