



Crapaud Chronicle

21st September 2008

Bumper Edition

Run Number 1,000

Contacts: GM - 613980, RA - 07797774654, Hash Cash - 07797740420, Hash Scribe - 734911, Hare Razor - 07797767775, Hash Flash - 879292

www.crapaud.org

1,000 not out

Early?

The Hotel de Normandie is very quiet although the hash is due to board the coaches at 10.00am. The activities of the last couple of days are obviously taking their toll.

Red Dresses to the fore!

Friday evening at 6.30 or so saw the start of the Red Dress Run with the charity due to benefit from this fund raising activity is Autism Jersey. Our hares are Please Insert & Captain Poocock & they welcome us to the bridge at the Havre des Pas Swimming Pool. The trail takes us around La Collette to Elizabeth Harbour where we collect money from the unwary.



Swift refreshment & we head for town & the Parade eventually ending up at Chimes but not before collecting from various establishments. Our final destination is the Town House where we are given tokens for a drink & enjoy a buffet. The spirits of the pack are raised & much sponsorship gathered as Klingon is "forced" to eat sausages from Jumper's ample bosom. Not to be outdone Illegal Immigrant operates similarly on Wet Patch's. There are a number of down-downs the most notable being Illegal Immigrant for the best red dress & our hares for organising the evening. A successful evening is brought to a close with a lively disco.

Saturday Run

Saturday morning sees the pack comparing hang-overs & looking forward to a run under a cloudless sky. The coaches are waiting at Havre des Pas & we are transported in luxury to Les Laveurs from whence we head for L'Etacq & climb the many steps to Les Landes. Our hares today, Gigolo & Wendolene, have arranged a treat in the form of a visit to a Bunker that is being restored. Our visitors seem

much impressed. From here we pick up the coaches once more & are taken to Plemont. Unfortunately Walkies with her car has been delayed & Illegal Immigrant stays behind to look after our bags while the rest of us head for Greve de Lecq. Our destination is Le Catel de Lecq where excellent refreshments are waiting for us. The polypins of Jimmies are empty by the end of the day. This is a superb venue from which we can enjoy the view of the bay whilst sheltered from the breeze.



Punishments are, unusually for us, administered on ice which is accepted with equanimity by the unfortunate. However Klingon is once more sponsored to consume 10 hard boiled eggs. Bosoms, legs & rear ends are utilised to present the consumables to the victim.





Evening Celebrations

The evening sees the hash & guests assemble at the Hotel de Normandie to formally celebrate this notable weekend. Klingon is once more “volunteered” to complete his meal with a tin of Baked Beans. (After all this, this is a man to be avoided). The highlight of the evening saw the Harriettes give us a brilliant rendition of “He had it Coming” from the musical Chicago.



Our brave girls would like to thank Ann Dove for her choreography, coaching &, most of all, patience. Calls for a repeat performance were unfortunately ignored. The likelihood of another performance will depend on much purveying of alcoholic refreshment. “The Grumpy Old Men” brought us live entertainment.

Sunday Assembly

Eventually enough hashers assemble to justify a photo shoot at the Normandie. We are pleased to see Cliffhanger return for this special run & are joined by members of Kestrels Running Club who look far too professional for the rest of us. However, when we come to board the coach

there is not enough room for everyone & an additional one is promptly summoned. We are soon on our way heading for the east. At Longbeach we spot the presentation ceremony for the Spartan’s 10k – just as well we missed out on this event although our Kestrel visitors might not agree!

Archirondel

We are dropped off at Archirondel & about 70 are called into a circle. Klingon calls for 3 cheers for the founders of the Crapaud Hash. Steptoe poses an historical question of what happened on this day in 490BC. Muff Diver by luck or good judgement provides the answer – the Battle of Marathon. Steptoe calls attention to the fate of Pheidippides who expired after running the 26 miles to give the gladsome tidings of an Athenian victory to that city & advises the pack to keep some energy in reserve for the finish.

