

BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

www.burniehhh.blogspot.com



Next r*n 970 will be set by TBA from TBA, check with your hardworking Trailmaster, and watch the blog for updates.

**Bring Hat mug joke friend \$10 plus raffle change.
Sunday November 2nd,
5.30pm.**

Receding Hareline

R*n 971—Sun Nov 9th—
Hare required

?? R*n 972—Wed Nov 13th—
Burnie Hash 30th Anniversary

R*n 973—Sun Nov 16th—
Flasher's HOFT @ Gunns Plains

R*n 974—Sun Nov 23rd—
Hare required

R*n 967—A Viking Good Time, from the Valhalla Moose Farm, 448 West Mooreville Road Burnie, set by Ringo(607) and Ratchet(312), October 18th, 2008.

The pack: 3D(3), A Bit of This(129) and Truly, Back Alley(19), Blue Heeler(3), Camelot(12), Captain Condom(11), Chriss Miss(3), Chunder(169), Dini(362), DT(77), Dyke(49), Flasher(19), Giggles(24), GoneAgain(6), Gonzo(150), Grizzly(703), Hands On BHB(4), Hell n Back(3), Herr Flick(16), Fine Bone(3), Furlong(3), Killer(4), Knickers(264), Lone Arranger(353), One Hump(25), Pole Dancer(9), Portholes(17), Puss in Boots(3), Slack Mac(408), Sly Pig(4), Smallgoods(2), Smegma(4), Speed Hump(327), Spud(5), Supercal.etc(2), Swallow(15), Tagg(3), Tals(238), The Goose(3), Tightspot(3), Trust Me(6), Vegie(120), Wee Bev(16), Thistle(5), Thorn(5), Black Tracka(97), Tinsel(17), Zero(3), Teflon(2)

The glaciers thawed and the fjords straightened themselves out in readiness for a weekend of Norse extreme Hashing. Motorhome city was well ensconced in the sheepshit paddock and the Canvas Crew completed their various erections slightly east of the septic tank drain amongst the bullant nests. At around the appointed hour, the bulk of the pack assembled in the front corral of the moose farm. Ablaze with colour (f*ck me those shirts are bright, and you can't get a lipstick to match 'em), the Hashers boarded the longboat and took up oars, much to the bus driver's bemusement. Rumour has it that no one sang on the bus, so stuff the lot of you, there will be no more bus trips until the Hash Kwire gets its shit together.

Disappointed +++

The Longbus docked at the Wynyard Wharf, with trail leading off along the river through the romantically named Gutteridge Gardens. Across the bridge, the hares guided wa*kers and r*nners to their respective trails. The riverside trail was delightfully scenic, albeit devoid of Hashing opportunities unless you were prepared to swim the river. A well stocked piss stop at the highway bridge took a pasting before the pack returned to the Table Cape bridge along the opposite riverbank track.

Here the Hashers looked for the shortcut home, but found themselves on trail to Fossil Bluff (just to make the old bastards feel at home). A sneaky wicked dirty

rotten loop by those cunning hares dragged the pack up a long steep hill. The views were rewarding up to a point, but at the bottom of the hill was a more Hash-like payout. Giggles' Uncle Bert (who thinks she's just a lovely girl, and he's right of course) opened his back porch and shade house up to welcome the pack in for an extended piss stop. While Knickers kept Uncle distracted talking about his garden, her hired hit-women were able to knock off some cuttings of the prize-winning orchids. The Pussy Willows Crack Gardening Squad strikes again...

The bus returned the pack to Valhalla, saving them a further 20 km walk. Grub and circle followed with Hash Lip Slack Mac in deadly form, ably undermined by guest Lower Lip Grizzly. Flour in quantity marked the celebrations for GonZo(150 r*ns) and One Hump(25 r*ns). Just Pam took on her new Hash identity as Fine Bone in deference to her preferred hash mug, and Just Shayley is now and forever Furr Long, after listening to the Gee Gee's for virtually the entire r*n. The scribe hopes that she will roll the "r"s in her name. Furr Long was also awarded the Hashit for finding race-calling more interesting than conversations with other Hashers (though she does have a point). GonZo's raffle was long and hard, as supplied by our dear Uncle Flasher. Those who had tickets and could find them were not disappointed.

