

BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

www.burniehhh.blogspot.com



Next r*n 981 will be set by your hare Knickers (as if) from the Port Sorell Caravan Park. Bring \$10, hat, mug, joke, friend, chair, piece of wood, extra drinks, bed. Sunday January 18th, 5.30pm

Receding Hareline

R*n 982—January 25th—
Hare required

R*n 983—February 1st—
Hare required

R*n 984—February 8th—
Hare required

R*n 985—February 14th—
Red Dress R*n Hobart
(Saturday)

R*n 979—Au Naturele, from The Postman's Track, Sisters Beach National Park, set by Chunder (176), January 4th, 2009

The pack: Ringo(618), Speed Hump(336), A Bit of This(137) and Truly, Urang(168), Phay Wray(251), Muffin Stroker(6), Dini(373).

DNR: DT(86), Abacus(1)

Hare Chunder's legs were footloose and unsupervised—they gangled around randomly in a silly-walk way, while the rest of him tried to look serious as the pack assembled. Right on Hash time, Ringo arrived, with an astonished Dini in tow, and this outbreak of punctuality caused the pack to spontaneously faint.

(Editor's note: Ringo was actually ready early, but Dini had to delay him to save him from being early or the pack may have actually died of shock. It was a 1 in 100 year event for sure.)

With the pack deemed complete at a quarter to the big hand, Chunder launched into excuses—apparently Grizzly was to blame for anything that went wrong on the r*n (indeed this rule can be applied to any Hash event). Then followed lengthy instructions, and true to form, the pack glazed over after the first five words.

It was something about lumpy jaws and reservations and getting back to nature. Sounds like a visit to a horse dentist at a nudist colony. OK, so I wasn't listening. Who needs instructions anyhow? Following the hasher in front has always worked for most of us, however it is well to note that this does not apply when following Slack Mac, as you are already well off the trail.

Trail led along (we were assured it was the trail although there was no flour at all) the well made and signposted Postman's Track, winding gently uphill through the pretty coastal scrub of the Sisters Hills. A Bit of This galloped ahead at speed, having left her duck-arsed canine handbrake behind to guard the bus.

Phay Wray again found herself surrounded by fools who followed her too closely and cramped her Hash Flash style. Divested of Ringo and Urang's jostlings, she happily snapped her way along at the arse end of the pack where she most loves to be.

The sun beat down and made the crickets sing as the pack climbed to the top of the plateau and paused to absorb the sweeping views of the coastline. But the Hare insisted that the Mastercheck was further on.

Fifty metres forward was a slightly better vantage point, and here on the greyish ground lay some grey rocks and some greyish brown bark in a sort of greyish brown pattern. Chunder's legs bounded off excitedly by themselves again, doing a little jig of glee as he explained that this was a natural Mastercheck free from artificial preservatives and lumpy jaws. That most of the pack had already passed without noticing it seemed not to concern him at all. Why do we have Masterchecks again?

Next followed the "fern in a burnt out hollow tree" Mastercheck, the "grey rocks on a grey background in a grey circle with grey sticks" Mastercheck, and the "stop at the Forkin' tree" Mastercheck. No wonder GonZo has taken up chatting to the fairy penguins at night.

The trail wound down the hill again through the banksias, heath and grass trees, offering marvellous views across the headlands of Rocky Cape and beyond. Blinding white sandy beaches and red tinged rocks framed an intensely blue sea and cloudless sky. At various points on the trail there were little access tracks to the beaches, beckoning picnic and champagne for another Hashing day.

Trail met the gravel road, with a couple of kays back to the centre of Sister Beach township. A local ankle-biter buzzing around on a tiny four-wheeler sparked memories of The Banana Splits, and there will of course be a prize (claimable from the On Sec) for anyone who can remember all their names.

At the town centre (i.e. the shop) Chunder's trusty Lexcen awaited to ferry the pack back to their cars. The On On Part 1 had already started when the last carload arrived back. Glasses filled with wine, platters of cheese and olives, dog biscuits... But it was almost past pub meal time, so the spoils were scoffed down at speed, and the Hashers headed, as they should, to the first pub in Wynyard.

The On On Part 2 found a couple of shagged looking Harriettes (Abacus and DT) holding up the imaginatively named Top Pub bar, discussing their Cradle mountain trek, waffling about how pretty it was. Pity they missed a great Hash just for that rubbishy scenery.

After a very passable bit of pub grub, the On On Part 3 retreated to A Bit of This's place. The pack's arms and legs plaited around the table and each other and no one was allowed to take a deep breath with asking permission first. Chunder stood guard at the bus's open door lest he farted. Ringo and Dini were appointed Poxxy lips, and the brew bucket was well and truly dented as charges whistled briskly around the circle. Speed Hump took out the Hashit because it matched her eyes and because she failed to duck in time.

ON ON Dini



Junk Male of the Year struts his stuff on the Postman's track



OK Team, it's shape recognition time...see if you can match the correct names to the pictures....
Your choice of:
a) Particle accelerator
b) Stonehenge
c) Amphibious landing craft
d) Cloaca
e) Mastercheck



A momentary lapse from Miss Manners. Next she'll be eating peas off her knife, or seen with messy hair!



A sign for the year 2009, which marks the end of the forties zone for Dini...and a few others.

Ringo and Urang find the street address for the Viagra factory.



A Mastercheck? Lips don't unpurse...



Lots of natural beauty, and the wildlife was great too.

That's an MC? I can't see it even with all my glasses on.



Agent Orange

A father passing by his son's bedroom was astonished to see the bed was nicely made, and everything was picked up. Then, he saw an envelope, propped up prominently on the pillow. It was addressed, 'Dad.' With the worst premonition, he opened the envelope and read the letter, with trembling hands.

