Hashmaster: Ronnie "Penguin" Strachan
RA: Philippe "Pheelthy Phrogg" Deymes
Scribe: Doug "Jetstream" Whittle
Brew Master: Dave "Benghazi" Saunders
Hashflash: James "Blowback" Whittle
Music Master: Adrian "Scrooge" Walker
Stuart "Pigeon Shit" Homer

Address: Rex Sumner, IndoNostalgia Hash,
North Wing, Jaguar House, 104 Firle Street,
Eastbourne, BN22 8EU

Phone: +44 (0)1323 649349
Website: www.inh3.co.uk

IndoNostalgia Run 19 – Foie Gras Run – Brive-La-Gaillarde

Such was the enthusiasm for this run that **Bear** and **The Penguin** had registered way back in 1999, what's more, **Bear** had even paid in anticipation of a price increase! **Ztolt** was so keen that he registered six times; dedication that didn't go unrewarded and was later used to determine his hash handle.

On Friday evening, early arrivals gathered at the Gite and compared travel notes, **The Penguin** had taken advantage of **Jacque-off-nouveau's** offer of a stop-over at his vineyard to try some fine wines, whilst **The Brigadier** had taken advantage of an OAP discount to travel up from Mojacar. As we relaxed over a glass or three of wine, bets were taken as to when the Cambridge minibus would arrive, 2am got the popular vote and this proved to be spot on. The journey was so eventful that **Toed Bedsores** is reported to be writing a serialised account for the Cambridge H3 Herald! By the time they arrived, the Hotel du Midi had closed up for the night and everyone had to shack up in the Gite, where fortunately there were spare beds.



No! This is not a beer belly!

Slac Mac was called upon to act as an emergency co-Hare as the **Mad Doctor** was performing an operation on some unfortunate soul. Warnings prior to the run included a statement that the run was unsuitable for the zimmer brigade and there would be no chance of shortcutting. Only **Cheesecake** and **Marieta** were sensible enough to heed this advice, and the rest of the pack shambled off on the trail.

It was good to see so many FRBs, mostly new runners based in Frogland. Despite the usual boasts of "we know which way to go – we've seen a turnback" they all charged off on the first of many false trails. At least this gave Hashflash, **Blowback**, a chance to get some pictures of the headless FRBs as they came from behind.


Three wise men attempting to regroup?

A combination of steep hills and long falsies ensured that the pack

become pretty spaced out and attempts to regroup proved pretty futile.



Another futile attempt at a regroup.

At last we started going down hill and were encouraged by a sign reading "Beer imminent". In expectation we rushed down the hillside only to find an empty picnic table by the side of the river. FRBs ran everywhere in search of some amber nectar until they gave up and followed **Ballsack** and **Honeybun** back to the Gite. The more intelligent runners waited for **Slac Mac** to catch up and show us where the beer was hidden.



Pugwash & Meme discuss the financial implications of a virtual beer stop.

Unfortunately, due to a typical frog cock-up, **Florence** had found another site with the same name and taken the beer there! So we had to make do with a virtual beer stop before following a sprightly **Audrenn** along the river back to the Gite.

After waiting in vain for the tail enders to return, **The Penguin** decided that we should proceed with the circle before it got dark! With three Music Master's to choose from, it was decided that **Pheelthy Phrogg** should act as RA whilst **Scrooge** and **Pigeon Shit** shared the singing honours.

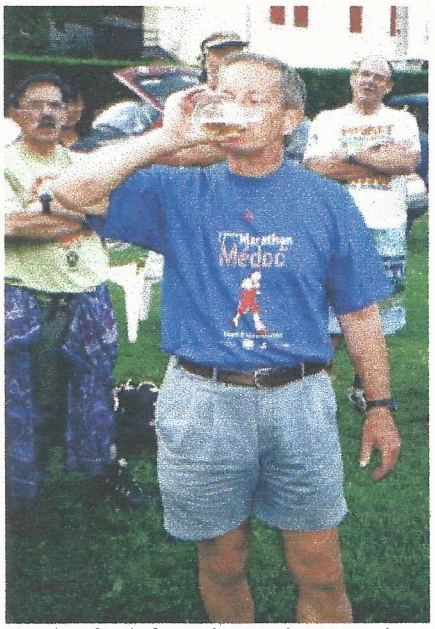


Cum Again christened – Bandung style!

Early in the proceedings, **Bone** pointed out that **Ztolt** was the only exile present without a hash handle, and a lively debate followed with numerous unsuitable hash handles being suggested. Finally, despite **Winkle's** vocal disagreement, **Cum Again** was chosen and **Scrooge** conducted a Bandung style naming ceremony, complete with flour and beer abuse.

