

It's a heavenly spot and we've run here many times in the past; a few local tourists to the spring-fed and fresh, carp-filled lake; sempiternal yet presenting a different face according to each occasion, new trails and vistas, well marked by GRITTY BALLS with scent extending seven miles and half that, though I suspect that the splendid dipterocarpaceous forest and teeming population of macaques arrested many for the duration. Is cavernous goa wok entirely silted up by now I wonder? I've laid three runs through it in times remote. Remember CHAMPAGNE CHARLEY'S HARRY BOXERS BALI BAT AND BIRDWING BALL - but that was over 40 years ago wasn't it? Such crass recapitulation quite meaningless, but there's an ancient HASHER out there (says DISCOWANKER) who still retains BALI HASH RUN NUMBER ONE individually tie-dyed shirt. With beaming BHOMA recto, we want to see it. We made 25 I recall, and I know of three others - one each in Cambridge, New York and San Francisco - a true collector's item. Actually the GRAND POOH-BAH made 'em. Over a ton (just) and four kegs down. And a superlative show by the SURABAYA HASH BARBER-SHP QUINTETTE of their anthem. We were all particularly impressed by the performance of CHIHUAHUA who also was familiar with HECTOR & LYSANDER and did at least six DOWNDOWNS in a flash. Take me back. Welcome to PHLEGMY tampax puffing WHORE'S-WHISPERER, and thankee kindly you and YETI for puffs. But farewell to GENTLE LATVIAN GIANT MINI ME. Do not OD on cream buns and Wiener-schnitzel, and come back soon to us. GERMAN SHEPHERD too - lovely pretzels, and try not to get lost IM TIEFFEN KELLER. Good jesting from 'where did you get that hat' VD. We need more like her - which reminds me, has anyone seen EAT HER recently? The PROFESSOR was wearing her shirt and, newly returned from Highlands, regaled me with much blague and bunkum of blighty. Do not believe one half of what you read in the newspapers, though I do ken that it hit 40C (104F) over there briefly which must be something of a record