



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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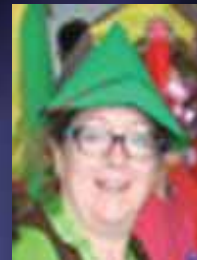
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On and On

THE CRAPAUD HASH PANTO

STARRING



Three Snow Whites. At least four Pussies-in-Boots. No less than eight dwarves (what you might call a small gathering) all turned up for the opening run of the hash pantomime season. And to mark this August occasion (*Ed's note: I thought it was December*) this week's Chronicle is written by a guest scribe called Herby, one of the dwarves who attended last weekend's extravaganza. Here's his report.

"Tinky asked me to keep my account short and sweet. "Dwarf. Saccharin." Okay? I could tell you about the weather but I hate small talk. It was actually very mild for the time of year and the rain held off. Anyway, it all started when I bumped into an old dwarf friend I hadn't seen for ages. Small world, eh? His name was Cocky. He was kind enough to buy me a pint. He wasn't very happy when he realised he'd been

short-changed. Actually I wasn't sure whether Cocky was a dwarf or a midget – we seemed to have had very little in common. I tried telling him a joke, but it went straight over his head. I find it easier to trust dwarves – they're so down-to-earth. Cocky, on the other hand struck me as a bit of a low-life. It later turned out that he was a clairvoyant who had escaped from prison, but I only realised I was right not to trust him



The milk of human kindness?



Which cat got the cream?



Slip of the tongue?



Red Dwarf

when I saw a headline in the JEP: “Small medium at large.” He got into a bit of an altercation with one of the other dwarves called Clumsy. “What’s up with him?” I asked the bartender. “Oh, he always does that. Has a few pints then starts on the shorts.” He explained the background to me. “Cocky was married to an abusive dwarf. Over the years he learned to take it on the shin. But he kept getting into fights. On one occasion he beat up another dwarf in the library. ‘A little learning is a dangerous thing,’ he said, to justify his behaviour.” Not a good move because the dwarf he thrashed was a policeman. We knew him as Laptop – he was a little PC. I think I’m getting carried away – I better

keep this short. Bugger, there I go again. Anyway we had a right old pantomime last week. Oh no we didn’t. It was the Christmas party, mis-produced and mis-directed by the Red Baron (aka Snow White, aka The White Baron) and Commando (aka Robin Hood, aka It’s All His Fault). Panto was the theme and didn’t hashers go to town ... well Snowhill to be precise. The GROGs came as the seven dwarves but were upstaged by Molehills who came as a solo dwarf. It wasn’t a big problem though. “You’re not one of them,” said Whinger (aka Snow White Number 7) indignantly. “I’m definitely not one of them,” said Molehills equally indignantly. Bagsofit stood in for Rentabed - he was on the

GROGs’ short-list to play one of the dwarves but said he wouldn’t belittle himself. I wasn’t too sure about some of the costumes. Shiggy used to have a job as a pantomime horse but he quit while he was a head. McKinky turned up as the cow from Jack and the Beanstalk, although it was Gigolo who was having his teats squeezed to express milk. One dwarf disappeared. He was wearing a fez, saying “just like that” as he got into his car. It was a mini Cooper. But luckily Jacko (aka Clumsy) turned up at the last minute. Too little, too late, I thought. But poor Sweet Caroline went to Minden Place. “It’s over here,” we all shouted. The Red Baron, or Snow White with the hare-iest chest, told us there was no



I’ve found a thigh slapper



Herbie: stand-in scribe



The Hi’s and Lo’s



Three so wrongs don't make a Snow Right

trail, just a short circuit and we headed into town, much to the amusement of passers-by, especially the ones offered a free drink by Gigolo. We stopped for a photo-shoot in the Central Market and then the trail took us to the bus station where chance would have it there was a coach waiting for us. We filed on board for the very short journey to Five Oaks. "We're going to buy a kitchen," squealed a delighted Sweet Caroline. But no, we were there for a brief libation at the pub, well, quite a lengthy one actually. Someone played the hash hymn on the jukebox. No not "Born to run". It was "I'm gonna walk (500 miles)" and the landlord got so pumped up he invited us all

