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 RA: Webber "Ferrari Ferret" Forbes
 Scribe: Ian Hyne
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IndoNostalgia Run 34 – September 2008 Ordeal by Water, Tirley



Lick a Pile & Klinger walking on water, well, almost!

The 34th IndoNostalgia HASH run was held on the weekend of 6th and 7th September at the Riverside Inn at Tirley near Gloucester although, judging by the high level of the River Severn as a result of recent heavy, sustained and continuing rain, a few days later it could well have been the Inn In The River! Indeed, any ex-Indo Hasher pinning for monsoon conditions was well catered for as the ordeal by water kicked off.



Raising The Penguin above flood level For the novice Hasher, ie. the yet to be Hash-named me, there was a lot to

take in – strange Hash names and an even stranger array of running apparel ranging from the bum-hugging clinginess of the ladies' Lycra shorts (and **Lick A Pile's**) to the Vivian Westwood inspired punk creation dreamed up by my own missus, **Su Su Ibu**. And who could possibly forget the alarmingly revealing shorts sported by **Tampon** although they probably wish they could!

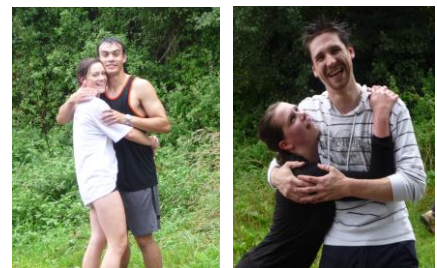
Following a few introductions over a fine lunch, 2 o'clock came round and we assembled in the rain for the off. Fresh from his starring role opposite Christian Bale in the latest Batman film, **The Penguin**, with contributions from the **Sadist**, explained that it was all dead easy and you couldn't possibly get lost.

If you had to do if you sunk without trace was to release your emergency buoy and the Hash helicopter would home in on your distress beacon, pluck you from the watery wastes of rural Gloucestershire and whisk you, not to the nearest A&E but straight to the pub where any dehydration would immediately be countered with the intravenous application of Carlsberg!!



Su Su Ibu and MeMe tackle the floods

Having been appointed official Scribe for the event, **Su Su Ibu** helpfully pointed out that if I surged off at the head of the field, I would miss all the action occurring in my distant wake and therefore fail in my duty of recording the weekend's events, a lapse that would result in many later Down-downs.



Ferrari Ferret and Gorbechov up at the front, assisted by Undressed and Mudflaps

She therefore suggested that I adopt a position and pace at the back of the field from whence I could

monitor the unfolding situation while she would accompany me to explain the intricacies of the sport of hashing to which she had introduced me. Well, I couldn't fault her logic so fell in with the sound plan. So equipped with waterproof dictaphone and a pen that dissolved underwater, I worked my way up to a gentle amble and set off in lukewarm pursuit of the hounds led, unsurprisingly by **Ferrari Ferret** and **Blowback** although **MeMe**, **Lick A Pile** and **Gorbechov** were well up the order.

hold of draught Carlsberg in Beijing! Thus the main thrust of the campaign for Olympic adoption must centre on Carlsberg's export effort.

Between making notes on the cerebral hard-drive, I had wandered about the significance of Down-downs. My ideas had settled on a form of limbo-dancing but in the Hash version, you don't tend to stay upright for quite as long. Misdemeanours that incurred the wrath of **Blowback** and his Religious Advisors included, the Music Master's inability to recall any songs, words or tunes, **Su Su Ibu** having a flash car and again for having a Harriette's tankard, **Gorbechov** having a lurid tattoo, etc. etc.



Undressed negotiates the shiggy whilst a laughing Sadist lives up to his name.



Mme Durex and Big Mac train for the Olympricks

But even as that thought simmered on the back burner, my initiation into the joys of Hashing continued with the Circle. First came the formalities and official business chief among which was the handover of the onerous burden of Hash Master from **The Penguin** to **Blowback**.



A lurid tattoo

New shoes

Actually, I'd been so intent on recording every minute detail that **Su Su Ibu** and I inadvertently wandered off in **Tampon's** wake (Ugh) such that before my pen had fully dissolved to gum up the works of my 3G digital dictaphone and Mongolian Bank Holiday electronic GPS calendar, **Ferrari Ferret** led the front runners passed us hotly pursued by the second wave comprising everybody else but us.



Inn-cuming and outgoing Hashmasters

In fact the only attendee to avoid the imposition of a Down-down was **Madame Durex's** dog which with a name like hers, just had to be a Cocker Spaniard. On the subject of Hash names, Rebecca was officially christened **Mud Flaps** for her feeble attempts to avoid the mud while mine rests on the reaction to my powers of recall.



