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IndoNostalgia Run 37 – May 2010
Wrecked in Warwickshire: Styles of Hashing

Once again we forgot to appoint a Scribe! So Bravefart kindly offered the following account of the weekend, as seen from the totally unbiased viewpoint of the Co-Hare!



Which is Berk and which is Balls?

The Camp Site was set (the local rugby club). The catering was sorted (BBQ menu of meat, meat and more meat with one mouldy carrot for the vegetarians to fight over). The beer was in place ("What the Fox's Hat" 4.2% IPA from the Chapel End Brewery). And the Pack had started to assemble (well, **Ferret** got there early). All that was needed was an erstwhile Hash Master, but **The Penguin** had baulked at the cost of a taxi from the airport (he'd stowed away on a FlyBe flight) and opted to walk, stopping only to cadge a free pint or 7 at the Tipperary Inn (yes, apparently, this is where the song was written).

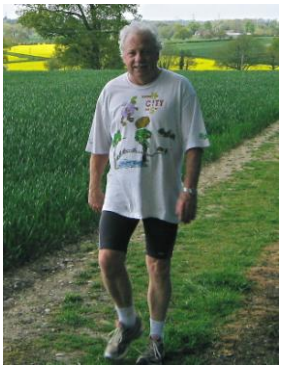
Eventually the BBQ was started up. It was a portable braai stand, kept safe by the Rugby Club. Except INH3 decided to cook the BBQ in the Club's kitchen and simply heap wood and coal onto the braai in order to have a proper fire outside. It did the trick (and nearly required the Fire Brigade in attendance) and was a fitting tribute to **Bear** who was sadly unable to attend the weekend. Are the Hash a bunch of fire-raising pyromaniacal arsonists? Does **Bear** sh*t in the woods?!!

Saturday morning dawned, with much groaning (by the men) and scratching (by the women) of bollocks (men's again, I think). Gradually, news filtered through that a large number of INH3 were wimping out and not coming, for fear of a marathon of athleticism and thirst quenching.


In anticipation of a splendid run

The hares described the route in a pitiful, ready-made confession of what was to come, mumbling

something about arrows never lying and that the pack could run any way it chose, as there were plenty of styles. And then we were off into the bright sunshine, out the gate and up the road. The trail turned left over / through a rickety fence and on into the fields. **BraveFart** spent an enjoyable 10 minutes watching **Sperm Whale** valiantly climb over the gate and only then, tugged at the rope that allowed the gate to swing free. One of Sperm Whale's dogs showed what he thought of his master's efforts, but diving into the first manky pool of muddy water he could find and then shaking himself all over **Mashed Potato**.

Styles or stiles of hashing

It became clear that amidst the clamour for cuts in spending from the new government, the hares, **SilverBarrels** and **BraveFart**, had stayed true to their fiscally austere Scottish roots and not overly invested in bags of flour for the weekend. It was going to be a hard trail to locate, let alone stay on.



The Hares run off to sell surplus flour back to the shop

The action was to be found at the head of the trail, where **SilverBarrels** watched in comedic disbelief as the normally unreliable pack lived up to its reputation, and split at an arrow (they never lie, remember), some going unwittingly near to the in-trail, some short cutting back onto the trail without realising it and only a few stumbling along the real trail all the while wondering if they should give it up as a long falsie. This left the pack, frankly, the wrong way round: **Meme** and **Froggy** were at the back of the pack and **Tampon** found himself in the novel role of being a Front Running B*st*rd.

By this time – some 10 minutes into the trail, the pack had begun to see why the hares had wittered on about styles of hashing, as the likes of **Skinhead** and **Ferret** found themselves negotiating the 6th or 7th style or gate.

Slaphead was carrying an injury and was appointed as Hash Flash (and yes, you *did* do what you think you did, and yes he *does* have the negatives) and he was pleased to be told of one checkaround where the pack dutifully trotted off to the right, over a few more styles, along some hedges and verges and swung all the way round to within 20 yards of the left of that same checkaround – where **Slaphead** was then waiting to snap the smiles of the happy campers as they swore and cursed.




