



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

FREE

(Plus GST
at 5%)

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The official organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1522

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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Virgins Galore!



Partners in Crime?



Virgin Yolenner!



Running Assistant?

Superb is the only adjective that could be used to describe last weeks Run, masterminded by Colonel Tom assisted by Smuggler. They had thrown everything into the mix a Hasher could wish for, starting with a Virgin venue in the shape of Partners Café overlooking St Clement's Golf Course. Well, we have been to Partners before but since then it was demolished, moved a few hundred yards and rebuilt so the premises were Virgin even if the venue's name wasn't. Then there was the heaps of grassy Virgin land, a Virgin colombier (dovecote), a Virgin kestrel, a Virgin stray terrier or three chasing the Pack, a Virgin drink stop location and to top all that our Hares even produced a Virgin Runner in the shapely form of Yolene from Belgium. When our GM informed the Pack she is a physio with a few months placement at the Hospital it was not surprising how many Hashers started clutching at their backs moaning for some treatment during the Run!

To enjoy this master-class in Trail laying we had a reasonable turnout of about 20-odd Hashers in all, whether Runners or Walkers. Even brave Joe turned out sporting a bright red plaster-cast on his sports injury broken arm.



A wide variety of Marks indicated where the Trail went!



Caught by the Brook!



Plonkers Rest-Stop!



Runners & Walkers Cross Paths!

After the Run Gigolo claimed the first half contained all the Virgin parts attributing this to Colonel Tom's inspired planning, with the last half comprising Smugglers crummy leftovers from previous Runs. Not a bit of it we thought, both Hares did a great job. Eventually the Hares called the Pack to order, informing us the Trail was laid in historic "Norman Sawdust" supplemented with Pink and Peach Chalk, warning us to look out for kestrels. What, even this warning was somewhat different! No cows, sheep or bulls?

Upon leaving Partners we headed into the water catchment meadows off La Blinerie (Virgin) where Elvis quickly stopped appearing to have hurt his paw. Colonel Tom was yelling at his son Joe to "Hurry Up", but ended up going back to see what the trouble was. Our Colonel soon sorted this out because he had Elvis up and running through the meadow in not time, muttering "If you fuss with him you'll be there all day!". Meanwhile the wide drainage brook running through the meadow had caught out Jacko & Frisco who, short-cutting back from front-running, found themselves on wrong side of the water. Tempted to jump the ditch they eventually wimped out, running around back to the road.



Hold the Check – Team Photo!



Feathered Friend?



Drink Stop Delights!



After 10 Pints Mary Ann Here Rests Gigolo!

Coming out onto Rue des Pres the Trail diverted the Pack through Miladi Farm Estate arriving on Longueville Road. Heading around outside of Longueville Manor up Rue Saint-Thomas the Runners went onto La Freminerie lane. From there the Pack ran very fast through a few fields of sweetcorn, chased by a small Pack of three very noisy terriers! Definitely not Virgin, I mean the fields, because one had been used for previous week's Run. Meanwhile the Walkers had taken the shorter route up the footpath running behind Longueville Manor. Four of the Walkers decided to take the higher footpath, ending with Nil-by-Mouth, Commando and Illegal coming a cropper falling down a not too steep bank at the junction with Val d'Aumet footpath, with the Runners arriving in the same location not too long afterwards.

The Running Pack were then misled down a circular Trail around the valley, stopping in the colombier for a Team photo. Although the promised kestrel was nowhere to be seen shortly afterwards Fuzz found a feathered friend of the plastic blow-up variety. Quickly deflating and stuffing it into her packet, she confessed "for some fun later!". The mind boggles what naughty mischief Fuzz got up to later that afternoon!



Beer Tastes Great, Yolene!



Climbing The Slippery Slope!



Walkies Message to Naughty Boy?



Expert Bottle Opener!



Kids Party Time!



Beer Tastes Awfull!

Running back up the valley through the Manor woods Gigolo found a shallow grave, which he tested for size but was really too shallow for his belly. At the top of the woods the Pack ran through another sweetcorn field discovering that... Colonel Tom had laid on a Drinks Stop! This was not any ordinary Drinks Stop, with our Colonel laying on a veritable feast including sausage rolls, pretzels, crisps... and even nicely chilled Prosecco and Rose wine! The Hare confessed to me this was only the Runs half-way point! From the car park half-way down Les Varines the Pack ran through more fields, across the road and into... yet more fields before plunging into woods again to find a rough swing that amused a few for a short while. Having Run through even more fields the Pack arrived in Fountain Lane, to find a stern message from Walkies "Get back home you naughty boy!" to Steptoe. It was then back down Plat Douet Road and On Home.

Partners Café clearly had us taped, serving up orange & blackcurrant squash as though we were a kids party along with great bangers, chips and bread along with knives and forks. "Eat nicely, now children" chided the waitress! Eventually we assembled outside for the Down-Down's with our Virgin Yolene first-up to the strains of Dolly Parton's song being reprised, but she struggled with her half-pint needing soekm assistance. Tinky Winky then congratulated Gigolo & Illegal on successfully pulling off a great French Bike Bash and, to their surprise as they claimed to have already been punished in France, awarding them with a Pint of Beer each. Finally our Hares Colonel Tom & Smuggler were congratulated for an excellent Trail much enjoyed by everybody and they were duly punished with a pint of beer each to Down-Down. **On On**



Struggling to keep it Down!



Before and After!

**RAPIDLY
RECEDING
HARELINE**



Run no: 1524
Date: 14th October
Hare: Trotsky
On Down: Watersplash,
St Ouens Bay
Scribe: Pervey