



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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The official organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers **Run Number 1575-A**

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**Truro H3 Weekend Special Report No. 1
Saturday afternoon Hash**

Proper job, my ansom



At last, the final of the Celebrity Bake-Off, the Jersey Wonders versus the Cornish Pasties, otherwise known as the first run of the hash weekend featuring our visitors, the Truro Hash House Harriers took place last Saturday.

The away side came bearing gifts. Cornish pasties and barrels of beer. Well, alright, just the beer and that was in polypins. But I needed an excuse for a pasty joke: *“A pasty walks into a bar... His mate says hi Pasty what you doing here? To which the Pasty replies ... I'm meetin' potato.”* Yup, even Jethro would have done better.

The old crusties (although one was only Half Baked) had been taken by bus to the puddle-strewn Long Beach car park where they discovered it was definitely going to be soggy bottom weather. And our heads

weren't going to stay dry either ... thanks to a classic case of hash mis-management.

The gazebo we'd borrowed turned out to have no roof. So, in the best traditions of hash DIY, we dragged two of the wall sections over the top of the frame and hoped they'd stay on despite the freshening wind.

Just as well really as the hash horde (about 30 runners and a fair-sized walking group) had a three-quarters of an hour wait before the On On was called. The Chalk Talk was about as a minimalist as I can remember with the hares clearly anxious to get home in time for Pointless Celebrities.

The Truronians it would appear, have been to a fair few exotic locations over the years – Prague, Portugal, Lundy Island and the

the Scillies to name but four – but having decided to slum it with us, we thought we'd do our best to present them with a tour of some of the Island's most iconic scenic attractions, starting with the brick toilet block at the far end of the car park.

Rather than make them feel at home on Jersey's golden sands the pack was wheeled round and headed across the main road which was marginally less busy than the Cornwall's notorious holiday route, the A30, where they make the traffic jam for their clotted cream teas.

A particularly thoughtful touch to run us through Limpet Lane, named after one of the visitors who unfortunately couldn't make the trip, was well received. Nobody actually said “head for the hills” but that was inevitably what was going to happen



We're only going one way



You can't call us cross-benchers



Is it barf time?



Drinks stop sighted

and we did so via a series of steep steps before emerging with view across the harbour to Gorey Castle, the scene of much bloodletting in mediaeval times, thence its name ... err, I think. We ran on via Castle Green to Geoffrey's Leap where the Red Baron did his disappearing act many years ago, or so I've been told ... or is that just wishful thinking?

More tourist attractions followed in quick succession. We climbed back up the hill towards the Martello Tower, completed in 1837, and named after Queen Victoria, because if she'd had to climb all those steps, she wouldn't have been amused either. With those trailing black skirts she used to wear there was a fair chance it could have been named Victoria Falls. We did have time to draw breath before passing back even further in time – to the Neolithic Faldouet Dolmen. We had a picture stop there – so many ancient monuments crammed in such a small space!

The nineteenth century naval training school barely rated a mention and as for the coconut abuse centre, Haut de la Garenne, not a word was said. At this stage the hares finally decided they'd had enough of the built environment and the trail entered a succession of fields which eventually led to the top of the Queen's Valley Reservoir ... and the welcome sight of a drinks stop (no,



On the road again



It's a jungle out there



Ballcock's escape bid



Dam hashers



Ancient monuments and some old stones



Wallflowers



Wait for me

not from the reservoir – it was almost empty). After we'd slaked our collective thirst the walkers went down the eastern side of the reservoir and the runners took the longer route via the west before crossing over one of the dams.

It wasn't long before we were plunging down Ghost Hill and heading back into Gorey Village. The On Down beckoned and we discovered not only a drinks stop, complete with two polypins of Skinner's Betty Stoggs, airfreighted directly from Skinner's Brewery in Truro, but also tables laden with a delicious selection of fresh sandwiches and other snacks.



We must be round the bend



T-time for 28 Degrees

The downs downs were a joint affair. First RA up was Molehills and he identified two sinners, Tinky Winky for his stentorian contribution to the Surround Sound during the cinema visit the previous evening where he'd fallen asleep and snored and Splash for eating cold curry for breakfast after overdoing it in the pub the night before and decorating her hotel bedspread with vindaloo vignettes. He then rewarded the hares for their endeavours, before handing over to the Truro H3's RA who



Stepping up the pace?



Gorey Gazebo



Hash hares



Sinners: Tinky Winky and Splash



Thank you for the Betty Stoggs

basically down downed almost all his flock starting with an absorbing tale about Optic who'd heard about Jersey's Tennerfest cheap meal scheme but confused it with Tena Ladies incontinence pads. Brooke Bond was next – apparently he's so accident-prone he has a bed with his name on it at the Royal Cornwall Hospital. Haphazard Scoop, Poser, Bhindi, Joe 90, Golden Rain, Blo & Go followed in quick succession, their offences all of a blur. "Giss on," as they say in Cornwall. There was one further surprise before the bus back to St Helier. The hash T-shirts with the "having a Skinnerful" theme were distributed.



Where are the pasties?

On on, Pervey



Three more Truronian sinners



And another trio

HASH HA HA

I'm amazed Heather Mills won all that money over the phone-hacking scandal. I thought she didn't have a leg to stand on

The Roman Catholics have finally agreed on the new format for voting in the new head of their church. Next Saturday night, Simon Cowell will host Pope Idol

Handed in my notice at Subway today. They'll never find anyone as good as me to fill that roll.

I came out of the Co-op Grande Marche this morning and there was a woman crying her eyes out. She'd lost all her holiday money. I felt so sorry for her I gave her £50. I don't usually do that kind of thing but I'd just found £2000 in the carpark.

Some low-life has stolen a defibrillator from the Co-op at St Peter. Why is nobody shocked?

We stayed at Longueville Manor last weekend. The towels were so big and fluffy we could hardly close our suitcases

Paddy rings Murphy. "I can't come to work today. The missus has broke six legs" "Six legs?" "Yeah, she fell down the stairs carrying the dog"

I've had to put my Rottweiler on a vegan diet, but he quite likes them

The drunk girl put her hand down my pants after a night out. "Ooh!" she squealed. "Something tells me you're Jewish!" "Bit of a giveaway, isn't it," I smirked. "Yes," she said. "I've been buying my own drinks all night."

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE

Run no: 1577
Date: 20th September
Hares: Ballcock
On Down: Seymour Inn
Scribe: Muff Diver

Run no: 1578
Date: 27th October
Hares: ET
On Down: Trinity Arms, but park at Trinity Parish Hall
Scribe: Software