

" Nothing is as easy as it looks  
Everything takes longer than you expect  
If Anything can go wrong, it will

at the worst possible moment..... "

Murphy, waving his pitchfork and waving his reddish diamond shaped tail, screwed the Hares throughout run 11 and immediately thereafter. How so ? The general concensus of opinion of the pack, some 50 or so runners, was that the run was lacking as far as :

- 1 : Location
- 2 ; Length
- 3 ; Following the trail
- 4 : The punctuality of the beer truck
- 5 : The taste of the beer itself , when it finally did arrive...

Enough said, so instead of admonishing the Hares not to be so lazy when choosing their run sites in the future, let's think of the following recipe courtesy of the Taipei Hash :-

@-----BANANA BREAD-----@

Ingredients;

- 2 laughing eyes
- 2 loving arms
- 2 well shaped legs
- 2 firm milk containers
- 1 fur lined mixing bowl
- 1 firm banana & a sack of nuts

Mixing instructions:

1. Look into laughing eyes
2. Spread well shaped legs ( Slowly)
3. Squeeze and massage milk containers very gently until fur lined mixing bowl is well greased
4. Add firm banana and gently work in and out until well creamed
5. As heat rises, plunge firm banana deep into fur lined mixing bowl, cover with nuts, sigh with relief, leave to soak for ten minutes.
6. Bread is done when banana becomes soft. be sure to wash mixing bowl

(Kitchen hint: do not lick mixing bowl)

Life , anyway. ON ON      scribe Joe Hulme

(If centre of tart starts to rise... Leave town!!!)

Post Post Mortum rigours

The empire & me strike back....

Creative artists, progressive mind and hash visionaries must, I suppose be prepared to accept the pangs and arrows of outraged hash packs, swaddled in their Kent ridge and Bukit Tima security blankets, unprepared to strike out into virgin territory, to tread where no other hash Adidas Puma has dared to set foot, obviously a pearl set before a pack of swine and at least twenty years ahead of its time the run was brilliant in its conception, ingenious in its perplexity, and astounding in its boldness .....

But seriously though, last week we should have been calling up up instead of on on it really was a Balls up, cock up, f... up, mucked up messed up evening until Mr Lim shouted grub up and we all got stuffed up and pissed up, he saved the day with his great barbecue and can do the same for anyone who is looking for an on site, min 30 - 35 either a 7 dollar or eight.fifty menu is available see any of the committee for the contact .....

Cash is soon due for the next quarter.... we are not saying that to get our nasty little paws on your money, (well, not really) more to find out if there are any persons who can't won't or don't want to sign up for the next session so that we can reopen our books to the people waiting to take over your shoes..... all cheques to be made payable to my swiss bank account, I'll whisper the number next friday.

I have consulted with the other hare of last week and we have decided to accept graciously the hash turd but have also mutually volunteered for the hash social shits of the week and any other insulting accolade anyone would like to bestow on us until the next time...

Don't forget the mens hash 21 years in the bussiness celebrations on saturday the 19th feb at the Sembawang Sports and socia Club at 4.30.....

If anybody wants to throw away a lot of money on ineffectual advertising in the form of Tee shirts.. we are looking for sponserers for the celebrat run, don't all rush too much names to committee.....

Two farmers drinking, and one says to the other:

"How is it your stock breed so well, and mine are hardly breeding at all?"

The other explained that he was getting some special sex-pills from the Vet to give the animals.

"Sex pills, what be they? What's in them?"

"Oh, I don't know what's in 'em, but they taste like peppermints."

*There was a good Bishop of Birmingham  
Who did all young girls whilst confirming 'em,  
Amidst screams of applause  
He dragged off their drawers,  
And slipped the episcopal worm in 'em!*

A Cambridge student rushed into his friend's study unannounced. His friend was not there, so he went on into the bedroom, and there was his friend lying face down on the bed, on top of a life-size cinema poster.

"I say Charles, old boy, what the bloody h—"

His friend looked up rather breathless and panted:

"It's all right, Mortiboy, I've got the charwoman underneath."