



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

FREE

(Plus GST
at 5%)

*Published
almost
weekly*

6th June 2021

The official organism of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1639

Contacts: Grand Master 07797 722364, Vice Master 07829 800840, Vice Mistress 07700 747999, RA 07797 811080, Hash Cash 07797 728360, Hon GM/ Hare & Scribe Razor 07797 740420, Hash Haberdasher 07700 747999

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

On & On

Saints only Run



The Green, Green Grass of St Peter (aka Tom Jones) (Steptoe)

For the first time in a very long time there were no Sinners on last Sunday's Run. Everybody seemed to be on their best behaviour. Even Frisco and Jacko were Good Boys, for a change. Clearly running past St Peter's Church had some chastening effect on the Pack. However, one of the Hashers dogs deserved a big doggie Down Down for pooch misbehaviour, collapsing on the Trail half-way round the Run and refusing to scamper any further. Considering the dog had twice as many legs as the human Runners this was clearly way out of order. The canine had to be carried back for mouth-to-water bowl resuscitation.

Also, for the first time in a very long time our GM had no notable "Temps Passe" dates to quiz us about before starting the Run. Maybe nothing memorable ever happened on 6 June, or maybe Steptoe had forgotten to consult his Oracle? However, he was Haring the Run with Molehills assistance and Steptoe sternly warned the FRB's "**there are False Trails all over the place**", before advising the Trail was laid in sawdust & a very small amount of chalk and calling **On On**.



Bare Feet Runner? (Steptoe)

NEWSFLASH: BIGGER BANGERS BACK PAGE!



Sauntering Harriette's (Molehills)



Harriette's still Sauntering (Molehills)



Getting a Leg-Over (Steptoe)

As usual from this venue the Trail started by winding past St Peter's community centre and along footpath beside the Church, before taking a left-hook down La Route de l'Hermitte then branching off to Run around a field, traversing along top of Mont du Jubilé before cutting off across the roadside car park and going onto the footpath alongside the airfield perimeter fence, aptly christened by Molehills as "*dog-shit alley*".

The Trail then descended down the track going north back onto Mont du Jubilé, before crossing over and traversing up footpath behind Ferndale Farm and the Ranch Café, then a left turn winding around and across several fields leading down into Val de la Mare reservoir. It was about the point the **reluctant pooch refused to go any further.**



Tadpole Sacrifice? (Steptoe)



Tadpole Reborn? (Steptoe)



Don't Leave me Behind! (Molehills)

The Trail then went Chinese after winding around the reservoir, or rather took the Pack through the Chinese tree section of Val de la Mare arboretum, heading up out of the valley onto Rue des Niemes. There were a couple of sneaky right and left turns laid by the Hares before leading around a turf field newly laid by, wait for it... New Lawns Jersey. From there the Trail went around various other fields before cutting through **Ville de Bocage and On Home**.

Due to lack of any miscreants the Down-Downs were pretty tame. Our GM drivelled on about Football, Cricket and the Euros for a short while before Jacko was punished for yet another birthday, Fuzzz was congratulated for making an honest man of her new husband, before Molehills & Steptoe were thanked with customary pints **On On, Tinks**



Verdant Footpath (Steptoe)



Blooming Lovely! (Steptoe)



New Lawn Ogre! (Steptoe)



Crapaud Crush? (Steptoe)

BIGGER BANGERS!

At our On-Down venue Sir George de Carteret they usually serve us loads of miniature deep fried cocktail sausages. For the first time in living memory last Sunday they served Blown up Bangers! Compared with the cocktail ones these were truly very juicy Monster Bangers!



BIKE BASH NEWS!

Smuggler & Frisco have volunteered to Hare this years Bike Bash in East Jersey. Hopefully Smuggler will be able to restrain Frisco from getting us all lost. Date in September TBC.



Birthday Boy! (Tinks)



Hares Thanked! (Tinks)



Steptoe Struggling! (Tinks)

H
A
S
H



H
A
H
A

HASHING JOKES

I'm glad # is not called pound anymore. Otherwise, the #metoo movement would be sending the wrong message.

Okay, let's hash this out now... Who else is going as the corona virus for Halloween?

Our marijuana dispensary has a recorded message... "If you want to buy marijuana press the hash key now".

God and Jesus were hashing out the final details of his life on earth. "The only thing remaining is to decide upon your mode of death," said God. "Which do you prefer, crucifixion or killer bees?" Jesus thought about it for a few minutes and said, "I think I will go with crucifixion." And that's why Catholics around the world make the sign of the cross instead of running around, swatting themselves furiously and screaming "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

Urgent message: Whoever left his wife at my place after last night's BBQ please collect her ASAP. She's no problem, but my wife is coming back tonight

John is a postman in a small town. Everyone in the town knows him. Today he is retiring. Every house he went to, families were thanking him. Most game him gifts. Flowers, cards, presents ... until he got to the last house on his final route. A woman came to the door stark naked. She quietly took him upstairs and made sweet passionate love to him (cont.)

(cont.) for hours The next morning, she made him a huge breakfast. The Full Works. She served it to him in bed with a one pound note under the plate. John looked up and said, "This has been amazing but ... why the dollar?" She replied, "I asked my husband what we should get for your retirement. He said "Fuck him, give him a pound." Breakfast was my idea.

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run no: 1641
Date: 27th June
Hare: Fuzz
Start: St Martin's Public Car Park
Scribe: Steptoe

Run no: 1642
Date: 4th July
Hares: 28D<0 & Droopy Drawers
Start: TBC
Scribe: TBC