



VINDOBONA HASH SCRUTINIZER

20 Years of Hashing in Vindobona

In sign of the Holy Vindo Boner!

Run # 999 - 1001

Hares: they know who they were

1000 and still rising

Check out lotsa photos at <http://hashflash.clanger9.org>
The weekend where runs were great and beer was gassy

*3 blind jellyfish are sitting on a rock, 3 blind jellyfish are sitting on a rock,
And one falls off. Ooooooh!*

I'm glad we got this over with. I mean it. We all put in a lot of effort and it paid off well for all participants.

THURSDAY started off with the glorious tram ride, with the tram itself having been built in 1928! The oldest tram they have in that garage is 95 years old (building year 1907). The Beer Guys – apart from the Hares always the most important people – met up at Minuteman's place in order to get the golden liquid as well as a huge load of Vindo Boner 3rd Man Tee- Shirts over to the Tram via U-Bahn and a little regular Straßenbahn, not forget to mention My Pint of View who took most of the coolers over in his car.

Dear reader, there were already more than 60 Hashers waiting outside the Tram, departure was imminent.

*2 blind jellyfish are sitting on a rock, 2 blind jellyfish are sitting on a rock,
And one falls off. Ooooooh!*

Overdrive himself, Tram Conductor of the evening invited everyone aboard where enuff cold beer was already waiting. Over the course of 1 ½ hours the trail led down through the city to the Prater ('P' stop included), past a little demo or two (Policeman question: "What are you against here?") The Famous Pimpsqueak answer: "We're here for more beer") and back onto the ring where they all got off heading for a few pubs.

Overdrive and Multiple Entry set a little trail (after all this was a VFMH3 event, Full moon and such) that no-one took any notice of, it was four pubs later and already quite late when the last one took the long way back home.



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FRIDAY

*1 blind jellyfish is sitting on a rock, 1 blind jellyfish is sitting on a rock,
And one falls off. Ooooooh!*

Cumming Numb and Sticky Shit were our houseguests and thanks to all other Vindo Boners who were offering crash space to our Guests. After taking the two Munich Harriettes back into the city where their car was parked and - naturally – I had to collect Munk on my way out to get my Sex energy on board, rest of the Goody Bag Stuff again. WELL, I forgot to load a box of the precious mugs (they ARE actually good looking and are still for sale, pls see our Haberdasher Queenie), anyway, call me stupid for forgetting and sending other people into a smallish but chaotic search.

Anyone remember the glorious 950th weekend last year? On the Friday it was raining down in buckets. Through sheer power of repetition, rain came down again this time and the first 30 guests or so had nothing to do but to bide their time in the hotel garage driking loads of that FREE AND GASSY BEER. XXRARK, one of the Hares for the Friday run was still missin' and Whoppa, the second un feel in love with his right hand a little too much as he will be wearing a cast for the next four weeks. Please try more tenderly next time!

Anyway, Multiple Entry, American Pie and Just Lutger (don't know his Hash Name) volunteered to help out. Funnily enough, when the run was about to start at 6:30 outside the hotel, the Hares weren't there when Overdrive declared that the pack were to start in a certain direction away from the Hotel which turned out to be the backward trail. It was left to a few latecummers such as Castin Couch, my Sex Energy and four or five others to run the REAL TRAIL, somewhere in the middle we all met up and passed by each other.

The circle saw a common getting back together and though being held away from the hotel lasted two hours and XXRARK reappeared out of nowhere! Just in time to lead the circle and the nearly full present crowd of more than 100 to new depths. And then the worst happened. No I don't mean that Haggissimo and XXRARK were dancing round in circles exposing their teeny weenies to the crowd. No, nut we RAN OUT OF BEER !! as the bigger part of it was still sitting back in the Garage of the Hotel. It was left to Just Nick to take the Hash mobile (XX's red Fiesta, 18 years of age) to get another 20 crates or so. When the circle eventually had finished, a little buffet dinner, some tapped beer and a piece of music from the Cee Dee player (Hey Cee Dee, why had you to cancel your participation, you've been missed!) finished off the warm-up nite at around 5 a.m.



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SATURDAY, 1000th DAY

*No blind jellyfish sitting on a rock, No blind jellyfish sitting on a rock,
And one gets back on. Aaaaaah!*

The great day started with a nice breakfast, strong coffee and Hares who already hit the road by 9:30. Noon time arriving and still No Hares in sight (Runners trail: Overdrive, Mind the Gap, Free Willy, Walkers trail: Multiple Entry, Stormin' Norman; in case I forgot to add Null Comma Josef to the runners Hares then please forgive me, I tend to forgot more details these days.)

