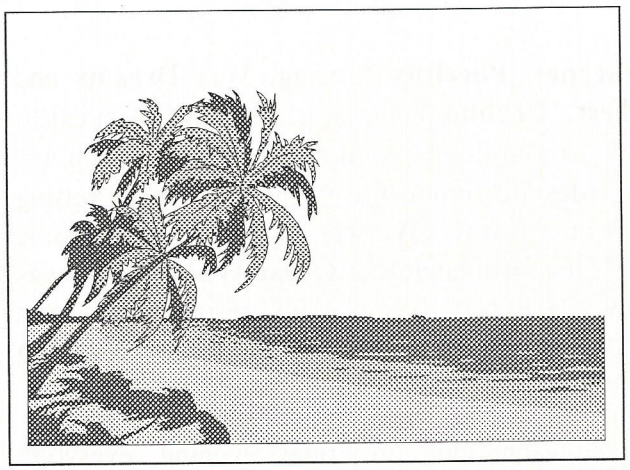

Indonesian Hashers In Exile

IHIEH3

- Suffering from Culture Shock

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hashmaster | Ronnie 'Penguin' Strachan | Vice Master | Terence 'Bunter' Kavanagh |
| Scribe | Doug 'Jetstream' Whittle | HashFlash | Brigitte 'Mme Durex' Sumner |
| RA | Rex 'Tampon' Sumner | Master of Music | Philippe 'Pheelthy Phrog' Deymes |

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## INDONOSTALGIA RUN 9

# BESTIALITY AND BEER IN BaaMOUTH

Why Barmouth? Could it be a pseudonym for Bunter, no... that would be Great Bar Mouth. I turned to the AA Map of Britain, Barmouth disappeared down a crack between pages 34 & 35, was this a sign? Perhaps AA stands for alcoholics anonymous and they didn't want us to find the Bintang? If so, they underestimated our dedication. Searching for inspiration I turned to Paul Theroux's account of his train journey around the British coastline, who wrote, and I quote ... "Barmouth looked to be a place of great refreshment, (true the beer didn't run out) but closer it was excruciating (he must have met **Pugwash**), much too small to contain the mobs", (so nothing has changed!!). He (Theroux) "had thought of getting off at Barmouth, but changed his mind and hurried back onto the train, not wanting to be duffilled" So...in search of duffillment we set off for Barmouth.

