

BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

www.burniehhh.blogspot.com



Next r*n 978 will be A Posh Stroll to Burnie's Night on the Terrace, leaving (eventually) from the House of Hump, Burton Street, Burnie. Snacky food provided, Bring/Buy YO drinks

December 31st, 6.30 pm.
*(No r*n December 28th)*

Receding Hareline

R*n 979—Jan 4th—
Chunder @ TBA —

R*n 980—Sat Jan 10th
Ringo and Grizzly do High Noon for Full Moon@ Ross

R*n 981—Jan 18th—
Hare Required

R*n 982—Jan 25th(Long Weekend)—Hare Required

R*n 976—Giggles' (28) Remarkable Riparian Ramble Or What a Bunch of Super Snappers @ Zig Zag Road, Upper Calder, December 14th, 2008.

The pack:

Burnie Paparazzi: A Bit of This and Truly(135), Chunder(174), Dini(371), Phay Wray(249), Ringo(616), Speed Hump(334), Urang(165).

Devonport Paparazzo: Gone Again(10).

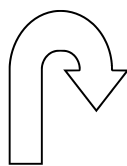
What a gorgeous bunch (glorious Giggles, charming Chunder, uxorious Urang, phantastic Phay Wray, admirable ABOT and stupendous Speedy) gathered at Mr and Mrs Su-shames' (Mum and Dad, to Giggles) house at 34 Elphinstone's Road, Calder on a bright and beautiful Sunday afternoon. The marvellous Monk was mysteriously missing but her power was mighty, as always. The bright and beautiful afternoon drew on towards not so bright but still beautiful evening, 5.30pm came and went, who are we waiting for? A sudden dust storm heralded the arrival of the remarkable Ringo, He-Who-Must-Mow-at-4.30-Sunday, towing along in his wake the desirable Dini and the glamorous Gone Again. On-on called Trail Master, seeking vainly for a bit of flour. No no, cried Giggles, trail starts a little way down the road! On-on again called the Trail Master, and this time trail was finally found, several kilometres and carloads later, at Zig Zag Road, Lower (or was that South – or East – or Middle?) Calder, nestled down among the trees swaying above a river.

Trail led along the river, among the trees, but then made a clever loop back to just behind the cars where, in the distance, could be seen Knickers Giggles tearing up the shrubbery and shoving it into a bucket. Why? Can't say as I found out, really. Perhaps someone can enlighten me, sometime.

Anyway, trail bypassed the Knickers-clone and meandered around a corner on the road, then back along the river. A lovely walk on a warm and still afternoon, with the gums whispering overhead and the river babbling to itself down below – noisy buggers. A Master-check at a scenic spot brought all the stragglers together, photos were taken and someone told a joke. It was not a very good one, so Trail Master called On! before any more could come out.

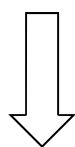
The best joke was actually the very surprised looking folk in a station wagon laden down with a Christmas tree – I bet they didn't expect to have a bunch of witnesses to their clandestine bit of thievery miles from anywhere!

Trail meandered along the river road and suddenly led off and down to the right, to a Mastercheck by a river causeway. A lovely spot, very reflective, very photogenic. Photos were taken. Several. Er, lots.



Here, adding to the tyre-graffiti of the local 4WD artists, was the first of a few mysterious signs:

Correctly interpreting this to mean "go back up to the road and turn right", pack went back up to the road and turned right, and found trail continuing on. Then trail wasn't continuing on, because it suddenly took another turn, this time up to the left, up being the operative word. A call was heard "View!!!". Quite a lot of huffing and puffing later, Urang, that FRB, had found a second mysterious sign:

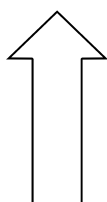


VIEW

Correctly interpreting this to mean "look at this lovely view", pack all looked at the lovely view (it was quite lovely), photos were taken, and heart rates came back down to normal. Then trail continued upwards. A little further on was a Mastercheck with another mysterious sign:

P S

Correctly interpreting this to mean Piss Stop, a mysterious bag was found in the bushes. Opened, the bag revealed drinkies and plastic cups. A welcome refreshment was enjoyed by all, to the bemusement of some local wildlife, a lost and lonesome bull-ant (I have never actually seen a cow-ant -- on average, a few of the ants must be female, one would think - their genitals must be awfully small, so how do you tell?). Photos were taken.



