



Crapaud Chronicle

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Entente Cordiale

Le Quatorze Juillet (soon)

Nothing cordial about the meeting in Cardiff in the first Ashes Test with England definitely in second place before play this morning. Some of our members enjoyed the Status Quo concert in the Howard Davis Park on Friday (Steptoe could listen in from his house) & the Roy Chubby Brown performance at Fort Regent on Saturday evening. Although the weather has been suspect we have a decent turnout at the upper car park at The Priory, Devil's Hole. Some of our number have even read in the JEP (yes, this week they managed to print details of the run) that this was to be a Bastille Day run & turn up suitably attired. The red, white & blue is well in evidence & Pervey has even strung onions around his neck. He seems to have forgotten that Bretons do not generally consider themselves as Frenchmen – but a good attempt non the less. The Frogs who have stopped in the car park observe us with some puzzlement – but then again plenty of Anglo-Saxons do.



Pervey simulating a true Gaul

Late?

Gigolo & horde turn up only to consider themselves late as Shiggy for once (& only time?) turned up on time. Shiggy claims that this is because Taxi is not with him today – how is that for shifting any blame? Software makes an impression on entering the car park although the ancient Fiat does not.

Virgins & absentees

We greet two virgins today – Nina, a hockey player whom Steptoe must have played against, & Jennifer, who hails from the Emerald Isle (but then, someone has to). We learn that Tinky Winky will not be joining us today as he has a sore rear having been away checking out the bike bash – this must equally apply to Is-it-Buggery who has also failed to make an appearance. We are warned to keep away from the sheep & rams that, it seems, are in playful randy mood at the moment. The trail is laid in sawdust & the chalk in Frisco's pocket.

Long or short?

Apparent confusion at the start is almost mandatory & originality is not in the script for today. There is a subtle difference as our hare does not allow us to stray too far & eventually leads us down the steps & past the pub. This means a cliff path run but not for long as we divert into the fields. Our hare seems to be in a hurry as it appears that the run could be somewhat long & he wants us back to the pub in good time. Not a bad ploy as the prospect of a tippie is appealing even at this early hour.

Pretentious

The check on the road is carefully placed to allow some frivolity with a nearby puddle although most of us keep out of Desperado's way. We look for a trail into the fields but are taken past La Mare Vineyards now rather pretentiously known as La Mare Wine Estate & Vineyards. The prospect of a very early return to base camp is dashed as we enter erstwhile potato fields. There is a junior football training session being held in one of the fields & one of the participants asks in puzzlement "Where are they coming from?" We don't stay too long for him to find out.

Double arrows

It's a steady run down to the crossroads at the head of Le Mourier Valley but not before we hit the dreaded double arrows. Nobody seems to have warned our virgin Nina about these & she is caught out – it's a steep learning curve with the hash. We always open the gate & climb up the verdant slopes, but not today as we are diverted up the road. We are greeted by a couple of happy cocker spaniels

who seem pleased of the diversion that the Hash provides. Just round the corner there are more double arrows & Nina is amongst those caught out again – the learning curve was not that steep.

Water games

Into a potato field we go & this provokes discussion as to why the plants appear to have been cut down. The consensus is that these spuds are for seed. This does not delay us for long & we enter some woods & descend to a stream. Desperado is in his element once more & distributes water liberally. Top Gun eventually decides to



Desperado looks for a victim

return the favour which gives the faint hearted a chance to cross in safety. The bracken here is over head high (at least for those vertically challenged) & we enter waste land that resembles a burial ground. We come upon a check strategically placed by a puddle but the pack is cute enough to keep well clear. Liz is so keen to avoid trouble that she trips up. So it is along the track & down the path that should lead us back to the crossroads at Le Mourier.

Hillside games

However our hare has other ideas & the trail diverts across a small stream & up by an electricity sub-station. Or it does for some of us as Shiggy & others go to the end of the path & take the Le Mont de Barcelone to meet up with the pack. At least they avoided the brambles & stinging nettles. Molehills tells me that “Barcelone” is not the Jèrriais for Barcelona but is a contraction of “Bas de Ceylon” or some such. I have found no evidence to support or refute this but put it before you. Something has got into the pack as there is a concerted sprint up the hill which is rather silly as the inevitable double arrows are found at the summit – serves them right as they should know better.

