



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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The Official Organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1171

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New recruits suffer at boot clamp

We've all been there ... and wish that we hadn't. Put our foot in it, so to speak. That is, into glutinous, syrupy, shoe-sucking mud and realised we've parted company with one of our trainers. Next step it's the stockinged foot that plunges into the viscous goo. Yuk. Whose idea was it to go hashing in the first place? The youngest

hasher on last week's run knows the answer to that question. It was his mum, Stirrups, definitely a candidate for hash parent of the year. Not that Thomas lost only one shoe – he lost both of them and then decided he couldn't move any further. Your scribe and Plonker went to the rescue, plunging back into the mucilaginous pudding that our soft-brained hares had forced

us to wade through. Pervey had a sudden crisis of conscious. Do I save the poor lad from the icky poo or take a photo of him in his suffering to warn future generations of the cruelty inflicted by our sadistic hares? Duty won ... click. It was Plonker who did the decent thing and draped the young man around his neck, muddied socks and all, and gave him a ride through the gluey brown mire. Let's hope it hasn't put him off – Thomas, that is. The hash needs young blood like his if it's to survive another twenty-five years.



Younger hasher gets cold feet?



Steptoe and muddy buddy?

Raw recruits

Indeed until Thomas's moment of destiny the signs had been encouraging. We started the run with two young female virgins. We had the even more hopeful sign of two recent virgins coming back up for a second helping. And at the bottom end of the recruitment scale grandchildren seem to turning up almost on a weekly basis, ripe for inculcating into the ways of the hash. Time was we either used the press gang, but Muffdiver was nowhere to be seen, or

we dispensed the King's Shilling. Trouble was that Steptoe being Jersey isn't the sort of bloke to

be flashing that kind of currency – you'd be lucky to get a brass farthing from the old



Vestal pair



Spokespeople

Scrooge. And his co-recruiting sergeant didn't turn up at all, though at least Molehills had a proper excuse with a family crisis to attend to, for which we all hoped for the best possible outcome. But what our hares did achieve was the kind of run that can only attract hashers back to the fold – it was a really great romp, well, until that last boggy brouhaha. It all started from the car park of the St Peter's Grand Marche where once again we had the best of the weather (only turning to a very light drizzle at the end of the run). We learned Molehills had been called away suddenly. "Does that mean you've lost your hare?" Top Gun asked of Steptoe, in extremely bad taste, as all the hash slapheads will confirm. Tarzan who seems to have become the unofficial

recruiting officer turned up with the bike corps – Claire and Nick both back for a second run, the latter with the cleanest pair of white shorts since the introduction of Persil. No problem with parenting skills



Take-off velocity?

there. Sad to relate the shorts were still spotless by the end of the run – and the bloke sure can show a clean pair of heels when he sets his mind to it. I'm not sure who introduced Nina and Jodie to the fray but again they

were made welcome as well. And we were told about Desperado and Buttercup's latest achievement in the field of personnel recruitment, namely Eloise, who weighed in at eight and a half pounds – to add to Shiggy and Taxi's growing brood of grandchildren, including Marley a couple of weeks earlier to Shelley and Matt. We had another shock when Rentabed spotted Frisco preparing for the run: "Good Lord, it's nowhere near 10.15," said the hash eco-warrior. Steptoe didn't waste any more time and told us that the trail was laid in dust and yellow chalk – and with that it was 'on'. We milled around as usual unwilling to do the donkey work but eventually someone found the trail and we headed into the metropolis of St Peter – and out again, the hares



Big field?



Spiritual path?



Bottoms up



Hash down and out?

