



Crapaud Chronicle

24th May 2009

Run Number 1,035

Contacts: GM - 613980, RA - 07797774654, Hash Cash - 07797728360, Hash Scribe - 734911, Hare Razor - 07797827751, Hash Flash - 879292

www.crapaud.org

Just Another Joint – or was it?

Gathering

With many of the Jersey Hash out of the Island the idea of a joint hash was a good one. The joint hares were to be Rent-a-Bed & Guinea Pig & that was the sum total of the joint aspect of the day. Yes, the entire pack gathering at Trinity Parish Hall were Crapauds. The rival attraction of the Town Criterion cycle races would surely not take too many away from the run at this time of day. The fine morning was such as to entice even the most reluctant from their cosy domains. It was a loss to those that did not join us. Frisco did turn up only to inform us that he was off playing tennis.

Rules!!!!

Guinea Pig immediately makes an impression on the pack by forcibly announcing rules. (Whatever happened to the rule that there are no rules in hashing?) Nonetheless we are told to keep off a wild flower meadow & stay to the mown area as there is to be an Open Garden event in a couple of weeks. On no account are we to cross the bridge otherwise death might be the result. We are promised a bit of road before the serious business of the day. Rent-a-Bed expresses sympathy with those that are wearing shorts rather than longs – what a prospect.

Grand Prix

The search up & down the road is swiftly brought to an end when our hares decide that guidance is required as they wish to get back to watch the Monaco Grand Prix on TV. It looks as if this is going to be an express run. We take a loop & enter the Howard Davis Farm much to Molehills' surprise as he had spied no markings in the area when setting off for the hash. We admire his abode but are soon into the RJ&HS Show Ground & note abandoned cars from last night's event.

Giving Way

In the woods indecision reigns but our hares solve the dilemma by taking us across Riley's Field. The check is held before we set off along the main road. We turn into the lanes but are almost immediately confronted by horses & riders. Being the good citizens that we are we allow them to pass in peace. We are helped into the fields & provide entertainment for the friendly horse.



It's so hard walking.



Neigh, neigh

Our reputation is such that even a cyclist stops to allow us to cross the road. As the result of some comment or other we are even treated to certain hashers crooning "Blue Moon".

La Grande Maison

The blue moon of virgin territory is now our reward. We enter a footpath & pass a golf practice net, a cricket net & an immaculate tennis court of real beautifully tended grass – how the other half does live. We are soon in the grounds of La Grande Maison where we have to behave ourselves & stick to the mown areas & avoid the bridge.



Horatio holds the Bridge

Ant Hill not Mole Hills

This is a lovely spot & a revelation to all in the pack. We are helped off the bank onto the road taking care to avoid the ant's nest although Megan, our canine hasher, is not too impressed.



What the emmets?

Dock

The road to La Boucterie (Victoria Village) may be the likely route but the steepness is relieved when we turn off into the woodland paths. Now the warning with respect to shorts proves correct & Rampant Rabbit is after a quick buck when he offers dock leaves for sale. Young Jamie is now learning natural lore & how to relieve the sting. We do however have the unedifying sight of a domestic dispute when Hooker & Captain Poocock dispute the ownership of a miserable bit of dock growing at the kerbside. We recover from this upset only to be disconcerted when a barking Alsatian (dog not human) gets under the fencing & ensures that the hashers vacate the area at pace (for hashers, that is).

Doing the decent thing

A short distance along the road the majority of the pack with the encouragement of Rent-a-Bed divert into the grounds of "La Planque" & into the fields beyond. Wet Patch takes Steptoe to task for saying this was "The Plank" although rudimentary knowledge would indicate that this is "The Hideaway". Jamie now learns why you should never

trust a hasher as we have been sorely misled. To add insult to injury the remainder of the pack have disappeared. A bit of guesswork (& some sawdust) take us towards the Millennium Walk but not before we find double arrows. What to do? Did the others come this way & did they observe the arrows. We can only but play the game & honour is paid to the sign & six return to the back of the pack. I never did learn if the front runners had likewise done the decent thing.

Bad Hare Day

The Millennium Walk is virtually that & an awkward running route but we do our best. Back on the road the dilemma of which way to go is solved when we decide that the direct route to the pub is the best bet. But suddenly the two parts of the pack converge & we are whole again as was stated at the time it had been a "Bad hare day" - well at least that part of the hash. We end up behind Trinity Infants School so it is a steady climb up the road & back to the parked cars but not until 11.42 - so much for a Grand Prix run.

