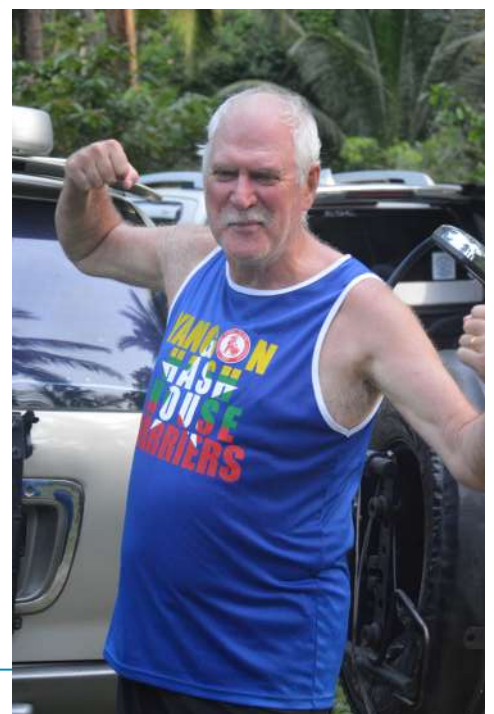


HASH 891 (tf-rated)

Remember the good old days when there were no chairs on the hash and only us lot sat on the back of our trucks. What is it coming to?





Following last week's excellent Hash by GRA we were invited to take a trot with QM and family and afterwards as a reward, partake of some lovely nosh courtesy of Tootie Frootie.

There was some doubt about attendance as some of our Likely lads and lasses had hopped over to Hoi An for a goodwill expedition but in the end the tally according to Lima Papa was some 50+ and as kick off time arrived the Hares did what Hares do and despite the instructions we were witness to Forest Dump heading off on a different direction in what is after all virtually his back garden, he saw the error of his ways and rejoined the pack. The QM clearly wanted everyone back safe and sound to partake of the Ruby Murray and consequently this turned out to be a prime example of how to lay the perfect trail with paper at regular intervals and checks and split all clearly marked. The cripples got the quick route back while the rest sauntered off on their respective routes and took in the various herds of Buffalo, water features and the occasional barbed wire, all taken in their stride, the only hazards to shipping were these ATVs that roared through now and then causing Hashers to dive for cover. Our small group made the chequered flag with about 75 minutes on the clock and after another 15 or so we had all the struggling stragglers safely on board so we wasted no time in getting the Circle under way as it was obvious there were a load of starving punters about and the aromas from Tooties cookpot had one or two breaking ranks to sample the wares not least of those being Bags who earned himself a cool seat in centre Circle.

This was a fairly redacted Circle and the vote was over in a flash with a resounding roar of approval for QM and family, the visitors were arraigned and introduced themselves as a cocktail from Germany and U.K.

Returnees Corky, Whiplash, Woodpecker and Pink Willy had all been together to "Same Same" search me as to where that is.

Stewards did their thing but by this time the magnetic appeal of the Chicken Madras was becoming overpowering and we had to move along swiftly to the shirtless ones with Trickcyclist first to sample the cubes followed by Vikingo much to the amusement of his bride but the smiles turned to screams when her ample posterior hit the Arctic, Down Early had earlier also paid a brief visit to Iceland.

Another collection of Vietnam bound members bid toodle pip and we hope they misbehave impeccably.

Next week's Hares in the shape of Granny Basher and Muffdiver will be waiting for you down on the south coast somewhere near Baan Kai, and this Scribe will certainly be there to see what is on offer.

As the Circle was now reduced to the bare bones while the rest were tuckin' into Ghandi's finest it was Circle closed for scan and slurping. OnOn



Bring your truck next week.
We've got nowhere to sit.



Dipstick & Wibbly Wobbly
make a welcome return.



Dipstick looks neat without beard and glasses. Takes years off him. Great tat on his leg. And Wibbly has by all accounts changed her fashion designer, and is now using a tighter less floppy style. Good on the both of you.

