



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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Run Number 1603

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On and On

Lord of the Manor Run



To the Manor Borne?

Last Sunday morning Jacko revealed his true "inner self", not only laying the Run through grounds of St Ouen's Manor he even persuaded Farmers Inn to allocate us their open-air Ballroom, replete with banquet benches and even a faux-gilt chandelier for our On-Down's. I never knew our Hare harboured a secret penchant for being a Toff?

We had a large number gather together, indeed we came close to breaking the 40 social gathering limit, indeed if you counted the dogs as well we would have had to cull a few. Good job McKinley trotted off by himself to read his paper, instead of joining the Walkers. We welcomed Shaun (bottom left), who Hashed once in Grenada before he escaped paradise for Jersey (a fair swap) and Alexandria (bottom right) - defo a Virgin - to the Pack, plus visitors Boff and Frauz Boff (see page 2 top right) who claimed to come from "Middleton" Hash but their unsuitable footwear was a give-away.

After GM had welcomed Virgin's & Visitor's he gave a very special welcome to Plonker, after several years returning to Hashing. Jacko then took over, fumbling in his pocket (I'm told his pockets are cavernous) for a crumpled piece of paper he began



Push Parking!



Caribbean Escape?



Plonker Returns!



Which Head is Which?



Boff's Raring to Go!



Future Hashing Recruits?



New Social Distancing Greeting!

reading from: "Tuna, Cherries, Sausages, Dog B... Oh, Sorry" Jacko confessed "That's the wrong side!" Turning over to other side he began reading a long list of dire warnings: "Watch out for high steel gate you have to jump over, there are loose rocks on couple of descents, I injured myself on the brambles yesterday, careful of tree roots and main roads, watch out for greenhouse detritus, wait for nice bit at end, all False Trail's are marked... except for a couple, and the last field has no permission..." Strewth, I thought this could be a very accident prone Hash, just like the Hare! Pussy added beware farmer of the last field who she knows has a large gun. Gulp!

Finally, Jacko advised he had laid the Trail mainly yellow but also some pink chalk as well, whereupon the FRB's set off searching. They did not have to look very far as there were two chalk arrows before even leaving the car park, something I had never seen before. Despite this early guidance once out of the car park the FRB's Ran the wrong way and had to Run back past the Walker's who were On-Trail, for short while at least before Illegal branched off leading Walkers into lovely countryside tracks and fields heading towards Greve de Lecq woods.

Meanwhile the Runners Trail must have doubled-back from heading north to west then south, proving that rumours...



Lola Leading the Pack! (Photo: Steptoe)



Underground Hunchback Surprise! (Ditto)



One Warning Jacko Missed (Photo: Steptoe)

circulating amongst Walkers that the Pack were heading towards Grantez were indeed correct. The Trail actually went counter-clockwise towards Grantez, down into St Ouen's Bay, back up and past St Ouen's Church, then onto the palatial pad Jacko dreams of in his slumbers, before heading back to what is not exactly the centre of civilisation (Sorry, Hedley), but has a good venue being the Farmers Inn. All in all, it was a Long Trail taking about 1.5 hours as Jacko had forecast.

Back at the Frmers Inn after we had feasted on copious mini-bangers, beefy chips and bread doorstops, washed down with table-served drinks and ketchup (no, ketchup went on the bread, not in the drinks!) our GM Steptoe was appreciative of the Run "A Good Trail" and even more-so of the Real Beer available at the Farmers, "A decent pub" he pronounced. He proceeded to ask us "Who was St Ouen?", before proceeding to claim this was after the Archbishop of Rouen whose bone-splinter relic was sent here. Our GM also enquired what happened on this day in 1911. Everyone except Steptoe could not remember this far back (indeed, no-one had been born then), but unfortunately my notes of Steptoe's explanation are lacking detail. Having...



Ninja Hasher? (Photo: Lady Trotsky)



Pulling 'em Outa Hedge (Photo: Pervey)



To the Manor Borne - In yer Dreams, Jacko! (Photo: Pervey)



Pulling a Pint? (Photo: Steptoe)



The Final Vault (Photo: Pervey)



Steptoe Beguiles Pack!



Birthday Boy!

done my own online research it is evident bugger-all happened on 19 July 1911 leaving me wondering if our GM is taking us all for a ride? (For Hashers this would not be unusual).

Having teased us with impossible questions Steptoe handed over to Molehills, who in his inimitable Sergeant-Major style, harangued the guilty. Smuggler was called-up for his birthday, Virgin Alexandria and Millie for helping her, together with Shaun and theBoff's. Sinner Nutter for being featured in a Wealth article about his Santander Risk Manager role (very risky, if you ask me) and Plonker for returning to the fold, who promised to regularly join us in future. While the young girls struggled with water Down-Down's all the other downed theirs pretty quickly. Nutter got the Down-Down Award for gulping his in one great big swallow, very fast.

Finally, Jacko was rewarded for laying a lovely and unusually tricky, although rather long Trail. His final comments were "*I gave you loadsa warnings before starting and did you take any notice, No!*"

On On, Tinky Winky (thanks to my Happy Snappers Steptoe, Lady Trotski & Pervey)



Virgins & Visitors



Plonker & Nutter



Hare's Just Reward!

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE

Run no: 1605 **Date:** 2nd
August Hares: Molehills & Steptoe
Start: St Peter's Co-op bottom car park
On Down: Sir George de Carteret
Scribe: Wendolene



Run no: 1606 **Date:** 9th
August Hares: Frisco & Tinks
Start: Grouville Football Club
On Down: Tinks Towers BBQ
Scribe: Pervey