



Hashmaster: Ronnie "Penguin" Strachan
Scribe: Mike "Slaphead" Powell
Beer Master: Dave "Benghazi" Sanders
Hashflash: Slaphead, Ferret, & Andrzej
Master of Music: Mike "Great White Hope" Smith
Hash Cash: Doug "Jetstream" Whittle

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IndoNostalgia Run 29 - June 2006 Zakopane and Krakow, Poland

We arrived around midday at Krakow airport. It should be the size of Luton airport but is, in fact, a local gliding club. Promptly ushered to out waiting coach we headed south. The countryside was an eye-opener for all and proved to be even more so towards Zakopane. After 3 hours and much consultation on a mobile phone, we arrived at a car park on the road to Gubalowka, a village above Zakopane. Having met with **Control Freak** and **The Penguin** we were directed to our farmhouse accommodation ten minutes walk away.



Waylaid by pivo 5.6%

Sadly a pub came up before we got there. Following a bit of road testing on the local pivo 5.6%, we eventually arrived. **Control Freak** allocated rooms, after a bit of interference from **Slaphead**. Our hosts supplied snacks and beetroot soup (barszcz) to fortify us for the next stage. Back to our car park and off into the Tatra national park. An hour and a bit brought us to a shed by the top of a ski lift. It was a very nice shed (Dacha) built by a former Communist boss who ignored the rules about preserving the National Park. It is now a restaurant serving local delicacies. The walls were decorated with flattened road kill such as a wolf. More pivo followed by pierogi (ravioli) with various stuffing and chips.



Toyboy lived up to his hashname

Toyboy made a serious impression on the, 91 year old owner's great grandmother. As the lovely view faded into the darkening sky we headed back to base. We may have sung on the way back or maybe not. Our host supplied us with a case of pivo on return to ensure sweet dreams.

All the bells go off in town at 6 AM to get everyone up and working before it gets too hot. Oh bollocks! Some of us were in a lower farmhouse and had to climb the side of the hill for breakfast. It's not even 100 yards but due to the altitude it took ages. Altitude doesn't work in Cambridge.



Tai Chi – the real thing?

Gasping for breath we were confronted by **Caroline** doing

Tai Chi on the terrace while discussing Yoga with **Welly**.



Tai Chi – Hash style

Everyone else looked rough. Breakfast consisted of local produce made mostly by our host and his family. Glancing in a window in the farmhouse we came nose to nose with a cow, a very pretty cow, which was kept inside. Perhaps they were concerned for its complexion or did it keep the milk from curdling.

Not far away is a funicular railway that drops down into the centre of Zakopane. A bit of window shopping, people watching and talent spotting, then time for elevenses. There were lots of horses and carts, driven by local highlanders, about the place taking a large group of children with learning difficulties around the town. It brings you down to earth.

Back to base and the real business in hand. **The Penguin** and **Control Freak** had laid a trail that consisted of a lot of ground rules. As we all know, there are no rules.

- 1) Don't walk on the grass; it's their only crop (hay) but walk in the woods.
- 2) Don't walk in the woods but walk through the grass.
- 3) Don't walk on grass or through the woods but stay on trail.



Don't walk on the grass, keep out of the woods, keep on the trail Oh shit!

It all depended on which farmer's land we were. Go slowly, don't rush, and enjoy the countryside. Now that's a good rule.

The trail was split between two groups. Those that wished to trot and those, more senior, that suffered from them.

Meadows everywhere were covered in wild flowers backed by mountains. All very peaceful, but for the birds and stumbling sweaty Hashers. Whole families were engaged in raking and gathering hay. They were piling it into stacks that looked like hairy Triffids. The Polish have a very strong work ethic and that goes for the kids also.

Our hosts' daughter **Anya** was at the first pivo stop with snacks. After everyone was accounted for we moved apace, or crawled, **up**? We thought it was, more or less, all down hill? Now we were starting to get used to the altitude though not the angles. The mountains, fields, woods, rocky streams and the weather were wonderful. The knees, ankles and muscles were not. All told we would not have missed it for the world. An absolutely brilliant run ending by a, rock strewn river with cool pivo strewn shallows.

Anya was there again with lots of snacks and wine. No bottle opener! **Bluto**, having studied wine at length saved the day by pushing the cork in, so it had to be finished.



I thought you said there was cool pivo in this stream

Mismanagement consisted of **Penguin** and **Jetstream**. **Control Freak** made a presentation of a Penguin phrase book to the **GM**.



Mismanagement

She in return received her mislaid **Control Freak** (cardboard box) headdress from **Klinger**.



Miss Laid?

Being very sharp for his age, **Benghazi** brought to our attention that the Polish flag was the reverse of the Indonesian

flag. He received a down-down for being a smartarse.



Benghazi proving that the Polish flag is actually the Indonesian one upside down (well it would be in the northern hemisphere wouldn't it?)

Great White Hope entertained us with a few cultured songs, as did our leader.



Culture?

Anya was called out for her great support all day. We cleared up the site, loaded up the wagon for her and went up to the road. It was a shorter circle than usual as we were on a time schedule. Apparently we were to catch a train or a bus. Handily there was a pub by the road and it seemed the gentlemanly thing to do in buying more pivo from them as we sat in their garden.

Bugger me! Along came Tomachevski the tank engine, a road train with two carriages. It took us up to a wooded area where we disembarked while it took some proper people to the end of the road.



Tomachevski the tanked-up engine

We saw a crowd of youngsters in full traditional Highlander dress. It was a wedding crowd and a very generous one. They had bottles of local vodka and were very keen that we should try it. How could we refuse? Yes, we finished it and left them with a few Hash mementos.



