



# CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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**Run Number 1492**

**Contacts** Grand Master 07797 740420, Vice Master 07797 756329, Vice Mistress 07700 747999, RA 07797 767775, Hash Cash 07797 728360, Hash Scribe 07829 800840, Hon GM 07797 748445, Hash Haberdasher 613980

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**On and On**

## Out on a limb in St Ouen

**Break a leg.** Isn't that what they say to actors before a performance? Evidently they gave the same encouragement to Jacko before last week's run. And what's more Jacko's partner, Judith seems to have been given equally duff advice. It's not as though the pair of them did the simple thing though and simply got legless – that would be too easy. Instead

they both managed to break an arm. First Jacko slipped on black ice and damaged his left elbow. Then, while he was in hospital awaiting an operation, Judith came to bring him some fresh clothes in case he had to stay overnight and had a tumble and broke her right arm. She was lucky, I suppose, that she was on her way to hospital. It'll be six weeks before she's allowed to drive



*Flight of fantasy*



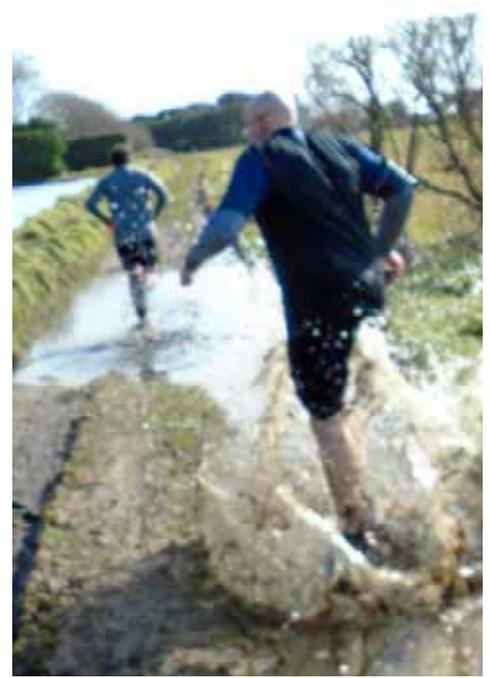
*Pussy in a puddle*



*We've got a mountain to climb*



*Course of true love?*



*Splashdown*



*On top of his game?*

again – and it's not as though Jacko will be able to chauffeur her around, he's away skiing this weekend. It wasn't the end of his troubles. They didn't have time to deal with him that night and sent him home." Come back tomorrow," they said. This all happened on Thursday last week, the day the Beast from the East, made a brief visit to Jersey. Whilst Jacko was in A&E he heard that 22 people had been treated for broken legs that day. Didn't know there were so many thespians in Jersey. Well that was an end to laying the trail for the run. He's such a ladies' blouse. Instead he turned up on Sunday apologising for the amount of road on the

backward half because he'd been incapacitated. Was that a reference to his broken arm? We don't know. The poor lamb was so traumatised he had to beg the Red Baron to give him a hand, though I didn't think Jersey General Hospital did transplant surgery. The hare said he was in a bit of a pickle but then he looked up into the sky and saw this little Fokker who came to his rescue. Jacko couldn't have chosen a more remote location than L'Etacq though Hash Bear's theory was that the hare knew about the car park alongside Faulkner's Fisheries it from his dogging days. You can certainly get crabs there. Considering how far off the

beaten track it was there was a good turnout – some sixteen runners including young Minicab again plus about eight walkers. It was too remote for Gigolo however. The weather however was encouraging. After all that, well, bit of snow, the sun shone bright and it wasn't too chilly. Jacko told us the sad tale of his life and ended it with a tear-jerking postscript – he'd lost one of his gloves while laying the trail and asked us to look out for it. He warned us to be careful not take a fall from a great height and to look out for some nasty bends – why was he telling us? The trail was laid in yellow and white chalk as well as sawdust and flour



*It's a tall order*



*Looking into the pit*



*Oops-a-daisy*



*Aiming for the sky?*

Inevitably the run started with a lung-busting climb, once we'd got past Stinky Bay. Once up on the heights we ran on to the Les Landes Occupation bunker complex, complete with the big gun. Before you know it, Jacko found himself lost, but eventually he managed to get us back on trail and we headed towards the model aircraft club's landing strip. Cue a lot of hashers to simulate taking off, to the strains of the Dambusters' March. It was good to see Smuggler, Crapaud Hareways senior pilot, take to the air again. The only armed service we hadn't encountered was the navy but there were plenty of puddles and Skyscraper couldn't



