



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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The official organism of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1602

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On & On

A Holy Hash Trail



Happy Smiling Hashers

We were originally scheduled to meet at Eden Chapel for this Sunday's Hash but the venue was changed to Grouville Football Club. Although a Hash trail has started from the football club car park on at least one previous occasion (before moving on to Tinky Towers for the On Down), this was to be a Virgin venue in terms of using the club facilities.

The Pack assembled on what had turned out to be a beautiful warm and sunny morning. A total of 35 Hashers put in an appearance, the biggest Pack so far since our return to Hashing after the Covid lockdown. Before the briefing we received our Sunday history lesson from our GM. After getting blank looks all round, having asked what the origin of the name Boulivot (the name of the area where we were assembled), he explained that it was 'barricades' and went on to speculate that perhaps there had been some sort of defensive position in the area 'temps passe'.

The bemused Pack then received the customary briefing from our Hares (Flash and Discharge) who revealed that we would probably be passing through some Virgin territory (an unusual event in itself) and would have a beer stop, which is always welcome news to eternally thirsty Hashers.

After the normal milling about and reluctance to get going the Pack sauntered out of the car park. The Pack split into 21 runners and 13 walkers plus Mc Kinley who retired to his car to read the Sunday papers. Ballcock lead the FRBs and 21 runners to the right, down the lane in the direction of Tinky Towers, before turning and returning past the walking section of the pack and head up the lane for a couple of hundred metres. It was at that point that the FRBs realised that the Hares hadn't followed them and they retraced their steps, past the bewildered walkers before turning left off the lane into a field. Meantime the walkers went up the lane to the Fiveways junction and then right into Route de Francheville. The runners re-joined the walkers when they emerged from the fields onto the road outside Le Jardin du Francheville.



Taking a breather

The trail continued down the road with occasional excursions off into the fields before crossing the road, past Fairlands, into a side road.

where we were going, was convinced that we should scramble through a hedge and drop onto the main road but Molehills, always on the lookout for a shortcut, found the button to open the gate.



Who nicked my fishing rod?



Walkers admire the grounds

A Scenic Lane?

Our time on tarmac was brief, as the trail soon turned right into a field of dead spuds and then onto a narrow path through the woods, where Fuzz gave us her impression of a garden gnome. This was officially pronounced as Virgin territory by Tinky Winky (the land not Fuss). Soon after, the vista opened to reveal a very grand house with immaculate lawns. Had we strayed into somebody's garden? However, it seems that the Hares had gained permission and the owners were away on holiday (presumably why we were allowed to tramp through their 'grinds').



Walkers at the gates

Getting out of the grounds proved more difficult for the walkers. Granchester, who was supposed to know

The trail continued straight across the main road and on down the side of the field next to Hougue Bie, before turning left onto Rue des Pigneaux and then right onto Rue de Commune. It was then only a short trot to arrive at the first ever holy beer stop in Eden Chapel. What would the Methodists have made of the Hash drinking beer in the chapel on a Sunday no less!

Presumably it has been de-consecrated. An excellent range of beverages and snacks were on offer, including real ale which made our GM very happy. As the chapel is to be redeveloped, this is likely to have been a 'once in a Hash life time' beer stop opportunity.



The Hares prepare to deliver the sermon

En route to the beer stop, Pervey had to clean up after Lola and discovered (with his fingers) that the bag was holey. On arrival, he took the filled bag inside and left it on one of the pews, (presumably to prevent it getting stolen – you can't be too careful out East). A holey bay in a holy place. It seems that the resulting aroma was rather noticeable and he was persuaded to take it back outside to annoy the neighbours.



The Hares (and Joe)



The Congregation taking communion



Pervey fills another holey bag



Pervey's odorous poo bag

Thereafter, the walkers followed a zigzag trail back across the main road to the On Inn. On the way we passed Rue du Paradis but the Hares didn't divert the trail down there so we will never know what slice of Paradise the road lead to. Where the runners went is anybody's guess but they did run past a disembodied cows head (maybe outside the residence of the Crapaud Godfather?)

Back at Grouville FC there was plenty of seating outside for the weary hashers to sun themselves on but only a limited range of beer available. At least the lager was Sagres, which was at least a very acceptable option and the bangers and chips were well up to Hash standards.

Down Downs

Pervey was adjudged to have sinned grievously for his antics with the offensive poo bag in a place of worship and was therefore awarded a Down Down



Next up were our two Virgins. Nutter (who had departed prematurely after his first run at Quennevais) and Connor.



Virgins Nutter & Connor

Discharge Joe, Vulva Viv and Rampant Rabbit were called forward for their birthday Down Downs.



Birthday Hashers

Finally, our Hares, Discharge, Flasher and Bethany, were awarded the customary Down Downs for providing an excellent trail, (definitely included virgin territory) but an

excellent unique Virgin beer stop and almost Virgin On Inn. Discharge received his Down Down mainly for managing the laying of the trail by Flasher and Bethany whilst comfortably esconsed in the Grouville FC Clubhouse. A good trick if you can get away with it!!



Discharge and Bethany show Flasher show how to do it.

HASH HA-HA

What do you get when you cross a dyslexic, an insomniac, and an agnostic?

Someone who lies awake at night wondering if there is a dog

My grandfather started walking five miles a day when he was 60. Now he's 97 years old and we have no idea where the hell he is.

Light travels much faster than sound. That is why some people (politicians?) appear quite bright – until you hear them talk.

A soldier survived mustard gas in battle, and then pepper spray by the police. He's now a seasoned veteran.

A Buddhist walks up to a hotdog stand and says, "Make me one with everything."

A plateau is the highest form of flattery.

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run No: 1604

Date: 26th July

Hare: ET

On Down: Croquet Club, Quennevais, St Brelade

Scribe: Steptoe

Run No: 1605

Date: 2nd August

Hare: Molehills & Steptoe

On Down: Sir George Carteret, St Peter.

Scribe: TBC