BIR BINTANG

IndoNostalgia H3
Indonesian Hashers in Exile

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Hashmaster:	Ronnie "Penguin" Strachan
RA:	Rex "Tampon" Sumner
Scribe:	Doug "Jetstream" Whittle
Vice Master:	Robbie "Pugwash" Hodgson
Hashflash:	James "Blowback" Whittle
Master of Music:	Adrian "Scrooge" Walker

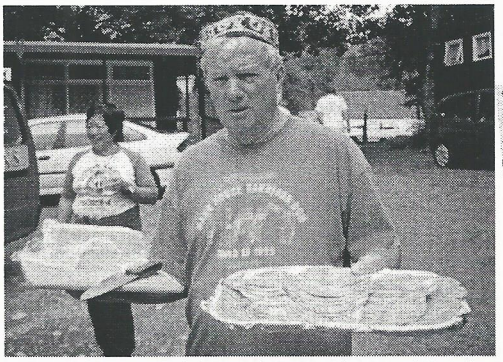
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ANKER BIR

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IndoNostalgia Run 17 – **Pugwash's Ponderosa Party**

Nobody expected Pugwash to produce a weekend the match the last INH3 weekend in Baamouth, but the old bastard exceeded his previous efforts and laid on a really cracking weekend which was enjoyed by family hashers and hardcore drinkers alike.



The Old Bastard buttering up the HashScribe

Pre-hydration on the Friday evening gave everyone a chance to relax, pay any outstanding run fees and then get pissed whilst Bluto negotiated somewhere to sleep. In the morning those wishing to exert themselves were able to sample the "full English breakfast", thus ensuring that their hearts got a good workout even if they didn't intend to do the whole run.

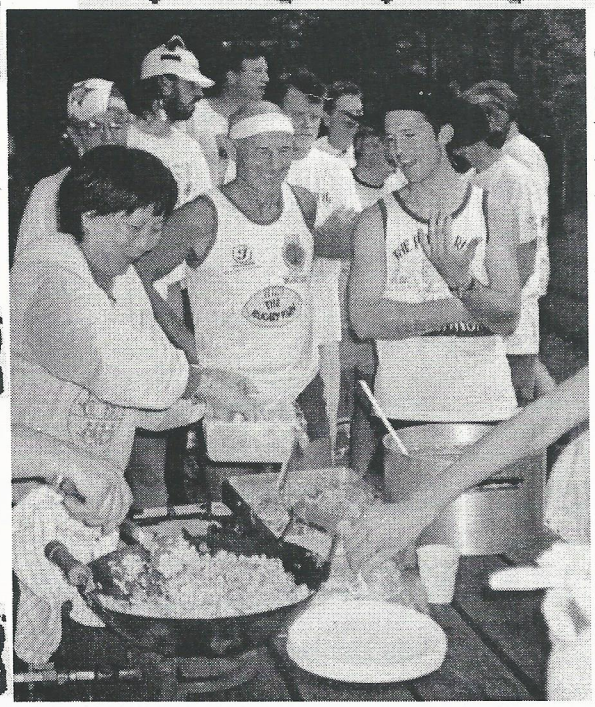


Ancient Puffers

Nightjar and Rose plus the dog only just arrived in time, the bus had been waiting at the end of the lane for a couple of hours before we finally climbed aboard for a tourist trip round the coast to Tywyn. With nearly an hour to spare before the Talyllyn train, pulled by the ancient puffer, "Dolgoch", (an appropriate hash name for most of IndoNostalgia?) was due to leave, Oblicks and Barnacle Bill led the pack to the nearest off license for some emergency supplies. VIP coaches had been reserved (in order to protect the other passengers?) and off we went. Was it a coincidence that the carriages allocated to INH3 included "Limping Lulu"? At the first stop the guard went off anxiously in search of Robo, only to return red-faced having found him enjoying an unscheduled piss-stop behind the waiting room.



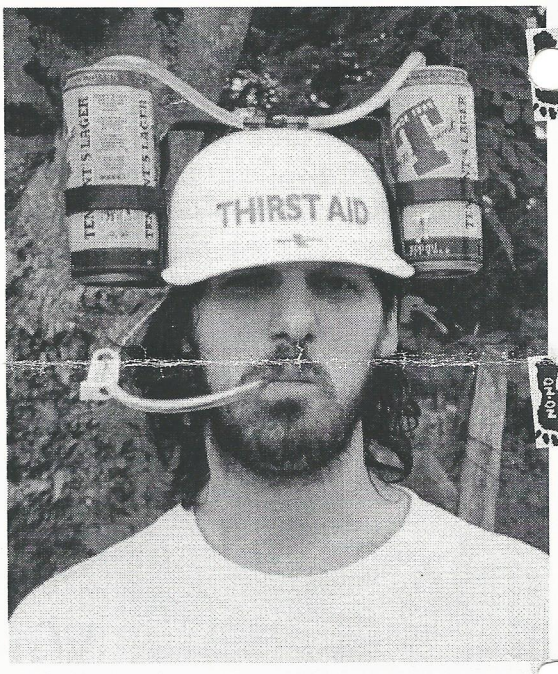
A Pre-Hashing English Rose
A Post-Hashing Nose Job



Makan!