Trail led onward to the last mysterious sign, in the middle of a picturesque old wooden bridge:

HHH

After admiring the river, and leaving the bridge intact despite the best efforts of Ringo and Chunder to exterminate it, photos were taken, and the mysterious sign was correctly interpreted as meaning "go back the way you just came and keep going along the road and you will eventually find the cars". So pack enjoyed a last few minutes strolling along the peaceful trail back to the cars.

A few minutes later, the weary but happy convoy arrived back at Elphinstones' Road for a marvel of an on-on, a feast of a barbecue, a circle amazingly well-Lipped by novice Urang, a bonanza of great prizes from poxy-Hawker Chunder, and a grunt of a loading of bloody huge plant pots onto Giggles' trailer for removal to Somerset (though some of us, correctly interpreting that "too many cooks spoil the broth", kindly took on the important role of spectator, applauding at appropriate junctures).

On On Speed Hump



Myrmecia gulosa



Lepidoptera spp.

Hasherii vulgaris (legless variation)

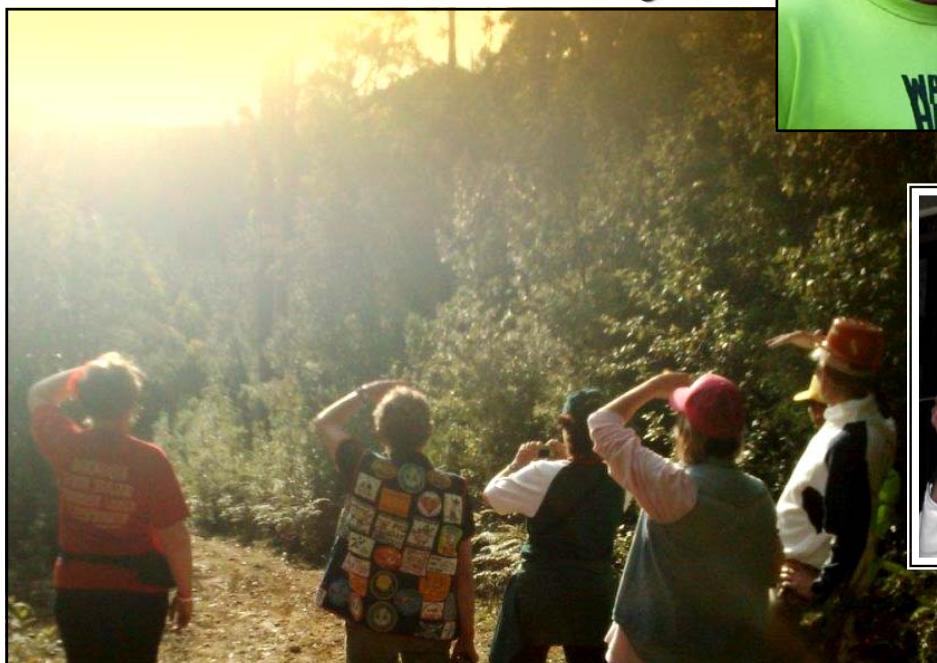


The Hash Flash likes her competition stiff.

Call the police!! His underwear is from Eastern Europe, it's taken his goolies hostage, and I'm not touching him!



Comparing Dutch roots



Gispert's second coming? Or just smoke haze from Giggles' barbecue?



And the w*nner is
Giggles!!!



Brenda and Steve took their six-year-old son to the doctor.

With some hesitation, they explained that although their little angel appeared to be in good health, they were concerned about his rather small penis.

After examining the child, the doctor confidently declared, "Just feed him pancakes. That should solve the problem."

The next morning when the boy arrived at breakfast, there was a huge stack of warm pancakes in the middle of the table.

