



CRAPAUD

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CHRONICLE

Run 1653

The official organ of the Jersey Crapaud Hash House Harriers

The magnificent seven



The Crapaud Fab Four pose for the cover pic of their new album

SEVEN Deadly Sins, Seven Brides for Seven Brothers, The Seven Samurai, The Seven Sisters, The Seven People of Diminished Stature and, yes, the Magnificent Seven. There is simply no doubting that seven is an important number.

And never was it of more significance than on the run of 19 September, when it was all that was needed to tot up the sum total of run-

ners eager to tackle what was to prove a rather challenging trail.

By coincidence – or perhaps not, if something spooky was going on – there were also seven walkers, so all in all, the turn-out was less than impressive.

This was a shame, because our hare, Pervey, had pulled out all the stops to plot a course which took in many of the lesser-trodden paths of the St Lawrence

countryside. That the route also included more ups and downs than a night in a Peruvian brothel was another feature of the occasion.

And his Perviness saved the best until last: the on-home was via Mont Misère, undoubtedly the steepest slope to be found anywhere in the central parishes.

Given that two-sevenths of the pack consisted of that

appallingly fit near-tadpole Ballcock and Jacko, the flying septuagenarian, the pace for much of the run was brisk – to the extent that by the time the end was nigh your scribe, for one, was panting and rasping like a beached grampus.

Happily, there were rewards at the final destination, the St Laurent pub – real ale for Step-toe and more sandwiches than in Prêt for



Walkers and runners assemble in the car park at St Lawrence School. Ten, plus Dobby the dog, but still counting

everyone. With recent hashing trends in mind, Pervey had told the landlord to expect 25, so there was a fair degree of over-catering. That said, we all did our best to make an impact on the spread, but the leftovers probably lasted the landlord and his family until the middle of the week.



Try sticking plaster, Pete

It was, by the way, good to see a face from the past. Philip, Shifty's younger son, came along for a stroll – perhaps the last in Jersey for some time because he's off to live in Hong Kong in the very near future.

You might by now have noticed that your scribe is being a little coy about the actual route.

This is because so much of it was through terra incognita on both sides of Waterworks Valley. Several times we passed signs saying: 'Here be dragons.'

Also, to the hare's great credit, most of the trail was off-road, taking in lush meadows and shaded woodland paths. (He later confirmed that he had had to seek no fewer than four separate sets of permission. Take heed of his diligence, future hares.)

Meanwhile, after the sarnies had been partially demolished, the GM and Molehills ordered everyone outside for the down-downs.

Whinger, a late-

comer to the walk, was punished for a particularly heinous sin. She had made her way to Les Creux, last week's venue, instead of St Lawrence, and had had to phone Illegal to find out where to go.

Naturally, the hare was next up, but settled for a half rather than the full pint because of afternoon commitments. Such a good run really deserved a richer reward.

On on!
MD



Mecca's this way, right?



'I say, this chap's got lumps on his chest'



Jacko rides again



A poser . . . but not a poseur



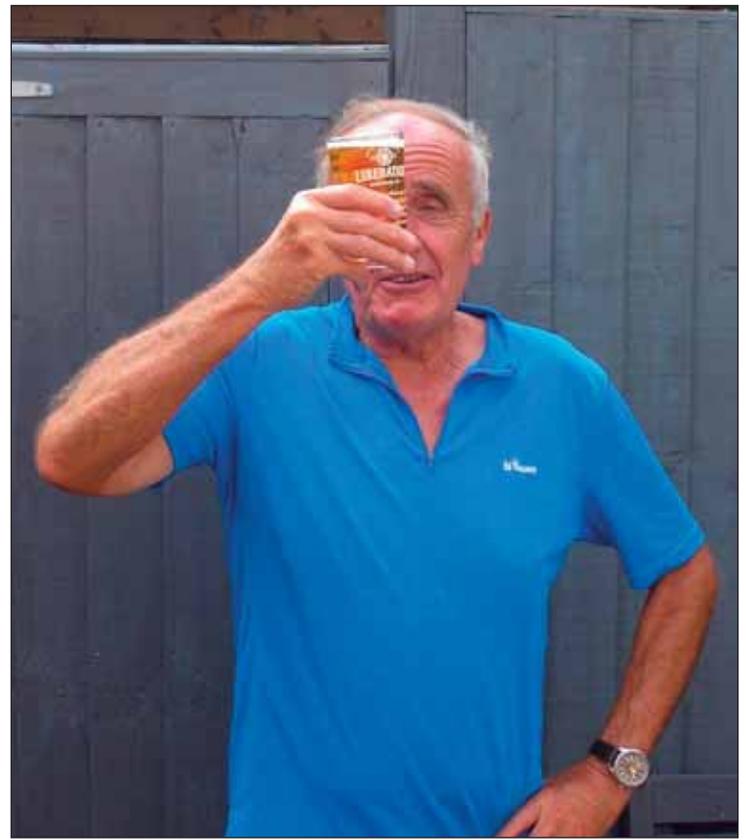
Keepers of the gate



Love at first sight



Whinger, punished for going to Les Creux – a week late



A swift half for the hare

Hash ha-ha



The man who invented the umbrella was gonna call it the brella. But he hesitated.

A friend of mine got into photographing salmon in different clothing. He said he liked shooting fish in apparel.

I tried to organize a professional hide-and-seek tournament, but it was a complete failure. Good players are hard to find.

Hareline

Run: 1655
Date: 3 October
Hare: Bags-of-It
On-down: Royal St Martin

Run: 1656
Date: 10 October
Hares: 28 Degrees
On-down: TBC

For latest updates, news, contacts and all the gossip, see: www.crapaud.org