



CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No:	1762	Date:	22 nd October 2023
Hare(s):	Masterminded by Fuzz Substitute Hare Wendolene	Scribe:	Tinky Winky

Substitute Hare goes Off-Trail

Fuzz look worried this morning. Turns out they had a few mishaps while laying the Trail. Before confessing anything Fuzz got alarmed about GM drivelling on and on, exclaiming Blimey, it's now Ten past Ten! The Pack wondered if they were in for a very long Run? Then, after she had well and truly silenced Steptoe, she told us while laying the Trail with Wendolene on Friday they had "a couple of mishaps". By this stage everyone in the Circle was completely silent, waiting for some awful revelation about how they had been mauled by an errant pheasant then, maybe, a pit-bull dog? But we could not spot any scratches nor teeth incisions on either Fuzz or Wendolene, they both seemed to be fine and unscathed. Fuzz then confessed the "mishaps" had resulted in the Trail not being completely laid, even after 3.5 hours of hard toil & graft during which Friday's rain totally soaked them both. "Awww", everyone chimed in unison, "what heroines", we silently thought. Fuzz declined to reveal what the other "mishap" comprised, although she did hint "I did not wet myself !" We thought it was best not to enquire any further.



Pay Attention, Hashers! (Tinks)

Before then Steptoe requested we held a minutes silence in honour of Sir Bobby Charlton, who died last week at 86 years old. A true hero, a football legend (ferocious long-range shooting from both left and right foot) who scored three goals during Englands winning 1966 World Cup campaign. Scoring 249 goals for Manchester United, he was the club's highest all-time goalscorer for more than 40 years, until in 2017 his record was surpassed by Wayne Rooney. [Scribe, it was fascinating watching some of his best goals over his career, they were truly amazing feats]. After a minutes silence was duly observed our GM asked who scored in the England Rugby Team this weekend, with 28D<0 jibing by suggesting it was the referee who scored! We all agreed with Steptoe it was best to forget anything to do with cricket matches, although he proclaimed it was good news cricket is back in the Olympics.

Steptoe continued, errr, “*drivelling on*” [Scribe, not to be confused with “*dribbling on*”, which Steptoe assures me he never does] questioning us who were the cricket champions of the 1900 Summer Olympics, proudly announcing was Great Britain! Mind you, this was the only cricket match that was actually played (Belgium & Netherlands having withdrawn) leaving Great Britain winning by 158 runs against France. France even had at least 11 British nationals in their team two of whom were born in France – although this did not help them much.

Carrying On On, Steptoe then asked what did the States Assembly approve in 1874? This had us all foxed, and the answer I had noted still has me foxed, something about a railway accident?

Eventually, after GM had finished “*drivelling on*” (I tease, everyone looks forward to and really enjoys his anecdotes) and after Fuzz had admitted her multiple confessions (in case you just picture- hop go back to first paragraph) she excused their Trail laying by claiming after the torrential downpour yesterday the sawdust had probably all disappeared – and it was “*On On*” She added “*Down the steps here and you need to stick with Wendolene*”, which was a total give-away as the Runners followed by Walkers plus Frisco coming at the back late after forgetting his cap followed each other down the steps like lemmings and around corner of The Priory Inn. It became evident Fuzz had not joked the Pack because the Trail truly was laid going westwards.



“Moi? I never drivell, nor even dribble!” (Tinks)



As directed by Fuzz, Down those Steps! (Tinks)



Did Pack plant Pervey on Run? (Tinks)

The Runners, followed fairly closely by the Walkers at this stage (although this changed shortly afterwards) scarpers up the steps leading to the cliff path above track going down to Devils Hole, part of the cliff path which is a verdant gentle switchback thronged by trees on both sides going up, then down, then up again and repeat, until we exited at a point where the path split into two directions. Before then Tinks spotted twig with attached label saying "MIKE", the Walkers wondered what disaster had befallen Pervey so early in the Run. The cliff path lay to our west, but there was an alternative track going south. Upon arrival Fuzz exclaimed "*Blimey, my surrogate Hare has misled the Runners off-Trail!*" We watched for a short while as, having gone left to the south then turning west, Wendolene was leading the Runners across a field. However, the Walkers had no idea if Wendolene was actually off-trail as Fuzz suggested because Illegal led us right going westwards along the cliff path.