Oblicks and Barnacle Bill left the train (with their emergency supplies) at the next station, they'd inside information that this would prove to be the ultimate for SCBs, and they'd already located B on the A to B run! Finally the train ran out of track and the pack emerged in search of some attractive ewes. The trail of flour started with some cunning checks which had the front runners tearing around like headless chooks whilst the walkers ambled gently along the true trail.

At this point a local farmer waylaid the front runners with the Welsh equivalent of "get orf my land", but he wasn't prepared for Leatherback, who's knowledge of the local laws of trespass was only exceeded by his mastery of the welsh language – you had to be there to appreciate the intellectual discussion which followed! All ended well, no bicycles thrown into the estuary on this occasion, and the pack continued over his land to the beer stop - froggy piss but nobody complained.



How to survive a Hard Run
(i.e. over 30 minutes)

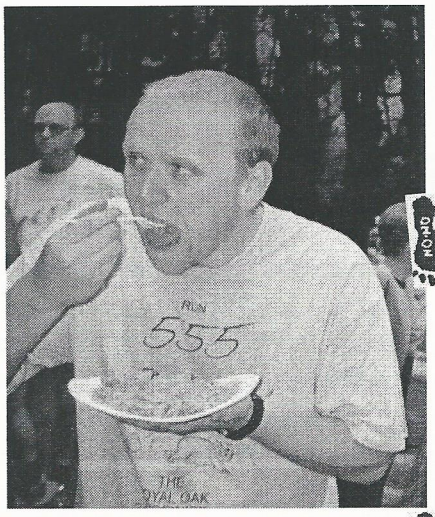
A long run down the road to "B" was a bit hard on the old knees but at least it was all down hill. Fortunately there was so much beer and wine that the SCBs had been unable to drink it all and a few pints were consumed whilst the chefs finished cooking some excellent curry and fried rice.



Sun Dance as Hare
FORGOT THE ICE!!!!!

By magic the bus reappeared and after watering the plants, the pack climbed aboard for the trip back to the Ponderosa. A brilliant day out, good run and superb makan, which was enjoyed by old farts and youngsters alike.

Back at the Ponderosa initial attempts to hold the circle in the car park were thwarted by other diners wishing to eat at the restaurant (how dare they!), so the beer was moved down the hill to the cabins. At this point it started to rain and everyone followed the beer back up the hill to the marquee. The circle followed and few were left out as down-downs followed rapidly. Tampon tried a sun dance but the gods continued to piss down on him whilst the circle continued in the marquee.



Meme in typical pose

After the usual down-downs for the old farts who mismanage IndoNostalgia (they like to ensure that they get full value for their run fees), it was time to welcome new INH3 runners. These included Robbo, Oblicks, Meme and as yet un-named Andrew and Rose. Old songs and new were in-



Pints gets a shock as she still can't see who is rear-ending her!

terrupted by a steady stream of down-downs, Pints demonstrated her equestrienne technique as a very friendly and extremely lifelike Horse. Other highlights were too numerous to mention but it must be recorded that Bone made an excellent starboard engine until it was too late to take avoiding action.



A Bone tired Starboard Engine

Scrooge, recited his Bandung Boy party piece, and Great White Hope contributed something tuneful, although nobody, including him, can remember what it was! Hash flash Blowback recorded the events but on this occasion he couldn't persuade any harriettes to disrobe, at least not for the camera.



A reminder of what Blowback failed to achieve!



"Waiter! Take it away! It's too small!"

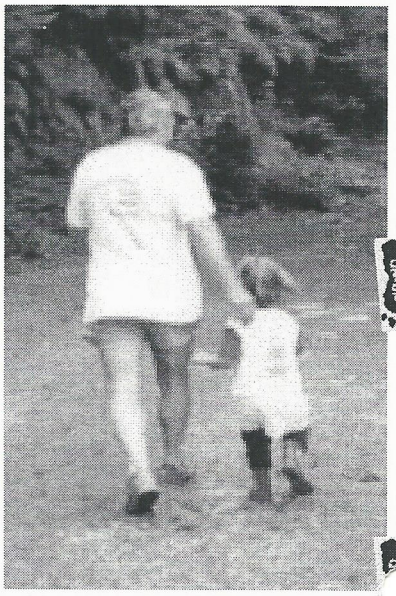
The evening was rounded off with another session in the John Wayne Bar, where orders for the 64oz stake were placed by some backsliding vegetarians. As usual we won't record the strange sleeping arrangements enjoyed by some of our members, or the events which took place in the early hours, but I understand that the dog enjoyed it as well!

