



Crapaud Chronicle

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

www.crapaud.org

The No Show TV Show

The non-TV Show

Well what a surprise! The Chinese Grand Prix was on TV earlier this morning but Illegal Immigrant has summoned up enough energy to join us for the run. Just as well as he is one of our hares. At least Lewis Hamilton did the goods this week unlike the fiasco in Japan. The sun is high in the sky, we are all bright eyed & bushy tailed & ready to make a positive impression on the Channel TV cameraman who is to join in the hash this morning. Oh no he isn't. Our local TV company has seen fit to send the only cameraman/reporter fit enough to participate in the hash away on a course. They must be under the erroneous impression that we are all marathon runners.

Welcome Returns

We are pleased to welcome Please Insert back after her trip to Barcelona where she was a representative for the island at some conference or other. Also back is Elaine for the first time since the Bike Bash – so we did not frighten her off after all. Even Double Tops has been tempted out of semi-retirement. We are joined by the walking wounded in the shape of Is-it-Buggery whose back is bugged & Mark, Davies that is, who has broken his toe on a sailing holiday in Turkey.

Tardy is not the word

The dais outside Trinity Parish hall is occupied by our by now very familiar hares, Gigolo & Illegal Immigrant. The faithful gather below to hear the usual platitudes & eagerly seek out the trail. This is a little disingenuous as we are even more tardy than usual. Eventually Nelson hastens towards the church as befits his station as Hash Rev but I would think he had the pub more in mind. It was all to no avail as eventually on-on is called as we head north. Not too many problems now as we enter the track that will take us down to Bouley Bay – or at least the FRBs think so. But not for the first time they are wrong as we turn left & hold the check at the top of the small hill.

Little Things

The usual milling around but we eventually pick up the trail & enter fields but not for long as we once more hit tarmac. We hold a check where Illegal Immigrant & Nelson play silly buggers with the fallen leaves. Little things amuse little minds. This reminds me that after talking to a couple with a friendly Jack Russell terrier Please Insert remarks that she likes little things. I hope that Easy Rider does not mind his secrets being revealed to all & sundry. The Roman Catholic Chapel is now a building site but it is surely far too early to be heading for the pub. Mind you, is it ever too early to be heading for the pub? Not much fear of an early return as we turn into Springside & seek the way into the fields beyond. There is plenty of rubbish at the back of the buildings including wrecked cars & to escape this area we have difficulty in getting our legs over the multiple strands of barbed wire. A trip round the edge of the field takes us through the hedge & down a leaf covered slope on which it is difficult to keep our feet. I don't know why we bothered as the true trail is on the path around the edge of the trees.

Drinks Stop

We drop into a shaded dingle only to stop in our tracks as our noble hares have seen fit to provide us with a drinks stop. We have the choice of 2 ales, a lager, water & lemonade. What a treat our non attending TV person has missed – better luck next time. Is-it-Buggery & Mark turn up to join in the celebrations. This whole happy diversion should have been recorded for posterity by Gigolo on his super duper waterproof camera but in his excitement he forgot. Is senility making an early appearance? Wet Patch is much aggrieved & displays blood on her leg – if this her first wound since hashing she should consider herself very lucky.

Vanity

We are enjoying ourselves too much to make a swift departure but finally it is decided to move on. Lo & behold we emerge on to the Riley Field which is Trinity's football pitch. We can stretch out cooling muscles & Jacko shows how easy it is to vault a gate. It would have been even easier if he had by-passed it as there was no fencing on either side of the gate – ah well there's nothing like showing off.

We are not allowed the easy way back to the pub. We have to follow the trail **away** from the pub till we enter a field. At least this is leading us nearer our destination but not before we enter the boggy meadow that seems to be always our lot. Many are misled across the stream & on trying to return to the legitimate trail Molehills gives us a demonstration of a magnificent dive – shame there were no judges present to give a score. Popeye makes heavy weather of yet another fence but he is not the only one. We are soon back on tarmac & see the welcome words "On Home" chalked on the road & gently make our way back to the Parish Hall car park.

Complaint

Copies of the Chronicle are issued to the hashers but this results in a complaint. Is-it-Buggery is miffed that he has not been mentioned in despatches as he only retains copies where he is recorded. I trust that he will enjoy & retain this week's edition.

Real Ale

Jimmys is available on draught thus maintaining the tradition (not always easy in these benighted days) that the hash runs from a real ale pub. Please note any recent hashers when planning a run. Plenty of sausages & chips are brought out to us. The weather is still bright but the cool breeze results in a hope for a move to the niceties of the day.

Announcements

The GM has been unable but Tinky Winky makes an admirable stand-in.

He reminds us of the Halloween Run & reveals that the Christmas Run & party is to be held on 7th December at 11.00am – details to be given when arrangements are finalised.

