



Crapaud Chronicle

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Babes in the Woods

Misdirection

Well, the JEP got it wrong – again. They put our meeting place as being in St. Mary but as all right thinking hashers know that the Martello car park at Grève de Lecq is in St. Ouen. Le Lé is the traditional name of the area & in some records is even written as Le Lay. However the misdirection by the JEP does not prevent 25 or so hashers finding their way to this remote corner of Jersey. Amongst this number is the welcome face of Skin Deep who is back in the Island for a short while.



Skin Deep returns

Non Operational

We are disappointed to find Twin Peaks in mufti having done something to her back yesterday but she did help lay the trail. No running from our joint hare then nor from Muff Diver who has come to see that his better half gets herself into no more trouble.



Hashing gear?

Circle

Hooker calls us into a circle & promises us an interesting run although she has no sense of direction. (This promises to be interesting). There was plenty of sawdust so plenty of blobs & if anyone finds the trail would we please let our lone hare know by shouting loudly. This is an encouraging start.

Before we set off Frisco draws our attention to the Zannah Football Day at Les Quennevais on Saturday 4th July – but he won't be there himself.



Psyched up for the hash

The only way is up

It is indisputable that when running in this area we are bound to go up & this time we have no time to get into our stride as it is straight up La Charrière Huet. This is normally bad enough but on such a muggy day it is even harder. It might be called torture for the 6 unfortunates who came upon the double arrows – serve them right. We pause at the top & Frisco entertains the pack with a double salsa over the rope into the field. All in vain as the trail continued along the lane. It is something of a relief when we come upon a check. But not to all of us as Shiggy & Rampant Rabbit have disappeared looking for the true path.



What is this, Shiggy?

Pheasant Plucker?

The more sensible (if that is the right description) continue along the lane & finding themselves heading back towards the valley. Captain Poocock does the decent thing & removes a deceased pheasant from the middle of the road. At the top of the track there is much hesitation as who wants to follow a false trail downwards? Nonetheless this proves the way we have to go & there is even the thought that we might get to the pub much sooner than expected.

Gullible

Our hare misleads us into passing the gate we usually use only for us to be called back to enter the meadow land. On reaching the road we seek up & down & even cross over the road. However the trail is laid in the field & the majority risk life & limb on the road. Once again there is a lot of to-ing & fro-ing at the top of the hill before the trail is found across the road. Whilst milling around we catch sight of Shiggy & Desperado playing catch up. We climb into the sunny uplands & a kindly gentleman (yes, there are some of us left) who is mowing the grass indicates the direction we should follow.

Curious

The pack is abruptly brought to a halt when Molehills discovers a curiously carved stone in the granite wall. Tinky Winky explains that this was the mark of the stonemason who had built the wall. Satisfied with this explanation we go merrily on our way only to be called back & onto mown paths. We pass an extensive vegetable garden prior to entering the fields. This is all new territory & even so certain hashers demonstrated their gullibility. Whilst the pack goes one way Hooker encourages Frisco & Rent-a-bed to go the other - & they did!

Confusion

The descent into the woods sees the start of our problems. There is sawdust but we go back & forth seeking out the correct way. We can hear Shiggy shouting away but as usual ignore his cries – what would happen if he was in trouble I hate to contemplate. We are called back & cover familiar territory. Confusion is writ on every face. Some of us enter open fields following a trail but forgetting our hare's advice obey the call of "on back".

Drinks Stop

Taxi is most upset as for once she is an FRB. This leads to more aimless wandering in the woods but finally we return to the trail & we are rewarded by being greeted by the walkers at a very welcome drinks stop. Well done hares & well done Muff Diver for carrying these relief supplies. Our hare really takes us to task for not shouting "on-on" when we have found the trail & not to allow ourselves to be deterred by incorrect calls (well we do ignore Shiggy). Molehills is properly punished for fragrantly ignoring this advice & protesting innocence.

Flasher

Justice having been done we happily go on our way. Desperado claims that he is just getting warmed up – bravado methinks. We note that Judith Querée's Garden is closed – what a shame. Things are looking up as we are going down. Pervey lives up to his & is accused of flashing by Skin Deep who is unaccustomed to his photographic habits. Pervey had already been complaining as he was unable to film the hashers whilst running & a fat chance that things are going to improve today. Captain Poocock is also courting trouble by inviting Hooker to "stick to the trail". I'm glad I won't be in his shoe later in the day.

