



Crapaud Chronicle

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Run Number 1,034

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Historical Mystery Tour

Finals

What a weekend – finals all over the place. Leicester Tigers narrowly took the English rugby championship, a non-singing Norwegian triumphed in some sort of musical competition that monopolised an inordinate amount of prime time TV, & an over hyped soccer team crept to the FA Premiership & England look as if they will win another Test Match.

Good turnout

The overnight rains & high winds along with the attractions of the Hash half marathon have not discouraged a fair turn out for Smuggler & Nil-by-Mouth's hash although some were troubled by the parking arrangements. The choices are New Era or Recreation Ground car parks. But no worries -even Captain Poocock has found a spot & made it this week. Wet Patch has decided that hashing should be shared by the family & has brought her son Jamie, a virgin, with her. Beep Beep is back from the Netherlands (yet again) & we are delighted to see Mark & Elaine back amongst us after a winters skiing. Chris, Frisco's better half, has joined us after many years absence.

Is-it-B

Before the serious business of the day is entered into Is-it-Buggery addressed the gathered multitude by confirming that the Bike Bash had been all booked & organised & that it would be brilliant (but then he would). Of the 40 places available 20 had already been taken.

On-off

After all this excitement the announcement from Smuggler that the trail was laid in yellow chalk & sawdust was deemed small beer. Having gathered on the lawn we are warned to be careful of Nil-by-Mouth's flowers but Rampant Rabbit declares this should be no problem as they are hardy perennials. Being on La Blinerie tempts the majority of the pack to seek out the trail towards Mont Ubé but the more perceptive decide that the obvious is not necessarily the best option. Eventually the welcome cry of "on-on" is heard from the direction of Plat Douet Road & the serious business of the day begins.

Misdirection

The sun is shining down & it is pleasant to jog gently up to Bagot Manor Avenue & into quiet footpath territory. We hold an impromptu check at Ivystill Lane to allow the back markers to rejoin the pack before entering the fields & public footpath to Palace Close.



Bottoms up!

This is not quite as straightforward as one would have thought with a scramble up a slippery bank & the familiar cry of "Where's Jack?" is raised. However this worthy having found his way blocked does return to the pack & we traverse the lane behind the Girl's College. The check at the bottom of Bagatelle Road is, for once, held & Steptoe in a moment of unaccustomed chivalry offers to help two Scottish ladies who had just ascended College Hill. They were seeking Bagatelle Road, yes the one that we had just run down, & he indicated the completely opposite direction. Prompting from the pack soon changed this advice & the ladies happily headed for the schools they were seeking.

Mont Pinel & "Dog Sh*t alley" took us past the Merton & into the Howard Davis Park thereby missing the opportunity of a drinks stop at Steptoe's abode (shame).

Dead Centre

After traversing the Park we make it into Hastings Road & from there into the Green Street Cemetery or as one of our number remarked the "dead centre of St. Helier". The imposing Le Cronier Memorial commemorating the murdered centenier dominates the area. This draws a historical explanation from Steptoe about the wound inflicted by the madam of a house of ill repute (not entirely believed by the incredulous audience). Look it up if you don't believe it.

East Road past Fort Regent takes us up to South Hill where Steptoe once again gets into historical mode & talks

about the Second World War Prisoner of War Camp & indicates the last evidence of the place in the shape of the German loos. He also says that evidence of the First World War PoW Camp can be found at Les Blanchés Banques. Rampant Rabbit decides that to further add authenticity to the occasion by a graphic by indication on how to utilise the object.

Asbestos City

It is not too far to the South Hill Barracks & the largely unrecognised Martello Tower which is flanked by the German gun post. Another strange historical juxtaposition. It is from here that Captain Poocock points out the containers on the reclamation site dubbed “Asbestos City” as they hold the Island’s stock of this desirable commodity.

Home

The Gardens lead us down to the footpath & eventually onto the beach at Havre des Pas. Our problems are not over as we are forced by a rising tide to climb Victor Hugo’s Rock at Le Dicq before a quiet troll along the beach to La Grande Charrière. From here it is back onto the other end of Plat Douet Road & into the Recreation Grounds & home. No trouble for most but Software suddenly remembers that he has left his car at the New Era & has to go the long way round - shame.



Food & drink

There are plenty at our hares’ home to welcome the hashers back & soon French bread, ham, cheeses etc are produced for attack by the eager pack. One slight (or major) problem is that Smuggler has miscalculated & swiftly runs out of bitter forcing the lovers of good British ale to drink lager (although Grolsch is one of the less bad ones). Young Jack was seeking sponsorship for a Leprosy Mission & was not disappointed by the hasher’s response.

Down Downs

Gigolo calls for our attention & believes that it had been a quiet run although Rampant Rabbit’s cunning plan, what ever that was, had never been put into practice. As a virgin had been present Steptoe was called upon to demonstrate the skills of a “down-down”. Although born in the Island Steptoe’s geographical knowledge had been found wanting & due punishment was rightly exacted.