In his role of Hash Cash, TW says that annual subs are now due but this bad news is tempered by the good news that the figure remains at £40.00 with weekly fees also unchanged.

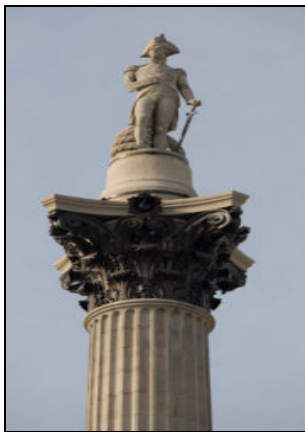
Renaming

Hash Rev. calls Dildo into the centre so that he can, with proper ceremony, be renamed "Rampant Rabbit".

Down-Downs

One of our number missed out on the previous week's recognition of our marathon participants. Hooker enjoys her just reward as does Jacko for some reason or other. Gigolo & Illegal Immigrant receive appropriate punishment for providing a run & refreshments that should have been shared with CTV & its audience.

NELSON'S COLUMN



James 4:8

Cleanse your hands, you sinners, and make your hearts pure, you who are half-hearted towards God.

October 21st. Trafalgar Day. The wind in my face, the sea spray across my bows, the heat of battle – and that was just the Jersey Marathon. It was just over 300 years ago that I gave Napoleon a poke in the eye – well, he gave me one, if you're being picky, but what I'd like to know is why Abba sang about Waterloo and not Trafalgar. That Agnetha. I'd like to have given her a poke. And not in the eye, if you see what I mean. But it was Wellington who the tasty Swedes (though I thought Bjorn and Benny were more like turnips) chose to immortalise and I suppose that's why his monument is a much bigger erection than mine. Talking of which, no news from the medics. After they had a good rummage round my nether regions they're still debating whether they found anything. Cheeky sods. It's also half-term. Of course I don't deal in half measures. Half-pints – you must be kidding and getting half-cut's no good to me, I like to go the whole hog. When Tinky Winky suggests going halves, I let him buy the round. Nor am I the sort of chap who goes off half-cocked, though some of the Harriettes may beg to differ. When I compile my sermons I prefer my ideas like my beans - fully baked. And I don't deal in half-truths – just pure lies! Finally, to let you know I'm back in training for, err, the Jersey Half-Marathon.

Blessings to you all from the Hash pulpit

NEW YEAR NEW YEAR NEW YEAR
(Financial that is)

The time has arrived once more for hashers to dig deep & pay their annual subs. These remain at £40.00 & if not paid by mid-November non-payers will be deemed non-members & have to pay full weekly fees.

The good news is that the weekly fees remain as before – see Hash Announcements below.

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.

Halloween Extra Special Halloween Extra Special

Gigolo is planning to hold his Second Annual Halloween Run on Friday, 31st October. Those who participated last year are sure to want to repeat the experience. Those that didn't, now have a second chance. Meet Gas Place Car Park @7.00pm. Fancy Dress essential. Usual Charges apply.

Jokes

THIS REALLY TOUCHED MY HEART.....
Little Melissa comes home from first grade and tells her father that they learned about the history of Valentine's Day.

"Since Valentine's Day is for a Christian saint and we're Jewish," she asks, "Will God get mad at me for giving someone a Valentine?" Melissa's father thinks a bit then says "No, I don't think God would get mad. Who do you want to give a Valentine to?" "Osama Bin Laden," she says.

Why Osama Bin Laden?" her father asks in shock. Well," she says, "I thought that if a little American Jewish girl could have enough love to give Osama a Valentine, he might start to think that maybe we're not all bad, and maybe start loving people a little bit. And if other kids saw what I did and sent Valentines to Osama, he'd love everyone a lot. And then he'd start going all over the place to tell everyone how much he loved them and how he didn't hate anyone anymore."

Her father's heart swells and he looks at his daughter with new found pride. "Melissa, that's the most wonderful thing I've ever heard."

"I know," Melissa says, "and once that gets him out in the open, the Marines could shoot the mother f..king son of a bitch."

Murphy calls to see his mate Paddy who has a broken leg.

Paddy says, 'Me feet are freezing mate, could you nip upstairs and get me slippers?'

'No bother,' he says, and he runs upstairs and there are Paddy's two stunning 21 year old twin daughters sitting on the bed.

'Hello dere, girls. Your Da' sent me up here to shag ya both.'

'Fook off you liar!'

'I'll prove it,' Murphy says. So he shouts down the stairs, 'Both of them, Paddy?'

'Of course, what's the use of fookin' one?'

Receding Hareline

1006	2 Nov	Rozel Bay	Tinky Winky	Durrell Dash
1007	9 Nov	Chimes, The Parade	Wendolene & Double Tops	Remembrance Day
1008	16 Nov	Jersey	Nil-by-Mouth & Smuggler	Half Marathon
1009	23 Nov	Trash Hash	Rent-a-Bed & Bags-of-It	