So the solution seemed to be phototime, Family photo. Likk'mmm and XXRARK, the two most fierceful snorers who'd been cleverly teamed up in the same room were there as well as 100 other drunkards, farting and belching and dubious looking human beings. They all looked awfully wonderful to the spectator. A squadron of the local Firepatrol had some exercises going on in the same area and they'd been marching up and down and back and forth. Wot can you expect when 40 Firemen wanting to exert a little drill session and a 100 Hashers performing that "MONDAY IS A WANKING DAY!"? By the sheer power of number, the Firemen gave up and went staright to the Hotel bar.

With that large Banner from the Villacher Brauerei (did I mentioned that we were on FREE BEER the whole weekend?) Munk and myself called the group together for a photo. A few Hash Flashes took the necessary pictures and with half an hour retard, the run started.

*One blind jellyfish sitting on a rock, One blind jellyfish sitting on a rock,
And one gets back on. Aaaaaah!*

The walkers group immediately set out for the garage to grab a beer each and I didn't see those guys again until the end of the run. That countryside out there was simply gorgeous and the Hares did their respective best not to ruin the impression by setting a Shitty Trail. Everyone involved lived up to the occasion. Only the four song stops were a little too many for my taste. But, on the other hand, when do you get a chance to watch the SINGed Sack do the old Woodpecker's Song? Simply amazing.

As always on big runs, it is a pleasure to meet familiar faces and meet new friends, all in all three hours later (including a very popular BEEEEER STOP in the forest nearby a WACKELSTEIN) the pack hit the Train Station in Großgerungs where food and drink had already been prepared. Due to the presence of numerous RA's, a hard Rainy Shower had been left behind in Langschlag, that rain would catch us later on the circle. The Main thing was



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when the STEAM TRAIN actually arrived – I’m quite sure that half of the pack didn’t believe the mentionings and the ride back to Langschlag was a beery and singing one. Very very nice indeed.

Back again at the old CIRCLE with all kinds of Down Downs for everyone.

One of the more important ones was for the oldest serving Vindo Boner Members, namely Beanman who came back for the occasion and IS a survivor of Run # 1 back in 1982, Glo-Balls, Munk, Vic Southan, Bommer Mac Agram...again, if someone is not listed here, please forgive me. I didn’t take any notes.

The starting rain helped to ease everyone a bit and some diving in the mud was the logical consequence. Some naming ceremonies were also performed as in the following order (from the Friday to the Sunday):

Maria T. (Septic Yank’s better half) into
Laura S. (Needleman’s Daughter) into
Pimpsqueak eventually into
Fabian (Seprminator’s Son) into
Susanne (Pimpsqueaks better half) into
Just Nick (Incontinencia Hubby) into

MARRY ME for obvious reasons
UP AND CUMMING
THE FAMOUS PIMPSQUEAK
SPENT SEED
SCARLETT PIMPERNELL
DAVY JONES (former Monkees
Singer)

The Knights banquet and the Live Band THE APPLES were the main attractions on the Saturday eve, and again, the night lasted until 6 a.m. on Sunday. Alfred E. Neuman knocked over that Huge Gaslighter right outside the main entrance of the Hotel, Munk stole a puppet that read “REINHARD 30th birthday”, well, Reinhard and his buddies came in later on and the puppet had been auctioned off for 51 Euros that one of Reinhard’s friends paid willingly. Multiple Entry and Munk sang a nice duet, Davy Jones sang “Can’t Buy me Love” with the Band, well, since he’s married to Incontinencia he needn’t to. I played a little tambourine along to the Band, the SMUT guys acted, well, smutty, Sparerib had two women lick some Cream off SINGed Sack’s waist as slow as possible.... and so on and so on.

But, check out <http://hashflash.clanger9.org> to see those self-explaining photos.

SUNDAY AND OFF

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The Hangover run was sweet and sour. The sweet part was that I checked out half of it on a previous visit and we made it back to the Hotel in time despite we got lost a little. I mean Mr.Davolino, Mr.BOB Davolino, Munk and myself. Thanks guys for helping. The sour part was a) Bob nearly got bitten by a Rottweiler – he (Bob) can ran pretty fast when he needs to and b) afterwards it must have forced up his digestion as he had to take a dump real badly. He made it back to the Hotel, no worries.

A short stroll up the hill, a nice one back down and 40 minutes later we were already in the circle fronting the hotel with a few Hash waiters serving Tapped FREE BEER which tasted wonderful. The main feature was a big ice-block that some took the care to sit upon while downing their beers. after some thankings and goodbyes and the mysterious return of those stolen stoney feet it was off back home.

Again, thanks to everyone who was there and participated, contributed and helped out in any which way. You all made the weekend what it was in everyone's mind. A big success.

*Three blind jellyfish are sitting on a rock, Three blind jellyfish are sitting on a rock,
And now it's ON OUT. Aaaaaah*