

# BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

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



Next r\*n 982 will be set by a mystery hare from a Burnie location to be advised. Check the blog.

Bring Hat mug joke friend \$10

Sunday January 25th, 5.30 pm.

## Receding Hareline

R\*n 983—Feb 1st—  
Hare required

R\*n 984—Feb 8th—  
Hare required

R\*n 985—*Saturday*  
February 14th—  
Red Dress R\*n, Hobart

R\*n 986—Feb 22nd—  
Hare required

R\*n 980—The ~~Beer~~ Beer War—High Noon for Full Moon VI, set by Ringo(620) and Grizzly(705) from Ross, January 10th, 2009.

*The pack: Speed Hump(337), A Bit of This(138) and Truly, Urang(169), Phay Wray(252), Dini(374), DT(87), Bastard(307), Pioneer(131), Lone Arranger(355), Flasher(25), Tracka(100), Tinsel(20), Giggles(30), Boom Boom(2), Hoofar(1), GoneAgain(11), Furlong(5) and Hannah, Virgin Naomi(1).*

*And from all over: Sir Eve, Chris Miss, Captain Condom, Smallgoods, Honkers, Satin & canine companion, Pee Wee, Psycho Sal & Hash Howler Sammy, Portholes, Swallow, Smegma, Karen, Don't Know Him, Trust Me, Prickle Doo, Madam, Crusha, Wee Bev, Herr Flick & Thistle & Thorn, Jack Shit, Sweet FA, Pole Dancer, Goal Post, Hands On BHB, Snack Bar, Argue, Camelot, One Hump, Killer, Abba, No Way, Get Lost and one more, Bloody Mary, Banger, Prickit, C#nt Stop, TAP, Sly Pig, Puss in Boots, Deep Shit, Spoof, Tiles, Prickle, Inlet, Thunderbox, Jayson, Growler, Derbs.*

The hour of High Noon came and went with nary a shot fired, though skirmishes from the application of face paint were everywhere. Why is it that green paint so suits **One Hump's** complexion?

Thirty or so neatly attired Boagan rifle-persons loitered by the Caravan park gates waiting for orders. It seemed as a good a place as any to wait, somewhere near a trailer promising their favourite brew, though its liquid munitions were securely locked away from the enemy by the ever vigilant Sgt-Major **Smegma** and Private Parts **Tiles**.

Full Moon's most historically significant Hares, **Grizzly** van der Kuunt and Lord **Ringo** Kitchendrawer, carrying several armies' worth of khaki and gold braid between them, called their sides to atten-HUTT! Suddenly there was a pack of 70 odd, as The Cascade Colonials wearing their camo (or was it just un-washed uniforms?) appeared out of the shadows.

Sometime at or before Halfpast (according to **Black Tracka's** Big Hand), orders were issued ("Far Cough, You Orrible Lot") and the packs were soon away; the competitive Colonial FRB's fiercely elbowing their way past the beer guts of the, um, finely-honed Boagan fighting machines.

Around the first corner Boags' Best Gunner **Urang** lay in wait to ambush anyone prepared to stand still for several minutes while he filled water bombs, prepared them for launch, and burst them on himself and Lance Corporal **Bastard**. The occasional missile which issued from his Heath Robinson contraption of a weapon discharged harmlessly on the road. His hapless cries of "Don't move, or I'll make you slightly damp!" failed to strike terror into the hearts of even the gentlest strollers.

On right through the Ross shopping precinct, the pack turning heads of locals and tourists alike. Those who tried to ignore the Hashers had their attention focussed by the application of some nice clean water (quite a novelty in Ross) via water pistol. Even the marble statues took note, giving their most serious frowns from on high as the mottly procession of commandos, goose-steppers, red breasts coats and moth-eaten diggers marched by.

Trail mounted the historic bridge and ramped down along the thistle-lined western river bank to a large wobbly plank crossing. While many found it challenging to keep their balance under fire, feisty Colonial wench **Wee Bev** showed her mettle by single-handedly fording the crossing with her full-width ATV.

Meanwhile some FRB's, the likes of **Derbs**, **Jack Shit** and **Smallgoods**, found trail leading across a parade ground to a small, friendly-looking shed sweet with the scent of bygone ales, and were lured into a trap (faster ain't smarter...). The Hares set upon them with Weapons of Mass Precipitation and were able to briefly waylay their dash for glory and the Piss Stop.

The walkers and r\*nners trails diverged from the showground, but some of the walkers (**Inlet**, **Psycho Sal**, **Lone Arranger**, **Dini**) disobeyed orders and found themselves very late for the Piss Stop on Cemetery hill (slower ain't smarter...).