Sunday morning started off with another cholesterol laden breakfast, after which a re-enactment of Custer's Last Stand, with the Jamieson boys being outwatered by a combined assault led by



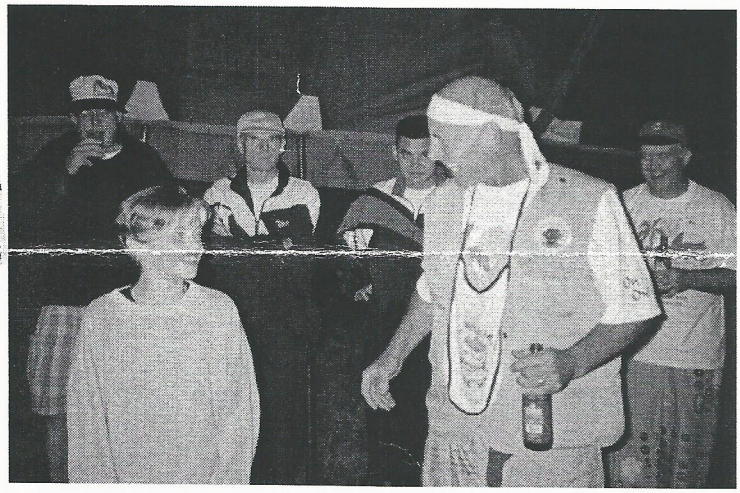
Bone's new Hoss!

Half Pint, Freddy and McTyson. A truce was finally called in response to Roy's complaints – just in time for the Hangover run. Cunning use of false trails enabled the small people a moment of glory as Emma found herself leading the pack with The Penguin up the trail as it followed the estuary westwards before turning left up the hill and through the nature reserve. A shorter run through some attractive countryside was just enough to clear the head in time for another circle.

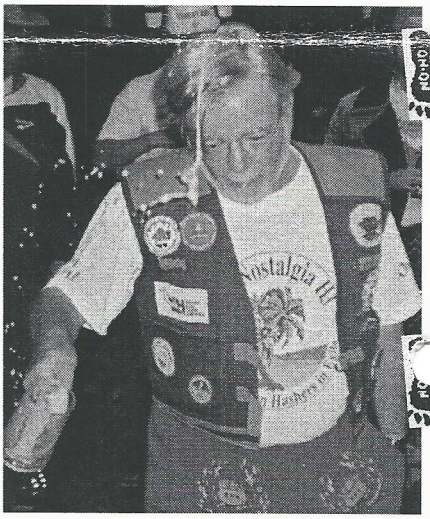


"To the Woods! To the Woods! "
"I'll tell the Vicar!"
"I AM the Vicar!"

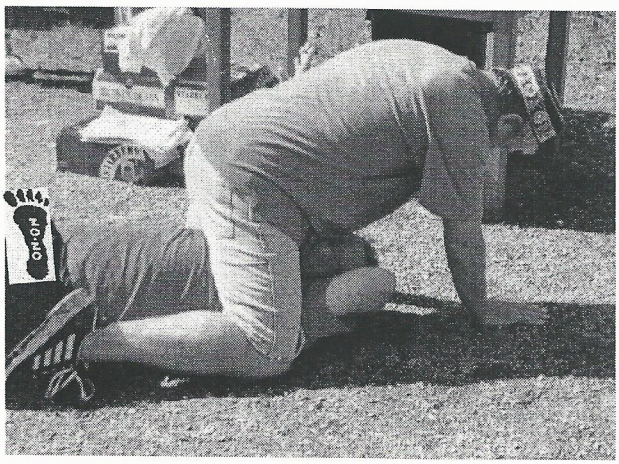
After a good lunch, Sunday's circle tidied up a few loose ends from the previous night, Bone, Inseminator and Jetstream reclaiming items lost (or stolen) in return for a down-down. In the daylight the new T-shirts sold like hot cakes, although the inclusion of the Sengigi Castaway's run earned Jetstream another down-down. First time INH3 runners, Nose Job and Puff, were christened, as was Poshash. At this point Mrs Big Mac and young Alastair made themselves scarce! Froggy demonstrated the jump that earned him his hash name, nice to see that he can still get it up – more than can be said of Garfield who refused to perform, even with a determined Pugwash astride! Inseminated enjoyed her down-down for being such a caring and sharing young lady, allegedly.



"Mummy says frogs taste like chicken!"



Garfield sporting the latest attire



The Old Bastard getting Garfield's vote

Sufficient Exiles were staying another night to ensure a long and lively circle, Nightjar didn't need much persuasion to sing his latest composition, a refreshingly clean ditty I must say! A conspiracy, led by Boghopper, ensured that for once Tampon had too many down-downs and was in danger of loosing control of the circle, until finally the weekend was formally brought to a close with a traditional rendering of Swing Low.

Our thanks go to Pugwash for organising a splendid weekend.
On-On to the next run in Mojacar in March 2001.