



# CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

**FREE**

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The official organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

**Run Number 1623**

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**On and On**

## Steptoe's monumental madness

Whether it was the first encounter with General Winter; the tightening tentacles of Major Covid or the Corporal Punishment involved in travelling to the gulag of Grouville that was responsible for so many hashers staying at home last week isn't clear but there were only 12 runners and a pair of walkers who turned up at the Long Beach car park for Grand Master Steptoe's tour of the Far East. Nor was it obvious why our hare should choose such a far-flung and desolate location, away from

the comforts of the more familiar surroundings of St Saviour – unless the whole run was predicated on the rather ghoulish concern of taking us to a graveyard. Bit late for Halloween, you might think and a bit early for Saturnalia, so you might wonder whether Steptoe is a taphophile (someone obsessed with cemeteries, funerals and gravestones). Chances are however that his obsession is more to do with historical minutiae. He never misses the opportunity to preface each run with an observation linking the day of the run with some obscure event from the past. He surpassed himself before Sunday's run. "What happened on December 6<sup>th</sup>, 1969?" he asked the assembled multitude. Answer was there none. "It was the day our first Golden Retriever was born. "Good Lord," was the collective response. "We never knew that." Ballcock observed that while the



*Putting yourself on the line*



*One Lady a-leaping, but no lords dancing*



*Sock it to me*



*Moody skies*



*Sean steps up*



GM could remember his dogs' birth-dates he was clueless about when his children were born. However there was more to come, but only when we reached the cemetery at Grouville Church.

The run itself started with a merry dance around Gorey village before we re-crossed the main road and found ourselves on the beach with the trail evidently laid in vrac – there was precious little sawdust. As we passed the public toilet Frisco tailed off to indulge in a bit of cottaging – never mind social distancing. On the beach there was bad news for Jacko. Ballcock told him that the Daphne had called of the next dogging club meeting – social distancing in this instance being observed. Jacko bravely said he'd somehow manage on his own.



Eventually we climbed a short flight of steps and ran alongside the golf course where we were left to ponder why people preferred to play around in purpose-built sand-pits when there was a perfectly good beach the other side of the wall. Back to the main road we went still heading westwards and finally reached the aforementioned cemetery. There our hare pointed out a large memorial stone. It was originally erected to commemorate the courage of seven Jersey militia men who died at the hands of those perfidious Frenchies who tried to invade the Island under Baron de Rullecourt. We lingered so long marvelling at Steptoe's monumental command of historical trivia that we became worried about the time. Luckily there was a sundial on the church wall and Ballcock – another unsung source of arcane knowledge - reassured us we could still get



*Social distancing as performed by the Crapaud Hash House Harriers display team*



*Is it digital or analogue?*



*Walk on by*



*Harriettes strutting the style*



back to the on down before noon, though he wasn't sure whether the sun was aware the clocks had gone back.

The run had been pretty much all tarmac up to this point (apart from the beach which was covered in seaweed) so it was with some relief we finally found ourselves on a grassy track which led to a field but it wasn't long before we back on the road. Up to the back of Le Boulivot we went and then down again to La Rue Mathurin. In time for hot toddies at Tinky Towers we wondered, but no such luck, we were diverted to the pumping station near the Old Forge where our hare offered us a three-way choice to get home. "Let's keep with the trail," Pervey suggested. "Ah, there isn't one," said our brave hare. "It was meant to go across the Les Marais but when I laid the trail on Friday evening it was far too wet." Is that a court martial offence? So we chose the swamp. Having already visited a monument to the fallen it was poetic justice that the only faller in the quagmire was Steptoe, although we all ended up wet and muddy before finally extricating ourselves from the gluepot.



Once free of the gloop we headed for home and celebrated the run in the manner to which we've now become accustomed. Lady Trotsky & Wendolene put on a demonstration of how social distancing should be conducted while Bunty's daughter put on a puddle jumping display but failed each time to clear the obstacle. The only down downs were administered to the hares, Steptoe and his assistant Molehills, while, at the GM's request, the pack hummed the Down-Down song.



*It was a grave matter*



*One-eyed reindeer*



*Xmas rubber tree*



*Hay Hay Hay*



**Miscreants**



**Meter inspectors?**



**Splashing out**

H  
A  
S  
H



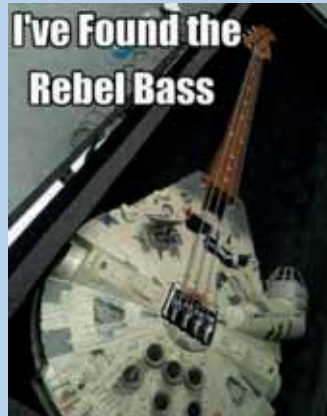
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My grandad predicted that the Titanic would sink and went to great pains to try and alert everyone. Sadly no one would listen. He told people in authority, middle-management and even the every-day punters who bought tickets. He was silenced from every corner in spite of all the evidence he put forward. Eventually he was forcibly removed from the cinema

If you were stuck on an island with Justin Bieber and Ed Sheeran, and had a gun with only one bullet.... would you shoot yourself in the temple or under your chin?



**What the well-dressed hasher is wearing these days**



Hired a handy man to do all the repairs around the house. But he's only done jobs 1,3,5 on the list turns out he's just an odd job man.

I asked the librarian for a book on constipation. She said, "It hasn't come out yet."

Paddy, we're bank robbers. Why have you got a rich, sweet dessert pastry made of layers of filo filled with chopped nuts and sweetened and held together with syrup all over your face?" "The boss said to make sure I was wearing a baklava."



I go to confession every time I commit adultery. I'm not a Catholic, I just like to brag.

"Good morning class. Today's lesson is on Whole Numbers and I need your undivided attention." One of the Maths teacher's pupils asked, "Do you like fractions. Sir?" "Not half," he replied.

Goal-line technology's nothing new to me. My wife's been asking me for years whether it was in or not.



My doctor told me to drink two glasses of red wine after a hot bath... but I can't even finish drinking the hot bath...



Rambler: "Why has that pig got a wooden leg?" Farmer: "Ah, well, that's a very special pig. It's got 10 GCSEs, 4 A Levels, a first-class degree, a PhD and Nobel Peace Prize. When you find a pig like that, you don't eat it all at once."

I've just got my son a flat piece of cardboard for Christmas. Although what the daft bastard wants with an ex-box I'll never know.

I can't tell you how long I've been waiting in this clock repair shop



**RAPIDLY  
RECEDING  
HARELINE**

**Run no:** 1625  
**Date:** 20<sup>th</sup> December  
**Hare:** Bunty (Virgin Hare)  
**On Down:** St Ouen's Parish Hall  
**Scribe:** Molehills

**Run no:** 1626  
**Date:** 27<sup>th</sup> December  
**Hares:** Tinky Winky & Co-Hare  
**On Down:** Grouville FC  
**Scribe:** TBC