



# CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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The official organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

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

## On and On

# Searching for the wholly trail



Waddya reckon?  
Are we heading in  
the right direction?

Yeah. I reckon  
Gorey's just  
over the horizon

Unbelievable. Outrageous. Absolutely woke. The Olympics have started and once again the noble art of hashing has been ignored, while pseudo-sports like skate-boarding, surfing, break-dancing and handbag hurling have been included.

And they're not the only bizarre sports that have been adopted by the International Olympic Committee over the years. Rope-climbing, live pigeon-shooting, duelling pistols, hot-air ballooning, and solo synchronised swimming (yes, really) and the most unbelievable of all, town planning, have all received the nod at one stage or another. And look at the ones they've rejected alongside hashing including wife-carrying (Finland), chess boxing (Russia), bunny-racing (Sweden), tuk tuk polo (Sri Lanka), and extreme ironing (Leicester). There's no justice in this world.

It's not the first time hashing has been excluded. Steptoe still hasn't got over what happened at the 1936 Olympics in Berlin. Hitler rejected hashing on the grounds of racial impurity.

Apparently our bloodlines were too contaminated by alcohol.

Mind you, on the evidence of last Sunday's run, perhaps hashing is just too problematic – it's certainly far too complicated for mere Crapauds. We couldn't even follow a trail to Gorey led alone find our way to Tokyo. I'm not even sure we could follow our own noses. I suspect we could even get lost on a hundred metre sprint in the Olympic stadium.

I blame Sunday's hare. Instead of a simple loop, ending back where we started, Illegal introduced complications. Some might say they were ambitious, some might say they were foolhardy.

First, we had to catch a bus. Well, that should have been Frisco's morning ruined. Frankly it was a big ask for hashers for whom time-keeping is hardly second nature. Then we actually had to get off the bus at the right stop. Then we had to find the start of the trail – easier if you've got off at the right stop, less so if you haven't.



Then we had to run from A to B. But as we know alphabetically-challenged hashers can at best only manage A to A – and that's a stretch for some, like the Red Baron and Jacko. The disaster was even more predictable than the recent floods in Germany.

And so it came to pass. There were about 25 of us at the Long Beach bus stop, including quite a few walkers. We had the usual pep-talk from Steptoe with reminders about events of yore – in this case the fact that The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh had visited Jersey on the day in question, the first reigning monarch to do so since Ethelred the Unready (or possibly Queen Victoria). However we didn't have long to wait before catching the No 1 to Havre de Pas. There was precious little room for anybody else on the bus – which was probably just as well, especially when Ragsby decided to lead some community singing. Sadly we all seemed to know the words to "The wheels on the bus go round and round" and we sang with great gusto. We finally got off at Le Bourg where the hare had instructed us to alight – though some argued we should have got off at the stop beforehand and some the stop afterwards. Whichever, it was the wrong one. And we were utterly flummoxed. The hare had promised the trail had been laid in generous amounts of sawdust. Well for about five minutes that was true, afterwards it might as well have been laid in gold-dust, it was so scarce.

However, Illegal, had anticipated the potential problem and given Steptoe a map. Steptoe? It was like giving a bacon roll to a vegan. To be fair, it was a very small-scale map and the trail looked like a straight line with a few kinks. Steptoe passed it on to Droopy Drawers. Droopy Drawers? Why give a bicycle to a fish? She looked at it, turned it upside down and even it tried back-to-front. It was no good, we were lost. "I know," said Steptoe, "let's head north and we'll be bound to cut across the trail at some point." In your dreams. The GM was nominally the proto-hare but soon metamorphosed into another member of the animal kingdom, the scapegoat,





Ragsby's here. Looks like we're in for a session of the Masked Singer



This is far too civilised for mere hashers

There wasn't a flake of dust to be found anywhere. Even a pile of Steptoe's dandruff would have been welcome. The ad hoc run was reminiscent of Ballcock's last effort out east. We somehow stumbled on Holme Grown but there was no dust there. We came across the walkers who very smugly announced that they'd had managed to find the trail, but admitted they'd recently lost it.

We ploughed on but eventually we had to give up. It was "each man for himself". The pack fragmented. Some chose the road, some went with the coastal path and the rest went with the beach. I can't remember the last time the hash had disintegrated to such an extent. Even when we finally got back to the Long Beach car park there was still the problem for many of actually finding the On Down at Illegal's house.

However we got there in the end and finally our luck turned. Our hare's back garden proved to be a haven of great solace after all the trials and tribulations we had suffered. And the post-match scam proved to be several cuts above the normal hash fare, with smoked gammon, spare ribs and succulent chicken to get our teeth into, not to mention home-made coleslaw, Jersey Royals and various salads. Even the beer was sufficiently chilled. We were enjoying ourselves so much it was quite a while before Molehills was able to call us to order for our just desserts.

Considering the debacle that we had endured there were surprisingly no sinners – or perhaps, more accurately, nobody saw any misdemeanours being committed. Though the first down down went to Steptoe and I can only assume that was for services to map-reading. Then it was the turn of Gluteus Minimus and Illegal Immigrant to be rewarded for their culinary contribution, if not for what went before.

**On on**



Hands up if you've remembered your bus pass



Cheers. Well done, Illegal



Let's just give up and catch a bus back

H A S H  
H A H A



The Lego shop re-opened after lockdown. Customers were lined up for blocks.

I'm going to start stealing highlighters. You mark my words!

I've got a job in a factory making plastic Draculas. There are only two of us on the production line, so I have to make...



My boss pointed out that I only seem to get sick Monday to Friday. I told him it must be something to do with my Weekend immune system.

I've just been told that delivery of our new bed has been delayed by eight weeks. I'm not taking that lying down!

Eight hours into the annual Gillette strategy meeting... "Sod it. Let's just stick another blade on it."



The trouble with working in bomb disposal these days is that it's just an exercise in ticking boxes.

If you haven't tried shooting blindfolded at Crabbé then you don't know what you're missing

Nothing tops a plain pizza



I tripped over some luggage at the airport and I nearly went flying.

I don't have a police record. I do have a couple of Sting CDs though.

My mate's a great electrician. He lights up the room every time he appears.



A dwarf is visiting a shrink about his height issues. After the session he gets up to pay. Checking his wallet, he says, "I'm a little short this week". "Sit down," said the shrink, "I thought we were making progress."

I've started a new chat group for electricians. It's called "Watts App."

I've just received a letter saying that an elderly relative has died and left me a very valuable antique watch in their will. I really hope it's not a wind up....



If you are interested in the restoration project at our local church, can you give me a bell?

I bumped into the inventor of emojis last night. You could tell he was surprised. His face was a picture.

What do you call a Korean with a pet dog? A vegetarian



## RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



**Run no:** 1647  
**Date:** August 8th  
**Hare:** Jacko  
**Park:** Behind St Ouen's Parish Hall  
**On Down:** Farmer's Inn  
**Scribe:** Smuggler

**Run no:** 1648  
**Date:** August 15th  
**Hares:** Captain Poocock & Hooker  
**On Down:** St Peter's Football Club.  
**Scribe:** Molehills