Hashmaster: Blowback
RA: Froggy, Shamcock, Leekie Willie
Scribe: Jetstream
Hash flash: McJekyll/McHyde, Strap-On
Master of Music Pheelthy Phrogg
InterHashional Representative and Knight of the Realm: The Penguin

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IndoNostalgia Run 47 – May 2015
In Search of Spice at Saughy Rigg

Since the last run, **Tampon** has pissed off to the Far East, taking **Mme Durex** with him, no doubt In Search of Spice (cunning plug for his first novel).

This weekend was originally billed as a joint run with the Septuagenarian Hash, a special Hash to celebrate the 70th Birthdays of some of our most esteemed members. However, true to form they dropped out one by one, until only **Diplomat** and **The Penguin, (Knight of the Realm)**, remained fully committed, with **Bear and Sharky** lending their support.



Running and cooking Hares

Then **Diplomat** got cold feet and tried to pull out due to the fact that he couldn't find a suitable venue and it was left to **Spermwhale** to save the day by discovering Saughy Rigg, just a dozen miles from **Diplomat**'s home.

With Saughy Rigg fully booked, the majority of the others had booked into the Twice Brewed Inn and that is where we gathered on Friday evening. **Haven't Got One** and **Czech Her Out** spurned both venues and pitched their tent in the garden. As it was a bank holiday weekend, the roads were chaos on Friday afternoon and quite a few arrived late. Highlights of the early evening included **Qrator** observed buying **The Penguin, (Knight of the Realm),** a pint and thus commencing reconciliation.

McJekyll/McHyde and **Boghopper** arrived too late to join the early birds and proceeded to dispense shots of a rather potent Mexican distillation. The residents of Saughy Rigg joined in enthusiastically and a rerun of events in Sycamore Barns on Run 44 was on the cards! One by one the gathered throng made their excuses and retired to bed, until the remaining pissheads decided that as the beer was sitting just outside the back door, **Gorilla** decided that it would be a good idea to check if it was drinkable. Lying in bed above the bar area sleep was impossible and **Jetstream** & **Unmentionable** lay awake awaiting the next line of Cushy Butterfield. Fortunately **Sperm Whale** could only recall the first two lines of the first verse so music was not a recurrent problem. **Mashed Potato** was safely tucked up in quiet room with her dogs.

As dawn broke only **Boghopper** and **Strap-On** remained standing and when sleep eventually caught

up with them, **Boghopper** could only make it as far as the picnic table, not wishing to leave the comforting sight of the four firkins of Gold Tankard.



Good morning Boghopper!

Saturday

Ever efficient, **Diplomat** had produced a programme for the weekend, which read "03.00pm Run Starts from Saughy Rigg – 'A' to 'A'". However at 2pm we had all finished lunch, washed down by the tasty Gold Tankard and so, after ensuring that everyone was there and ready, the run started an hour early, before we all got too pissed to run.



The pack, raring to go

The Penguin (Knight of the Realm) led us through two gates (to ensure that nobody escaped) and then we were off. The pack stood around looking lost and hoping that someone else would check it out.



Headless chickens looking for the trail

Dust led along the top of the ridge but **Boghopper** showed his SCB instincts and went straight down the hill, finding dust of course. More checks confused the FRBs and then we reached to edge of the escarpment. Falsie to the right, nothing straight on so obviously it went left, which it did.



Muff Diver leads the way

Along the ridge with the walkers milling about on the previous hill, waiting to see which way the trail went before leaving the first gate at the start of the run. Before we knew it we were heading back to 'A' but a stream interrupted the pack in midstride. Only **Shamcock** refused to use the bridge, preferring to take the shortest route.





Shamcock prefers the stream to the nearby bridge

A rather short trail for a Saturday and **Muff Diver**, **Shamcock** and **Blowback** decided to run up the hill towards Hadrian's Wall for a bit of extra exercise.

We were back and having a beer before the official start time for the run. We were able to start the circle before the sun went off the site and it turned a bit chilly. Virgins **Leekie Willie**, **Struth**, **Call Me Al, Ma Baker** and **Anaconda** were welcomed with a down-down.



IndoNostalgia Virgins

Then the Running Hares were called in, insulted and also rewarded with a Down-down. Mismanagement was recognised, private parties punished and other sinners suitably dealt with.

