



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

FREE
(Plus
GST)
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The Official Organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

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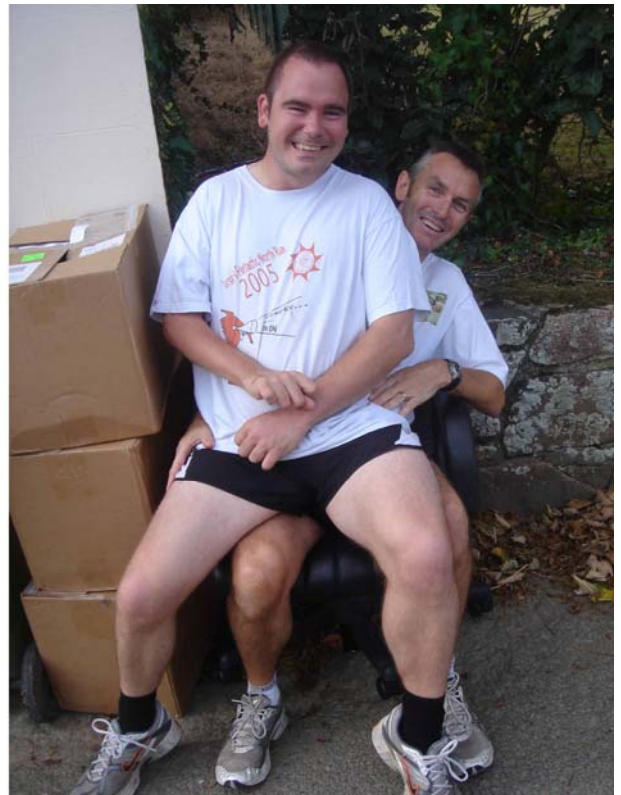
Down down to hospital

What a great run. Such a shame so many people couldn't make it, many of them because they were hors de combat (I think I've spelt that correctly). I wonder if Holby City has a hash, because our casualty list must be on a par with theirs. At least I now understand why Americans call Autumn, the Fall. First there was the sight of Captain Poocock in a sling, after breaking his arm falling down the stairs. Apparently he was carrying a sackful of footballs on his way to referee

a match and he tripped over them. "He's always got a bag of balls between his legs," said Hooker, who should know. Then we noticed our Hash Scribe was missing again - writer's cramp, I wondered.

Not in the script

No, apparently, he was involved in a spot of late Branchage, on a step ladder sawing off a branch, with Walkies down below giving him instructions. Just like in the cartoons he cut off the branch and to his horror found he was holding on to the wrong end. Down he came and landed on Walkies. Despite the soft landing they both had to go to hospital. The next casualty was one of our hares, Knickerbox, who had apparently sprained his back. The GM was another back-slider. Apparently he sustained



Honest - we're just good friends

his injury whilst cooking the books. Then of course there was IsitB still suffering from his French leave and Ill Eagle, who still can't get his leg over. I could also mention Ragsby but I

won't. "You're just a bunch of old crocks," was Wet Patch's sympathetic rejoinder. But despite the casualty list it was a very decent day for early October and



I'd prefer a gin sling

In this week's crapulous chronicle	Page 2 Ballcock's llama drama	Page 2 Top Gun's so Macchu	Page 3 Spartacus is the burred man	Page 4 Knickerbox's tunnel vision
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I'm sure it's sawdust



It took a hard drive to get them here

HALLOWEEN RUN don't forget to book



Spook night at the Victoria
October 31st, 7pm start - £10 a head
Murder mystery theme. Fun and games
Come in fancy dress & bring a torch

castle the trail took us to Le Dolmen de Faldouet where we paused awhile as a mark of respect to the ancients – Shiggy and Steptoe primarily. Then it was round three sides of a stubble field although there was plenty of short-cutting in evidence. We emerged through a hedge with Spartacus looking like he'd been covered with gun-shot wounds, but they turned out to be burrs, and headed down the succinctly named La Rue de la Pouclée et des Quatre Chemins. Our resident linguist, Spartacus, translated the



Shock photo – two hashers caught running

sign as “The Road of Pouffes.” On to the Queen’s Valley reservoir we went though we’d barely seen any dust hitherto. Wet Patch had an opinion about that – apparently it was environmentally friendly, non-permanent, sawdust.

Llama drama ding dong

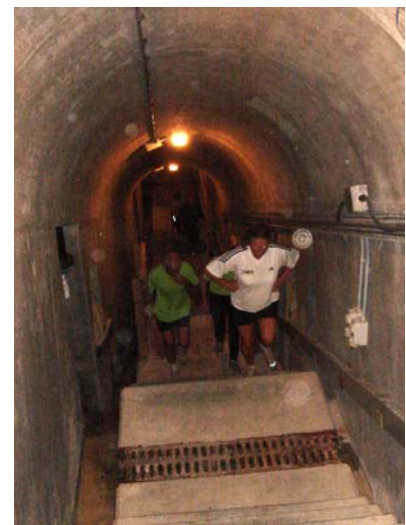
Another theory was that cheap chalk had been used. Though Ballcock said the dust had been swept away by overnight rain. “What rain?” inquired Bags-of-it who lived in the area. “Ah well,” said our hare, “the llama must have ate it.” The trail followed the side of the reservoir (walking on water not being a hash strong point) via several dog walkers

Twin Peaks lamented that she’d fallen over a dog on the same path on a previous run and what really hurt was that everyone laughed. Approaching the dam the leaders tried to cross it only to be called back and lo and behold our co-hare suddenly turned up and unlocked the door on the side of a small building.