Grizzly carefully mixed (gloppiter, gloppiter) buckets of fine chilled Dark Rum brew to put hairs back on the recently waxed chests of this fine body of, er, men. The buckets quickly drained out the top and the pineapple flavoured ice-cubes were put to excellent use cooling **Giggles'** and **DT's** extremities.

On down the laneway (to the tune of *Baa, baa, black sheep*) to the Female Factory, where **Argue**, **Herr Flick** and **Banger Dan** hung around waiting for it to open so they could see if offered free samples and tastings.

Outside the wool museum a young female tourist went to nippon over and take a picture of a sheep statue, and was completely unfazed as our lad **Flasher** (impersonating his Kiwi cousin, Flesher) shagged the woolly beast for the photo.

Well-run circle by **Swallow** and **Crusha**, made slightly more difficult but rear-gunner Urang's injudicious fire to the back of skollers' heads. Downs to the Hares, Full Moon virgins **BoomBoom**, **Furlong** and **Hoofar** and virgin virgins **Jayson**, **Naomi** and **Karen**. **Hands On** skollered for dedication to the cause by wearing camo underwear, although I suspect that, rather than camouflaged, she simply forgot to wear any. **Prickle Doo** downed for touting his own skirmish – something to do with the Bay of Pigs (February 20-22 – register NOW). A short-arm Down-pipe was employed for problem drinkers like **Pioneer** and **Pole Dancer**. **Speed Hump** was sprung for speeding in Ringo's van. Best dressed for the day, Guerrilla One Hump and Pure Blonde **Chris Miss**. Token FM GM **Spoof** presented a 65 run badge to **Pee Wee** and a special 130 run vest to **Sir Eve**, before FM JM Argue made everyone see red for the next Full Moon.

The afternoon saw the execution of several military exercises.

Tuggers War: a rough and tumble event comprising the two sides' ballsiest Harriettes and a Snatch strap. Boags was victorious on at least one pull. There were more illegal tugs than at a kiddies' Church holiday camp.

Boat Race: with Cascade's favourite daughter Swallow on the sick list, it fell to Hands On to show her style in the anchor leg against Boags' **Puss in Boots**. While there was spillage from both parties, Puss claimed the victory for Boags by catching the slops in her cleavage.

Iron Man: crowd favourite and infamous spaghetti muncher Crusha came a close second to the thinking drinking tactics employed by DH3 newbie Jayson. But the competition between Jack Shit and Urang was possibly the most memorable (read "scarring") of the weekend, and has certainly changed the way we view Spam forever. Ask **Phay Wray**.

The afternoon descended into a heady mix of bongo drums and conga lines – I blame Sir Eve's home-brew stout.

*On On Dini and Grizzly*

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## 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*)

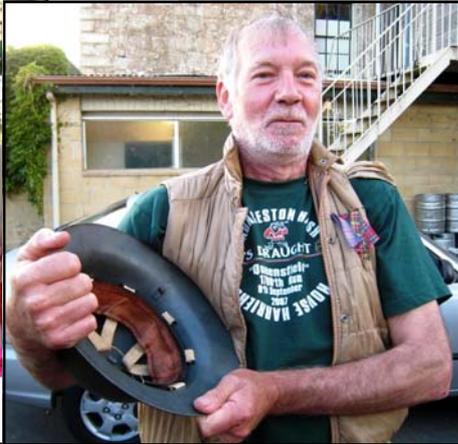
**Webwanker—Grizzly** (*faulks42@bigpond.com*) or (*grizzly@dhash.com*)  
(0418 143 481)

**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*)



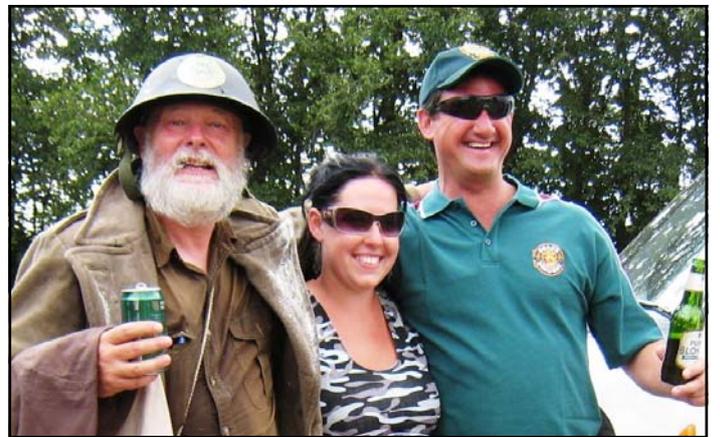
When is it my turn to do the spanking?



