

BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

www.burniehhh.blogspot.com



**Next r*n 983 will be set by your hare
TBA from TBA
Check the blog or call your errant
trailmaster
Bring: Hat mug joke friend \$10**

**Sunday Feb 1st,
5.30pm.**

Receding Hareline

R*n 984—Feb 8th—
TBA @ TBA

R*n 985—Saturday Feb 14th
Red Dress, Regatta Ground,
Hobart

R*n 986—Feb 22nd @
TBA@TBA

R*n 981—Burnie Hash Paris-Dakar-Chile Safari to Port Sorell Caravan Park, set by Ratchet (318), assisted by William Taylor (2) and Callum Tregurtha (1), January 18th, 2009.

Pack: Dini(376), Ringo(621), Knickers(270), DT(88), Speed Hump(339), Gone Again(12), Dyke(57), Urang(170), Phay Wray(254), A Bit of This(139) and Truly. Camel Handlers in attendance: Marion Taylor, Eve Taylor.

The day's pack of desert-dwellers assembled in the vicinity of Ratchet's amazing self-registering caravan with attached yurt—a remarkable construction, made from the skins of feral striped hyenas harvested from the Isandula Date Plantation.

The late afternoon sun glowed across the warm sandy campsite, as glasses of chilled fizz welcomed the assembling tribe. Knickers sported an Egyptian snake hat in keeping with the desert theme. But without pyramids as a backdrop, and her inability to walk like a retard, she was unconvincing.

With the pack deemed complete on GoneAgain's arrival (Shock! Ringo was not last to arrive again!), poxy Trailmaster DT called On. Through campsites and under washing lines, down to the beachfront footway, with Urang honking his cacophony of bazookas madly at the bemused campers.

It was wild and windy on the foreshore, perfect conditions for a sailboarder zipping through the shallows at breakneck speed. The hares had been busy with lots of FT's and the pack walked in ever decreasing circles before skirting around the edge of the tennis courts by one means or another. This included grovelling through a narky little loop of very prickly shiggy.

Trail emerged onto the running track at Camp Banksia. Luck of the draw becomes vital when there are rabbit burrows in your lane, and there were heaps. With the hundred metres stroll out of the way, ABoT, DT and Dyke showed some fine hiphop style down the long jump r*nway which was really just an excuse for them to play in the sand bunker.

Trail skulked into the bushes, past a very trendy blue shacky house with all the tacky trimmings, past a fluffy bush which Dini stroked lovingly and Knickers denuded for seed, and no-one else gave a rats about because they are botanical philistines.

A couple of twists and the track burst out onto the 3rd hole of the local oasis. Luckily there were no teed-off golfers, just the sounds of live band wafting invitingly across from the pub. Maybe it was just a mirage... trail spent only a short time in civilisation before lurking back to the scrub.

Across a major Camel-way and into more scrub, a Mastercheck and a Speedy joke, a groaner as I recall. On over a plank bridge, and over another, as trail zigzagged across a drizabone deep ditch behind some houses. The second plank had bits of hare and bicycle left on it, evidence of young William's fall from grace whilst laying trail. Trail continued past some fine vegie patches, with hoses running amok everywhere despite water restrictions.

A check drew the pack through the grounds of Camp Boomerang, a time capsule of a holiday camp decorated inside and out with a liberal sprinkling of those multicoloured hard-arsed stacking hall chairs from the sixties. I bet there were mushroom pink chenille bedspreads in there somewhere too.

Back home via a Mastercheck overlooking the Lions Caravan Park, with distant views across the river and the Asbestos Ranges, tinged gently golden pink by the late sunlight. The pack and its long shadows found the HHH quickly, with the bucket only a short distance away.

Grand Mattress A Bit of This appointed Dini the poxy Lip, and immediately regretted it as she was called to skol for using her bus to import a prohibited species to the camp, namely Guinness!!! Other drinks to

- Ratchet and his trainee mobile hares
- Ringo for failing to mow the lawns before hash,
- GoneAgain for being such a farty smelly passenger that no-one would offer him a lift to hash,
- Dyke for stealing Flasher's best Boags hat
- Knickers for intuitive hashing (her lack of inside knowledge on r*ns she has "set" is always so impressive)

When Hashit time came, the sacred suntanned potty was nowhere to be found, and there was... "trouble at mill"... as it were. The two Devonport Hashers bore the brunt of Speedy's fury (and scorn) as she methodically strip-searched Dyke and then pulled down GoneAgain's car into micro-components in her single-minded determination to locate the missing relic.

