



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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The official organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1637

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
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On and On

Moonshine run in bright daylight

Gulp, gulp. Yep, that does it. Two swallows make a summer! Why didn't we think of that before?

Last weekend's was the first true summer run of the year. It meant that after all those weeks of running in fleeces and anoraks we could finally dig deep into our hash wardrobes and extricate our rancid T-shirts and mouldy shorts. Tubes of sun-cream were also in evidence as we assembled outside the house of our hare, Smuggler. 28 Degrees said how glad he was to be wearing shorts. So were we. Have you seen his silver lurex thong?

It was only three weeks before the Summer Solstice (the longest day). You might have thought that our hare would temper the run to take into account the unaccustomed heat. But not Smuggler. He decided to celebrate the heatwave with the longest run of the year, more than six miles of it. Not only that but an extra-long drinks stop in some sub-tropical paradise meant we didn't get back to the On Down before midday.



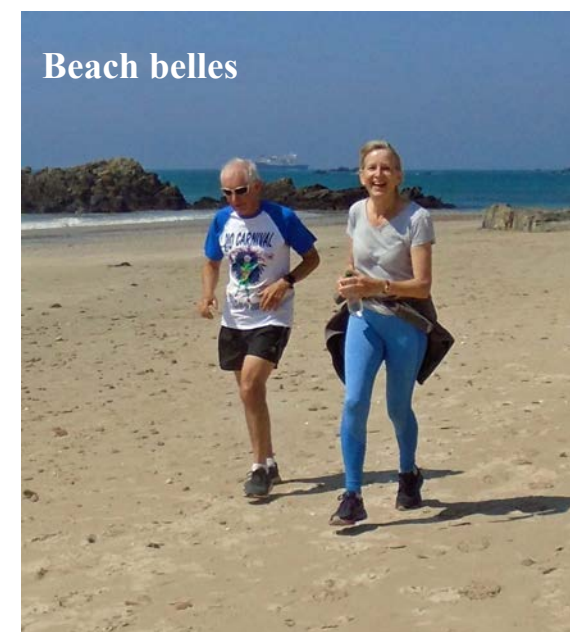
Pausing in paradise



Bubbly waitress



The long leap



Beach belles



Hash virgin Siobhan



Life on the edge



Pathfinders



It's a jungle out there

Mind you, it was well disguised: “It’ll be very gentle, a little jaunt,” said Smuggler before the run as his nose grew at an alarming rate. He was slightly more honest about the trail – laid in yellow, lilac, pink or blue chalk – and sometimes in all four - plus an occasional dollop of dust. Then he gave us some pathetic excuse about fields in grass as a reason why the run had had to be curtailed somewhat. Phew! Grassy fields, who’d have thought it?

Meanwhile a virgin, Siobhan, was introduced. Her father had been a hasher in days of yore and encouraged her to give it a go and then she met Smuggler in the Troubadour and her fate was sealed. Steptoe said we needed to get a move on because he was taking Walkies out for a birthday lunch. Then he was persuaded, as is his wont, to mumble some arcane historical trivia before graciously allowing Smuggler to announce the ‘on on’.



Flat cap and suncream



Going to the seaside

There was a decent turn-out for a Bank Holiday weekend with about 16 runners and nearly as many walkers, although we were missing the junior section. We ran out into La Blinerie but were soon diverted into the field divided by a water-filled concrete channel. Crossing it over a very narrow wall set off alarm bells for some and they were really grateful when it turned out to have been a completely unnecessary loop. We returned to La Blinerie and ran on as far as the back entrance to Samares Manor where we were directed into the Botanical Gardens, running past the Japanese Pavilion and on to the Jungle Trail. We exited into a new housing estate before crossing the main coast road and briefly running alongside the beach.

We turned inland but the trail led to a house right alongside the beach with a splendid view overlooking Green Island. We were treated to a rather fine drinks stop with various beverages on offer, including, would you believe it, some orange squash with the brand name Robinson’s. The



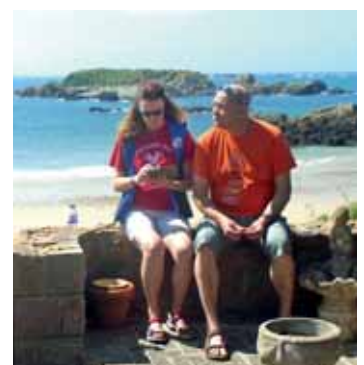
Jacko on the charge



Monkey business?