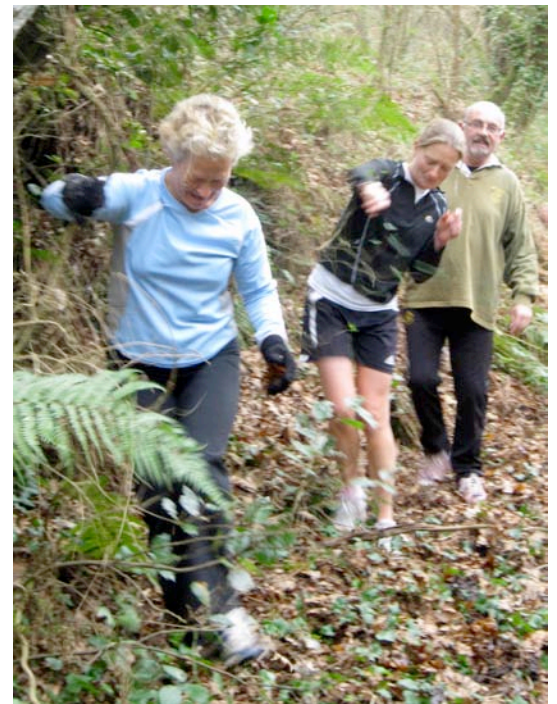
having started the run with a completely pointless loop which left us in a state of near exhaustion by the time we found ourselves more or less back where we started in the parish hall car park. It was all too much for some. Shiggy had been struggling with a niggly back pain all week and hoped the exercise might sort it out, but no such luck, and he was forced to retire from the fray. The rest of us struggled on following the path round the airport perimeter before being diverted into a field past that farmhouse that looks like it had been a victim of a low-flying aircraft. On the other side of the field was the main airport road from St Helier and crossing it represented a kind of virgin territory in so far as the top surface had been stripped off prior to being relaid. The track to the field on the other side boasted some juicy puddles but both Tinky Winky and Top Gun abstained from their usual bad behaviour and we escaped unscathed.

Hash crash

The pack split into two and ran down either side of the field. As the two groups merged Bags of It went for a burton and lay prostrate on the turf. "What a shame," said Rampant Rabbit, after a brief examination, "he's alright." We found ourselves running back on the path the refuseniks had used before disappearing through a hole in the hedge where we were presented with a splendid view of La Collette – well, Twin Peaks thought it was. We passed some some free-range chickens which prompted Jacko into saying, "what a fowl up." At which point Tinky Winky observed, "did you know there is a chicken shortage in Jersey." Not on the hash, I thought. Jacko continued with the fowl language: "I prefer my eggs with twin yolks. "Hmm," added the GM, "it's been a while since I had a threesome." Lovely Pair was back with us after a break but the killing pace (ha ha, I jest) was proving too much for her. "But it's only the entree," advised Steptoe, suggesting there was far more



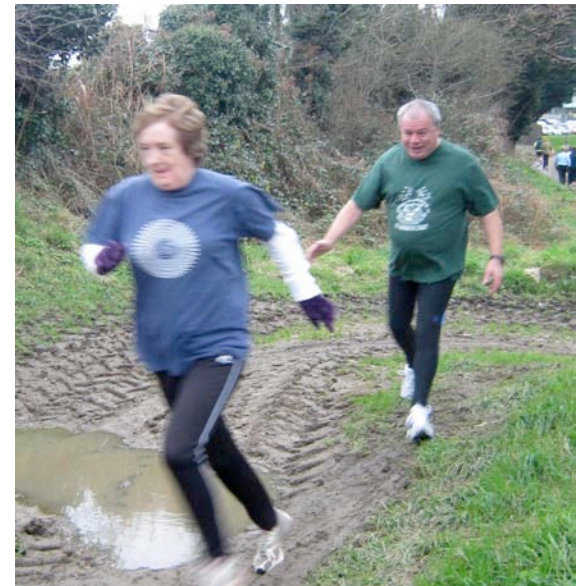
GM splashes out



Jungle queen leads the way



Caber tosser?



Tinky spots his prey

strenuous stuff to come. "Bugger that," she said, "I won't be back again if get killed on this run." Who could argue with that? More puddles were given the cold-shoulder but Rentabed finally broke ranks when he found a discarded can. Rather than carry the extra weight he sprayed the contents over the heads of those around him. The trail led us into Havelet Farm, which no-one could remember running through in the past, and on into a delightfully secluded valley (considering how close it was to the main airport road), although there were some boggy bits and thorny trip-wires which even Tarzan had

difficulty in negotiating. The trail led to a big pond where the children had great fun throwing in stones which sank and logs that didn't – much to Steptoe's surprise. A ramped track took us out of the valley and to the day's only double arrows which claimed eight victims. We were on the main road only briefly before exiting into what seemed like a private wood yard, through a small housing estate and back into fields at La Sergente where, remarkably Tinky Winky urged to us: "Come on, keep up with me." He's obviously taking his new responsibility seriously. Back on tarmac Lovely Pair spotted some road kill – a duck which

hadn't ducked - and picked it up, obviously determined to make a change to her Chinese take-away diet. There only remained the excitement of the quagmire, the scene of young Thomas's discomfiture, which only the brave and the stupid attempted, the rest being led by Claire into the adjoining field, before the St Peter's Country Inn beckoned. After the scoff Tinky Winky acknowledged what an excellent run it had been, thanking Molehills and wishing him all the best. He also gave his congratulations to Shiggy for all the hard work he'd put in relating to his latest grandchild. Taxi got a mention, but Desperado's part, not to