Runners Route recorded by GM's Strava (Steptoe)

What is evident, though, is the Runners had to contend with a lot of obstacles along the route they Ran. This included a broken signpost "*Which way now, up or down?*", fence limbo-dancing



Unclear Directions (Steptoe)



Bending Double (Steptoe)

And yet more fence ducking, squeezing through the horizontal bars and flexing parts of their bodies they had forgotten about. Mind you, it looks as though Software & Frisco enjoyed their flexing, but what was Frisco peering at?



Jacko Struggles Through (Steptoe)



More Gymnastics (Pervey)



The Runners and Lola (Steptoe)



The Walkers (Tinks)

For once we had a reasonably good Running turn-out, from the group photo there were ten of them (including camera operator), plus Lola who was evidently overjoyed to be with the Crapaud's again. Especially when afterwards she managed to scoff a banger.



Leading the Way (Steptoe)



Lola – Where's the Bangers? (Steptoe)



Spot the Devil in his Hole (Tinks)

The Walkers went a lot further westwards than the Runners, whom Wendolene led south then far eastwards. Fuzz commented how the landowner whose fields Wendolene misled the Runners across was concerned about noise disturbing his horses, but when Fuzz explained it was the other Hash who blew a horn and we, errr, did not make any loud noises (she did not mention Jacko & Frisco) he was OK with the Runners using his fields, but the Jersey Hash was banned forever.

Along the Walkers route Tinks stopped our westwards progress above a small valley leading up from a seashore cove saying she was going to do a "*Steptoe impression*", asking what happened here between the 12th & 17th Centuries. "*Give us a year*" the Walkers demanded, but Tinks was not forthcoming. Eventually Tinks told the Walkers this stretch of northcliffs and especially this cove was a favourite for smugglers and pirates landing there ill-gotten gains and the track down the valley led down to a quiet secluded cove where they landed their booty. Being so isolated in those centuries it was ideal for avoiding being discovered. We nicknamed this place "*Smugglers Cove*".

Eventually at about quarter past 11.00am the Walkers arrived back at The Priory Inn first, then the

Runners arrived panting heavily & sweating. Fortunately, Pervey was still with the Pack and had evidently not befallen some terrible mishap.

After the Run finished Steptoe was seen still running around half undressed. He had warned the Pack before setting off he had an important dinner engagement so could not hang around afterwards but might demolish a pint before departing early. *"Did you see Steptoe's chest?"* Fuzz exclaimed, *"he's looking stressed and dashed into the bar without his top on showing his hairy chest trying to grab a quick pint"*. It seems Steptoe did not get his pint, as shortly later he sped off in his car giving us a quick honk on his horn (his car horn!) before disappearing around the second bend.

We sat outside in the lovely autumnal sunshine enjoying nice pints and excellent excellent tasty chips and bangers. Fuzz had been told by the landlord he could not provide bread & butter, so Fuzz had brought a loaf with her for emergency supplies. However, it turned out the landlord had relented and served buttered bread as well, so Fuzz ended up taking her loaf home & making sarnis for rest of next week.



What a Feast (Tinks)



Chilling in the Sunshine (Tinks)



The Hares are Congratulated (Tinks)



Fuzz Necks Pint (Steptoe)

Finally our Religious Adviser Frisco called up the Hares Fuzz & Wendolene congratulating them for arranging a great venue and laying an excellent Trail, despite their mishaps. Frisco commented *"and they even managed to arrange marvellous weather"*, which was unusual for this time of year and recent bad storms. Fuzz must have been desperate because she necked her half pint down in a couple of seconds, leaving Wendolene in her wake struggling to finish off her half pint.

On On, Tinks