Hashmaster: The Penguin
RA: Froggy
Scribe: Jetstream & Konkorde
Piss Pourer: Kermit
Hash flash: Only Me, Boghopper et al
Master of Music: Pheelthy Phrogg
InterHashional Representative: The Penguin

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IndoNostalgia Run 56 – June 2019
A Whale of a Weekend in Whitby

Thanks to Konkorde we have the following report of the weekend, so your Scribe only had to add a few words – shown in italics, add some photos, thanks to Scarborough H4 for their quick posting on Facebook, and hey presto the Newsletter is complete. All I need to do now is the report for Run 55! For the record it should be noted that the rest of the Hash were staying in nice warm, cosy, B&Bs, so we did not have the same brass monkey experience as Konkorde and Squiztiti and thoroughly enjoyed the Yorkshire "sunshine".

Thursday

Squiztiti and Konkorde set off on Thursday for the 3.5 hour 200 miles drive from Rugby up the M1, A1(M), past Wetherby and onto the A64 York to Scarborough, left NE to Pickering and across the North Yorkshire moors to Whitby arriving at 16.00 in fair weather and enabled them to rig the tent on the campsite, High Haggleton Farm, 2 miles north of the town, on high ground overlooking the North Sea. They were the only ones on the field so pitched close to hedge as a windbreak, water tap and toilet/showers. Electric cable hook up included at £18/ night for 4 nights is what attracts them to the under canvas lifestyle!

The hedge closeness may have been an error in hindsight, it was full of nesting birds and woodpigeons and 4.30 am dawn next morning was more than a chorus it was a cacophony of noise! Where's the shotgun!

Good job they had the electric fan heater as they'd forgotten the electric blanket. Even with an insulated groundsheet, airbed, thick under-blanket, and winter duvet, it was bloody cold overnight at about 6 C. The cold comes up through the ground but with the fan heater blowing directly on them in their small bedroom they managed ok, Squiztiti dressed in her hooded onesy and thick socks didn't see the fun of camping though. Women and tents don't mix.

Friday

Friday started at 4.30 am with the bloody birdsong as mentioned, then the sunlight lights up the tent and unless you bury your head under the duvet return to sleep is impossible.



Klinger demonstrates his IT skills

They have all mod cons in the kit, table, two chairs, twin gas stove with grill, esky, lots of grub etc, so hot tea n breakfast was had.

The site was empty, mostly permanent caravans and motorhomes in another two fields but the tenting area was devoid of any other tent so they had toilets and shower block to themselves, clean and lots of hot water for showers etc.

The weather turned cloudy n windy, wind changed from the north east, fresh from Scandinavia with a real bite in it and spots of rain so it was fleeces and rain jackets plus umbrella for our first tour of Whitby famous for Captain Cook and Bram Stoker's Dracula. Cute place, all touristy old narrow cobbled streets, expensive antique shops, chip shops, pubs galore, river harbour and the old abbey ruins looking down from the south side hill top, the inspiration for the vampire legend.



Whitby Abbey

They walked around the perimeter of the abbey, old mansion house and St Marys Church , and the microbrewery, up there above the town, great views, but Konkorde wasn't paying £9.50 each to walk around old ruins that Henry Viii created in 1560, something out of spite of the catholic church and its monks! The microbrewery had potential and he guessed correctly it would be part of tomorrows trail. He could already see the lay of the land and potential hash trail. I wasn't wrong.

Back to camp and ready to meet the pack at 7.30 in a river side Wharf pub, it was not a Weatherspoon's as the prices were twice what Konkorde and The Penguin prefer!



Pre-hydration at the Wharf

They were first in and waiting to see if they recognised any hashers. Pheelthy Phrogg was first to arrive, he'd driven all the way from Le Mans in France, overnighting in Cambridge. One by one the pack arrived and good to see finally The Penguin and Froggy, hand in hand. Plenty of fish to be had on the menu, all with chips, cod, plaice, sole, halibut, and scampi.

Of course, he was driving back to camp so only two and a half pints, the rest were in local B&Bs so they carried on after the campers left at about 10 pm.

It seems The Penguin, Froggy et al continued on whiskies past midnight. Their eyes looked like Dracula's next morn.

Pissing with rain and wind in the night. Canvas flapping, wind in the guy ropes, woman whining. Beer piss in the night, through the tent flap. Fucking dawn chorus at 4.30. How good does it get?

Saturday

Into the Nissan Navara at 10.30, hash clothes and gillette and rain jacket n cap, heated seats on full, warm at last. For two miles at least, but parking on the cliff tops above the harbour was easy on Saturday morning as there wasn't a tourist in sight, horizontal biting wind and rain kept them inside no doubt. We watched from the warmth of the car as the first hashers gathered at the Whalebone Arch above the river estuary. 5 mins before the start we ventured out to join the throng, all 20 of them, maybe less, he didn't count, all wrapped up in waterproofs, thermal jackets but some with bare blue knees, Konkorde included.

The pack assembled at the iconic Arch for the obligatory group photo but unfortunately, Pheelthy Phrogg had misheard Sperm Whale's instructions at breakfast and was nowhere to be seen.



