

# BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

[www.burniehhh.blogspot.com](http://www.burniehhh.blogspot.com)



**Next r\*n 976 will be set by your hare Giggles from 34 Elphinstone's Road, Calder. (Travel approx 11km up Calder Road, Elphinstone's Road on right)**

**Bring: Hat, mug, joke, friend, \$10, raffle money, extra drinks.  
December 14th, 5.30 pm SHARP.**

## Receding Hareline

**R\*n 977**—December 21st—  
Phay Wray and Urang's  
Red White and Furry  
Yuletide Spectacular from the  
Burnie Civic Centre Car Park

**R\*n 978**—December 31st—  
Speed Hump @ Burnie's Night  
on the Terrace

**R\*n 979**—*January 4th*—  
Hare required

**R\*n 974**—*Surf's Up @ Bells Parade, Somerset, set by A Bit of This (133) and Truly, November 30th, 2008.*

*The pack: Phay Wray(247), Urang(163), GonZo(154), Chunder(173), Nicer Pair-a-tiffs (185), Speed Hump(333), DT(84), Dyke(53), Ringo(614), Dini(369).*

With the threat of inclement weather, the arriving pack congregated within the Mobile Postcode until it reached sardine capacity plus three.

In due course Trailmaster Chunder evicted the Hashers from their cosy comfort zone, with a directive from the Hare that trail commenced in front of the barbecue shelter. Flour found, the pack headed off across the circus ground, chattering and not paying much heed, and in another ten or so steps they arrived at the HHH. Could this be a rival to Slack Mac's abortive "to the railway line and back" r\*n of 2001, caused by the hare having a skinful of piss and being too legless to set a proper trail? Perhaps not. A Bit of This can hold her Guinness, but she had seemed sober enough when they left.

Despite the temptation to return to the bucket, Chunder took charge and located trail under the low hanging branches of the boobyallas, leading down to the beach. South under the bridge, the going quite easy as the tide was out, but was there really trail here? The pack was called to order once more by its intrepid Trailmaster, who was now so determined to have his pack stay on trail that he was circling the flour dollops on the sand with a stick.

Just rounding the river mouth point, the hare and the dog were visible in the distance. The pack was shepherded off the beach by her Grumpiness the Grand Mattress back onto trail right by the bus, lest they become lost and try to shortcut home.

Along Bells Parade to a Mastercheck on the grass. Speedy told a joke, such a recycled one that she did not even have to deliver the punch line, but such a

good one that she was forgiven. Up the street past a Doppler of barking dogs, woofing madly at Urang's Cat-in-the-Hat hat and howling in reply to his orchestral horn-blowing. Over the railway line, over the highway and into the bowels of suburban Somerset with an MC at the sports centre, where Ringo and Speed Hump made the most of some situational aesthetics. It should be noted that Dyke, clearly a hasher of little faith, carried an umbrella even though both the Burnie and Devonport Monks were on the r\*n, but was somehow later overlooked for his doubting sins in the circle.

Trail bounced around various street blocks, some with unusual Christmas decorations (shoes, tennis balls, dead poultry etc.) hanging from the overhead wires. Speedy collected artefacts along the way, primarily green bits, which she used to decorate the garden when we arrived at an MC at Giggles' house. After trashing the place good and proper and generally ruining the neighbourhood (serves Giggles right for not being home to give us a beer), the pack found trail on the other side of the street behind a wheelie bin, and were guided past some very large fierce-looking dogs behind some distressingly small fences back to the town centre. Here a number of slack piking wimps occupied a park bench, loitering with intent to hash home.

Those with more spunk sought and found flour for another suburban loop before returning via a seedy dead-end street and across the highway back to the Surf Club.

After a belly full of barbecue tucker, Poxo Lip Speedy conducted the circle from the dizzying heights of the table, punishing the many crimes of the thirsty pack. The Hare somehow got off lightly, despite her demonstrated ability in cocking up a perfectly straightforward r\*n in perfectly straightforward territory. Chunder was awarded the Hashit for attention-seeking behaviour (this is now a sin at Hash?) and the GonZo Gestapo rigged raffle yielded booty for DT, Dyke, Ringo and Speed Hump.

With the weather closing in, Après On On was removed to the Moose Farm, where a long hot bath and a cask of port wrinkled the bodies and brains of the stayers until the wee small hours of Monday morning.