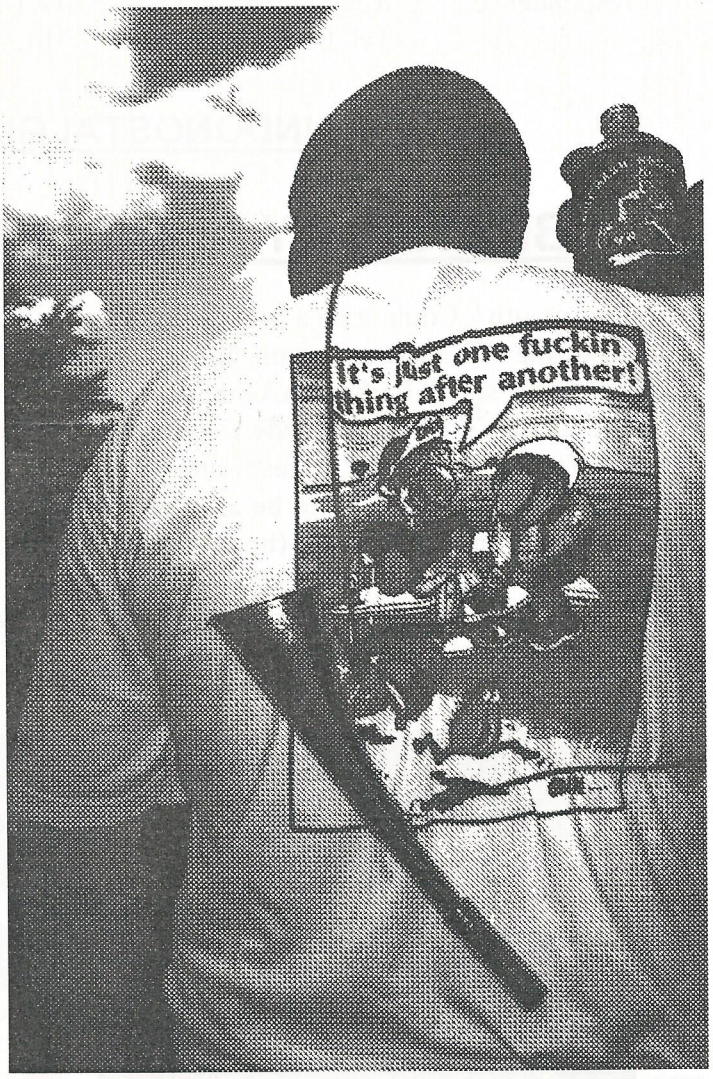


Over 40 exiles arrived with **Penguin, Timekeeper, Pheelthy Phrogg, Wet Dreams** and **Barnacle Bill** honoured for travelling the furthest. **Crabbo**, being a mad bastard, decided to bicycle from Yarmouth to Barmouth, some 300 miles, to join us. **Mad Dog** arrived safely despite setting fire to his back seat (Setting light to his farts again?) on the way. We were delighted to welcome **Conrad**(←) back again. Unfortunately the **Great White Hope** was hospitalised and **Yellow Peril** had to stay back restrain him from molesting the nurses; we are all delighted that he has made such a good recovery that he has already registered (and paid!) for Jersey.



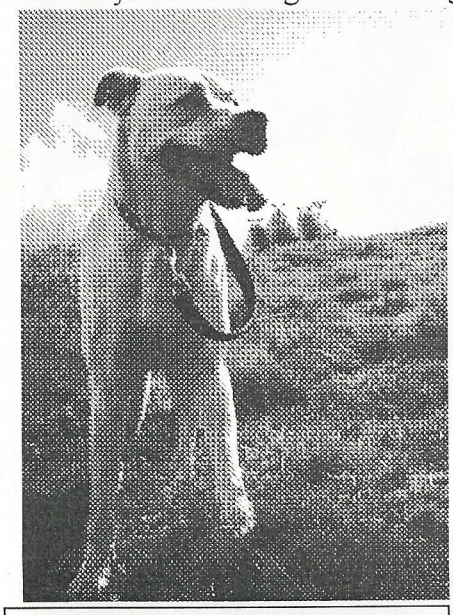
After prehydration at the yacht club on Friday evening, everyone awoke bright and early on Saturday and returned to the Quay for the start of the main event. Overnight the Hares Pugwash and Bear had revised the timetable and decided that we should start half an hour earlier, an unsuccessful ploy as those arriving Saturday morning couldn't be informed and they had to wait anxiously for **Willie Wanker** to catch up.

A coach laden with exiles, dogs, curry, beer and other delights set off for the hills behind Cardeon. As expected, sheep shagging jokes abounded until **Tampon** extolled the attraction of riding a bus rather that a sheep. The merits of a bus won due to it's ability to provide a ride for all 44 exiles plus four dogs simultaneously (rather than consecutively). The fact that nobody had brought a pair of Wellington boots proved decisive.




Advertise your company on **Oddjob's** back!

Despite the gathering rainclouds in the distance **RA Tampon** was quietly confident that the sun would keep shining .. which it did, for a while. Initial introductions from **GM Penguin** and a word of warning from the **Bear** that anyone suffering from vertigo or weighing less than 15 stone would be in danger of being blown off the trail and should turn back early, the pack made off ins search of flour before the sheep ate it all. For a change **Starkers** managed to keep his shoes on and the pace was sufficiently pedestrian that Lionel and even **Pheelthy Tadpole** could keep up.