"Gee, Mom," he exclaimed. "All those for me?" "Just take two," Brenda replied. "The rest are for your father".

Due to the credit crunch the local mine shut down and the dwarf had to get a new job. Times were hard and the dwarf tried everywhere - finally he gets to the zoo.

"We've had a bad case of avian flu and all the penguins have died," said the zoo keeper. "As they are our biggest attraction, I need you to dress up as a penguin and pretend to be one all day. It pays \$50 and all the fish you can eat."

Well that's not too bad, thinks the dwarf, so the next day he is their flapping about and swimming and eating fish. "Not a great job, but hey, we've all had worse," he says to himself..

A few weeks later some local kids are visiting and decide to have some fun - by throwing a penguin into the Lion's den. So they pick up the dwarf despite him flapping his little wings and chuck him over the fence.

He looks around and sees a huge lion approaching... its crawling up on him until he sees the whites of his eyes. In panic the dwarf shrieks, "LET ME OUT, LET ME OUT, I'M NOT REALLY A PENGUIN - I AM A DWARF IN A PENGUIN SUIT!"

"Shut your bloody mouth or you'll get us both sacked!" says the lion.

Ma was in the kitchen fiddling around when she hollers out....'Pa! You need to go out and fix the outhouse!' Pa replies, 'There ain't nuthin wrong with the outhouse.'

Ma yells back, 'Yes there is, now git out there and fix it.'

So..... Pa mosies out to the outhouse, looks around and yells back, 'Ma! There ain't nuthin wrong with the outhouse!' Ma replies, 'Stick yur head in the hole!'

Pa yells back, 'I ain't stickin my head in that hole!'

Ma says, 'Ya have to stick yur head in the hole to see what to fix.'

So with that, Pa sticks his head in the hole, looks around and yells back, 'Ma! There ain't nuthin wrong with this outhouse!' Ma hollers back, 'Now take your head out of the hole!'

Pa proceeds to pull his head out of the hole, and then starts yelling, 'Ma! Help! My beard is stuck in the cracks in the toilet seat!' To which Ma replies, 'Hurt's, don't it?!'

A young man named John received a parrot as an early Christmas gift. The parrot had a bad attitude and an even worse vocabulary. Every word out of the bird's mouth was rude, obnoxious and laced with profanity.

John tried and tried to change the bird's attitude by consistently saying only polite words, playing soft music and anything else he could think of to 'clean up the bird's vocabulary.

Finally, John was fed up and he yelled at the parrot. The parrot yelled back. John shook the parrot and the parrot got angrier and even ruder.

John in desperation, threw up his hands, grabbed the bird and shoved him in the freezer.

For a few minutes the parrot squawked and kicked and screamed.

Then suddenly there was total quiet. Not a peep was heard for over a minute.

Fearing that he'd hurt the parrot, John quickly opened the door to the freezer. The parrot calmly stepped out onto John's outstretched arms and said "I believe I may have offended you with my rude language and actions. I'm sincerely remorseful for my inappropriate transgressions and I fully intend to do everything I can to correct my rude and unforgivable behaviour".

John was stunned at the change in the bird's attitude. As he was about to ask the parrot what had made such a dramatic change in his behaviour, the bird continued "may I enquire as to what the turkey did?"