**ON ON    Dini**

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#### REMEMBER THIS AT CHRISTMAS TIME

*According to the Alaska Department of Fish and Game, while both male and female reindeer grow antlers in the summer each year, male reindeer drop their antlers at the beginning of winter, usually late November to mid-December. Female reindeer retain their antlers till after they give birth in the spring.*

*Therefore, according to EVERY historical rendition depicting Santa's reindeer, EVERY single one of them, from Rudolph to Blitzen, had to be a girl.*

*We should've known... ONLY women would be able to drag a fat-ass man in a red velvet suit all around the world in one night and not get lost.*

# 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)

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Miss Beatrice, the church organist, was in her eighties and had never been married. She was admired for her sweetness and kindness to all.

One afternoon the pastor came to call on her and she showed him into her quaint sitting room. She invited him to have a seat while she prepared tea.

As he sat facing her old Hammond organ, the young minister noticed a cute glass bowl sitting on top of it. The bowl was filled with water, and in the water floated, of all things, a condom!

When she returned with tea and scones, they began to chat. The pastor tried to stifle his curiosity about the bowl of water and its strange floater, but soon it got the better of him and he could no longer resist.

'Miss Beatrice', he said, 'I wonder if you would tell me about this.' pointing to the bowl.

'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'isn't it wonderful? I was walking through The Park a few months ago and I found this little package on the ground.'

The directions said to place it on the organ, keep it wet and that it would prevent the spread of disease. Do you know I haven't had the flu all winter.'

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Do you COME here often? My hat is pleased to see you.



I'll have what they're having...is the pussy included?

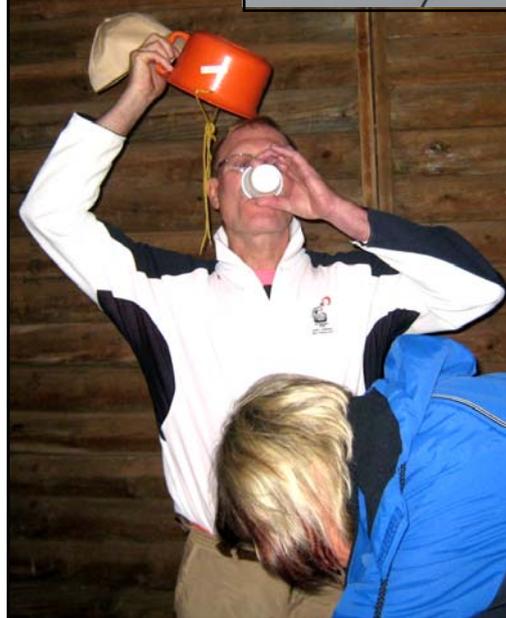


A man with reinforced crotch seams can be hard to find...

The newly appointed Dickhead Hash Monk and Gash practise their respective new roles



PICK-UP a bargain...



The DOWN-side to being awarded the Hashit. Could this be the start of a new tradition?



A really great raffle prize, but the "s" is missing

For all you mathematical geniuses in our club I thought you may like this equation

A husband wrote the following letter for his wife and left it on the dining room table:

'To My Dear Wife. You will surely understand that I have certain needs that you, being 54 years old, can no longer satisfy. I am very happy with you & I value you as a good wife. Therefore, after reading this letter, I hope that you will not wrongly interpret the fact that I will be spending the evening with my 18 year old secretary at the Comfort Inn Hotel. Please don't be upset - I shall be home before midnight.'

When the man came home late that night, he found the following letter on the dining room table:

'My Dear Husband. I received your letter and thank you for your honesty about my being 54 years old. I would like to take this opportunity to remind you that you are also 54 years old. As you know, I am a maths teacher at our local college. I would like to inform you that while you read this, I will be at the Marriott Hotel with Michael, one of my students. He is young, virile, and like your secretary, is 18 years old.

As a successful businessman who has an excellent knowledge of Maths, you will understand that although it may appear that we are in the same situation, there is one mathematical difference:

'18 goes into 54 a lot more times than 54 goes into 18.' Therefore, I will not be home until sometime tomorrow.'

