



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

FREE

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The official organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1570

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

On and On

Grouville warming crisis

Autumn is upon us. Adam's favourite time of year. Despite that, the first hash of the season last weekend was blessed with warm sunshine. Oh no, how awful. The good burghers of Grouville are up in arms. No wonder they were due to have a climate change emergency

meeting the following day. I mean, for crying out loud, where were the mellow mists and fruitfulness? Poor old Keats must be spinning in his grave. The reservoirs are fast drying out – one we saw on the run was completely empty and the big one at Queen's Valley looked a



Squash House Harrier!



Green activist?



Reservoir dogs



Waltzing Mick



Blind leading the blind?



Poocock chasing skirt?



Mis-matching hares?

looked a bit parched; escaped gorillas are everywhere; Condor Liberation has been struck by an iceberg (either that or they've run out of excuses); methane emissions are reaching a critical level ... even the Crapauds will have to accept their share of responsibility for the crisis. All that belching and flatulence has to stop. If not, we'll have to adopt zero emissions targets, otherwise ecological devastation awaits us and, even worse, the extinction rebellion mob could begin a campaign of civil disobedience here in Jersey or, worse still, Greta Thunberg might show up in St Helier harbour on a pedalo.

Let's face it, climate change is just the tip of the iceberg. Our hare, Tinky Winky, didn't help. I don't know how much carbon off-setting he paid for, but those burgers didn't BBQ themselves in the sunshine.

Either way global warming seems to have got the approval of hashers. Nearly 30 turned up for Tinky's run from the Grouville FC ground, with sixteen of them runners, including ET's brother-in-law from Downunder, Mick (along with his new wife, Trish, who joined the walkers). Bruce, sorry Mick, is like a boomerang – he keeps coming back (nearly every year for the last 30 years). He doesn't give a Castlemaine XXXX for his carbon footprint. The GM welcomed

everybody and asked for a circle to be formed – he got an irregular oval instead.

Although Tinky was responsible for the trail Steptoe asked Frisco to step forward as he would be guiding hashers round the course, thanks to a map he'd been given. We were advised

we would be visiting several virgin fields and a less than virginal bull if we weren't careful and that the run would last approximately one hour, twenty minutes ... unless the bull gave chase. We were also informed it was an A-B run ending at Tinky Towers. With the formalities over the 'on on' was declared.



Smuggler hedges his bets



Terrorist alert: photo bomber targets GM



Wherefore art thou, Romeo?



Cross-benchers

Almost immediately we discovered our first false trail and had to backtrack to a cart-track across a field. That opened out on to a fairly long uphill stretch of tarmac before escaping into a series of fields, most of which were accessed via holes in the hedges which Tinky had presumably bludgeoned himself through.

briefly before exiting stage right on to a road where Frisco again had to consult his map – and also a passer-by to help him find another gap in a hedge. This one took his into a field with a steep gradient which several hashers decided was an uphill too many and, knowing their way home, decided to short-cut back to the On Down. The rest of us toiled to the top of the hill and then headed down into a field which had been thoroughly cut-back by Tinky’s son Mark in honour of our arrival. Waiting below us was the welcome sight of the On Down complete with hashers relaxing while waiting for Tinky to BBQ an array of sausages and burghers, accompanied by lots of other tasty offerings. It truly was a splendid feast, made all the more acceptable by the brilliant autumn sunshine.

It wasn’t long before the hare became lost for the first time, but we were soon back on track running in the main through skanky grass saturated in overnight dew. Much of it seemed virginal to me and I only recognised where we were when we came across a farmhouse with a huge circular reservoir – or as Muffdiver described it, a mediaeval swimming-pool. A blur of fields followed before we found ourselves heading downhill towards Queen’s Valley Reservoir and a double arrows which the Red Baron ignored as usual. Once we reached the waterside we skirted round it

Everybody was enjoying themselves so much it was a while before we got round to the important business of the day. That started with a birthday



Plying their trade?



Hash geometrical precision



Going up in the world

tribute to ET. The RA, Molehills, moaned that no sinners had been identified, apart from the SCBs who'd ignored the trail at the end, but the hash couldn't afford to punish so many of them. That left down downs to be awarded to the hares for a really good run and aftercare facilities. Tinky and Frisco were joined by the latter's son Mark, rewarded for his sterling work cutting back the vegetation in the field above the garden. He assured us there was no comparison to what was happening to the Amazonian rain-forest.

On on



Beer shampoo



The Burger King

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Two Chinese dudes break into a distillery. Looking at the huge vats one of them says, "Is this whisky?" "Yes," says the other one, "but not as whisky as wobbling a bank."

My wife and I met in a castanet class. We clicked immediately.

I was trying to explain to my son what life was like before computers, mobile phones, tablets, wi-fi, Instagram, Facebook etc. "What did you use to do?" he asked. "I dunno son," I said, "now run along and play with your 16 brothers and sisters."

My dentist hovered over me and said, "This is going to hurt a bit." I replied, "Just get on with it." "Okay," he said, "I'm sleeping with your wife."

Seamus was in his local in Dublin and started chatting to an older woman. He told her that he was off to London the next day to look for work. "Could you do me a favour?" asked the woman. "When you get to London, can you see if you can find my son? He went away over a year ago and hasn't even written to me." Seamus said he would help and asked what his name was. "It's Dunne," replied the woman, "and he said he was moving to somewhere in London with the postcode WC something. "Leave it to me, Mrs Dunne!" and the next day, he set off. When he arrived in London, Seamus went for a drink in a pub and noticed a door stating "WC". He went inside and knocked on one of the cubicles. "Are you Dunne?" he shouted. "I am," came the reply, "but I've no paper!" "That's a lame excuse for not writing to your mam!"

What do you call an Italian beggar? Giovanni Change

The police pulled up beside me and my Yamaha on the hard shoulder of the M25 today. Apparently, you're not allowed to play your keyboard there.

A top Hollywood producer is looking for actors to star in a series of films about the lives of famous composers Sylvester Stallone is playing Beethoven. Bruce Willis has signed up to play Mozart. And Arnold Schwarzenegger said "I'll be Bach"

If a kid refuses to sleep during nap time, are they guilty of resisting a rest?

Two waitresses were having a massive row over how long to leave a teabag in the cup and it got so bad it ended up in violence. I asked the manager what had happened and he told me it had been brewing for ages.

My self-harming behaviour was so bad I had to undergo therapy. But it's cured me. I'm so happy I have to pinch myself

A mate of mine has bought a pub. He wants to call it "Stand and Deliver." I have tried to talk him out of it but he is adamant.

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run no: 1572
Date: 15th September
Hares: Hash Bear & Sweet Caroline
On Down: The Bear's lair, but meet at Mont Nicolle Primary School
Scribe: Red Baron

Run no: 1573
Date: 22nd September
Hares: Dreamlayer
On Down: TBA
Scribe: TBA



If you go down to the woods today ...



Guilty parties