Maidenhead and Unmentionable at full speed

The trouble was that this led to an open field that was now occupied by some feisty young bulls. It looked like they had recently had their bollocks removed (unbollocked bullocks, if you will) and were still slightly miffed over the whole experience. There was time only for **Unmentionable** to comment that she really didn't like this as she had a "thing" about cows (and not in an erotic way) before the bovines were heading across to see what INH3 was made of. While setting the trail, **SilverBarrels** had decided to impress and scare them and took off his shirt to

show off his large Para tattoo – the bullocks duly ran for cover. The pack was unable to persuade **Maidenhead** to remove her top and reveal her legendary tattoo, and so the hash-pack gingerly moved across the field like a giant chess game, some going diagonally, some two-forward-one-sideways and others running gaily for the far side in the hope that they'd be recognised as the queens they are.

By the time the pack was across the field, **Klinger** had already found the portable pot and campfire that he keeps in his bumbag, and was all set to slaughter one of the bulls and make some beef casserole.

Tampon caught a dove and spent a few minutes working out whether he could shove a twig up its *rse and roast it on an open fire, but eventually he got bored with this and headed after everyone else who had by now overtaken him.

In the corner of the far end of the field was a double style, one leading north and one leading west. There was one dob of flour and the pack careered northwards, unaware that both hares were sitting on the double style, sniggering. Eventually **Slaphead** turned round, followed by most of the pack. **Pugwash** led his friends **Liz** and **Craig** (not only virgin Indonostalgics but in fact complete virgin hashers, it turned out) back onto the trail. It seemed that the further **Liz** and **Craig** went off trail, the happier they were; they'll make great hashers.

Jetstream, meantime in the huff at having gone so hideously off trail, had decided to head straight down the road and hope to get back to the rugby club in good time. **Unmentionable** heard, in disappointment and disbelief, this shocking and grave news, but kept her spirits up - well, she'd just survived a field of randy bullocks annoyed at being made eunuchs, so she had a lot to think about.

And so on we went. **Tampon**, having dawdled whilst trying to spit roast a pigeon, now found himself as front runner again and careered across the open fields like a slightly portly deer that suffers from brittlebone disease. He wobbled over a ditch and was seen running helter skelter downhill in a field of oil seed rape, eager to use the momentum of gravity to keep him ahead of everyone else.

The chase was on, though, as he had been seen crossing the ditch (not calling especially loudly, it has to be said) and the likes of **Froggy** did not want to suffer the ignominy of being seen to come off second best to a **Tampon** (the story of his life, really).

From the edge of the field you could clearly see a pond, maybe 50 feet in diameter, with trees round it, and the wide tractor tracks round them, in the otherwise deep oil seed rape. **Tampon** hurtled on. **Tampon** hurpled on. **Tampon** had herpes. One of them, I am sure. Anyway, he forgot the golden rule when running away at full tilt from baying pursuers: he forgot to be aware of his surroundings. As the main trail led through the clear track straight across the field, there was an inviting dob of flour just at the start of the bend of the pond edge. Now, I ask you – a track straight through the field or an inviting trail curving suspiciously round the line of trees: which would you choose? He ran right round the circle and was just rejoining the trail when most of the pack were running past him.

In a fit of pique, he ran back, declaring that now he knew it was a leftie, he'd sort his own trail out, thank you very much. Ominously, as he passed the two giggling hares, he muttered something about revenge.



Don't follow Klinger – he's lost

But bizarrely, all was not finished at the pond in the field. **Pugwash**, **Liz** and **Craig** had been the last to come across the field and had had a glorious view of **Tampon** running the back half of the circle. So when they came to the start of the circle …. Why of course, **Craig** elected to run round himself, perhaps to check in case it didn't have a cunning wee trail marked off it

somewhere. He was right – it didn't.