A wet pack gathered at the Whale Bone Arch

An intercontinental phone call finally located him at the Rugby Club! Don't worry, SW said that he will collect him and drop you off at the viaduct, so that secret was out.

The Hares were very secretive about the programme so we just had to follow the trail and hope for the best.

SW had delegated the Trail laying to Bog Hopper of the Scarborough Happy Hash, not to be confused with the other Bog Hopper who is not exiled in Mexico. Boggy explained the symbols used on SH4, a smiley face or two blobs of flour for a check point, one blob and you're On. If you come to a T it's a turnback, unless you ignore it and you will find the trail ahead of you, thus avoiding an unnecessary loop!

On-on at 11 am, some amused tourists in Sou'westers n oilskins and dragging miserable wet dogs, looking on as we tried to locate washed out flour and chalk marks the hare had set yesterday. Through small picturesque streets behind the town centre heading inland at least protected from most of the wind. The pack stayed huddled together mainly for warmth, though he did venture some shortcutting and managed to keep Squiztiti up with the FRBs like Froggy and The Penguin. JHHH guys are experienced trail sniffers aren't they?



Where's the beer stop?

Up onto the disused railway and heading south under the arch of trees, some zigzagging up the bank down the bank with checks that kept us all together and the hare sweeping up behind. Came out on a huge high Victorian built viaduct spanning the River Esk and main railway with good views to the inland west and Whitby town to the east, the Abbey clearly visible, as was the beer stop in the middle of the bridge. Snacks, softies, spiced rum, French wine, no beer.



Yo yo ho and a tot of Rum

A rain storm was approaching so Konkorde pre-empted the start and dragged Squiztiti away early and managed to break two checks on the south east side before the FRBs caught up with them and the rain started again, but they were closer to the south side town centre now and came down to the riverside and along by the first marinas before the trail suddenly turned right and south up a steep street towards the Abbey.



Spermwhale took charge of the rum ration

Konkorde's anticipation yesterday was correct but the hill was long and steep and he was dragging Squiztiti up by the hand now. " Are we nearly there? My legs are aching, my feet are sore, my tongue is tired!". He recognised the location from the day before and saw a shortcut potential to the microbrewery that he was sure was the next beer stop the other side of the Abbey. The trail was taking the long way around to the south but there was an alley running along the hill beneath the abbey that would be a shortcut to the brewery. No one saw them break left up the alley and within five minutes they were meeting the hare outside the brewery and had their first beer in hand before the pack arrived 10 minutes later. Ha! SCB at it's best still.



Beer stop in the Brewery

The small brewery was full. Folks sheltering from the wild weather seated on beer kegs at storage pallet tables. A lady ventured over recognising us as Hashers and she'd ran many years on Nairobi HHH in Kenya. Surprisingly she didn't know The Penguin, a rarity in the hashing world. But she knows him now!

Next leg was down the famous 199 steps to the third beer stop at the quayside Endeavour pub, named after Captain Cooks famous ship that still languishes in the harbour. Out of the microbrewery and the wind was stronger and bitingly cold, jeezus !

199 stone steps down is not a happy undertaking on already tired legs, so SCB extraordinaire Konkorde sees another potential easier route, a narrow steeply cobbled side street running parallel to the 199 steps already packed with tourists. It was tons easier though a bit slippery on the wet steep cobbles but soon we were inside the Endeavour, packed with tourists desperate for shelter. A fire was burning in the grate, IN JUNE ! Global warming ? What a joke !

We're hungry. Its nearly 1 pm. Another beer and we're in the street again heading across the river for the finish at the Whitby Rugby Club in Love Lane in the northern suburbs. But the Nissan comes first still parked on the cliff tops so, with Froggy and Sqitztiti in tow, they long cut to the Nissan, turn on heated seats, feed in the GPS, and it guides them to the Rugby Club with the pack just arriving. That's 10 k after the start.



Still pissing down so the Circle was held inside

Whitby Rugby Club, a nice field and clubhouse with changing rooms, nice bar with adjoining function room which is ours for the afternoon. A few local members hugging the bar but friendly and amused as we change into Circle attire with IndoNostalgia HHH sarongs.



The Penguin makes a charge against Pheelthy Phrogg

We're running late., too many beer stops. Mrs rugby club captain's been cooking curry n rice for too long and she wants to serve it soonest or its cooking dry, so it's a short circle intro and straight into the grub.



Animals plus Qrator and Squiztiti manage a down-down before lunch is served

The circle finally gets underway after bellies are pleasantly full with a mediocre mix of beef curry and vegan curry with not many vegans in it. Froggy is RA in his typical fine style. We're all much older, lots of greys n baldies, fatties n wrinklies, I can't remember everyone's hash names, but Alzheimer's was a regular topic for the circle theatrics.

I can't recall all of it, local real ale was dished out with exuberance from four large pitchers into plastic glasses. Many down downs later the jugs are empty as is the keg, its " Hats off n pots on the floor " for the hash hymn. I think it's about 4 pm. We're buggered.

