

BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

www.burniehhh.blogspot.com



Next r*n 985 will be the annual Red Dress R*n from the Regatta Pavilion, Hobart.
Bring : Red dress, \$25, and don't forget to accessorize, girls!

Saturday Feb14th,
1.30pm for a 2 pm mince-off.

**Receding Hareline
(Discussion paper)**

R*n 986—Feb 22nd—
Speed Hump@ TBA

R*n 987—March 1st—
GonZo@ TBA

R*n 988—March 8th—
TBA @ TBA

R*n 983—The Hare packs a Punch @ Darling Road, East Ridgley, set by Phay Wray (256), February 1st, 2009.

The pack: DT(90), Speed Hump(341), Urang(172), Chunder(178), Ratchet(319), Knickers(271), Ringo(623), Snow White(1), Edna(1), Dini(378).

Phay Wray's Phantastic Phollow-the-Leader or Darling What A Darling R*n

It was a bright and warm Sunday arvo, as guaranteed by the Monk – she may have been absent, but her potency does not diminish with distance.

A fine pack gathered, to the accompaniment of a dog or two (Ally and a local), a cow or three, a chook or four, and an Edna and Snow White or one, in Tassie from Kalgoorlie-Boulder hash. Trailmaster Chunder was a penguin widower once again, wearing two hats. In his TM hat he called On, and in his hashit he obeyed.

Trail led through a gate or two, and along a dirt road, with the promise of a buzzy-pickin' night ahead fulfilled to the max, later, much to the chagrin of our WA cousins. A check brought the pack to a halt, well, most of it, while a few hardy souls checked for trail, or false trail, as the case may be.

Trail led left, down past a most fruitful radiata pine, and into blackberry country, encouraging many reminiscences of the blackberry r*n at Ridgley, when we all carried plastic bowls, then Ratchet covered himself in glory and blue-black juice, while Chunder and Grizzly covered themselves and everyone else in *faux* cream. Ah, those were the days.

A pleasant stroll through greenery eventually brought pack to a mastercheck, where TM called for a joke, so Knickers stood forward. After a good laugh, and a promise from Knickers to actually tell a joke at the next mastercheck, pack took off again at the call of On On.

Several pleasant strolls through greenery later and a close examination of a bull-ant nest for the benefit of our insect-challenged westerners, another mastercheck brought Knickers forward again, again *sans* joke (have you readers noticed a little *je ne sais quoi* sneaking into this trash?) so Ratchet, uxorious person that he is, offered to be – er, tell – the joke for Knickers. It was a real quack-up too.

Several more pleasant strolls through greenery brought the strollers to metalry in the shape of Phay Wray's car, plus a *trés* (okay, it's getting a bit much, you can stop now) potable brew and nibbles. Speed Hump was going tell a joke, but the opportunity passed her by, there'll be more, I'm sure. Probably wasn't very funny anyway.

On was again called. Pack strolled off, only to be followed by a lurking vehicle that screamed abuse at hashers. Pack had only just divested itself of that stalker when they realised another was dogging their footsteps. It was a German Shepherd, no, not Klaus the Bovine Lover, but the canine type, and Rex it wasn't. Every time Urang turned and looked at the poor thing, it cringed and turned away. We all know the feeling, don't we?

HHH was found just up the track, and a pleasant stroll was enjoyed back to the cars, hashers all laden down with alcoholic fruit juice, chocolate, chips and buzzies.

The on-on was removed to the Castle, where sausages and coleslaw and fruit cake and port and the nocturnal harassment of a brush-tail possum finished off a very nice evening. Speed Hump, spoiling the mood, insisted on jumping on a milk crate and doling out downs hither thither and yon, but apart from that, all went well. Hashit was awarded to Ringo for sins uncommitted, which is how it should be.

ON ON Speed Hump

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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)

JMs—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*)



Visitor introduction to the Tasmanian Hash Stubby Holder— it works best if she's your sister.

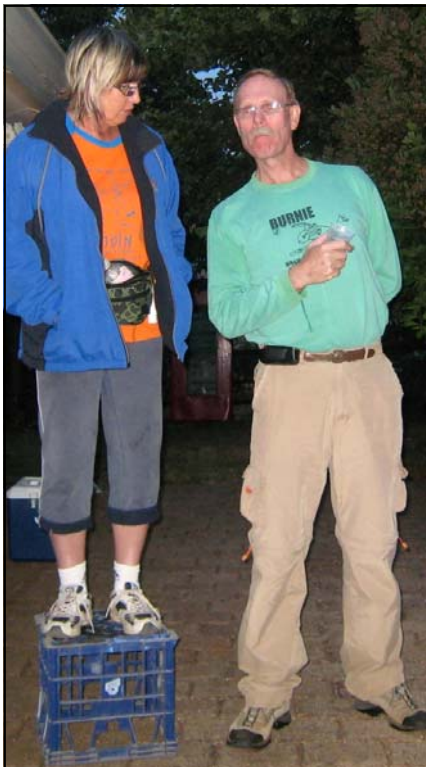


Ratchet the great Hash Bleeder adds in his own bit of blackberry shiggy to the trail.



