

BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

www.burniehhh.blogspot.com



Receding Hareline

R*n 973—November 16th—Flasher
A HOFT to Gunns Plains/Leven Canyon

R*n 974—November 23rd—Ratchet @
New Territory!!

R*n 975—November 30th—A Bit of This
@ Somerset

Next r*n 972 will be a special event set by The Grand Mattress, A Bit of This from her favourite ISP, 448 West Mooreville Road. This is Burnie Hash's 30th Anniversary, that's PEARL, for anyone who cares, so oysters are a likely feature on the menu at the On On.

Bring: Hat, Mug, Joke, Friend, Piece of wood for the Herr Flick memorial firepot, and wear Pearl jewellery of your choice. The Hash Cash has decreed this to be a free r*n for all Burnie regulars, and for anyone else as long as they sing the Burnie Hash Song.

Wednesday November 12th, 6.30pm.

Run 969—Around a round hill , Letteene Road, Round Hill, Burnie, set by Speed Hump(329), October 26th, 2008.

The pack: DT(79), Dini(364), Noodles(55), Ryan Daley(1), Ringo(609), Giggles(26).

After negotiating the vivacious curves of the bitumen up Stowport Hill, a pack of unprecedented quality assembled at the Letteene Road junction. Summer was in the air...ah, that certain je ne sais que that makes you reach for the shorter thinner flimsier bits in the wardrobe, all of which when worn expose excessive amounts of winter's legacy, untanned dimpled blubber.

The air was heavy with the threat of a warm late afternoon shower, but our lovely Monk DT flexed her monking muscles to keep it at bay. Pelvic floor exercises are just as effective at controlling the weather, but require more concentration.

With the pack deemed complete at a quarter past Hash-time, poxy Trailmaster Ringo called on. Westward up the road, then north into the tinder-dry scrub, alive with the summertime buzzing and cracking sounds of crickets. Trail popped out onto a sealed roadway, with an arrow pointing the pack down the hill. This was instantly identified as being "obvious misleading trail", and created enough suspicion to split the little group three ways.

But those of little faith were soon called on, as trail was located in the arrowed direction. Virgin Ryan was unruffled by this confusion, but then he is Noodles' friend, and often finds himself waking up whilst being bodily dragged through new life experiences by her—he has just learned not to kick and scream.

Trail emerged onto Algona Avenue. Looking at the properties on the way past, DT thought she could smell money, but it turned out to be the aroma of a rather grubby Saanen billygoat tethered on the nature strip.

Just as the pack was getting cocky about a nice easy bitumen stroll, a check appeared. FT's were set into the bush tracks on either side of the road. Another

200 metres or so along the road, trail swung up into the scrub along a disused access road, opening out to a clearing and a Mastercheck. If one were prepared to stop watching for a moment the vast army of jack-jumpers and bull-ants underfoot in relation to one's bare pink bits, there were some great views to be had out across the city and the ocean.

On up through the bush again, the pack grumbled its way through a narrow, grown-in path. Ti-tree and other prickly beasties caught and dragged at the Hashers' clothing, and the newly built homes of many spiders were trashed by various brave FRB's.

Back to the road at last, from there it was a gentle stroll back to the cars, with the on on removed to Hump House. A fine misty rain began to fall as the Monk declared her duties done for another week.

From his precariously elevated position near Speedy's outside light, Poxly Lip Ringo delivered downs to every member of the vast pack. Ryan was welcomed with straight ginger beer and showed his appreciation by throwing half of it over the surgically injured and rather subdued Giggles. He would be wise to wear a hard hat when they next meet.

In the absence of the previous week's Hashit awardee Furlong, Speed Hump provided a poxy Hashit, a charming enamelled garden relic, and immediately had it bestowed upon her own head by the wicked Lip. Apparently she had taken trail reconnoitring advice from a handsome stranger on Round Hill—no crime as such—but had failed to give him her phone number.

ON ON Dini

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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)



Noodles' mate, Virgin Ryan qualifies himself as a hasher by proving he can count to two.

Lady MacHump—"Is this The Hashit which I see before me, the handle towards my head?"



A brush with DEATH at the recent Masked Halloween Ball and combined Posh Hash 100th stroll, held at the Lenah Valley RSL Club.

