



Crapaud Chronicle

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Run Number 996

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www.crapaud.org

Run for the Devil

Slow Start

The hashers seem slow in arriving today – that is even slower than usual. Devil's Hole is a long way out (for Jersey that is!) but eventually our numbers swell despite the steady drizzle that has developed this morning. There are also a few in the pack who partook in the cycling "Tour des Paroisses" the previous day but there are others who have not appeared. Did the trip end with sore rear ends, sore heads or both we ask ourselves? Jacko's 5 o'clock shadow of the previous week is now seen as a goatee – what will next week bring?

Jolly Green Giant

The upper car park is beginning to fill when a vision, clothed in a green cape, steps out of a car. Is it a jolly green giant? Well the cape is labelled "Paf" or should that be pouf? No, it's Captain Poocock trying to make a statement but I'm not sure what but I am sure that he has not succeeded. Also getting himself noticed is our GM when he appears on his motorised sewing machine & demonstrates the gentle art of how not to ride in the car park. But at least he got here just as we were about to set off.

Start, at last

Frisco, our lone hare, had finally decide that there would be no new arrivals & called upon us to form a circle. The usual reluctance to seek out sawdust & chalk, should any remain after the rain, is in evidence & Frisco endeavours to instil some life into the pack. This becomes imperative as the heavens have decided to open & allow rain to belt down. The only saving grace is that it is not all that cold, thank goodness.

Lost in St. Mary

We descend the steps & pass in front of the pub, not yet open, & take to the cliff path. But suddenly our hare is searching to & fro for his own path – if he doesn't know where it is what hope is there for the rest of us? Suddenly we plunge down the slope. The path at the bottom leads either to the Devil's Hole itself or back to the pub. Oh no! He's at it again. Our hare is once more searching up & down but eventually a rare blob of sawdust is spotted & we are climbing through trees & scrub till we reach open ground.

Painful Trail

The weather is showing distinct signs of improvement as we drop into Le Mourier Valley but we don't head for the

waterfall but head inland. The FRBs gaily head up the road but the more experienced & wily consider that the narrow path next to London House is the better bet. We rest near the nicely restored cottages before braving the nettles along the path. Dock leaves are handy in this situation although Captain Poocock is distracted by some football game left at the top of the path.

Sorel

The sign might say "No through road" but we know better & head for the cliffs. It's no mean distance along here but we reach NT land & head towards Sorel. There is a motorcycle meeting being held here & some think the trail leads to the Point but this not a good idea, whilst others pause to look at some very junior competitors at the start line. However we are chivvied along & are soon enjoying the fields of Sorel Farm.

Shiggy in his element

We eventually reach tarmac where some of the more eagle eyed had spotted sawdust on the previous day's cycle ride – no tales told though. But what is this? The trail has brought us to the top of Mont de la Barcelone but we enter the grounds of the property of the same name. The resident canines make more noise than the Hashers but this speeds us on our way. Although there are cattle in a field we are told that the electric fencing has been turned off. Now I do not trust such statements & avoid any such wires but not so the trusting Meccano who receives a nasty poke – she should have known better but will do in future. This is great countryside & we end up in yet another valley. Shiggy for once is on the correct trail & has stationed himself in the stream which we have to cross. The usual attempts at evasion are made by all except Phoebe, hash hound for the day enjoying her first run for some time, who stations herself in the centre of the stream to share in the fun. Strangely enough we do find some sawdust on the slopes which bring us to La Vaux Bourel & then down the road to the Mourier crossroad where the ever helpful hashers are confusing an even more confused H car driver.

Call of the pub

Time is getting on & it must now be a short route to the pub. Not a bit of it. It's up the hill & into a field where a football pitch is laid out. Back to tarmac & straight down the road to the pub. Well, yes, if you are a SCB as the proper trail takes us round the edge of La Mare Vineyards before we are allowed back up the steps to the car park. A good run completed in improving weather, well done

Frisco. This fit young man must have miscalculated our abilities as I got back at 11.45 which means a 1 1/2 hour run which knackered poor Phoebe – I will not speak for the hashers.

