



# CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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Run 1646

The official organ of the Jersey Crapaud Hash House Harriers

## One bay in one day

IT'S a running club, as we all know. It has also been known to degenerate into a drinking club. But only very occasionally does it qualify as a swimming club.

Thanks to our hares, ET and Wedolene, last Sunday was one of those rare occasions when the Crapauds were able to shake the wrinkles out of their webbed feet and take to the water. That so many of the pack chose to bare their beach bodies and enter the briny at Rozel was a evidence of either their gameness or of rapidly advancing senility.

By all accounts the water was coolish but bracing. (Your scribe was too busy taking snaps to find out.) However, some were not fully geared up for watersports. ET, for example, had to ask Twin Peaks for a turn with her towel, but was advised by Ballcock that she'd be better off drying herself on Jacko's hairy chest.

The swim might have been the most memorable feature of the day, but there was more to enjoy. To begin with, the starting point, the car park above the



Wet, wet and wetter

White Rock, might well have been a virgin venue. Also, the run was a pretty fair mixture of cliff path, farm track and the lesser byways of St Martin.

That said, although there was sawdust aplenty, some of the usual suspects, led by FRB Jacko, managed to go astray. Fortunately, some impressive shouts

on 'On back!', coupled with Bunty's ear-splitting whistles ensured that the just and the unjust were reunited just before the trail took us through Rob Perchard's



**Now cough, please**

farm – which, prosaically, is called La Ferme. A quick gawp at the cows and calves allowed for a few moments' rest, but it was then onwards and upwards along a very familiar rough track to La Ville Brée and Rue du Rât.

After a bit of trial by tarmac, the pack headed downhill by way of Rozel Valley and on to the beach, where the hardiest shed their running togs and, with varying degrees of enthusiasm, took to the water. Some, including Twin Peaks, Droopy Draws and Elsie, made it as far as the beacon at the entrance to the harbour. Hell, they were almost in the open sea.

After that, the only way was up – via Rue du Câtél and on to the White Rock, where a substantial picnic was waiting.

Bring your own was the order of the day as far as booze was concerned, but Frisco and Jacko had forgotten to bring any liquid refreshment. Happily, Twin Peaks was able to generously offer half of Muff Diver's modest supply of Birra Moretti to the thirsty pair – something that he won't be forgetting for some considerable time to come.

Most people were content to sprawl on the grass, but Hooker and Poocock went all OAP and brought folding chairs. How soon will zimmer frames become a regular feature of our Sunday mornings?

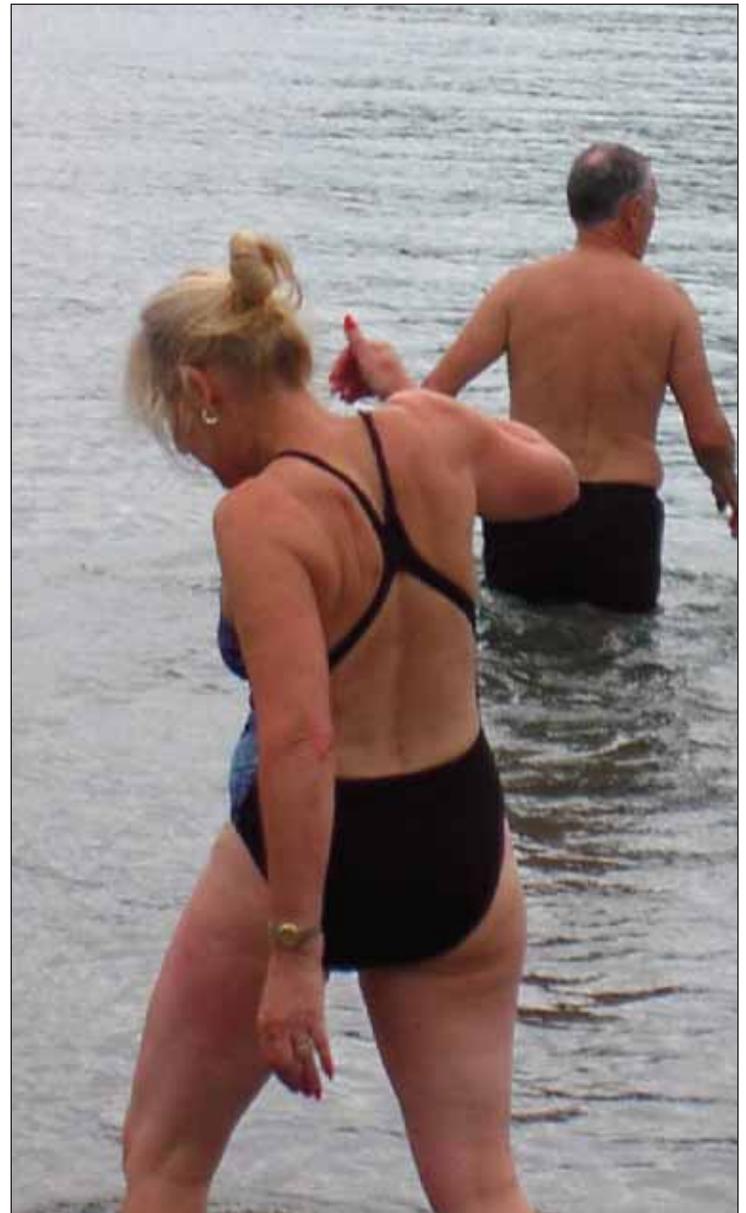
When it came to the down-downs, Frisco was punished – probably for the crime of being Frisco for yet another week – and so was ET's niece, Danielle, for the lesser crime of failing to join the swimmers.

Finally, the hares received their just desserts for what was by common consent a very good and very different run.

*On on!*  
*MD*



**Chilly Millie**



**Better foot forward for ET**



**Friar Ballcock**



**The pack reunites**



**Hooker sitting comfortably**



**Déjeuner sur l'herbe**



**Running – an increasingly rare phenomenon**



Punishment for the sinners and the hares

# Hash ha-ha

Dentist: 'You need a crown.'  
Patient: 'Finally someone understands me.'

*I was offered a hardcore breakfast the other day – vodka and ketamine on my cornflakes instead of milk and sugar. Urgh, a vegetarian brekkie – hoiw disgusting is that?*

In his job my dad has never lost a case. That must make him Gatwick's top baggage handler.

*In working-class areas the really rough parts are called no-go areas. In posh places they are called Iceland and Aldi.*

I've been learning German for 20 years. It's zwanzig Jahren.

*Planning meals in advance. Now that's some food forethought.*

I'm pleased to be getting a beer belly. I've always wanted to be a father figure.

*You're supposed to say 'break a leg' to actors. Why? Not really relevant is it? It's like saying to a 100-metre runner 'don't forget your lines'.*

I like that they're advertising cervical screening, but I've always had a soft spot for smear campaigns.



**Hareline**

**Run:** 1648  
**Date:** 15 August  
**Hare:** Poocock and Hooker  
**On-down:** St Peter's FC

**Run:** 1649  
**Date:** 22 August  
**Hares:** Red Baron  
**On-down:** TBC