Keep dogs on lead around sheep

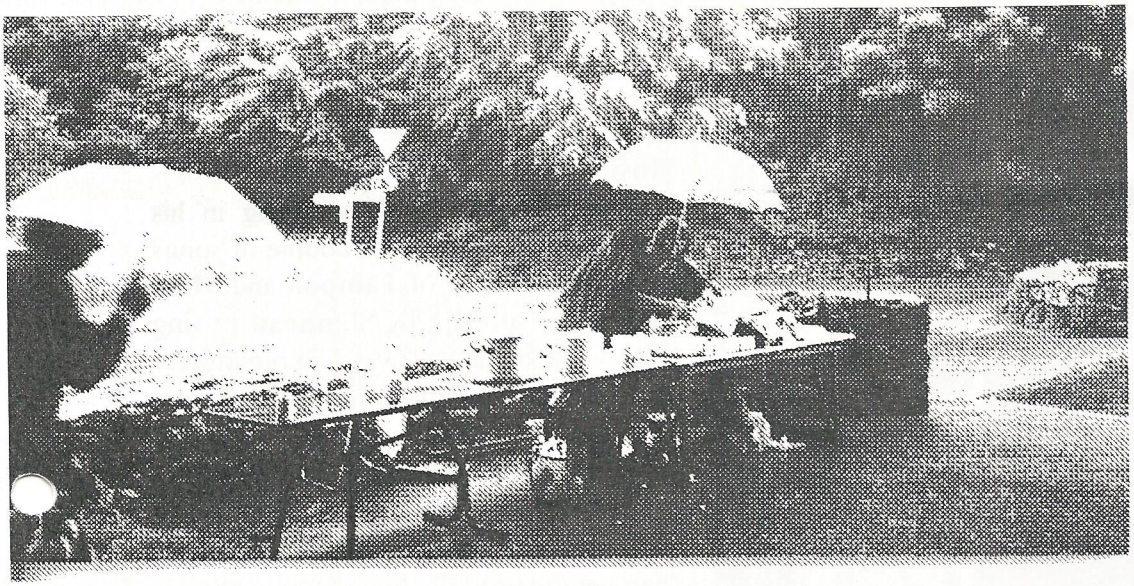
After a couple of checks it appeared that we were heading

for the precipiss walk and despite the absence of flour **Benghazi** followed **Penguin** around the path, ignoring the call of ON-ON by **Boghopper** who led the rest of the pack on-trail down into the valley. **Icepyke** was in two minds but eventually followed the trail rather that his better judgement. Up to this point the pack was well bunched with the zimmer frame contingent having little difficulty keeping up. As expected the trail eventually went back up the hill where **Gorilla** and **Bunter** were enjoying their own personal beer stop. The hares apparently had laid a turn-back, but presumably the sheep had moved and it didn't fool anyone.



Marietta and Wet Dreams preparing the traditional Batak curry.

The pack slowly split into a single file as the trail predictably followed the precipiss walk to a welcome ON-IN. Run length thought to be just about OK, as one harriette was heard to comment ..."It's no fun if it's too hard and too long" if only! The rain held off until we got back to the beer and then the heavens opened as beer flowed and superb makan was presented by **Marieta**, who braved the rain with **Wet Dreams** whilst everyone else took shelter. Not trusting Welsh cuisine, **Bear** had brought everything (even the paper plates) from Cambridge. A dispute between **Bunter** and **Jetstream** over who was supposed to be the keeper of the Bintang bottle opener was not pursued ... Alzheimer's rules OK?



Despite the rain a lively circle ensued with newcomers **Willie Wanker** (Jakarta), **Sunrise** (Bandung), **Woodchuck** (Jakarta Harriettes) made welcome. **Phallus** (Medan) had sent **Oddjob** as his substitute. **Mad Monk** and **Fraser** (named after **Fraser Wood**??!!!!) got away lightly having come prematurely for a trip to Medan: it transpired that their proposed trip is to Indonostalgia Run in October 1998! **Sharkie** received his just rewards from **Ruth** and **Penny** for repeating his remark that his wife wouldn't like the "class of women on Indonostalgia", **Ruth** christened **UCT (Upper Class Tart→)** as a result. Other renaming included





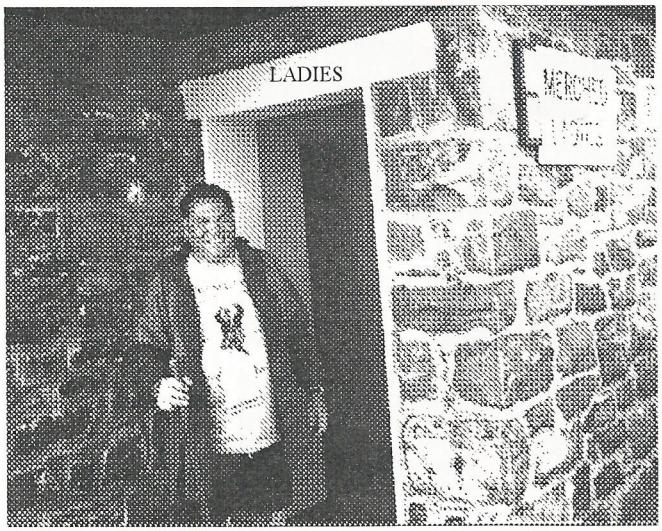
Recycled Bag Ladies

**Recycle**, nothing to do with the recycled emergency raincoat I understand.



Fresh young meat causing great excitement

**Tampon** offered his backside for ice treatment due to his inability to control the weather but **Pugwash** had forgotten to bring any ice, no doubt it had melted on the way over from Cambridge. Several other candidates for ice were therefore let off, including a whinging **Toyboy** for being unable to follow the newsletter without page numbers.