One of the problems with making **Pheelthy Phrogg** the Musique Master is that we have to endure the S&M Man, a lovely tune but the words, oh my! **Froggy**, one of the stand-in RAs, entertained with some shaggy dog tails and **Pugwash** did an excellent job of refilling the glasses between down-downs. We need to get some small hard glasses for the down-downs in future as the flimsy cheapo plastics kept blowing away.





Wankers Pheelthy Phrogg and Pugwash

Little Blow has now brought Delilah to three IndoNostalgia Runs, so it was thought appropriate to give her a hash name. **Wai-Wai** was suggested as this is a tribe of Amerindians in Guyana where the women are in control and the men just go hunting and fishing, a perfect arrangement! Naturally **Wai-Wai** is pronounced Why? Why? and a very poor rendition of Tom Jones' hit accompanied her naming down-down. Send for **Hold It For Me**, who, unlike the sheep shaggers present, is the only welsh hasher who knows the words.

As usual, **Fraser**, **Ooh La La** and **Forget Me Not** kept very low profiles and for some reason **Control Freak** also took a back seat, thereby limiting the number of down-downs they were given.





Welsh v Irish RAs compete

Leekie Willie took the circle and continued his quiz from the night before which had been won by **Shamcock** and **U-Bend**. Today's question was: why do the Irish have all the potatoes and the South African's, all the diamonds? The answer confounded them and the rest of the circle until **Leekie Willie** explained that it was because the Irish had had first choice. Not a lot of people know that, or want to!

As the circle got smaller we moved closer in, each move involving lifting **Margaret** and her chair a few feet. Why she was allowed to sit in the circle with **Haven't Got One** acting as her footstool, I'm not sure, but she got away with it.



Margaret getting the respect she deserves

Mrs G had slipped away and so when called into the circle was nowhere to be seen. **Gibber** was therefore awarded all of her down-downs for failing to keep her under control.

All this time **Bear** and **Diplomat** had been slaving away in the kitchen with the help of **Furry Ferret** and **Wet Dream**, so that when the circle finally finished we were just in time for an extremely tasty dinner. A mouth-watering spread of Chicken Curry, Gado-Gado, Rice, Ikan Bilis and pickles. There was even Nam Prik for those who wanted more spice. Well done to them all for a culinary master class.





Alternative headgear for Mad Monk and Gibber

As so many had over-trained on Friday night, Saturday evening was a more restrained affair and it was so quiet that we could actually get some sleep. The same was true of the Twice Brewed although some squaddies added a bit of excitement to the otherwise quiet bar. In the absence of any ISIS fanatics to attack, they decided to try and kill each other instead, until restrained by the local police.

Sunday

The Programme stated the "Transport leaves for 'B' to 'A' (short) Run at 11.00am. And at 11 am this is what happened, two large taxis took the first group of runners to 'B'. **Blowback** checked with the drivers that they knew where to go and told them to return for the rest of us. However, unbeknown to the pack, the Hares had added a few miles to the trail and it now started at 'C'. In accordance with **Diplomat's** programme, the first group were dropped at 'B' and then the taxis went home, following **Diplomat's** previous instructions and ignoring **Blowback**, not realising that on IndoNostalgia the HashMaster outranks the Hare.

Soon after the Taxis departed **The Penguin** returned from laying the trail to discover that the pack had gone to 'B' and not 'C'. He had tried to flag the vehicles down as they passed him but they just gave him a cheery wave and drove by!



Sir Bradley Wiggins has competition!

Panic set in as **Diplomat** tried to contact the taxi company but unfortunately there was no mobile phone signal and he had to go off and find one. Eventually, he managed to get them to retrieve those waiting patiently at 'B' and get them back to 'A'. A few deep breaths and a glass of Gold Tankard revived him and we started the day again. Taxi's taking the pack to 'C' this time. With too many runners to squeeze into the transport provided a second trip was required to get the walkers to 'C' as well. 'C' turned out to be an exceeding bleak bit of Northumberland and we huddled behind **Sharky's** car until **Mad Monk** found a sheltered spot further down the road.

As the taxis passed Hadrian's Wall, **Shamcock** saw some dust and decided that this was where the run started and so jumped out of the taxi and led **U-Bend**, **Muff Diver**, **Hang-Over Blues** and **Strap-On** on an exceedingly short trail straight back to Saughy Rigg. As it had only taken them 15 minutes they set off up the hill again and up to the Wall. It's so much easier to follow the trail.



SCBs did an extra loop up the wall

Confused? So were we all!