Argue—Ready for battle on several fronts

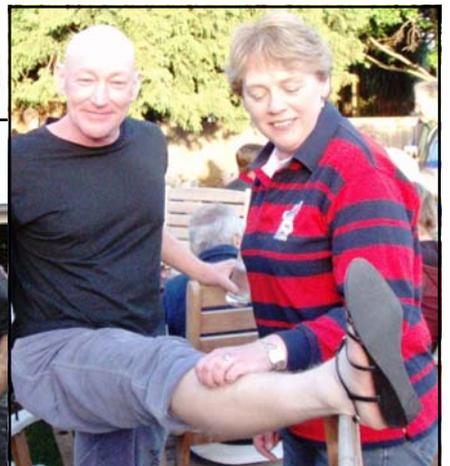
Urang is taught the first lesson in the art of stimulating conversation by Hands On BHB.

Warden Spooof of the Home Guard, hard hat at the ready for a big night playing pool.



Victorious Boagans Urang, Puss in Boots and Jayson

Ms. Teriyaki snaps a quaint local cultural activity for her holiday scrapbook back home.



Would Captain Goods prefer something with a higher heel?

## The Seven Ages of Sex

The 1st kind of sex is called ... **Smurf Sex.**

This kind of sex happens when you first meet someone and you both have sex until you are blue in the face.

The 2nd kind of sex is called ... **Kitchen Sex.**

This is when you have been with your partner for a short time and you are so needy you will have sex anywhere, even in the kitchen.

The 3rd kind of sex is called ... **Bedroom Sex.**

This is when you have been with your partner for a long time. Your sex has gotten routine and you usually have sex only in your bedroom.

The 4th kind of sex is called ... **Hallway Sex.**

This is when you have been with your partner for too long. When you pass each other in the hallway you both say ... 'F\*\*k You.'

The 5th kind of sex is called ... **Religious Sex.**

Which means you get Nun in the morning, Nun in the afternoon and Nun at night.  
(Very Popular)

The 6th kind is called ... **Courtroom Sex.**

This is when you cannot stand your wife/husband any more. She/he takes you to court and screws you in front of everyone.

And . Last ... But not least ....

The 7th kind of sex is called ... **Social Security Sex.**

You get a little each month. But not enough to enjoy your self.

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A true story from Mount Isa in Queensland....

Recently a routine Police patrol car parked outside a local neighbourhood pub. Late in the evening the officer noticed a man leaving the bar so intoxicated that he could barely walk.

The man stumbled around the car park for a few minutes, with the officer quietly observing. After what seemed an eternity and trying his keys on five vehicles. The man managed to find his car, which he fell into.

He was there for a few minutes as a number of other patrons left the bar and drove off. Finally he started the car, switched the wipers on and off (it was a fine dry night). Then flicked the indicators on, then off, tooted the horn and then switched on the lights.

He moved the vehicle forward a few cm, reversed a little and then remained stationary for a few more minutes as some more vehicles left. At last he pulled out of the car park and started to drive slowly down the road.

The Police officer, having patiently waited all this time, now started up the patrol car, put on the flashing lights, promptly pulled the man over and carried out a random breathalyser test.

To his amazement the breathalyser indicated no evidence of the man's intoxication.

The Police officer said 'I'll have to ask you to accompany me to the Police station - this breathalyser equipment must be broken.'

'I doubt it,' said the man, 'tonight I'm the designated decoy'.

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

January 19th, Monday 6.30pm—**DH3 Leather and Leotards**

Motorcycle r\*n set by Ratchet from the Port Sorell Caravan Park. Bring DH3 usual necessities - Harley, \$10 in small coin, Hub, two really odd socks, girlie drinks, torch, chair, umbrella and extra drinks if you are a pisshead. Those riding Harleys should also bring spare oil/chain etc. and arrange alternate transport home.

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 Whisky and Liqueur tasting lecture by the Lark Distillery. (\$15 per person , cheap!) Substantial supper provided. RSVP by Jan 21st advisable. (dini@dhash.com)

January 26th, Monday 6.30pm—**DH3 True Blue Australia Day R\*n** set by Hand Job from TBA.

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 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 cummittee.

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

**Burnie H3 Upcoming events** @ [www.burniehhh.blogspot.com](http://www.burniehhh.blogspot.com)