



Crapaud Chronicle

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These wretched colonies will all be independent (Disraeli)

O, Wind,

If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Well it feels like it! It is almost as if equinoxial gales are upon us & coupled with the threat of rain in the air. The weather has disrupted shipping & the sea is coming over the wall along Victoria Avenue. It must be summer.

Late Comers

It is just before 10 o'clock & Beep-Beep & Steptoe are having second thoughts as to whether or not they have got the correct venue. The only indication that they might be right is Illegal Immigrant's car a lonely item in the lower car park at Les Charrieres. Suddenly the car park is filled with cars as if they had been in convoy. Tinky Winky is amongst the newcomers & claims to be no idiot when advised whilst trying to park, He then keeps the hashers waiting whilst he dons his hashing trainers before relieving us of our contributions.

Is-it-Buggery is back amongst us (but not for long) after travelling the highways & byways of Italy. Please Insert is fussing over Easy Rider & urging him not to damage himself. Illegal Immigrant, one of our hares, turns up with badly scratched legs – What delights does he & Gigolo have in store for us? Well it appears that we have multiple hazards to negotiate on this American Independence run. Some hashers have made an effort to celebrate this day but none as spectacularly so as Gigolo himself in his American Football outfit.

Slow Progress

The pack is not too long in picking up the trail up the hill & Jacko climbs a gate which opened quite easily. It is even more ironic that he has taken himself on a false trail. Our hares try to take us on a FT but experience suggests that La Rue de la Caroline would be a better bet. And so it proves, but only to a degree. The herd of cattle shows a great deal of interest in us but we have to retrace our steps & follow a trail through the bracken along the edge of their field. The progress is slow as we look over the ex Fantastic Tropical Gardens. We are no faster descending through the woods & into a field where we are able to avoid the worst of the mud about the stream.

Water Games

To exit the field we have to jump a stream & avoid the barbed wire. Gigolo kindly holds the wire out of our way. TW takes the opportunity to try, unsuccessfully, to splash the pack. However, the tables are turned when Gigolo abandons his duties & splendidly soaks TW who is saved from the worst by his Crapaud anorak.

Double Arrows

It seems as if the only way is up La Rue des Potirons & hereby lies the catch – Yes, we hit double arrows & the first 8 head for the back of the pack. But our hares are not done yet as further along we hit another set of double arrows this time for 6 to return. When will we hit 4 & 2? However our hares are unnaturally kind & do not impose this upon us.

Sheep Trials

The check at the top of the hill is held – at least for a while. We seek the trail down the various roads only to find it into the field just across the way. Rent-a-Bed, always on the lookout, triumphantly finds a screwdriver – I always thought he was all screwed up. The Elms, HQ of the National Trust for Jersey, is duly admired although there is a marquee in the grounds but we do not divert from the hill. We enter a farm track & are eventually confronted by the gates leading, I think, to the quarry. This does not deter Jacko, Beep-Beep, Michael & others from crawling under. What a shame the real trail leads across the recently scarified field to the left! More such fields bring us to a check where there are bales of hay in abundance. A pathetic bleating draws our attention to an escapee sheep from the nearby herd. Frisco & others make an unsuccessful attempt to shepherd her back to the flock. The lack of our own shepherd in the guise of our Hash Rev is sadly missed at this moment. The pack cannot be held for long & Gigolo says he will phone the farmer later.

Goosed

We are soon descending hazardous slopes. We are well warned about a particularly dangerous drop but we all manage to scramble to safety. There is an example of high class architecture near the check & the pack is amazed at Tinky's skills. Frisco's ability with animals extends to the geese along the path where he was seeking out the trail in completely the wrong direction. We are now into JNWW territory & carefully skirt La Hague reservoir. We are getting near the Hotel & are looking forward to civilised refreshment.

Field Fare

We almost eagerly climb Le Mont des Carrieres only to be stopped in our tracks when an arrow directs us to the left & onto the wooded slopes, Popeye is exclusively exempted from this diversion. The climb brings us to a field where we are confronted by Gigolo's Jeep, complete with quad bike, along with table & chairs. This turns out to be our final destination & not just a drinks stop. There are cans of beer available as well as crisps but other sustenance is noticeable by its absence. However, Illegal Immigrant

rounds up some helpers who eventually return from the hotel loaded up with plates of sandwiches. He has even enlisted the aid of Cooperman who has just turned up. The wind is somewhat chilly & many return to the car park to retrieve warmer clothing.