On On

The hares Shiggy, Klingon & Steptoe reveal that the trail is laid in pink sawdust & pink chalk & it is “On on”. The majority head for St. Catherine’s breakwater but are called back when the correct trail is discovered on the nearby hill. This is a tough start made even worse for the FRBs when they hit double arrows for 6 hashers & shortly after for 4 harriettes – welcome to the hash Kestrels!

Fields

We strike into a field & the pack is soon strung out as our FRBs stretch their legs. Unfortunately, they miss some sawdust & have to be called back. Some of the pack know better than the rest & jump a ditch but only to find a dead end in the bracken. The hares have laid the trail across a pallet board being used as a bridge & we climb the wooded slopes. This brings us to some fields which we round until the trail seems to be lost. Hooker has seen fit to cunningly stand on a tree stump thereby hiding the arrow. Eventually we are all back on track & hold a check near some friendly pigs. Why is it so many of us feel at home in the farmyard environment?

Hosepipe

The trail takes us down yet another wooded slope &, such is life, straight up the other side of the lane. Bracken with a plantation of young trees leads us into yet another field at the end of which a hosepipe is employed to enliven the pack. The hares have installed a rope to aid the pack to climb the bank into the next field although an alternative route via the lane is offered as a short cut.

Check

After wading through yet more weeds we hold a check. Steptoe leads those seeking a longer run through pastures & round the edge of fields of corn in order to meet up with the rest of the pack at the Dolmen de Faldouet.

Hard Liquor

Klingon produces a bottle of Calvados as well as a bottle of an aphrodisiac produced in the Dominican Republic or some such foreign place. Our visitors show a reluctance to attempt the Norman Beverage & all are somewhat diffident with the aphrodisiac. Those that eventually try this are in no way tempted to cause the gathering to descend into a bacchanalian orgy – better luck next time.



Aqualung knickers (again)

The passage grave is now witness to a rite of passage. Aqualungs spare knickers are produced & presented to the GM. This pink lace garment is suitably employed & photos of the gathering are taken. A couple of German tourists are surprised to see such a gathering & Shiggy introduces them to the pack.



Disaster

We cannot tarry too long & are soon crossing the field in order to enjoy the views from around Victoria Tower.



On the open field leading to the Tower a near tragedy occurs when Crappyoke falls & twists her ankle. If this were not bad enough she is due to be running the Dublin Marathon in a few weeks time so let us hope the injury is not too bad. Luckily Bags-of-It lives nearby & fetches his

car in order to transport the injured to safety. The rest of the pack having been delayed has to get on its way.

Athlete!

We catch a glimpse of the now notorious Haut de la Garenne prior to descending Le Mont de la Guerande. Our hares have put double arrows at the bottom of the hill which causes some extra exercise for the FRBs. Jwax is far behind but not far enough for one of our Kestrels who decides to run right to the top of the hill – well done or more fool him would seem appropriate phrases.



Mont Orgueil

We follow the path to Mont Orgueil where Walkies & Taxi are on hand to greet us & let us in. Taxi is so excited that she exchanges high fives with each hasher. It's quite a climb to the lawns where the flags are flying but we are welcomed with the sight of refreshment & particularly a cask of Greene King ale – there must be a God somewhere! The sun is shining & the views across to France & along the Royal Bay are stunning & enjoyed by all.



Punishments

Hash Rev decides that certain punishments are in order:-
 The Kestrels & others,
 Cooperman for being a Whinger,
 Tony, an itinerant cameraman, for filming the “Athletics Club” & celebrating his 30th Anniversary Wedding Anniversary (a beginner really),
 Illegal Immigrant for no particular reason except he always gets one,
 Hooker, for using the term “Pillock” &
 Wet Patch, who “went down” on the hash.



The photo opportunity is just too good to miss & the pack assembles under the Jersey flag & makes good use of the new banner.



Crappyoke is spotted far below & is cheered from on high. We have to catch the coach in order to be back to the hotel in good time for lunch. The happy assembly decides to enliven the journey by rendering (or should that be murdering?) well known melodies.