In the general chaos and mayhem, the instruction to Diamond Taxis to collect a group from the Twice Brewed somehow got overlooked and **Bear**, **Pugwash**, **Sadist**, **Call Me Al** and **Ma Baker** waited patiently (or more correctly, impatiently) for the promised lift. By 12.15 they gave up, called the taxi and went straight to Saughy Rigg. On arrival they found the place deserted and the taxi driver suggested that they'd probably find **Diplomat** hanging from a rope somewhere. Whether this would be self-inflicted or the work of others, he was not sure.



Blowback and Wai-Wai



Hash Flash McJekyll/McHyde

Eventually the run proper started at about 12 noon, the hour late, which compensated for starting an hour early yesterday. Runners were separated from walkers like sheep waiting for slaughter with the runners herded into a field and the walkers kept on the road.

Following criticism that yesterday's trail was too short, the Hares had lengthened the Hangover Run and it proved to be the perfect length. Through flocks of sheep, over stone walls, across the moors and along the ridge, before joining the road and running up to Hadrian's Wall. A bit of a climb up the Wall was a challenge for the flat earth exiles from Cambridge but then it was downhill through more fields, bogs and moors.

Even the weather was kind and apart from the wind, it was a fine dry day, so that the circle could be held in the courtyard rather than indoors. Without a designated RA, we were entertained by a variety of contributions, of which the S&M girl, tastelessly sung by **Pheelthy Phrogg**, was not my personal favourite!

Boghopper formally handed over his mantle of being the biggest piss-head to **Strap-On** who needs little training to take on the role.



Boghopper passes the piss-head crown to Strap-On

The presence of **McJekyll/McHyde** gave **Jetstream** the opportunity to sing a few bastardised verses of the Sexual Life of a Camel, and **Bear** contributed a personalised Limerick or two before the pack reverted to each of their favourites.

An excellent lunch of spicy pulled beef rolls, professionally pulled by **Gorilla**, followed. **Leekie Willie** managed to get a wifi connection and through the wonder of Skype linked up with **Tampon** in North Sumatra. Technologically challenged Exiles tried to master the programme by shouting into the laptop, thinking this was necessary as **Tampon** was a long way away. **Tampon** toasted us with a can of Anker and, in return, was delighted to get close-ups of various receding bald domes. **The Penguin** was too close whilst **Pugwash** virtually disappeared (a result, we need to install this technology more often!)

Tampon and **Brigitte** had also recorded a special message for those who use Facebook. They were paddling down a river in Aceh, recalling wonderful river runs in times gone by – did that include kayaking down the river on IndoNostalgia Run 39 In Alfriston, I wonder?

Diplomat had brought in reserve supplies of beer and wine, so when the Gold Tankard finally ran out there

was no need to move to the pub and the Saughy Rigg residents were able to settle down for the evening. Following the punch-up between the squaddies on the previous evening they had left early in disgrace and **Ferret**, who was also staying at Winshields Barns, was able to requisition 28 packed lunches to supplement the bread and cheese for supper. As it got later, Aberlour replaced the wine and when that was exhausted the emergency bottle of Laphroaig was produced to round off the evening.

Whilst we all went quietly to bed, the same was not the case with **Bear**, who had stayed on and refused all earlier lifts to the Twice Brewed until he decided to return home at about 1 am. Finally returning by taxi he found that he had been locked out of the Inn. Not wishing to sleep in the barn, Joyce, his taxi driver suggested that he "needn't worry as they always leave back door unlocked". Not finding an unlocked door, **Bear** proceeded to shake the emergency exit door until it gave way and sprung open.

He found himself in the kitchen, setting off the burglar alarm in the process, and then came across a member of staff who was scared shitless to find a **FBI** (Fucking Big Indian) towering over her. The Landlord then appeared and managed to contact the police before they mobilised in response to the alarm. They were getting a bit pissed off with having to sort out a commotion at the Twice Brewed for the second night running.

Another quiz question – why does it cost £15 for a taxi from Twice Brewed to Saughy Rigg at mid-day and only £10 to take **Bear** back in the same taxi at 1 am?

Diplomat received some well-deserved praise for all his efforts over the weekend. As we know he only has three settings: one: near panic, two: complete panic and three, meltdown, and it is to everyone's credit that he only reached level two this weekend.