Boghopper, hare and additional RA added some local colour to the proceedings.



Sperm seagull whale – a vast improvement

Back to the tent but with a plan to meet the pack at the Little Angel at 7. I'm still asleep at 7. F**k it! Zzzzzzzzz!

Sunday

Early birdsong and pisses through tent flap later and its dawn again Sunday morning. Bloody birds. ....and women!

Weather is not too bad, the rain's stopped and wind decreased. We're dressed again for the off at the Rugby Club at 11 am. As we drive down the steep campsite driveway there's a blonde lady in hash apparel laying flour from a big plastic bottle. She wasn't there yesterday so I'll assume it's our Scarborough HHHH hare's wife. So now I'm aware already where todays trail is. SCB brain into gear even before I've left the campsite. Two miles drive to the Rugby club.

On-on called at 11 am prompt with the addition of a few Scarborough HHHH bleached blonde bombers and a couple of blokes.

We're split up across the rugby pitch with a check around to three of the four corners and it's called over to the right, we're heading north east towards the coast road and High Haggleton Farm campsite! Up through a field full of inquisitive bullocks and electric fences and we're through the campsite and down to the junction where I saw the hare.

The trail goes straight over up a footpath long side the wheat field. To the left is the coast road, to the right is the narrow lane leading uphill that eventually comes round to the west side of Whitby suburbs. Shortcut time?



A load of bullocks

Penguin confirms it . " Konkorde get us a shortcut quick. I was whiskying with Froggy again last night until 1 am, and I'm fucked "



Scenic view on the true trail

So, as the pack heads north cross fields of wheat, Konky, Squiztiti, The Penguin and his hangover, head up the lane in anticipation the trail is going to swing left and loop back to us further up the lane. Wrong!!

The Penguin's bowling along up front, alcohol fuelled legs a blur. Squiztiti bringing up the rear threatening never to camp or hash again. Good!

Round a few bends and still no hash flour or chalk coming from our right. The Penguin's gone from sight too. He is in a hurry. Suddenly he's behind us appearing from a field rolling up the remains of his toilet paper, waste not want not, four squares will do a poo another day.

He looks pounds lighter and his head has cleared. But still we're still off trail and approaching the suburbs. I cannot believe the Scarborough, not so fair Haress, would swing right and come back on a boring trail along cliff tops instead of the gorgeous open fields that I had anticipated. But that's women for you.

So we three, we wee band of brothers and a sister rolled along lane out onto the main road, left and left again and we're into the Rugby Club in 1 hour and 15 minutes a good run, no paper, what the heck!

Into the bar at 12.15 and the barman informs us he's not instructed to open our keg until 3 pm!!!

The Penguin buys me a pint. Thanks Ron. 30 minutes later the pack rolls in having trawled along the boring clifftops and golf club links. Some along the sands below on paper and racing an incoming tide. The slow and wise stayed on the tops.

Sperm Whale, the chief hare, smooth talks the barman and the keg is opened but we can't use the function room as there's a christening party in there today!

Luckily the weather has held out, there's sunshine warming the cold breeze so we form the semi-Circle against the outside back wall of the clubhouse using a picnic table for beer pitchers and plastic glasses blowing off when they're empty.



White hared down-down

Froggy's on form again and we're having laughs galore, the co-hare what's his name (*Bog Hopper),* from Scarborough H4 is a great lad too and has plenty of theatrical accessories, silly hats, rubber seagull and horses head hoods.



More down-downs, who can remember why?



For once Klinger didn't lose his teeth

It's Pheelthy Phrogg's birthday and he's wearing a fully iced cake hat complete with candles, as he sings the S and M man which appears to upset the Scarborough fair maidens, I'm thinking they may call the police. Pheelthy Phrogg looks better in the seagull head rubber hood.

The beer runs out. Hash hymn and I think it's about 3 o'clock so we go back into the side bar where there's a superb sandwich buffet laid on, much better than the previous days curries which upset both the Penguin's and my own bowels. Or was it the copious amounts of Yorkshire real ales we'd consumed over the last three days ? Definitely we over 60's cannot trust a fart on these occasions. I'd got more skid marks than a F1 starting grid!

That ends a good Indonostalgia hash weekend, overall blighted by the windy wet weather and whining, but I'll be back next year I hope.



Birthday Boy

Good byes to all and back to the tent. The site chip shop caravan is open and run by the ubiquitous polish gang but the pizza is good anyway. We stayed in and watched a nice sunset.

Pulled up stumps on sunny Monday by 10.30 as the clouds gathered and rain started falling as we rolled out the gate at 11 for the 4 hours, filthy wet crazy motorway trip home. M1 south is now four lanes of utter madness in the wet. At least I can get a tent into its bag and its dry.

That's it mates, sorry it's so long, I got carried away!

I did ask The Penguin for a selfie but again we failed to make it happen. the weather in Whitby was pretty shitty as it still is today, here in Rugby this Wednesday morning. Whatever happened to Flaming June???

On-On! Konkorde



Thanks to Konkorde, our scribe