



CRAPAUD

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Published al-
most weekly

8 November 2020

CHRONICLE

Run 1619

The official organ of the Jersey Crapaud Hash House Harriers

A clean pair of heels

WE all know what it's like to finish a run with mud-caked shoes and soggy socks. All part of hashing I hear you saying, but our hares this Sunday had other ideas. Lady Trotsky and her co-hare Wendoelene explained that whilst nasty boys might not mind having their footwear besmirched, 'ladies' have a different perspective. So they devised a run that would result in clean shoes. This involved the straightforward decision to avoid any fields or muddy tracks and to stick to the well-paved highways and byways.

We gathered once again in the car park behind St Ouen's Parish Hall. There were equal numbers of walkers and runners this week, including Jacko, who had tried to run away to Bonnie Scotland but had been returned summarily to Jersey – maybe staying put is best after all.

After the GM had called the circle he explained that we would be stopping at 11 am to mark Armistice Day. He then handed over to Lady Trotsky, who ex-



Bunty was clearly pleased to avoid the mud

plained that we would be having the down-downs at the Farmers' Inn. This has become a bit of a favourite over the last few weeks, with Jacko and 28 Degrees

South and Droopy Drawers using the same venue. Lady Trotsky also told us that the on-home would be using the same route as the start of the trail, a novel

but helpful gesture.

So off we went along the quiet and winding lanes of our largest parish, although I suspect we may also have



Perambulators aplenty



It says 'no waiting'!

drifted into neighbouring St Mary. Ballcock and Bags-of-It took particular pride in running every possible false trail! My ignorance of the backwoods of our northern parishes became evident but I recovered my bearings when we arrived at Crabbé. However, it soon dawned on the brighter members of the pack that this would mean a sharp descent to Grève de Lecq and a climb back out. We reached the barracks at the bottom of the hill just in time to honour Armistice Day. The GM called the circle and recited the Ode of Remembrance before calling for the silence.

After this sombre pause we headed off again and up the western hill out of the bay. From there we took to the lanes back to our starting point. Well done to the hares for a long run with excellent timing for the mid-run stop and our return home.

At the Farmers' our drinks were waiting for us thanks to Illegal's sterling work with the pre-ordering. After some milling about we all gathered for our refreshments in the outside area which helped us to avoid disturbing the locals. The downs today had a surreal air to them due to the lack of singing – instead we whispered the words in a Covid approved manner! We commenced with Hash Rev calling long time absentee Red Baron. Then it was the turn of the birthday boy and girl – Skywalker and Bitch Is Back. Lastly our lovely hares were called and very daintily supped their half pints – well done Lady Trotsky and Wendolene.

*On-On
Smuggler*



Another false trail?



Mother and daughter reunion



The Famous Farmers' Five



... no, not this time



Underneath the arches



The two-minute silence



The down-downs . . . welcome back, Red Baron, two birthdays and the hares



Halloween leftovers. Anyone for pumpkin pi?



Hash ha-ha



Hareline

Run: 1621
Date: 22 November
Hare: Pervey
On-down: TBC
Run: 1622
Date: 29 November
Hares: Wendolene
On-down: TBC