THHHanks to all the Hares, **Diplomat**, **Bear**, **The Penguin** and **Sharky** for a splendid weekend. Despite the odd bit of confusion, which we expect on IndoNostalgia, everyone had a great time. Can't wait for the next Run, ON-ON to Gozo!

On-On! Jetstream

Diplomat would like to thank some unsung heroes of the weekend:

1st **Sharkey** who co-hared the Runs with **The Penguin** thereby releasing **Diplomat** to have a nervous breakdown in the kitchen.

2nd the 2 kitchen slaves on Saturday, **Wet Dream** and **Furry Ferret** who worked tirelessly along side **Diplomat** and **Warren**.

3rd on Sunday was **Margaret** who kept up with the seemingly never ending washing up and **Gorilla** who "pulled" the beef like a good'n.

Diplomat promised a few the recipe for his Rhubarb Chutney:

- 900g rhubarb cut into 1cm lengths
- 2 good size white onions roughly chopped
- 200g sultanas
- 700g Demerara sugar
- 150ml malt vinegar
- 60ml measure (30g) medium curry powder
- 30ml measure (15g) dry mustard powder
- 20ml measure (10g) salt

Chuck everything into a big pot, bring to the boil then simmer for 2-2.5 hrs. To help the rhubarb breakdown you can if you like attack the mixture with a potato masher about half way through the cooking.

Sundays beef recipe can be found on the web www.bbc.co.uk/food/recipes/pulled_beef_brisket_in_a_53078 (Tom Kerridge)



Froggy and his carer, Klinger

An alternative view of the weekend, as recorded/invented by Froggy:

The timing was bad. **Ron** and **Nutcracker** had signed up for a long weekend at an Indonesian Exiles' Hash event 200 miles away in the England-Scotland Borders. Now they would be lucky to squeeze in an overnight stay. As it was, they drove south on Saturday and arrived barely 5 minutes before the start of the run. ..... much to **Ron**'s great relief and **Nutcracker**'s heightened anger at the injustice of their situation. A quick pint, slow piss and they were off, into the biting wind. For the next hour they chased sheep and front-runners all over Hadrian's Wall. When the Circle finally formed **McGreedy** appeared wearing a night-cap and snuggled up inside a tattered and blood-stained ski-jacket that reached down to his shins..... a clear invitation for GM **Blowback** to reward him with an ice-cold down-down for forgetting his slippers. Then a down-down to octogenarian **Pugwash** for still being sexually active; followed one for by **Mrs Shittles** for not keeping it a secret. Then **Nutcracker** entered the Circle to explain his late arrival and the great injustice of his professional police life, when .....

'Jaysus, dats nutin compared to my professional life,' cried **ShamCock** jumping into the fray. 'I'm a very senior geologist but I simply don't understand why South Africa got all the diamonds and we in Ireland got all the potatoes? Now dat's what I call an injustice, an no-one can explain it.'

'I can,' cried **U-bend** his lovely partner, 'It's due to **history** and not **geography** you bloody old fool. We got all the tatties because Ireland had first choice!' (Ed; thanks **Shamcock**).

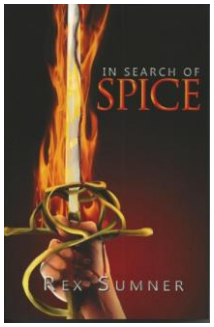
'Hoy, that pisses me off.' retorted **Nuts**. 'That mocking of a whole nation due to the behaviour of just a few. We Scots and our generosity suffer from that all the time. Truth is, no one ever sees our charitable efforts. Take **McGreedy** here; as soon as he heard about the Nepalese earthquake he was on a humanitarian relief flight to see what he could do.'

'And was it worth it **Ron**?' asked an impressed **Blowback**.

'Sure was,' replied **McGreedy**. 'I was one of the first on the scene and got this lovely jacket from a dead Sherpa.' Big icy down-downs for the piss-taking Scots.

Footnote

Those who haven't read **Tampon**'s "In Search of Spice" should purchase copy as soon as possible. Only £7.99 on Amazon. ISBN 978-1-909359-26-0. When my copy arrived it fell open at page 105 and the first words I read were "You're a lying fucking bitch", 50 Shades of Grey is tame compared with this! If you want to know why **The Penguin** is now **The Penguin, (Knight of the Realm)** you'll have buy the book!





Tampon, Nightjar and Mme Durex hashing in Bali with our old friend, Nightjar

Anyone wishing to contact **Tampon** and **Mme Durex** had better use Facebook, which they update regularly.