Chip off the old block

Having seen this demonstration of the art Jamie, our virgin, proceeded to show precocious skill in disposing of his coloured liquid.

His mum was extremely proud of him following in the family tradition but a little bird revealed to me that Jamie had been practicing with water the previous week. Well done, lad.

God help us. It must be lager!

The last punishments went, of course, to our hares, Smuggler & Nil-by-Mouth who had served up a mainly urban but enjoyable run. There was a certain amount of spillage in evidence – perhaps they should have been practicing like Jamie. However, they had arranged an interesting run & had even ordered the weather to behave – thanks again.

Monkey Man can be contacted via lisamarie.mallett@xtra.co.nz

Hash Blue who is also living with the Kiwis is available on mgdrelaud@xtra.co.nz.

Bike Bash

This annual extravaganza will take place from 4th September returning on 6th. Note an early start at the harbour at 3.30pm. Only 40 places are available & 20 are already taken so a swift £50 deposit to Illegal Immigrant will secure your place.

Ski Trip

Twin Peaks is once more willing to organise a ski trip to France next February but not at Half Term. Anyone interested please let her know. Her home telephone no. is 864579.

Pampered Chef

Karen Dyson has organised a Pampered Chef evening in aid of Autism Jersey at her house at 5, La Pepiniere, La Rue du Boulay, Trinity at 7.30pm on Tuesday 26th May. If you are interested please ring her on 504979.

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.

Hash Ha Ha's

Jesus was.....

There were 3 good arguments that Jesus was Black:.....

1.He called everyone brother.....

2.He liked Gospel.....

3.He couldn't get a fair trial.....

But then there were 3 equally good arguments that Jesus was Jewish:.....

1.He went into His Father's business.....

2.He lived at home until he was 33.....

3.He was sure his Mother was a virgin and his Mother was sure He was God.....

But then there were 3 equally good arguments that Jesus was Italian:.....

1.He talked with His hands.....

2.He had wine with His meals.....

3.He used olive oil.....

But then there were 3 equally good arguments that Jesus was a Californian:.....

1.He never cut His hair.....

2.He walked around barefoot all the time.....

3.He started a new religion.....

But then there were 3 equally good arguments that Jesus was an American Indian:.....

1.He was at peace with nature.....

2.He ate a lot of fish.....

3.He talked about the Great Spirit.....

But then there were 3 equally good arguments that Jesus was Irish:.....

1.He loved large gatherings that served alcohol.....

2.He was always telling stories.....

3.He loved green pastures.....

But the most compelling evidence of all - 3 proofs that Jesus was a WOMAN:

1. He fed a crowd at a moment's notice when there was no food.

2. He kept trying to get a message across to a bunch of men who just didn't get it.....

3. and even when He was dead, He had to get up because there was work to do.

Golfers Luck

A golfer playing in Ireland hooked his drive into the woods.

Looking for his ball, he found a little Leprechaun flat on his back with a big bump on his head and the golfer's ball beside him.

Horrified, the golfer got his water bottle from the cart and poured it over the little guy, reviving him.

'Arrgh! What happened?' the Leprechaun asked.

'I'm afraid I hit you with my golf ball,' the golfer says.

'Oh, I see. Well, ye got me fair and square. Ye get three wishes, so whaddya want?'

'Thank God, you're all right!' the golfer answers in relief. 'I don't want anything, I'm just glad you're OK, and I apologize.'

And the golfer walks off.

'What a nice guy,' the Leprechaun says to himself.

I have to do something for him. I'll give him the three things I would want... a great golf game, all the money he ever needs, and a fantastic sex life.'

A year goes by and the golfer is back. On the same hole, he again hits a bad drive into the woods and the Leprechaun is there waiting for him.

'T'was me that made ye hit the ball here,' the little guy says 'I just want to ask ye how's yer golf game?'

'My game is fantastic!' the golfer answers.

'I'm an internationally famous golfer now.' He adds, 'By the way, it's good to see you're all right.'

'Oh, I'm fine now, thank ye. I did that fer yer golf game, you know.

And tell me, how's yer money situation?'

'Why, it's just wonderful!' the golfer states.

'When I need cash, I just reach in my pocket and pull out 100 euro bills I didn't even know were there!'

'I did that fer ye also.' And tell me, how's yer sex life?'

The golfer blushes, turns his head away in embarrassment, and says shyly, 'It's OK.'

C'mon, c'mon now,' urged the Leprechaun, 'I'm wanting to know if I did a good job. How many times a week?'

Blushing even more, the golfer looks around then whispers,

'Once, sometimes twice a week.'

'What??' responds the Leprechaun in shock. 'That's all? Only once or twice a week?'

'Well,' says the golfer, 'I figure that's not too bad for a Catholic priest in a small parish.'

Receding Hareline

1036	31 May	T.B.A.	Tinky Winky	
1037	7 June	Somewhere	Someone	

Please help Desperado in his task as our new Hare Razor – phone 07797 827 751



Another bum edition