Hashmaster: Inseminator
RA: Bravefart
Scribe: Jetstream
Hashflash: Gorbechov & Jetstream
Master of Music: Ferrari Ferret & Gorbechov

Correspondence: Rex Sumner, IndoNostalgia Hash,
Unit 1, 16 Maple Road, Eastbourne, BN23 6NY
Phone: 01323 649349 Fax: 01323 649350

Website: www.inh3.co.uk

IndoNostalgia Run 35 – June 2009
Confusion and Cock-ups in Cardiff



The Vulcan – to save or demolish?

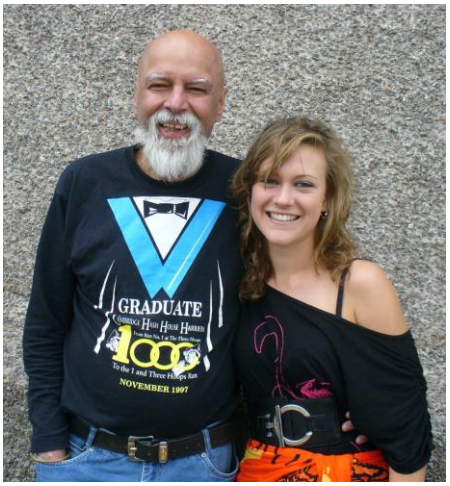
Finding the Premier Inn proved to be the first challenge for some! **Bear**, despite having stayed there on numerous previous occasions, gave up the search and had to follow a taxi to get there, only to find **Toed Bedsores, Computer, Tutonic** and **Lightning** already ensconced in the bar and into the beer. Then, rather than use the main door, **Bear** decided to take a short cut via the fire door near his room, thereby setting off the fire alarms and summonsing security!

The **Exorcist** had arrived without a reservation and prevailed upon **Sadist** to share his room, but having dumped his bags disappeared in the direction of the Vulcan, not to be seen again until Saturday lunchtime.

Eventually, most of the early arrivals made it to the Vulcan on Friday evening to discover that it had been given a reprieve and will remain open for another three years! So, why were we here? This proved to be a question best left until later and with the only Brains available being the beer, we all got stuck in.


Froggy, Ballsack, Silverbarrels & Sadist in need of Brains

Some severe early over training took its toll and **The Penguin** led the early to bed brigade. Peace rained until 3.30 when **While You're Down** There was woken by the ringing of a mobile phone. She ignored it and finally it rang off – but then the room phone rang! "Is that Mrs Halse?" – "No it bloody well isn't" – "Oh, we have a Mr Sammy Singh here, wanting to know which room he's in" – "He's meant to be sharing with **Sadist**!" retorted **WYDT** to a rather bewildered night porter. Needless to say, **Klinger** continued his slumber on the couch uninterrupted, or at least pretended to. Unable to find anyone called **Sadist** on the guest list, the **Exorcist** was duly kicked the out of the Inn.



Sammy & Sam share names and the same birthday, but a century apart

A surprisingly fresh bunch of hashers came down to breakfast on Saturday with one or two notable exceptions! A slight

miscalculation on the bread roll front meant that lunch was limited to 1.5 rolls each, ok for sharers but too complicated for singletons. Just as the coach arrived the **Exorcist** appeared, having spent the night on the tiles and promptly decided that a day in bed, rather than a Hash run, was called for.



Just a rubbish skip? No a treasure trove!

The coach sped east in search of some decent running country, followed closely by **Dog n a half** and **Wonderland**. Naturally we made our way back towards England to the consternation of those who had only just driven the other way and were now retracing their steps. Nobody knew exactly where we were going but the coach park at Tintern Abbey seemed a reasonable guess – and there were **Klinger** and **GBH** waiting in anticipation, accompanied by **Table Wine** and **Ryde**, who had come up from London to join us, but sensibly avoided The Vulcan.


The Hares try and explain the markings

Symbols were explained for the benefit of INH3 virgins, **Penalty Box, Not 2 Disgusting, Dog n a half** and **Wonderland** - it would be jungle rules, one blob of dust and we're on, and off we set. The trail from the first check led over the River Wye – must be a falsie as the other side of end of the bridge was in England, and we'd come all the way to Wales for the weekend.


On-Up!

Predictably, the trail went the other way, up the hill and past an overflowing skip.


Gadaffi leads Not 2 Disgusting, Ryde and Benghazi up the hill

Now the **Bear**, who is in the second hand shit business, spied a bog seat lid, and having a premonition that this could come in handy in the event that a Hashit was required, requisitioned it. Halfway up the hill we passed **Slaphead** who had foolishly decided to run and was now feeling rather knackered.



Goldfinger and Slaphead - knackered?