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***When four of Santa's elves got sick, the trainee elves did not produce toys as fast as the regular ones, and Santa began to feel the Pre-Christmas pressure.***

***Then Mrs Claus told Santa her Mother was coming to visit, which stressed Santa even more.***

***When he went to harness the reindeer, he found that three of them were about to give birth and two others had jumped the fence and were out, Heaven knows where.***

***Then when he began to load the sleigh, one of the floorboards cracked, the toy bag fell to the ground and all the toys were scattered.***

***Frustrated, Santa went in the house for a cup of apple cider and a shot of rum. When he went to the cupboard, he discovered the elves had drunk all the cider and hidden the liquor. In his frustration, he accidentally dropped the cider jug, and it broke into hundreds of little glass pieces all over the kitchen floor. He went to get the broom and found the mice had eaten all the straw off the end of the broom.***

***Just then the doorbell rang, and irritated Santa marched to the door, yanked it open, and there stood a little angel with a great big Christmas tree.***

***The angel said very cheerfully, 'Merry Christmas, Santa. Isn't this a lovely day? I have a beautiful tree for you. Where would you like me to stick it?'***

***And so began the tradition of the little angel on top of the Christmas tree.....***

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What Religion is Your Bra?

A man walked into the ladies department of Myer's and shyly walked up to the woman behind the counter and said, 'I'd like to buy a bra for my wife. ' 'What type of bra?' asked the clerk.

'Type?' inquires the man, 'There's more than one type?'

'Look around,' said the saleslady, as she showed a sea of bras in every shape, size, colour and material imaginable.

'Actually, even with all of this variety, there are really only four types of bras to choose from.'

Relieved, the man asked about the types.

The saleslady replied: 'There are the Catholic, the Salvation Army, the Presbyterian, and the Baptist types.

Which one would you prefer?' Now totally befuddled, the man asked about the differences between them.

The Saleslady responded, 'It is all really quite simple.

The Catholic type supports the masses; The Salvation Army type lifts the fallen; The Presbyterian type keeps them staunch and upright; The Baptist type makes mountains out of molehills..'

Have you ever wondered why A, B, C, D, DD, E, F, G, and H are the letters used to define bra sizes?

If you have wondered why, but couldn't figure out what the letters stood for, it is about time you became informed!

{A} Almost Boobs.

{B} Barely there...

{C} Can't Complain!..

{D} Dang!...

{DD} Double dang!...

{E} Enormous!...

{F} Fake...

{G} Get a Reduction....

{H} Help me, I've fallen and I can't get up!

(They forgot the German bra, Holtzemfromfloppen)

## **Up and cumming....**

December 8th, Monday 6.30 pm—**Devonport HHH** next r\*n set by Flasher from Otto's Grotto, Ulverstone. Bring DH3 usual necessities (\$10, matching sox, Hub, girlie drinks) plus a chair.

December 21st, Sunday 5.30pm—**Burnie HHH Red White and Furry** Christmas r\*n set by Phay Wray and Urang from the southern (Jones Street) end of the car park behind the Civic Centre. Dress in your best festive attire, bring a \$5 wrapped present and Christmas food to share. On On will be at the King Komm Retirement Village, 457 Mooreville Road, Burnie.

December 22nd, Monday 6.30 pm—**Devonport HHH** Christmas R\*n, details TBA.

December 31st, Wednesday—(to be confirmed) A posh night on the terrace in Burnie to farewell the decade of the Noughties, hosted from the House de Hump, Burton Street (off Mount Street).

January 10th, 2009, Saturday 12.00, midday—

**Your Hash Club Needs You!!!!**

**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 from \$50 double, plus plenty of powered sites and tent space.**

**Web: [www.rossmotel.com.au](http://www.rossmotel.com.au) Tel: 6381 5224,**

**Email: [enquiries@rossmotel.com.au](mailto:enquiries@rossmotel.com.au)**

**Man o Ross Hotel: doubles from \$85**

**Web: [www.manoross.com.au](http://www.manoross.com.au) Tel:6381 5445,**

**Email: [info@manoross.com.au](mailto:info@manoross.com.au)**

January 31st, 2009, Saturday — **H4 2000th R\*n @ The Lea Scout Camp.** Further details and online registrations at [www.h4.org.au](http://www.h4.org.au)

February 6—8, 2009 — **NZ Nash Hash**, Rootaroa

February 7th, 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.

June 6-8th, 2009—**The Highland Fling @ TBA**

**June 21st, 2009—Burnie Hash House Harriers 1000th R\*n— it's bound to be a long night...**

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

**DH3 Upcoming events @ [www.dhash.com](http://www.dhash.com), plus you can also get your very own hash email address from [goneagain@dhash.com](mailto:goneagain@dhash.com)!**

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