



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

29th June 2008

Run Number 988

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A Gander at the Goose

Horny Run?

The warm weather has tempted 25 Hashers including two virgins to the Goose Green car park. Klingon has taken the post of acting Hash Cash in the absence of Tinky Winky. With the bike bash in mind both Twin Peaks & Steptoe have been tempted to try out their cycling skills. (If you are coming on the Bike Bash is it not time you started practicing?) Illegal Immigrant turns up with an under the weather Nelson in his car – What had our Hash Rev been up to on a Saturday night? We are even treated to the sound of a horn being blown & eagerly look forward to this during the run – but only to be disappointed once again.

On our Way

Our worthy Hares, Captain Poocock & Hooker, welcome Michelle & Jo our virgins to the Hash & instruct us to stick to the trail as they do not wish to jeopardise future runs. And, of course, it is all laid in the standard sawdust & chalk. So the merry-go-round sets off until we are called to the little lane where there is a note directing us to the beach. Friendly motorists allow us across the main road & we are soon on the slipway. No sign of a trail but we set off determinedly for St. Aubins. The eye is gladdened by the sight of young ladies playing volleyball & by the slipway a sand sculptor is also at work. Captain Poocock attempts to demonstrate the almost lost art of splashing all & sundry at a puddle – but with no particular success.

Virginal Errors

We continue along the beach & up the steps near the harbour. Here our virgins are introduced to the mystery of double arrows as they, Pervey & others are sent to the back of the pack. While all this is going on Klingon takes the opportunity to kiss a young lady by the name of Sue but does not get slapped! What is his secret? On to St. Aubins where our virgins once again show their naiveté by blatantly going to the loo! We halt & say hello to Double Tops who happens to be walking with a friend.

Railway Walk

The attempt to send us on a false trail is spectacularly unsuccessful as well as the diversion at the Cycle Hire Establishment & we continue up the Railway Walk. This is not as uneventful as usual for as we pass a couple gardening Klingon arranges for the unwary to be sprayed from a hose pipe. Oh, the pleasures of the Hash! However we clamber up a side path & emerge near the prime tourist site of The Shell Garden. A short trot down the hill & it is up through the fields up to the heights. Here confusion reigns & false trails are explored before we eventually find

ourselves at the rear entrance to Grey Gables. The gates are shut so we check out the alternatives until Captain Poocock quietly operates the electric switch. So we are off again through the beautifully manicured gardens & down the cotil. We are taken around, not through, the pond & via a gate onto Le Mont au Roux. The route proves down but we are faced by the dilemma of running on the road & risking the traffic or on the rough path & risking the ankles. This could be a nice quiet route to the pub, but not for us as we take to the public footpath & start climbing yet again. We soon branch off into the undergrowth & are given a leg up a difficult wall accompanied with many puerile comments about leg overs.

Straw Check

Captain Poocock is inordinately proud of the check that he has laid in straw – well little things amuse little people, I suppose. The slurry dressed fields are slightly pungent but do not deter the pack. We are urged to close all gates – as if we would leave them open! - & enjoy the private paths till we are taken to the view stop. Some of us have been here before but it is still worth looking over a St. Aubin's Bay bathed in sunshine. We eventually make our way down through Blanc Pignon & greet Advocate Le Cras whose property this is.

Loads of Bull

Onto the road & once more the pub beckons but we find we are yet again on a false trail. Captain Poocock takes the opportunity to relieve a car washer of his hose & spray as many hashers as he could. Down Ruelle es Ruaux & over an extremely wobbly gate. We have to negotiate electric fencing & Nelson is observed rolling in the clover – not edifying for Has Rev. We are soon into the farmyard & are charmed by the calves in the various pens. However the bulls are somewhat more menacing but not as much as the children who seem determined to soak the pack. All good fun! It is quite appropriate to be taken to the cleaners as we have to pass Besco Laundry.

Racing?

Apart from the heavy traffic there should be very little to remark on for the short distance home. However, a very unhash like event occurs at the car park. The Lawrence clan indulge in a race (shock, horror) as young Michael & dad sprint for the car. Popeye, very sensibly, remains aloof of such competitiveness. What an unusual end to such a great morning's entertainment.

