



CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No:	1732
Venue:	Meeting: St. Brelade's Parish Hall, On Downs: Trafalgar.
Date:	26 th March 2023
Hare(s):	Hooker & Captain Poocock

PALETABLE QUESTION? WHICH ONE IS SOFT CENTRED. COMMANDO OR ET?



A Question raised by Smuggler on our walk today??? Which Harriet has the softest centre (in the bag) ? Guess from the photo. Today's run was from outside the St. Brelade's Parish Hall in St. Aubin, the pack gathered, well apart from me, I was stuck in a road block in St. Ouen due to the Hospice Half Marathon, but I did see Triple XXX run past. Finally I got to the meeting point just as Steptoe started his announcements.

We totalled 21, a good number these days with a more or less equal split between walkers and runners, given Double tops joined the walkers for part of the way.

So us walkers watch the runs head up St. Aubin's Hill, whilst we turned to head along the bat towards Beaumont, keeping an eye on the high tide. Upon reaching the Le Mielle car park we headed up a private road and waited at the gates to Blanc Pigeon for the pack to muster. Once the runner caught up! We headed through the grounds of this wonderful property to a beautiful vantage point at the top overlooking the whole bay of St. Aubin. We then wondered back down the path then headed north to join Le Mont des Vignes, where the runners slowly sped off into the distance (snail like).



The walking pack followed in mild pursuit, but veered left heading down Rue des Fosses a Mortier, then crossing again onto Le Mont des Longchamps, just as we rain shower, whilst the runner took a longer route by crossing Aaron Le Coutier's land via his track. Joining the railway walk we headed back down to St. Aubin's even the runners caught us up.

We all made it to the back bar of the Trafalgar for the On Downs where we were greeted by Shiggy, Taxi, Foxy and Ragsby, did they forget to put there clocks forward? Nope they just popped down to see everyone. Hooker laid on an efficiently organised cheese, pate & French bread spread, devoured by all.

Finally Steptoe called the pack to order for the down downs, posed the usual Historical quiz, Molehills performed as stand-in Hash Rev, calling Bitch is Back, Trotski & Nil by Mouth forward for their birthday down downs, Then Hooker and Captain Poocock where honoured for laying a splendid trail and undertaking the catering. Illegal Entry.



The runners head one way, the walkers head the other. They will catch us up, one day.



Vital leading the 'its lovely' look at the views of St. Aubin

Photos of Steptoe taking the photos of the Harriets taking their yearly punishment for getting older, shortly followed by the Hares

Back in the days of tanners and bobs, When Mothers had patience and Fathers had jobs.
 When football team families wore hand me down shoes, and T.V gave only two channels to chose.
 Back in the days of three penny bits, when schools employed nurses to search for your nits.
 When snowballs were harmless; ice slides were permitted and all of your jumpers were warm and hand knitted.
 Back in the days of hot ginger beers, when children remained so for more than six years.
 When children respected what older folks said, and pot was a thing you kept under your bed.
 Back in the days of Listen with Mother, when neighbours were friendly and talked to each other.
 When cars were so rare you could play in the street. When Doctors made house calls; Police walked the beat.
 Back in the days of Milligan's Goons, when butter was butter and songs all had tunes.
 It was dumplings for dinner and trifle for tea, and your annual break was a day by the sea.
 Back in the days of Dixon's Dock Green, Crackerjack pens and Lyons ice cream.
 When children could freely wear National Health glasses, and teachers all stood at the FRONT of their classes
 Back in the days of rocking and reeling, when mobiles were things that you hung from the ceiling.
 When woodwork and pottery got taught in schools, and everyone dreamed of a win on the pools.
 Back in the days when I was a lad, I can't help but smile for the fun that I had.
 Hopscotch and roller skates; snowballs to lob.
 Back in the days of tanners and bobs. 🧑🏻🧑🏻



Last minute photo entry from Smuggler, The GM giving his now traditional proclamation.