Combined Hash Clubs of Tasmania
Hosted by Hobart Full Moon H3

2009 RED DRESS RUN



Run
Drinks
Food
Special pin
Printed patch
Donation



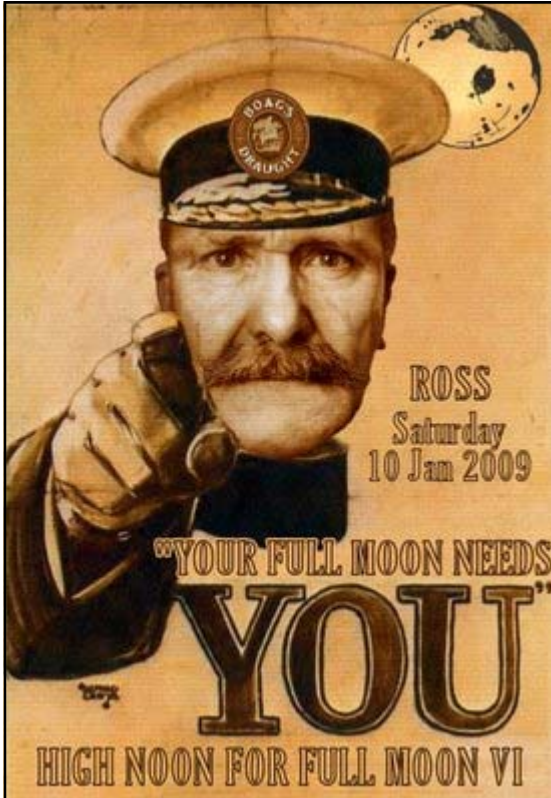
14 FEBRUARY
HOBART REGATTA GROUNDS



In support of Cystic Fibrosis Tasmania



High Noon for Full Moon January 10th, 2009



In 1901 the newly-formed nation of Australia was drawn into its first conflict, as an empire took on some upstart colonials on the African continent.

In 2009 the battle in the Boer Beer War continues in Tasmania as the forces of Lord Ringo's Boags Empire take on the rag-tag Cascade colonials, led by Grizzly van der Kuunt, at the border territory of Ross.

The charge of the Light Beer Brigade begins at noon on Saturday 10th January 2009, and forces should marshal in full regalia outside the Ross Caravan Park.

Soldiers should bring their own meat rations and an extra canteen, lest you suffer from strong thirst.

Forces assigned to remain on the battlefield overnight will need to arrange their own bivouac.

Boags forces can receive further orders from Lt Col Dini (dini@dhash.com), while Cascade colonials can contact Grizzly (grizzly@dhash.com).

"Hash straight, you bastards!" - Breaker Morbeer

BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Presenting - your Mismanagement Committee 2008/9

Hash Monk—Dick Tayshun (dt@dhash.com)

Hash Horn—Urang (urang@dhash.com)

Hash Cash—Speed Hump(0400 016 283)(speedhump@dhash.com)

Hash Lip—Slack Mac (home: 6425 7190)(slackmac@dhash.com)

Hash Flash—Phay Wray (home: 64333399)(phaywray@dhash.com)

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

Tals with cameo appearances from **Knickers**(knickers@dhash.com)

Hash Hawker—GonZo (gonzo@dhash.com)

Hash Hops—Ringo (0417 118 661) (ringo@dhash.com)

Trailmaster—Chunder (home: 6431 4186)(chunder@dhash.com)

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) (ratchet@dhash.com)

Grand Mattress—A Bit of This (0428 592 420) (abitofthis@dhash.com)

COMMON TOOLS DEFINED (no, Dint, this isn't about you)

DRILL PRESS: A tall upright machine useful for suddenly snatching flat metal bar stock out of your hands so that it smacks you in the chest and flings your beer across the room, denting the freshly-painted vertical stabiliser which you had carefully set in the corner where nothing could get to it.

WIRE WHEEL: Cleans paint off bolts and then throws them somewhere under the workbench with the speed of light. Also removes fingerprints and hard-earned calluses from fingers in about the time it takes you to say, "Oh shit..."

ELECTRIC HAND DRILL: Normally used for spinning pop rivets in their holes until you die of old age.

SKILL SAW: A portable cutting tool used to make studs too short.

PLIERS: Used to round off bolt heads. Sometimes used in the creation of blood-blisters.

BELT SANDER: An electric sanding tool commonly used to convert minor touch-up jobs into major refinishing jobs.

HACKSAW: One of a family of cutting tools built on the Ouija board principle. It transforms human energy into a crooked, unpredictable motion, and the more you attempt to influence its course, the more dismal your future becomes.

WISE-GRIPS: Generally used after pliers to completely round off bolt heads. If nothing else is available, they can also be used to transfer intense welding heat to the palm of your hand.

WELDING GLOVES: Heavy duty leather gloves used to prolong the conduction of intense welding heat to the palm of your hand.