'Dear, Dad.

It is with great regret and sorrow that I'm writing you. I had to elope with my new girlfriend, because I wanted to avoid a scene with Mum and you.

I've been finding real passion with Stacy, and she is so nice, but I knew you would not approve of her, because of all her piercings, tattoos, her tight Motorcycle clothes, and because she is so much older than I am.

But it's not only the passion, Dad. She's pregnant. Stacy said that we will be very happy. She owns a trailer in the woods, and has a stack of firewood for the whole winter. We share a dream of having many more children.

Stacy has opened my eyes to the fact that marijuana doesn't, really hurt anyone. We'll be growing it for ourselves, and trading it with the other people in the commune, for all the cocaine and ecstasy we want.

In the meantime, we'll pray that science will find a cure for AIDS, so Stacy can get better. She sure deserves it!!

Don't worry Dad, I'm 15, and I know how to take care of myself.

Someday, I'm sure we'll be back to visit, so you can get to know your many grandchildren.

Love, your son, Joshua.

P.S. Dad, none of the above is true. I'm over at Jason's house. I just wanted to remind you that there are worse things in life than the school report that's on my desk.

I love you!

Call when it is safe for me to come home.

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) (abitoftthis@dhash.com)

Another of Einstein's Theories...

Einstein was born March 14, 1879. He would be 129 if he were alive today.

Few people remember that the Nobel Prize winner married his cousin, Elsa Lowenthal, after his first marriage dissolved in 1919.

At the time he stated that he was attracted to Elsa because she was so well-endowed.

He postulated that if you are attracted to women with large breasts, the attraction is even stronger if there is a DNA connection.

This came to be known as...
Einstein's Theory of 'Relative Titty'.



A blonde walks into a pharmacy and asks the assistant for some rectum deodorant. The pharmacist, a little bemused, explains to the woman that they don't sell rectum deodorant and never have. Unfazed, the blonde assures the pharmacist that she has been buying the stuff from this store on a regular basis and would like some more. 'I'm sorry,' says the pharmacist, 'We don't have any.' 'But, I always buy it here,' says the blonde. 'Do you have the container that it came in?' asks the pharmacist. 'Yes,' said the blonde, 'I'll go home and get it.' She returns with the container and hands it to the pharmacist who looks at it and says to her, 'This is just a normal stick of underarm deodorant.' Annoyed, the blonde snatches the container back and reads out loud from the container 'TO APPLY, PUSH UP BOTTOM.'

GOLF IN IRELAND

An American golfer playing in Ireland hooked his drive into the woods. Looking for his ball, he found a little Leprechaun flat on his back, a big bump on his head and the golfer's ball beside him. Horrified, the golfer got his water bottle from the cart and poured it over the little guy, reviving him. 'Arrgh! What happened?' the Leprechaun asked. 'I'm afraid I hit you with my golf ball,' the golfer says. 'Oh, I see. Well, ye got me fair and square. Ye get three wishes, so whaddya want?' 'Thank God, you're all right!' the golfer answers in relief. 'I don't want anything, I'm just glad you're OK, and I apologize.' And then the golfer walks off. 'What a nice guy,' the Leprechaun says to himself. 'I have to do something for him. I'll give him the three things I would want.... A great golf game, All the money he ever needs, And a fantastic sex life.'

A year goes by (as it does in stories like this) and the American Golfer is back. On the same hole, he again hits a bad drive into the woods and the Leprechaun is there waiting for him. 'Twas me that made ye hit the ball here,' the little guy says. 'I just want to ask ye, how's yer golf game?' 'My game is fantastic!' the golfer answers. 'I'm an internationally famous golfer now.' He adds, 'By the way, it's good to see you're all right.' 'Oh, I'm fine now, thankye. I did that fer yer golf game, you know. And tell me, how's yer money situation?' 'Why, it's just wonderful!' the golfer states. 'When I need cash, I just reach in my pocket and pull out \$100.00 bills I didn't even know were there!' 'I did that fer ye also. And tell me, how's yer sex life?' The golfer blushes, turns his head away in embarrassment, And says shyly, 'It's OK.' 'C'mon, c'mon now,' urged the Leprechaun, 'I'm wanting to know if I did a good job. How many times a week?' Blushing even more, the golfer looks around then whispers, 'Once, sometimes twice a week.' 'What!' responds the Leprechaun in shock. 'That's all? Only once or twice a week!' 'Well,' says the golfer, 'I figure that's not bad for a Catholic Priest In a small parish.'

Up and cumming....

January 12th, Monday 6.30 pm—**Devonport HHH** next r*n set by Black Tracka from the Cherry Shed, Bass Highway, Latrobe. On On at Bells Parade. Bring DH3 usual necessities (\$10 in small coin, cherry picker, bathing cap, Hub, two socks—odd, preferably a left one and a right one—, girlie drinks, torch, chair, umbrella and extra drinks if you are a pisshead).

January 18th, Sunday 5.30pm—**Burnie HHH** next r*n set by Knickers from the Port Sorell Caravan Park. Plus for another \$10 you also get...

January 19th, Monday 6.30pm—**DH3 Leather and Leotards** Motorcycle r*n set by Ratchet from the Port Sorell Caravan Park.

January 22nd, 2009 - **Chardonnay H3** 555th r*n, AGPU and 10th anniversary @ TBA

January 23rd, Friday 6.30pm—**Ringo's birthday** incorporating a most eddicational Whiskey tasting lecture by the Lark Distillery. (\$15 pp) Substantial supper provided. RSVP advisable. (dini@dhash.com)

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). A life-changing r*n—ask Smallgoods.**

February 25th—**LH3/4** does the Launceston Cup to celebrate its newly ordained committee.

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

February 28th— **Launceston H3** AGPU

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