

CHRISTMAS RUN

The official organ of the
Crapaud Hash House Harriers

December 10th
2017

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On and On

Raining on our parade



You may well ask, "Why?"



Fruit and nut?



Dreistein



The missing Marx brother?

It's easy to be wise after the event ... but damn difficult before it, as our fancy dress efforts made clear before last weekend's Christmas extravaganza. We were definitely more Morecambe than Wise. The theme was the three wise men, but because of pressure from the feminist lobby, that was amended to include wise women. Any fool knows there aren't any of them so the alternative nativity roles were also allowed ... kings and queens. Which I suspect was the plan all along so that the two hares could turn up in their favourite attire - Tinky Winky and Illegal came as a pair of old queens. They weren't the only drag artists, Captain Poocock was an impressive Dame Edna Everage – don't ask me why (I don't think Australians existed at the time of the Nativity). I'm not sure about Hooker either. There were a few other queens, including Cleopatra (enabling Vital Statistix to show off her sewing skills); several Roman emperors (and



Myrrhking about?



What a pair of crackers



What a pair of crackpots



Scarecrow and Sheik?

empresses?); Vulva Viv came As Carmen Miranda (I think), complete with salad bowl on her head; there were a couple of shepherds; the Red Baron demonstrated his penchant for ponchos but why he came as a multi-coloured Zorro beat me. The Three Whys Men at least offered a festive touch, wearing Santa outfits. There was also a threesome of Einsteins and a lone Socrates (though Steptoe evidently confused the Brazilian footballer with the Greek philosopher); plus a pair of wise-crackers (good gag that). Oh, and there was at least one Magi – well done Smuggler (though why Nilby-Mouth came as a doctor was quite inexplicable – was there a midwife in the Manger?) Meanwhile Molehills played the irony card and came as Donald Trump while Triple-X took the easy option and came as herself. What passers-by made of this bizarre assortment is anybody's guess, but running by the hospital was asking for trouble. Mind you, Jihadi Geoff's outfit – complete with burqa and back-pack – was asking for trouble anywhere. Instead of a manger we met in the equally salubrious setting of Sand Street car park. Luckily camels are free on Sundays. Tinky wished us all a happy Christmas. He warned us about the trail saying it contained a



Dirty old Dorothy ?



Doctor No?



Follow yonder star



Second prize?



Strictly come dancing queens



Hashers on the pull



Jihadi Geoff

puddle and a field. “Does it also include a load of bullshit?” asked Two Stroke. We set off into the teeth of a cross-wind. Actually it was bloody furious – at least two of the Einsteins lost their moustaches - but worse, much worse, was to follow. We basically headed west towards People’s Park where we encountered the mother of all storms. The rain/hail was coming at us horizontally. Poor Smuggler. In Patriotic Street car park he’d decided he had no need of his wet weather gear and passed them on to Nil-by-Mouth for safe keeping. We took shelter by the old public toilets at the end of Peirson Road but we got little respite. By the time we took off again we were cold, wet through and in despair. So much so that by the time we reached that underpass in front of the Grand Hotel we more or less abandoned the run. We were told the first drinks stop was at the Troubadour and legged it to the Weighbridge, though some including the walkers only got as far as the Revere before seeking shelter from the storm. Our spirits revived we finally braved the elements again but only to get to the second drinks stop at the Blue Note. However the moment we arrived the one person behind the bar took fright and scarpered. She did return eventually but many of us had given up and



Clutching at straws?



Brazilian nut?



Pussy Galore



Handbag at dawn?



The wizards of Cos



Things are looking up



This run is going downhill



Wise guy

instead we drifted off towards the On Down, upstairs at the Post Horn. For a venue not used to mass catering they did a pretty good job ... and there was a real ale available. Nor did Hash Ordnance let us down. Tinky provided us with a veritable arsenal including Bomb Bags, Confetti Cannons and six-guns that fired glitter. Twin Peaks even served up a cocktail called Three Wise Men. Which is apparently a blend of three whiskies – Johnny Walker, Jim Beam bourbon and Jack Daniel’s Tennessee whisky – and you’d have to be pretty foolish to drink it. There was also a DJ and an action replay of the Euro Hash party-piece, “Shake your tail-feather.” We partied on into the evening, just leaving enough time to get home to watch Strictly Come Dancing.

On on



Clown Prince?

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After seven years of hard training my best pal has been struck off the medical register. He made the mistake of sleeping with one of his patients and can no longer work in the profession that he loves. What a waste of time, effort and money. He’s a genuinely nice guy and would have made a brilliant vet.

Angela Merkel arrives at Passport Control in Jersey airport. "Nationality?" asks the immigration officer. "German," she replies. "Occupation?" "Not this time."

My missus shouted down from upstairs. She’d found some bondage mags and videos plus some whips, chains, and handcuffs in our 14-year-old son’s bedroom. “What are we going to do?” she wailed. “Well there’s no point in spanking him.”

What first aid should you apply to a very poorly toad? Squeeze its lips together. That’ll stop it from croaking.

A bloke tells his doctor he has a problem. “I keep thinking I’m a goat.” How long have you felt like this?” says the doctor. “Since I was a kid.”

I asked my Gran how much she liked her new stair-lift. She said it was driving her up the wall.

I had an accident in my expensive new car last night. I drove the thing into a tree. Now I know how a Mercedes bends.

I met an interesting old woman in the pub. She told me her life history. She said that one of the highlights was giving Albert Einstein a hand job. What a stroke of genius.

They say education is the key to success. Wrong. Look at Albert Einstein. He was a dropout yet he still ended up being the first man on the moon

Einstein spent a long time developing his theory about space and relativity. It was about time too

What does the Queen call her Christmas Broadcast? The One Show!

Three bi-men are on their last round before Christmas. They stop at a house where the owner gives them a £5 Christmas tip. They have similar luck at a second house and they begin to think they are on to a good thing. At a third house one of them knocks on the door and a woman answers and says, “Come in and come upstairs with me.” She gives him a good shagging. Once they’re finished she says, “Now go and get your mate and tell him to come up for his Christmas bonus.” Another bout of shagging ensues. When they’ve finished the woman says, “Now, go and get your driver and send him up for his bonus.” The driver goes into the house where the woman is waiting for him. She opens her purse and gives him a fiver. “What the hell is this?” he says. “You give my two friends the time of their life and all I get is this.” She turns round and explains, “I had strict instructions from my husband. He told me to give a fiver to the driver and fuck the other two.”

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run no: 1482
Date: December 26th
Hares: Gigolo
On Down: TBA.
Likely to be an 11am start

Run no: 1483
Date: December 31st
Hares: Steptoe
On Down: Shiraz Lodge, Belvedere Hill (near the Merton)