Don't forget to toast the Bride & Groom

The road train returned and took us back to the main road where our coach awaited to whisk us back home. What a cracking afternoon.



How sweet, they don't look pissed!

That evening our host and all the family feted us. They had carved out an area in the hillside, just below the farmhouses and made a bar and restaurant out of it. They fed us all kinds of Polish specialities. sausageski, haggiski, all served by the kids. You can eat anything when your pissedski.



How dare you call me McGreedy!

The Penguin provided the entertainment and everyone joined in. Our host was presented with an Indonostalgia T shirt for his hospitality. A brilliant ending to a perfect day. All present and incoherent, Sir!

Sunday, after breakfast, we were dropped off at the ski jumping area. Observing total nutters hurling themselves huge distances into the air, is quite ok by me, from where I was standing. Around noon we took the cable car up Kasprowy Wierch. This is a 6,000 ft mountain with a restaurant at the top so you can fill up with pivo in an emergency.



Short cutting bastards



Hare of the Dog

Control Freak warned us it was a 5hr walk down. Being of sound mind **Great White Hope, Yellow Peril, Slaphead, Toyboy, Lightning; Teutonic** and **Gaby** from Berlin, **Open All Hours, Squeek, Bluto** and **Computer** just hung around the peak, posing.

Those of a more intrepid persuasion headed off, crossing over some icy patches. **Unmentionable** and **Jetstream** gingerly started down watched from the comfort of a terrace overlooking them.



Unmentionable's ice'ole

We dined and drank and returned down the mountain by the cable car. At the bottom we almost immediately found **The Penguin** and **Toed Bedsores** there before us. They had got down in less than two hours. Soon after, **Wronkeys** turned up, 2hrs

8mins. We were assured he had not slipped and skidded all the way down on his backside. **Control Freak, Benghazi, Ooh La La, Sue, Welly, Caroline, Klinger, Ferret** and **Furry Ferret, Kinky and Thumper** also made good time. By now the afternoon was very hot again. More pivo. When **Jetstream** and **Unmentionable** arrived they said they had seen **Andrzej**, an earlier visitor to CH3 and friend of **Control Freak**. He had just driven from Warsaw and was running up the mountain and down again for exercise.

Our coach picked us up and we were dropped off at the Blue Cross Mountain rescue centre where some got pivo and some didn't. Opposite was a very nice restaurant with the sign Wyznio Bakowo Zohylin. (fill face here).



Surely that's not McGreedy again?

At the rear, in extensive gardens, was a BBQ being done for us. Just what the doctor ordered. There was a separate fire as well where we could cremate sausages. Again a stunning background of mountains surrounded us. This was the first time we saw **Control Freak** relax.



A ferret does what in a small hole?

As dusk fell we moved inside the main building to reserved tables near the traditional Highlander band. More local dishes were produced and the band struck up. At various times we were pulled up to go careering around the floor with the resident girl and boy dancers. All of us were still in our sweaty gear and boots from a day at the mountain. The girl must have thought she was dancing with a farmyard.



For 100 Zloti I'm yours for the night – but who's paying who?

Some of us changed to wine to give us more freedom of movement and less bulk. By now locals in the restaurant were up and dancing with us. Well you know how **Bedsores** likes to trip the light fantastic. Nuff said. Were we pissed when we left? Oh yes.

What an amazing evening and only two days gone so far. What else had **Control Freak** got in store for us?

On Monday we said farewell to our hosts. What a genuinely friendly family they were. Only one knew some English but their actions spoke louder than words. We had only just begun to get used to the altitude and certainly a bit fitter. Now we were off to the National Park again. Around 1100 we arrived at a large coach/car park and transferred to horse drawn carts for an hours ride towards Morskie Oko a scenic lake



Klinger getting as close to the horse's arse as possible

Klinger sat at the front immediately behind one of the horses. Guess which one was the horses' arse. Having disembarked and finding we still had a half hour walk to our destination; refreshments were the order of the day. Pivo it was then. At the lake there was an easy 40 min walk round and for others an extra hike up to lake Czarny Staw and back. The area was crowded with families bathing and generally chilling out. We returned to the carts and set of back to the parking area. **Squeek** decided to take a brisk walk with **Penguin** instead. He was back before him. We thought he had a sudden attack of fitness as he convinced us he had outpaced our leader. Not so, he had hopped a passing cart shortly after heading off.

Following a couple of pivos' we headed of to Krakow. We stayed at a hotel near the old Jewish district with lots of bars and restaurants close by.

The final day was for exploring old parts of the city. Sitting in the old town square talent spotting again over a cold beer and meal. A group went to the Wieliczka salt mine, which has lots of carvings throughout including a chapel. That night we dined in an authentic Jewish restaurant within walking distance. It had great atmosphere and traditional music by an excellent trio.



Traditional Jewish jazz?

The food was excellent as was the wine. **Control Freaks** daughter **Anya** was also with us for the evening.



Control Freak and The Penguin relax at last.

A brilliantly organized week by she who must be obeyed.

Slaphead



What more can I say?

The next runs

Run 30 – 15th/17th September 2006 - Dingle, County Kerry, IrelandOh shit! you've missed it! See you in Reigate!!

Run 31 – May 26th/27th 2007 (2nd May Bank Holiday Weekend) – Reigate, Surrey. Put this date in your diary now – if you're not on the internet, register with Jetstream (01223 564201) now to receive further details.

Run 32 – 1st or 2nd August 2007, to coincide with Pan Asia Hash in Medan. You need to register now for Pan Asia on 3rd/5th August (\$90 until Dec 06) and book your annual leave.

Run 33 – Autumn 2007 – any volunteers?