Apparently the people in the photo are all hashers, but we can't tell who they are because they are wearing masks.

But one thing is certain—somewhere in Venice, running loose along the canal banks, there is a totally naked rooster.





One Saturday morning I got up early, dressed quietly, made my lunch, grabbed the dog, slipped quietly into the garage to hook the boat up to the truck, and proceeded to back out into a torrential downpour.

The wind was blowing 50 mph.. I pulled back into the garage, turned on the radio, and discovered that the weather would be bad throughout the day.

I went back into the house, quietly undressed, and slipped back into bed. There I cuddled up to my wife's back, now with a different anticipation, and whispered, 'The weather out there is terrible.'

My loving wife of 20 years replied, 'Can you believe my stupid husband is out fishing in that shit?'

I still don't know to this day if she was joking, but I've stopped fishing.

More Lexophilia

The roundest knight at King Arthur's round table was Sir Cumference. He acquired his size from too much pi.

I thought I saw an eye doctor on an Alaskan island but it turned out to be an optical Aleutian.

She was only a whisky maker, but he loved her still.

A rubber band pistol was confiscated from algebra class because it was a weapon of math disruption.

The butcher backed into the meat grinder and got a little behind in his work.

No matter how much you push the envelope, it'll still be stationery.

A dog gave birth to puppies near the road and was cited for littering.

Two silk worms had a race. They ended up in a tie.

Atheism is a non-prophet organization.

Two hats were hanging on a hat rack in the hallway. One hat said to the other, 'You stay here, I'll go on a-head.'

A sign on the lawn at a drug rehab centre said: 'Keep off the Grass.'

A small boy swallowed some coins and was taken to a hospital. When his grandmother telephoned to ask how he was, a nurse said, 'No change yet.'

The man who survived mustard gas and pepper spray is now a seasoned veteran.

When cannibals ate a missionary, they got a taste of religion.

Don't join dangerous cults, practice safe sects!



Up and cumming....

November 10th, Monday 6.30 pm—Devonport Hash House Harriers next r*n set by GoneAgain from Oz Rock Inn, Beach Road Ulverstone. A special showing of the documentary "Coughing the Distance" after the r*n, all donations welcome to benefit Cystic Fibrosis Tasmania.

Upcoming events @ dhhh.blogspot.com, and you can also get yourself a unique hash email address from goneagain@dhash.com! Mail filtering available at extra cost, Dyke.

November 12th Wednesday—Burnie HHH 30th Anniversary (Pearl)@ 448 West Mooreville Road, Oysters likely, Necklaces a possibility. 6.30 pm start for a short r*n, long on on, and a trawl through the old trashes (why buy toilet rolls?) and Burnie Hash Relics. See our collection of sepia pictures featuring strangely familiar thin-looking hashers wearing tight shorts, body-hugging bonds tees and KT26 joggers. And if that's not enough to get you along on a Wednesday night, there's free beer and food.

November 15th Saturday 1 pm till late—Barbecue at Ratchet and Knickers, featuring home-grown kebabs—an invitation to help eat the bits of the steer that would not fit in the freezer (horns, hooves, tails etc). BYO grog and extra barby food if required.

November 16th, Sunday 8am sharp—HOFT to Leven Canyon/ Gunns Plains—meet at MacDonald's Ulverstone. An all day walk, (reputedly 12 hours), bring appropriate gear, drinks, lunch etc.

November 17th, Monday 6.30 pm—Devonport HHH AGPU @ Cheese's, Amherst Street Ulverstone. Ensure you attend to avoid being given a job on the Committee.

January 10th, 2009, Saturday 12.00 midday—Grizzly and Ringo do **High Noon for Full Moon @ Ross**. Grab a bed now for this infamous weekend event. Phil at the Ross Motel has rooms available, \$125 double including breakfast, also caravan park units \$50 double, plus plenty of powered sites and tent space. Web: www.rossmotel.com.au
Tel: 6381 5224, Email: enquiries@rossmotel.com.au
Man o Ross Hotel: double \$85 Web: www.manoross.com.au
Tel: 6381 5445, Email: info@manoross.com.au

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

February 14th, 2009 Saturday—Red Dress Run, Hobart.

February 20th-22nd, 2009—Swine 09 Pig Pen Run @ Nugent.

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.