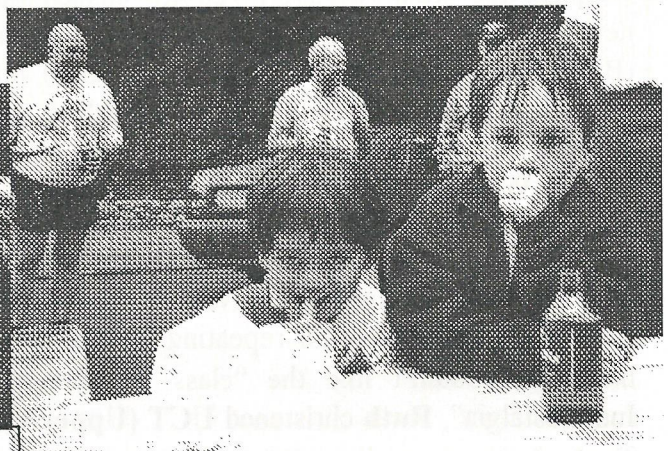

**Gorilla** seeking to emulate his hero **Klinger**

**Music Master Pheelthy Phrogg** was suffering from more than a frog in his throat but still managed a couple of songs with the assistance of **Tampon** and **Mme Durex**. An attempt by **Slaphead** to sing Old Macdonald was prematurely curtailed by spouting whales, **Bear** and **Tampon**. **Mad Monk** narrowly defeated **Boghopper** in a re-run of the Kings Street run although **Loby** confirmed that there's still life in the old bag yet (again).

Eventually the bus returned and the sodden throng were driven back to Barmouth. Those who didn't fall asleep returned to the yacht club to replenish their electrolyte levels in preparation for Sunday's run. Strange happenings at the



**Penguin** after explaining why women have small feet. He won't do that again.



Hardened drinkers enjoy Bintang

camp site followed. **Oddjob's** dubious background came in useful in assisting **Tampon** to break into his car after he had locked his keys in. In the early hours the **Taxidermist** awoke with a polecat lying on his face and presumed it was **5 Litre** in need of stuffing. Unfortunately the two couldn't agree on what constitutes a good stuffing and the polecat shot it's load and shot off before the **Taxidermist** could have his wicked way. Who said that Bestiality's Best in BaaMouth? Even **Toyboy's** charms failed to impress the cook at the First Inn. (**Oddjob** to Barman: "What does the cook look like?" Barman, "Why?" **Oddjob**, "Because my mate thinks he's on a promise to shag it tonight." Barman, "I can't tell you, she's my mother!!!").

The weather prompted late changes to Sunday's programme, the A to B run becoming an A to A but with deviations to C and D. This proved too complicated for **Pheelthy Phrogg** and **Wet Dreams**, who left early to catch the EuroBintang back to Paris. The hares had promised "Sail and Steam" but added "Swim" as the tide was sill in as we set off.

