



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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The official organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

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On and On

Ancient artefact unearthed

TV archaeologist, Tony Robinson, wasn't the only absentee from last weekend's run but there was a kind of Time Team feel about it. First we discovered a veteran hasher from the prehistoric past of the sport. And what's more he was still alive ...just.

We're talking about IHABO (If I Had A Big One, for those who don't know) who joined the club in its first year – Run No 36, he thinks. But, almost as exciting, he brought with him an historic piece of hash regalia which he'd unearthed just in time

to save it from the incinerator. It seemed appropriate that he unveiled his treasure trove in the birthplace of hashing in Jersey, the Smugglers Inn. Out of black bin-liner he extracted the JCH3 banner which hasn't been seen for at least 12 years. There was just about enough room in the pub to unveil it.

opportunity. It was a shame that there weren't more there to enjoy this unique

offering, although it later transpired that the opportunity might in fact rise again in



Gigolo's new hash sign

Fashion show

Charlie, for that's his real name, also seems to still own a splendid collection of hash T-shirts from the good old days – one he was wearing on Sunday was from the fated Midsummer Sunrise run in June 1988 when the Crapauds got up early enough to see the sun rise on the morning of the Summer Solstice only to have it blotted out by thick fog – something we didn't have to contend with on Sunday, but it did seem to be the first truly autumnal run, with very few T-shirts and shorts in evidence. Gigolo's run had been billed as a once in a lifetime



IHABO steps out again



Healthy hare?



Life's a drag for Frodo



Fuzz on the rocky road



Tinky on his tod

about a year's time. However there were competing attractions. All our FRBs, Jacko, Frisco and Smuggler were playing with their small balls somewhere in France while a few hashers were indulging in a spot of long-distance running on the Jersey Marathon, including Bagsofit and Hash Bear, both taking part in the relay, and Skyscraper who allegedly was down to do the full monte. Then there was the usual list of hash casualties including Steptoe who'd failed a late fitness test after putting away too much whisky and falling over, injuring his knee. What's that expression about, 'there's no fool ...'? Anyway there were ten runners plus the hare and a handful of walkers. "There are no rules," Gigolo intoned, "but

there are guidelines for today's run." Basically that boiled down to regrouping circles which we "had to abide by" ... or rules, by any other name. Otherwise there would be a punishment "which will hurt your knees." There was also talk of some stalking assassin with loaded shotgun who would be monitoring our behaviour. Rather more conventionally the trail was laid in chalk and flour. The 'on' was called at 10.26 – "that's a record" observed Ballock - and we drifted off towards Ouaisne Common for what turned out to be a bit of a mis-direction because after romping round the dunes the trail suddenly took us in the opposite direction, down to the beach and across towards the rocks below the quarry. Fuzz somehow found herself

marooned on a pinnacle and the rest of us moaned about the steep climb up to Portelet Common. At the top we found our first re-group sign, but there seemed to be a complete dearth of any others after that. We ran past the old Portelet Hotel before suddenly being diverted via a hole in the hedge. 'Virgin territory?' some speculated. We had a scramble through the undergrowth before finding ourselves on the main road down to the Smugglers. We head uphill towards the crossroads and inevitably the trail took us across several of Charlie Gallichan's fields which we always use on Gigolo run from the Smugglers. We crossed the road and ran past a very big puddle but even our hare left it untouched. Soon afterwards



Idle chat



Form an orderly queue



It's this way, honest

we came across a circle with a big 'D' in the centre. It was a drinks stop – and Gigolo was carrying the liquid refreshment's in his back-pack. What a star. "Want a drink, Charlie?" asked out here. "No, thanks," said IHABO. "Words never heard on a hash before," said Gigolo. "Are you sure?" "Oh, if you insist," responded Charlie, "it's the first today ... out of this tin!" The walkers were supposed to be meeting the rest of us at the drinks stop and we waited quite a while as Gigolo scanned the horizon, but eventually we gave up and moved on. However all was not lost – we found the walkers having a breather at

the entrance to the Les Ruisseaux estate where Gigolo reminded us about the man with the shotgun and the need to follow the live trail. "If you stray off the trail the punishment is death," said the hare, which is obviously marginally more serious than a down down. We went into the drive of an estate called Le Val. There was some discussion over whether the hash had even been there before but either way for most of us it was a real eye-opener. There were some 55 acres of woodland, gardens and a few granite buildings, all completely hidden away from prying eyes. Apparently it was owned by the family associated with the White Star

