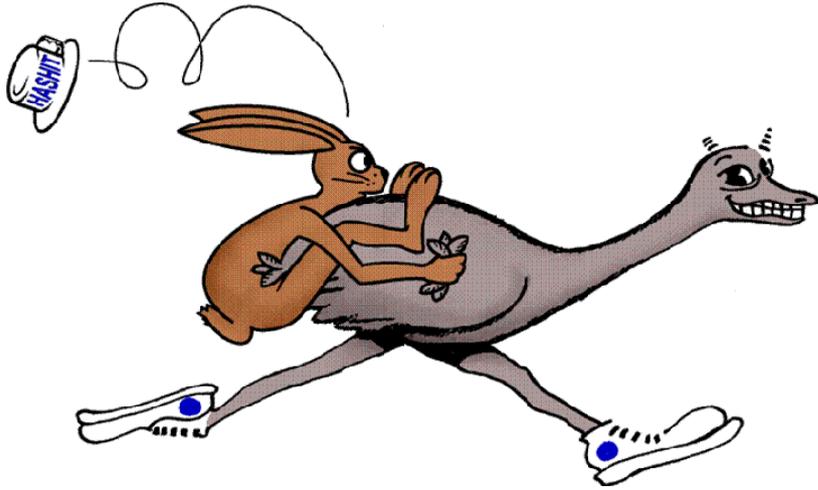


Burnie Hash House Harriers



Receding Hareline

1015 Saturday September 5th,
7pm—Bastard @ Penguin Boat
Ramp—combined with LoonRhash

1016 Wednesday Sept 9th—
Global Harriettes—Dini & A Bit of
This @ somewhere fishy

1017 Sept 13th—TBA

1018 Sept 20th—A Doodle Doo

Next R*n 1014 will be set by DT from 23 Bay Street, Burnie.

Bring Hat, Mug, Joke, Friend, \$ 10 plus raffle change, and
a nice bottle of sparkling burgundy. Sunday August 30th, 3.30pm.

R*n 1012—Le Tour de Pisse@ la Riviera du Oz Roque Inn, Ulverstone, set by—for the bikes—Tracka(106)and Cheese(3), and for the wa*kers/r*nners—Dyke(80) and Flasher(35), August 15th, 2009.

Le Pack Burnie: Phay Wray(278), Urang(193), A Bit of This(159), Ringo(649), Knickers(291), Ratchet(338), Giggles(46), Teflon(3), Dini(403).

And the rest: Crow, Ten Eighty, Mullet, Thrust, Soff, GoneAgain, Bald Eagle, Tinsel, Tugga, FC, Bastard, Pioneer, Feels on Wheels, Crab, Yep, Guardsvan, Mabel, Tiles, Puss in Boots, Smallgoods, Hoova, One Hump, Don't Know Him, Chewy, Boong, Shrek, Smegma, Mister E, Derbs, Hash Pash, Ben Dover.

Close up and personal views of taut toned male bodies exercising in sprayed on lycra clothing. Lightweight state of the art racing machines. A peloton as exquisitely formed and fast flowing as a flock of starlings on a spring evening. Narrow roads bathed in vibrant sunshine snaking their way across spectacular mountain scenery. Quaint stone villages of castles and churches, steeped in centuries of history. An evening filled with indulgence in the finest wines and gastronomic degustation.

Obliterate all these things from your mind, and you are pretty much left with the distilled essence of Devonport Hash's Tour de Pisse. This event, now in its third year, utterly devoid of class, style, panache and charm, has ironically become the darling of everyone except those who enjoy pushbike riding. I wouldn't miss it for the world.

Motorcycles old and new, Harley, Jap and brindle, assembled outside the Oz Rock Inn as the rainclouds circled threateningly overhead, held at bay by DH3's well-qualified monk, Mr Meteorology, Ringo. The wa*king and r*nnng packs milled among the bikes, kicking tyres, pinching leather-clad seats and shamelessly fondling gleaming fuel tanks.

At two o'clock, Hare Cheese raised his front wheel and sped away with the Hash Angels in hot pursuit. The silence descended, ever so briefly. Flasher spoke, because he doesn't do silence, and also to give directions to le Tour's no-wheels pack.

"Blue chalk for wa*kers, white chalk for r*nners", was the call. The packs led off at a brisk pace, pounding the Ulverstone pavements around the Alexandra Road area, with Phay Wray seeking out an unofficial piss stop along the way which was in fact a building site dunny perched precariously on a trailer. If it was not for Dini (waiting to take her photo), she may have been still there, playfully locked in by her Hash mates. The others found the Piss Stop Officiate at the corner of Leven Street, where the hares had laid out a flamboyant spread of bon-bons and Champagne. More or less.

With the goodies barely dented, the packs were shooed away, slogging up the Scurrah Street hill and back down to the school grounds where another attempt was made on the ample candy and piss supply in the Hare's boot. Here some dispossessed bikers added to the numbers—Shrek and Derbs had lost the scent of the Cheese trail and returned to civilisation from the wilds of Barrington. Cumulatively the piss stop worked quite nicely, with the additional offering of some Dickens Cider and some authentic Frenchie Lickish Onesorts. But we weren't pissed yet. Not properly.

