



Crapaud Chronicle

1st August 2010

Run No. 1097

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Floral Fancies

Under Control?

It can't be Battle of Britain Week already, can it? The Airport Social Club is the traditional venue for Crapaud Airways to take to the air although the conditions today are not in favour of flying. But this Sunday Captain Poocock is joined by Hooker, his far better half, who is supposed to keep him in order.

Visitors

The first duty of the day is to welcome Slush Puppy & Ice Queen, members of the Vienna Hash, plus their "arm" to the fold. Even Cooperman has been pleased to grace us with his presence.



Visitors

Care

We are also informed that Hooker is in a delicate condition – Oh yes she is – The previous day's Hen Party is still making its presence felt in her head. Although the trail is marked in the usual we are warned to take great care & stick to the edges of fields. It seems that our hares had met up with a "gentleman" who was not too keen to help the hash & would only be too willing to obstruct us on our legitimate way.



Happy hares

Lost? Already

What is wrong? The FRBs head for the main road & not the sand dunes, but we then grind to a halt as the trail is lost. We should have gone through a gateway & into the fields. Captain Poocock greets the footballers at practice & we are pleased we are not at the St. Brelade's Social Club today as the car boot sale seems to have attracted plenty of visitors.



Knickers nicker

Diversions

Ice Queen is making her presence felt early by a deft use of the artificial forearm in order to rescue an abandoned pair of knickers. Why I don't know as they are soon disposed of as we head towards Maison St. Brelade. We are not yet eligible to be

admitted to this establishment & divert down the footpath into the valley & up the other side. Familiar territory this may be but our hares fool us by making a diversion through the farmyard. As Stirrups remarks this is a real farm with ducks, a friendly pig & horses in their stalls.



Lovely!

Regroup

It's pleasant on the trails but we finally find our way blocked by a gate. No problems for hashers & we regroup outside Francief House. No owners in residence so we have to stick to the fields & descend the many steps to the meadow at Francief Farm.



Legs over

Reflective

We pause at the Railway Walk before taking the trails into the Park. We are once more fooled as we are called back to cross the road to the Lavender Farm. The fields are not looking their best as much has been harvested. We attract curious glances from visitors to the Farm – but that is not unusual.



Reflective moment

Another Garden

We have enjoyed gardens in the past but as far as I am aware this is the first time that the trail has led us to Reg's Garden. This is also the first visit for a number of hashers, some of whom might be tempted to return. Plenty of charitable events take place here & today the entertainment is Regstock 3. Musicians are rehearsing as we have a quick look around but are not allowed to tarry.



& hashers



Hen pecker

Options

It is back to the Lavender Farm, stopping to admire the chicks, & eventually we find the Railway Walk, yet again. At Les Quennevais Sports Centre as time is getting on we are offered the option of short or long. The usual comment is made that we have indulged our passion for walking too much. Even so, a number of valiant hashers opt for the long route via the dunes. At some

point the two groups are running parallel courses & the "long" party is increased. Well done!

On Home

After skirting the dunes & flirting with Creepy Valley we are on the path to Les Ormes Golf Club. Not much problem in sorting out how to get back to the Airport Social Club as we follow the reverse of the traditional route we would have used on a normal run to the dunes. Without doubt an excellent finish to an excellent run.

Nosh etc.

The club does not offer the comfort of "proper" ale so we have to be satisfied with Worthington which at least is not Mary Ann Best. Our Continental visitors seem happy to drink any of the lagers on offer. The chips & sausages are up to standard, particularly for Anya who has eyes probably much bigger than her tummy. Captain Poocock reveals that the more discerning amongst us would have detected the aroma of lavender in the sawdust but he did not wish to reveal this to the pack prior to the hash as it might have worked out the route – highly unlikely considering our pack.



Nobody told us



Playing with his tool

Down downs



Die Führer

Our RA gives us the usual info which for the life of me I cannot remember but he does not forget to summon our Viennese visitors for their punishment. The pack bursts into "The Blue Danube" which by some miracle our visitors recognise & demonstrate the waltz to us. This does not save the poor things from the Mary Ann Best.



What a welcome

Our hares are next & thanks to Puddles Political Correctness Hooker has to face the rigours of a full pint. A hair of the dog that bit you has always been recommended as a hangover cure – but of course such qualities cannot be attributed to Mary Ann. Nonetheless, the girl does good.



Apprehension



Where did that go?

Puddles interrupts procedures trying to recruit attendees to the Oddsocks production of "A Midsummer's Night Dream". Our visitors now introduce us to their traditions & ET is presented with a can & a glass for Stiegl beer which is produced in Saltsburg where she is off to in a week or two. Cooperman is roped in as a most unlikely look-alike.



ET & "husband"

The final act is for our hares, much to Hooker's chagrin, to be rewarded yet again for the excellent run



Not again

Rapidly Receding Hareline
NEXT RUN is No: 1099
DATE: 15th August 2010
VENUE: The Watersplash
HARES: Rampant Rabbit & Bedpan 2



Future Delights

1100	22 August	Bags-of-It	The Pembroke	
1101	29 August	Shiggy & Taxi	Who knows?	

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 Hash money.

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

Blonde again

A blonde calls her boyfriend and says, "Please come over here and help me. I have a killer jigsaw puzzle, and I can't figure out how to get started."

Her boyfriend asks, "What is it supposed to be when it's finished?"

The blonde says, "According to the picture on the box, it's a rooster."

Her boyfriend decides to go over and help with the puzzle. She lets him in and shows him where she has the puzzle spread all over the table.

He studies the pieces for a moment, then looks at the box, then turns to her and says,

"First of all, no matter what we do, we're not going to be able to assemble these pieces into anything resembling a rooster."

He takes her hand and says, "Second, I want you to relax. Let's have a nice cup of tea, and then ..." he said with a deep sigh.

"Let's put all the Corn Flakes back in the box."

Piratical

A pirate walked into a bar, and the bartender said, "Hey, I haven't seen you in a while. What happened? You look terrible." "What do you mean?" said the pirate, "I feel fine."

"What about the wooden leg? You didn't have that before."

"Well," said the pirate, "We were in a battle, and I got hit with a cannon ball, but I'm fine now."

The bartender replied, "Well, OK, but what about that hook? What happened to your hand?"

The pirate explained, "We were in another battle. I boarded a ship and got into a sword fight. My hand was cut off. I got fitted with a hook but I'm fine, really."

"What about that eye patch?"

*"Oh," said the pirate, "One day we were at sea, and a flock of birds flew over. I looked up, and one of them sh*t in my eye."*

*"You're kidding," said the bartender. "You couldn't lose an eye just from bird sh*t."*

"It was my first day with the hook."