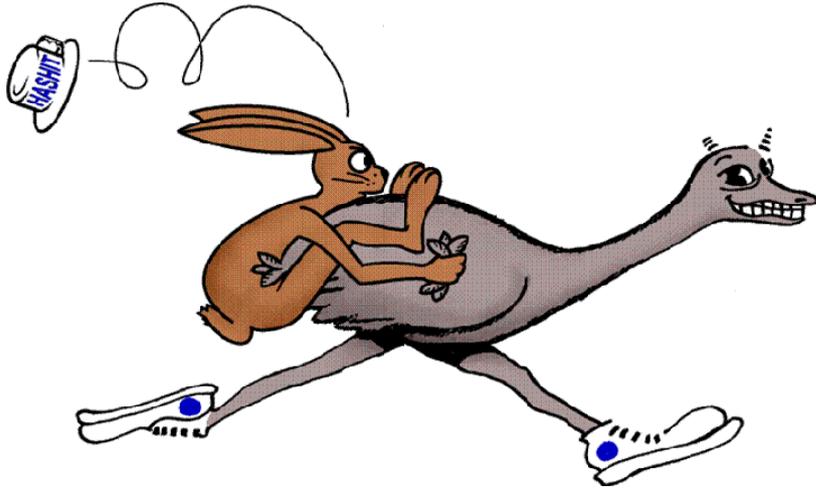


Burnie Hash House Harriers



Receding Hareline

- 1008 July 25th— Waratah Wild
West Idol
- 1009 July 26th— WWW recovery
- 1010 Aug 2nd— Boomboom &
Giggles
- 1011 Aug 9th— A Bit of This
- 1012 Aug 15th— Devonport H3
le Tour de Pisse
- 1013 Aug 23rd— Black Tracka
- 1013 Aug 30th— TBA

Next R*n 1007 will be set by Speed Hump from the Basketball Centre, Arthur St, Somerset, and afterwards at the House of Hump. Bring Hat, Mug, Joke, Friend, \$ 10 plus raffle change, and a nice bottle of Dom Perignon. Sunday July 19th, 3.30pm.

R*n 1005—Tour of the Tugger foothills @ 64 Tugrah Road, Devonport, set by Dyke(74), July 5th, 2009.

The pack: GonZo(168), Chunder(190), Slack Mac(420), Tals(249), Ballpoint(9), GoneAgain(19), Jo Hansen(2), Thrust(4), Ringo(642), Ratchet(331), Knickers(284), A Bit of This(153), Black Tracka(103), Speed Hump(358), Dini(396).

It was Hash-time, and Ballpoint was currently indoors watching the football, a sign of things to come. Knickers tried to get to the telly to see it too, but Ratchet wouldn't let her get away. What is this game about anyway? What is the attraction? I mean why would you kick a perfectly good piece of leather to the other end of a field when you could be cutting it into neat strips with a very sharp silver penknife and tethering your lover's hands and feet to the bedposts with it? I just can't fathom some people's interpretation of sporting enjoyment.

The sunshine gave the pack nothing but shadows - there was no warmth in it at all as an icy wind scythed down from the bushy arse-crack that is Kelcey Tier. Ballpoint emerged from the TV lounge looking unrepentant and underdressed, and was instantly mobbed for the score by Knickers, Knickers and Knickers.

At five-to-Ringo time TM A Bit of This herded her dozen odd charges off towards the rural end of Tugrah Road. A falsie (or was it a Dickhead Hash trail mis-marking?) dragged a couple up Roberson Close, past a charmingly neat garden with as much character as the lawn cemetery.

But true trail continued down the bitumen, diving off into a new subdivision (as yet unsullied by construction) and up into the bush. Ballpoint could be seen on the horizon now, assumedly on trail. Slack Mac was also visible in the distance, assumedly NOT on trail.

A Mastercheck (shaped like a sundial) gathered the obedient remainder, and here the late Ringo added to the numbers. Up a fence line with plenty of undulations, and by the time the next Mastercheck (another sundial) was reached, the late, late Thrust had joined the pack as well.

Slack Mac was here, perched cockily on a stump with arms folded and looking smug and satisfied with his version of the route. Trail lugged uphill now to yet another Sundial, and as the pack gathered, they observed a rural-type person in blunnies and overalls approaching, who called out "Gerr-off my land!" But Black Tracka is not really very convincing in a threatening and dangerous role, unless of course he's filling your glass with wine. He was calmly welcomed to the pack, now expanded from a meagre and flaccid twelve to a positively turgid fifteen!

A long uphill falsie sucked in GoneAgain and Thrust, but the others cunningly hung around long enough not to have expended any killer-jewels by the time the false trail was called.

Downhill through bush and onto a track which skirted a gate and there was the Hare and his ute full of piss-stop supplies in the cul-de-sac. Speed Hump and Dini approached with caution, remembering the Whisky Macs from the previous r*n, but the mixer with the Stones this time was only lemonade, relegating it to a "mostly harmless" alco-pop.

The supplies consumed, it was on home, back through the scrub, or via the road for some. Our avid footy fan and shameless front-r*nnng bastard (who failed to pause at all Masterchecks) was already back, showered and laundered and ensconced in Dyke's best leather armchair, and completely glued to the big match (and *his* team wasn't even playing!). This is what visiting Launny hashers do apparently. There's no hash club they won't travel to, as long as they can watch the footy.

Speed Hump poxied as Lip and tamed the masses with charges all round, including the Hare, the visitors, the latecomers, the sports fanatics and the Hasher with a notifiable disease he's prepared to admit to.

