



Crapaud Chronicle

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Run Number 1,020

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A St. Ouen Wonder (or should that be m^èrveil'ye)

It's just not cricket

Well it certainly isn't for some hashers when the 6 Nations Rugby starts. A stuttering England display saw off the Italians & in these silly PC days am I allowed to say that the Micks beat the Frogs in a sparkling game? England's second innings display against the West Indies was just about as dire you could get as they threw the Test Match away & not a golliwog in sight.

Gathering

The JEP failed to print that we were to meet behind St. Ouen's Parish Hall for our run from the Farmer's Inn, but not to fear some 40 eager hashers have found the start venue. Our hares have not been beset with the problems that plagued Pussy's runs of the last two weeks in that is somewhat milder but overcast. Plenty of pleasantries are exchanged in the car park & this week Muff Diver has decided that a bit of proper exercise will be in order. Illegal Immigrant has decided that he is fit enough to join the walking group & happily collects our contributions aided by Anya. Gigolo shows us that he really does have a big one in the shape of a van large enough for the hash to fit in. Corkscrew is distributing do-does as the sugar hit will fuel our energies.

Circle

Plonker & Ragsby eventually call us into a circle whilst photos are being surreptitiously taken in the background. Plonker informs that the trail is laid in the normal but as Les Gris Ventres had not been as cooperative as usual there might be a bit more road than we are used to. That should do our fitness levels a lot of good.

Off

East or west – "Which way is best?" No problems as the eager FRBs seek hither & thither until on-on is heard coming from the front of the Parish Hall & we dash past the Farmers- well it was closed so there was no point in tarrying. The public is put to good use by the hash but many cross the road having failed to spot the cunningly laid sawdust which is intended to direct us into the fields.

Unreasonable request

We are soon on La Rue de la Botellerie where in a cottage garden there is a bank covered in snowdrops – spring must be on its way. Our trail is going cold & TW is seen disappearing into the distance. Meanwhile Shiggy has a better idea & asks some walkers to let us know if there is any sawdust along the lane – I'm not sure this is the object

of the exercise. Nonetheless in their enthusiasm the pack miss a very faint arrow which takes us into fields & very muddy tracks. We set off a stampede in the local bovines but that's nothing surprising.

Puddles

The check is held until Corkscrew decides that we have all been too well behaved & distributes a puddle amongst the unwary. She however gets a taste of her own medicine & comes off the worst. The pack, however, are off down yet another track hoping to avoid any water until it ends up at a check near the entrance to St. Ouen's Manor.

Diamonds?

Nobody believes the on-on emanating from the lips of Shiggy but for once he is correct- hallelujah. We cross the main road & are on yet more muddy pats until we stop at an even muddier check. The pack is very careful not to get too close to the puddles although Bags-of-It thinks he is in luck on finding some uncut diamonds. Shame they turn out to be un-melted frost – better luck next time. The trail looks too suspiciously easy to follow but this turns out to be correct & we eventually descend to the footpath leading to Val de la Mare reservoir. No sooner are we down but we are heading back up & the reason for the obvious route is revealed as we are back where we started – nice one, hares.

Dinkie Pooos

We enjoy a nice run round the edge of a large field until we pause near a very nice residence although 8 of us got a little more exercise than they bargained for on finding the dreaded double arrows. A little game with a tennis ball keeps some of amused before we head down once more, then up & down again this time to the bridge across the reservoir. Once more confusion reigns as we still distrust the very obvious piles of sawdust. This time our suspicions are confirmed & we head up the valley & are rewarded with a very welcome drinks stop. Mulled wine & lager are on offer & enjoyed by all.

Pulled?

Shiggy thinks he has pulled but Madame has come to feed the koi carp in the pond & invites us to observe the ritual. The fish are monsters of their race & are eager to devour this manna.

The entertainment over we find the trail around the pond & up through the fields. The welcoming sight of the tower at the Parish hall can be seen but we are not allowed back too easily. We enter the Parish Football pitch but are

diverted into the next door field. The evidence of the recent rains is everywhere but not more so than when we follow the trail through deep water. Top Gun complains that his feet are cold but is only urged to run faster to warm himself up.



A fishy form of entertainment

Return

It's not too long before we find ourselves at St. Ouen's Garage which means a nice little jog back to the cars. Our hares had lied to us when denigrating the St. Ouennais for their non-cooperation as our feet have barely felt tarmac. Well done, hares, for so successfully picking up the gauntlet laid down by our GM when he trusted that the Harriers could match our Harriettes trails of the previous two weeks.



A lazy Sunday morning

Refreshments

The Lounge at the Farmers is crowded out by the pack but we are well rewarded when we are served up with herb sausages, delicious chips backed up with brown bread. Young Anya shows she has the makings of a fine hasher by strategically placing herself by the food & making sure she gets a good helping.

Announcements

Eventually we are called outside & the GM reveals that 37 are already registered for the New Year Alderney trip. The Hotel can take up to 55 so get your name down soon. The Bike Camp organised for 28th March needs 20/25 to make it worthwhile. If enough do not enrol a day's bike bash could be arranged. Contact Rampant Rabbit for

details. The trip to France to see Hash Frog & enjoy an off-island weekend is still on the cards. Details later. The Hash will once more marshal on Liberation Day & will receive £500.00 for its efforts. Names will be taken later. The fabled Lads Night Out is still that – the Harriettes listen smugly.

Down-Downs

It is not normal to hear serious whingeing at having to pay for a run but when this is compared with the amount of drink & goodies on offer in Mauritius (with probably a night with one of the wenches thrown in) Rock Off really has to be punished. Our GM is surprised when he is rewarded for jumping in a puddle & drinking most of it as he has to do with his Coke. The birthday song is rendered in honour of Klingon. Plonker & Ragsby, our hares take the place of honour for laying such a fine trail.

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 money by not 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.

Race Night

At 7.30 on 14th March at The Priory, Devil's Hole there will be a Race Night on behalf of **Jersey Hospice Care** - Tickets £10 from Pauline Tel. 07797 742353. Why not make up a group?

Hash Ha Ha

Nursing Standards

'Of course I won't laugh, I'm a professional nurse. In over twenty years I've never laughed at a patient.'

'Okay then,' Fred said and proceeded to drop his trousers, revealing the tiniest 'man thingy' the nurse had ever seen. Length and width, it couldn't have been bigger than an AAA battery. Unable to control herself, the nurse started giggling, loudly, then fell laughing to the floor, crying/laughing hysterically, unable to catch her breath.

Ten minutes later she was able to struggle to her feet and regain her composure. Clearing her throat and being serious, she felt awful. 'I am so sorry,' said the nurse. 'I don't know what came over me. On my honour as a nurse and a lady, I promise it won't happen again. Now, tell me, what seems to be the problem?'

'...It's swollen,' Fred replied.

Receding Hareline

1022	22 Feb.	Smugglers Inn	Shiggy & Taxi	
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