



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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On and On

2017's bean crock bonanza

It was a year that started on a high and ended on a high ... thanks to Walkies' cordon blue bean crocks and Steptoe's perfectly presented polypins of Liberation Ale. Yep, our first run of the year coincided with our septuagenarian hasher's birthday – and amazingly so did the last run of this year. There was just one small lament regarding the run 12 months ago: the attendance. There were eight runners and seven walkers. This time round it was the same (the hares accounting for 25 per cent of the runners) and the same number of walkers, but who included Tinky

Winky and Gigolo – the latter having logged on and downloaded a large chunk of wood on to his big toe. Our second hare of the year was Pussy who was glad 2016 was behind her and instructed us to start 2017 on the right foot and demonstrate our love for one another by hugging whoever we were standing next to. The fourth run of the year was hared by Rentabed – remember him? – who promised he would make the Crapauds great again. I think he must have wanted help preparing a cheese fondue. The last run of January was the traditional monsoon run hosted by



Lady Penelope's aides-de-camp?

Steptoe put the lid on an eventful year



Molehills takes the high road



Hares unusually behind bars



Babbling brook has a rival



Take three girls

last weeks' hares, Steptoe and Molehills, from the Watersplash. They didn't disappoint. So we were lucky last weekend, because although it was still spitting with rain as we drove to the Merton car park, it refrained from persisting for the duration of the run. Not so the day before however when the hares laid the trail – it rained cats and dogs. Steptoe even stepped on a poodle. However even that wasn't as bad as the first run of February when we endured the mother of all downpours. Even hash Cash had a liquidity crisis and had to dry out his banknotes on the radiators at the Tenby. The second run of February was probably the coldest of the year, even the polar bears were wearing thermals. The

next run was the one Hooker revealed her secret recipe for squirrel pie (luckily for carnivores it was nut-free). In early April it was a case of 'hello sailor' as Droopy Drawers and 28 Degrees made their first appearance for many years after sailing over from Kiwi-land. They stayed with us, on and off, for most of the year. After the St George's Day run the GM announced we would need to attend Strictly Come Dancing sessions ahead of the Euro Hash in Vienna in July. A run in May hared by ET and Fuzz was combined with a croquet competition at Les Quennevais won by Captain Poocock and Fuzz's beau, Adrian. June 12th was the Crapauds' day of shame, the day that just one hasher turned

up for the run ... poor Pervey experienced the loneliness of the long-distance runner, accompanied only by the hare, Tinky Winky. The following week there a dozen runners who enjoyed an unusual repast for a Gigolo run from Ouaisne at Kismet, the outdoor café, rather than the Smugglers. The following week we were joined by Lady Trotsky, a fugitive from the JH3, for the first of many runs before the KGB must have got to her – she hasn't been seen on either hash for months. And the week after that we had a rare naming ceremony: Lisa became Glutimus Minimus – some kind of play on Gluteus Maximus and Gluten-free. Mid-July saw our fantastic trip to Vienna for the Euro



What a plonker



The select few



Come on down



A helping hand

Hash where we were the biggest visiting national contingent and where we the only hash to do a cabaret performance (thanks to Hooker and Triple-X) which went down a storm. The first run in August was hared by Tinky Winky which ended with a picnic underneath the giant turd, sorry toad, in Waterworks Valley. Mid-August saw the devil of a trail laid by Pervey and Steptoe which came across Old Nick himself resting in a garden in St John. The following week Frisco revealed that his middle name was Danger – among the many perils we faced was a swarm of killer



Park life?

bees. The following week Sweet Caroline introduced her little bit of fluff, Mr T or Teddy, which Steptoe likened to a rat-on-a-rope. In September Crapaud Hareways emulated Flybe and cancelled its annual flight while the following week the Red Baron managed to produce a field-free trail. In October the hash almost climbed Everest (well, the equivalent in terms of running up the steps at Gorey castle, many times over). December saw the Christmas party run at which the theme was “The Three Wise Men”, ET and Hash Bear scooping the prizes for the best fancy-dress

costumes. The following week Gigolo scooped the prize of a blow job - the other hash’s horn, foolishly left behind after a joint run. What happens to it next will be revealed in the New Year. Its fate was discussed after last weekend’s run at Shiraz Lodge, named after Steptoe’s favourite tippie (fake news, surely). The run itself discovered a few back-streets which might conceivably qualify as virgin territory but we were soon off tarmac when we turned right past VCG. The hares made the most of a cunning series of loops while the two front-runners, Ballcock and Bags-of-it, made



Lost in the woods?