OXYACETYLENE TORCH: Used almost entirely for lighting various flammable objects in your shop on fire. Also handy for igniting the grease inside the wheel hub out of which you want to remove a bearing race.

TABLE SAW: A large stationary power tool commonly used to launch wood projectiles for testing wall integrity.

HYDRAULIC FLOOR JACK: Used for lowering an automobile to the ground after you have installed your new brake shoes, trapping the jack handle firmly under the bumper.

EIGHT-FOOT LONG YELLOW PINE 2X4: Used for levering an automobile upward off of a trapped hydraulic jack handle.

E-Z OUT BOLT AND STUD EXTRACTOR: A tool ten times harder than any known drill bit that snaps neatly off in bolt holes thereby ending any possible future use.

BAND SAW: A large stationary power saw primarily used by most shops to cut good aluminium sheet into smaller pieces that more easily fit into the trash can after you cut on the inside of the line instead of the outside edge.

TWO-TON ENGINE HOIST: A tool for testing the maximum tensile strength of everything you forgot to disconnect.

CRAFTSMAN 1/2 x 24-INCH SCREWDRIVER: A very large pry bar that inexplicably has an accurately machined screwdriver tip on the end opposite the handle.

AVIATION METAL SNIPS: See hacksaw.

PHILLIPS SCREWDRIVER: Normally used to stab the vacuum seals under lids or for opening old-style paper-and-tin oil cans and splashing oil on your shirt; but can also be used, as the name implies, to strip out Phillips screw heads.

STRAIGHT SCREWDRIVER: A tool for opening paint cans. Sometimes it's used to convert common slotted screws into non-removable screws.

PRY BAR OR PINCH BAR: A tool used to crumple the metal surrounding that clip or bracket you needed to remove in order to replace a 50 cent part.

HOSE CUTTER: A tool used to make hoses too short.

HAMMER: Originally employed as a weapon of war, the hammer nowadays is used as a kind of divining rod to locate the most expensive parts adjacent the object we are trying to hit.

MECHANIC'S KNIFE: Used to open and slice through the contents of cardboard cartons delivered to your front door; works particularly well on contents such as seats, vinyl records, liquids in plastic bottles, collector magazines, refund checks, and rubber or plastic parts. Especially useful for slicing work clothes OR YOURSELF, but only while in use.

DAMMIT TOOL: Any handy tool that you grab and throw across the garage while yelling 'DAMMIT!' at the top of your lungs. It is also, most often, the next tool that you will need.

Up and cumming....

December 22nd, Monday 6.30 pm—**Devonport HHH** next r*n set by the JM's from Mersey Yacht Club. Dress Requirements: Neat , casual red Xmas hash clothing must be worn or no clothes optional . Santa may be in attendance , so wear good clean red underwear if you want to sit on Santa's knee and get a good spanking - sorry wanking , sorry. Bring DH3 usual necessities (\$10, red furry g-string, matching sox, Hub, girlie drinks, Claus repellent, torch, note from Mum).

December 31st, Wednesday, 6.30pm - A posh night on the terrace in Burnie to farewell the decade of the Noughties, hosted from the House de Hump, Burton Street, Burnie (off Mount Street). Snacky food provided, BYO drinks and/or funds for a night on the town.

January 10th, 2009, Saturday 12.00, midday—

Your Hash Club Needs You!!!! Sign up now for the Beer War!!!!
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 Tel: 6381 5224,

Email: enquiries@rossmotel.com.au

Man o Ross Hotel: doubles from \$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 and online registrations at www.h4.org.au

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

February 14th, 2009 Saturday—Valentines Day **Red Dress R*n, Hobart, supporting Cystic Fibrosis Tasmania.** Sixty Five Roses could get you the Valentine of your dreams (in a red dress with hairy legs). This is always a great day out. Don't miss it!

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.**

Devonport H3 Upcoming events @ www.dhash.com, plus you can also get your very own hash email address from goneagain@dhash.com!

Burnie H3 Upcoming events @ www.burniehhh.blogspot.com