Chunder's wriggled wraffle yielded bottles of liquid joy to Ballpoint, GoneAgain and Jo, with the losing raffle tickets discarded appropriately all over Dyke's garage floor. No small change was harmed in the process.

A delicious repast from the Hare's kitchen and fine wine from his cellar fuelled some animated discussion on upcumming events, notably Ballpoint's proposed 2010 tour of ugly buildings he has designed for foreign developers with too much money to spend. Black Tracka announced the upcumming launch on July 7th of Loon R Hash, a combined north/northwest Hash club r*nnng each full moon.

The Hashit, much coveted by both Launny and Devonport contingents, was snatched away in the last seconds of Time-on by full-forward Knickers. Voting was by the Cough-a-lot method in deference to GoneAgain's generosity in sharing his swine flu.

A most enjoyable "standard" r*n from our most experienced HOFTing hare.

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

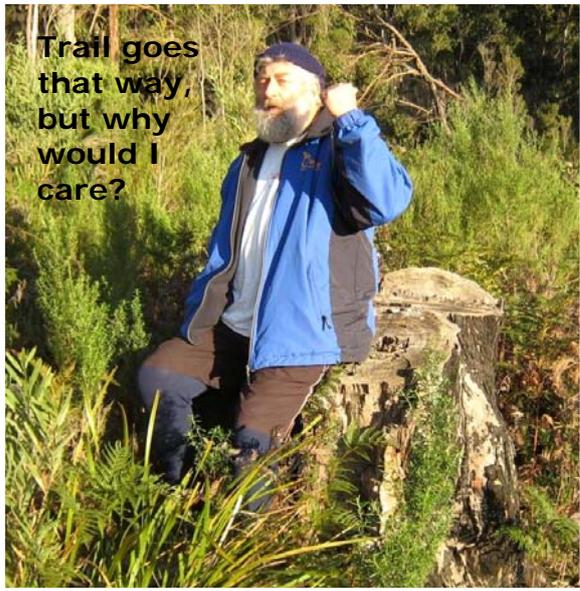
A Bit of This 0428 592 420 cfwhouse@bigpond.com

Dini 0407 876 567 dini@dhash.com

Snail mail to 448 West Mooreville Road, Burnie 7320



Stevie Wonder's Scottish sister



Trail goes that way, but why would I care?



Ptblblblbpttt!



But I've been a good boy! I even attended a Master-check this time!



...trying it on like she's never worn it before ...



Three!



Does stroking my chin make me look like a deep thinker?

Thinking is OK here, but don't make a habit of it at Devonport Hash...

God Loves Blondes

A blonde finds herself in serious trouble.

Her business has gone bust and she's in dire financial straits. She's desperate so she decides to ask God for help.

She begins to pray...

'God, please help me. I've lost my business and if I don't get some money, I'm going to lose my house as well. Please let me win the lottery.'

Lottery night comes, and somebody else wins.

She again prays...

'God, please let me win the lottery! I've lost my business, my house and I'm going to lose my car as well.'

Lottery night comes and she still has no luck.

Once again, she prays... 'My God, why have you forsaken me? I've lost my business, my house and my car.'

I don't often ask You for help and I've always been a good servant to You. PLEASE let me win the lottery just this one time so I can get my life back in order.'

Suddenly there is a blinding flash of light as the heavens open. The blonde is overwhelmed by the Voice of God, Himself....

'Sweetheart, work with Me on this..... Buy a f#@*ing ticket.'

Ole and Sven were fishing on the wharf when Sven pulled out a cigar.

Finding he had no matches, he asked Ole for a light.

'Ya, shure, I tink I haff a lighter,' he replied, and then reaching into his tackle box, he pulled out a Bic lighter 10 inches long.

'Yiminy Cricket!' exclaimed Sven, taking the huge Bic Lighter in his hands.

'Vere dit yew git dat monster??'

'Vell,' replied Ole, 'I got it from my Genie.'

'You haff a Genie?' Sven asked.

'Ya, shure. It's right here in my tackle box,' says Ole.

'Could I see him?'

Ole opens his tackle box & sure enough, out pops the Genie.

Addressing the genie, Sven says, 'Hey dere! I'm a good friend of your master.'

'Vill you grant me vun vish?'

'Yes, I will,' says the Genie.

So Sven asks the Genie for a million bucks.

The Genie disappears back into the tackle box leaving Sven sitting there waiting for his million bucks.

Shortly, the sky darkens and is filled with the sound of a million ducks....flying directly overhead.

Over the roar of the million ducks Sven yells at Ole, 'Yumpin' Yimminy, I asked for a million bucks, not a million ducks!'

Ole answers, 'Ya, I forgot to tell yew dat da Genie is hart of hearing. Dew you really tink I asked for a 10-inch Bic?'



Up and cumming....

July 2009

13th, Monday 6.30 pm—Devonport Hash House Harriers next r*n set by Guardsvan from the Dell Luck Reserve, Don. Bring warm clothing! And wear it!

25-26th—Burnie HHH Waratah Wild West Weekend—if you are reading this and have not paid your deposit of \$ 25, you can still come but may need to make your own accommodation arrangements!!

August 2009

15-16th—Devonport HHH 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, and as decreed by the JM's, this years theme is....Hawaii-One-Oh!!! A Lu'au , huki, huki, huki, hukilau. Get out your palms, grass skirts and Agent Orange.. 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 Saturday 30th, 2010 Combined High Noon for Full Moon and LoonR hasH@ 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