



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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Published
almost
weekly

18th July 2021

The official organism of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1644

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

On & On

Ballcock Bursts his B****cks



The Pack doing Dambusters, or was it Social Distancing?



Ballcock's Deep Bend

Crapaud Street Art? There are amazing works of street art all over the world, but until now Crapaud's were never much up to sketching. We witnessed Ballcock supplement the start Check with an image of his own B****cks, burst and squashed on the tarmac. That's what Ballcock claimed his private appendage might look like. Not that we were fooled.

Our GM did not participate in Ballcock's ballsy nonsense (but see photo next page). Instead Steptoe welcomed Summer (at last) and also Dodger, advising us to be careful because James (Buntings other half) had caught Covid, but also gave good news Whinger is making steady progress. He then went off on another Temps Passe moment, asking what was published this day in 1925. As usual no-one had the foggiest clue - apart from what has become common jibe that



*Ballcock's Burst B****cks?*



*Admire my B****cks Instead!*



Return of the Artful Dodger!



*Ballcocks B****cks morphed to his Dream Girl!*

Steptoe was born in that year – before Steptoe took unfair advantage, proudly announcing on this day Mien Kampfe was published. Amazingly Jacko arrived 10 minutes early. He explained when he went to Frisco's for giving him a lift **Her Indoors** refused to let Frisco off his leash, berating him for even considering going off with the Hash because he had misled her to expect a **"Nice Family Day"**, said very loudly. We all hoped it had turned out OK for Frisco.

Our Hare Ballcock then took over, announcing Trail is laid in pink chalk and *Mahogany* sawdust, which he said no-one will see as it looks like **"Dead Grass"**. He fibbed even more, promising the Run was not more than 5.9 miles.

By all accounts this was a standard Ballock Run with a few twists, even though none of the Runners really knew where they might be heading. There were plenty of fields to enjoy (around the edge, please), a cotil to climb, a few Check Backs, many False Trails and a few of Ballock's tricks he.....



Farm Fresh Software? (Steptoe)



Lola leading Pervey Astray (Steptoe)



Bunting's Beautiful Bouquet! (Steptoe)

Threw in for good measure, just when the Pack was beginning to get bored. Mind you, on what was a rather hot day the Running was very sweaty with several FRB's arriving back at the start well soaked through.

Good job Ballcock arranged for Seymour to open ½ hour early to slake our thirst. Beer always tastes extra nice on a hot day. Seymour Tavern did us proud with loadsa nice bangers, triple cooked yummy chips and bread.

Eventually GM cried “**Pay attention Hashers**”, welcoming back Commando nursing her balloon leg (although by now it had nicely deflated) and came up with another brain-teaser, what happened in 1872 but not on this day? He is taking us for a ride, how do we know? Apparently, this was year the Secret Ballots Act was passed. Before then everyone knew who had voted and there were lots of recriminations – hangings, drownings and being BBQ'd. Just like our current politicians.



28D<0 Lost for Words! (Steptoe)



Watering Hole! (Steptoe)



Pondering about Life after Covid? (Steptoe)



Very Sweaty Software. Yuch! (Steptoe)

I'm Lost for Words, Steptoe then said about next Sunday's complex Run arrangements. However, he succinctly summed up the plan by warning Jack & Frisco (if his Better Half lets him off-leash?) don't be late because bus leaves soon after 10.00am, bring your Bus Pass or if you are not old enough (like most of us wish we were) £2; & On-Down's are expected to be (*editor, late change of plan*) held on Grouville Common.

Hash Reverend then took over, to correct our errant ways and bring us to the pearly gates. Not for many years, I hoped. He produced a JEP photo of a Jersey Bulls (white) -v- British Airways (red) football match, pointing out "Where's Wally" Poocock was sporting stewards yellow jacket! (photo below). Having dispensed with Sinners (takes one to know one?) he then wanted to punish Pervey, but he had disappeared during the Run. Instead, he congratulated Ballock on his **Street Art**, although he clearly needed some practice, and thanked him for a Trail the Runners had enjoyed before ministering the usual Down-Down which Ballock disposed with aplomb. **On On, Tinks (with thanks to Steptoe for Run Photos)**

BIKE BASH UPDATE!

Reserve Saturday 4 September for our annual Bike Bash, on home tarmac and maybe some off-road? Hares Smuggler & Frisco claim to have arranged evening entertainment and there will be an evening BBQ, but no overnight stay as hotels are full. On Sunday morning they will Hare a Hangover Run. **Give Hash Cash £20 deposit to secure your saddle.**




Thanks Dancing Chef!




Poocock "Oh Eck"!



Draining the Dregs!



Where's Wally? Crowd Control Steward! (JEP)

<p>H A S H</p>		<p>H A H A</p>	<p><i>... talkative child is like having an insane parrot glued to your shoulder.</i></p> <hr/> <p><i>I never thought the saying "I wouldn't touch them with a six-foot pole" would become national policy, now it has!</i></p> <hr/> <p><i>WHO announced dogs cannot catch Covid-19, so dogs held in quarantine can be released. So, WHO Let the Dogs Out!</i></p> <hr/> <p><i>Since we're all in quarantine I guess we'll be making only inside jokes from now on.</i></p>
<p>COVID-19 ONE-LINERS</p>			
<p><i>Amazing: We used to eat cake after someone had blown on it!</i></p>			
<p><i>After years wanting to spring-clean my house but lacking time, I found this wasn't the reason.</i></p>			
<p><i>Being quarantined with a...</i></p>			

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run: 1646 | **Date:** 1st August | **Hare:** ET | **On Down's:** White Rock Car Park, Rozel
Scribe: Muff Diver

Run: 1647 | **Date:** 8th August | **Hare:** Jacko | **On Down's:** Farmers Inn | **Scribe:** Smuggler