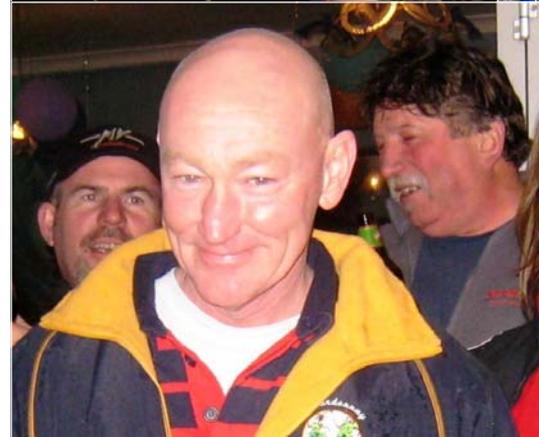
Through the school grounds, past A Bit of This' Charles Street garden, round and about until waylaid by a Cute Stop (it's a bit like a piss stop, but attended exclusively by fawning harriettes) in the form of a little old wrinkly man wheeling his legless fluffy doggy in a dolly pram. Take note, aging Hashers. This is chick magnet stuff—they were putty in his work-worn arthritic hands. Eeeeeiuw!!!

Through Anzac Park and down to the rowing club for another bash at the bar in the hares' boot, then it was on home to Crow's to drink as much piss as possible before the bike Hashers returned. This proved no great challenge, as Tracka and Cheese kept their pack busy elsewhere with unimaginable delights until 5.30 or thereabouts. Plenty of time for a vat of good red and some languid shower sports in the ladies changing rooms, Monsieur Goods.

With all safely returned, Cheese whipped off a tidy circle, only hoist by his own petard on a couple of occasions when he allowed the subject of football to creep in. C'est la vie. It was a Grande evening. Food, fire, f*ckloads of piss...yes, it was all OK as I recall...did someone mention topless barmaids?

Sunday morning, and Crow and Giggles served a hearty English breakfast to the walk-in wounded, as no-one else gave a Continental. The stayers later partook of le recovery stroll along the windswept Ulverstone beachfront, Puss in Boots courageously waking up her feet with a dip in the icy shallows of Bass Strait.

A bouquet to the Dickhead Hash organisers—notably Tracka, Flasher, Dyke, Cheese and Crow—for an unforgettable weekend.



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

Two sisters, one blonde and one brunette, inherit the family ranch. Unfortunately, after just a few years, they are in financial trouble. In order to keep the bank from repossessing the ranch, they need to purchase a bull so that they can breed their own stock. Upon leaving, the brunette tells her sister, 'When I get there, if I decide to buy the bull, I'll contact you to drive out after me and haul it home.'

The brunette arrives at the man's ranch, inspects the bull, and decides she wants to buy it. The man tells her that he will sell it for \$599, no less. After paying him, she drives to the nearest town to send her sister a telegram to tell her the news. She walks into the telegraph office, and says, 'I want to send a telegram to my sister telling her that I've bought a bull for our ranch. I need her to hitch the trailer to our pickup truck and drive out here so we can haul it home.'

The telegraph operator explains that he'll be glad to help her, then adds, it will cost 99 cents a word. Well, after paying for the bull, the brunette realizes that she'll only be able to send her sister one word..

After a few minutes of thinking, she nods and says, 'I want you to send her the word 'comfortable.'

The operator shakes his head. 'How is she ever going to know that you want her to hitch the trailer to your pickup truck and drive out here to haul that bull back to your ranch if you send her just the word 'comfortable?'

The brunette explains, 'My sister's blonde. The word is big. She'll read it very slowly.... 'com-for-da-bul.'

A man is in bed with his Thai-girlfriend. After having great sex, she spends the next hour just stroking his dangly bit, something she had lovingly done on many occasions. Rather enjoying it, he turns and asks her: 'Why do you love doing that ?' She replies: 'Because I really miss mine...'

Nymphomaniac Convention

A man boarded an aircraft at London 's Heathrow Airport for New York, and taking his seat as he settled in, he noticed a very beautiful woman boarding the plane.

He realised she was heading straight toward his seat and bingo - she took the seat right beside him.

"Hello", he blurted out, "Business trip or vacation?"

She turned, smiled enchantingly and said, "Business. I'm going to the annual nymphomaniac convention in the United States ."

He swallowed hard. Here was the most gorgeous woman he had ever seen sitting next to him, and she was going to a meeting for nymphomaniacs!

Struggling to maintain his composure, he calmly asked, "What's your business role at this convention?"

"Lecturer," she responded, " I use my experience to debunk some of the popular myths about sexuality..."

"Really", he smiled, "what myths are those?"

"Well," she explained, "one popular myth is that African-American men are the most well endowed when, in fact, it's the Native American Indian who is most likely to possess that trait. Another popular myth is that French men are the best lovers, when actually it is the men of Greek descent.

