



# CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

**FREE**

(Plus GST  
at 5%)

*Published  
almost  
weekly*

**1<sup>st</sup> March 2020**

The official organism of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

**Run Number 1596**

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**On & On**

## March Hares Go Bog Hopping

With a sizeable section of the regular Pack en route to go sliding down mountains on bits of wood, only a smallish number were expected to turn up at the Pembroke Inn for the normal Sunday Hash trail.

As the Pack slowly wandered in to the assembly point on the pavement in the shadow of the giant golfer near the entrance to the golf club, it became apparent that an unexpectedly large number of those left on the island were going to put in an appearance.



**The Pack assembles**



**The Hares - ready for a wet run**

The weather was cool and overcast but not raining, so it looked hopeful for a relatively dryish run. However, when the Hares eventually appeared, they were equipped with goggles and snorkels but, to be fair, not wet suits. What were they trying to tell us? Were we going for a swim or were we due for a bog snorkelling challenge? Where was Jacko when you need him – at least he had practiced his bog diving technique the previous week and could have given us some pointers if only he hadn't gone AWOL. We didn't have long to wait for the bad news, as the Hares briefed us that it was going to be a very wet and muddy run. Joyous news to some of the Pack but less welcome to the rest. The Walkers really didn't care as they were unlikely to get involved in the messier part of the trail. All that was left of the Briefing, was for the Hares to tell us that the trail was laid in lavender sawdust and luminous chalk (whatever that looks like and assuming it hadn't been washed away in the night) and we were off.

The FRBs set off at speed heading north along the edge of the golf course, with Ballcock rapidly disappearing into the far distance but, as usual, it was the wrong way. It is doubtful that there was any sawdust out there anyway, so they equally rapidly returned. It was then on in the opposite direction, towards the Pembroke before crossing the road outside the pub and down the side road towards Grouville School.

The Pack split, fairly neatly, into two sections with 11 runners and 11 walkers. The walkers arrived at the corner outside the school in time to see the runners disappearing down La Rue de la Haye du Puits (there's a catchy road name) but this proved to be a false trail. As the runners returned to turn left up the side of the school up La Rue Maraval, the walkers continued in front of the school before turning right up the side of the school playing field. It was then back along the main road before crossing over and turning left onto La Cache des Pres and downhill towards the soggy muddy reaches of Les Marais.



**The Walking Pack (most of them)**

As the walkers continued down the lane, the runners came into view. They were out in the marsh, upsetting the geese and swans, floundering around in the muddy bits and trying to stay dry by jumping the numerous streams that the Trail crossed. Some Hashers were considerable more successful in their efforts to clear the water than others!



**How do we get over this?**



**Ballcock rescues Elvis (© Steptoe)**



**One giant leap for Steptoe**



**Pervey takes a dive (© Steptoe)**



**Emerging from the bog**

After much floundering and leaping (to the considerable amusement of the watching Walkers), the Runners emerged from the marsh to join the Walkers the nice dry, solid ground of the road. The Pack then proceeded uphill to the junction with Le Chemin des Maltiers. At this point the Pack again divided, with the walkers heading to the left and the walkers to the right, towards Gorey village.



**Flying Muff Diver (© Pervey)**

Thereafter, the walkers meandered along the road to the edge of Gorey village before turning right through the village, across the common and then the main road. On arriving at the beach, the walkers proceeded along the seaward edge of the golf course, before wandering across to the Links Estate to arrive at the beer stop at Discharge's new house.

Meanwhile, the runners are rumoured to have headed up the east side of Queens Valley Reservoir before climbing up the wooded slope to emerge in a series of muddy fields. Having passed along several minor roads and further muddy fields the Pack emerged on St Martin's main road. The Trail then proceeded down the main road (Le Mont de Gouray), with a really mean false trail down the steps towards Gorey village. However, the trail continued on, in the rain, down the main road (maybe virgin territory?) to arrive at the Dolphin Inn for a beer stop for half pints all round, courtesy of the generous Hares.



**A rest stop at the Gouray Lodge sunflowers (© Steptoe)**



**Beer stop at the Dolphin (© Steptoe)**

The Trail continued along the beach as far as Longbeach before turning onto the edge of the golf course and so on to the second beer stop at Discharge's new house (was there no end to the generosity of the Hares). It was however noted (by one of the Hares) that the lager was out of date (not that it makes much difference to lager) but on the plus side Steptoe has his own, specially labelled beer.



**Pervey with his giant Lego on the beach (© Steptoe)**



**Well past it's use by ...**



**Happiness personified!**



**The Beer Stop**

From there, it was only a short run/stagger back to the On Inn at the Pembroke. We were provided with loads of very tasty sausages, together with the customary chips and bread and butter.

**Down Downs**

Illegal, Pervey (who had departed prematurely the previous week), Granchester and Mc Kinley were called forward for their birthday Down Downs. However, before they could perform, Two Stroke pointed out that Winger was overdue one for her birthday back in January, so she joined the happy throng.



**Birthday Hashers**

Pervey and Steptoe were then called forward to receive their awards for trying to take swimming/diving lessons whilst on the Trail. Appropriately, their Down Downs were conducted with wate rather than berr.



**The Wet Ones**

Finally, our Hares, Discharge and Flasher, were awarded the customary Down Downs for providing an excelent muddy, wet run, (which may have included some virgin territory) but definitely included, not one but two beer stops; (a trend which should be encouraged on future Trails). The other podibility is that Discharge and Flasher should set the Trail every week!



**Discharge and Flasher show how to do it.**

**RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE**



- Run No:** 1598
- Date:** 15<sup>th</sup> March
- Hare:** Bagsofit
- On Down:** The Royal St Martin
- Scribe:** Wendolene
  
- Run No:** 1599
- Date:** 22<sup>nd</sup> March (Mother's Day)
- Hare:** Twin Peaks & Vital Statistics
- On Down:** TBC.
- Scribe:** TBC