The trail continued across to the end of the field up a hill and then over a few more styles before crossing a wee wooden bridge and heading through a farm. Having hit a road just beside a large hedge, it led almost immediately back over another style and past some more cows in a field, heading through some trees and through another style. **Froggy** and **Meme** were front running by this time and were not at all pleased to see that, coming through that second style and a short distance down a road, they were heading straight for the back markers who had stayed on the road at the high hedge.

And so, together again, the pack headed round a ploughed field and onwards. Here was a strange quirk of English law – the trail was following a national footpath and so the trail led the pack literally right through the middle of a field that was being ploughed. Indeed, the farmer had ploughed at a different angle down the middle to show the delineation of the national footpath. In Scotland, you just get to roam anywhere and as we know, in Indonesia, the Kampung kids just steal the paper and foce you to invent a new trail as you go. Mind you, in Scotland the farmers are allowed to use "reasonable force" to remove you from their land, and most of them have shotguns, reasonably enough.



A welcome beer stop

At the far end of the field, the trail led over a long wooden bridge and strange raised wooden causeway, all the way to the beer stop. A few thirsts were quenched with warm French lager and guilty consciences – drinking p*sswater when there was lovely ale back at the Rugby Club. That spurred on the pack and with the bit between their teeth and a real thirst in their throats, off they sauntered along the in trail. They were led back towards that very first arrow where they had earlier split into aimless groups, then back through the estate of what used to be housing for RAF Officers. Had they but known that they ran within 6 feet of **SilverBarrels**' own house, they might have exacted some petty revenge and firebombed the place – or at least done a jobbie on his front door step. (Happily, later that night, **BraveFart** was so sh*tfaced from the beer at the Rugby Club that he kindly assisted with the latter.)

So back they came, into the Rugby Club: **Meme**, **Froggy** and **The Penguin** leading in the party to be confronted by the likes of **Sperm Whale**, **Mashed Potato** and **Jetstream** who had been there for some time and only recently worked out how to turn the tap to get beer out of the barrel.

Despite the lack of numbers and lack of flour, it had been a very pleasant r*n in the sunshine and the hares were looking forward to a couple of down downs and a convivial circle when … disaster:

Tampon had failed to return.

At first there was much celebrating and the beer flowed freely. Then a couple of namby pamby touchy feely hashers started to be just a tiny bit worried. It was certainly hot under the blue sky, without much relief in the so-called shade. Time passed and still no sign. **BraveFart** tried calling **Tampon's** mobile phone (are we still allowed to call them "handphones" even though we're no longer in Indonesia?). It just came up as "call failed" without even going through to a voicemail. Maybe he'd failed to pay his bill, or was stuck in an area of poor reception … or maybe he had crashed down a steep ditch, gored into submission by some excitable eunuch bulls and with his handphone just out of reach, in bits on the rocks at the bottom of the ditch amidst the blood.



Try and keep up

SilverBarrels and **BraveFart**, clearly suffering from some presbyterian guilt or attack of (im)moral conscience, realised that as hares it was their duty to ensure everyone was back safely. **The Penguin** did try to reason with them saying that not only was it just **Tampon**, and he was expendable, but that he, **The Penguin**, would be very happy to console **Madame Durex** in his own special way if the worst were to have happened. **BraveFart** realised that he and **SilverBarrels** had been the last to see **Tampon** alive, as he had exited the circle round the pond and headed back claiming to know the route now that it was confirmed as a leftie. And so **SilverBarrels** and **BraveFart** drove back up the road to that first arrow, getting out the car at, and the timing is key to the story, 5.14 and running round the trail to the point where he had last been seen.

There was no sign of him anywhere, and no evidence that he had been trampled by the bullocks that had threatened to do for **Unmentionable** earlier that afternoon. The hares split up and **BraveFart** ran down the route that **Jetstream** and the other SCBs must have taken, just in case **Tampon** had done likewise, while **SilverBarrels** ran back to collect the car and to drive round to hook up with **BraveFart** once more. **Silverbarrels** climbed into his car at 6pm and retrieved his mobile phone to discover a message from 5.15 – **Tampon** had walked back into the Rugby Club unassisted. (Yes, go on – check again the time when they heroically locked up the car and set out on the trail to look for him.)

