



CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No:	1876
Date:	28/12/25
Hares(s):	Trotsky

IF in doubt, organise a run from the Priory, Devil's Hole. Landlord John-Jo always welcomes the Hash and he also ensures that we are well watered and well fed.

Our hare, Trotsky, no doubt had all this in mind, but she was probably also aware that the hills, valleys, byways and, to a lesser extent, the highways of deepest St Mary offer prime hashing territory. There's not too much chance of the pack encountering virgin territory, but there's every prospect of a good workout, particularly on the north coast cliff paths.

And it's a good walking area too, even if Crapauds' boots generally head in the direction of Mourier Valley, Mont de la Barcelone and other such rustic purlieus.

It was perhaps the blend of all these factors that encouraged such a good turnout just a few days after Christmas on a morning that definitely demanded gloves and good woolly hat.. In any event, both runners and walkers were well represented – as you can see from the pictures that follow.

Eventually, back at the on-downs all was as it should be – plenty of real ale for Steptoe (who this time managed to keep it in his glass and belly rather than on the pub's unforgiving granite staircase) and more than plenty of sausages and chips.

The hare, of course, was punished for setting a good trail and she demonstrated her deep love of beer by taking – oh – about 25 minutes to down her half.

Also punished was sinner ET, who had been tormented by Bags-of-It over a lost fiver which, I think, he found and then offered to lend her so that she could pay her subs.

On-on!

MD