Bridge

We are once more making tracks through the woods & some nice people have put bridges over some of the boggy patches. However Tinky Winky is forbidden to utilise these as the woodwork looks decidedly suspect. We are now sure that we are getting nearer to the pub & our pace increases. Our hopes are realised when Twin Peaks is found greeting us back to civilisation. She must have been wondering what had become of us because it is now some 1 hour 43 minutes since we set off.

Liquid Diversion

We don't all make it back to the cars straight away as the bar is infinitely more inviting. We have the choice of 3 real ales as well as scrumpy.

Refreshment

We repair to the upper terrace. Illegal Immigrant & Walkies have the opportunity to display their expertise with their crutches as they climb the steps. The sandwiches are followed by chips with tomato sauce & mayonnaise & accompanied by some raindrops. A sad note was the passing around of a sympathy card for IHABO whose son had just died. Please Insert leaves us early but as it is for a family "fruit de mer" lunch so can be forgiven – let's hope she does not indulge in too much white wine.

GM'S Comments

The first to be honoured today is Skin Deep. She reminds us of her aversion to bitter which is in any case well know

to the hash. Self selection of a down-down is however not recognised by the hash & Skin Deep is duly presented with her half of bitter which she eventually finishes with obvious distaste. She is reminded that this should just be considered as tonsil lubrication. Jacko is reminded to stick to the trail but as this comes from Shiggy the effect is somewhat muted.

Down-Downs

The Hash Rev now takes charge of proceedings. For ending up flat on his back Frisco is rewarded for his entertainment value. The bright spark who lit a bonfire under a tree in this dry weather resulting in the neighbour calling the fire brigade results in Pussy being the next to be summoned. The birthdays of Captain Poocock & Shiggy are appropriately celebrated & serenaded. Whilst all this is going on Gigolo is throwing around a rubber egg. Why? Well he surreptitiously substitutes this with a real one which breaks upon poor Vertigo's head. Luckily she takes this in good part – which is just as well when enjoying yourself with the Hash. Our hares are called forward for providing an excellent run. Twin Peaks is her ladylike self but Hooker displays the expertise that should have brought her a pint. Well done Harriettes for such a good run.

Retribution

For cracking such a yolk & shelling it out Gigolo is served up with a delicious melange of drinks made even more enticing with tomato sauce & mayonnaise. To be fair, he made a very good fist of this.



How appropriate, Gigolo

Jersey Marathon

Now is the time to start thinking of running the complete course or forming part of a Crapaud relay team. I understand that at least one of our Harriettes teams will be getting together again. Make it known that you would like to take part in this great event.

Bike Bash

You're too late – all 40 places have now been taken up. However for those lucky enough to be going on the trip the time of reckoning is nigh. Please make your final payment of £140.00 for members & £150.00 for non-members to

Illegal Immigrant as soon as possible. I'm sure a great time will be had by all.

New Year in Alderney

Surprisingly 2 places have become available. So if you are not already booked on the trip get your £50 deposit to Illegal Immigrant & join in the fun.

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 Illegal Immigrant to pay for your food, no late fine for those who did not run or walk. Please inform Illegal Immigrant 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 Has

The Funeral Procession

A man was leaving a convenience store with his morning coffee when he noticed a most unusual funeral procession approaching the nearby Cemetery. A long black hearse was followed by a second long black hearse about 50 Feet behind the first one. Behind the second hearse was a solitary man walking a dog on a leash. Behind him, a short distance back, were about 200 men walking single file. The man couldn't stand the curiosity. He respectfully approached the man walking the dog and said, 'I am so sorry for your loss, and this may be a bad time to disturb you, but I've never seen a funeral like this. Whose funeral is it?' 'My wife's'. "What happened to her?" The man replied, 'My dog attacked and killed her' He inquired further, 'But who is in the second hearse?' The man answered, 'My mother-in-law. She was trying to help my wife when the dog turned on her....' A poignant and thoughtful moment of silence passed between the two men. 'Can I borrow the dog?' The man replied, 'Get in line.'

Receding Hareline

1042	12 July	The Priory, Devil's Hole	Frisco	Bastille Day Run?
1043	19 July	TBC	Taxi & Bedpan II	
1044	26 July	TBC	Jacko	
1045	2 August	TBC	Pussy	

Remember

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