When they finally joined the Circle, it was so late that they were asked if they were truly **SilverBarrels** and **BraveFart** or were two of their kids, who had since grown up. As **The Penguin** and **Tampon** handed the Circle over to them, **Tampon** grinned his final revenge. "Never go looking for an experienced hasher," he whispered with a malevolent smile.

For a moment, the hares feared a cataclysmic down down and Hash Sh*t, but with offence supposedly the best defence, they managed instead to do just that, and caused offence to everyone there in the Circle.

The r*n verdict was an Excellent R*n, decided on after hearing that the r*n had been too long, too short, not enough flour and too many Scotsmen.



The happy couple pose for a post coital photo

It was around this time that **Tampon** disappeared. As is his way. While **SilverBarrels** stood in front of the **Penguin** accounting for his life, personality and boyish good looks a terrible gorilla launched herself from the direction **Tampon** had gone. With amorous intent she siddled up to **SilverBarrels** in a fast and ungainly trot and embraced him mightily in, well in a bear hug. Rapidly, she had **SilverBarrels** on the floor and had thrust herself upon him. Playfully, **SilverBarrels** tried to crawl away only to be, well, taken not only by surprise but also from behind. Eventually, spent and content the terrible gorilla climbed off **SilverBarrels** and with a nonchalant flick of her hair, made to exit. **SilverBarrels,** intervened, though, and hauled her back for seconds, thirds and umpteens.

This led the RA neatly into a short tale about Alert Levels:

The English (**Tampon**) are feeling the pinch in relation to recent terrorist threats and have raised their security level from "Miffed" to "Peeved." Soon, though, security levels may be raised yet again to "Irritated" or even "A Bit Cross." The English have not been "A Bit Cross" since the blitz in 1940 when tea supplies all but ran out. Terrorists have been re-categorized from "Tiresome" to a "Bloody Nuisance." The last time the British issued a "Bloody Nuisance" warning level was during the great fire of 1666.

The Scots (**SilverBarrels**) raised their threat level from "Pissed Off" to "Let's get the Bastards" They don't have any other levels. This is the reason they have been used on the front line in the British army for the last 300 years.

The French (**Meme** as some sort of bizarre stand in) government announced yesterday that it has raised its terror alert level from "Run" to "Hide". The only two higher levels in France are "Collaborate" and "Surrender." The rise was precipitated by a recent fire that destroyed France's white flag factory, effectively paralysing the country's military capability.

The Germans (**Skinhead**, proudly standing up for the Fatherland) also increased their alert state from "Disdainful Arrogance" to "Dress in Uniform and Sing Marching Songs." They also have two higher levels: "Invade a Neighbour" and "Lose".

Belgians (**Slaphead**, for no reason), on the other hand, are all on holiday as usual, and the only threat they are worried about is NATO pulling out of Brussels.

The Spanish (**Ferret**, following the same logic as **Slaphead**) are all excited to see their new submarines ready to deploy. These beautifully designed subs have glass bottoms so the new Spanish navy can get a really good look at the old Spanish navy.

Americans (**Klinger** – well, the origins of his name were American, although it was a close run thing from choosing **Mashed Potato**) were meanwhile carrying out pre-emptive strikes, on all of their allies, just in case.



Klinger and Unmentionable – styles of down-downs

And in the southern hemisphere... New Zealand (**Unmentionable** on the grounds that she doesn't like cows) has also raised its security levels - from "baaa" to "BAAAA!". Due to continuing defence cutbacks (the airforce being a squadron of spotty teenagers flying paper aeroplanes and the navy some toy boats in the Prime Minister's bath), New Zealand only has one more level of escalation, which is "Shit, I hope Australia will come and rescue us."

Australia (**Jetstream** because the Aussies have some sort of relationship with the Kiwis that only they can understand), meanwhile, has raised its security level from "No worries" to "She'll be right, mate". Three more escalation levels remain: "Crikey!", "I think we'll need to cancel the barbie this weekend" and "The barbie is cancelled". So far no situation has ever warranted use of the final escalation level.

