



Crapaud Chronicle

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Run Number 990

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Revolutionary Running for all & Sundry

Revolution in the Air

Aux armes mes enfants
Le jour de gloire est arrive

Yes, but not for the crapauds it seems. Last week we managed to celebrate American Independence from the civilising influence of the British Empire. The evidence is clear in that they do not play cricket although the same could be said about France. Mind you, I have watched a cricket match in Lot & Garonne so there is yet hope for the Continent. Why we care not to celebrate tomorrows anniversary of the French Revolution is beyond me, although a very belated Captain Poocock appears sporting a stripped top as befitting any fine matelot. Still on the historic theme did you know that it was on this day in 1793 that Charlotte Corday stabbed Marat in his bath?

Enhanced Turn Out

The coloured balloons have done the job & a good turn out at Surville Manor is the result. Illegal Immigrant is receiving admiring glances not for himself, of course, but for his "new" 51 year old Jensen.

We welcome Angela & Andrew, ET's relatives & meet Ursula from Krakow who has come along with Dodger who is back in the Island for a visit. Janet from Wigan (No not Hooker but the other one) has been tempted to join us once more. Both Nelson & Wet Patch are back with us after attending concerts the previous weekend. I leave it to you to work out who went to see Iron Maiden in Paris & who went to see Dolly Parton at the O2 centre in London. However it just goes to show what a disparate bunch we are. ET is driven into a state of panic by the arrival of a detachment from RETDU (known for some reason as "Wafty") who are based at Bovington where they play with tanks. Emergency measures will have to be taken to ensure enough food & drink for the assembled masses.

Offerings?

Miracle Grow & ET welcome all & sundry & inform us, surprise, surprise, that the trail is laid in chalk & sawdust & to watch out for brambles & barbed wire. It has already been noted that ET is wearing leggings which should have given us a clue. Pussy assures the troops that they will not require ropes or chains – What is she offering? I leave it to your imagination.

On-on or On-back

The standard going round in circles until we hear on-on & set off towards a large field - well some of us do poor Is-it-Buggery is once again afflicted with leg problems & drops out immediately – at least he has a paper to read until our return. Doubts are set into my mind when ET reveals that she hopes that Miracle Grow knows what he is doing as this was not part of the trail. Not to worry, we follow on just like the sheep we are. In effect we make a circle back to almost where we started but are soon heading around yet another field which allows a couple of our troopers to show their skill in rolling under wires. All of this much going on to the amusement & curiosity of a herd of heifers.

Living & Dead

We cannot tarry long & we enter Surville Cemetery (at least the residents have no objection to our presence) but not until after following a false trail. Out the other side & we are soon in a private garden where a BBQ & Marquee are set up - but unfortunately not for us.

The trail takes us through & down a steep wooded slope & along the valley floor where tall grass has been beaten down by the pack. Even if the trail had been difficult to follow there would have been no difficulty in "sniffing out" the smell of cigar smoke from one of our visitors – I just wonder if he had introduced any other substance to the tobacco.

Drinks Stop

Whilst we hold the check at the lane petrol appears & possibly in ignorance of the called warnings one of our troopers almost offers himself as an accident statistic. It is over the fence, not the gate says Miracle Grow a bit late in the day as half the pack is already in the conservation area. We climb the paths enjoying the scenery. The army once more displays its versatility by doing "Rolly-Pollies" down the slope to join up with the pack. Janet shows us what a swinger she is by enjoying a rest on rocking a seat. Landscaping has been going on apace & we see water features under construction, modern day menhirs adorn the slopes but we cannot delay & we make our way towards Fern Valley but not before the FRB's find double arrows. We pause at one of the viewing stops before descending to the valley floor & enjoy the fine sites of the Bellozanne works – let's hope that some recycling is indulged in. We climb once more & find ourselves at ET's abode where nibbles & Froggie beers are available – well it is Bastille Day (almost). Is-it-Buggery has torn himself away from his paper & has joined us along with Gigolo & tribe.

Water Games

The swimming pool is too much for some of our troops to resist & we are treated to a piscatorial display of which there can be no equal. I trust that the belly flop was not as painful as it looked! A pleasant interlude but I hope our visitors do not think we all live in Manors & have swimming pools in the grounds!