Just coasting along



Never mind the view

Muffdiver unmasked

Muffdiver has many strings to his bow, newspaper magnate, deep-sea diver, internet search engine, legendary fisherman, gastronome extraordinaire, and he even manages to look after his grandchildren, but did you know he is the real man of steel, despite wearing his underpants inside his trousers? The giveaways were all too easy to spot on Sunday's run.



Partial Arts black-belt

Right at the start of the run Muffdiver demonstrated his incredible strength by demolishing a brick with his bare hands. However, putting it back together again before anyone had seen what he had done, proved to be beyond even his miraculous powers.

World's strongest man contestant

One of the tests in the competition that decides the world's strongest man event is being able to flip a barrel over a crossbar, set at a height well above your head. Our hero demonstrated his familiarity with beer barrel tipping outside Samares Manor



Rugby Rhino

The final proof came on the Rocquier School playing field where Muffdiver took on three hash heavyweights in a head-on power push with a scrum machine ... and left them floundering in the dust.



To the Manor borne

highlight though was when a waitress emerged holding a silver tray with wine flutes and a chilled bottle of Prosecco. It was altogether such a comfortable interlude in the warm sunshine that there wasn't much appetite to resume the run but, at last, grudgingly, we returned to the action.

Sadly there was no return to the beach as we headed inland via an alley-way. We were beginning to waver in the heat but every time we came to a junction where we were sure the trail would take us back to the On Down it took us in the opposite direction. There was, it has to be reported, a degree of moaning. Still heading east, eventually we found ourselves running across the Le Rocquier School playing-field where Jacko found the only exposed root to trip over, though it was claimed he was doing a demonstration of how to do a forward roll. As if.

We turned north at last and then the east as we found ourselves on elements of the St Clement country path. The pack became quite fragmented by the time we reached the Mont Ubé woods. But no-one was worried as they inevitably led to the return stretch down La Blinerie – apart from ET, that is, who kept reminding us that it was a very long lane.

In the absence of the Hash Rev, Tinky Winky presided over the Down Downs. There were two birthdays. One was for Walkies who was called upon to carve up a rather splendid cake enjoyed by all and sundry, after the in-house catering by Smuggler and Nil-by-mouth. The other was for Commando who went cake-less. Tinky was a bit displeased that no sinners had been detected so that left him only able to award down downs to the hare and his consort.

On on



Why did I agree to this?

The Great South Run

Take three girls



The birthday gals



Virgin and semi-virgin

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run no: 1639
Date: June 13th
Hares: Molehills
On Down: Sir George Carteret
Scribe: TBA
Run no: 1640
Date: June 20th
Hares: Software
On Down: TBA
Scribe: TBA



So long hares



Yellow Peril



My friend said he didn't understand cloning. I replied, "That makes two of us."

For sale: hot cakes! Sorry, sold out.

I don't want to sound big headed, but has anyone got an XXXXXL hat I could borrow?

I removed the shell from my racing snail to make it more streamlined. But it only made it more sluggish.



I can't sleep properly. Keep thinking I'm a horse. Five nights on the trot now.

My plan for today is for my wife and I to go and get some new glasses. After that we'll see



Do you want me to tell you my Van Gogh joke?
 OK, ear goes.

One day I am going to the Tower of London and shoot every single raven. I reckon it would be a kindness.

I just phone the bondage helpline but no one answered. I guess they're all tied up.

The nun from next door came over today to ask if she could borrow some fabric, "Sure," I said, "but don't make a habit of it."

Come in number 9 your time is up ... Boss we've only got 8 boats ... Boat No 6 - are you in trouble?



As my wife saw me through the crowd her face lit up. Who'd have thought they still burn witches in St Ouen?

I'm an assistant at the local chemist. I married the man who asked for XXXL condoms. Its only after we got married that I realised he had a stutter.

Did you watch the program last night about the Norwegian samurai? They lived by the fjord and died by the fjord.



I put "mypenis" as my password. I was told it was too short.

I like to use German white wine in my cooking – on an add Hock basis of course.

My mate got sacked from the jelly factory. Boy, did he throw a wobbly.

A perfectionist walked into a bar. Apparently it wasn't set high enough.

Took me all day yesterday but finally finished. A pallet I made from an old coffee table.