behind the bar. It was a bit crowded. Eventually we were allowed out into the sunshine and luckily our coach was waiting for us for the rest of our magical mystery tour. Cocky (aka Ballcock), tried to take the wheel but he couldn't find the horn. Sweet Caroline asked if we needed to belt up. "You do," was the response. We passed St Saviour's Hospital, fearing the worst, but the White Baron assured us he knew where we were going. "I hope you bloody well do," said Rampant Rabbit. And, blow me, he did. We were dumped at the top of the Queen's Valley Reservoir for the short run to our eventual destination, the Seascale restaurant in Gorey. The rest is a bit of a blur

frankly. I do remember that the food was excellent, although the chef clearly didn't get Brussels sprouts. We were reasonably well behaved, well apart from TITS, one of our many Pussies-in-Boots. She had a smashing time from the moment we got there – that tail of hers was out of control. After we'd wine and dined Tinky proposed the toast to absent hashers. Jacko asked if he meant absent-minded hashers. Then he thanked our hares for all their efforts. "What a great run that was," said the GM (aka Dumb Blonde, not sure which panto she was in). "Hands up those who actually ran." There weren't many who responded. Tinky reported on the annual



Titillating?



The Ugly Sisters?



McKinky milking it

Crapaud pantomime, otherwise known as the committee meeting, and told us two new officers had been appointed. Steptoe was now Hash Almoner, doing a kind of social welfare role. Meanwhile Molehills was now Hash Agent Provocateur, responsible for ensuring hashers' underwear was suitably sexy. Sorry, I may have misunderstood that one. Molehills was then called

forward again to receive his award for completing the most hash runs in the year. Sweet Caroline was given a down down for going to the wrong car park. Then the Red/White/Trans Baron was summonsed for a re-naming, having imported his hash tag from the other lot. As the chap/chapess evidently suffers from diabetes his moniker henceforth is to be Sweet Prick. Like many

recent attempted name changes it won't last. The restaurant staff were then rewarded for their endeavours in the traditional manner and finally the hares were congratulated for organising a great day. The proceedings ended on a sour note with the dwarf choir's rendition of 'Hi Lo, Hi Lo' – it was definitely the low point of the day.



On on *Just a little kiss*



Tweedle Dum and Dummer

Back where we belong – behind the bar

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“Ah Jenkins, I'm afraid I've had to cancel your bereavement leave on Friday, there's simply too much work to be done.”

“How can you do this? It's my father's funeral; I don't want to be the only member of my family who isn't there.” “Don't worry Jenkins. You won't be the only one, I was talking to your father in the pub last night and he assured me he won't be there either.”

I was pleased to see my wife dressed as a French maid but it all changed when she told me she wasn't going to do the ironing.

I knew my girlfriend was cheating on me when she texted me to say she was out for the evening with her friend Emma because Emma was lying beside me in bed.

Guess what? Reincarnation is making a come-back.

I rang up work this morning ... “My wife passed away in the early hours,” I said. “I'm going to need some time off work.” “Oh dear,” said the receptionist. “So sorry for your loss. We do understand. Take all the time off you need.” “Thank you,” I said. “It'll be about 18 years, provided I behave myself.”

Maths is the only subject that counts.

I wouldn't say the cruise liner was old but it was insured against fire, piracy and falling off the edge of the world.

How do you repair a damaged Toll Booth? Toll Gate Booth Paste.

Two Stroke is the only dwarf who smokes. Terrible Hobbit.

Did you hear about the cannibalistic dwarf. He loved to Munchkin.

Today I saw a topless ventriloquist. I didn't see her lips move once

All in all it was a good orgy

I've decided to sell my Hoover. Frankly it's just collecting dust.

Getting a job repairing revolving doors was a real turning point in my life.

As a child I was forced to walk the plank. We couldn't afford a dog.

If we've got free speech in this country why do we get phone bills?

Neil Armstrong's initials are not applicable to me

Am I self-centred or is it just me?

The nice weather doesn't fool me one bit. It's all a front

Mime artists have an interesting job, to say the least

Why does Wally wear stripes? Because he doesn't want to be spotted.

There's been an increase in dwarf suicides but it's not regarded as a big problem

I went to Shiggy's place and I found him stripping off the wallpaper. “Renovating?” I asked. “No, we're moving house.”

My boss kept telling me off for making jokes. “I don't want to hear any more,” he said. “Have I made myself clear?” “No,” I replied. “I can still see you.”

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run no: 1377
Santa (aka Taxi) will be flying in. **Date:** December 20th
Hares: Cheryl the Peril plus Splish and Splosh **On Down:** La Pulente (TBC)

Run no: 1378
Joint run with JH3 **Date:** December 27th
Hares: Gigolo and Taxi **On Down:** The Smugglers Inn