



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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Run Number 1599

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On and On

Vera Lynn vindicated

"WE'LL MEET AGAIN"

**CRAPAUD HASH HOUSE
HARRIERS BACK IN ACTION**

**AS PREDICTED BY
DAME VERA LYNN**



The Three Degrees weren't sure: "When will I see you again?" they trilled. Cliff Richard was very doubtful: "When will we meet again? When? When? When?" he whined. Even Shakespeare was doubtful although he was more worried about the weather than whether we'd actually get together: "When shall we meet again? In thunder, lightning or in rain?" But Vera Lynn absolutely nailed it: "We'll meet again," she warbled defiantly. And, blow me, she was right. March 15th was the last time we assembled for a hash run. That was fourteen weeks ago – the longest hiatus (in fact, the only one) since the very first hash in Jersey back in 1986. We've endured all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune since then, only to finally come a cropper thanks to a bat soup recipe concocted by some dodgy Chinese takeaway.



Crapauds preparing for take-off after the long lay-off. Or maybe they were just trying to social-distance

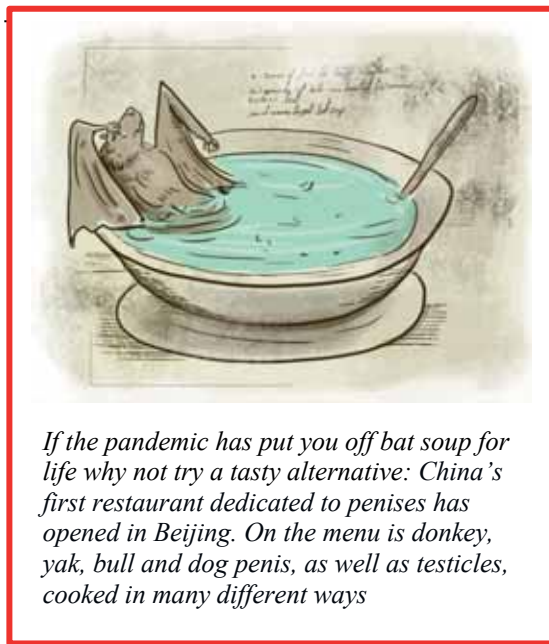
Bizarre times. Run No 1599 was supposed to take place on Mother's Day. It actually happened on Father's Day, some three months later. Epic hash-mismanagement? Asteroid colliding with the Earth? Nuclear winter? Nope. None of them. Bat soup? Probably not, but you never know. The Coronavirus does seem to have originated in bats but the jury's out on how it crossed into human beings.

What we do know is that it had nothing to do with sausage butties, the traditional offering after hash runs in Jersey. Salmonella maybe, but nothing exotic: more novovirus than coronavirus. Not that Steptoe was taking any chances on last week's run. Food was off the agenda, as was anything to drink. Maybe Walkies was on strike. The instruction had been to bring your own. Flasher came well prepared and there were a few cans floating around, not literally you understand. The good news, however, was that there were no run fees to pay.



Meagre rations

It also meant there were no down downs although there were several candidates by the end of the run, deserving to be punished. Frisco, as per usual, turned up too late. He was told that we'd set off down the Railway Track, so he followed, missed the right turn into the undergrowth between the sports ground and the golf course, and carried on until he reached Beauport. He was half way to Guernsey before he realised his mistake. Then there was that other hapless hasher, Jacko. He did manage to arrive on time (mainly because he didn't come with Frisco) but contrived to get lost in the dunes, not to be seen again until the end of the run.



If the pandemic has put you off bat soup for life why not try a tasty alternative: China's first restaurant dedicated to penises has opened in Beijing. On the menu is donkey, yak, bull and dog penis, as well as testicles, cooked in many different ways



Risky proposition?

There wasn't even a down down for our virgin, Richard, or Nutter as he answered to for a while. He's new to the Island but Steptoe seemed under the impression he was a hasher from the Walton on Thames H3 (which doesn't exist). Ah well, outside the hash, Richard admitted he was a banker. I think I heard him correctly. Although apparently he's involved with risk management and one of his first adventures was to fall down a flight of stairs at a welcome party. There's absolutely no truth in the rumour that his last job was in risk management for the Chinese Wet Animal Market Association.

As for the actual run, I think Steptoe decided to swap the role of GM to DM – from Grand Master to Dune Messiah. It was basically a run around Les Mielles. Your scribe's trainers were several pounds heavier by the time we got home thanks to the amount of sand they shipped. Indeed once we realised our hare had misled us into thinking we were on the long haul down the Railway Track we pretty much knew that our



It's that way

fate was sealed. And it was a pretty hot day to boot so it all proved a bit of a hard slog, especially for those hashers who's only fitness regime involved exercising the arm holding a wine-glass for the duration of the lockdown. All told there were fourteen of us running (including the hare) plus a handful of walkers, who, incidentally included IsItBuggery, making a welcome return after a long absence (well, from the athletic side of the noble art).

The day's excitement began with our hare informing us that he'd taken one hour twenty minutes to lay the trail



Anti-social distancing?



