



Hashmaster: Ronnie "Penguin" Strachan  
 RA: Alex "Froggy" Park  
 Scribe: Alan "Taxidermist" Yate  
 Beer Master: Alan "Sperm Whale" Brooks  
 Hashflash: Mike "Slaphead" Powell  
 Stewart "Ferret" Forbes  
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## IndoNostalgia Run 30 - September 2006 Don't let Your Dingle .....

The title of this run report is named in honour of **Klinger** who performed so well to the tune of 'Walking Round in Womens Underwear' on Sunday night at the Quayside B & B (minus teeth ....more of that later.)

But, dear reader, back to the beginning of this extravaganza of Gaelic Hospitality, Guinness and other things beginning with 'G'. For anyone who didn't make it to Dingle, it was a hashers paradise ....52 pubs ! This had been verified by **Great White Hope** and **Bear** on at least 3 trips during the previous year (someone has to do Dis Ting.) This information was corroborated by **The Penguin**, **Lightning** and **Taxidermist** who questioned several bar maids in bars on the Friday afternoon (or was it Thursday, maybe it was both days?).

Most hashers flew in to Kerry airport (where **Diplomat** managed to pick up an American and then lose her on his way to the Honeymoon Suite) but **Spermwhale** and **Mashed Potato** came over by boat and **UCT** and **Crabbo** cycled over the Connor Pass. **Bluto** went one better by booking his flights the wrong way round and **Unmentionable** took her hand baggage from the last trip

without removing the mosquito spray, hand cream and other illegal liquids (**Jetstream** being forced to consume all these without his shoes on.)

### Friday 15th, IndoNostalgia Open Golf Championship.

We teed off from Murphy's Pub around 17.45hrs and finished early Saturday morning sometime (supposed to have been over by 20.30hrs on Friday...some hope !) An excellent match involving 9 pubs organised by **Bear** with a score card and everything. **Furry Ferret** was extremely disappointed - she assumed it was a real golf tournament and brought her clubs along. For those who can't remember a thing about the evening, the following pictorial record may bring back some memories.



This hole is a law unto itself, a cautious start is advisable!



A drop of the black stuff should improve your iron shot?



Is a short putter a tall order?



A par score here will be music to the ears.



A lofted drive that needs military precision.



Could this be a bridge too far? Beware the water feature!



To get ahead, get a hat!



You can have a screwdriver on either counter!



The clubhouse, at last you can wash your balls!

Much cheating right from the start but **Shamcock** and **Bloody Barbie** 'volunteered' to take handicaps of 1 pint every stroke instead of halves. Only 5 complete score cards handed in to the **Bear**, the rest being lost or eaten by the players.

The final hole was played in Dick Mack's which was a shoe shop on one side of the shop and a bar on the other. Other shops/bars were a hardware shop, hat shop, chemists, brothel, Court House (I lied about the brothel). In fact, the whole concept seems to be based around getting blokes to do the shopping.

Some of the pubs were supposed to be IRA pubs (IndoNostalgia Resting Areas) but we didn't really find any terrorists apart from **Slaphead** who managed to jump off the bar in Dick Mack's and smash a part of it. **Ettles** was also in fine form in Dick Mack's having found a guitar from somewhere and entertained everyone (34 of us plus tourists, plus bar staff, plus IRA sympathisers.) A brilliant evening/morning.

Then there was **Klinger's** argument with a pavement on the way home .....the pavement won. **Klinger** lost his dentures and some of his remaining teeth. I met him next morning forlornly searching the gutters of Dingle, but the road sweeper had been round (they have a special one in Dingle for collecting teeth.)

## Saturday 16th, The Run, Ventry, County Kerry.

Hash coach from Dingle harbour to the outskirts of Ventry on a very overcast day (almost undercast it was so misty). Lovely views of mist through the mist. Now I know why the instructions said to bring a windcheater and change of socks, the weather can change so quickly around here. **Shamcock** and **U-bend** were the hares who had not only recce'd this trail on a previous visit but had flown in from East Timor the week before, done Grunty Fen Half Marathon and climbed two

mountains since being in Dingle, plus laying the trail – respect!