There were a few more random down downs and **Meme** was in excellent voice as Master of Music, especially the one where he said “Now, we're all going to sing … ahh, sh*t, I can't remember what it is or how it goes.”

We found out a bit more about our Virgin Hashers. **Liz** was a geriatric doctor. No – *she* wasn't that old, she just looked after old people. **Pugwash** looked around smugly as everyone realised that he had just brought his personal physician on the hash with him. Hands of all males on the Hash absentmindedly and sentimentally strayed into their shorts to scratch an itch long suppressed when **BraveFart** wondered if **Liz**, being a doctor, should perhaps be named **Dr Budi**. It may yet stick. **Craig**

immediately looked a bit nervous. It emerged that he was a nurse. But that was lovely – nurses are fine members of society, indeed, regardless of gender, nurses are one of life's only guarantees – along with taxes and death. Anyway, it was wheedled out of him that his speciality was … well, he had lots of experience … well, to put it bluntly, he was a stroke nurse. All the w*nkers in the Circle immediately took to the lad. His tentative name was, of course, **Stroker.**



Guarding the beer

A few more songs later, and **Pugwash** now well lubricated by beer, gave us a few lines of his great poem about w*nking. Except he was so drunk that he forgot how the poem continued and so gave us the first three lines about ten times.

And so to current affairs (no, not **Ferret's** continuing and unnatural infatuation with **Sperm Whale's** Jack Russell). We'd just had a General Election, and so **BraveFart** took it upon himself to explain who each party was and what they stood for. Candidates were dragged out from the Circle and demonstrated their policies and principles through the medium of beer.

Labour were represented by a Scottish leader who hadn't lived in Scotland for years (**Froggy**) and it was shown how they want everyone to have the same amount of beer. A tax was established and everyone in the Circle had to give up some of their own beer in order to fill **Froggy's** glass. The Liberals want everyone to have the same amount of drink shared out proportionately, and so the Circle's beers were all evened out. The Tories want everyone to earn their own and keep it, so the Tory candidate (**Meme**) poured himself a beer and kept it. The BNP (represented by **Skinhead**) want everyone to have British beer and so **Unmentionable** with her glass of wine was held up as an illegal immigrant and given a beer to drink, to show her what it was like to be British. And the Scottish Nationalists want the English to take the hint and just f*** off, so **BraveFart** and **SilverBarrels** took the rest of the beer in lieu of all the oil that the English had stolen.

Proceedings were interrupted with the welcome news that the makan was ready, and quickly the RA called the assembly to order, and it was hats off and pots on the floor …



… to carry me home – in unison?

Inside the Rugby Club, **SilverBarrels** had arranged for an excellent beef rendang to be prepared, and this was wolfed down. The beer continued to flow, and late into the night people slowly dispersed to beds, darkened corners and (in the case of **Jetstream** and **Unmentionable**) expensive hotel suites.





Klinger, not impressed by Froggy's argument

At one point, not long after **Klinger** had passed out from alcohol, a fierce argument broke out concerning standard procedures for a camp. It was noted that **Skinhead** had simply plugged his campervan into a spare socket and that he was pinching all the electricity. It was also noted,

however, that we were fortunate that at least he wasn't using the gas. **Meme**, using all his ten fingers, demonstrated why German showers had 11 nozzles.




It's later than you think!

Sunday dawned bright and clear. It was sunny with no sign of clouds. No sign of the hares either. They finally showed up just as the assembled pack was wondering whether they should just set their own trail (once round the showers and back to the toilets). But all in good time (in fact only one minute after the guide time **The Penguin** had suggested for the start) and we were off. **Liz** (Dr Budi?) and **Craig** (Stroker?) were unable to stay for the Sunday run, and **Sperm Whale** and **Mashed Potato** had left as well. The trail led over the road and straight up a pathway into some woods. **Tampon** was all kitted out for the run, but was spotted climbing into **Meme's** car, who was also heading off.



