



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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The official organism of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1550

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

On & On & On

A Tough Tortuous Trail

Last Sunday dawned dry and almost sunny, but it started freezing cold. Despite this our Hare, Jacko, completely stripped off doing a quick-change into a flimsy T-shirt. Meanwhile others were adding more layers and even pulling woolly caps down over their heads. So far down they could not see where they were going, judging from the photo. Thanks to Jacko having gone on bended knees before Manager of the Farmers Inn, pleading with him to let the Crapaud's back (*Editor, I can't mention what else Jacko did to the Manager as it's too rude to print*) after many months of being "barred" we were back at the St Ouen's Parish Hall with the prospect of On-Down's around the corner in the Farmer's Inn. So we hoped.

Before the Hare misled the Pack with his Run instructions our GM Steptoe welcomed everyone to this Palm Sunday Run, congratulating Lincoln City Football Club on their recent promotion (*Editor, I never knew so many...*



"You must be Kidding us, Jacko"



Trail was like Short-Sighted leading the Blind



Hair's Erectus on Hare's Torso

Inside Exclusive: Crapaud H3 Baby Revelation!

And many thanks to Skywalker for providing many fab photos!



Trails Defo Not That Way!



Maybe Trails This Way?



Defo I'm On On This-a-Way!



Muckin' Along

Distinguished Hashers, like me, were born in Lincoln). Don't worry he said, you will manage this Run as I heard in the news this week a 104-year old guy called "Punjab" still Runs every day. The Pack wondered if, in fact, he just "had the runs" every day.

Then Jacko revealed JH3's Grand-Master, Bear, had specially phoned him to warn there were pink chalk arrows everywhere, which the Pack should ignore. "Ignore what?" immediately asked Muff Diver, to which Jacko retorted "THE PINK ARROWS, but take heed of the Brown and Orange arrows which I have laid", adding more warnings beware he wasn't arsed to mark some FT's, stick to edge of fields because he was not arsed to get any permissions, and finally beware, watch out for the dangerous crossing when I will lay down in middle of road. Apparently, this was going to be a multi-coloured Trail and the Hare was going to lay down his life to save the Pack. Eventually Jacko announced it was On On, whereupon the Pack splintered in several directions before finding they were all False Trails. The On-On proved to be south...



About to Join the Walkers...



Harriette's Planning GROTS!



Mind the Step!



Hole in 4 Strokes?



Medical Kick Starter?



Anyway You Fancy!

past the Farmers Inn into some fields where it became obvious Jacko had laid **A Tough, Tortuous** Trail, because the Runners were so mis-directed at first they kept having to catch up with the Walkers. By time the Walkers were striding down Rue de la Mare towards St Ouen's Church virtually the whole Pack ended up having to Run past them. Back Markers had become front Runners and the FRB's had become Back Markers. Frisco and Colonel Tom were right at the back and catching up with the Walkers they were in danger of joining the Walking group, not having noticed rest of the Pack had turned off up La Rue au Prier. Indeed, they would have lost the Pack had not one of the Walkers pointed out they had missed the Trail.

The Runners were certainly stretched by Jacko's zig-zagging route as they arrived back at the Parish Hall rather red in their faces and, despite the cold weather, very hot. Dreamlayer puffed "**Tough, Long one, really Tortuous**". It turned out nothing dramatic had occurred on the Run, except Jacko ran out of sawdust half-way round, there was a 6-Back plus a 4-Back no-one was..



RA Sniffing out the Sinners...

**- EXCLUSIVE REVELATION -
CRAPAUD H3 GIVES BIRTH AGAIN!**

There is a tradition in Hash House Harriers Clubs that, every so often, some Clubs gives birth to another Hash House Harrier Club. Usually this is because mini-group's form within what becomes termed the "Mother Hash" who develop different habits or interests, such as having young children or wanting to Run on different days, from the rest of their Club. Newer Crapaud's may not know this is how our Running Club was born (so it is rumoured) and Jersey H3 is our "Mother-Hash", being the original Hash House Harriers in Jersey. Slightly over 29-years ago a small group of Jersey Hashers with young children decided to create a "Baby Club" calling themselves the Crapaud's. From there CH3 has grown, prospered, and has now completed 1,500 Runs. A momentous occasion no-one mentioned last Sunday.