Back to the Normandie

At the Normandie Sunday lunch, with choices, is served & the celebration wine enjoyed by all.

We wait a while & the Grim Reaper eventually makes an appearance – yes, our hash rev has decided to make a statement with this change of apparel but what it is I have no idea.

The visitors are toasted & news that Crappyoke is at the hospital is given. Punishments are delivered to Baldrick, Bags-of-It for transporting Crappyoke & the Committee for organising the weekend.

HR mentions the presence of 2 GMs & calls upon Shiggy & Why Nam Im to come forward. However, Shiggy manages to turn the tables & Hash Rev finds himself drinking a down-down with our visitor.

Cliffhanger is caught for whinging.

Illegal Immigrant, on behalf of himself & Karen, thanks the assembly for the support given to Autism Jersey.

Omission

The ultimate sin has been committed. The worthy hares for this auspicious occasion have not been punished for their sterling efforts. Heads should roll.

Thanks

The Mismanagement would like to thank all who helped in any way to make this weekend such a success. We were particularly pleased to welcome our visitors from England & hope to see them once more when we will be delighted if they hash with us again.

Collection for Autism Jersey

The Red Dress Run & other fund raising efforts brought in a total of £739 66 which has now been made up to £750.00.

Thanks must be given for all who contributed to raise this magnificent sum. If anyone has not contributed & would like to do so please see Illegal Immigrant.

WELL DONE EVERYONE.

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.

Jokes

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY:

If you had purchased £1000 of Northern Rock shares one year ago it would now be worth £4.95, with HBOS, earlier this week your £1000 would have been worth £16.50, £1000 invested in XL Leisure would now be worth less than £5, but if you bought £1000 worth of Heineken Lager or some more potable beverage one year ago, drank it all, then took the empty cans to an aluminium re-cycling plant, you would get £150. So based on the above statistics the best current investment advice is to drink heavily and re-cycle.

Receding Hareline

1002	5 Oct	Earl Grey*	Illegal Immigrant & Steptoe	Jersey Marathon
1003	12 Oct			
1004	19 Oct	Trinity Arms	Shiggy, Illegal Immigrant & Gigolo	CTV in attendance

* Park at car park behind Les Jardins du Soleil

On-On to the next Millennium

1000th Run – The Visitors' View

We had a wonderful weekend with great hospitality and friendship. Shifty collected us from the airport, on Friday, at 6-10pm and before we knew it we had changed and on the way to Havre de pas. As we approached a strange group of people in red emerged, some men in mini-skirts, women in lycra and we now know that Elvis is alive well and flourishing in Jersey. We were given a great welcome and then we were off collecting money for Jersey Autism including an unusual trip to the ferry terminal where, unbelievably, one young lady joined in the fun. The pub visits included Chimes who will shortly be in receipt of a football banner from Altrincham FC (The Robins) to add to their collection. We reached our destination to be greeted by good food and more beer. It is probably safer to gloss over the 'sausage eating' suffice to say it was a 'doubly big' event. Finally the down downs took place slightly different to those we have seen before with many exchanges of attire but, as always, entertaining and to the point.

Saturday morning dawned with a wonderful blue sky. Staying with Beep Beep meant no time for rest or a lie in. By 8-30am we were running down to Le Bray for an early morning swim in the sea – Don said it was warm!! The consolation was breakfast at Big Vern's.