A Nice Cup of Tea? Save that sort of sh*t for the Wine Club, Knickers!

Snow White and Edna from Kalgoorlie-Boulder Hash, showing their more sensitive sides (right) as they remove our tenacious Tassie buzzies from their shoes.



Chunder imparts a huge secret to the poxy hash lip— details of the receding hareline perhaps? ...Nah!



The hottie policeman accepts a bribe



The planets align and Ringo finds himself in the awful circumstances of being colour co-ordinated...all bar the lipstick, of course.



Dini is strangely un-moved by the amorous poxy hash lip, despite Speedy's best subtle advances. Cries of "Swallow, bitch!" from the circle did not help the On Sec's comfort level.

A man moves into a nudist colony. He receives a letter from his grandmother asking him to send her a current photo of himself in his new location. Too embarrassed to let her know that he lives in a nudist colony, he cuts a photo in half and mails it. The next day he discovers that he had accidentally sent the bottom half of the photo. He's really worried but then remembers how bad His Grandmother's eyesight is, and hopes she won't notice. A few weeks later, he receives a letter from his Grandmother. It says:

Thank you for the picture. Change your hairstyle. . . It makes your nose look too short.

*Love,
Grandma*

An Australian ventriloquist visiting New Zealand walks into a Small village and sees a local sitting on his veranda patting his dog.

He figures he'll have a little fun, so he says to the Kiwi 'G'day, mind if I talk to your dog?'

Villager:

'The dog doesn't talk, you stupid Aussie.'

Ventriloquist:

'Hello dog, how's it going mate?'

Dog:

'Yeah, doin' all right.'

Kiwi: (look of extreme shock)

Ventriloquist:

'Is this villager your owner?' (pointing at the Villager)

Dog:

'Yep'

Ventriloquist:

'How does he treat you?'

Dog:

'Yeah, real good. He walks me twice a day, feeds me great food and takes me to the lake once a week to play.'

Kiwi: (look of utter disbelief)

Ventriloquist:

'Mind if I talk to your horse?'

Kiwi:

'Uh, the horse doesn't talk either...I think.'

Ventriloquist:

'Hey horse, how's it going?'

Horse:

'Cool'

Kiwi: (absolutely dumbfounded)

Ventriloquist:

'Is this your owner?' (Pointing at the villager)

Horse:

'Yep'

Ventriloquist:

How does he treat you?

Horse:

'Pretty good, thanks for asking. He rides me regularly, Brushes me down often and keeps me in the shed to protect me from the Elements.'

Kiwi: (total look of amazement)

Ventriloquist:

'Mind if I talk to your sheep?'

Kiwi: (in a panic)

'The sheep's a fuckin' liar.....!!!'

☒ "According to a new survey, women say they feel more comfortable undressing in front of men than they do undressing in front of other women. They say that women are too judgmental, where, of course, men are just grateful."

--Robert De Niro



☒ "Clinton lied. A man might forget where he parks or where he lives, but he never forgets oral sex, no matter how bad it is."

--Barbara Bush (Former US First Lady -- and you didn't think Barbara had a sense of humor)



☒ Sex at age 90 is like trying to shoot pool with a rope."

--George Burns



☒ "You know "that look" women get when they want sex? Me neither."

--Steve Martin



"I believe that sex is one of the most beautiful, natural, wholesome things that money can buy."

--Tom Clancy



☒ "See, the problem is that God gives men a brain and a penis, and only enough blood to run one at a time."

--Robin Williams



☒ "Women might be able to fake orgasms. But men can fake whole relationships."

--Sharon Stone



☒ "Having sex is like playing bridge. If you don't have a good partner, you'd better have a good hand."

--Woody Allen



☒ "Ah, yes, divorce, from the Latin word meaning to rip out a man's genitals through his wallet."

--Robin Williams



☒ My girlfriend always laughs during sex --no matter what she's reading."

--Steve Jobs (Founder, Apple Computers)



☒ Instead of getting married again, I'm going to find a woman I don't like and just give her a house."

--Rod Stewart



☒ "Women need a reason to have sex. Men just need a place."

--Billy Crystal



Up and cumming....

February 9th, Monday 6.30pm—**Devonport HHH**—This week's r*n set by Cheese from Crab's Place, 14 Main Street, Ulverstone. Bring \$10, false beard, Hub, two really odd socks, girlie drinks, and extra boy drinks if you are a pisshead.

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. Cost \$25, starts from the Regatta Pavilion, Hobart. Be there by 1.30pm, for a 2pm photo and underwear swap.**

February 16th, Monday 6.30pm—**Devonport HHH** r*n set by Dint from somewhere annoyingly east of Devonport. Check the blog for annoying details.

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

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

February 28th—March 1st - **H5** Hamilton weekend

February 28th— **Launceston H3** AGPU

March 4th-9th—Rainbow's Hash assault on the Overland Track

April 4th-5th—**Weekend HOFT**—Saturday walk into Montezuma Falls at Rosebery, then on to Queenstown for an overnighter – 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. (flasher@dhash.com)

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!

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