



CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No:	1796	Date:	16 th June 2024
Hare(s):	Smuggler & Nil-by-Mouth	Scribe:	Tinky Winky

Thunderstorm Soaked Run & Sun-Kissed Picnic

Gathering in the public car park next to St Clement's Parish Hall we all expected the Hares were playing safe and the On-Down's would be in Le Hocq Inn. We were wrong, being surprised when the Hares announced we were to gather afterwards in the pocket-park behind St Clement's Parish Hall for a picnic. On the picnic benches. Bagsofit & Smuggler arrived on their e-bikes and it was noted Muff Diver & Twin Peaks were unfortunately absent having shared Covid between themselves. The weather gods were having a bad day again, sending threatening black clouds towards us, so the Hashers tested their brollies and compared their size. "*Mine's bigger than yours*" Ballcock claimed.

Our Grand-Master first wished all Dad's a lovely Fathers Day for today, said well done to all those who had yesterday managed to complete the Round Island Walk, and thanked those who had volunteered to be Lead Marshals when His Majesty King Charles III & Queen Camilla visit Jersey on 15 July. Steptoe advised day before Royal Visit will be Crapaud's 1,800th Run (or Walk) and commanded we are to wear Red, White & Blue. Turning to sport he commented cricket was a wash-out but maybe Euro-football will possibly be better for Scotland tonight. Steptoe then quizzed us what happened on this day in 1940. As usual no-one had any clue, so he informed us (which I expand to be more informative) *'Little Dunkirk' saw over 21,500 Allied troops evacuated from St Malo. Years later the Admiralty officially recognised Jersey's boats evacuation assistance by granting St Helier Yacht Club a unique award - a distinctive defaced red ensign that SHYC members have proudly flown ever since.*

Smuggler then advised he had not obtained any permissions for this Run (having been golfing on France for 4 days) and he would not be leading the Pack, instead giving lead Runner Ballcock a map revealing the Trail which everyone pored over. Ballcock complained he could not see the pink Trail markings, so Bagsofit loaned him his cheap £12 Amazon reading glasses enabling Ballcock to actually see the route. Looking rather glum Smuggler then announced there was 40% chance of rain during the Run and looks as though it's heading our way. Boy, was he right! Finally he advised "*follow Peter and you can't go wrong*". Some hope, I thought.

As Smuggler predicted the Runners were thunderstorm soaked along with plenty of sweat, and the Walkers also got thunderstorm soaked, with the heavens opening to drop a heavy downpour on them shortly after they had climbed up Rue de la Hougette sometime after the Runners had scaled this ascent. The Walkers huddled together under a single umbrella like a waddle of penguins. As for the Runners, given they had seen the map there were no surprises and most followed the Hares planned route, although it was alleged afterwards that Jacko & Frisco had still managed to go off-Trail finding two un-planned False Trail's to canter up & back down again.

We eventually convened for the al-fresco picnic & On-Down's in the pocket-park behind St Clement's Parish Hall where picnic benches had been provided. The sun was starting to gleam through the clouds scudding across the sly, and closing my eye's I'm sure the sun kissed me a few times! Before anyone got back I caught Poocock sneakily scoffing a Banger, Bacon & Black

Pudding Bap he had snaffled from beach kiosk. Poocock claimed this was his Fathers Day treat! He had even adulterated his coffee with more than a slug of Calvados! Everyone else enjoyed a lovely fresh & much healthier Ploughmans Lunch provide by the Hares Nil-by-Mouth & Smuggler. Meanwhile Jacko suddenly developed a leak, fortunately it was not men's trouble but a cracked plastic cup he was mixing his poison into. After everyone had satiated themselves with the tasty smorgasbord Hares had provided our GM congratulated the Hares on a job well done, then posed more questions "*In 1941 there was a significant maritime happening*". Our eyes glazed over, so Steptoe relieved us of our anxiety by explaining HMS Jersey was sunk... and it was also St Patricks birthday. Undeterred by our glazed eyes he carried on (OMG!) asking in 1944 during WWII what was reduced to 4lbs & 4ozs / week, eventually confessing this was bread rations. He also noted salt was reduced to 1oz / week. With that Steptoe gave up trying to educate us morons - although he has an unfair advantage, judging from his notes I persuaded him to relinquish!

Eventually our Religious Adviser Frisco took over (although he never whispers to me anything about religion) the proceedings, giving a "*Cumbergensely Award*" to himself for moaning about there being no croquet at the Croquet Centre last Sunday, so he bugged off home, and criticising Tinky for suggesting on Crapaud website this years French Bike Bash would last 5 whole days from 13th to 17th September. "*Wot*", I exclaimed, "*did I really make that mistake?*". It turned out to be correct I had made an error. After I & Frisco had downed our just desserts (err, less than half-pints in a plastic cup!) Frisco called up Jacko the third miscreant, for falling over again (Jacko claimed he was merely "*resting his bottom on a fallen branch*"!), plus the Hares Smuggler & Nil-by Mouth, except Bagsofit was thirsty so he took place of Nil-by-Mouth downing her beer. What a Hero! **On On, Tinks**



Testing the Brollies! (Tinks)



GM Spouting Again! (Tinks)



Trail Checking! (Tinks)



Great Cheap Glasses! (Tinks)

Pervey's Post-Run Post: He posted an epitaph on Crapaud Facebook page: "Oranges and lemons says the bells of St Clement's ... we had the lemons first with drizzle at the start, followed by the oranges with a picnic in the sunshire. In between was a run without a trail - and, of all people, Ballcock was entrusted with the map. Mont Ube was particularly greasy - lots of slipping and sliding..."



Walkers after the Downpour! (Steptoe)



On Home! (Pervey)



Secret Scoffer! (Tinks)



Jacko's Leak! (Tinks)



Dogs Bollocks? (Tinks)



Likely Lads! (Anon)



Hare, Substitute & Faller! (Tinks)