The Goose

On entry to the garden at The Goose, where Ringwood ale is being served, we are greeted with the welcome sight of Pussy enjoying a beverage. During the following proceedings we are joined by Walkies, Foxy Cooperman, Keg's Off, & Plonker – a shame some of them could not have run this morning. Keg's Off has been on a course & announces that she needs bodies to practice on – Men form an orderly queue please!

After loads of sandwiches & chips Captain Poocock takes up the position of GM (Seven times removed). We are informed that the real GM is in the USA on holiday with Desperado. We are urged to register for the 1,000th run. Hash Rev takes over & summons:-

Ragsby – for being the recipient of a call on his mobile,
Michelle – for being a virgin. She is far too ladylike & demonstrates an aversion to real ale but survives,
Illegal Immigrant – for being an arsonist. He set fire to Walkies Standard Rose which, not surprisingly, is now non-functional & deceased,
Captain Poocock - for having a birthday,
Our Hares, Hooker & Captain Poocock – Hooker does the decent thing & takes the pint & allows the half for the other half. A just reward for a fine run.

RECEDING HARELINE

990	13 July	Surville Manor*	ET / Miracle Grow
991	20 July	Top Car Park, Plemont+	Beep-Beep

*From town take the first left turn after the Union Inn & follow the balloons.

+Beep-Beep says take swimming gear for the afternoon.

REMEMBER – Only 11 runs to Run No. 1,000.

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. Please inform TW if you do not intend to stay for food as this will save the club paying for your food.

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.

Jokes



Lie Clocks

A man died and went to Heaven. As he stood in front of the Pearly Gates, he saw a huge wall of clocks behind him.

He asked, 'What are all those clocks?'

St. Peter answered, 'Those are Lie-Clocks. Everyone on earth has a Lie-Clock. Every time you lie the hands on your clock move.'

'Oh', said the man. 'Whose clock is that?'

'That's Mother Teresa's', replied St. Peter. 'The hands have never moved, indicating that she never told a lie.'

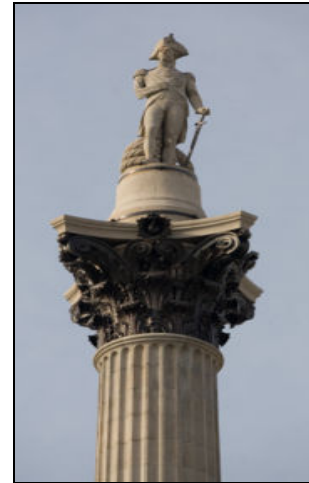
'Incredible', said the man. 'And whose clock is that one?'

St. Peter responded, 'That's Abraham Lincoln's clock. The hands have moved twice, telling us that Abraham told only two lies in his entire life.'

'Where's Frank Walker's clock?' asked the man.

'Walker's clock is in Jesus' office. He's using it as a ceiling fan.'

NELSON'S COLUMN



Psalms 81: 10 Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it

It is with a heavy heart that each week my parishioners are forced to repent their sins. I acknowledge that the sentences I mete out are painful in the extreme – I've never been very good with words. My excruciating jokes, whipping up the community singing, not to mention the dreaded Chinese water torture, otherwise known as the Down Downs (although the hash in its infinite mercy does use beer instead) are punishments of which the Spanish Inquisition would have been proud. However the time has come to turn the screw even further, to instil such a fear of pain that sinners will stick to the true path rather than behave like last week's SCBs. So I went to Paris to inspect a torture method that had widespread currency in the middle ages, known as the Iron Maiden. For those of you not familiar with the device it was a coffin-like box full of spikes. If you were inside when it closed the screams would be piercing. Ahem, my little joke. Though the device I saw at Bercy was really more offensive to the ear-drums, a heavy metal assault Torquemada himself would have relished. But fear not my flock. You are not alone. I too have been racked with pain. Last week I went to the dentist to have my foot taken out of my mouth. You won't feel a thing, he said. I didn't. It was the extraction from my wallet that really hurt.

Blessings to you all from the hash pulpit.