



# CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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Run 1608

The official organ of the Jersey Crapaud Hash House Harriers

## Pussy's purrfect run

WHEN Pussy organises a run on and around her home turf you can count on a few surprises. There will, of course, be a visit to Château Pussy, but the delights that await there are always anyone's guess.

This time it was skyrocket ice lollies and a fiendish game involving miniature gibbets, lots of string and pints of beer.

The lollies were enjoyed by just about everyone in the pack, but Frisco and Ballcock were the ones to endure trial by drink and puppetry. If you weren't there to witness their struggles, I won't attempt to describe what happened, other than to say that more beer ended up on their hashing gear than down their throats.

That said, a glance at the pictures on pages two and three will offer some idea of what was going on.

However, jolly japes and light refreshments in Pussy's garden were far from the only delights of a very well conceived run.

The pack also visited what must be the tidiest small holding anywhere in the 12 parishes.



The Covid Three . . . happily negative after a recent trip to France

Having paused there to gawp at the sheep, the sheepdog and a family of goats, we were led alongside a field full of hemp. It was the sort used for everything except rolling and smoking, but it clearly brought back happy

memories for Smuggler. (See the picture on page three.)

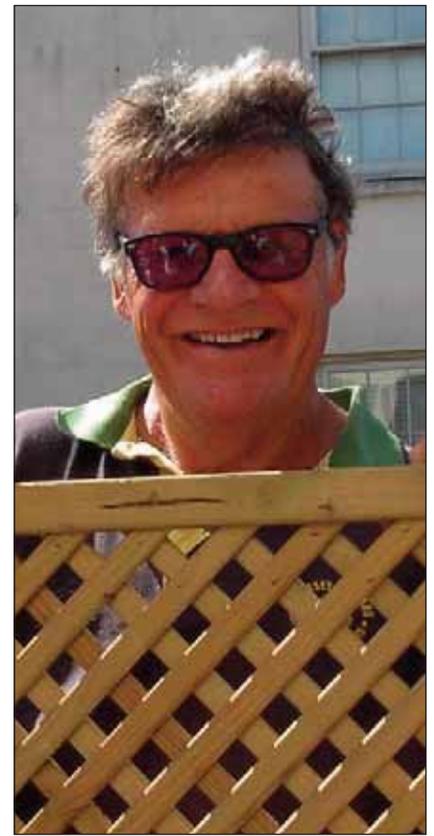
Meanwhile, it has to be said that the run was a very rural one. And although we were warned at the outset that the terrain might be challenging for anyone wearing

shorts, there weren't too many brambles or nettles. Again, well done the hare.

It seems that these days we can count on a pretty good turnout of both runners and walkers, but it was good to see one old face return-



Leg-over for ET



Shady character

ing to take exercise and keep us all amused. Yes, Ragsby showed up for more than the beer and chips. He was dressed for a run, but elected to join the walkers on this occasion. Next week . . . who knows?

The weather throughout the morning was windy but dry, so the on-downs could be held outside at St John's pub – no doubt to the delight of the regulars, who have been known to be a bit narky when we all but take over the public bar.

Three sorts of chip and unbuttered bread duly appeared and were soon demolished. Per-

vey, however, was left having to explain to Lola – who had been denied a run because of the sheep and goats on the trail – why he failed to come home without a pocketful of sausages.

Pussy was duly punished for doing so well, but there were two other down-downs awarded for different reasons.

Poocock drank deep in celebration of his recent retirement from the world of work.

Our GM, Steptoe, did penance for using the P word in reference to England's adversaries in the test match. Disgraceful. But we have heard worse.



Scribe takes a selfie



I'll get the hang of this in a minute



Lollipop lady Hooker, Ragsby and guess who



So near and yet so far



Software knows his onions



Ah, that reminds me of old times at Customs



Don't feed the animals . . . or the goats

Not a bad turnout



Retiree Poocock, politically incorrect Steptoe and hare Pussy receive their punishments

## Crapaud ha-ha

What kind of shoes do frogs wear?  
Open toad sandals.

What do you call an illegally parked frog?  
Toad.

What do you call a woman with a toad on her head?  
Lilly.

What do you get when you cross a frog and a pig?  
A lifetime ban from the Muppet

Show studio.

Where do you get frogs eggs? In a spawn shop.

Ever heard a frog fart? If not, you ain't squeezing him hard enough.

## Hareline

**Run:** 1610  
**Date:** 6 September  
**Hare:** Double Tops  
**On-down:** Les Creux

**Run:** 1611  
**Date:** 13 September  
**Hares:** Poocock and Hooker  
**On-down:** TBC

For latest updates, news, contacts and all the gossip, see: [www.crapaud.org](http://www.crapaud.org)