Line, shipping company. We finally emerged through a gate very close to the bunker just above Ouaisne beach which the game-keeper closed and locked behind us, but not before telling us there was a good chance we could come back next year and perhaps use some different tracks through the woods. After the refreshments the GM congratulated Gigolo on an exceptional run. There were a few notices, including one about a mis-management meeting and the Christmas party on December 10th - and even one about next year's French bike bash which will take place over the weekend of September 6th-10th and will be somewhere near Chateau



Sans skis



The Red Baron rocks



Tinky on the run



Hare going down



Harriettes on the rocks



D Notice?

Gigolo in almost-the-Dordogne. The RA then lamented the lack of sinners on the run – no-one had even been shot. IHABO was down downed for old times sake and in return he pulled a rabbit out of the hat, ore more precisely the banner from his bin-liner. Finally Gigolo made swift work of the down down awarded to him for an excellent run. **On on**



H A S H
H A H A



If four people have sex together it's a foursome. If there are three in the bed it's a threesome. Now I know why people call me handsome.

Oh no. Lego is in trouble and they're making lots of staff redundant. Still, I'm sure they'll be able to put a rescue package together

My uncle had his tongue shot off in World War 2, though he doesn't talk about it

I suffer from diarrhoea. So did my dad and I believe his father before him. It must run in the family.

Hugh Hefner has died. Thanks for the mammaries. At least people won't be saying he's in a better place now.

Just walked down a street where the house numbers were: 64k, 128k, 256k, 512k and 1MB, That was a trip down Memory Lane.

My son didn't cope well with going to jail. He refused to eat or drink anything. He swore at everyone and covered the walls of his room with excrement. We're not going to play Monopoly again.

A transvestite from Greater Manchester walked into a bar. He had a Wigan address

A man who took an airline to court after losing his luggage has lost his case



Down Memory Lane

Paul McCartney is getting divorced again. Apparently she was sending twice as much on shoes as his previous one.

Have you ever wondered about those people who spend a fortune on those small bottles of Evian water? Try spelling Evian backwards.

Propaganda. What a Cockney says when he needs a closer look

My missus has just told me she has broken her sat nav and she wants £150 for a new one. Well she can get lost

I got an interesting job as part of a human chess board. Only problem is that I'm on Knights this week

How do you milk sheep? Put a new iPhone on the market



Hand-me-down down

My dream job is to be a sound engineer. I just want to, want to, want to ...

I've just been given the job as Obituaries Editor on a big national newspaper on the strength of my name alone: Doug Graves

Times change. Exit signs are on the way out

A circle walks into a pub. Your round I said

A few harsh words, sorry, hash words

We were down the pub, playing with our new iphones, lamenting the death of Steve Jobs. "What's your favourite Apple product?" asked my mate. "Cider," I said.

I went to the doctor's in a panic that I might have early onset Alzheimer's, as I suddenly realised I couldn't remember the last time I had sex. "Absolutely nothing wrong with you," said the doctor without even examining me. "How can you tell, without even giving me a check-up?" I asked. "You're wearing a wedding ring."

A man walked into a library and asked if they have any books about paranoia. The assistant replied: "They're right behind you."

Neil Diamond used to be called Neil Coal. But then the pressure got to him

My mum used to tell me, "Whatever you want to do, the sky's the limit." Which used to upset me – because I wanted to be an astronaut.

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run no: 1472

Date: October 15th

Hares: Ballcock

On Down:

Seymour Inn

Run no: 1473

Date: October 22nd

Hares: Vital

Statistix

On Down: TBA