



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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Run 1601

The official organ of the Jersey Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Trotsky's trot

WHEN Elena, aka Trotsky, sets a run, you know that that's just what you are going to get. So there were no surprises when, after the on-on at Les Quennevais sports centre, the pack set off down the Railway Track and scarcely paused for breath until Corbière was in sight.

Before the off, our GM failed to let us know what we were in for, but he did treat us to another glimpse of Jersey temps passé. We were told that way back in 17er-um-er the States had voted a then substantial amount of folding stuff to build 30-odd round towers around the Island to keep out the perfidious French. Well, would you Adam and Eve it?

However, as with many governmental projects, the job was never finished and only 20-odd towers were completed. And, in the event, none of the guns installed in them ever fired a shot in anger.

Meanwhile, back on the trail, the pack failed to make it as far as La Table des Marthes, the massive granite slab near the old railway terminus, which might have made an ideal site for the human sacrifice of a hare

who had inflicted such a slog on her fellow hashers.

Instead, we peeled off at the footpath that leads down to Le Grouet, enjoying a brief downhill interlude.

Then, after a few hundred yards on tarmac, we headed down to Petit Port and around the headland to La Pulente.

There was no stopping at the pub – now mysteriously renamed the Koru Arms, but we were treated to a substantial plod along the beach to what always used to be known as the Governor's steps and onwards to the dunes.

Ah, the joy of running in soft sand! And ah, the added joy of running uphill in soft sand! What a wonderful opportunity for aging hashers to show what they are made of. Putty and jelly, mostly.

Actually, once we had made it to the top of the last slope, the going wasn't too bad, the trail leading us alongside the golf course rabbit fence and then on home via the playing fields at Les Quennevais.

The on-downs were in the very salubrious surroundings of the Hockey Club, where decent pale



You need hands . . .

ale was available on tap. Ample portions of sausage and chips were served – so ample in fact that some were left over. Pity that Pervey had to leave early. He could have captured enough bangers to keep Lola fed for half the week.

Punishments were duly arranged for a sinner and the hares, but before we deal with all that it should be pointed out that one miscreant's foul deeds were overlooked. As a picture on the next page illustrates, Jacko was guilty of desecrating



Trotsky was measuring something. Not sure what

an item of Hash haberdashery. A broken zip on his waterproof led him to dump it, but that was not his only crime. During the run he managed to break the adjustment strap on his Crapaud cap and that, too, was abandoned. That no one grassed him up was a miracle.

But co-hares Trotsky and Taxi did not escape justice. Nor did Bunting, aka Katrina, but exactly

why she was awarded a down-down somehow eluded your scribe, Muff Diver. (Note to self: Pay attention next time.)

A young newcomer, Stephanie, also downed a punishment glass – of water, of course. I just hope that when she got home that she didn't tell her mum that her new-found hashing friends had not only referred to her virginity but also called her a bastard.



Staying in step



Above: Stay safe? What, with Jacko and Frisco?

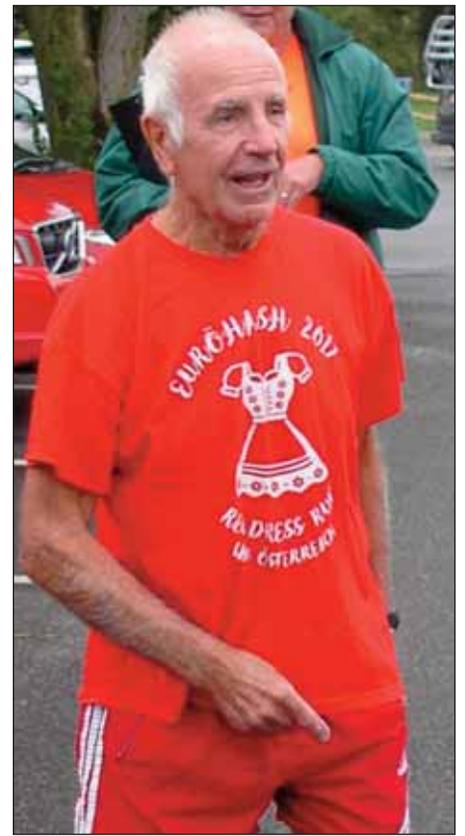
Left: It's still a running club . . . more or less



Jacko abandons his waterproof



Taxi – pretty in fluoro pink



The GM points to the unemployed



Trial by sand dune



A plod along the beach



A good square meal



Cocktails for one



Down-downs for Bunting and newcomer Stephanie (centre, above), supported by Elsie and Millie

Hash ha-ha

I was in this restaurant and I asked for something herby. They gave me a Volkswagen with no driver.

If you stay in a house and you go to the bathroom and there's no toilet paper, you can always slide down the banisters. Don't tell me you haven't done it.

I accidentally filled the Escort with diesel. She died.

Sex is like playing bridge – if you don't have a good partner, you better have a good hand.

I went down to my local supermarket and I said: 'I want to make a complaint. This vinegar's got lumps in it'.

He said: 'Those are pickled onions.'

My grandfather is always saying that in the old days people could leave their back doors open. Which is probably why his submarine sank.

My wife – it's difficult to say what she does. She sells seashells on the seashore.

As a child I had a medical condition that meant I had to eat soil three times a day in order to survive. Lucky my older brother told me about it really.

Old ladies in wheelchairs with blankets over their legs? I don't think so ... retired mermaids.

I can't count to ten in French: un,

deux, trois, quatre, cinq, six, sept ... Aarrgghh! Sorry, I've got a huit allergy.

We live in an uncaring society. I was in the park the other day watching an old man feed the birds. After a while I thought to myself: 'I wonder how long he's been dead.'

I really like driverless cars. In fact the other day I saw a whole car park full of them.

People who think there's no good way to die have obviously never heard the phrase 'drug-fuelled-sex-heart-attack'.

Does anyone find it ironic how a program aimed at old people is called Countdown?



Hares Taxi and Lady Trotsky

Hareline

Run: 1603
Date: 19 July
Hare: Jacko
On-down: Farmers
Run: 1604
Date: 26 July
Hares: ET
On-down: Croquet Club

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