Hash # 672

Black River Gorges National Park

Hares Jean & Marjory

Isis having vanished behind the Iron Curtain, I have donned the scribe's robes, licked my pencil and taken up the challenge of recording the events of run number 672. I will apologise in advance for spelling everyone's names incorrectly or having forgotten them completely. Put it down to incipient Alzheimer's but names seem to go into one ear and then get lost in a black hole.

Hares, Jean & Marjory gave us a challenging trail in the lovely environment of the Black River Gorges National Park. After about half an hour I had a "Sound of Music" moment but was unable to decide whether I was high on a hill with a lonely goatherd or climbing every mountain. As it happened I didn't have any breath left to sing anyway. The trail went up and up and up and naturally after a bit it went down, down, down. Sounds very hash like doesn't it?



Down to business. The GM duly rewarded the hares for their efforts. Two virgins were introduced, Rose from the UK and Phillip from England and the Seychelles – I hope we will see you again in two weeks' time. Second timers, Vikas and Jai welcomed back in the usual way. Then there was Jean

who wasn't sure if he was a second-timer or a virgin – apparently the first time he came to the hash the sole of his shoe fell off after 10 minutes and he went home.



RA Jim was strangely stickless; he said it wouldn't fit in the car – hmmm – sounds like a male tale to me. I offered to look for an appropriate substitute but the few bent twigs I found would not suffice. The beautiful Ravin was punished as the "back entrance lover" for having the unmitigated gall to drive the wrong way around the car park to steal the GM's parking spot; the hares for the lack of flour on the latter part of the trail; Steve for dropping things on the track – I did hear later that he was dangling off a cliff face held only by the ankles as he groped about for his glasses, much to Claudine's horror. Alan was then hauled into the circle, I'm not sure what his crime was on this occasion but apparently he is such a habitual criminal that he must have committed some offence. Sara's effort to protect him did nothing but gain her the position of cupbearer.

There were a number of birthdays to celebrate –happy Birthday Claude, Harry, Yanie and Rey.

The Banglestien award went to Marie-Anne (did I get that right?). There was also a young couple who got "lost " - or at least that's all they were admitting to!

The cow-bells were absent as was the dodo who was taking a master class in Brewing at the Flying Dodo – a shameless attempt was made to bribe the GM with beer – nice try Veronique!



I don't know about everyone else but I think we need another hash song to intersperse with the others. As much as I love the traditional one, it can get a bit repetitious singing it twelve times on a Sunday and it begins to haunt my dreams. To avoid this dreadful fate I offer the following alternative. Sung to the tune of Daisy, Daisy (the one about a bicycle built for two) - this guy on uTube plays it quite nicely if you've never heard the tune before
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=moZ28bbEikQ

It's only 8 lines and you have over a week to learn it so you should be word perfect by the hash on Sunday. Remember you don't need a good voice to sing on the hash, you just need a voice!

Some credit should go to Hanoi hash whose song I've nicked.

Mauritius, Mauritius
Wonderful place to hash
We have great fun
Dodging the shit and trash
Our skies are always clear
And we have ice cold beer
So come along and sing a song
On a fine Mauritian hash.

On On

Shakesbeer