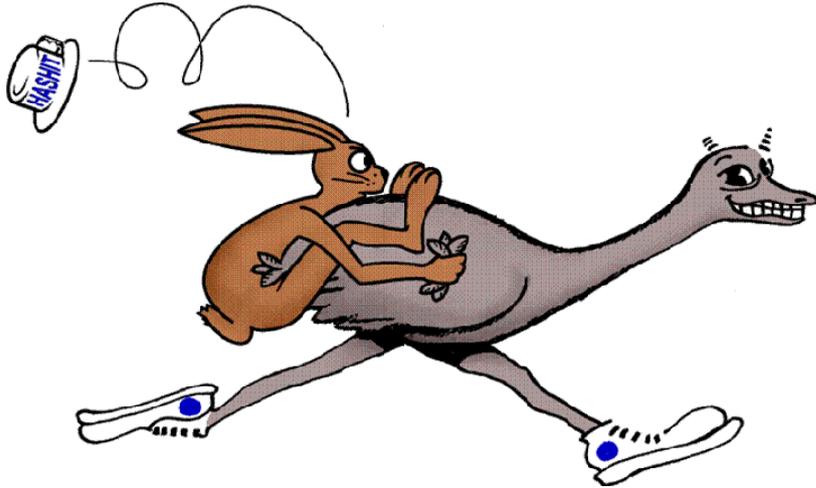


Burnie Hash House Harriers



Receding Hareline

- 1006 July 12th— GonZo
1007 July 19th— Speed Hump
1008 July 25th— Waratah Wild
West Idol
1009 July 26th— WWW recovery
1010 Aug 2nd— Boomboom &
Giggles
1010 Aug 9th— TBA
1011 Aug 15th— Devonport H3
le Tour de Pisse

Next R*n 1005 will be set by Dyke from 2/64 Tugrah Road, Devonport. Bring Hat, Mug, Joke, Friend, \$ 10 plus raffle change, and a nice bottle of Zinfandel. Sunday July 5th, 3.30pm.

R*n 1000 - Burnie Hash celebrates the coming of the fourth digit (but still waiting for the opposing thumb) @ 448 West Mooreville Road, set by Ringo(640) and Phay Wray(271), June 20th, 2009.

The pack:

GonZo(167), Chunder(189), Speed Hump(356), A Bit of This(154), Urang(187), Giggles(41), Lone Arranger(361), Tals(247), Grizzly(711), Slack Mac(418), A Doodle Do(5), Knickers(282), Ratchet(329), Dini(394), Dyke(72), Flasher(31), GoneAgain(18), Tinsel(21), Black Tracka(102), Abba(9), No Way(5), Get Lost(5), One Hump(27) Camelot(14), Ballpoint(8), Don't Know Him(13).

From the dawn of time, mankind has been drawn to the Hash, and woman-kind has found his shoes under the bed for him and sent him off in search of trail. So it was, at the appointed shadow on the stone circle, (about 1.47 pm), the mottly assemblage uttered a deep primitive grunt of Hashing satisfaction and set off.

Trail proper commenced from the home of Phay Wray and Urang, some 4km distant as the pterodactyl flaps. A couple of hardy troglodytes (Dyke and Tracka) decided to r*n to the start, whilst the more highly evolved of us took the car-pool option.

Down the hill past the Phay-rang mansion (a lovely Cape Cod style home with the very latest in cupboard doors but still no doorlocks) and past the lake. Here an interesting wooden structure, much akin to a tennis umpire's chair had been constructed overlooking the water, but aqua-tennis has yet to catch on. (soggy balls are so unattractive).

Over the gate, over the goat, (Flasher shagged it, but I'm not sure who made the greatest sacrifice), and here was a Mastercheck under the "Mooreville Road Hall" sign. A venue of some notoriety, the little country

hall was the scene of the Post 50th R*n great chainsaw massacre of '80. Grizzly related the colourful tale of blood, guts, ambulances, constabulary, and the spilling of much tomato sauce to a spellbound pack.