Top Gun tucks in

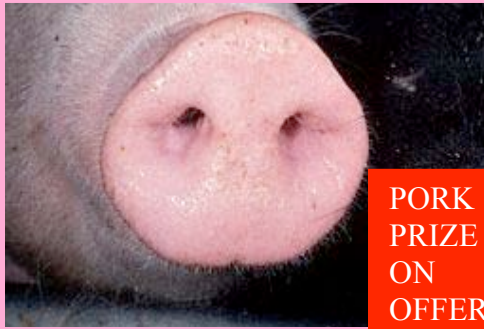
mention that of Buttercup, were glossed over. "Two grandchildren in two and a half weeks. How do you do it," the GM gushed. "it's all in the jeans," said Shiggy. Gigolo concurred that it had been a great run, "I'm sorry I missed it." For the second week running the first down down was going to be awarded to Jacko for failing to follow the trail but once again he'd done a runner. Mark my words, his day will come.

Ice pick

Luckily Top Gun had stayed to receive his punishment after a number of what were described by Gigolo as inspirational articles in the JEP, relating to his trip to Iceland. "Well done, mate" enthused the RA, "it's a shame you came back." Then Stirrups was called forward to be admonished for her lack of parenting skills. Mind you Thomas had made a swift recovery and was gleefully tucking into his sausage and chips. Shiggy was also awarded a down down for becoming a godfather twice over. Finally Steptoe, the lone hare, who had also become a grandfather (again) recently, was given his reward with plenty of hashers around him just in case he had another wobbly fit like that time a few weeks ago at the Pembroke and with that it was time to move on.

On on

Name that porker



PORK PRIZE ON OFFER

Remember Mel and Woody, stars of the Cannonball run, and last year's hosts for the trip to Confolens? This year we're back on their farm in France during the Bank Holiday weekend at the beginning of June. By the time we get there they'll have got their first bunch of piglets. You're invited to come up with a name for one of them which you can meet and cuddle up with when we get to Chateau Gaillard. All suggestions to Gigolo.



RAPIDLY RECEDING HARE-LINE

RUN #1173

DATE: 22nd January

HARES: Gigolo & his TITS

ON DOWN: Vic in the Vallev

RUN #1174

DATE: 29th January

HARES: Illegal Entry

ON DOWN: Trinity Arms, then Illegal's Big "Bath Tub". Bring Towel & Trunks & safety Wings



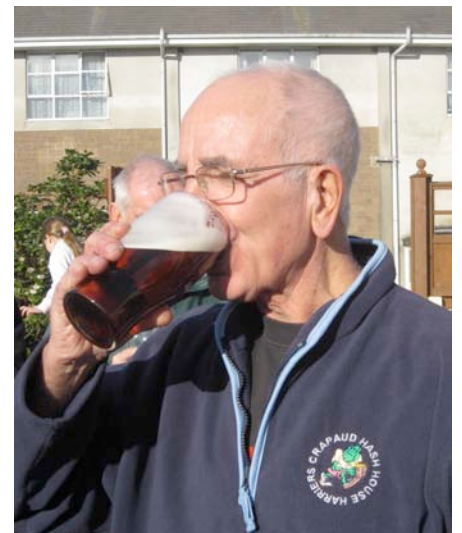
Sinners contemplate their fate



**HASH
HA
HA**

Grant me the senility to forget the people I never liked anyway, the good fortune to run into the ones I do and the eyesight to tell the difference. Now that I'm older (but refuse to grow up) here's what I've discovered:

1. I started out with nothing and I still have most of it.
2. My wild oats have turned into prunes and all-bran.
3. I finally got my head together and now my body is falling apart.
4. Funny, I don't remember being absent-minded.
5. Funny, I don't remember being absent-minded.
6. If all is not lost, where is it?
7. It is easier to get older than it is to get wiser.
8. Some days, you're the dog; some days you're the hydrant.
9. I wish the buck stopped here; I sure could use a few.
10. Kids in the back seat cause accidents.
11. Accidents in the back seat cause kids.
12. It's hard to make a comeback when you haven't been anywhere.
13. The only time the world beats a path to your door is when you're in the bathroom.
14. If God wanted me to touch my toes, he'd have put them on my knees.
15. When I'm finally holding all the cards, why does everyone want to play chess?
16. It's not hard to meet expenses . . .they're everywhere.
17. The only difference between a rut and a grave is the depth.
18. Did I send this to you before?



Only hare left