



Banana Bender

**Avec great help from Banana
Straightner.**

Hash 866 - 2019, July 27.



HARE	Banana Bender
AGM	The Big Yin
RA	Tubbie Twinkie
Venue	A Good One
Hash Ru	866
Hashers	38
Virgins	A Few
Hash Shit	The Big Yin

Another load of codswallop,

The Bender is back cried Tummy Tickler at the start of spectacular Saturday and all 38+ devotees were glad that they made the effort to attend the Ozzie offering because by the end of proceedings one and all had enjoyed a well laid trail and the usual disorganised Circle that we all love so much.

To start with we had an assortment of Vs and Vs some welcome returnees and a pleasant mixture of sun and showers, not to mention the culinary skills of 2 gun Tango who provided the mob with tasty goodies after the Hash, to soak up the perfectly chilled Piss.

So to the trail itself, I overheard the Hare confessing to having laid his paper on the Friday, only for the heavens to open up and splatter it into a soggy mush so he had to get up out of his scratcher at stupid o'clock on Saturday to do the bloody thing again.

For the benefit of the Vs and Vs he patiently explained all about checks and splits and so forth but half the assemblage were nattering away so Lord knows if the info registered, anyway right on 16.00 hrs. we all raced, waddled and shuffled off and it soon became obvious that he'd performed his task diligently and some of the F.R.Bs were caught out by the first of 7 checks. At an appropriate point the sick lame and lazy were syphoned off to get back to the grog supply while the others soldiered on and were separated another couple of times before eventually reaching base camp with tongues hanging out.

A completely digitised Leopard Piss was on hand to check everyone in on his state of the art iPad so no more soggy score sheets and into the bargain the devilish device even picks up the cricket channel so no excuses for him skulking away to watch test matches.

Tango's trays of treasures were soon scooped up and after another drop of drizzle had passed by the whistle went and it was time for Banana Bander to face the music and with absolutely no doubt, he got the gold cup and downed his reward to the cheers of all his fans. There then followed the crime watch duo of Tangerine Man and Russell Crowe to castigate those they deemed guilty of behaviour unbecoming of a Hasher.

Some returnees soon found themselves front and centre including Sybil who also had the pleasure of cooling her gluteus maximus as did T.T. at a later point in the programme.

Manage a trois the visiting Hasher explained why he had taken up residence at the Laager site some time just after dawn and gave his nod of approval to our efforts and will be giving us a good reference next week when he calls on Hash Central in Kuala Lumpur.

Leavers made their excuses and were bid adieu.

A reminder about the Koh Tan event on 31st August courtesy of Dog's Bollocks, it will be an early kick off from Tong Krut so listen up for details which are as we speak being finally polished.

Big Yin will pedal his wares with the Laager site some where near the Elephant Gate on Saturday 3rd, Gawd help us.

ON ON
TRASHER





Waltzing Matilda relates the story of a swagman in outback Queensland, Australia in the mid-1890s.

1st Verse

A destitute swagman is resting under a eucalyptus tree on the banks of a watering-hole. He is singing and passing the time. He has lit a fire and is boiling something in a tin can (most likely tea).

2nd Verse

While there, he notices a sheep wandering down to the watering-hole for a drink. He is hungry, so the swagman catches the sheep, kills it, eats what he can, and stows the rest in his backpack. (Swagmen were so poor they didn't know where their next meal would come from. So this sheep was an opportunity too good to miss.)

3rd Verse

Unfortunately for the swagman, the wealthy landowner comes by the water-hole. He is mounted on his fine, expensive horse and is accompanied by three policemen. They catch the swagman red-handed with the remains of the sheep in his tucker bag and try to arrest him for stealing and killing the sheep.

4th Verse

Absolutely terrified the swagman leaps up and jumps into the watering-hole hoping to escape. Unfortunately, he drowns in the waterhole. Ever since that day, his ghost still haunts the waterhole and can be heard singing his song.