We have also found that the best potential lovers in all categories are the Irish."

Suddenly the woman became uncomfortable and blushed. "I'm sorry," she said. "I really shouldn't be discussing this with you, I don't even know your name!"

"Tonto," the man said. "Tonto Papadopoulos, but my friends call me Paddy."





Here is an actual sign posted at a golf club in Scotland

1. BACK STRAIGHT, KNEES BENT, FEET SHOULDER WIDTH APART.
 2. FORM A LOOSE GRIP.
 3. KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN!
 4. AVOID A QUICK BACK SWING.
 5. STAY OUT OF THE WATER.
 6. TRY NOT TO HIT ANYONE.
 7. IF YOU ARE TAKING TOO LONG, LET OTHERS GO AHEAD OF YOU.
 8. DON'T STAND DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF OTHERS.
 9. QUIET PLEASE...WHILE OTHERS ARE PREPARING.
 10. DON'T TAKE EXTRA STROKES.
- WELL DONE... NOW, FLUSH THE URINAL, GO OUTSIDE, AND TEE OFF.

At Sunday church the local Vicar explains that he must move on to a larger congregation that will pay him more.

There is a hush within the congregation. No one wants him to leave because he is so popular. Fred Smith, who owns several car dealerships in Southland and Otago, stands up and proclaims: 'If the Vicar stays, I will provide him with a new Holden every year and his wife with a Honda mini-van to transport their children!'

The congregation sighs in appreciation and applauds.

Sam Brown, a successful entrepreneur and publican, stands and says, 'If the Vicar will stay on here, I'll personally double his salary and establish a foundation to guarantee private secondary school education of his children!'

More sighs and loud applause.

Agnes Jones, age 88, stands and announces with a smile, 'If the Vicar stays, I will give him sex.'

There is total silence.

The Preacher, blushing, asks her:

Mrs. Jones, you're a wonderful and holy lady, whatever possessed you to say that?'

Agnes's 90-year old husband, Joe, is now trying to hide, holding his forehead with the palm of his hand and shaking his head from side to side, while his wife replies:

'Well, I just asked my husband how we could help, and he said, 'Fuck him'.

Burnie Hash House Harriers

proudly present...

Hawaii One –O

448 West Mooreville Road, Burnie.

October 17th, 2009

From midday, r*n leaves 2pm.

Just \$70... includes Saturday R*n and On On, Luau evening feast, Haberdash, Badge, Sunday breakfast (maybe),

post Burnie Ten On On. Dress in your brightest... grass skirts, boardies, coconuts, bikinis, hibiscus and bring pineapples to sit on. BYO extra drinks for a big night/morning. Accommodation... BYO tent, camper, caravan etc. Plenty of space available.

Note that you need to register for the Burnie Ten footrace separately @ www.burnieten.com.au.



Registration:

Hash Name.....Club.....

Phone.....Email.....

Clothing size (circle one) XS S M L XL XXL FB

Shoe Size (circle as appropriate) Mens/Ladies 7 8 9 10 11 Yeti

Saturday R*n—r*n, food, Hash bucket and badge\$15

Hash Haberdashery (shorts and other goodies)\$18

Evening feast and party—3 courses and some drinks\$27

Post Burnie Ten—food, Hash bucket, swim..... \$15

Or the lot for only \$70

RSVP by October 5th, post completed rego and cheque/money order to Burnie Hash House Harriers, 448 West Mooreville Road, Burnie.

Or direct deposit: My State Financial, Account Name: Burnie Hash House Harriers, BSB: 807 009 Account Number: 5118 2967, Reference: your Hash name.

Up and cumming....

August 2009

24th, 6.30 pm—Devonport HHH next r*n @ The Big Apple, Spreyton, set by le Grosse Pomme, Foghorn.

September 2009

5th, 7pm—LoonRhasH next Moonwalk set by Bastard from the boat ramp near Johnson's beach, Penguin, combined with BH3.

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

26th—Launceston H3 AFL R*n and Piss up @ TBA

October 2009

2-4th—H5 Oktoberfest @ Bronte Park, \$ 70 gets you meal, accommodation and grog, RSVP to Sonar on 0415164748

17-18th—Burnie HHH Burnie Ten weekend, and as decreed by the JM's, this years theme is....Hawaii-One-O !!! Registrations now open - see attached form, or register online @ www.burniehhh.blogspot.com
Register for the Burnie Ten Footrace separately www.burnieten.com.au.
Early bird race registrations \$ 25 until August 28th.

November 2009

2nd—H4 Camp Quality R*n from the RYCT, Hobart

14th—Someone's birthday

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

December 2009

31st—LoonRhasH Blue Moon R*n—Set by Speed Hump
New Years Eve Night on the Terrace, Burnie

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

Burnie HHH upcumming events @ www.burniehhh.blogspot.com

Devonport HHH upcumming events @ www.dhash.com

LoonR hasH upcumming events @ www.lunarhash.blogspot.com

Don't forget you can also get your very own hash email address with your Hash Name by emailing goneagain@dhash.com!

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