BELGIANS, BIRDS AND BEER AND BHHH - SATURDAY JULY 30TH 2022

When asked to name a famous Belgian or Belgian production, the response is invariably Herge or chocolate and beer. But we have in Bali an assortment of the most venerable and renowned (though largely unsung) Belgians and their productions, who and which are not insensibly vital components of our HASH HOUSE HARRIERS - to wit: CHOCOLATE FINGER, WHORE'S WHISPERER & TINTIN BALLS - the first two named being HARES - and Liege Waffles with Pearl Sugar, chips and scrumptious home-made mayonnaise. All this and lovely Tintin shirts -Les Aventures des BHHH & BHHH2 - how heartening to see both together - plus three well planned trails - 10, eight and six k - mostly leven-pegging and water only waste high. What more could you ask, and not only that, our redoubtable Belgian HARES did it twice for Happy Belgium Day (actually 21-vii-1831). Such devotion: RU Tintin and ON ON Milou! RU ON ON stickers too! Nonpareil.

Now the original idea of this HA SH TRASH was to combine elements of HASHING with observations of flora and fauna in Bali, not only for illiterate locals but for worldly-wise foreigners too. Though the emphasis quite rightly has been on HASHING, it's time we took a look at the garden in PENISTANDING KELOD. First an icredible sighting of the Common Mormon variety Papilio polytes javanus that is melanistic (without a hint of paleness) and confined to Java and Bali, and which I behald in the borders last Wednesday - only my third sighting in over 500 years! Birds most clamorous, especially the Crow Pheasants duetting up and down the scale, the Little Spiderhunter chiffchaffing from first light all day and every day long. And increasing number of Wight Herons flying over in late gloaming with much raucous screeching: the Drongo Cuckoo practising s cales Prodigious fruiting of citrus: trees festooned with as I write. shaddocks, American Limes, lemons, clementines and citron. Pawpaw and bananas (several kinds) of course. Oh and don't forget today (July 31st) your gun and game licences expire. Better renew 'em quick if you hanker after moors and mountain slopes among bracken, ling and furze on the Glorious Tuelfth - so spake YWGMH. ON UP.