



CRAPAUD

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CHRONICLE

Run 1535

The official organ of the Jersey Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Canine capers

2018 draws to a close and we can look back at year of excellent hashing. A few less runners and a few more walkers but the club is still going strong. It's time for resolutions but remember a New Year's resolution is something that goes in one year and out of the other, boom-boom. Less alcohol? More exercise? Stop fantasising? Never mind there will be another chance in 2020.

Anyway the last run of the year saw the combining of two great clubs. I speak of course of the Crapaud H3 and the Jersey Kennel Club H3. This usually means a preponderance of doggy doos and so it proved. Harriers, harriettes, pooches, et al gathered in the Co-op car park at St. Peter's to listen to our hares: Steptoe, who was proudly wearing his new chain of office, and Molehills. For some reason the circle was marked by an unfinished game of noughts and crosses. Molehills started to explain this week's run but was cut short in his tracks



SPOT THE DOGS

by Bear who wanted to discuss next week's joint run instead and gave a convoluted explanation of how to find it. Once Bear had finished, and notwithstanding quite a few blank expressions, Molehills was allowed to continue. This included a description of what he called "back checks" - basically

we needed eyes in the back of our heads and shouldn't pay attention to any trail marks, they could all be false!

Finally it was time to set off. Charity blew his horn - which could just be heard over various barks and growls - and we headed out of the back entrance to the car park. A

number of over excitable hashers decided to ignore the absence of any trail and took to the Airport perimeter track. Luckily our hares had spotted this breakaway and managed to catch them before they vanished into the distance. The true trail led around the outside of the churchyard and into the adjacent



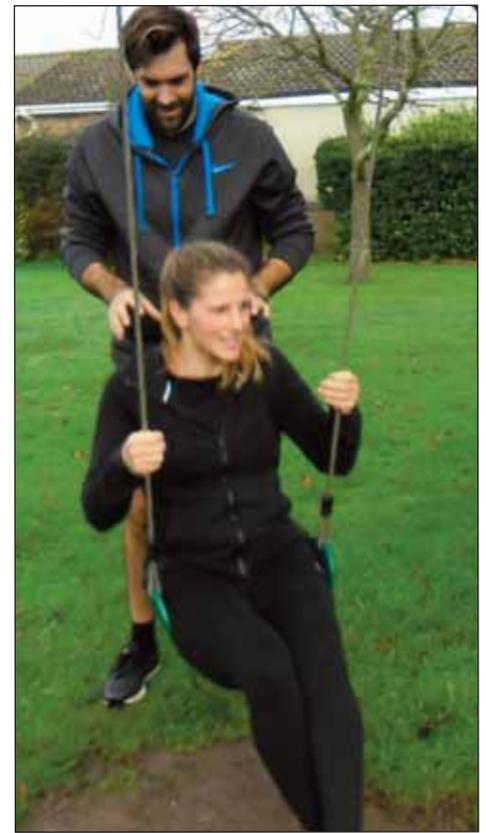
NOUGHTS AND CROSSES ANYONE?

estate. Once we had negotiated the estate we entered a number of fields laid with pristine turf. Ballcock as usual was leading the way but, to Molehills exasperation, was mostly astray; and this despite the trail being laid with a glut of checks.

Defly avoiding the four legged scamperers, the pack followed the trail down to Val De Mare, via the arboretum. Wendolene took pity on a lonely tree that was up for adoption and gave it a big hug. I'm not

sure how she's going to get it home though.

We carried on through the arboretum down into the reservoir, but we didn't linger long. We were soon heading for the uplands, some taking a low path and some a slightly higher path. Molehills proudly announced that this was virgin territory which had only been cleared in 2018. It was at this point that we saw the last of Jacko who had decided to take the very highest path.



HASH SWINGERS

We did find signs of him at the next check with his name spelt out in sawdust. Had he fallen foul of some terrible tragedy and did this mark his final resting place? Fear not dear reader - we found out later that it was merely his way of letting us know he was still following the trail.

A few more fields and another housing estate saw us returning to our start. From there we retired to the George De Carteret for lashings of beer and huge mounds of chips, sausages and bread & butter.

Appetites satisfied we were called outside for the down downs. First up was Bear who was punished for being a member (of JH3). Next was Ballcock, punished for persistent waywardness. He was joined by Smuggler who had lost his Santa outfit at the CH3 Christmas party and now had it ceremonially returned to him. Finally it was the two hares Steptoe and Molehills who all agreed had laid a great run.



GET UP AND CARRY ON SCRIBING!



I'M CALLING HIM WOODY



RIP JACKO?



ROSE AND THORNS COMES TO MIND



GM STRIKES IT RICH



Hash ha-ha

Why did I get divorced? Well, last week was my birthday. My wife didn't wish me a happy birthday. My parents forgot and so did my kids. I went to work and even my colleagues didn't wish me a happy birthday. As I entered my office, my secretary said, "Happy birthday, boss!" I felt so special. She asked me out for lunch. After lunch, she invited me to her apartment. We went there and she said, "Do you mind if I go into the bedroom for a minute?" "Okay," I said. She came out 5 minutes later with a birthday cake, my wife, my parents, my kids, my friends, & my colleagues all yelling, "SURPRISE!!!" while I was waiting on the sofa... naked.

A lady goes to the doctor and complains that her husband is losing in-

terest in sex. The doctor gives her a pill, but warns her that it's still experimental. He tells her to slip it into his mashed potatoes at dinner, so that night, she does just that. About a week later, she's back at the doctor, where she says, "Doc, the pill worked great! I put it in the potatoes like you said! It wasn't five minutes later that he jumped up, raked all the food and dishes onto the floor, grabbed me, ripped all my clothes off, and ravaged me right there on the table!" The doctor says, "I'm sorry, we didn't realize the pill was that strong! The foundation will be glad to pay for any damages." "Nah," she says, "that's okay. We're never going back to that restaurant anyway."

An elderly couple are in church. The wife leans

over and whispers to her husband, "I just let out a long, silent fart. What should I do?" The husband replies, "First off, replace the batteries in your hearing aid!"

I went to a Psychiatrist who asked me what the problem was. I said "I think I'm becoming a kleptomaniac." The Psychiatrist paused and said "Take these tablets and if you're no better in a week bring me a colour TV and a new iPhone."

I was clearing out the loft and I found an old violin and a painting. I took them to an expert and he said what you have there is a Stradivarius and a Rembrandt, but unfortunately Stradivarius was a crap painter and Rembrandt made awful violins.



Hareline

Run 1537
Date: 13 Jan
Hares: Frisco
On-down: TBC

Run 1538
Date: 20 Jan
Hares: Red Baron
On-down: TBC

For latest updates, news, contacts and all the gossip, see: www.crapaud.org