



HASHIT

Run No: 1678

Hare: Hooka

Where: William Farrer Hotel

When: 29 October 2007

Only about 15 or so eager Hashers decided to turn up Monday to "The Farrer" to try and disperse some Lactic Acidosis after the amazing Tour De Pisse. It worked wonders though with all in fine form, with a nearby pub patron receiving a wondrous Hash rendition of "Happy Birthday" completely for free.

We were all a bit tired and emotional after the fantastic Tour De Pisse. OK maybe that was just me. Regardless, Dude took his adulation for the tour with his usual modesty and good grace!!

Hooka provided an exceedingly good run with a deeply religious undertone. This did not stop our very own Religious Advisor from ignoring the trail entirely and coaxing several hashers onto a mini pub crawl instead. The rest of us were pretty true to form if not in order and visited many of Wagga's lovely churches, even picking up Gomer along the way.

Back at the circle the DHOTW went to Furballs for having no idea who he had ordered with, and our newest named Hasher "Pink Bits" was introduced to the gathering.

Up Cumming Runs/Events

1680	12/11/07	Penicillin	"Coolumbla" - Ladysmith Road
1681	19/11/07	Bumfluff	56 Hardy Avenue
1682	26/11/07	Rin-Tin_Tin	To Be Confirmed
1683	3/12/07	Boom Box	70 Yentoo Drive, Glenfield Park
1684	10/12/07	Dunno	William Farrer Hotel
1685	17/12/07	Fireballs	Athol St. Xmas Party
1686	24/12/07	Dude/Hooka	Working on it
1687	31/12/07	Wheelie Bin/Garbo	Eastlake Drive, Lake Albert

- CH3 Belowra Camp 24-25 Nov 2007.

Hash Trash

A cannibal was walking through the jungle and came upon a restaurant opened by a fellow cannibal. Feeling somewhat hungry, he sat down and looked over the menu...

Broiled Missionary: \$ 10.00 Fried Explorer: \$ 15.00 Baked Politician: \$ 100.00

The cannibal called the waiter over and asked, "Why such a price difference for the politician?"

The waiter replied, "Have you ever tried to clean one?"

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Three guys died and when they got to the pearly gates, St. Peter met them there.

St. Peter said, "I know that you guys are forgiven because you're here. But before I let you into heaven, I have to ask you a couple of questions. Make sure you tell the truth because if you don't, we'll

have to ask you to visit the beast below. Your answers will also determine what kind of car you will get. You have to have a car here in heaven because it is so huge!"

St. Peter asked the first man, "How long were you married?"

The guy replied, "24 years."

St. Peter then asked, "Did you ever cheat on your wife?"

The guy said, "Yeah, about 10 times... but you said I was forgiven."

Peter said, "Yes, but that's not too good. Here's a Pinto for you to drive."

The second guy got the same questions from Peter to which he replied, "I was married for 41 years and cheated on her only once, but that was during our first year and we worked it out. I was faithful thereafter."

Peter said, "I'm pleased to hear that. Here's a Mercedes SUV for you to drive."

The third guy said, "Peter, I know what you're going to ask. I was married for 63 years and didn't even look at another woman! I treated my wife like a queen!"

Peter said, "Now that's what I like to hear! Here's a Jaguar for you to drive."

A little while later, the two guys with the Lincoln and the Pinto saw the guy with the Jaguar crying on the golden sidewalk, so they went to see what was the matter. When they asked him what was wrong he tearily said, "I just saw my wife and she was on a skateboard!"

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So this guy is in Rhode Island hunting for geese. He catches one and puts it in his bag with the other geese. Just as he closes the bag, a Hunting Inspector walks up.

"Sir, can I please see that bag?" he asks. "Sure," says the hunter and hands the bag over.

The Inspector looks through the bag, pulls out one goose, and sticks his finger up its ass. He pulls it out, smells it and says, "This here's a Virginia goose, do you have a Virginia Hunting License?"

The hunter looks through his wallet and pulls out it and shows it to the inspector. The inspector nods and sticks his hand in the bag and pulls out another goose.

He sticks his finger up it's ass and says, "This here's a Maine goose, do you have a Maine Hunting License?"

The hunter looks again through his wallet, pulls out the card, and shows it to the inspector. He nods again, and pulls out the last goose. He does the routine and says, "This here is a Rhode Island goose, do you have a Rhode Island Hunting License?"

The hunter fishes through his wallet, shows the card to the inspector and puts it back in.

"Boy," you having all these licenses, where you from?" asks the Inspector.

The hunter pulls down his pants and asks, "Why don't you find out?"