



Crapaud News

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Run Number 966

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<http://community.localdial.com/crapaudh3>

One Moulin de Lecq of a Run

Milling around

We are gathered again on a beautiful Sunday morning. Today's location is the ever reliable Moulin de Lecq, we seem to run from this location, more than the tacky Prince of Wales (sorry Charles) (It is more likely that we can get a decent ale at this location. Ed.). Maybe we are going up market, but, Hashers, cast your mind back, to when this area had a plethora of inns. Still, enough of my retrospective rantings (Indeed). Most of us park in the pub car park, but GM and Taxi respectively park at the café. There are about 25 of us today, plus some late comers, in the shape of Kegs Off, the traitorous, and Miracle Grow. (What have they been up to? I ask myself. Ed.) Frisco announces that there will be a charity work out up at the Fort in aid of Headway and the Zannah Trust. Our Hare today is Beep-Beep, who explains the trail is laid in the normal stuff sawdust etc... and it is on-on.

The off and on-on

There is confusion a many at the start (no news there then Ed), Mark and Nelson decide to head east, but all to no avail. Ragsby has decided to mark his own trail by putting a big blob of sawdust on the road, but we are not fooled by his invidious trickery. The trail does in fact lead up the steps adjacent to the pub, this in turn takes us onto a rather slippery bank, Wet Patch (how fitting) seems to have problems negotiating this, along with Top Gun and Hooker. Rentabed, the Ignoble, (sorry Mate) (Why be sorry? Ed.) is the hero here, as he locates the trail, which snurgles up an all too familiar path, (it is here we lose Taxi who has an injury) & where we find the first of our checks.

Fields and fields and the JH3

Frisco leads the way this time, closely pursued by Hooker. Jacko seems to be in a world of his own on the other side of the field, he appears to be holding a rather elongated dialogue, with a Horse owner, Twin Peaks gets flash backs from the previous run, as this time she is not responsible, She decides to make like a Banana and split (fair play ed), this on his return, was sorted out by Jacko, as he said there wasn't an issue. We now find ourselves running through some plastic greenhouses, Our RA and Wet Patch seem to

be concocting something (oh dear somebody is going to suffer!!) maybe we will find out what the grand plan is. We

find yet another check, by a rather ramshackle barn (staff accommodation in this area has really gone down hill) which is held by most, including Shiggy. We continue along one of the very rare roads, where we bump into the JH3 (ouch!), we convey our mutual greetings and swiftly say our farewells.

2 boats, 2 cars and a field

We are off again as Frisco and Gigolo strive to find the trail, they are in fact both wrong, as we find one of our first bits of road. We create a mini traffic jam as these kindly motorists, wait patiently for our mini amphibian convoy. We are led into a field with a most unusual sight, not only are there two boats in this field, but they are accompanied by a Rover and a Rolls Royce (having a touch of R & R & R ed, hee hee) our RA asks Gigolo in earnest what a Rover is doing in a field with a Roller, and he responds that the Roller must be hard up for a bit of company (hmmmm ed). Karen is our heroine now as she finds the next check, and we hold it obligingly.

Top Gun splashes out & My Mate Marmite & on home

There is more confusion (long may it reineth) Hooker, the only one with a cool head, successfully sniffs the trail out, as we go down an all too familiar path (insider Knowledge maybe). Pervy, our West Country expat., totally cocks it up and is called on back. Something has to be mentioned, our Suze the counsellor has the most extraordinary bottle being in the guise of a Marmite pot (guici). Top Gun still salivating from last week finds a big puddle and tries to soak us, but exactly like last week, he ended up worse off, as he falls straight into the drink. You guessed it, we find another check. It now must be on home, but not before we traverse some of the tough north coast cliff paths. At the end we see some clay pigeon shooters. Here Jacko attempts to fool the pack by laying a false trail, this does in fact work a treat. We end up snurgling down another all too familiar path, (past an open pub) back to Greve De Lecq, but not before we take in the superb views of the bay. A superb run.

If you have not paid your annual subscription you will now be deemed a non-member & will have to pay non-members weekly dues.

The on downs and ups

As today is such a beautiful one, we decide to muster outside for our traditional repast, this is also where we do the on downs, as the bar is full of vintage motorists out for a Sundays run (same as us really). First up today is Rentabed, who attempts to making the on downs earlier, he is duly punished for his gross insurrection, with the same thing he was whinging about (ah divine retribution!), next up is our resident clever clogs in the shape of Kegs Off, who is punished for, not only passing an exam with an A grade, but also for the heinous crime of representing the JH3 in the Guernsey mud and fun run!!!! Last two up are Jacko for leaving his mobile phone on the bar and Isitbuggery for, at the same time, leaving his wallet on the bar. Beep Beep will have to wait for his (bet he can't) as he has to shoot off referee a rugger game. The end to a mornings Hashing Amen

P.S. It should be mentioned that Captain Poocock won the football card again. (Fiddle! Ed.)

RECEDING HARELINE

967	3 Feb	St. John's Village Inn	Pussy
968	10 Feb	Computer generated	Software
969	17 Feb	Foresters	Hooker & Captain Poocock

REMEMBER – Only 33 runs to Run No. 1,000.

WANTED – URGENTLY

It is hoped to prepare a booklet concerning the Crapaud H3 in time for our Run No. 1,000. If you have any memorabilia, early articles or any items that may be of interest please contact Steptoe (734911 or rgallichan@hotmail.com) or Is-it-Buggery (722643 or isitb@hotmail.com). We promise to look after your precious items & return them in good condition.

SKIN DEEP

On Saturday 9th February the lovely Skin Deep will be back in the Island & would be pleased to see hashers in the Tenby from 7.00pm. This will also allow anyone who is hungry to get themselves a meal. Look forward to seeing you there.

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 Tinky to pay for your food, no late fine for those who did not run or walk. 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.

Get in touch with Hash Blue on
mgdrelaud@xtra.co.nz
He'd love to hear from you

JOKES

A farmer named Seamus had a car accident. In court, the lorry company's fancy hot shot solicitor was questioning Seamus. 'Didn't you say, to the Garda at the scene of the accident, 'I'm fine,'?' asked the solicitor. Seamus responded, 'Well, I'll tell you what happened. I had just loaded my favourite cow, Bessie, into the...'. 'I didn't ask for any details', the solicitor interrupted. 'Just answer the question. Did you not say, at the scene of the accident, 'I'm fine!'?' Seamus said, 'Well, I had just got Bessie into the trailer and I was driving down the road....'. The solicitor interrupted again and said, 'Your Honour, I am trying to establish the fact that, at the scene of the accident, this man told the Garda on the scene that he was fine. Now several weeks after the accident he is trying to sue my client. I believe he is a fraud. Please tell him to simply answer the question.' By this time, the Judge was fairly interested in Seamus' answer and said to the solicitor, 'I'd like to hear what he has to say about his favourite cow, Bessie'. Seamus thanked the Judge and proceeded. 'Well as I was saying, I had just loaded Bessie, my favourite cow, into the trailer and was driving her down the road when this huge lorry and trailer came through a stop sign and hit my trailer right in the side. I was thrown into one ditch and Bessie was thrown into the other. I was hurt, very bad like, and didn't want to move. However, I could hear old Bessie moaning and groaning. I knew she was in terrible shape just by her groans. Shortly after the accident a Garda on a motorbike turned up. He could hear Bessie moaning and groaning so he went over to her. After he looked at her, and saw her condition, he took out his gun and shot her between the eyes. Then the Garda came across the road, gun still in hand, looked at me, and said, 'How are you feeling?' 'Now what the F*ck would you say?'

