

Vindobona Hash Gazette



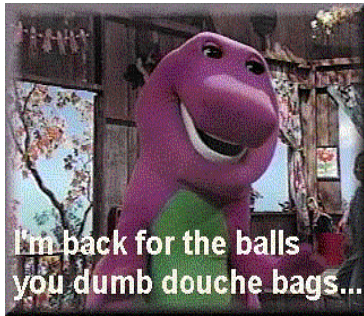
Runs # 949, 950 + 951, held somewhere south of Vienna



MOOOO YOU !!!

As a warmup for the **BIG BANG** sometimes next year, the 950th weekend of Vindobona Hashes took place in Trattenbach, a little village to the south of Vienna somewhere in the local hilly area. While there were numerous visitors present, there were just some 30 from our very own Hash; as you all know we are still striving to become the worlds worst Hash and we're doing pretty well in terms of collective madness as far as the gross consumption of beer and the output of explosions in the intestines, directed upwards and downwards, are concerned.

It was a pleasure to see good old Cee Dee again, first VH3 Song Meister; well, the hair grew and bit long and it turned a little grey, but on the other hand I grew quite fat in the meantime too, so what the heck? Visitors from several Hashes passed by, such as Cosmo from Munich, a few guys from Prague (Pacemaker, SINGed Sack), and a merry Band from the West Rhine Hash called the SPARE RIB BROTHERS (Gunnercum,. Cute Glute and Sparerib). Goody Bags filled up to the top with such precious items as waterballs, toothbrushes, soap and a load of other stuff were handed out and a big thank to all those who contributed in one way or the other.



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The warm up run # 949 , hared by the honourable messieurs Mr.Bob Davolino and No Mercy Master was a first and quick glance around the hilly area, ideally set after heavy rainfall. There were many guys who actually managed to step into cows excrements, many thanks to the local tourist authority who so suitably placed the bovine decoration all around our fantastic trails. There was a little creek to run down at and back to the Gasthof were arriving Hashers made the Hash Herd grow.

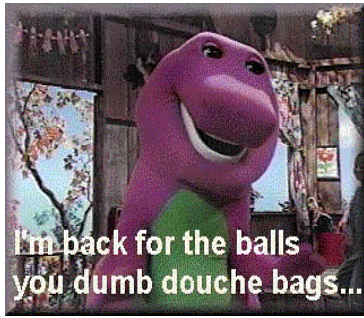
Down Downs were a relaxed affair and the supper after that was a tasty one. Munk became the attraction of the evening; his dislike of the Hash Shit Trophy, which of course is a used toilette seat that the late and great Orgasmus Retardus stole from the Singapore Hash, made no less than five criminals get hold of him and handcuff him to the the object of his dirty desires. No Mercy here, dear readers, Munk actually slept with the thing on his hands and looked like shit the next morning. I could only relase him shortly before we took off to set

The great and glorious run # 950 , which was hared by Munk, Sure Likes to Ball, Casting Couch, my Sex Energy and yours truly the following day. We made extensive use of the hills all around the place and no one here dare to raise a word about missing cows – because there were plenty bovine participants to our celebration. A highlight might have been the crossing of that big yard where those many cows took a rest and the floor was covered with loads of dung.

The beer and liquid stop was set up high with and differently to what NMM expected as he had been on the outlook with us before three times. And to confuse the main FRB'S, the trail led back downhill the way it led up until that forest road towards the restaurant (Kummerbauerstadl). This is where we quite conveniently got rid of a few fast ines such as Mind the Gap and god know whom else.

The last part on such runs in the hilly countryside mostly goes downhill – unless you start on a hilltop – and inevitably the carpark got within reach and over the course of some 45 minutes just about everyone managed to return safely from the surrounding hills.

The Down Down took a long long time to get over with and there many drinks to hand out to all those visitors from Prague, West Rhine, Bucharest, Muncih and SPORATUTTO – did I mention that man before? CANADA DRY who shone brightly as the returnee of the event. Who could be mad enuff to return to such an event and to set a run the following Monday in his old hunting grounds back in the 18th district of Vienna? No one but the good old Cee Dee.



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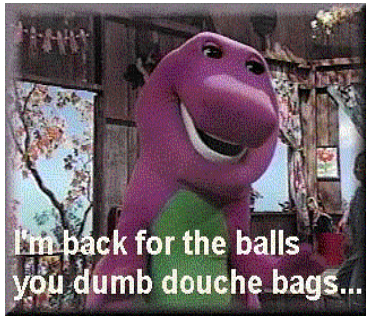


" COME GET YOUR MILK COWBOY... "

The buffet dinner on that soir was perfect, really perfect. The hosts have given their best (food) to please the rampant crowd and the raffle afterwards saw some interesting prices; such as a free weekend at the West Rhine 1066 in July, kindly donated by the Sparerib Brothers, lots of huge bags, liquid, Tee-Shirts, handcuffs to Munk, maybe to console him with the Hash Shit trophy and a dead lizard which we the Hairz collected on the Friday evening while we prepared the beer stop high uphill.

The party went on until 3 or 4 o'clock next morning, pretty straightforward as everyone expected.

The Hangover run on the Sunday morning was wisely set on the Saturday morning already by No Mercy Master and Mr. Bob Davolino, this time abusing all the steep hills they could find nearby. Again many many cows made the uphill walk – I didn't see too many runners – worthwhile and after the first check XXRARK and a few others – there simply were too many to remember – took it away downhill again. A special feature was the crossing of t little creek where one third of the pack decided to take socks and shoes off, the other third simply avoided that bit by taking the nearby bridge and the **HARDCORE** – the last third – couldn't care less and went for the whole lot. After the nearby On In was reached, Down Downs were given out again and in the later afternoon everyone went home. Thanks to all who participated and contributed, let's go for the **BIG ONE** in May or June 2002; see you all there.



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