Back up the hill and onto Pease's farm, where the pack was shepherded by the rosy-cheeked farmer and his wife on their bombardier. Across potato paddocks, through panels, under electric fences, to a Mastercheck on a boggy dam wall. Here the pack was swelled by the Abba Arrival, and also the two r*nnng wa*kers. Extended yaffling and loitering ensued, and someone told a plummetingly pathetic joke, but the MC remained devoid of booze, so the Trail Mistress called the pack on.

Another paddock westward, and trail hit the bush and the Cooee Creek. The creek crossing had pretty much everything except a bridge and a troll; a strategically snipped 5 strand barbed wire fence, with the top strand still intact and wrapped in a pair of Mrs. Pease's worn-out cottontails, a procession of stepping stones and bricks, all either wobbly or slippery, and some rough sawn boarding, acting like a see-saw over the icy little creek. Many escaped with dry shoes but the likes of Dini and Slack Mac waded the creek to fully show their appreciation of the hares' efforts at finding NEW TRAIL so close to home after 1000 r*ns. Unbelievable, guys.

Onto a trail through bush now, very dark and dingey even at mid-afternoon on the winter solstice. There was plenty of fungi, moss carpets, fallen saplings and even a fallen Ratchet at one point. The bush opened out onto a quarry where the pack gathered for a wet Mastercheck and the re-enacting of ancient rituals (i.e. drinking, singing loudly and very badly, etc.).

Up a hill, out onto Wescombe's farm and along to the HHH on West Mooreville Road. From here it was but a short jaunt back to the Prehistoric Cave (AKA the Chicken Farm). Somewhere along the roadway, One Hump was surprised to find that he had just married a FALLEN WOMAN. Camelot was equally surprised, as her ankle mutinied without warning and threw her to the ground roughly. Rather than drag her home by the hair, SNAG One Hump called for transport and Ringo came to the rescue at great speed (which is the only speed he knows.)

Hash stoned circle followed, with a Urang of many charges and later a night of primeval debauchery (at least that's what we ordered—but you never get the extra anchovies). Black Tracka downed for trying to upstage the event by celebrating his own 1000 with DH3 the following day.

There was plenty of mirth around the Burnie Hash archives and albums of faded photos portraying under-nourished hashers wearing tight shorts and sporting too much hair. Who were those people?

Plans are well in hand to ensure that the new millennium of Burnie Hash is of an equivalent standard to the previous one.

ON! ON! *Dini*





Burnie Hash House Harriers

Proudly present their....

Mismanagement Committee 2009/10

Hash Monk	Boom Boom
Hash Horn	Dyke
Hash Cache	Ratchet
Upper Lip	Urang
Hash Flash	Phay Wray
On Sex	Dini
Hash Hawker	Chunder
Hash Hops	Ringo
Trailmaster	A Bit of This
Webwanker	Grizzly
Joint Masters	Phay Wray & DT
Grand Mattress	Dini
Hashitstorian	A Bit of This
Hash Travel Consultant	Flasher
Hash Haberdasher	Tals
Hash Kwire Master	Slack Mac
Lower Lip	Giggles
Second Flush	Dini
More On Sex	Speed Hump
Beer Bitch	GonZo
Poxy Trailmaster	Knickers
Webwanker's Personal Trainer	GoneAgain

Club contacts:

Phay Wray 0400 998 489 phaywray@dhash.com

Grizzly 0418 143 481 grizzly@dhash.com

A Bit of This 0428 592 420 cfwhouse@bigpond.com

Dini 0407 876 567 dini@dhash.com

Snail mail to 448 West Mooreville Road, Burnie 7320

Tasteless? We can do that....

When Farah Fawcett arrived in heaven God asked what she would like to happen. She asked for all the children of the world to be safe. He took Michael Jackson!

Michael Jackson passed away this morning from a massive heart attack. Authorities have released a statement saying that they will melt his body down and make plastic toys so kids can play with him for a change.

They actually found him dead in a pool as no one would throw him a buoy.

MJ Dies in hospital....just moments before his death medics grant him his last wish and take him to the children's ward.

Doctors have announced that the heart attack was believed to be caused by an excessive combination of Sunshine, Moonlight and Good times.

Did you hear the autopsy found Michael Jackson died of food poisoning...? Apparently he ate too many 8 year old wieners.

Michael Jackson is dead, hospital staff don't know what to do with the body as plastic recycle night is not until next Tuesday.

