



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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Run 1591

The official organ of the Jersey Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Aussie rules, OK

WHAT was special about Sunday 26 January? Well, in addition to being the date set for the Crapauds' 1,591st run, it was Australia Day. You might have guessed as much by studying the GM's get-up. Besides sporting a Bunbury Hash T-shirt, he was wearing an Aussie hat, Aussie rules socks and Aussie silk pants, decorated with the Aussie flag.

We all know that he has spent a bit of time Down Under, but could this be described as going over the top? Perhaps – especially given this senior Hasher's credentials as a Jerseyman born and bred, strong in the arm and . . . well, you know the rest.

Before the on-on was called, we were reminded that the previous day had not only been Burns Night – if that makes sense – but also Chinese New Year. Muff Diver alleged that he and Twin Peaks had been uncertain which to celebrate and had therefore decided to eat their haggis supper with chopsticks.

Meanwhile, our hare, Wendolene, promised a short run of about an hour. As it happened

that turned out to be a very good estimate.

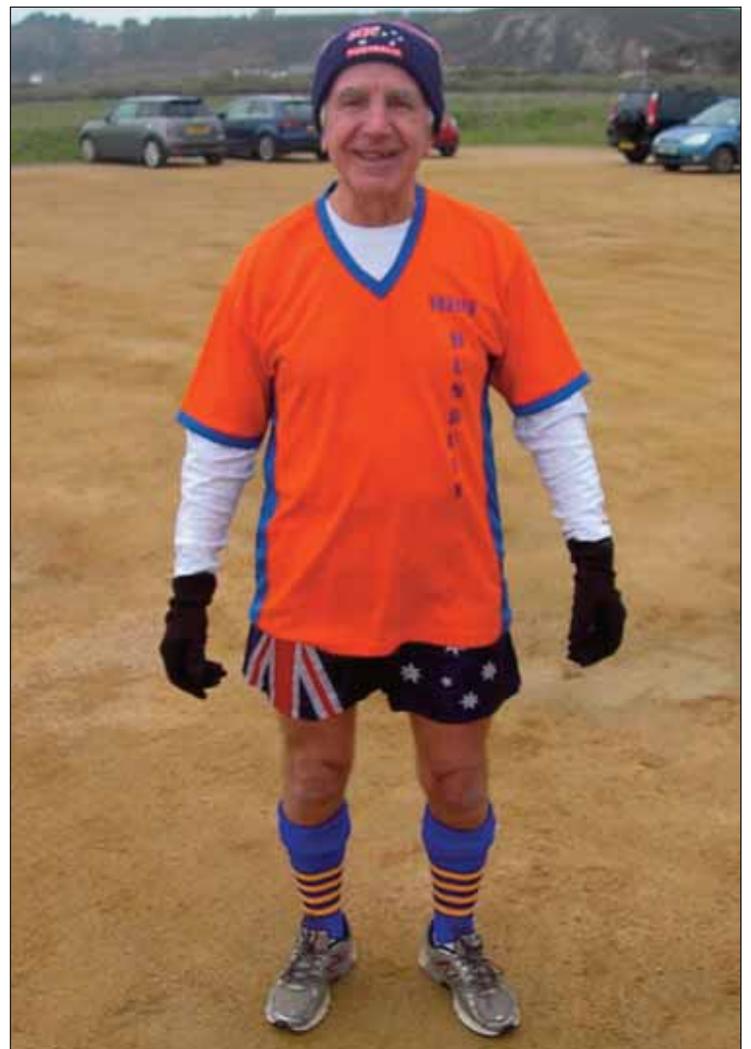
She did not, however, allude to what our Aussie-clobber-clad GM had been up to before most Hashers had arrived for the start of the run in the car park opposite Jersey Pearl. According to Tinky Winky, our revered supremo had 'tried to seduce Wendolene with his silk pants, inviting her to join him behind a parked car'. TW shouted: 'Put her down, you dirty old man!'

That, it seems, was an accurate description. Walkies – Mrs GM – was able to confirm that underneath the Southern Cross the light of her life had chosen to go commando.

Hash virgins Payton and Miguel – not to mention friend of the Hash and ace van-driver Biltong – were no doubt puzzled by all the pre-run palaver, but the pack eventually took off in the direction of the seawall.

L'Etacq might have been the target, but instead we were led inland on a nameless track, then along Le Hurel and then up a steep path leading to Mont Vibert.

The ascent slowed



The GM, taking Australia Day seriously

most of the pack to walking pace, but there was blessed relief as most of the remainder of the run took in the byways of La Cueillette de Millais the deepest, darkest part of St Ouen. The territory might not have been truly virgin,

but it wasn't exactly on the beaten track.

After much meandering, we crossed Mont Pinel and made our way to Grantez, missing out the dolmen but taking in the venue for the annual sunset concerts.

Thereafter it was a



Steptoe and Wendolene slow the pace for a moment or two

straightforward on-home via Chemin de Moulin and Route des Laveurs.

The on-downs were at the Watersplash, which, as usual, supplied decent ale in the bottle and sausages that were a cut above average pub standard.

At the down-downs the two virgins were punished first.

Then it was Flasher's turn for having wrongly grassed up Discharge for a new-shoe infraction.

Finally, Wendolene downed a half as her penance for having lain a trail and led a run that was certainly not the longest, but was nevertheless judged to have been right up everyone's street.



Potential Hasher?



Above: Yellow is the colour . . .

Left: A bunch of FRBs



A trio of Jackos. The pheasant in the centre picture was very well hung . . . unlike Jacko



Payton, Miguel and Biltong swelled our numbers



Skywalker logging on



Harriettes setting the pace



Pervey – last but not least



Virgins punished



Just desserts for a false accusation

Hash ha-ha

What's the difference between a hippo and a zippo? One is really heavy and the other is a little lighter.

Last night, I dreamed I was swimming in an ocean of orange soda. But it was just a Fanta sea.

Moses had the first tablet that could connect to the cloud.

About a month before he died, my uncle had his back covered in lard. After that, he went down hill fast.

Alcohol is a perfect solvent: It

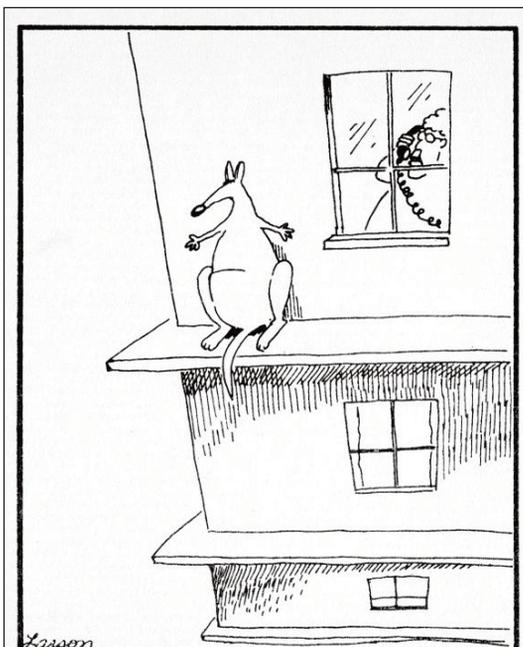
dissolves marriages, families and careers.

Today a man knocked on my door and asked for a small donation towards the local swimming pool. I gave him a glass of water.

A recent study has found that women who carry a little extra weight live longer than the men who mention it.

My girlfriend is always stealing my T-shirts and sweaters ... But if I take one of her dresses, suddenly 'we need to talk'.

eBay is so useless. I tried to look up lighters and all they had was 13,749 matches.



"Well, you better get someone over here right away ... He really looks like he's going to jump."



Down-down for the hare

Hareline

Run: 1593

Date: 9 February

Hare: Skywalker **Scribe:** Discharge

On-down: Les Quennevais Hockey Club

Run: 1594

Date: 16 February

Hare: Software

On-down: TBC

For latest updates, news, contacts and all the gossip, see: www.crapaud.org