Even Later Comers

Molehills suddenly appears in his hash gear having arrived late, tried to follow the trail, then got himself lost. Also guided to the hash is Gabby, Gigolo’s other half, who will also be coming on the bike bash. She says that she likes cycling but does not do running because she has wobbly bits –nothing to worry about as far as the males of the hash are concerned. Tinky Winky adopts the role of both GM & Hash Rev. Suddenly a trio of helicopters in formation flies over us. Thank goodness this is not a scene of from Vietnam War.

Down Downs

After the usual announcements re Bike Bash, 1,000th weekend etc. we are informed that there are only a few down-downs – are we behaving ourselves for a change or are we yet to be found out?

Molehills is summoned for his lack of timekeeping as well as his inability to follow the trail as is Knickerbox for his feeble attempt to explain away the £2.5M road works fiasco. (It is our money, after all!).

Gigolo & Illegal Immigrant, our serial hares, are duly punished for having provided us with a brilliant run including virgin territory. Thanks lads.

RECEDING HARELINE

991	20 July	Top Car Park, Plemont+	Beep-Beep
992	27 July	Known only to Gigolo	

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

REMEMBER – Now only 10 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.

Exhibition

Anna-Louise Shipley, daughter of Twin Peaks & Muff Diver, has an exhibition entitled “A Tragedy of the Able” at the Arts Centre Bar Gallery from Monday 14th July until 4th August, 2008. Make the time & call in.

Joke

Tired of constantly being broke & stuck in an unhappy marriage, a young husband decided to solve both problems by taking out a large insurance policy on his wife with himself as the beneficiary, and then arranging to have her killed. A 'friend of a friend' put him in touch with a nefarious, dark-side, underworld figure that went by the name of Artie. Artie then explained to the

husband that his going price for snuffing out a spouse was £5,000. The husband said that he was willing to pay that amount, but that he wouldn't have any cash on hand until he could collect his wife's insurance money. Artie insisted on being paid at least something up front, so the man opened his wallet, displaying the single pound coin that rested inside. Artie sighed, rolled his eyes, & reluctantly agreed to accept the pound as down payment for the dirty deed.

A few days later, Artie followed the man's wife to the local Tesco store. There, he surprised her in the produce department and proceeded to strangle her with his gloved hands and as the poor unsuspecting woman drew her last breath and slumped to the floor the manager of the produce department stumbled unexpectedly onto the murder scene. Unwilling to leave any living witnesses behind, ol' Artie had no choice but to strangle the produce manager as well. However, unknown to Artie, the entire proceedings were captured by the hidden security cameras and observed by the store's security guard, who immediately called the police. Artie was caught and arrested before he could even leave the store. Under intense questioning at the police station, Artie revealed the whole sordid plan, including his unusual financial arrangements with the hapless husband who was also quickly arrested. The next day in the newspaper the headline declared.....

(You're going to hate me for this)

'ARTIE CHOKES TWO FOR A POUND AT TESCO!'

NELSON’S COLUMN



Thessalonians 3:12 “Abound in love one toward another and toward all men.”

It must have been a grave disappointment for you last week when I was unavailable to perform the Sunday service, but I felt sure I could count on the parish treasurer to do the honours. After all, “England expects...” The fact of the matter is that I was “Lost in France” as Bonnie Tyler put it so eloquently – hors de combat, so to speak. But, hello sailor, what a belle epoch I had in Paris. You don't know what life's all about until you've been up La Butte in Montmartre. No wonder they call it Gay Paris. It must be the most romantic city in the world. There's that great phallic, sorry Gallic, symbol, the Eiffel Tower, for starters. It certainly lives up to its name – it really is an eyeful, a bit like that round shot I took during the battle of Calvi off Corsica. I've never quite seen eye-to-eye with the French since then. But their cuisine is another matter. I've always loved a lamb shank but the Tarte Citroen was positively divine. I must try one in the back of a Renault next time. Talking of Mouton cadet, I understand my congregation actually came upon a lost sheep on their way to last week's service. Such a shame I wasn't there to lavish my loving attention on the poor animal. My tour de France is sadly over, but I'm looking forward to locking horns once again with my flock.

Blessings to you all from the Hash pulpit