Half way through the circle, **Great White Hope** turned up having completed the whole trail, closely followed by **Gorilla** and **Mad Dog**, who after taking something like four hours to complete the trail, were in need of an instant down-down.

However, they weren't the last to arrive! Just as the circle was ending, **Squits**, turned up, rather than run the trail, he had found a rather alcoholic marathon to run in Medoc instead, but had decided that even arriving late for INH3 was preferable to missing out on a great weekend. Whilst it is very worrying when Hashers enter marathons, at least he had the good sense to join us for the hangover run.



Squits, fresh from the Medoc Marathon

For once Pugwash was unable to disrupt the circle with his explosive farts and the circle continued in an orderly fashion. Whilst there were too many highlights to mention them all, a couple of songs were really memorable.



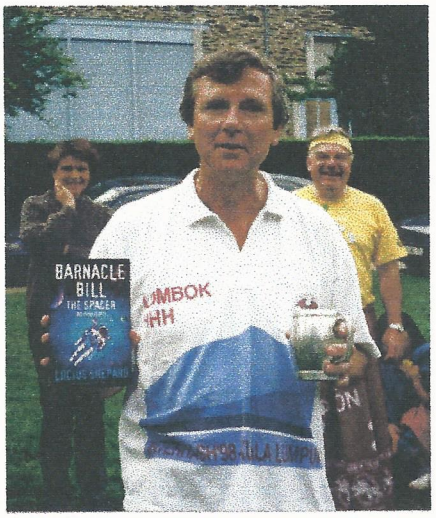
Control Freak overcome with excitement in the circle.

Scrooge and **Pheelthy Phrogg**'s rendition of Barnacle Bill was a classic, which prompted **Bear** to produce a copy of **Barnacle Bill** the Spacer, definitely not a classic!



Pheelthy Phrogg's classical training put to good use as "the poor young maiden"

Whilst this may appear irrelevant (which it is!) the following quotation from the book seems to have been written with a certain hasher in mind. "Bill, was 32 years old at the time of my story, a shambling, sour-smelling unkempt fellow with a daft, moony face…". Please contact **Jetstream** for the complete works of this classic story by Lucius Shepard if you are a really sad bastard!



Thanks to Bear for this insight into the future of IndoNostalgia!

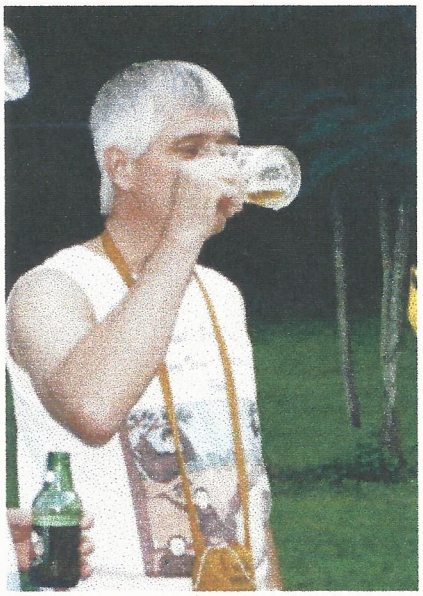
It was also pointed out that during "singing in the rain" an average of 3.8 harriettes get their tits out, however, the INH3 average is slightly less, at 3.2! Ask **Slaphead** and **Polyclit** if you don't believe me!

Bluto also entertained with his tasteful(?) story about the lady and the skunk. **Meme**'s version of Yogi Bear also met with general approval.



Methane, Winkle & Toed confused over what and who's to hold on to.

After a couple of hours of songs, jokes and the occasional down-down, the circle had to be drawn to a close, as **Wet Dreams** appeared for the first time this weekend, to announce that makan was served. A really superb spread was produced, including sate and a quite outstanding rendang, for which an extra special vote of thanks is due to the chef.



Ballsack , not tricked by the virtual beer stop, enjoys his down-down

The evening concluded with a series of good old songs, with a few new words interspersed, and **Squits** showed that his memory isn't totally lost as he recalled some of the more tricky old ballads.

On Sunday, **The Mad Doctor** turned up in time to assist the **Pheelthy Phrogg** with the hangover trail, unfortunately his ability to follow instructions proved to be no better than **Florence's** and he spent an hour or so waiting at the wrong hill top to collect the Hare! Fortunately their offspring, **Charlie**, **Kirwan** and **Audrenn** have more sense, at least they followed the dust.

