



# CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

<b>Run No.:</b>	1722
<b>Date:</b>	15 <sup>th</sup> January 2023
<b>Hare:</b>	Frisco
<b>Scribes</b>	Pervey (start and runners) & Smuggler (walkers and end)

The weather forecast was so encouraging that four runners turned up to accompany Frisco on his romp around St John – plus the usual handful of extras complaining about serious sniffles and malingering muscles. But in the event, despite a son et lumière towards the end of the run, with thunder and lightning accompanied by a shower, we just about got away with it – although we did have to put up Frisco's incessant banter, mostly on the lines of "fooled you again".

Before we set off Steptoe stunned us with a series of insights into temps passé, one of them involving Lady Hamilton and we were glad to escape up towards what passes for the metropolis of St John. Once past the village shops we headed towards the coast, stopping briefly at the L'Auberge for a sleigh ride, although instead of Prancer, Dancer and the rest, we had to make do with Daisy and Maisie, two Jersey cows to do the hard work. We left through that track behind the pub before crossing a field and on to La Rue de la Perruque. All the indications were that the coastal footpath towards Bonne Nuit beckoned and so it proved. The path was slippery and the slopes were steep – we concurred that it wouldn't have been a good trail for Muffdiver and others who suffer from the vertiginous tendency. However we stuck with it all the way down to Bonne Nuit and then up the other side.

We came to that footpath which takes you to Muffdiver's erstwhile abode, La Vallette, surely the longest, steepest footpath on the island. "Only a sadist would make us go up there," we pointed out to our hare. "I am that sadist" was the response and while Wendolene made short work of it the rest of us struggled on steadfastly. We followed the trail all the way to the National Trust property before rejoining civilisation on La Rue des Barraques and heading back to St John, hopeful that we might just beat the worst of the weather which seemed to be brewing up a storm.

Meanwhile the walkers had set off in the opposite direction for a lovely ramble in the highways (not so much) and byways (quite a lot) of St. John and St. Mary. We also managed to avoid the storms that we saw heading for France. Our route took us to the top of Mourier Valley and up the short but steep Mont de Barcelone, remembered fondly from the 2021 bike bash. It was then a nice jaunt back to St. John's Inn for the On Inns and down-downs. The walk was just over 4 miles and we arrived back at the same time as the runners who had run 3.6 miles – obviously on harder terrain!

The grub was the usual serving of sausage, chips and bread. There was plenty of it as Frisco had ordered enough for twenty. Literal doggy bags were being filled before we left.

There were only two down-downs today, the hare Frisco for a lovely run and Smuggler who hadn't been punished for his superb run on 18<sup>th</sup> December.



Ladies and



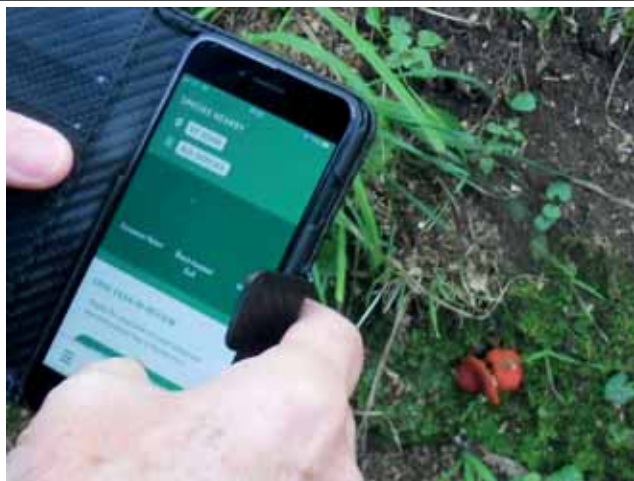
Gentlemen



..and another gentleman



The running pack



Muff Duver baffled by a curious fungus



Some party!



Why decorate your wall with Colorado beetles?!



The running trail (courtesy of Steptoe)



Silly Moos



One step at a time



It's all downhill from here



What trail?



Frisco's new toothbrush



Down Downs

## HASH HA Has

### **English as she is spoken:**

In a Bangkok Temple:  
IT IS FORBIDDEN TO ENTER A WOMAN, EVEN A FOREIGNER, IF DRESSED AS A MAN.

Cocktail lounge, Norway:  
LADIES ARE REQUESTED NOT TO HAVE CHILDREN IN THE BAR

Dry cleaners, Bangkok:  
DROP YOUR TROUSERS HERE FOR THE BEST RESULTS.

In a Nairobi restaurant:

CUSTOMERS WHO FIND OUR WAITRESSES RUDE, OUGHT TO SEE THE MANAGER.

On the main road to Mombasa, leaving Nairobi:

**TAKE NOTICE:** WHEN THIS SIGN IS UNDER WATER, THIS ROAD IS IMPASSABLE.

On a poster at Kencom:

ARE YOU AN ADULT THAT CANNOT READ? IF SO WE CAN HELP.

In a City restaurant:

OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AND WEEKENDS.

In a Cemetery:

PERSONS ARE PROHIBITED FROM PICKING FLOWERS, FROM ANY BUT THEIR OWN GRAVES.

Tokyo hotel's rules and regulations:

GUESTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SMOKE, OR DO OTHER DISGUSTING BEHAVIOURS IN BED.

On the menu of a Swiss Restaurant:

OUR WINES LEAVE YOU NOTHING TO HOPE FOR.

Hotel, Yugoslavia:

THE FLATTENING OF UNDERWEAR WITH PLEASURE, IS THE JOB OF THE CHAMBERMAID.

Hotel, Japan:

YOU ARE INVITED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CHAMBERMAID.

In the lobby of a Moscow Hotel, across from a Russian Orthodox Monastery:

YOU ARE WELCOME TO VISIT THE CEMETERY, WHERE FAMOUS RUSSIAN AND SOVIET COMPOSERS, ARTISTS AND WRITERS ARE BURIED DAILY, EXCEPT THURSDAY.

Hotel, Zurich:

BECAUSE OF THE IMPROPRIETY OF ENTERTAINING GUESTS OF THE OPPOSITE SEX IN THE BEDROOM, IT IS SUGGESTED THAT THE LOBBY BE USED FOR THIS PURPOSE.

Advertisement for donkey rides, Thailand:

WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE ON YOUR OWN ASS?

A Laundry in Rome:

LADIES, LEAVE YOUR CLOTHES HERE AND THEN SPEND THE AFTERNOON HAVING A GOOD TIME.