Give me a sign....

 One day, he was walking	 he saw a woman sleeping	 he felt desire burning inside him	 his adrenaline started pumping	 he took the plunge	 he invited her to have a coffee	 then to the restaurant	 they went on a trip
 they did different activities	 he took her to his house	 she told him she was on the pill	 and she laid down on the bed	 she spreaded one leg	 then the other	 then both	 then both
 he reaction was immediate	 he penetrated her	 he went in and out	 he discovered that she wasn't a virgin	 he suggested some other positions	 she refused	 but she asked him to go faster	 but she asked him to go faster
 she made comments on his equipment	 When she saw all the colours of the rainbow,	 she shouted Stop!	 She hadn't told him the truth:	 she wasn't on the pill	 But he lost his self-control	 and reached the point of no return	 and reached the point of no return
 she called him 9 months later	 from the hospital	 he had 2 children!	 his world crumbled	 he wanted to die	 The morale:	 for not making a woman pregnant	 wear protection

THE BEST Chicken Joke EVER!

On the farm lived a chicken  and a horse , both of whom loved to play together. One day, the horse fell into a bog and began to sink. The horse begged for the chicken to go get the farmer for help!

The  ran back to the farm. He searched and searched for the farmer, but to no avail, for he had gone to town with the only tractor. Running around, the chicken spied the farmer's new Z-3 series BMW.  Finding the keys inside, the  sped off with a length of rope,  hoping he still had time to save his friend's life.

Back at the bog, the  was surprised, but happy, to see the  arrive in the shiny . He managed to get a hold of the  the  tossed to him. After tying the other end to the rear bumper of the , the  then drove slowly forward and, with the aid of the powerful car, rescued the  !

Happy and proud, the  drove the  back to the farmhouse, and the farmer was none the wiser when he returned.

The friendship between the two animals was cemented:
Best buddies, Best pals.

A few weeks later, the  fell into a mud pit , and soon he too began to sink and cried out to the  to save his life! The  thought a moment, walked over, and straddled the large puddle. Looking underneath, he told the  to grab his "thing" and he would then lift him out of the pit. The  got a good grip, and the  pulled him up and out, saving his life.

The moral of the story?

When you're hung like a horse,
you don't need a BMW to pick up chicks.

From Bristol Evening Post:

Outside Bristol Zoo is the car park, with spaces for 150 cars and 8 coaches. It has been manned 6 days a week for 23 years by the same charming and very polite car park attendant with the ticket machine. The charges are £1. per car and £5. per coach.

On Monday 1 June, he did not turn up for work. Bristol Zoo management phoned Bristol City Council to ask them to send a replacement parking attendant.

The Council said "That car park is your responsibility." The Zoo said "The attendant was employed by the City Council... wasn't he?" The Council said "What attendant?"

Foot note: Gone missing from his home is a man who has been taking daily the car park fees amounting to about £400. per day for the last 23 years...! Total sum just short £2.9 million !!

Up and cumming....

June

29th, Monday 6.30 pm—Devonport Hash House Harriers next r*n set by Flasher from the western end of Henslows Road, Ulverstone, with the On On removed to Cheese's place, Amherst Street.

July 2009

7th(Full Moon), Tuesday 7pm— NW Lunar Hash inaugural r*n from Otto's Grotto. Visit www.lunarhash.blogspot.com

25-26th—Burnie HHH Waratah Wild West Weekend—deposit of \$ 25 payable to Hash Cash by July 10th to reserve your bed at the pub!!

August 2009

15-16th—Devonport HHH le Tour de Pisse @ Turners Beach

September 2009

9th—Global Harriettes' R*n @ various locations

October 2009

3-4th—H5 Oktoberfest @ Bronte Park

17-18th—Burnie HHH Burnie Ten weekend, Register for the Burnie Ten Footrace separately @ www.burnieten.com.au.

November 2009

20-21st—Launceston H3's 1850th R*n, Pirates & Wenches from the Bayside Vistas, Bridport.

January 2010 High Noon for Full Moon @ location TBA

July 2-4th, 2010—World Interhash, Kuching.

February 25-27th, 2011—Aussie Nash Hash, Hobart.

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