On Home

We are not taken down the footpath to the Valley but are directed to the cliff path. This does not stop the pack from pausing above La Domaine de la Valette where it is claimed that we can see the newest lavoir in the Island. Not to worry, although we do meet up with a very nervous golden retriever (of unknown breeding, I hasten to add). The way back to the pub is a well worn but not easy path and we arrive back at the car park at 11.26. This means that the hash has taken us some 11/4 hours as opposed to the marathons of the last couple of weeks. Well done Frisco for providing a good run in good time on a rapidly improving morning & we will be in plenty of time for the food.

Refreshments

The Priory has Directors for the discerning imbibers & whilst it is very pleasant outside of the pub it is also rather crowded & the landlord invites us to take over the upstairs room for refreshments. We are rewarded with sausages, chips & bread & butter. The pile of chips was so large that Walkies was driven to call it obscene & even the most dedicated of hashers was finally defeated by the amount.

GM

Shiggy informs the pack of the sad news that Jack Thelwell, Please Insert’s father, had died suddenly. At one time Jack was a leading light in our walking contingent. Our thoughts are with the family.

Shiggy states that he had been run into the ground following the trail. He remarked on the conversational or conservation area & observed that the sheep could only be traced through their droppings. He once more welcomed our virgins & called upon the Hash Rev. for the down-downs.

Down-downs

Gigolo also welcomed the virgins but explained that a demonstration of the art of down-downs was required. He called Illegal Immigrant & Karen forward on the occasion of their 13th (silk) wedding anniversary. It also appears that Illegal had got his card in first that morning, which must be some sort of miracle. The down downs were dispatched with alacrity.

Having seen master ship of the art our virgins Nina & Jennifer are not deterred but Nina makes a better job of the task – Jennifer has no great liking of ale.

Last week Desperado although a hare had scuttled away after the run but he & Frisco had now to pay for their sins which they did with some style.

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 & £180.00 for non-members to Illegal Immigrant as soon as possible. I’m sure a great time will be had by all.

Ski Trip

Twin Peaks has informed me that there are 2 places left on the trip to Meribel. If you are interested & would like details contact her on 864579.

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.

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.

The drunk muttered in response, "Well, I'll be damned," then returned to his paper.

The priest, thinking about what he had said, nudged the man & apologized. "I'm very sorry. I didn't mean to come on so strong. How long have you had arthritis?"

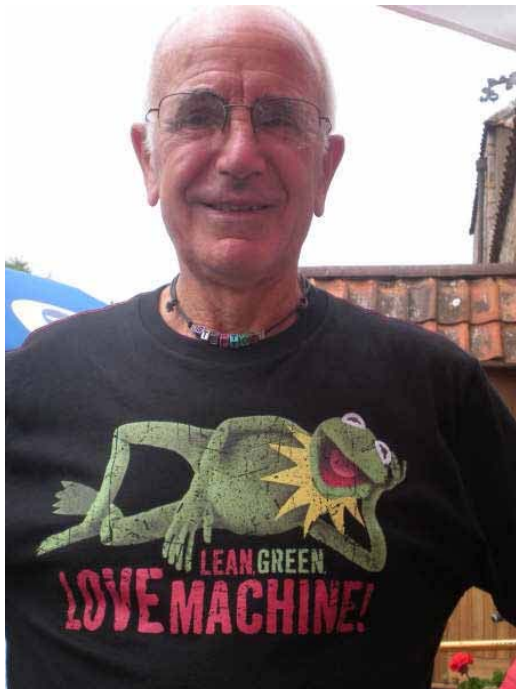
The drunk answered, "I don't have it, Father. I was just reading here that the Pope does".

Receding Hareline

1044	26 July	St. Peter's Country Hotel	Molehills & Steptoe	
1045	2 August	Chez Pussy	Pussy	

Remember

You can access your Chronicle in glorious Technicolor by visiting our website at www.crapaud.org. No photos this week due to camera malfunction.



Your esteemed editor

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

WHAT CAUSES ARTHRITIS?

A drunken man who smelled of booze sat down on a subway next to a priest. The man's tie was stained, his face was plastered with red lipstick & a half-empty bottle of gin was sticking out of his torn coat pocket.

He opened his newspaper and began reading.

After a few minutes the man turned to the priest and asked, "Say Father, what causes arthritis?"

The priest replies, "My Son, it's caused by loose living, being with cheap, wicked women, too much alcohol, contempt for your fellow man, sleeping around with prostitutes and lack of a bath."