



HASHIT

Note from On Sec: Dear Hashers, seeing as how last week was Easter, and not many hashers were expected to emerge from their mountains of chocky eggs and discarded shiny, coloured tin foil, I did not bother preparing a "Hashit" (ok... what really happened was that I was too busy catching up with an old friend and getting pissed). Since I could not bring myself to leave Furballs' run without mention, instead this week we are going to have a "Special Double Edition". So, On On we go ...

Run No: 1698

Hare: Furballs

Where: Downside

When: 17 March 2008

It was a modest group of Hashers that congregated expectantly at "Tracton" to see what Furballs had in store for us. I'd had a hint from Gomer on the way out that it could well involve a farming experience, and sure enough Furballs had the sheep ramp ready to go. Up we were herded and onto the truck like the bunch of dumb, annoying, blindly obliging baa lambs that we are.

Once on sheep central, and heading down out Downside, our dear GM Nowra decided to put on his best Footrot Flat's impersonation, riding supremely on top of the cage like the sheep dog GM that he is.

Taxi tried to join him from the front of the tray, but a few low hanging gum branches soon put an end to that. Teflon impressed us all with his chin ups, whilst Dude contented himself to lean back gracefully, with his usual air of relaxed calm. Hooka braced herself for the worst, whilst I just clung nervously onto any protrusion I could find.

We didn't get to see much of Downside along the way, pretty much due to being boarded in, which I suspect was more for our safety than Furballs' idea of ruining the view. When we finally alighted, there was not a bloody trial in sight, no On Home, just "find your own way back" was all we got.

So across the paddocks and over the fences we went, some more successfully than others, dodging the bush melons along the way. Back at the circle Gomer should have gotten DHOTW for his very graceless exit from the truck. Instead I took out the honours, even after artfully managing to "camouflage" my torn strides and bloodied shin, from a particularly poor attempt at tackling a barbed wire fence, due to Gomer dobbing me in big time.

Run No: 1699

Hare: KOK

Where: Parkhurst St, Tolland

When: 24 March 2008

As expected, only a small group of hashers turned up for the Easter Monday run, seeing as everyone else more than likely do have lives, and most likely much more interesting places to go. Still, there were enough of us there to have a go at KOK's run.

With a lightning display in the west we set off to the east not letting the light drizzle dampen our spirits. There wasn't much

chalk to follow but the trail was not taxing, and after a nice scenic tour of Tolland Heights we found on home.

Back at the circle saw the return of Twiggy for his anniversary run. The Twigster was in fine form, entertaining us all with tales of past exploits, and kept glancing my way to see if he had managed to offend me yet. DHOTW went to KOK for setting a run that did not even make us run let alone sweat and for organising the weather.

Up Cumming Runs/Events

Run Number	Date	Hare	Where??
1700	31/3/08	Mumford the Magician	48 Adjin Street
1701	7/4/08	Camouflage	Belling park

Hash Trash



Germans not amused

LONDON: (AFP) British tourists have left the residents of one charming Austrian village effing and blinding by constantly stealing the signs for their oddly named village.

While British visitors are finding it hilarious, the residents of Fucking are failing to see the funny side.

Only one kind of criminal ever stalks the sleepy 32-house village near Salzburg on the German border — cheeky British tourists armed with a sense of humour and a screwdriver.

But the local authorities are hitting back and with the

signs now set in concrete, police chief Kommandant Schmidtberger is on the lookout.

"We will not stand for the Fucking signs being removed," the officer said.

"It may be very amusing for you British, but Fucking is simply Fucking to us. What is this big Fucking joke? It is puerile."

Local tourist guide Andreas Behmueller said it was only the British that had a fixation with Fucking.

"The Germans all want to see the Mozart house in Salzburg," he explained.

"Every American seems to care only about The Sound of Music (the 1965 film shot around Salzburg).

The occasional Japanese wants to see Hitler's birthplace in Braunau.

"But for the British, it's all about Fucking."

Guesthouse manager Augustina Lindlbauer described the village's breathtaking lakes, forests and vistas.

"Yet still there is this obsession with Fucking," she said.

"Just this morning I had to tell an English lady who stopped by that there were no Fucking postcards."