Dr Budi practicing her listening skills

Into the heart of the woods and in a clearing the first checkaround was discovered. Soon a falsie was confirmed and the trail was picked up as it led south, then east, then north and ran ohhhhh so tanatlisingly close to that first checkaround. **SilverBarrels** ran round with the pack, but **BraveFart** opted just to stroll the 30 metres along from the checkaround, waiting for the pack at a convenient fallen tree.

Froggy good naturedly called him a "f*****n' bandit!" as he happily skipped past. The trail skirted along the edge of the woods and there were a few more checkarounds before it disappeared into the thickness of the trees.



The Penguin liberating his cousins

The Penguin, though, when scouting out the trail, happened upon a Larsen trap with the lure blackbird having been joined in the adjoining cell by a recently trapped specimen. **The Penguin** erupted in a fury at the treatment of his cousins. It was pointed out to him that, as a penguin, he couldn't fly so couldn't have much claim on kinsmanship. But he countered with the unarguable fact that while they were in the Larsen trap, the blackbirds couldn't fly either. So while the pack hurried through the woods, admiring the bluebells even as they were scratched to blazes by the trailing brambles, **The Penguin** huffed and puffed and eventually figured out how to open the Larsen trap and free both birds. Sadly for our flight-challenged friend, **Slaphead's** camera had been in action and the farmer, the gamekeepers and the police are all now after him.




Meme finally manages to fold up his tent – much to Tampon's amusement

He sprinted through the woods with **BraveFart** as his guide, noting the skimpy wee bridge with flour on it that was the trail, but opting for the sturdy wooden beam further along that was an altogether better way to short cut straight to the head of the pack. The trail was along the edge between the woods and some fields now, and the pack was motoring. Well, **Tampon** must have been, because he was spotted up on the ridge (where the trail did eventually lead). He'd been given a lift by **Meme**, had guessed it was going to be another leftie and was now just up ahead waiting to claim that he'd just been running faster than the rest of the pack.

Klinger was having none of it, though, and tried to outsprint **SilverBarrels** on the track leading up to the ridge where **Tampon** waited. There was a naughty little checkaround at the T-junction at the top of the ridge and then the trail led back towards the eastern edge of the woods they had first run into. As the pack entered the woods, they ran past a bunch of … well, I'm not sure how you are allowed to describe them in today's politically correct world, but let's just say they all had black, absolutely black, long beards (a few of them had black "bumfluff" attempts at beards). They were carrying rucksacks and as we passed, we just heard the leader say "Right, now for some map work to practice orientation and direction." It was all very strange – especially when **SilverBarrels** pointed out that one thing you cannot do when deep in a forest with nothing to see except trees is use a map and compass to orientate yourself and work out exactly where you are. Poor Silverbarrels, being of little brain for these things, was most concerned that Taliban Manny was doing map work right under the fight path.



More styles of hashing

Eventually the trail found its way straight past the very first checkaround and then on back down the forest path to the road and into the Rugby Club in just over an hour. **Unmentionable** was heard to comment that she much preferred it to take about an hour and a quarter, but she was glad it was quite short as **Jetstream** couldn't really manage that long a time these days. I am sure she was talking about a Sunday recovery run, but there might, just might, be something else she was trying to tell us.

And when we got back to form the Circle, that's when the truth of the ages started to reveal itself. It was, in truth, a lovely sunny day, and we had, for sure, had a couple of good leg-stretching runs. But one by one the hashers just happened to find themselves sitting in camping seats in a rough circle, or absent-mindedly dragging the picnic bench tables into it, to form the rest of the circle. Then it was a case of "bring the beer over a bit closer" and finally "well, we are all quite comfortable and it would be a shame to muck things around, so why not let's just stay here and have the circle sitting down?"


A very laid back circle!

