



Crapaud News

special retro edition

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Contacts: Grand Master 07797 722364, Vice Master 07829 800840, Vice Mistress 07700 747999, RA 07797 811080, Hash Cash 07797 728360, Hon GM, Hash Hare & Scribe Razor 07797 740740, Hash Haberdasher 07700 747999

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Wendolines wonderful westward wanderings

Once again we are attracted by the magnetic west as we all trundle to Les Quennevais where Wendoline has seen fit to set the run. This is our first under the tightened Covid rules where we will avoid internal gatherings for the foreseeable future in order to be seen to be compliant with Government guidelines. Despite this restriction there is a healthy (excuse pun) turnout this Sunday for which the hare has provided lovely weather.



Smuggler mourns

Smuggler has chosen to wear his great hero's shirt in mourning but he is greatly relieved to find out that it was MARADONA that had passed over and not MADONNA who he quite fancies.

Gated



The first FT



Steptoe lights up

Before setting off the GM formed a circle and reminded us of the social distancing rules. He further imparted the knowledge that this week in 1956 the first traffic lights were installed in Jersey, without this factoid our lives would otherwise be forever void.

Soon we are on our way, the trail is in traditional sawdust and we follow along past the cycle race towards the airport. We find a kissing gate but that is not the way so we carry on towards Les Ormes.

Airport run

Passing through Les Ormes by the self catering and wondering how a UK registered van has Jersey insurance, we run along the airport fence.



Banking on it

Then turning right past the hideously expensive houses under the flight path and onto Mont Fondan with a gentle jog down the hill, which is good news, however, as Wendoline points out when going down there is always a corresponding up.



Almost like real runners

Acting the goat

After a brief regroup we head off towards the gravel pits but before going too far we swerve into a field.

As we jog through we are followed by a couple of miniature goats.



Cute little goatlets

The farmer is trying to round them up with a pair of sheep (goat?) dogs. However, they are more interested in following the pack. In order to let the dogs do their bit we take a slight diversion from the trail.



Muffdiver gets his leg over

Virgin territory?

Having procrastinated on the main road the trail heads off past some houses and onto the dunes. We think that this may be a bit of trail that we have not used previously. The trail is sandy and hard going so the pack gets a bit strung out.

There is an impromptu check for a regroup and we take in the view. It is a beautiful winter's day and the view stretches all the way to the bay. Steptoe notes that the view remains unspoiled as the mist obscures Guernsey.



Unspoiled view

Trek

We move on after the regroup and head out in a long line towards Creepy Valley. We note the occasional pond is quite full at the moment, a reflection of the wetter weather last month.

Passing by some dog walkers we head back



Lineout

towards Quennevais again.



Waiting game

End of the line

After another quick regroup at the exit to the woods we emerge onto the sports field where the cameras are awaiting us. We all pose as we pass them by on the way On Home.



The cameras roll for the Hash

On Home

Back at the car park we gather to enjoy our own drinks in the absence of full on-downs.



Molehills has the on-downs

Punishments

First up is 28 Degrees for parking on a non-parking space. There is a plethora of birthdays, Wendoline, Double Tops (twins), Hooker and Tinky Winky. Finally a second one for hare Wendoline.



28 Degrees parking fine



Birthday boys and girls



Wendoline doubles down

Rapidly Receeding Hare Line

13 December	Frisco and Jacko	Goose Green
20 December	Bunty	Surprise venue!

Joke Time



Two grandmothers were bragging about their precious darlings. One of them says to the other, “Mine are so good at social distancing, they won’t even call me.”

My husband purchased a world map and then gave me a dart and said, “Throw this and wherever it lands—that’s where I’m taking you when this pandemic ends.” Turns out, we’re spending two weeks behind the fridge.

Ran out of toilet paper and started using lettuce leaves. Today was just the tip of the iceberg, tomorrow romaines to be seen.

Yesterday my husband thought he saw a cockroach in the kitchen. He sprayed everything down and cleaned thoroughly. Today I’m putting the cockroach in the bathroom.

One day a father and a daughter were at a park. The daughter accidentally kills a butterfly. The father says, “Just because you killed the butterfly, you don’t get butter for a week.” They were there the next day, and the daughter kills a cockroach. The father laughs and says, “Nice try.”

My cousin died last week he needed a blood transfusion but we didn’t know his blood type he just kept saying “b positive b positive” but its hard to be positive with him gone.

A week before Christmas my wife left me, she said I was too selfish and full of myself and she could not take it anymore. On Christmas eve Santa asked me what I wanted for Christmas and I said, “all I want is the one I love more than anyone else in the world.” On Christmas morning I woke up in a box under my Christmas tree.

Vladimir Putin, Donald Trump and Angela Merkel are standing at the shore and are trying to impress each other with the accomplishments of their countries. Putin brags “We have nuclear submarines which can stay under water for six weeks without having to resurface!” Trump goes on “Six weeks? That’s nothing. I have the best submarines, they’re underwater for at least three months!”. Merkel is about to respond, when a giant steel colossus emerges from the sea. A hatch opens, a black uniform appears - “Heil Hitler! We need Diesel.”