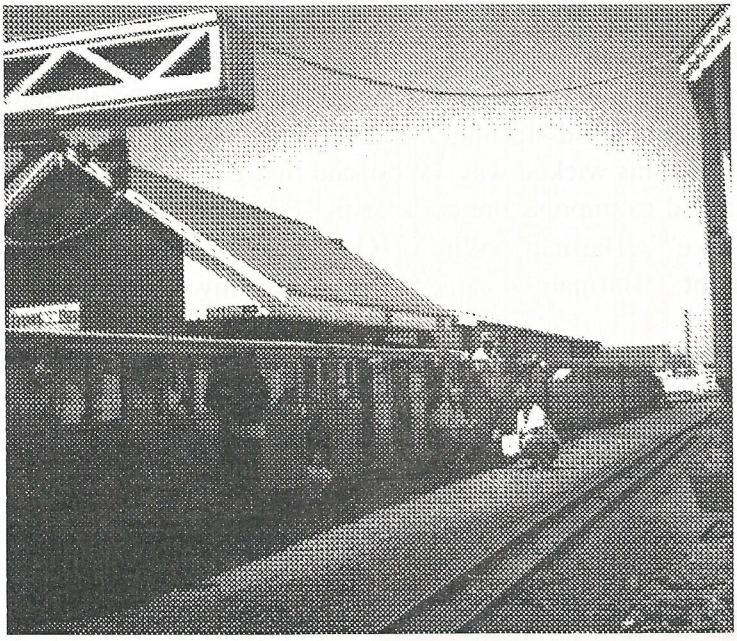
**Pugwash** had called in **Sharkie** to help lay this trail and, after a couple of false starts, poufs of flour were found leading across the toll bridge and over the estuary. Usual hangover run chaos ensued with **Tampon**, followed by **Gibber and 5 Litre**, cutting across the marshes through deep water whilst most of the rest followed **Penny** and **Recycled** and tip-toed round the edge where **Mad Monk** discovered that his boots weren't waterproof. (Cardboard shoes never are. Ed.)



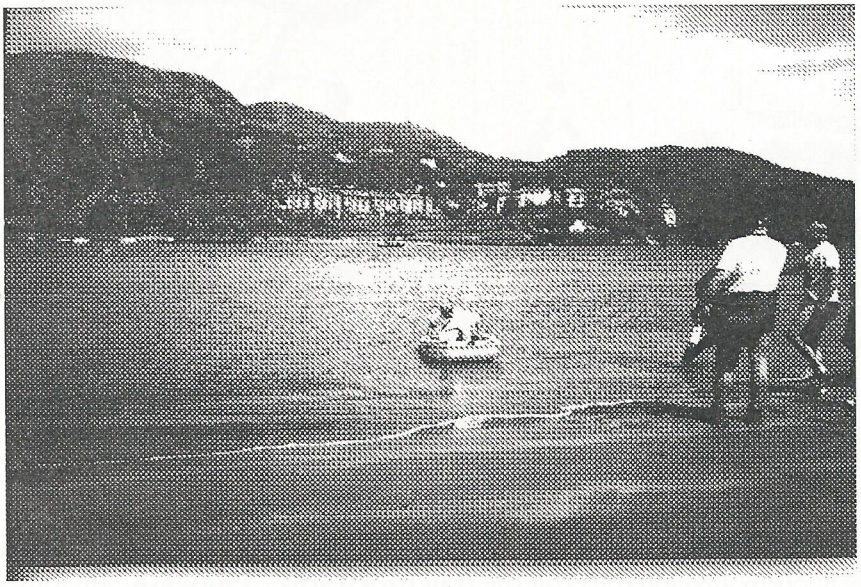
Excessive short-cutting opportunities ensured that the walkers reached the beer stop first whilst **Willie Wanker** somehow managed to run the trail backwards. **Pugwash**, anxious not to lose anyone, zoomed up and down on his bike until "that unfortunate accident". Finding a slow hasher in his path he peddled up and suggested unkindly that the slow coach "gid out the furking way", a pity really, as the fellow turned out to be a Welsh local (not a hasher) who took exception to an Englishman blaspheming at him on the Lords Day and proceeded to chuck **Pugwash's** bike off the bridge and into the estuary. He's now waiting for the next neap tide to retrieve his wheels and holidaymakers in Barmouth can park safely on yellow lines. Will the DOT take exception to this misuse of company vehicles?




Sharkie proving that Transvestites need to advertise too.



At the end of the run all was well with **Mally** and **John** manning the beer stop. The hares had arranged another bus to transport us to C, which was the Fairbourne narrow gauge railway. An opportunity for more beer and despite adverts for "**Klinger's** shag, an old Welsh speciality", **Klinger** was nowhere to be found. At 12.40 precisely all embarked into reserved 1st class carriages and **Oddjob** set us off with a blast on the Hash Horn. The journey along the spit was not uneventful, **UCT, 5 Litre** and **Mme Durex** cuming with excitement as we passed a bare arsed local displaying his wares.