The Viking Drinking Hall threw open its doors to embrace some dodgy looking characters, decked out with more hair, fur and horns than the back room of a Pet Food Factory. Grope, Pillage and Chunder were all present, though no one can fill FC's shoes when it comes to Pillage. Giggles' frozen blue cocktails thawed out the crowd, accompanied by The Goose's best hot jam. Feasting, drinking, hot-tubbing, merriment, bathing, drinking, a fine Herr Flick fire in a very small firepot, and some exceptionally loud music saw the night arrive at dawn for even those who had troubled to get out of the tub and go to their beds. Hell, you can sleep any old weekend.

As the sun rose, hardy (read "fool...") Hashers breakfasted on secret energy foods—bacon, eggs, toast— in preparation for the Burnie Ten. Dyke and Furr Long were left to mind the moose farm (i.e. could not be roused from their couches) while everyone else went a) home, b) to the start line or c) to the piss stop. Crap! Did I mention the piss stop? I mean, where the piss stop usually is.

After the Ten, Hash circle was conducted by Pox Guest Lower Lip Grizzly, who is the only Hasher competitive enough to know or care who finished before who. Trouble is, he was wrong. The downs cut deeply into the afternoon, more food, more booze, another Herr Flick fire, supervised unsuccessfully by A Bit of This, though she did prevent him from burning the last few pieces of the wood supply. Tagg saved himself the bother of re-erecting his wind-demolished tent by consuming a brace of Cowboys before bedtime, and slept like a baby.

A fantastic turnout to the Norse west coast's annual biggie. Thanks to everyone who travelled, and to everyone who helped out. Suggestions welcome for next year's theme—must involve a hot tub and a boat over a pool.

R*n 968—The Burnie Ten, 19th October 2008.

The pack: Ringo(608), Dini(363), Tagg(4), A Bit of This(130), DT(78), Chunder(170), GonZo(151), Pole Dancer(10), Captain Condom(12), Chriss Miss(4), Crab(8), Speed Hump(328), Grizzly(704), Lone Arranger(354), Vegie(121), Back Alley(20), The Goose(4), Blue Heeler(4), Trust Me(7), Hands On BHB(5), Smallgoods(3), Supercal(3), Ratchet(313), Knickers(265), Giggles(25), 3D(12), Camelot(13), One Hump(26), Flasher(20), GoneAgain(7), Hell n Back(4), Tightspot(4), Wee Bev(17), Herr Flick(17), Thistle(6), Thorn(6), Zero(4), Derbs(5), Furlong(4), Fine Bone(4), Swallow(16), Portholes(18), Dyke(50). Apologies to anyone missed.

Wedding Anniversary

A married couple in their early 60s was celebrating their 40th wedding anniversary in a quiet, romantic little restaurant.

Suddenly, a tiny yet beautiful fairy appeared on their table. She said, 'For being such an exemplary married couple and for being loving to each other for all this time, I will grant you each a wish.'

The wife answered, 'Oh, I want to travel around the world with my darling husband.'

The fairy waved her magic wand and - poof! - two tickets for the Queen Mary II appeared in her hands.

The husband thought for a moment: 'Well, this is all very romantic, but an opportunity like this will never come again. I'm sorry my love, but my wish is to have a wife 30 years younger than me.'

The wife, and the fairy, were deeply disappointed, but a wish is a wish.

So the fairy waved her magic wand and poof!...the husband became 92 years old.

The moral of this story: Men who are ungrateful bastards should remember fairies are female.....

HUMOUR FOR LEXOPHILES (some oldies but goodies)

- I wondered why the baseball was getting bigger. Then it hit me.
- Police were called to a day care where a three-year-old was resisting a rest.
- To write with a broken pencil is pointless.
- The short fortune teller who escaped from prison was a small medium at large.
- A thief who stole a calendar got twelve months.
 - A dentist and a manicurist fought tooth and nail.
- A bicycle can't stand alone; it is two tired.
 - A will is a dead giveaway.
- A chicken crossing the road: poultry in motion
- When she married she got a new name and a dress.
- A grenade fell onto a kitchen floor in France, resulting in linoleum blown apart.
- A calendar's days are numbered.
 - A boiled egg is hard to beat.
- If you jump off a Paris bridge, you are in Seine!
 - When she saw her first strands of gray hair, she thought she'd dye.
- Bakers trade bread recipes on a knead to know basis.
- Acupuncture: a jab well done.

BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Presenting - your Mismanagement Committee 2008/9

Hash Monk—Dick Tayshun

Hash Horn—Urang

Hash Cash—Speed Hump(0400 016 283)

Hash Lip—Slack Mac (home: 6425 7190)

Hash Flash—Phay Wray (home: 64333399)

On Sex—Dini (Dini@ingottec.com)or (dini@dhash.com) (0407 876 567)and

Tals with cameo appearances from **Knickers**

Hash Hawker—GonZo

Hash Hops—Ringo (0417 118 661)

Trailmaster—Chunder (home: 6431 4186)

Webwanker—Grizzly(faulks42@bigpond.com)or (grizzly@dhash.com)

(0418 143 481)

Joint Masters—

Ringo(rmunden@ingottec.com)(home: 6433 3333)(0417 118 661) and

Ratchet (0419 143 688)

Grand Mattress—A Bit of This (0428 592 420)

Up and cumming....

October 27th, Monday 6.30 pm—**Devonport Hash House Harriers**
next r*n set by Soff from 40 Esplanade, Turners Beach.

November 3rd set by Maggie - picnic area opposite Turners Beach P.O.

November 17th AGPU @ Cheese's, Amherst Street Ulverstone.

Upcoming events @ dhhh.blogspot.com, and you can also get yourself a unique hash email address from goneagain@dhash.com!

November 1st Sat 6pm— **Posh Hash 100th** Stroll from the park opposite Lenah Valley RSL, followed by dinner at 7pm.

November 1st Sat 8pm—The Masked Halloween **Hash Ball** @ Lenah Valley RSL.

November 1-3 - **Launceston Hash** trek to Mount Ossa—details please call Rainbow 0417 318 294.

November 12th Wednesday—**Burnie HHH** 30th anniversary

January 10th , 2009, Saturday—Grizzly and Ringo do **High Noon for Full Moon** @ venue to be confirmed.

January 31st, 2009, Saturday — **H4 2000th R*n** @ The Lea Scout Camp. Further details at www.h4.org.au

May 1-3, 2009, Fri-Sun — **Aussie Nash Hash @ Cairns**
registrations now \$350 until March 31st 2009.

July 1-4, 2010—Sarawak Rainforest **Interhash** @ Kuching, Borneo.



An old Italian lived alone in New Jersey. He wanted to plant his annual tomato garden, but it was very difficult work, as the ground was hard. His only son, Vincent, who used to help him, was in prison. The old man wrote a letter to his son and described his predicament:

Dear Vincent,

I am feeling pretty sad, because it looks like I won't be able to plant my tomato garden this year. I'm just getting too old to be digging up a garden plot. I know if you were here my troubles would be over. I know you would be happy to dig the plot for me, like in the old days.

Love,

Papa

A few days later he received a letter from his son.

Dear Pop,

Don't dig up that garden. That's where the bodies are buried.

Love,

Vinnie

At 4 a.m. the next morning, FBI agents and local police arrived and dug up the entire area without finding any bodies. They apologized to the old man and left. That same day the old man received another letter from his son.

Dear Pop,

Go ahead and plant the tomatoes now. That's the best I could do under the circumstances.

Love you,

Vinnie

Prime Minister Kevin Rudd visited a primary school and went into one of the classes.

They were in the middle of a discussion about words and their meanings

The teacher asked the Prime Minister whether he would like to lead the discussion about the word 'tragedy'. So our illustrious leader asked the class for an example of a tragedy.

One little boy stood up and offered: 'If my best friend, who lives on a farm, is playing in a paddock and a tractor runs over him and kills him, that would be a tragedy'

'No,' said Kevin, 'that would be an accident'.

A little girl raised her hand: 'If a school bus carrying fifty children was driven over a cliff, killing everyone inside, that would be a tragedy.'

'I'm afraid not,' explained the Prime Minister, 'that's what we would call a great loss.'

The room went silent. No other children volunteered.

Kevin searched the room. 'Isn't there someone here who can give me an example of tragedy?'

Finally, at the back of the room, a small boy raised his hand. In a quiet voice, he said: 'If an aeroplane carrying you and Ms Gillard was struck by a 'friendly fire' missile and blown to smithereens, that would be a tragedy'.

'Fantastic!' exclaimed Kevin. 'That's right. And can you tell me why that would be a tragedy?'

'Well,' says the boy 'It has to be a tragedy, because it certainly wouldn't be a great loss and it probably wouldn't be a **bloody accident either'.**



New concept in road signage—honesty