The view we missed in the mist

We were assured that there were fantastic views of the bay but the run was slightly altered because the weather was too misty. This involved the walkers going straight up and then back down again after they had met the runners near a lake (**Crabbo** managing to fall in it and lose his glasses.) The **Earl of Pampisford** went off on his usual wanderings and ended up near Dublin, **Klinger** still couldn't find his teeth, **Great White Hope** was the non-running hare (Also can) and **Lightning** went straight back to the pub.



Bear and Poddy – has someone had a Guinness or three?

The pub was Poddy O'Shea's (spelled Paidi O Se's) a famous Irish Gaelic Football player who had been very hospitable to the hash - he delayed his trip to Dublin for the finals on the Sunday so that he could be there to welcome us (hiring a helicopter for the journey the next day) and gave us the use of his kitchens, his chef and the assembly room for the circle.

He even hired a piano tuner so **Lightning** was happy to play. **Bear** and **Yellow Peril** had been hard at work on the Friday preparing the food and while we were hashing, they were putting the finishing touches to it.



Mist rises

Anyway, the weather did clear up before we all got back but although there were only two routes back, hashers appeared from at least three directions! The **Countess of Pampisford**, **Kneel By Mouth** and **Three Litre Anita** got a lift back and **Slapper** flew in by parachute narrowly missing **Jetstream** on a horse.



Hitch hikers

**Unmentionable** distinguished herself by being the only harriet on the FRB trail, apart from the Hare. The circle was eventful, **Froggy Park** doing a great job as RA and the HashMaster **Penguin** doubling up roles as SongMaster. Unfortunately Hash Vice (**Inseminator**) wasn't present because his wife is heavily pregnant, so **Spermwhale** was temporary Hash Vice!



Unconvincing Tom Cruise look-alikes?

Visitors and virgins were of course honoured (**The Swift** and **Hot Legs** from Oz, **T Rex Cock** from Aberdeen, **Bloody Barbie**, **Nettles** and **Countess of Pampisford** from Cambridge.)

Just about everyone got a Down Down for something or other e.g. 'Environmentally Friendly Bald Hashers' **Slaphead**, **Bloody Barbie**, **GWH**, **Ettles**, **Spermwhale** plus the **Countess of Pampisford** (for shaving under her arms), **GWH** for falling over on Friday on the way home, **UCT** for interfering with the HashMaster, **Earl of Pampisford** for wandering into the circle and just taking a beer 'cos he wanted one!



Down-downs for the Mismanagement

**Bluto** was nominated as 'Beer Terrorist' for nicking beer from **Yellow Peril**, **Ettles**, **Computer**, **Klinger** and **Spermwhale**. A whole list of sinners for 'petulance and flatulence' (**T Rex Cock**, **Crabbo**, **Slaphead**, **Toed Bedsores**). **Lightning** was d/d'd for falling asleep and being barred from Dick Mack's twice for taking up valuable drinking space.



Taxidermist dreams of stuffing a ferret

**Ferret** for bringing his golf clubs (did he think Friday was a real golf tournament?). **Spermwhale** did manage to get through the whole of the Fisherman's Song without forgetting the words.



Full flow into the little boy's urinal

The chicken curry and additions were excellent (thanks to **Bear** and **Yellow Peril** with additional help on the day from **Furry Ferrett** and other harriets.) Then we went back into Dingle .....

## Sunday, Hangover Run, An Droichead Beag (The Small Bridge), Dingle

The remains of the chicken curry were consumed by **Bear** and **Penguin** at the Quayside Hotel.

Our Heroic Hares **U-bend** and **Shamcock** had laid another trail in flour and red paint. The only problem being that the local waterboard had also been drawing arrows all over the place in the same red spray paint and we added red circles! Scenario on Monday morning... ..