On-Home

Not too bad from here. Up the field, along the road, enjoy the aroma of the farmyard & a nice little trot back to the manor. The unwary get a hosing from Gigolo & Tinky Winky. A fitting & refreshing end to an excellent & varied run.

Refreshments

We are at Miracle Grow's for the food - lots of bread, cheeses & pate. A moment's panic when the beer could not be traced but this omission is soon remedied. ET has obviously managed to make emergency arrangements for additional supplies. Well done, the pack is grateful!

Down Downs

Hash Rev calls the pack to order & is faced with the problem of accommodating the fine body of men whose task is to defend us (I thought we had our own TA for that). It was also reported that one had said "I should not be doing this - I'm a tank commander". Nonetheless the "WAFETY" squad is called up along with our virgins & seemed to enjoy the occasion.

Next Wendoline was rewarded for appearing in the JEP as a horses head.

Cock ups amongst the hash are rarely observed in hash members but we have a regular in our midst. The key to starting your new old car is to use the correct one & it had taken Illegal Immigrant some time to realise his mistake that morning. It may have taken a while to remedy the situation but it took no time at all for him to finish his down-down.

The final & most deserved punishment went to ET & Miracle Grow who had provided us with such a brilliant run.

RECEDING HARELINE

992	27 July	Known only to	Smuggler
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REMEMBER – Now only 9 runs to Run No. **1,000**.

Hash Announcements

Weekly dues:-

When you attend a run you must pay your subs (£3.50 Members, £4.50 Non - Members or guests, £2 tadpoles).

If you arrive late, or pay after the run/walk, then a 50p late fine is added to the subs! No pay - no run and no food! If you aren't running/walking & therefore arrive after the run then see Tinky to pay for your food, no late fine for those who did not run or walk. Please inform TW if you do not intend to stay for food as this will save the club paying for your food.

Hares – Important Reminder

Hashers who are booked to lay a trail and cannot make it for some reason **must** find a replacement and not just rely on the Hare Razor to do the work for them.

French Bike Bash – I understand that there are still a very few places on this velocipede extravaganza to be held on the weekend

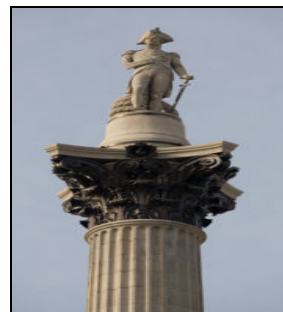
5th – 7th September. So if you are interested please give Tinky Winky your £50 deposit as soon as possible.

Tour des Paroisses – Ragsby & Illegal Immigrant are willing to organize a cycle bash on a Saturday as training for the real French Bike Bash. They will only do this if enough hashers display an interest. So have a word with either Ragsby (721804) or Illegal Immigrant (504979) so they can start planning.

Hash Blue – I have been informed that Hash Blue is back in the Island on holiday from Kiwi Land. He is threatening to hash with us so give him a warm welcome.

1,000th Weekend – This is fast approaching so if you are not registered please do this soon as it will help the mismanagement. Also if you have contacts with ex- hashers either here or in the UK encourage them to come along. See Registration Form with this Newsletter.

NELSON'S COLUMN



Luke 2:11 Suddenly a vast heavenly army appeared

Allo, allo. I do hope you enjoyed my French letters. I certainly did.

That Paris Hilton. What a hotel. But verily, I'm glad to be back home. And what a welcome surprise at my first Sunday service. Hello soldiers! What a nice bunch of privates. They certainly swelled the congregation. I'll guarantee they know how to handle themselves when push comes to shove. Now, as you know, I've never been afraid to mix with the other ranks. Not that there are many Admirals of the Fleet around. But those camp Bovingdon lads certainly had me standing to attention! Especially that Wofty, or was it Woofie? And the one who was a fellow Pompey fan ... you can bet he's done a lot of naval gazing. I think they were from the Salvation Army's elite brown brown trouser regiment, the RETDU - or Religious Education Trials and Development Unit. Imagine them in new suits with the Mark IV tambourine in hand. I'm just grateful that they're right behind us with their weapons primed.

However it's not all good news this week. Our lay preacher, Mrs Kegsoff, was very disappointed to have missed the new members of the congregation. It's not like her to come so late. Anyway she's still hopeful of an engagement at a later date. Indeed I can reassure her - I understand there may be a vacant missionary position in the Dorset area before very long.

Blessings to you all from the hash pulpit.