This brings me to the latest development. As we advance in age an alternative WALKERS group is on offer every Sunday morning, for those not keen on Running. Mind you, when Illegal leads the "Crapaud Sunday Walk" can be a very brisk "TROT", due to his rather long legs! A few years ago our Club gave birth to the "GROGGS", who like to also stretch their pins on a weekday (yes, they are all retired males!) and even going AWOL on walking expeditions across the UK. However, this morning 14 April 2019 on our 1,500th Run I overheard we have another sub-group baby being birthed.

I can now exclusively reveal the name of the recently founded Hariettes walking group is "**HIGHLAND FLINGERS**". Oh, Blimey, they're trying to outdo the GROGGS. What's more, one of them told me "**We are not up ourselves like the GROGGS**" with another Hariette chipping in "**And we are not GRUMPY like them**"! Gosh, anymore revelations? After our RUN discussing this recent development with one of the GROGGS is was jokingly informed "**actually they should be called the GROTS – Grumpy Old Tarts**"! Oh dear, talk about the pot calling the kettle black. I wonder what will happen with marital bliss after a married GROGG rejoins his GROT after they have both gone on their separate WALKS?



Steptoe's Glad Tidings



Where's the Sinners Gone?



Jacko Down's in One

Arsed to observe, and Jacko was "Brown and Orange colour deficient" because all his chalk marks were actually all Blue coloured! After enjoying being back outside the Farmers Inn again and feasting on bangers, chips & bread our Grand-Master gave us some good news. The Bike Bash Hares having tried out their cycle route had decided to cut the length in half. "Hooray" everyone cheered. Steptoe finished by thanking the 30 who had volunteered to Marshall on Liberation Day, before our not-so Religious Adviser stepped in to administer the Down-Down's.

However, Molehills said there were no identifiable sinners on the Run (Editor, I was reliably informed Fuzz was a refusnik about the On-Back's plus Trotski had been hoodwinked into running down one FT ending up a blind alley) and we seem to have abolished Hash birthdays. Instead he had identified Grace & Bethany who had abandoned the Runners in favour of ambling along with the Walkers. Grace and Bethany must have known they were about to be arraigned because they were nowhere to be seen. Instead Molehills called up our Hare, Jacko, to be congratulated for laying on what he said was a "downright imaginative Run in the early stages, I didn't know where the hell I was going". After Jacko had swiftly dispensed of his pint Grace and Bethany re-appeared thinking the coast was now clear, only to be hauled up and given half of water each for "chatting and just being slackers on the Walk". I thought Molehills was in danger of getting pint of water from two full glasses over his head, but Grace and Bethany knuckled under and dutifully but slowly downed their punishments. **On On**



RA Kept a Dry Head!

"Excuse me, Sergeant Major, but you seem to be a very serious man. Is something bothering you?" He replied "Negative, ma'am. Just serious by nature."

The young lady looked at his awards and decorations and said, "It looks like you have seen a lot of action" He replied "Yes, ma'am, a lot of action." The young lady, tiring of trying to start up a conversation, said, "You know, you should lighten up. Relax and enjoy yourself."

The Sergeant Major just stared at her in his serious manner. Finally, the young lady said, "You know, I hope you don't take this the wrong way, but when is the last time you had sex?" He confessed "1955, ma'am."

"Well, there you are. No wonder you're so serious. You really need to chill out! I mean, no sex since 1955!" She took his hand and led him to a private room where she proceeded to "relax" him.

Afterwards, panting for breath, she leaned against his bare chest and said, "Wow, you sure didn't forget much since 1955" The Sergeant Major glancing at his watch said, "I hope not; it's only 21.30 now."

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run no: 1552
Date: 28 April
Hare: Bagsofit
On Down: Royal St M'n.
Scribe: Colonel Tom

Run no: 1553 (11.00am)
Date: 5 May
Hare: Gigolo
On Down: Smugglers Inn, Quaisne
Scribe: Steptoe

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MILITARY JOKE

A crusty old Army Sergeant Major found himself at a gala event hosted by a local liberal arts college. There was no shortage of extremely young idealistic ladies in attendance, one approached the Sergeant Major enquiring: