



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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Jersey Militia Edition

Battle of Jersey Trail



Some Hashers nearly got Shot after the Run



Briefing the Militia

Saturday this weekend saw the 1781 Battle of Jersey commemoration, 239 years after Jersey Militia defeated the French invasion during the Anglo-French wars. In dead of the night under-cover of darkness, while most of the Island was sleeping after celebrating 'Old Christmas Night' (*Editor, good excuse for another piss-up*), the French under *Baron De Rullecourt's* command sneaked into St Helier occupying the market (now Royal Square), seizing the Town's cannons and capturing Jersey's Lieutenant Governor *Major Moses Corbet* then forcing him to sign a surrender. The 2,000 strong French force had already lost over 600 men in rocks off the south-east coast and only 700 soldiers made it into St Helier. As they say "*rien ça change*", we still get French sailors lost around our rocky shoreline.

Sunday morning saw a very similar Battle, with *Skywalker* holding most of the Crapaud Runners to ransom when he began letting off his musket in all directions, or rather his one-legged splashing in puddles, forcing the Pack to scatter everywhere trying to escape *Skywalkers* onslaught. I was informed several Crapaud's, like *Major Corbet*, ...



Briefing the Pack



Bad Weather Battle?



Battle or Trail Losers?



Dodging Skywalkers Onslaught

tried surrendering but that only resulted in them getting very wet & muddy. *Smuggler* was a lone-Hare with *Nil-by-Mouth* already having gone *Hors-des-Combat*, I believe lost in rocks off our south-east shore. What's more, *Rupert Bear* turned up looking rather dishevelled having fought off advances from fifteen *Hariettes* last night whom *Sweet Caroline* was entertaining. *Rupert Bear* bemoaned "I was reduced to being their manservant, I could not get a word in edgeways and what a mess they all made, it took ages to tidy-up". Eventually our GM *Steptoe* called the Pack to order announcing two-minutes silence for those killed in the Tehran plane crash then congratulating Jersey Reds & Bulls for their wins, before calling on *Smuggler* to brief our assembled forces. He announced Trail was laid in sawdust and smatterings of blue chalk, the Trail began and ended with dogs needing to be restrained on leads, and it would only take $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. **Who was he kidding?**

Going back to 1781 when the British troops and Jersey Militia eventually woke-up later that morning they assembled on Westmount. With *Major Corbet* a prisoner (shortly afterwards he was court-martialled) command fell to 24-year-old *Major Francis Peirson* from St Peter's Barracks. He soon had 2,000 men at his disposal for counter-attacking the French forces. The French resistance was of short duration, only lasting $\frac{1}{4}$ hour. **I suspect they..**



Hare's or Hell's Gate?



Kick 'Em Like This, They Don't Like It



Squirt squeezing around Prickly Brush!

departed to a Jersey hostelry for a long lunch. The British had a howitzer placed directly opposite the market in the *Grande Rue*, which at each shot "*cleaned all the surroundings of French*" according to a member of the British service. Major Peirson and the 95th Regiment advanced towards *Avenue du Marché*. Just as the British were about to win a musket shot killed *Major Peirson*. However, when *Baron De Rullecourt* fell wounded many French soldiers gave up the fight, throwing down their weapons and fleeing. Six-hundred French invaders were shipped to England to face justice, or was it hanging? Thus was the Battle of Jersey won, the French were banished making a seminal moment in Jersey's history reinforcing our allegiance to the English crown, not a French *Red Baron* – who seemed to have re-appeared for this Sunday's Run.

Anyhow, *Skywalker* was having a whale of a time, or was it *whale in a big puddle* even before the Run started, finding the most genourmous puddle while FRB's were not finding the Trail. Eventually they all set-off south, then west cutting down to Railway Walk, going further west, then to Atlantic Hotel around golf course, before cutting back - some SCB's even cutting-across golf course – into Les Quennevais before finding their way On-Home. Or at least that's what this week's Hare claimed when he briefed me prior to the Pack setting off. **God alone knows where**



Random Lampost Leaning?



Discharge leading the Charge!



Kindred Pals!



"I Hit Hole in One Like This"



Downing the Butties



Gathering the Pack

FRB's *Jacko*, *Bags-of-It* and other *unrepentant Sinners* ended up going off-Trail (but they all escaped later arraignment). Meanwhile, *Illegal Immigrant* misled the Walkers due south nearly into the briny before cutting-across Noirmont Common then northwards into housing estate Runners had charged across about ¾ hour ago. Some Walkers chose to do more short-cutting straight back into *Les Creux Country Park* and *On-Home*, while others insisted on a needless detour around the main roads before getting back to the *Bowling Club*.

The *Les Creux Bowling Club* is a really excellent On-Down providing cheap beer - albeit not Real Beer much to *Steptoe's* chagrin – and really tasty bacon butties. *Molehills*, among others, helped themselves to seconds because “it’s a shame to waste really good bacon butties” as *Molehills* confessed. Eventually our *Religious Adviser* (Editor, what a misnomer) called us to gather outside the front entrance for the Down-Down’s. These were surprisingly short. *Steptoe* said we had been “blessed with good weather” (blinking obvious comment) before handing over to *Molehills* who pulled out a young Virgin (fortunately, not literally), *Alex*, *Squirts Pal*, for a water half and at same time congratulating this weeks Hare *Smuggler* for laying what had proved to be an excellent Trail and booking a great venue (at this point I thought two butties caused *Molehills* to seriously burp, but I would be lying). Apparently, *Squirt* had been secretly practising doing Down-Downs with *Alex* but it seems more practice maybe required as *Smuggler* beat him to the finish. Clearly, practice makes perfect. **On On, Tinky Winky. Thanks to Steptoe & Skywalker for photos, everyone else for great company and laughs.**



Down-Down Anticipation



Virgin & Hare Down-Down



Fallen Hasher?

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run no: 1591
Date: 26 January
Hare: Wendolene
Start: Car Park opposite Jersey Pearl, off 5-Mile Rd
On Down: Watersplash
Scribe: Muff-Diver

Run no: 1592
Date: 2 February
Hare: Ballcock
On Down: TBC
Scribe: Pervey