Amidst these ailments and "particular conditions" the RA revealed the story of **Froggy's** unfortunate flatulence and diarrhoea problem, whereby he tried everything and confided all in his friend the newspaper man (a role performed admirably by **SilverBarrels**), who kept shouting out his secrets "Read all about it! Froggy's gut in agony!" "Read all about it, **Froggy** consults a doctor!" The doctor, we were told had a cure which involved a hammer and a large cork. Worryingly for **Froggy**, **BraveFart** produced a real hammer and the cork tap from the beer barrel. Unfortunately, he didn't jam it up far enough and after **Froggy's** next bout of strong flatulence, the newspaper man's cry was

"Read all about it: Sh*t storm in China! Elephant killed by a cork!"

Reference was made to the suspicious hiking, touring and map-reading party that was found in the forest, and it was generally agreed that Osama bin Laden had handed on the chain of office and general power to his wee distant cousin, one **Penguin** Laden.

Pugwash had now had a few beers and was drunk enough to manage a few lines of his favourite poem about w*anking. He was aghast that he couldn't remember much beyond the 4th or 5th line, and even more aghast when it was pointed out to him that this was further than he had managed yesterday – he had no memory of having tried to recite it in the Saturday Circle.

It was time for a history lesson. The RA advised us that Honiley, the village where we were, was for a while at least, a small centre of pilgrimage. It was once famous for its two wells, which both had links to the village church of St. Johns. **Jetstream** played the role of St John's well, and **Ferret** stepped up as Our Lady's well, If a man and a woman produced a child out of wedlock the two were to go to village wells (the men to St John's well, the women to Our Lady's well) and bathe. **Unmentionable** was the floozie and accompanied by **Tampon** they were duly bathed in beer. After that, and following the custom of the day, they both crawled to the church to the statue of St John and asked for forgiveness. So we had our two wells, and our penitent lecherous couple. All we needed was the baseborn fruit of their union – step forward for a beer **The Penguin** as the wee b*st*rd himself.



Skinhead drinks the keg dry

Tampon wondered allowed where Gollum was, and the RA wandered behind the large tent, looking for him. While the RA was away, Gollum dutifully appeared, pleased once more to see his Massterrrrr. **Tampon** told him he must be very hot in the sunshine, just like everyone else and fed him some beer. Gollum immediately give a beer shower to **Klinger**, just to help him cool down. Matters were interrupted by a shout that lunch was ready. Gollum, panicked by the sudden noise, darted behind the tent for cover – and just missed the RA coming back round the tent the other way. It's uncanny how those two have never actually seen each other. And so once more it was hats off and pots on the floor.


Some swung lower than others

After that, it wasn't quite "get p*ssed on your own account" because there was still a barrel and a bit to drink. Lunch, served up by Sandra and her team, went down very well and, despite the beer, managed to stay down.

And that was that – we all headed our separate ways, with the cry ringing in our ears: "On On to Tomintoul and R*n Number 38 on August 28th." **The Penguin** later felt the contrition of the Circle and said to **Jetstream**: "Thanks again for your admin work keeping everything in order. Sorry for not finishing the beer." But for 18 hashers (of whom 5 only stayed for the 1st Circle) to finish 3 barrels did seem a bit of an achievement.


Many thanks to the hares for a splendid weekend

For up to date details of the next runs visit the IndoNostalgia Website: www.inh3.co.uk or check out the IndoNostalgia Group pages on Facebook – old farts should ask a younger person to show them how to find it!

Please register for each run as soon as possible to ensure that the Hares arrange enough beer! Cost: £40 for normal hashers, £30 for harriettes and non-drinkers. Send cheques payable to "IndoNostalgia Hash" to Doug (Jetstream) Whittle, 23, Fairway, Girton, Cambridge, CB3 0QF.

Future Run Details

RUN 38. Tomintoul, Scottish Highlands - 27th/30th AUGUST 2010
Hares: McJekyllMcHyde and The Penguin

To coincide with the Lonach Highland Games.