Shady character?



On on ... or No No?



... but slow Steptoe



Toeing the line?



Out to grass?

the most of almost every FT. We traipsed down the Val de L'Aume footpath – a right old shiggy-fest after all the rain before heading for Longueville Manor. However we didn't quite reach it, instead, cutting back on the wooded ridge overlooking the big meadow behind the hotel, before running down Bagot Manor Avenue back to civilisation. After our sumptuous spread we repaired to our hosts'

conservatory for the final rites, although there were precious few hashers left by this time. There were no sinners identified, no birthdays (I guess Steptoe will have to wait until next week) and no news. Just as well we had a trio of hares (including Walkies) to be given down downs. Tinky Winky wished all those present – and all absent hashers – a Happy New Year ... and so say all of us.

On on



Down down to the last drop

Text from daughter to her mum: 'Hi Mum. I need some advice. I've got some of Daryl's cum stuck in my hair. How do I get rid of it? Will I have to cut it out?' *Text from Mum to daughter:* 'It's so nice that you can be so frank with your mother. No, darling, you won't have to cut it out. I've had loads of cum over my hair over the years and each time it just washes out.' *Text from daughter to her mum:* 'Bloody auto correct. It was supposed to spell, GUM.'

What's the best thing for water on the brain? A tap on the head. And the remedy for water on the knee is ... drain-pipe trousers.

After exercise I always eat a whole pizza ... just kidding, I don't exercise

People used to say I was attention-seeking, but just look at me now.

I was so excited when they lifted the hose pipe ban at long last. In fact I wet my plants

I don't need any more tips on how to make an invisibility potion. Do I make myself clear?

It's two years since Lemmy of Motorhead died. So, as a tribute to him, we should all observe a minute's noise

My Chinese neighbour came round to tell me he'd just opened a crows shop. Speaking slowly I said, "You mean a clothes shop?" "No," he said. "Come in and have a rook."

Why did the chicken cross the road? In case the feminist took offence

H A S H
H A H A



40 gypsies arrive at heaven's gates. St Peter said "We've only got room for 12, so decide amongst yourselves which of you are coming in." Five minutes later St Peter says to God, "They've gone." God replies, "What all 40 of the pikey scum?" "No," says St Peter, "the sodding gates."

Paddy pulls up at the traffic lights next to a stunning looking girl. Paddy smiles at her and rolls his window down. She smiles back and winds her window down. Paddy says, "Have you farted as well?"

Paddy went to Commando's shop and said he'd like to buy a bouquet of flowers. "Certainly, what is it you're after?" she said. "A blow job"

A bloke walks into a barber's shop, looks at the queue and asks how long it'll be before his turn for a hair-cut. The barber says, "About three hours." So the guy left. A few days later the bloke tries again. He asks, "How long do you think before I can get a hair-cut?" The barber looks around and says, "Hmm, maybe two hours." So the guy left. A week later the same bloke goes into the barbershop and asks, "How long before I can get my hair cut?" The barber looked around at the queue and said, "An hour and a half, if you're lucky." So the guy left. The barber turned to his friend Charlie and said, "Do me a favour, follow him and see where he goes. He keeps asking how long he has to wait for a hair-cut but never comes back." Ten minutes later Charlie comes back and asks where the bloke had gone. Charlie looks up, stifles a big grin, and says, "Your house."

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run No: 1485
Date: January 14th
Hares: Pussy
On Down: St Johns Pub

Run No: 1486
Date: January 21st
Hares: Muffdiver and Twin Peaks
On Down: La Pulente



From the editorial team at the Crapaud Chronicle