Food & drink

We are by now blessed with sunshine as well as a nice pint of Bombardier, just for the discerning. It does not take long for sausages, a huge mound of chips & bread & butter to appear. Even the eager hashers are having difficulty in disposing of this largesse.

Announcements

Our GM reminds us of the great events due to unfold over the next few weeks although Is-it-Buggery requires enlightenment as to the nature of a Hash t-shirt. The confusion as to today’s venue is brought to our attention & Nelson is called before the GM. However it appears that Nelson claims to have drawn his information from the “Disappearing Hareline” for which Steptoe is accused. The pint is duly shared between the culprits. (There has been a calumny uttered as a quick consultation of past “Crapaud Chronicles” reveals no mention of the Trinity Arms for this week’s run. - Editor)

Down-Downs

Our RA takes centre stage & calls up Captain Poocock to take his punishment for leaving the sun roof on his car open the previous night with heavy rain forecast. This might just explain the nasty green cape referred to earlier.

Christening

Nicole has not only received her exam results, including an “A”, but it is time to be rewarded with a hash handle. When on her knees Nicole is formally name “Pa-Pa” in deference to the Renault Clio adverts. Mind you I find this gender bending somewhat difficult to cope with. Our visitors are called forward with lemonade for Linda & a pint for Graham. Linda has no difficulty but she, to great applause, has to help Graham out – what a blow to male pride!

To her surprise our new ‘Elf & Safety’ official in the shape of Hooker has to pay for her sins. Our lone hare, Frisco or “Silver Lining” in recognition of his new hair style, does the decent thing with his punishment for providing us with a good morning’s run.

Crapaud Banner

Do you have any idea where the Crapaud banner is? This has made an occasional appearance but has not been seen for a while. Anyone who has any idea where it might be should contact Captain Poocock (601076) as we could make use of it on the 1,000th weekend.

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.

French Bike Bash – Pay up!

Theme “Ooh la la!” There are no more vacancies but costs have now been finalized & it is time to cough up a further £120 in addition to the £50 deposit already paid. For non-members the total cost for the weekend’s activities is £210. TW would be pleased to relieve you of your final payment.

1,000th Weekend

It’s still not too late to register so download a Registration Form from www.crapaud.org. Please contact any ex-hashers you know either here or in the UK & encourage them to come & participate.

Jokes

A teacher asks her class, ‘If there are 5 birds sitting on a fence and you shoot one of them, how many will be left?’ She calls on little MATT. He replies, ‘None, they will all fly away with the first gunshot.’

The teacher replies, ‘The correct answer is 4, but I like your thinking.’

Then little MATT says, ‘I have a question for YOU. There are 3 women sitting on a bench having ice cream: One is delicately licking the sides of the triple scoop of ice cream. The second is gobbling down the top and sucking the cone. The third is biting off the top of the ice cream. Which one is married?’ The teacher, blushing a great deal, replied, ‘Well, I suppose the one that’s gobbled down the top and sucked the cone.’ To which Little MATT replied, ‘The correct answer is ‘the one with the Wedding ring on,’ but I like your thinking.’

Little MATT returns from school and says he got an F in arithmetic.

‘Why?’ asks the father?

‘The teacher asked ‘How much is 2x3,’ I said ‘6’, replies MATT. ‘But that’s right!’ says his dad.

‘Yeah, but then she asked me ‘How much is 3x2?’ ‘What’s the f****ing difference?’ asks the father

‘That’s what I said!’

Disappearing Hareline

998	7 Sept	Car Park opp. J Pearl	Plonker	Bike Bash
999	14 Sept	Who knows	Meccano & Knickerbox	B of Britain Wk
1000	21 Sept	Havre des Pas	Mismanagement	The BIG ONE
1001	28 Sept			
1002	5 Oct		Illegal Immigrant & Steptoe	Jersey Marathon

Remember: Now only 3 runs to Run No. 1,000