

5th May 2019

Run No. 1553

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Crapaud Chronicle



CELEBRATIONS NEW & OLD

Pre-nuptials

The Red Baron & Commando had invited the Hash & others to a celebration at the Farmhouse the evening prior to their wedding. And what a party it was with bubbles, buffet, disco & dancing. Even the vegan “meat” balls were good!



The gathering



Getting stuffed



Keeping a low profile

Ouaisné

Despite a few sore heads the later start time of 11.00am meant that there was a pretty fair turnout for Gigolo’s run. Unexpectedly, the soon to be happy pair turned out for the occasion. Gigolo kept to his own standard by turning up clasping a can of Fosters – has that man no taste? Doing a useful job, however, was Hooker who was checking out the orders for the Liberation Day Lunch at the Unawatuna.



Wedding car?



Pre-hash lubrication

to be Red Baron's niece. Gigolo informed us that he had only just finished laying the trail in sawdust & blue chalk. No mention of any beer.

The Off

Once the trail had been found we set off across the Common but not too far as we were diverted onto the beach. Triple X had obviously forgotten the time as Lola was enjoying a free run when her owner was forced to clear up after her.

St. Brelade's Beach

Running across this beach we realise that 21 years ago Hooker & Captain Poocock had celebrated their wedding on these very sands. Maybe not quite as smart as on their wedding day the happy couple were once more photographed for posterity. Well done you two!



Tally woman



1998



Virgin Caroline



2019

Instructions

On being called to order the GM thanked the providers for the last evening's party & welcomed Caroline, a virgin hasher, who happens

Well met

Coming off the beach we miss out on Sir Winston Churchill Park but climb the footpath to La Route des Genets but at the top Hooker is rewarded with a hug from Doc Hima. Having a car full of Jersey Royals we are offered some but have no means of transporting them.



Old friends re-united

Onwards

We finally reach the Railway Walk via Le Mont Nicolle & head towards St. Aubin. Cleverly avoiding the open pub our hare has us heading uphill & we eventually find ourselves on Ghost Hill. At the top we pass through fields onto La Route de Noirmont & down the footpath to Ouaisné Common which makes a nice finish to an enjoyable run in decent conditions.



Spud basher

Rewards

True to his promise Doc Hima turns up with sacks of potatoes for the eager hashers. He even promises us more the next weekend.

Sinners

For once the Hash has not been its angelic self. The Hash Rev calls upon Triple X for planning to join the party 24 hours late. Nil-by-Mouth was seen to unsuccessfully attempt to break into the wrong car. Being a wimp she nominated a delighted Captain Poocock to take her place. For purchasing a "Mr. & Mr." card for the happy couple Glutimus Maximus was rightly punished. Caroline, our virgin, skilfully but slowly did the decent thing.



Trio of sinners



O my!

Presentation

Prior to "enjoying" their down downs The GM presented the important couple with a collage expertly prepared by Hooker. Commando was presented with ale to give her Dutch courage for

the ordeal ahead & Red Baron with water so he would not fail in his duty. Both beverages were duly despatched.



Collage



Happy couple



Post hash punishment

The final event (at least for the Hash) was to punish Gigolo for his efforts in providing us with an enjoyable run. On on.

Rapidly Receding Hareline

NEXT RUN is No: 1555
Date: 19 May 2019
Time: 10.00am
Venue: Five Oaks Pub -
Park at Pastella Ceramics
Hare: Software
Scribe: Red Baron



Run 1556
Date: 26 May 2019
Time: 10.00am
Venue: Trinity Arms
Hare: Fuzz & a Virgin
Scribe: Muff Diver



HASH Ha Ha's

Choices

Two Irish Hashers walk into a pub. "How many should we have this time?" asks the first one. "Remember last time we were in here we had four and we didn't finish the last one." "Don't worry, this time we'll get only three. Hey barman, three bags of crisps and twenty pints of Guinness please!"

Paddy & the donkey

Young Paddy bought a donkey from a farmer for £100. The farmer agreed to deliver the donkey the next day. The next day he drove up and said, 'Sorry son, but I have some bad news. The donkey's died.'

Paddy replied, 'Well then just give me my money back.' The farmer said, 'Can't do that. I've already spent it.'

Paddy said, 'OK, then, just bring me the dead donkey.'

The farmer asked, 'What are you going to do with him?' Paddy said, 'I'm going to raffle him off.'

The farmer said, 'You can't raffle a dead donkey!' Paddy said, 'Sure I can. Watch me. I just won't tell anybody he's dead.'

A month later, the farmer met up with Paddy and asked, 'What happened with that dead donkey?' Paddy said, 'I raffled him off.'

I sold 500 tickets at two pounds apiece and made a profit of £898'

The farmer said, 'Didn't anyone complain?'

Paddy said, 'Just the guy who won. So I gave him his two pounds back.'

Paddy now works for a major international bank in Jersey!