



# CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

**FREE**

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at 5%)

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almost  
weekly*

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The official organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1614

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

**On and On**

## Weather to be or not to be



Never mind  
the trail, let's  
go this way

They shall  
not pass

“Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow! You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout, Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!” So said the 17<sup>th</sup> century's answer to Michael Fish, predicting a biblical washout, though I couldn't fathom why Ballcock in particular should be at risk. But that is exactly the fate which we feared at the Watersplash last weekend – or the Waterdeluge as it might be called more appropriately.

However Molehills' traditional rain dance was a bit of a damp squib. Sure, the sea raged against the Atlantic wall in St Ouen's Bay but the spray that it threw up was as near as it got to dousing our spirits, not to mention our shell-suits. Some brave souls even ran in their Bike Bash T-shirts. The rain didn't really materialise until the down downs and even that didn't match the flood-tide from Pervey's glass as he despatched the foul-looking brew over his shoulder.

The wind did blow but once we got away from the front it was much more settled and even our hare's ironic prediction, that it would be a lot calmer when we reached the high ground, proved way off the mark. He also suggested the trail markings, both chalk and dust, were at risk from the overnight wind and rain, but they were in fact pretty much intact.

Still the previous inundation had left its mark. The Watersplash roof had sprung a leak on Thursday night and flooded the interior. Rampant Rabbit fretted. “Does that mean we're in for soggy sausages?” The GM launched in at this point: “Does anybody know that today is 'International Grandparents Day'? I'm guessing the majority of us qualify.” Ballcock rolled his eyes.

Steptoe got back to his sausage theme. “On this day in 1941 Knackwurst arrived in Jersey.” Presumably it came with the German Occupation



*Hope we're not doing the full 5 miles Look, there's a fork in the road*



*When you run out of chalk*



*On the straight and narrow*

Knackwurst is a thick sausage that originated in Holstein (in north Germany) not to be confused with the more pinkish Bratwurst which hailed originally from Bavaria. Luckily we were served with proper British bangers after the run, made in the traditional way with water, pork fat, rusk, potato starch, soya protein concentrate, sodium, guar gum, antioxidants, sodium metabisulphate and cochineal - plus a smidgeon of pork, mostly gristle though. During the run there was to be a sausage emergency – not a shortage so much as a short-arse, by way of a confrontation with a vicious sausage-dog.

Smuggler, the hare, then welcomed us to the Wild West. Sausages and beans then. He told us that he thought the western front was too dangerous for us and that the trail would start alongside the main road instead. So off we cantered, eventually heading south before crossing the main road near the sand quarry. We went up La Verte Charriere at the end of which the hare lost his grip and we all went left before he remembered we should have gone right. The trail took us up to the footpath that skirts the airport, Dogshit Alley, as it is known to



*Ragsby steps down to the mark*



*Sheltering from the elements*



*Virgin sacrifice?*



*Packed in tight*



*Hashers on the horizon*



*Trail laid in autumn leaves*

the locals, but did offer the consolation of great views across St Ouen's Bay. A footpath took us to the other side of the valley and into La Rue des Fontaines before we turned on to a track that took us into the Val de la Mare reservoir valley. It was here we met the Reservoir Dogs, two sets of the brutes, but we survived both encounters. We crossed to the other side of the valley where we met the walkers going the opposite way, with Molehills and Ragsby bringing up the rear. Soon we reached Mont Rossignol and headed back down into St Ouen's Bay running past Les Mielles golf course before reaching the On Down. There we were subject to fairly strict Covid-19 guidelines – no more than five to a table and drinks could only be ordered there rather than at the bar.



*Picnic time*



*Just stepping out*

The down downs had to be held outside. With wind beginning to be whipped up we retreated to the most sheltered spot we could find next to the bins. Pervey was punished for writing a parish magazine article which failed to mention the hash and Pussy joined him because the JEP had written an article about her being the 'Gorgeous Granny of the Year' and, somehow, she'd neglected to explain how her involvement with the hash had licked her into shape. To prove the point Pussy dealt with the down down with considerable aplomb, unlike Pervey. Finally it was the turn of the hares to be rewarded for their endeavours. Smuggler too balked at swallowing the noxious liquid but manfully got there in the end.



*Jacko leads the way*



*Must have overdone it last night*



*Hashers on the edge*



*Is this the experimental Coronavirus cure?*



*Could be hare oil? No, more like snake oil*

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H  
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Two 80-year old ladies, Glenys and Lucy, were outside their nursing home having a smoke, when it started to rain. Glenys pulled out a condom, cut off the end, put it over her cigarette and continued smoking. Seeing this Lucy asked "Why did you do that?" Glenys replied "This way my cigarette doesn't get wet. Lucy asked "Where did you get the condom?" Glenys replied "You can get them at any chemist". The next day, Lucy went to the local chemist and asked for a box of condoms. The pharmacist looks at her and asks, "What brand do you prefer?" "Doesn't matter sonny," replied Lucy "as long as it fits a Camel." The pharmacist fainted.

My wife's coming back from holiday tomorrow. Does anyone know how to delete the memory from my memory foam mattress?



An inmate escaped from Rampton mental hospital, North Notts. Once he got out he raped a woman in a nearby village launderette before fleeing into the woods. Headline in the paper the next day. NUT SCREWS WASHER AND BOLTS

Apparently, the metric system is based on units of ten, because that's the number of fingers we have. I'm guessing the imperial system originated in St Ouen then.

I took a pint of shandy up the north face of the Eiger. My doctor has told me I am drinking at dangerous levels.

Bought a hardcore video off a bloke in the pub last night. Waste of money.... just lots of blokes filling in a hole with rubble

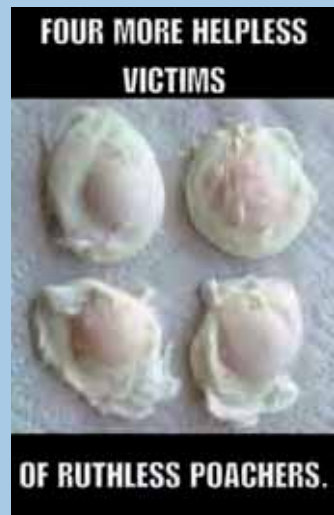
"Pint of lager, please." "There you go. £3.90." "Thanks. Erm, is there room to put some lemonade in with it?" "Yeah, sure." "Well...fill it up with lager, then."

When I heard they had found a cure for dyslexia it was like music to my arse

Our local TV weatherman has reacted angrily after being sacked for giving too many gloomy, frosty weather forecasts...No more mist and ice guy.

I have some racing geese for sale. Let me know if you want a quick gander,

The world tongue-twister champion just got arrested. I hear he's going to get a really tough sentence.



They say that a salmon can jump higher than the Empire State Building. Hardly a great feat though is it, considering the Empire State Building can't jump.

I was watching the 'Bermuda Philharmonic Orchestra' last night and halfway through the bloke on the triangle disappeared.

Have you ever tried archery blindfolded? You don't know what you're missing



## RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



**Run no:** 1616  
**Date:** October 18th  
**Hares:** Software  
**On Down:** TBA  
**Scribe:** Muffdiver

**Run no:** 1617  
**Date:** October 25<sup>th</sup>  
**Hares:** 28 Degrees & Droopy Drawers  
**On Down:** TBA  
**Scribe:** TBA