

6th May 2018

Run No. 1501

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Crapaud Chronicle



Small but Select Pack

Numbers

Ten. TEN? Yes, TEN! That was the total of runners & walkers assembled at Ouaisne for Gigolo's jaunt. At least the numbers split evenly between the two sets. Whilst Gigolo informed the walkers that they could sort out their own trail he called upon the runners to form a square

Off Off

Although Gigolo delight in sending Skywalker up Mont du Ouaisné the "pack" knows better & enjoy following the trail across the Common. A pause before tackling Les Ruisseaux Estate & a lone figure is espied trying frantically to attract our attention. Although not on the trail Jacko has



Style

McKinley had even made an effort & turned up in style in his gleaming red MG Midget. No matter, the trail was laid in flour & green & yellow chalk & it was "On on".



The Horde

somehow managed to find the miniscule pack.



Thumbs up! I've made it.



Still catching up

Gigolo must have been anticipating greater numbers on his run as double arrows show 4 back. Not much of a problem with such low numbers.



You cannot be serious

Virgin Land

The obligatory check at the entrance to the Estate sees The Red Baron setting off on what had been past trails, But not this time! We head towards St. Brelade's Bay but not for long as we cross the road & enter a farm track. We are soon running through soft earth in the potato fields. Quite hard work. We eventually cross some grassland & descend a steep wooded slope. Yes, virgin territory – aren't we lucky. And the virgin land continues as we emerge onto the site of the previous Shell House of which there are some sad reminders.



It must be that way



He keeps shelling them out

Election hopeful

A short pause to discuss the future of the site & then we are eagerly off once more. Id you know that there is an election campaign in full swing. A long line of election banners stops Jacko in his tracks & he stoops to pay homage to Kristina Moore



How desperate can you get?

Reprobate

We carry on & are soon on the Railway Walk.& keep up a steady almost sedate pace down towards St. Aubin. The Red Baron leads the, almost, charge & determinedly ignores the cries of “On back”. He will not be seen again by the pack who climb the slopes where Gigolo points out some arboreal property. There were no takers in the pack & we emerged into bright sunlight & yet more potato fields.



Luxury tree accommodation

No success

A short halt in case The Red Baron had seen the error of his ways saw us once more crossing farm land. When we reach La Route de Haut Jacko attempts to copy Humpty Dumpty but even fails in that endeavour.



Humpty Dumpty

Home

There is not much more but a trot to the main road & a final descent of Le Mont du Ouaisné. This however is interrupted by Gigolo showing us the entrance to his “bunker” where he informs us that he is the proud owner of the fontaine inside.



My secret bunker

Information

The pub had Banks’s Mild on tap which made a very nice change to the normal offerings. In the Smugglers Tinky Winky regales us with a rambling story about being assaulted by a fly whilst driving to the venue. You will be pleased to learn that both driver & fly survived. We are reminded that marshals for Liberation Day should turn up at the Pomme d’Or at 8.00am & we are issued with a list of duties.

Down downs

Gigolo is delighted to inform us that for once a sinner had been identified on the run. Not only a sinner but a double sinner, no less. Not only had The Red Baron seen fit to ignore all the recalls as he made his way to St. Aubin but he had also seen fit to obtain a lift back to Ouaisné. For once such sins demand the provision of a pint of bitter. As this "reward" was John Smiths there was no way that any sympathy would be shown. To illustrate his contempt at being punished in such a way he leant on the corner of the bar whilst slowly disposing of his punishment.



Can I really be bothered with this nonsense?

Our noble hare was then rewarded for his efforts. He quietly disposed of his punishment but still managed to stain his otherwise pristine t-shirt. Quelle horreur!

What a shame that there were so many missing on a Charity Walk or nursing their injuries from the Groggs' efforts in the Welsh Marchlands. But well done all who turned up for a good run. **On On**



Steady does it



What's he been up to?

Rapidly Receding Hareline

NEXT RUN is No: 1503

DATE: 20th May TIME: 10.00 am

VENUE: Seymour Inn

HARE: Balcock



Run 1504 on 27th May

Hare: Rupert Bear

Venue: Mont: Nicolle School

Afterwards at hare's pad.



HASH Ha Ha's

Q. Why do French tanks have rear view mirrors?

A. To see the battlefield.

A hash house harrier was seated next to a little girl on an airplane, the hasher turned to her and said, 'Let's talk. I've heard that flights go quicker if you strike up a conversation with your fellow passenger.'

The little girl, who had just opened her book, closed it slowly and said to the hasher, 'OK what would you like to talk about?'

'Oh, I don't know.....How about nuclear fusion?' said the hasher, smiling.

OK, ' she said. 'That could be an interesting topic, but let me ask you a question first. A horse, a cow, and a deer all eat the same stuff - grass -. Yet a deer excretes little pellets, while a cow turns out a flat patty, and a horse produces clumps of dried grass. Why do you suppose that is?'

The hasher, visibly surprised by the little girl's intelligence, thinks about it and says, 'Hmmm, I have no idea.....'

To which the little girl replies, 'so, do you really feel qualified to discuss nuclear fusion when you don't even know sh?t?'