A surprisingly large number of runners still had the energy to run up hill, including **Gunpowder Plod**, who managed to find most of the false trails, although after awhile nobody (not even **Unmentionable**) was stupid enough to follow him. At the first check it was good to see (as well as smell) **Methane** and **Winkle** again. Some good false trails ensured that the pack arrived at the beer stop in the correct order, SCBs first, FRBs last.

Just before the beer stop it was noted that the earth moved for **Control Freak**, unfortunately in a literal, rather than a sexual manner, as the bank gave way under her! For once, **Benghazi**, hadn't brought his thirst aid stuff with him and she had to resort to an ancient Polish remedy, stolen cabbage!

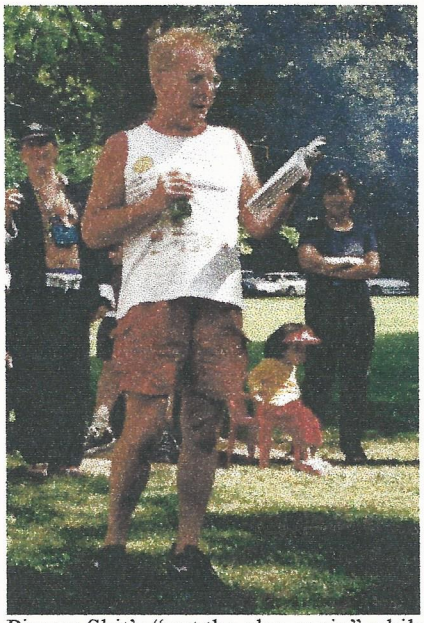


Farts – Young and Old!

The run home through the orchard proved too much temptation for **Hotlips**, who reversed the garden of eden story by accepting an apple from **Scrooge**, when will they learn?

A short circle followed, whilst the local fuzz enjoyed a barbequed goat in the field below. In the early morning the thieving GM did his rounds, and as usual, **The Penguin** had collected a lot of "lost" property overnight and proceeded to return **Porchino**'s T-shirt, **Florence**'s lighter, **Pigeon Shit**'s songbook, the **Brigadier**'s cap and even **Gorilla**'s Range Rover, which **Chimp** had refused to drive home the previous evening!

The Music Master did his thing although young **Lily** was heard singing "Baa Baa Blacksheep" to his rendition of "I've got the clap again"! Says something for the clarity of his diction after a few beers. The local fuzz are currently searching for a small red chair, could this be the one that **Plod** has "borrowed" for **Lily**?



Pigeon Shit's "got the clap again" whilst Lily sings Baa Baa Blacksheep!

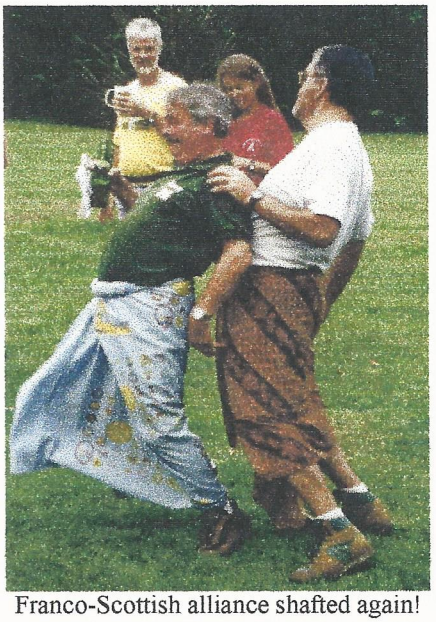
Unfortunately all good things come to an end and this event was no exception. However, **Toed** provided the final laugh as he followed **Pheelthy Phrogg's** advice and took the minibus on a "shortcut" up a dead end, returning five minutes later to the collective mooning of the rest of the pack. Appears that the moon also figures in **Toed**'s serial, but more of that later… much later!

On a more serious note, in response to the Hash version of the French national Anthem – "Ou est le papier", the frogs performed their own version of "God Save the Queen". Could this be the reason that HRH has highjacked the bank holiday next May to upset our plans for the Thetford run?



God Save the Queen – Frog version!

Maybe this could also be the end of the Franco-Scottish alliance, as the **Pheelthy Phrogg** finally shafted **The Penguin**.



Franco-Scottish alliance shafted again!

We are all very grateful to the Hares and our Hosts for a really superb Fois Gras extravaganza! Excellent food, company and booze in abundance – Merci beaucoup!