The Hares had done a reasonable job with the trail, with sufficient false trails, at least near the beginning of the run, to keep the pack together. However, for jungle rules there really needs to be longer turn backs, loops and SCB opportunities if the walkers are to keep in touch with the FRBs.


GWH, Pugwash & Bear, SCBs to a man

As the run was an A to B, generally in a northerly direction along the hillside this was less than ideal and a mile or so developed from the front to the back of the pack. A situation that was rectified at the beer stop, with hashers approaching from all directions.





A selection of "running styles"

Fewer checks and no turn backs on the home run resulted in **Jetstream** arriving at the Sloop some time after the FRBs and as a result the first arrivals had to buy their first pints before a tab was negotiated. A fine choice of ales and a sunny garden made for a pleasant afternoon and a keg of beer from a local microbrewery awaited us as we formed the circle in the pub garden.



Toed Bedsores, Computer, The Penguin and GBH share a tender moment

Mismanagement for the day was sworn in with the main players being **Inseminator,** Hashmaster, **Bravefart** as RA and **Gorbechov** & **Ferrari Ferret** as joint Music masters. **Pugwash** took the roll of Beermaster, at least until the keg finished and he had to climb the steps to the main bar to replenish the jugs, at which point he handed over to a younger and fitter **Gadaffi**. As usual, nobody was appointed scribe so **Jetstream** "volunteered".

As the circle got lively we attracted the attention of the local youth on a stag weekend, who, unlike the Indonesian kampung kids, didn't just stand and gape, but decided to try and join in. Not a pretty sight as they were all blokes and we really didn't need to see their willies – now if it had been a group of girls on a hen weekend showing a bit of breast it would have been a different matter!

Bravefart, taking his roll as RA seriously, embarked on a series of quick fire down-downs, much to the consternation of **Jetstream**, who saw the beer tab escalating out of hand!



Tutonic & WYDT look on as Musique Masters enjoy a down-down. At least while they're drinking they can't sing!

After **MeMe**'s efforts at Musique in Tirley, we hoped that the combined abilities of **Gorbechov** and **Ferrari Ferret** would give us a rousing selection of our favourite ditties, but alas, their inexperience showed and not a lot of harmony was forthcoming. **Bear** had arranged for the bog seat to be inscribed as Hashit and **Klinger** was called in to sit on a few ice cubes and receive this dubious Onour.



Totally undeserved Hashit – but who cares?

The shortcomings of the Sloop's menu had been noted by the Hare and rather than subject the pack to micro-waved pre-cooked crap, **Kung**, assisted by hubby **Graham**, had been co-opted to prepare the makan. Not Indonesian, but the excellent Thai Curry and vegetable noodle dish went down a treat.

The friendly coach driver didn't rush us, but with the bar bill beginning to exceed the budget, it seemed a good idea to return to Cardiff for a nightcap or three. **Mme Durex** and **Undressed** opted for a quick shower before making for the Vulcan to join the diehards who had stopped off at the Vulcan on the way back, but by the time they arrived everyone was leaving, could this have been intentional? The rest of the pack returned to the Premier Inn for a pint, or an early night.

Pugwash was fast asleep by the time **Bear** decided to turn in and who, being unable to get into his room, proceeded to throw pebbles through the window in a unsuccessful attempt to rouse the sleeping beast. Finally admitting failure he called security who let him in, leaving **Pugwash** to wake up in the morning wondering why he'd been sleeping on Brighton Beach.



Mme Durex, Benghazi, MeMe and Inseminated prove it's quicker to walk than run

Sunday morning saw a smaller pack gathered at the Vulcan for the hangover run. **Goldfinger** took off home with **Slaphead** and **Great White Hope** – it was Farter's Day and they were hoping that their children would remember? Some hope! The problem with a run in Cardiff is obviously that it's shitty city and it took quite a while to find a bit of open parkland along the River Taff to escape from the tarmac.



Live art in the park

Walkers were directed along a short-cut which meant that most of the pack got back to the pub together – with the exception of FRBs **Ferrari Ferret** and **The Penguin** who missed the end of the trail and did a long cut back through the town.



Diplomat, Gibber, Sharky, Inseminator and Inseminated running flat out!

Usually the Hangover circle is a rather subdued affair, but on this occasion the opposite was true. It being Sam's birthday – rather a coincidence that both Sams – **Undressed** and **The Exorcist**, share the same birthday, although 100 years apart!

For some strange reason **The Exorcist** thought it appropriate to introduce port and raw egg down-downs with **Bear**, **Pugwash**, **Sharky**, **Diplomat** and **Bravefart** joining him for this celebration. **Achmid** and **Wasim** entertained with the Sand Dance, a cultural interlude which was short and sweet.