Shiggy lovers Unmentionable & Big Mac

Amid much solemnity, **Big Mac** presented **The Penguin** with er – a penguin, but not any old penguin. This one was inscribed with the acronym of that vital organ of national breast health, the British Institute of Suitably Certificated Universal Inspectors of Tits Society (**BISCUITS**) which will look great when it takes pride of place in the cabinet among the many other cherished souvenirs of Hashing – er, mostly penguins but at least it made a change from Oscars, Baftas and the associated awards from his film industry activities.

The only other incident of drama to occur at the circle was the curious infection picked up by **Undressed** which was so severe, it had spread to her new wellies which were covered in spots. Collective medical opinion was inconclusive in respect of the cause but unanimous in its recommended treatment.

And so it was that we found ourselves back at the Riverside Inn, a little closer to the river by now, and a welcome beer. Now forgive me for possibly undermining the collective aim of the Hash but my weekend observations have led me to conclude that the ale aspect of the ancient sport of hashing is what's keeping it from adoption as an Olympic Sport. Not that I frown on beer in sport, it's more the difficulty of ensuring a steady supply. You'd be OK at the 2012 bash in London but imagine trying to get

Mere Carlsberg wouldn't quite deliver the necessary anti-biotic shot but administered via a sweaty trainer, the remedy would have the full effect. **Ferrari Ferret** supplied the trainer and **Undressed** is alive, well and glowing with good health as a fitting testament to the quality of the Hash emergency procedures.



The Penguin receives the BISCUIT



RAs continue the youth policy

With my mental faculties dimmed by Down-downs, both voluntary and compulsory, I staggered off to bed but not before priming my spies to record any activity my absence might cause me to miss.



Time for a nightcap?

It was a shrewd newshound's move as the dark hours witnessed a well devised but ultimately unsuccessful attempt to remove **Klinger's** teeth as he slept. It was **Klinger** who again starred in the small hours' entertainment when he staggered from his canvas accommodation and pissed up the side of a motorhome he naturally thought to belong to a fellow hasher well used to the odd aromas mixing with those of the morning bacon. Sadly, the non-Hasher was not impressed and **Klinger's** claim that he was only doing what everyone else had done only served to further inflame the situation!



Multiple sinner

Day trippers

And after all too few hours sleep, it was once again time to slip into soggy running attire and even soggier trainers before assembling at the river side which was thankfully even closer

for those who were still knackered. As the field milled about doing warm-up exercises, a couple of locals were deep in conversation regarding the omens of the flooded road alongside the river and the prospects of getting anywhere without drowning. "There's no way through", they said. "It's all flooded!" But they were unaware of our emergency buoys and the Hash helicopter. Either that or all Hashers are deaf but away we went anyway. Having negotiated the flooded section of the road without loss of life, we were into the fields where the piles of flour were quickly dissolved by the ankle-deep water such that very soon, everybody was milling about in a bog-strewn field awaiting **The Penguin** to set us on the right course. This he did but the route lay through deep water. Was it the result of heavy rain or could it be the Hash Formation Piddling Squad exacerbating an already soggy situation? Several people thought the latter as their goolies disturbed the calm of the authentically Indonesia-brown water which predictably resulted in later Down-downs. Thought was also devoted to changing the moniker of newly named **Mud Flaps** to Clean Flaps as the run changed into more of a waist-high wade but as everyone arrived back at the pub, that was forgotten as it was realised that **Madame Durex** had gone missing!



Lick-a-Pile, Sex Slav, Katie and Thomas

The emergency team staggered to the Hash helicopter to see if her distress beacon had been activated but, as it hadn't, there was no immediate reason to get airborne. However, just as the search parties were being organised, she turned up with an appalling tale of adversity to tell. Having dressed for the run in knee-length trousers in obvious anticipation of the likely conditions, she arrived at the water-splash only

to discover to her horror that she was inappropriately dressed for the undertaking so, understandably, she returned to base camp to review her wardrobe and select the correct garb of a swimming costume. It was a creditable plan that only failed due to then getting lost which naturally incurred the penalty of a Down-down.



Sadist pours the piss for the Hares

And then the beer ran out so **Blowback** called upon all those present to reassemble in Cardiff next June to assist in demolishing a pub and I think I'll give it a whirl.



Our excellent hosts – Sadist and Son

Finally, in respect of the Riverside Inn, I speak for all when I extend sincere thanks for the welcome extended by **Adam**, son of **Sadist**, as well as for the excellent food dished up by his chef and the tolerance of his staff throughout the weekend as they watched the strange rituals being enacted on the lawn.



Cumming four ...

Scribe

On-On! **Ian** (yet to be named)

These, and fifty more, pictures can be found on the IndoNostalgia Hash Group page on Facebook – check it out!