Hashmaster: Blowback
RAs: Taxidermist/Kermit/GWH
Scribe: Wrong Keys
Hashflash: Slaphead & Wrong Keys
Master of Music: Squits

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IndoNostalgia Run 36 – September 2009
My Sister Belinda and Other Strange Characters
Camping Redondo, Portugal

Well, what a weekend that was….as I write a week later my sister Belinda is still pissing out the winda and **The Pengiun's** trublemacher is still wreaking havoc in my brain -- but really you had to be there…

When all were present and correct (some more so than others) we were allocated our various forms of accommodation at the charming and delightful Camping Redondo run by **Icepyck**, **Elle T-Shirt** and **Carlos**, - and whose other permanent "staff" include **Sexta** the dog (a stray that apparently wandered in one Friday and never left), two donkeys, a pony, four (?) doves, and two cats. I never saw the geese (Gijs-geddit?). One or more of the doves was the cause much amusement whenever we gathered at the bar with a call that resembled a human laugh.



What about this IndoNostalgia youth policy?

Shortly after settling in, we (except **Furry Ferret** who had the evening off to recover from the after-effects of 36 holes of golf the day before) were taxied into the nearby town of Tomar. Here **Elle T-Shirt** guided us on a walking tour through the historic quarter, which also turned into a game of "dodging **Control Freak**" as Benghazi pretended he couldn't contact her cell phone to arrange a rendezvous - but she found us anyway.

A rest stop in the main square enabled us to make the acquaintance of some historical bigshot whose statue erected there had, from one angle (due to the protruding silhouette of his sword handle) the appearance of being just that, while from another ("not his best side" as **Kermit** said) a distinct droop was apparent.





The upstanding Knight Templar or is he?

A tasting of local wines in the aptly named Rat-As cellar followed, during which the hashers threw etiquette to the wind and rapidly scoffed the nibbles intended for pallet-cleansing between samples.



Don't turn the light on – Control Freak might find us!

This formed a suitable prelude to an excellent and very sociable dinner in the restaurant across the street, where some of us met a group of Aussies following a pilgrimage route who had arrived in Tomar by bus. Of course we also sampled the wine in much larger quantities. A stroll back to the riverside taxi pick-up point, and so to bed.

Act I – A Part of the Forest
Saturday's run (Hares: **Icepyck** and **The Penguin**).

We were taken by bus to the start of what was to be a fine scenic trail through woods showing evidence of a massive fire in the form of many blackened or dead tree trunks among the recovering vegetation, with fine hash views overlooking the long lake and ending by the lakeside.



From A – in the forest …



…… to B – overlooking the lake.

Some were shocked and literally staggered by the steepness of the terrain, which was such that poor **Yellow Peril** was still complaining of sore thighs when we were back in Porto three days later – at least she said that was the reason. **Open All Hours** being unable to clamber up onto the wheel of the "ute" and thence into the back craftily got into the cab as the walkers were provided with transport up the steepest bit at the start. Meanwhile **Blowback** and **Lady Slipstream** were front-running along with locally-resident visitors **Kay** and **Ken**. The beer stop at first appeared to be a "hunt the beer" stop - the beer had in fact not yet arrived but we who were hunting the supposed hidden alcohol stash were not to know this. **Benghazi** impressed me with his belt-attached personal bottle opener (which as he has in my time always been Cambridge hash beer master I suppose should not be a surprise). **Control Freak** had found a pole to help her up the incline and was later seen in pole position on the last check – or was she about to pole dance – we never found out, for – having luckily omitted the section of trail where a rope and some pitons would actually have come in handy, we came out on a road and had arrived at the historic lakeside village of Dornes.



Mother Teresa & Ghandi's Birthday cake in the making

After an opportunity for a refreshing swim in the lake – **Wrong Keys** first in! – a circle was held on the beach. **Blowback** chose **Benghazi** and **Jetstream** as Mother Teresa and Ghandi look-alikes to celebrate the latters' birthdays (whereas apparently it was really the two hashers' joint birthday) Unfortunately no-one had remembered to bring a cake… but fortunately they had the ingredients for making one! **Control Freak** and **Taxidermist** duly applied same to the birthday boys' kneeling backs and kneaded them into a gooey mess! Luckily the water in the lake was quite warm for cleaning up while **Elle T-Shirt's** little dog **Sexta** must have thought it was her birthday too as she tucked happily into the surplus ingredients remaining on the ground – but later paid by being taken unwillingly for a swim in the lake.