Achmid and Wasim demonstrate the Sand Dance

Undressed and **Mud Flaps** then took pity on **Klinger**, kindly removing their underwear and donating it to him, but not before **Sharky** had had a good sniff.



Coming to Klinger's assistance

It was now time for **Gollam** to appear, and a quick strip turned the RA into Master of the circle, ordering his sidekick, **Tampon**, to bring him some cheese, a task he embarked on with glee – poking his head up various sarongs until finally retrieving a bloody tampon and giving it to his Master. Not the intended result, it was meant to be tomato ketchup, not the real thing!


Undressed and …..


….. Mud Flaps subjected to intimate examination by Tampon


Master - I've found it!

Ferrari Ferret took over piss pouring duties and let **Gorbechov** take on the Musique on his own – not that he managed much with **The Penguin** upstaging him with Irian Jaya and **Mud Flaps** taking over the Music Man!

Despite holding the circle in a very public car park, the locals didn't take a blind bit of notice and our revelry was unimpeded. Maybe because we were standing, appropriately, in the "Disabled Only" section of the car park!



Normal activities in a Cardiff car park?

Circle over and we adjourned to the pub where **Bear** had cooked an excellent pot of Chilli to soak up the beer. Those who didn't have to return home in the afternoon stayed on and had a great sing song with the locals in The Vulcan – it's not licensed for music but then most of the renditions didn't fit that description!

THHHanks to the Hares, **Klinger** and **GBH**, and all those (you know who you are!) who helped make the weekend a resounding success.


Klinger – properly dressed at last!

An alternative view by our Raving Reporter …Bear's Wizard Welsh Wheeze!

A contented Bear trundled back to Cambridge, thinking he had successfully pulled off the best, most complex wangle of his long career as a shit stirrer *par excellence*. First, he had come up with a master plan to lure the Indonostalgia Hash to a dreadful doom. He located a public house that had quite rightly been condemned on the grounds of public health and created an outcry that it must be saved, prodding his gullible drinking friends into believing this Luddite tosh. The icing on the cake for him was that this dive was located deep in the bowels of one of the more unlovely parts of Cardiff, well knowing that the Indonostalgia Hash prefers remote locations to ensure the outrage of locals is not whipped up till they get out the stakes and torches. Realising that this was going to cause serious trouble for the Hare, he befuddled poor Klinger with strong drink and used him as his cat's paw, persuading him to volunteer as the Hare. Now Klinger's great organisational skills are well known – he has trouble getting himself dressed correctly – and a stir of misgiving shuddered through the Hash like an Official Ball Checker, but Klinger was well away by now and threatened the Hash with the Political Correctness Police headed up by Nutcracker of Aberdeen if he was not given his way. Not quite sure whether they were going to be sued for discrimination under the mental health, gender or racial acts, the Mismanagement gave way as Bear knew they would, the Penguin having frequently run a fowl of the Thought Police in his time.

Now well into his stride, Bear proceeded to undermine Klinger at every opportunity, while giving the impression of whole-hearted support. He interceded with Benghazi, who actually lives in Cardiff, to make sure he would not help Klinger under any circumstances, and persuaded him to use GBH, a pseudo-Welshman actually living in sight of his beloved England. GBH, being near-sighted, was only prepared to assist in his vicinity on the English border, which meant Klinger had to fork out £400 on a huge bus to take the Hash for an hour's drive back the way they had come. This of course served to ensure the pack started off ready for blood. Unable to find a brewery, Klinger forced the Hash to run up a tab at huge expense in the local pub, which of course wasn't ready till Jetstream arrived from the run as nobody in their right mind would give Klinger credit. Bear was already rubbing his hands in glee, even more so when he persuaded Klinger that the pub's beer garden, overlooked by all the locals, was the perfect place to hold the circle. A quick check with the local hoolies ensured they would be there watching and commenting from the side, complete with instructions on how to insinuate themselves into the circle. They did, naked. Bear was thrilled.

But the true magnificence of his Machiavellian manoeuvring then came into play. Poor Klinger having been unable to arrange food locally, managed to 'prevail' on his dear assistant Bear to sort out the catering, so Bear was able to portray himself to the Hash as the Saviour of the Day, without whom no food would have been available, notwithstanding the fact that he totally forgot about Saturday's food and Jetstream had to get his son to bring the food over from Cambridge at the last minute.



Kung ensures that her Mother in Law gets served first – respect!

To cap it all, Sunday's lunch was Mexican food, but Bear thought the Hash wouldn't notice as it was hot. Chilli hot.

So the Bear went happily to his bed, secure in the knowledge that he had pulled off a master coup which he could boast about for years and ensure his chairmanship of the Cambridge Stirrers Society for another year. This contentment lasted until his Hasheet arrived.





Swing Low – alternative versions