

RHHH Walkers Report (Run 704) for Filippo & Padre's St Vallier de They Hash, August 19, 2012

High and Hot Hashing in Heat + Altitude

*as reported by Contessa
photos by Coco*

Boy it was HOT! All the news abt risks of exercising in this heat wave did not stop 16 hashers from coming out to join in what was Filippo's final RHHH Farewell Hash as he sets off for more business and economics study at La Defense, Paris where he surely will be missing picking berries and nuts among the concrete corporate skyscrapers. It was hard to say who was Hare and who was Co-Hare as both Filippo and Padre well-coordinated the convivial mishaps, situated above Grasse on the Route Napoleon, altitude 893 meters.

Ah, but before I get to the details of the Walk, we have to mention the infamous Directions prepared by Padre. The first set of directions sent out were recalled as erroneous, so a new 'corrected' version was emailed. And... and... never trust a recall as... these too were wide off the mark Wrong, directing drivers to go 75-100 meters beyond the 'reindeer roundabout' when exiting the village, then turn left up a simple (nameless) road. This sounds easy but the real distance was only 25-45 meters so this misinformation had drivers going too far, turning up residential (cull de sac) streets and then making difficult 'U' turns to get back again to the main road, (resulting in Sabine scratching her car during this turnaround maneuver). "*Nope, can't be here!, Let's try the next one*". And the Next Road was wrong too! So everyone was measuring 75-100 meters, as instructed. The actual distance was more like 25 meters. Lost drivers met on the road united in convivial frustration. So by the time everyone found the correct road/parking they were confused and steaming (35 degrees) mad! Out of the car came Andrea... very irritated "*I know who should be Shit of the Week...for those lousy directions!*" Then like a well-timed comedy, coming out of another car 10 seconds later was FB, and no kidding she said the SAME thing, "*I know who should be Shit of the Week!*" So you get the picture, everyone was thrown off by those wrong directions. Andrea even suggested buying Padre a yard stick! Padre seemed rather nonchalant about the cockup and made up some excuse; he thought he'd measured it. This put a smirk on the face of Mme Mouton who has a running feud with Padre about lousy Directions. "*He should have just said to go to the 1st road after that roundabout and turn left*", she said confidently. She was right! Maybe for Padre this was too easy... considering by the 11 AM Start, fourteen hashers had already been trumped on at least two motoring false trails!

Joining RHHH as a Visitor from the CHF Swiss Hash were Captain Sensible and his son

Widget. I asked the inevitable question and the answer was, ‘*Who doesn’t know Iron Lady?*’. Anyway we saw our visitors at the Start and not again until the Finish... seems they got Lost following the forest trail but they were good-humored about it. Captain Sensible later entertained us with a story and pictures about shopping for a red dress for himself to wear at a Red Dress Run. He boldly walked into a Swiss boutique and tried them on, but other CHF male hashers shopped by internet to avoid embarrassment. Come to think of it, this adds a new, invisible ‘niche market’ to Customer Profiling!

Bravo to a dehydrated Perpetch who arrived on his bike and had already put in 35 kms of hill climbing to get to the Hash.

Padre blew the whistle and welcomed the Hashers, explained that Filippo had gone to extraordinary efforts to prepare this Hash for us. Talk about dedication – Filippo had started out a week previous wearing a backpack, walking from Bar sur Loup to Gorge du Loup and up and down some plateaus to 1780 meters and made his way to Grasse, St Vallier de Thiey. He survived by eating only nuts and berries he collected in the forest on the way. He also slept on the ground in his sleeping bag as he checked out the possible parcours for this Hash. *And this will give you a hint as to how he was later ‘named’ in the Circle.*

We headed off into a shady forest, walking, trudging on melting paved roads and flat rocky paths (*oxymoron, not to be confused later in this text with euomoron*) lined with oak trees. Now and then we came upon elegant horses grazing under trees. We heard one genuine cock crow in the forest, (not to be confused with cocks heard crowing back in the Circle over the fuddled Directions). Also heard Modesty repeatedly shouting out ‘OnOn’ every 2 minutes. He was in top form and had trusted the babysitting of little Sophie to grandmother FB and Mme Mouton who took the easy way out and had intended to shortcut to the Beerstop but they stayed back in the Parking after all where Sophie went baby bathing in the local water trough.