Lunch was to be at the adjacent terrace restaurant, but first a circle on the lawn overlooking the scenic lake.

Now bear in mind the scribe was unprepared for the job and had only a tiny sheet of diary paper donated by **Furry Ferret** on which to make minuscule notes which have since become indecipherable but appear to read like this: GM awards down-downs to "committee" and to hares, to **Icepyck** and **Elle T-shirt** for their hospitality.



Hashmaster Blowback



Songmaster Squits

Squits appointed music master. **Jetstream**, **Unmentionable** and **The Penguin** got down-downs for "longevity" having attended 35 out of the 36 Indonostalgia events (or was it 35 runs?)



Longevity, or just Old Farts?

The Penguin got another for what looks in my scribble like "programme"; **Yellow Peril** and **Kay** got down-downs as "bag ladies", (each indeed wore a capacious bum/fanny bag) while **Control Freak**, **Ferret** and **The Penguin** were called into the circle as representing the hash values of unity and diversity. Unity was the first casualty as **Control Freak** opted out! **Elle T-shirt** took her place.





Diversity …….. and ……. Unity

To demonstrate this ALL (yes two each) of their legs were tied together before tempting them with beer at the other side of the lawn and a shambles ensued. Then the birthday boys had roses shoved down the back of their pants and in their mouths.





Mother Teresa & Ghandi - again

Visitor **Ken** got a down-down for revealing the destination of the trail early on, and **The Penguin** too for telling where it went, but as **Ken** was driving, a look-alike was chosen to substitute: **Open All Hours**! Above all I remember **Jetstream** excelled with his musical tales of the sexual perversions of several fellow-hashers.



Coming 4 2 Carry Me Home – almost in unison

Later another excellent meal was enjoyed by all. The ambience at the restaurant was to most people very pleasant but **Googly** (who else?) complained about the loudness of the music. On a walk up to the church it transpired **Slapper** had suffered an aberration, she had got her dates mixed up and phoned her daughter to wish her a "Happy Birthday for yesterday" on the day before her birthday! When we got back in the bus the music was also loud -- so not a happy **Googly**.

Later back at the Camping, **While You're Down There** (from now on **WYDT**) discovered her lipstick was worn out and in a flashback remembered using it to perform Hash graffiti one night on a wall in Lisbon. This must have been about the same time that she fell down the steps at the Youth Hostel and injured her ankle? **Slaphead** turned up for the poolside party in a panama-style hat and white collarless shirt looking every inch the plantation master and was promptly dubbed "the man

from DelMonte". (He had earlier also made a big splash in the pool). Somebody tested **Ferret's** "quick-drying" jungle hat by throwing it into the pool - what fun we were having!



The man from DelMonte, always partial to ginger pussy

Squits very generously contributed a couple of bottles of the "Convento" white wine he had bought at the tasting to the evening's festivities. A couple of local musicians treated us to a medley of traditional Portuguese songs - explained by **Taxidermist** to be mainly in 6:8 time - followed by a young guitarist/vocalist (also local) whose stage patter in a language foreign to him was impressive, let alone his spirited rendition of various pop standards which quite a few locals turned up to hear. During the concert **Unmentionable** was alleged to be so much "under the influence" that she required the constant - and I must say most touching - attention of **Lady Slipstream** as her carer. She denies this. Taken away, she later later gave Lady Slipstream the slip and returned to the party. Some went on to the village Festa where **Elle T-shirt** is said to have danced until 3 am - but still managed to get up and serve breakfast later that morning- amazing!. **Benghaz**i was observed "singing lustily" (or was it lustfully?) perhaps in the hope of pulling one of the young groupies that were fans of the band if so without success apparently. **Unmentionable's** carer is herself alleged to have had quite a hangover the next morning, she did not surface for breakfast.

Act II - Another Part of the Forest
Sunday run:
(Hares: **Icepyck, The Penguin** & **Squits**).