Relaxation

The warm day means that we are happily seated outside of the recently renovated pub. No Jimmie's today as it seems that they will not be brewing this nay more but the Liberation Ale provides an adequate substitute. There are sausages, chips & bread & butter in copious amounts for the pack - oh I do love healthy eating.

Announcement

In his role of acting GM Tinky Winky informs us that the Granville trip has had to be postponed until 2010 at the earliest. However, the prospect of a weekend in Guernsey on 19th - 20th June is offered as a substitute. This "Midsummer Madness" has been arranged by the Guernsey Harriettes to celebrate their 1,500th run. Tinky Winky will provide you with further details if you are interested.

Complaint & Birthdays

Complaints had been made about the down-downs & being left out. So Captain Poocock was summoned to pay atonement for such calumny.

Birthdays are always occasions to be celebrated & particularly when you are six on the very day so Anya was summoned & she was accompanied by Wet Patch who is slightly more than six on the following Tuesday.



Little & L?

More Punishments

After all the "rules" short cutting was even more a no-no today so no excuses such as a bad back can be entertained – so well done Twin Peaks.
Yet again Smuggler has featured in the JEP without mentioning the Crapauds so due punishment is exacted. Our hares are well rewarded for rewarding those who hashed with such a good run.

A certain hasher had been berated for wearing a Crapaud t-shirt while digging the garden by a fellow hasher. TW was the culprit & Illegal Immigrant the accuser so both shared in the punishment.

Harley Parade

After all this activity the peace of the pub is further destroyed by the sound of many Harleys passing by & the customers rush to see them. A laugh is raised by the scooter following the procession.



Harleys on Parade

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.

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

Man with a Bag

A man walks into a bar with a paper bag. He sits down & places the bag on the counter. The bartender walks up & asks what's in the bag.....
The man reaches into the bag & pulls out a little man, about 9" high & sets him on the counter. He reaches back into the bag & pulls out a small piano, setting it on the counter as well. He reaches into the bag once again & pulls out a tiny piano bench, which he places in front of the piano. The little man sits down at the piano, & starts playing a beautiful piece by Mozart!.....
Where on earth did you get that?' says the bartender. The man responds by reaching into the paper bag. This time he pulls out a magic lamp. He hands it to the bartender & says: 'Here. Rub it.....
So the bartender rubs the lamp, & suddenly there's a gust of smoke & a beautiful genie is standing before him. "I will grant you one wish... Just one wish... each person is only allowed one!".....
The bartender gets real excited. Without hesitating he says, 'I want a million bucks!.....
A few moments later, a duck walks into the bar. It is soon followed by another duck, then another. Pretty soon, the entire bar is filled with ducks & they keep coming! The bartender turns to the man & says, 'Y'know, I think your Genie's' a little deaf. I asked for a million bucks, not a million ducks.'.....
No shit!! says the man.... Do you really think I asked for a 9 inch pianist?.....

A Rooster Called Jacob

Trevor the farmer was in the fertilised egg business. He had several hundred young layers (hens), called 'pullets' and eight or ten roosters, whose job was to fertilise the eggs.
The farmer kept records and any rooster that didn't perform went into the soup pot and was replaced. That took an awful lot of his time so he bought a set of tiny bells and attached them to his roosters.
Each bell had a different tone so Trevor could tell from a distance, which rooster was performing. Now he could sit on the porch and fill out an efficiency report simply by listening to the bells.
The farmer's favourite rooster was old Jacob, and a very fine specimen he was too. But on this particular morning Trevor noticed old Jacob's bell hadn't rung at all! Trevor went to investigate.
The other roosters were chasing pullets, bells-a-ringing. The pullets, hearing the roosters coming, would run for cover. But to farmer Trevor's amazement, Jacob had his bell in his beak, so it couldn't ring. He'd sneak up on a pullet, do his job and walk on to the next one.
Trevor was so proud of Jacob, he entered him in the Polokwane Country Fair and Jacob became an overnight sensation among the judges. The result was the judges not only awarded Jacob the No Bell Piece Prize but they also awarded him the Pulletsurprise as well.
Clearly Jacob was a politician in the making: Who else but a politician could figure out how to win two of the most highly coveted awards on our planet by being the best at sneaking up on the populace and screwing them when they weren't paying attention.

Receding Hareline

1037	7 June	Les Jardins de la Mer	Rampant Rabbit	Run for Moore Race for Life
1038	14 June	Le Hocq	Software	
1039	21 June	Ditto	Klingon	
1040	28 June	Ditto	Hooker & Captain Poocock	

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