The dunes in June

closed its doors on the same date in 1929. Muffdiver said, a little unkindly I thought, that the GM's history lesson was one aspect of the hash he hadn't missed.

There were however several hashers missing – not all of them because it was Father's Day. Poor old 28 Degrees had been marooned in New Zealand for the best part of six months. When it comes to social distancing the man's a saint. Apparently, unlike Droopy Drawers, who was with us, he'd flown out with a different airline which didn't provide return flights once the Covid-19 lockdown got underway in earnest. It was good to see Taxi again after she and Shiggy had also been locked down in Middle Earth for far longer than they'd anticipated. I assume Tinky Winky was absent because he had a backlog of episodes of Love Island (the Australian version) to catch up on.

The pack had more or less reached the lowest part of the dune complex and turned south with Jacko in the lead. Steptoe however had other ideas and called us north. No-one told Jacko however and that was the last we saw of



Shady characters?

him for the duration of the run – which was basically a plod through the shifting sands until we reached the outskirts of the sports complex. From there it was an easy run home to the car park where those that wanted to hang around ambled off to a secluded corner to enjoy refreshments.

so we jolly well should be able to run it in an hour and a half. Steptoe then gave us his customary history lesson based on the day's date. Apparently De Gruchy's doors opened for the first time in 1810 and, on the other side of the coin, the Jersey Eastern Railway Company finally



Drawing a line in the sand



Running dog followed by Imperialist running dogs?

RUN No 1599

Hare: Steptoe	Elevation: 257 feet
Distance: Approx 3.4 miles	Time: Approx 58.22 minutes



En route to Rocco Tower



The last rites



Well prepared

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A policeman came up to my car. I wound down the window. He said "Papers." I said "Scissors. I win" and drove off. I think he wants a re-match because he's been chasing me for 45 minutes.

My wife woke me up last night because I was sweating and asked "Are you too hot?" I told her that I thought Bono was a total fool but in my opinion the Edge was a cool dude!

"Paddy!" exclaims Mick. "Do you realise we spent £100 on hiring this fishing boat and we've only caught 5 fish between us? That means each fish cost us £20!" "To be sure," says Paddy. "At that price thank God we didn't catch any more!"

"Dear Sir, I hate conning bastards who take advantage of your gullibility and also your money. Never again will I use online bargain sites. £50 for a guaranteed penis enlarger... and all I got was a magnifying glass." Dick Little, Small Hampton.

A small kangaroo walks into a bar. Barman says "wallaby"?

Sting has been caught with a busty young masseuse in a house of ill repute. Obviously just went for a massage in a brothel.

I asked the old assistant in the auto parts shop if he had any jubilee clips. "No," he replied, "but I kept some footage of the coronation."

Does anyone want my bag full of used batteries? They're free of charge



I came second in the village idiot competition down at the local community centre. The guy who won it forgot to turn up.

I asked my next-door neighbour why he had number thirty-four painted on his bin when he lived at number eight. "It's so the binmen will leave it near my house after they have emptied it," he replied.

Bagpipes are the only instrument that, when you learn to play them properly, sound exactly the same as when you started.

There's nothing clever about Doctor Doolittle talking to animals. We can all do that. It's getting them to talk back that's the hard part.

A bloke is eating in a restaurant and spots a gorgeous woman sitting all alone. He calls over his waiter and says, "Send that woman a bottle of your most expensive champagne, on me." The waiter quickly brings the champagne over to the woman, and says, "Ma'am, this is from the gentleman over there." She says to the waiter, "Please tell him that for me to accept this champagne, he better have a Mercedes in his garage, a million pounds in the bank, and eight inches in his pants." The waiter delivers the message, and the guy says, "Please go back and tell her I have two Mercedes in my garage, three million pounds in the bank, but I haven't even met her...so why would I cut off four inches?"

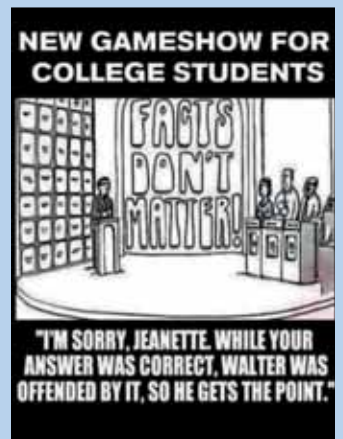
A policeman knocked on my door, showed me a picture of the wife and said, "I'm afraid it looks like she's been hit by a bus." "I know," I replied, "but she's good with the kids."

My girlfriend's a mermaid. She was quite a catch.

There's a new shop opened in St Peter Port today, selling second hand underpants. It's called Skidmark



Do you know about the invisible man who was married to the invisible woman? The kids were nothing to look at either!



RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run no: 1601
Date: July 5th
Hare: Lady Trotsky
On Down: Jersey Hockey Club, behind Les Quennevais Sports Centre
Scribe: Muffdiver

Run no: 1602
Date: July 12th
Hares: Discharge & Flasher
On Down: Eden Chapel, Rue des Friquettes, Les Grands Chemins, St Saviour
Scribe: Molehills