

## Greenway Vistas

*Climbing up on Oxley Hill  
I could see the Valley's sights  
Hash horn blowing, little shrill  
Runners far off, out of sight  
Circle's something to observe  
Laughing, singing every voice  
Newbies working up the nerve  
They had to take it, had no choice  
After a few beers, a transformation  
Charges to relieve the frustration  
The pack shouting down, down, down  
Done, I said, it's 9pm I've got to get on home*

**Gathered on the shores of Lake Tugg':** Crash and Burn; Phallus and Vomit; Anklebiter; Turkey Slap; 'Just Aaron'; Suellen; JR; Drunken Tiger; Hidden Flagon; Gerbils; Scarlet; Sex Change; Meat; Easy; Pop Tart; Dangles; PP; PP; Dickhead; Furballs; Crying Dick; Date Diver; Grease Nipple; Duckhead; Fish Finger; Poo Shooter; Infallible; Weatherman.

**Fur babies:** Emmy (Crying Dick and Date Diver); Weatherdog (Weatherman).

**Are we ever gonna see his face again?** 'Just Mark', soon-to-be-former friend of Turkey Slap. For what it's worth—and maybe take this as a warning—'Just Aaron' is likely to be named the next time he shows up. General convention holds that a person is named on/after their third run. It's not a rule, because there are no rules in hash. The name has to fit, has to be right—it can't be forced. Just ask Phallus and Vomit—also addressed as 'Fruit and Veg', 'Show Us Your Buns Love' and 'Vomitus Maximus'—and all on the same night! Just Aaron, let's hope we never find out about the goat (I know, it was only the one, but still...)

**The run:** I thought I would have to brush up on all the 'rain' songs: *Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head; Listen to the Rhythm of the Falling Rain; I Love a Rainy Night...* well, you get the idea. Somehow, though, the RA reached far into the depths and pulled out a good night (a few chickens must have gone down for this one).

**Goldilocks would have loved it!** There was no imaginary drink stop; the hill was do-able (with a reward at the top—the vista!); it wasn't too long; it didn't insult the walkers by being too short.

**The circle:** It started with the 'vista thing'. Turkey Slap wasn't quite sure what a 'vista' was; thought it had something to do with seeing Phallus and Vomit emerge from the bushes after a slash. Um, no. Maybe he needs to broaden his horizons a bit. Then he gave the hare a 'solid 6.9'...nudge, nudge, wink, wink!

**The hare song:** Sometimes, in spite of himself, you just have to love Weatherman. I believe I failed to give him credit last week (mea culpa!), but recently he's been making an effort to contribute a topical, relevant verse to the old traditional song, and this week was no different:

*She went down to Greenway/where she was treated like a freeway...*

It's still as rude and outrageous as ever, but with a different twist. Love it!

**Virgin Visitor:** As previously mentioned, 'Just Mark', who came with Turkey slap. He said he was enticed by the thought of a 'brisk outing with a lot of men'...had he watched *Deliverance* the night before? Was there the faint sound of banjo music in the background?

**Media Slut:** he's not even properly named and he's trying to hog the press—Just Aaron, in his civvie life, was spotted in the pages of the Canberra Times.

**I can't even keep track anymore:** all the 'one twin drinks' charges...just when it seems to get old, it doesn't get old. Let's just go with it, hey?

**You can't keep a good woman down:** Crying Dick was charged for having failed to wrest control from Betty Boop at the previous week's circle (Easy's run). Ooh, that was a tortuous bit of English, but the Boopstress smacked one out of the park on practically no notice...well, I'm not surprised!

**Why not just phone it in?** Scarlet was seen shortcutting after only 800 metres in...is he saving it all for the Cotter?

**Clothes Encounters of the Hash Kind:** Easy announced she had a number of articles left over from her run the previous week, so if you're down a pair of Y-fronts, you know who to see. No names, no pack drill.

**Hello, pot? this is kettle calling...** Weatherman tried to cast nasturtiums on Crying Dick as RA. He was duly shot down but that didn't stop him from belting out a version of his own, disturbing ditty: 'If I had a sex change'...

**So when the Indonesians invade, we'll know who to blame:** Too much private partying by current and former 'military f&\*%wits', and I quote.

**Thank you sir, may I have another!** Crying Dick appeared to be getting airs above his station and had to be publicly reminded by Sex Change as to whom—exactly—was in charge. With all due respect, grand muffler, it is a poor leader who blames another for his own failings...

**Metho and lime, that'll learn ya!** There was still a bit of moaning about the lack of G&T at last week's drink stop—even though we had been reminded—or belatedly advised—that it was Easy's run, and not Meat's. Being a caring and sharing, modern individual in touch with everyone's feelings, Meat took the comments on board and promised to do better next time.

**Errata:** It was reported that last week, we drank the bucket dry. Poo begged to differ, noting that 2 ciders and 3 Solos came back. Hello? Softies! (pretty much). He then tried to cast nasturtiums upon Your Poor Scribe for reporting otherwise—and was duly chastised.

Also, for the pedants: Sex Change announced this as run 1851, but somehow yours truly seems to be 2 runs behind. Not that the GM could ever be wrong, not, but...We acknowledge the discrepancy but disavow any responsibility.

**What else:** Emmy, Crying Dick and Date Diver's fur baby, still would seem to be in need of further training seeing as how she terrorised Weatherdog. Then, Pop Tart nearly killed Emmy by stepping on her (oh, Poppy, you hide a lot of evil intentions behind your winning smile!)

**I can't even:** There was a lot of trash talk about 'stretching his muscle', and Crash and Burn and Gerbils having a mutual perve-on about public slashes...it boggles the mind, sometimes.

**Capital Chemist Pharmacy Southlands – Pharmacy of the Year:** I hope I got it right, after all the back-and-forth between Poo Shooter and Infallible (who sometimes isn't).

**Scarlet's naked rain dance:** Spied, changing in the car park! He tries to keep a low profile but every now and then...

**Cracker of the week:** courtesy of Drunken Tiger, something called 'Snak-Os'.

**Auspicious Anniversary:** Infallible, 555 runs. Seems impressive, until you realise he's been hashing for 20 years. Slacker!

Ta Ta for now, friends, and on-on until next week!