Benghazi suggests the scribe's write-up should include mention of toilet paper issues. Non-sequitur: it turns out this was his Jubilee run - he has been hashing for 25 years. A pleasant run on tracks through the woods around Poco Redondo was laid by **Icepyck**, **Squits** and **The Penquin,** who by now had spent several days in trail laying! This was also quite scenic as the village stands fairly high with views over Tomar and surrounding area. Despite heat and hangovers there was much front running by the entire **Whittle** family, thus confirming the proverb "only mad dogs and **Whittles** run out in the mid-day sun". And the mentality of a few other energetic b*st*rds is also now open to question. **Yellow Peril** and **Furry Ferret** were perhaps the only sensible ones - they turned back at the second check (having only just managed to reach the outskirts of the village). **GWH** would have done the same but he didn't even get that far. As we ran through the woods there was, as the GM later commented "animal magic in the air" which I can confirm as a dog barked at the passing pack so much he became a litte ho(a)rse. Yes I have already told this "joke" in the circle but it's my joke and my write-up so p*ss off.

The genuinely magical beerstop was provided by **Carlos** with the two donkeys, one carrying a pair of pannier baskets with the water and beer for us. **WYDT** was helped up to a seat on the poor little brown one.


Little brown donkey must have turned grey with the effort!

We had a visit from the Festa band which plays all round the village and played in the Camping for us. The after-run circle began with a down-down for **Jetstream** for pointing out the GM's sarong was upside down. ("The natives undergo a deal of training to make sure they print the logos and designs the right way up").



While You're Down There & Googly, outside the retirement home in Frinton in 20 years time

The Penguin got one for having paid up for the weekend only moments before the circle began. **Ferret's** opinion of the run was sought – "the hare was too close to the front" – he needs to drink more beer.

WYDT told her "sinning twice" story about her wayward thoughts regarding young men at the Festa and duly received a down-down for that. **Great White Hope** awarded a down-down to the GM as a thank you for his role in the success of the event, he had been informed that the Portuguese for thank you is "yacky da". This brought on a series of Welsh jokes starting with **Squits**. He, **Open All Hours** and **Wrong Keys** got down-downs for "sexual confusion", **Wrong Keys** having stated regarding the registered Lynne Clerke Jones, that he didn't think she had turned up. **WYDT** inevitably got a down-down for earlier "donkey abuse", and **Ferret** one for bestiality as he "wanted to ride the donkey".



Fine Abs

Lady Slipstream got one for possessing fine "abs" which she declined to display. **WYDT** and **Open All Hours** were called in for their toenail varnish, the latter having "go-faster stripes". **Kermit** revealed that although **Klinger** had not attended, he was being represented by his teeth, thereupon producing a set of wind-up gnashers to the great hilarity of the circle.



Competitors in the "How far can you spit out Klinger's Teeth competition – and the winning teeth!

Alas the down-downs then came too thick and fast, - because the Surrey Hash had drunk more beer on their visit to Camping Redondo - and the scribe got too many of them, for an accurate record of them all to be preserved. Suffice it to say that the highlight was **The Penguin's** German anatomical song. We also learned his secret for tolerating many down-downs: some of each libation apparently goes in his little neck-suspended Penguin Pot for consumption at leisure!



The Penguin explains what he learnt at the German skool

Which is more or less where I came in. Except to report that **Kermit** is alleged to have been "unable to talk properly" by the end of Sunday night's celebrations and to have had a monumental hangover on Monday morning.

Open All Hours and I shared our chalet with **Benghazi** and **Taxidernist** who because he apparently tended to resort to earplugs, was inclined to bang about a bit on retiring to bed. He fell over **Benghazi's** tin step ladder provided to gain access to the top bunk (he couldn't cope with the normal ladder), and I heard him come in one night and on dropping something (keys?) explete "bollocks" in a most scholarly enunciation. On Sunday night after returning from the Festa, himself having allegedly also fallen downstairs, his snoring was described by **Open All Hours** as "loud but really quite musical" - in 6:8 time perhaps?



Icepyke and Elle T-shirt - Our superb Hosts

Finally, a BIG THANKYOU to our Hosts, **Icepyke** and **Elle T-shirt**, for an excellent weekend, great organisation and, unlike most IndoNostalgia weekends, no cock-ups! We didn't even run out of beer!

ON-ON Wrong Keys

Lots more photographs of this weekend and other INH3 events can be found on the IndoNostalgia Group pages on Facebook – ask a young person how to find them!!