After much finger-pointing and rummaging in hidden canvas spaces, the Hashit was retrieved, and on the basis of premature adjudication, Speed Hump wore it.

The evening chilled off, and never could there be a better excuse to break out the port. As the night mellowed, Ratchet instructed Dyke on how to piss off fellow campers by putting chips on the roofs of their caravans at night for the flocks of seagulls to find the next morning. By the glint in Dyke's eye, one cannot help but feel this may have been a strategic error on Ratchet's part.

ON ON Dini

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)

Mary was driving home from one of her business trips in Northern Arizona when she saw an elderly Navajo woman walking on the side of the road. As the trip was a long and quiet one, she stopped the car and asked the Navajo woman if she would like a ride.

With a silent nod of thanks, the woman got into the car.

Resuming the journey, Mary tried in vain to make a bit of small talk with the Navajo woman. The old woman just sat silently, looking intently at everything she saw, studying every little detail, until she noticed a brown bag on the seat next to Mary.

“What in bag?” asked the old woman.

Mary looked down at the brown bag and said, 'It's a bottle of wine. I got it for my husband.'

The Navajo woman was silent for another moment or two.

Then speaking with the quiet wisdom of an elder, she said:

'Good trade....!'





A day fit for any Hash Monk to celebrate



Pretentious? Moi?



Fetch!



The Sales Pitch—Urang considers a new career in Real Estate.... "With a little TLC, this could be your new mobile home!"



Fluffy and proud of it



GoneAgain undergoes therapy for his fear of open spaces



A racy machine



A very scenic hole



The Bald Eagle and The Bad Budgie

At 85 years of age, Martin married Rose, a lovely 25 year old ironing lady from the Philippines.

Since her new husband is so old, Rose decides that after their wedding she and Martin should have separate bedrooms, because she is concerned that her new but aged husband may overexert himself if they spend the entire night together.

After the wedding festivities Rose prepares herself for bed and the expected knock' on the door. Sure enough the knock comes, the door opens and there is Martin , her 85 year old groom, ready for action. They unite as one. All goes well, Martin takes leave of his bride, and she prepares to go to sleep.

After a few minutes, Rose hears another knock on her bedroom door, and it's Martin , Again he is ready for more 'action'. Somewhat surprised, Rose consents for more coupling. When the newly weds are done, Martin kisses his bride, bids her a fond good night and leaves.

She is set to go to sleep again, but, aha you guessed it - Martin Is back again, rapping on the door, and is as fresh as a 25-year-old, ready for more 'action'. And, once more they enjoy each other.

But as Martin gets set to leave again, his young bride says to him, 'I am thoroughly impressed that at your age you can perform so well and so often. I have been with guys less than a third of your age who were only good once. You are truly a great lover, Martin.'
Martin , somewhat embarrassed, turns to Rose and says:
'You mean I was here already?'

The moral of the story: Don't be afraid of getting old, Alzheimer's has its advantages.

While out on the town, a blonde has her head turned by a hot-looking muscly guy, and invites him back to her apartment.

**Once they are alone, things heat up, and the body builder takes off his shirt. The blonde says, "What a great chest you have!"
He tells her, "That's 100 lbs. of dynamite, baby."**

**He takes off his pants and the blonde says, "What massive calves you have!"
The body builder tells her, "That's 100 lbs. of dynamite, baby."**

He then removes his underwear and the blonde goes running out of the apartment screaming in fear.

The body builder puts his clothes back on and chases after her. He catches up to her and asks why she ran out of the apartment like that.

The blonde replies, "I was afraid to be around all that dynamite after I saw how short the fuse was!"

Up and cumming....

January 26th, Monday 6.30pm—Devonport HHH—This week's r*n set by Hand Job from ? Turners Beach ? Ulverstone ? Bring DH3 usual necessities—Australian Flag, matches, banana hammock, \$10 in small foreign coin, Hub, two really odd socks, girlie drinks, and extra boy drinks if you are a pisshead.

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 28-March 1 - H5 Hamilton weekend

February 28th— **Launceston H3 AGPU**

April 4th-5th—weekend HOFT—Saturday walk into Montezuma Falls at Rosebery, then on to Queenstown for an overnighiter – caravan park or motel depending on numbers – Sunday walk to Nelson Falls. Anyone interested contact someone who looks a lot like Flasher but isn't, cos we're never going on another Flasher HOFT.

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

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