Just as we were about to draw breath Shifty dropped us off at the Hotel Normandie where we collected our goody bags, bright green tee shirts (to be worn at all times) and drinking vessels to be carried throughout the hash in case of drinks being available (little did we know it was to be a long time before we drank). The Hare's asserted their authority and we boarded the coaches in no particular order. The sun continued to shine as we negotiated the first part of the hash faithfully following the trail. That is the majority of hashers kept on track however we now know that Shiggy has his own sat nav as he went off in a different direction. Fortunately we all arrived for the quick, interesting, tour of the bunkers then back on the coach clutching our empty drinking vessels. The second part of the hash started at the car park above Plemont where Beep Beep wanted to lead us down the hill to the beach cafe for tea, cakes and probably a swim – was soon persuaded otherwise and went off to check out the route. The hare's had chosen well, certainly for us visitors, as we went along the cliff path enjoying the views. The euphoria did not last too long as we reached the top of a climb only to be sent to the back for being too quick along with 7 others. We were not alone as the hash progressed and others fell into the traps. The hare's had, 'kindly', organised a drinks stop if we were thirsty enough to reach down from the bridge into the stream – don't think anyone tried. Finally after an enjoyable run we arrived at Greve de Lecq and the fort where drinks were plentiful. Apparently some couldn't wait and stopped at the first watering hole (pub) before the hill to the fort. With full drinking vessels we were able to rest our aching limbs and enjoy the excellent sandwich buffet brilliantly presented by the organisers. Suitably rested we were now introduced to the ancient hash rite of ice sitting overseen by substitute hash rev. Shiggy played a significantly small part in these proceedings with all his usual good humour. As visitors we joined the guilty and joined in the down downs thankfully without any mention of ice. Finally we were able to witness the man with the strongest stomach in the hash, the mighty Klingon, who agreed to consume 10 hard boiled eggs when more money was forthcoming for Jersey Autism. Klingon did have the consolation of being fed by a number of harriettes in a variety of interesting and exciting ways although the last feed from Illegal Immigrant brought him down to earth bringing proceedings to a close.

In the bar at the Hotel Normandie we assembled in our various guises to prepare for the evening's entertainment. The food was excellent and served very well considering the sad events earlier in the day. The entertainment, the company and the whole evening was truly enjoyable – a tribute to the organising committee. The song from the ladies was excellent and obviously took a lot of rehearsing whilst the sight of a very camp Captain Poocock in his brown wig will live long in the memory.

After partying long into the night it was a quiet slightly subdued group who assembled on Sunday morning for the 1000th. A tribute to the Crapaud Hash Harriers was the fact that more people than expected turned up and a second coach was hastily summoned. We arrived at the start point to find

that the hare's had used pink sawdust to mark the route. A quick check out soon proved we were to go up hill. Today we had been joined by real athletes the Kestrels from Sheffield who soon, along with Graham and Nelson, discovered the error of their ways being sent back down the hill to the back for being in the first six. The hash proceeded across all the usual hazards of brambles, nettles and a bit of mud. At least we didn't have to run through the pig sty but did say hello although we thought the cries of apple sauce were a bit unkind! Shiggy offered a route with less obstacles to the 'runners' that we followed like Lemmings only to find ourselves re-joining the others at the back after circumnavigating a field. Later we encountered a young man who decided Graham was a good target for the well aimed hose pipe (all good fun). Next came the stop for Calvados issued to all who needed a pick me up and Shiggy performed his apparently usual change of underwear. Finally we made our way towards Gorey Castle finding more stunning views. Our fellow visitors from Sheffield were allowed to show their running prowess being sent back up the last hill – they did it well. The final sting in the tail was the climb up to the top of the castle and beer. Hash Rev sorted out the down downs with many guilty parties including one tourist Shiggy noticed filming us. His punishment was a down down – what a way to spend your 30th wedding anniversary. Linda and I were lucky nobody found out it was our anniversary on the Friday!

We returned to the Hotel Normandie for an excellent lunch that unfortunately we had to cut short as we had a plane to catch.

We hear Kathy has recovered well from her fall and hope she will be fit enough to do her run in Dublin. Also good luck to those involved in the Jersey marathon.

Thanks to all of you for a great weekend that we thoroughly enjoyed. We are sure it was a success and a great tribute to Crapaud Hash House Harriers and particularly the organising committee.

Hoping to see you all again, if invited, in the not too distant future.

Thanks Graham & Linda (Rocket Robins)