



# Crapaud News

## special retro edition

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# Ballcock's dry run from the east

This week we have eschewed the west and travel east where Ballcock has arranged things at The Seymour. Indeed, so incensed is the hare with our west-leaning outings he has refused to renew his visa at St Ouen's Parish Hall. He is also concerned that his car is so used to heading west that he had trouble steering it towards the start this morning. To underline his concerns even his circle is a protest. He said during the run briefing that it was indeed the *wonderful* east but that he had run out of chalk.



### Declaration of intent

The trail, we are told, is laid in traditional chalk and sawdust and that it is not a long run but a very long run. So it's on-on.

### Seaside

We leave the pub and the FRB's head off towards the slip. However, it is high tide and we are soon aware of or error.



### The first FT

Instead we head off along the coast road before turning inland. We head up a lane which ET say reminds her of touring France in the days before the advent of the dreaded Péage.

### Locked out - not

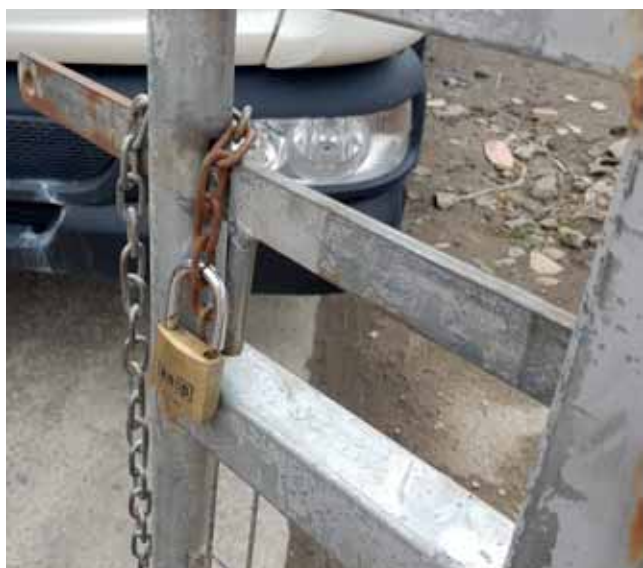
We take the trial off the road and head through a farm where there is a large store of building material. Suddenly we are

confronted with an apparently impenetrable barrier. The gates are padlocked and the hare looks concerned as he claims that these gates are *never* locked.



### **The long and non-winding road**

Fortunately, Bunty exercises her burglary skills and the padlock magically falls away! Hurrah! On-on!



### **Blockchain**

#### **People living in glass houses ...**

As we move on the GM decides that it must be time for a break. We are surrounded by glasshouses and worker accommodation but Steptoe still finds time for a quick cuppa. There is a conveniently laid out table complete with teacups of which he quickly takes advantage.



### **Everything stops for tea**

#### **Hunger pangs**

We head out from the greenhouses and a brief check. Then it is on to the official check. While we catch our breath there is time to enjoy this year's bumper crop of blackberries. Then it is time to move on.



### **Jacko and Trotsky foraging**

#### **Lavoir**

The next stop is at the Lavoir at Le Marais a la Cocque where Steptoe attempts to get the ladies to form a beauty pageant on the mounting steps. However his idea is met with less than enthusiastic hariettes as he only manages to persuade two to make the effort. Hence there is no grand photograph of our lovely ladies for this week's edition. Ah, well – on-on.



Jacko cause confusion wearing the same T-shirt as the hare

### Going up

Well, it was inevitable that sooner or later the trail would take an upward turn. Having left the lavoir we passed down a quiet road to a fork which caused confusion with the FRBs. No matter the hare was at hand and we ran through a field towards Rue des Champs where we encountered the walkers. Setting off up the hill we entered more fields where we were led off track by following Jacko (no a good idea with his predilection for following FTs) as he confusingly wore the same T-shirt as the hare.



### Muff Diver puzzles over a piece of woodwork

It did, however, permit Muff Diver to find a rare piece of woodwork of unknown usage.

### More pain, no gain

Leaving the fields near the Moulin de Vent we descend back towards home down a steep hill which we were all indeed glad to be going down rather than up. It was in fact turning out to be the extra long run that Ballcock had promised at the start. It was now getting very humid and sticky.



Spreading the pack

We are allowed into the top room for the on-downs. There is a grand array of sausages and chips with plenty of bread. It is always good to see plain buttered slices rather than the fancy triangular options. There is far too much so not even the dogs are able to do justice to the spread.

The RA calls-up the punishments. There



Steep hill – translates to *Road of the broken heart* and we believe it.

### On Home

Now we head back to the pub but when we arrive we are deeply disappointed. The bar doesn't open until 12.00! Now we realize why Ballcock wanted to stretch the run. We all sit around waiting for opening time but fortunately Frisco has brought along some entertainment for the hungry and thirsty hashers. He produces his DIY conker kit and sets about rigging up a game. Jacko is the only taker.



**Frisco conkers all**



**Punishments for misdemeanours**



**Ballcock savours his down-down**

### **Down-downs**

The on-downs arrive eventually, a fine selection of sausage and chips. I must say that the chips were excellent, crispy on the outside soft in the middle, just like an armadillo.

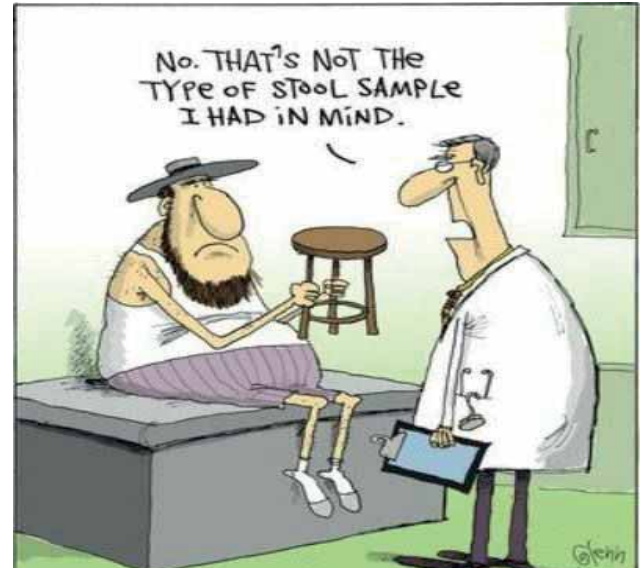
There are down-downs for Bunty who was punished for breaking the chain and padlock and

for Tarka the dog, for whom Claire was the proxy.

Ballcock savoured his, it taking almost as long to sink as his run.

### **Rapidly Receding Hare Line**

4 October	Smuggler and Nil by Mouth	Watersplash
11 October	Skywalker	TBA



### **Joke Time**

A bus full of ugly people had a head on collision with a truck. When they died, God granted all of them one wish. The first person said, "I want to be gorgeous." God snapped his fingers and it happened. The second person said the same thing and God did the same thing. This went on and on throughout the group. God noticed the last man in line was laughing hysterically. By the time God got to the last ten people, the last man was laughing and rolling on the ground. When the man's turn came, he laughed and said, "I wish they were all ugly again."

In a Catholic school cafeteria, a nun places a note in front of a pile of apples, "Only take one. God is watching." Further down the line is a pile of cookies. A little boy makes his own note, "Take all you want. God is watching the apples."

Instead of "the John," I call my toilet "the Jim." That way it sounds better when I say I go to the Jim first thing every morning.