It led down to a steep set of concrete steps which seemed to go for ever – we were running (or more precisely, stepping ever so cautiously) under the dam itself. Encased in concrete, the echo was quite phenomenal as Rampant Rabbit proved to good effect. After a short flat stretch we found ourselves



There's no light at the end of the tunnel



Tunnel vision



Driven up the wall

nearly thirty of us were there to listen to Ballcock, our remaining hare and his words of wisdom. He told us the trail was laid in chalkdust, sawdust and gerbils – only they couldn't find any gerbils (nor much of anything else, judging by what was to follow).

Llama drama

We were warned to watch out for cars (quite a few), cows (some) and a llama (one). Well I never saw the llama,

neither the ones that come from South America or the two-legged version from Tibet – I reckon we had as much chance of finding a Yeti. Still we headed over the road from the Pembroke towards the golf course, putting several golfers off their stroke. We reached the sea wall and ran along it for a while before Ballcock tried to add to the casualty list by directing us down a near vertical iron ladder on to the beach. What he didn't tell us was that

the last four rungs were missing. But most of the hash were too canny to follow our hare's lead and stayed on top of the wall until an easier way of getting on to the beach came along. But we all waved to Bags-of-it as he ploughed a lone furrow in the sand below.



Handy Andean?

Puddles was among them but she had no idea why: "I just followed the rest," she said – ahh a true hasher, I thought. The field was well strung out by the time we emerged close to Gorey Gardens. Rampant Rabbit broke into a falsetto version of "On the trail of the lonesome pine". Molehills was worried: "For a moment there, I

thought you'd had an accident as well." Our numbers however had been boosted by the return of Top Gun, fresh from his adventures in Peru. He'd managed all 37 kilometres of the Inca Trail whilst he was there, despite the altitude. We figured he'd be super fit but one Jersey cotil later and he was puffing like the rest of us.

Lizard Monitor

On the edge of the hillside was a stone wall which Bags-of-it said was full of Jersey lizards. Twin Peaks ventured there were scorpions as well – that's what living with a journalist does to you. From the top of the hill opposite Gorey



It's about time you put your foot down



Copper-bottomed

going up the steps on the other side – it must be one of the steepest ascents on the island. Emerging from a little building on the other side which Knickerbox dutifully locked up. “Do it quick,” shouted Rampant Rabbit. “My wife’s still inside.” Then Rampant Rabbit has second thoughts: “Has anyone seen Popeye?” He could still be in there for all I know.

Pervey branches out

We then negotiated another steep descent down a grassy bank before we got back on the straight and narrow. We took off through a rather run-down farm before crossing a field festooned with trip-wires. We were so busy looking down

REMEMBER 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 & therefore arrive after the run then see Ill Eagle to pay for your food, no late fines for those who did not run or walk. Hashers are booked to lay a trail and if they cannot make it for some reason must find a replacement and not just rely on the Hare Razor.

Pervey walked straight into an over-hanging tree trunk. But that was the last casualty of the day as we finally made it back to the Pembroke.

Tinky logged off

At the on down Tinky Winky, another non-runner, took the chair. He explained he’d been finishing off his log cabin. The first down down was awarded to Fuzz. Apparently she’d enrolled on an advanced driving course after mowing down a bollard. Iced Lips and Buttercup were summonsed for having had birthdays. Captain Poocock an alleged health and safety expert was called up after his recent tumble. Despite the injury he’d done his refereeing stint before going to hospital. And finally the hares were rewarded for what had been a truly excellent run. In fact it was so good there was general agreement we shouldn’t have to wait another five years for Ballcock to do it again.

On On

DON’T FORGET

Our esteemed mismanagement have frozen subs for next year but they are now due. Please pay £40 to Ill Eagle asap and not later than November 15th

GUESS WHAT?

The Crapaud H3 website is now available on Facebook. This is a closed group so new joiners will need approval. You will be able to upload photos and videos and also write comments on the wall.



Bittersweet birthdays



HASH HA HA

A string walks into a bar with a few friends and orders a beer. The bartender says, "I'm sorry, but we don't serve strings here." The string walks away a little upset and sits down with his friends. A few minutes later he goes back to the bar and orders a beer. The bartender, looking a little exasperated, says, "I'm sorry, we don't serve strings here."

So the string goes back to his table. Then he gets an idea. He ties himself in a loop

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARE-LINE



**Run no: 1056
Date: October 18th
On Down: TBA
Hares: Captain Poocock &**

and messes up the top of his hair. Then he walks back up to the bar and orders a beer.

The bartender squints at him and says, "Hey, aren't you a string?"

And the string says, "Nope, I'm a frayed knot."



Bottom of the glass