*Sitting pretty?*

restrain himself for long. We ran alongside the racecourse for a while. Steptoe decided to go for a jump. I said "jump" not "dump." We emerged at the main entrance to the racecourse and held a check before heading south again. We soon diverted through a gate into a field and on to grassy track before we found ourselves back on the main road again, but we headed left down that shortest of roads, Rue de la Devise. Frisco turned right into the ominously named Rue de la Trappe. And so it proved. Instead we went the opposite way – apart from the Red Baron, Taxi and Minicab who decided to take a shortcut. We found a pleasant hidden lane – well it was



*Blasted heath*

pleasant until we realised it was a shiggy trap. "Jacko lives in St Ouen," said Frisco, "he knows the parish like the back of his arse." We soon found ourselves back on the main road and ran past many hashers' holiday home, Maison des Landes, before coming across the walkers having a rest. We hurtled down Mont Huelin, gravity is great when it's on your side, past Minioti Icecreams base and headed for home. Though there was one last field to cross before we got there. We emerged on the other side and ran on top of the sea wall. Eventually we reached a slipway giving us access to the beach. We scrambled up to the car park and drove to the



*On the edge*



*Up yours*



*Shooting for the sky*



*Aintree contender?*



*Reach for the sky*



*Happy hares*



*Steady on, old boy*

## RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



**Run no:** 1494

**Date:** March 18th

**Hares:** Molehills & Steptoe

**On Down:** Sir George Carteret, St Peter. Park in the Co-op

**Run no:** 1495

**Date:** March 25th

**Hares:** Bags-of-it

**On Down:** Royal, St Martin

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I've spent hours making my very own flea circus. I built it from scratch.

I went to see my doctor and asked him if he had anything for persistent wind. He gave me a kite

What have been the two worst winters since 1945? Mike and Bernie

A conspiracy theorist walks into a bar. Or that's what the government would have us believe.

I wondered what my parents did to relieve the boredom before the advent of the internet. I asked my fifteen brothers and sisters and they didn't know either.

Tube announcement: "The next station is Kew where this train will germinate."

Just like Charles Dickens other novels, "The Tale of Two Cities" was originally published in serial form, in this case in two local newspapers. It was the Bicester Times. It was the Worcester Times.

I removed the shell from my racing snail thinking it would help him move even more quickly, but instead it just made him more sluggish.

I told my mate that in order to have sex with my girlfriend I told her I would marry in the summer. "July?" he asked. "Of course I did."

I thought I was losing my marbles. I sought help. "Doctor, I keep thinking I'm a psychiatrist." "How long have you felt like this?" "Since I was Jung."

Why did the cows return to the marijuana field. It was a case of the pot calling the cattle back

Maplin to close. Bye de bye

on down at the Watersplash. Once we'd partaken of the refreshments we mustered outside in the sunshine. Hooker was saying her goodbyes but Tinky Winky called her back. "What's the most outstanding thing you've ever done in your life?" he said. "The London Marathon," was the reply. "No," said the GM, "Something to do with a boutique." What a crap life, we started thinking. Apparently one of those giveaway glossy magazines had done a feature which mentioned Hooker

I'm not sure you'll get this joke. Ygolohcysp. That's reverse psychology for you

Did you know that having sex while drunk is banned in Iceland. Not sure about the Co-op though – you'll have to check

It was so cold last week that I saw a Scouser with his hands in his own pockets

I can swallow a shoe-lace and make it come out tied in a bow. I shit you knot.

Tip for the 2.30 at Doncaster ... a horse called Heartbeat. It's worth a flutter.

A lollipop lady cleaned the snow off my windscreen this morning. Perhaps I should have slowed down

They're making a new fuel additive in France. It's called Vin Diesel

working in a boutique. So a down down it was. Except it wasn't. Hooker had neither the time or the inclination. Someone had to drink it. Poor Skyscraper became the scapegoat – not that he looked desperately unhappy about it. We also had a birthday to celebrate. McKinley had reached another summit. Finally the hares were rewarded for their efforts and Jacko made a fist of putting away his down down, despite agony of having to raise his left arm. **On on**

I met a girl in a club last night. After a few drinks she asked me if I wanted to go home with her and have sex. I didn't want to disappoint her, so I said "No."

I've been invited to my first Constipation Anonymous meeting on Monday. Unfortunately there's no way I can go

On my fifth pint of Stella, I noticed a warning on the side of the can. It said 'Please drink responsibly'. Well I'm wearing my seat-belt. Does that count?

They all laughed at me when I said I was going to discover the secret of how to make myself invisible. If they could see me now.

I had my autobiography published last year, but I haven't been able to sell one copy. The story of my life.