



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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*Published
almost
weekly*

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On & On

Not a Joint Trail with JH3

What a difference a week makes! The previous Sunday was still like summer but this week the Hash had been plunged into mid-winter, with torrential rain and distinctly nippy conditions to greet the pack as it assembled in the Priory car park at Devils Hole.

Had Christmas come early? Not only wintery weather but it started to look like we were going to get a joint run with JH3, as their membership started to arrive in the car park. Those of us that had seen the sports diary in the Evening Post had thought that they had made a cock up by scheduling both hashes to be at the Priory this Sunday but perhaps they had got it right. We occasionally get one or two JH3 arriving at our venue by mistake but never this many!



The CH3 Circle in the downpour

Our Hare (Fuzz) warned us that the trail was laid entirely in sawdust, assuming it was still there after the foul weather overnight. We were also warned that dogs had to be kept on leads throughout the run, that we needed to keep together and that no horns were allowed (as a condition of being allowed across some private land). The good news, especially given the awful weather, was that it would be a **SHORT RUN** – or at least short by Fuzz standards.



The Packs mingle

As the rain came down even more heavily (and we all wondered why we had got out of bed) we were called into the Circle to be briefed. Initially it looked as though both Packs were going to form a single circle but JH3 changed their mind and wandered off to form their own circle – so it wasn't going to be an early Christmas joint run after all.



JH3 circle

The Pack set off down hill past the Priory and across the car park in front of the pub and onto the coastal foot path. We weren't on it for long however before the trail veered off, round the end of a wire fence, onto a track down the side of a field leaving the FRBs on a 'false trail'.



The Walkers

It was then left at the end of the field, briefly back onto the coastal path and then left again (making a loop around three sides of a field full of horses) onto a road that lead to La Falaise Farm, only just around the corner from the On Inn.

Here we were met by the landowner who was somewhat annoyed as his horses were going ape having heard the JH3 horn. Having explained that it wasn't us but 'the other lot' using the horn. He was somewhat mollified but did say that JH3 would not be allowed on his land in future.



Hooker & Gwendolene

On we went through the downpour, zigzagging around fields until, at length we arrived at a barn where the Hash Mutt, Elvis, made a new large friend called Louis who wanted to play. Unfortunately Elvis didn't seem to be in the mood and it took some persuasion for Louis not to come on the run with us.

Following a dirt track down hill we arrived at Rue de Maupertuis near the junction at the top of Mourier valley, where the Pack paused to regroup.



Regroup

There seemed to be some unwillingness to check out all of the possible trails available, although Jacko did show willing by doing through the gate on the corner (where trails have occasionally gone in the past). The trail continued up Mont de Barcelone, with the keen FRBs going up at speed but with wiser Hashers taking their time on the steep incline. As it turned out, this was a sensible move as the trail turned off to the left before the top, through a gate onto virgin territory.



Welcome to the virgin land

The trail lead on along the top of the cotil, before zigzagging down a slippery slope into the valley. At that point, the walkers came into view across the valley, (predictably off trail). Crossing the bottom of the valley we climbed the other side to emerge over a bank onto a foot path that lead back up the side of the valley.



Walkers in the distance

After a long climb back up to the plateau, it was time for a regroup on the road near Domain de Valette, whilst the Pack waited for your scribe to catch up.



Regroup at Domaine de Valette



Lady Trotsky supporting Jacko

It was then time for another lengthy loop around the plateau and cliff top to the east of Mourier valley.



FRBs; Skywalker reaches take-off speed

There were sheep all over the place; so many in fact that it was difficult to tell them apart from the huddled flock that constituted the Hash Pack.



Who said 'Its supposed to be a running club'?



Joining the Pack?



Happy Hashers and their flock



On Down

It was then time to descend back into Mourier Valley, past yet more four horned sheep. After slipping and sliding our way down into the valley, it was then time for the steep climb back up the other side via the coastal path to the On Inn

On our return to the Priory car park we found the JH3 setting up their On Inn. It appeared that Fuzz had got in first and secured the services of the Priory, leaving JH3 out in the car park, in the cold. It was a mystery where their trail went as we saw nothing of them on our run or any of their sawdust for that matter.



JH3 self catering On Inn

Who should turn up at the On Inn but the long lost Shiggy; the weather must have been too awful for bike riding. Smuggler and Nil by Mouth also put in an appearance having recently returned from their travels in China.



The Vultures descend

The Down Downs were ably conducted by our GM, Tinky Winky. First up was Joe, who was judged to have been a sinner for having soaked your scribe, to be accompanied by Major Tom, apparently (according to Tinky Winky) for 'dobbing him in'.

It was then time for the Hares (Fuzz and Gwendoline) to have their Down Downs for what was an excellent run, which even included some virgin land. Fuzz must have been practicing as her half disappeared at considerable speed

Finally, an additional Down Down was awarded to Ned, a mate of Joe's, who was a virgin runner.



The Hares perform



I heard a report about a bad outbreak of the tummy bug, apparently 9 out of 10 people suffered from diarrhea. I can't stop thinking about that tenth person who apparently enjoyed it.

What do politicians and nappies have in common? Both should be changed regularly, and for the same reason.

"Grandpa, why don't you have any life insurance?"
"So you can all be really sad when I die."

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run no: 1528

Date: November 11th

Hare: Jacko

On-Down's: Prince of Wales, Greve de L'Ecq (park in Martello Tower car park)

Run no: 1530

Date: November 18th

Hare: ET & Fuzz

On Down: TBC