**Paddy** : "T'be sure Sean, Oi tinks dat we've gotta dig a noice round hole here".

**Sean** : "Are ye sure Paddy, der's an awful lot of dem around de area. Oi've seen at least twenty."

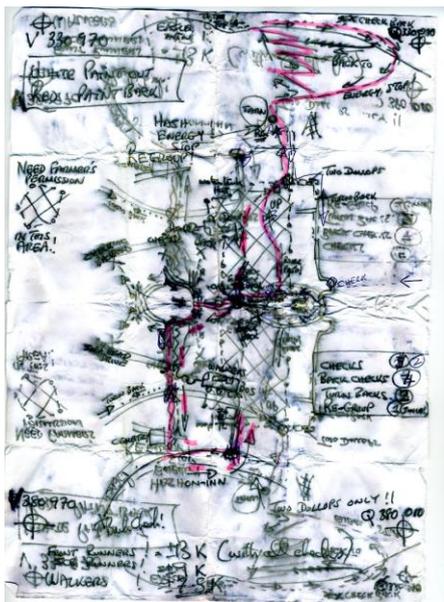
**Paddy** : "Just pass de pickaxe Sean an shut up or we'll get de sack if we don't get dem done today."

Today's run was much drier and sunnier – out of the town and off towards the Connor Pass (**Bloody Barbie** set off that way then had to cross a bog to get back on trail). Up a hill to a 'small' mountain (**The Earl of Pampisford** running uphill at speed.)



RA Froggy in full flow

The run ended up in the harbour but the canny hashers could see **Shamcock** waiting and only 3 hashers actually met up with the hare – the rest went to the pub where an Irishman in a van tried to sell **Taxidermist** a bed which was hanging out of his van (plus an assortment of drunks in the back.)



The Hare's map – no wonder the pack were confused!

Excellent luchtime snacks, though **Bluto** got stuck into the crisps and biscuits big time 'cos he thought it was the main meal. Your scribe has now realised that he has written the notes at least twice and are almost as bad as the Hares' map and notes for the run i.e. he was slowly losing

touch with reality after nearly a week in Dingle.

I do remember that there were Awards for the Golf Tournament (hope I got this right):

**Bloody Barbie** received a Poddy O'Shea Tee shirt – probably because he was one of the few hashers who could do joined up writing on his score sheet (there were a lot of thumb prints and 'X's.)

**Klinger** won a fishing net to catch his teeth in next time he does a run and continued to delight us with stories about something (but I've forgotten what.) But the top prize (an original painting of Dingle) was won by ..... **U-bend & Shamcock** for the highest score which could be deciphered.

**The Swift** and **Hot Legs** took a photo of **Lightning** on the Sunday at the Quayside with his belly exposed, a 'No vacancies' sign on it and holding a guitar whilst asleep in a chair. Good taste prohibits the scribe from including this picture however!

That just about wraps it up ..... except for **Klinger's** parting gift to the good people of Dingle when he excelled himself yet again in the bar after the circle by making an observation that one of its locals was 'brain dead'. It took the combined diplomatic charms of **The Penguin** and **Bear** and several drinks for the large crowd that had gathered to see blood being spilled (i.e. anyone in a five mile radius) to calm the situation.

PS It didn't end there – **Klinger** also gave us a striptease act in the Quayside Hotel on Sunday evening when we had a post hash party. Hence the title of this write-up. Such a nice quiet man.

**Taxidermist (Taxi de Mist?)**  
Sometime in October

Thanks Taxi .... although how you managed to avoid mentioning that feckin dolphin, Fungie, I don't know.



Dingle, appropriately pronounced On Dang-un

Prior to the weekend with the intention of confusing us all, the Irish Government decreed that Dingle should be called An Daingean, which fortunately is pronounced On Dang-un. This meant that nobody could find the place and the locals became very concerned as the tourists went elsewhere in search of the feckin dolphin.

So, following our departure, and to prevent further confusion, in October 2006 the locals had a vote on whether to keep the new name or revert to calling it Dingle, with the original Irish name Daingean ui Chuis being used as well. The vote was overwhelmingly in favour of reverting to Dingle. So, in future, the town will be called An Daingean – now how Irish is that?

And finally, thanks to all the Hares: **Bear & Yellow Peril** (cooking), **Shamcock & U-Bend** (running) and **Great White Hope** (drinking)



A well deserved Down-down for the Cooking, Running & Drinking Hares