Programme

Thursday 26th Aug: Early birds arrive.
Friday 27th Aug: 10.30 am Free tour and a wee dram at the Tomintoul Distillery for the first 20 to contact Jetstream and register their interest. Alternatively Glenlivet is only 10 miles away. Pitch tents or check into YHA or B&B. Prehydration at the Richmond Hotel, evening meal and drinks on own account. Although they usually stop serving food at about 8.30 pm they are making special arrangements to provide a choice of two main dishes up to 10 pm for our party.

Optional Whisky tasting has been arranged with a professional whisky supplier from Dufftown from 7 to 9 pm. The cost will be £25 a head, to include some snacks. Numbers are limited to 25, so send £25 to Jetstream if you want to join in - no cash, no whisky!

Saturday 28th Aug: Coach to the Lonach Highland Gathering, option for FRBs to enter the Games Hill Race, large picnic within the Games Park. Beer tent and much more, enjoy the games. Return to Tomintoul at about 5pm. What happens next will depend how pissed you are!

Sunday 29th Aug: 11am Main and only run, circle, beer, BBQ lunch in Massie's garden.

Monday 30th Aug: Bank holiday in England but not in Scotland. Lots to see in this superb area so make it an extended holiday.

Accommodation

Plenty of space in the Hare's garden for those who want to camp. Recently refurbished Tomintoul Youth Hostel has 20 beds in small dorms/private rooms but may now be full. The Gordon Hotel is apparently closed and the Richmond Hotel is fully booked. There is a website www.visittomintoul.co.uk/accommodation.htm which may help but the area is very popular with tourists, shooting parties etc so book early.

Cost

Usual £40 per head, no reduction for non beer drinkers this time. No quite sure what this will cover as the budget hasn't been finalised yet! Cheques (payable to IndoNostalgia Hash) must be sent to Jetstream, 23 Fairway, Girton, Cambridge CB3 0QF, to arrive at least a week before the event. Add £25 for the cost of Whisky tasting if you want to join in. Only those who live outside the UK can pay on arrival, everyone else must pay in advance - no cash, no beer, no bus, no food, no loos!

Please note that there is no ATM in Tomintoul so you need to take cash with you, although you should be able to pay for accommodation by cheque.

Getting There

Drive like hell, or Fly and hire a car, or …….

BUS - Citylink to Aviemore from Glasgow or Inverness
www.citylink.co.uk/timetables/Summer10/Glas2Inverness.pdf or Edinburgh or Inverness www.citylink.co.uk/timetables/Summer10/Edin2Inverness.pdf. According to the Tomintoul SYHA website there is a Bus service 338 from Aviemore rail station to Deinashaugh (hotel) - Mon-Fri Deinashaugh (War Memorial) to Tomintoul on Bus Service 363. However, it may only go once a day so a taxi may be a better option!

TRAIN - to Aviemore from Glasgow, Invernesss or Edinburgh. Then take bus as above, or taxi costs approx £25.50

TRAIN FROM ENGLAND (Cambridge to Carrbridge) - Advice from the Richmond Hotel is that the nearest station to Tomintoul is Carrbridge and Diplomat has sent the following train information, he is travelling up on Thursday 26th and back on Monday 30th, the train up leaves Kings Cross at 10.30 am and Cambridge hashers can join it at Peterborough; he will be joining at Newcastle. He plans to arrange a taxi from Carrbridge to Tomintoul (although it could be easier to find a taxi at Aviemore). Not possible (can't be arsed) to reproduce the timetable here but it can be found on www.inh3.co.uk

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RUN 39. Seven Sisters, Sussex - June 4/5 2011
Hare: Tampon

Provisional Programme
Friday evening – Prehydration at local pub
Saturday – Main run at 2pm, (or maybe earlier) followed by circle, dinghy race (get organised, this is serious and Bear and Pugwash are already interviewing potential crew members – big buoyancy aids essential!), more beer and Indonesian food
Sunday – Hangover Run, taken out by boat and dumped at sea, make your own way back.

Accommodation
Camping, B&Bs and Hotels to suit all tastes and pockets

Cost
As usual – see note at top of previous page.