Two Hashers, Cumalot and Merrydick wore Camelback hydration packs, ‘*Beer Stop on Permanence*’ as they said. Cumalot also put considerable fashion attention into sporting bright pink socks to liven up the dress code of anything goes.

The trail was not typically easy for Walkers as we had to work harder than usual. Not only did we have to watch our steps as there were plops of horse shit all over the place but there were Checks for Walkers too and of course lazy Walkers don’t expect to have to find the trail, as they slog along talking on and on without searching for flour. Now we had to actually go off looking. And crafty Filippo just stood there with a poker face, ‘*Yes it might go this way, or maybe that way*’. So this had us tromping around on grassy, turdy land looking for flour here and there. Thank goodness for the ‘On On’ calls coming from Modesty.

At one point Merrydick, the runner-up to RHHH Master of Puns and Ambiguity (1st Place

goes to Pedo of course), said he saw ‘two checks’... to the bewilderment of Contessa. This homophone was meant to refer to Filippo being Czech, and for this Merrydick charmingly called Contessa a ‘Euromoron’. *Thou shalt not insult the Hash Trash Reporter...*

We made it to the Beerstop, enjoyed our usual drinks and gourmet chips. Here we were situated across from a parking with a café that caters to visitors of underground caves or caverns in the area. How Intriguing! Another discovery from Filippo, but alas we did not get to visit the caves!

At this point silver tongued Pedo influenced Sabine to do the 2nd half with the Runners. HA! This was a joke as it was so HOT that by this time the Runners became Walkers too so her first experience with the Runners was still walking! To which the Big Talker Pedo commented, “You see, going with the Runners isn’t hard after all!” By the time we all finished back in the parking, no one was really running anymore except rapid movements to the beer coolers.

The Circle had Down Downs for:

Hares - Filippo and Padre

Visitors - Captain Sensible and Widget

The ‘mugless’ – Contessa, FB, Mme Mouton, Merrydick

The Hash Trash Reporter –Contessa (*for complaining that Padre sneakily changed her previous Walkers Report with his own comments, getting her in trouble!*)

Shit of the Week nominations went to: Padre for lousy Directions, Perpetch for forgetting to organize a 60th Birthday gift for Tossplot, and to FB for some trumped up reason. The unanimous vote award SOTW to Padre, runner-up Perpetch, but it was Filippo who stepped into the Circle to drink from the phallic vessel saying

“I always wanted to do this” ! He also made it clear that it was not him who sent out the wrong directions, as he was out tromping through the woods, so how could he be behind the PC... *such an alibi in these days of 3G connections...* that he had left it up to his ‘Public Relations Manager’, i.e. Padre to handle the Directions, so he was blameless.

And if there were more Down Downs , I forgot them!(pictured: baby Sophie watches as grandmother FB rinses flour out of Squirrel Shit’s hair!)

Last but not least, the Name Anointing of Filippo. Several good names were suggested (Springbok, Check My Nuts, Chlorophyll) but the name Padre found was ‘Squirrel Shit’. Filippo knelt in the Circle and Padre made a pompous speech “...*by the powers invested in me...*” to which FB interrupted and blurted out, “ *What powers are those that we invested in you?*” and we all laughed at this. Then Padre poured beer and flour on Filippo’s head and even passed the flour around so we could all take a fistful contributing to the dusting of Squirrel Shit. We sang a Hash song ‘Sod Off’ and invited him to come back and visit whenever he tires

of romping Esplanade La Defense. Those joining lunch then carried on to 'La Lanterne' in St. Vallier.

So goes Hash Run 704. Long live Squirrel Shit!

*ps – The RHHH tradition continues: at the next Hash on September 2nd we will be collecting donations for the belated purchase of a **60th Birthday gift for Tossport**. Recommended abt 5 to 10 euro. If you wish to contribute, please see FB when she collects your run fees at the next Hash (organized by Contessa and Coco in Airole, Italie.)*