After disembarking, the Hares had laid on a ferry to take us back across the estuary. This entailed a short wait as the boat could only hold 12 at a time. It is true that "Satan finds mischief for idle hands" and this resulted in the Harbourmaster's dinghy being put to sea with a rather reticent **Pugwash** aboard. The Harbourmaster intervened at a spectacular rate of knots, earning him an invitation to join the circle whilst the Hash refloated his speedboat which had ended up beached.



With the prospect of yet another "clearing up shower" the picnic and circle were held under the railway viaduct, Fortunately for **Penguin** the tide was going out. **Marieta** had prepared another super spread with Meats and Cheeses, all imported from Cambridge and no expense spared. A seemingly unlimited supply of amber nectar, including several cases of Bintang, made us forget how hard it was raining. The high quality even enticed **Mrs Gibber** to leave the comfort of the posh hotel to join the circle.

Although the standard of singing was a little below par, there were some outstanding performances in the circle, **Slaphead** dedicated his condom feat to **Mme Durex**, although he

almost passed out in the process, the heavy duty condoms used by the Welsh for sheepshagging failing to burst spontaneously. **Crabbo** dedicated and scattered some sand from Yarmouth to prove that he had cycled all the way. **Starkers** added some live crabs to the proceedings, **Crabbo** almost swallowing one of his namesakes which had found it way into his Down2.





**Gibber**, supported by **Diplomat, Gorilla, Boghopper** and others was taken to task for insulting Hash minorities, **Klinger** representing transvestites for some reason (?). On a serious note, Indonostalgia draws on the best traditions of all the Indonesian Hashes and as such, welcomes hash families, kids and their dogs .. if you object to that then "foutre le camp"! After a few Down-Downs **Julian**, known locally as **God**, raised the standard of singing with a genuine fisherman's song all about Whitby.



Other Down2 favoured those fortunate enough not to have to drive home, **Klinger** handing over the mini-bus keys to **Toyboy** so that he could indulge himself. **Kathy** joined **Slaphead** for a post-copulative Down2 whilst **Benghazi** was interrupted enjoying a game of pocket billiards. Even keeping quiet can be a rewarding experience (in a Down2 sense) as **Willie Wanker** and **Crackers** found.

Swing Low rounded off events as usual, led by stand-in **Music Master Crabbo**. **Woodchuck** showed faith in the minibus unreliability by making enough sandwiches to last a couple of days if necessary. The stress of the weekend had finally got to **Pugwash** who was last seen suggestively modelling a couple of cobs and a French stick.

What a tremendous week-end! The Hares had exceeded all our expectations (ant their own) and, despite their efforts, the organisation was excellent. A huge vote of thanks to **Bear** and **Pugwash** and especially to **Marieta** whose culinary efforts were first class. Thanks also to the local contingent, **Mally** and **John** for manning the bar, **Julian** for "lending" his dingy, **Esme** for her hospitality, the polecat for giving **Taxidermist** a night to remember, and finally

to all the sheep who made checking out false trails such a pleasure. In Paul Theroux's own words ... we returned home well and truly duffilled.

ON-ON! **Jetstream**

# HASH NEWS

**Pugwash** has prevailed upon the Baamouth Wool Divers Club to assist and has succeeded in Raising The Biciycle, rather rusty. But it works!

**The Mad Monk**, ably assisted by **Fraser**, has passed into legend in Baamouth, having haunted the place from a dubious location by the harbour for a week until finally exorcised by forced removal. But he has left the remains of the **Monk Mobile** to terrify the inhabitants with the prospect of his grim return!

**Indonostalgia** again proves it's pulling power, as both **The Penguin** and **Tampon** have cancelled proposed trips to Indonesia in order to be in Jersey. We are waiting with baited breath to see if **Icepyk**, having paid twice for Baamouth, will cancel his attempt on Everest to be with us.

There is a contingent of Indonostalgia Hounds heading for the Merdeka Hash in Holland on 16th of August, **The Penguin** is certain to be there, **Mme Durex** intends to make it with or without **Tampon**, **Timekeeper** and the Dutch contingent led by **Stirstick** will be in disgrace if they are not there, **Pigeon Shit** always goes and a few other odds and sods are bound to turn up. After all, it is sposored by **Anker!**

If you want to go, call **Jan and Annemarie Kraaij** on 0031-341-425625 or fax 0031-402-930393 (**Ruud Coppes**).

PAN Indonesia Hash is still happening in September despite losing their leading light in **The Penguin** (what did his travel insurance say when he explained the conflict with Indonostalgia?