



# CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

**FREE**

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at 5%)

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The official organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1549

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For latest updates, news and all the gossip see: [www.crapaud.org](http://www.crapaud.org)

**On and On**

## Cleaning up our act?

Infamy. Infamy. They didn't have any in for us. Beer, that is. Real ale. As advertised on the CH3 Facebook page. Shocking performance by the hares, the GM and RA no less. They couldn't organise a wake in a morgue. Still they got there just desserts at the Down Downs. Ice-cold bottled beer. The brain freeze would have been terminal if they'd had more than one brain cell between them.

### Waste opportunity

The run itself was a load of rubbish as well ... well, not that much actually. Considering it was a Trash Hash we really struggled to find much litter. It was so difficult we were reduced to picking up cigarette ends, cinema ticket stubs (well, that's what they looked like) and till roll receipts. Not a single condom. That's the trouble with posh parishes like St Brelade. St Ouen would have been another story. And Grouville ... blimey, there would have been

rich pickings there. Though to be fair to the host parish we did find a full bog roll in the fountain near the Oyster Box. Andrex, as well. No Izal or Bronco for the pampered bums of St Brelade, but they do like to spoil their goldfish.

### Nature's garbage

Mind you the trail was littered with detritus, but that was mostly the kind approved by the green lobby, autumn leaves, decaying camellia petals and



*Bags of it ... but no Bagsoft!*



*Trainee waste management and disposal technicians*



*Keep up Grandad*



*Tackling the waste mountain*



*El perro nuevo en la ciudad*



*Who you gonna call?*

horse dung. We did also however find a Crapaud – a real one, the warty kind - and some road kill, a dead pheasant. The only other wild life representative was Captain Poocock. He did some pretty frenzied stomping in lots of puddles, mainly, I suspect, in celebration of his promised new headwear ... a flat cap with “Yorkshire H3” emblazoned upon it. Thanks McKinley. He really doesn't need encouraging.

### Going for a dump

We met, a goodly crowd considering the chilly conditions, appropriately outside a skip in the car park at the Marquanderie. Though the owners weren't happy when

we dumped our rubbish bags in it after the run – apparently it was for green refuse only ... and Poocock's only green between the ears.

### Steptoe's shock news

Steptoe called us to order and made a shock revelation. He'd written a letter to the JEP. None of us knew he could read or write. Apparently, he wanted to let the world (well both readers of the JEP) know that we were indulging in a Trash Hash to coincide with a big Community Clean-up campaign. He was hoping it might attract a few virgins to the hash. “How many new hashers did it produce?” he asked. “Not one,” he answered himself. It's the first sign, GM. However, there was one

new face on the run – Tilly, a rescue dog, extricated from Spain only a couple of weeks previously. Jacko was struggling to keep up with the plot. “If this is a green run,” he asked Step toe, “why are you dressed all in red?” The hare ignored him and warned the rest of us about the possibility of finding his co-hare's trade-mark back-checks on the trail. None of us understand them so we thought we'd just ignore them as usual.

### Flopping around

“On-on” was called and off we went. After the usual hithering and thithering the trail took us up the hill. The front-runners took an obvious right turn but were then called back because it



*Someone was caught short!*



*Just going to empty the bins*



*Do the shake and vac!*



***Deal me a hand, Jacko***

a false trail. Only it wasn't. Jacko meanwhile was asked by a bloke outside Waitrose whether he was "flopping." He looked down and said "I don't think so." "No, flopping means picking up rubbish," said the passer-by. Jacko nodded and his new pal told him to keep it up. "I can't," said Jacko, "it keeps flopping."

**Rope trick**

Meanwhile the FRBs had got lost and only regained the trail thanks to another passer-by who indicated that the rest of the pack had disappeared down a back passage. Good riddance, eh? Having gone up in the world we then plunged down through the Churchill Memorial Park and eventually on to the beach. We were getting a bit desperate to fill out litter bags, but Hooker kindly let young Oliver pick up a piece of rope lying on the sand. What he didn't realise was that it was a mooring rope and however hard he pulled on the thing,

it wasn't going to budge. We weren't on the beach for long before we headed back across the main road and up the hill past Doc Hima's place (a hasher of yore, for relative newcomers). We headed for Reg's Garden. It put Software in a good mood and he started singing: "I beg your pardon. I never promised you Reg's Garden." Soft in the head, if you ask me ... but not as much so as Captain Poocock. Next stop was the Lavender Farm. "I'm going to run through the lavender," he announced. "With any luck I'll come up smelling of roses." Next stop the funny farm?

**Pizza party**

Actually we disappeared into the woods on the other side of the main road and were on the Railway Walk briefly before cutting across to the road on the far side of the Elephant Park. Then the trail took us through the Red Houses shopping precinct and down



***Do you prefer a 99 or a 69?***

the hill back to the On Down and crap beer but the pizza and chips made a nice change.

**Sinner shortage**

Tinky Winky briefly stood in for the RA as he was one of the hares and told us there was a shortage of sinners but that a celebratory down down was in order. Walkies was looking a bit green – not round the gills – but on her ring finger. Steptoe had shelled out for some emeralds to mark their 55<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. The poor



woman was so overwhelmed she couldn't even drink her down down and had to rely on a substitute sinner, Hooker,



***Streaming service***



***I've got a nice pair***



***I've logged off***



***Bagtime Waltz?***



***The first Brexit customs barrier?***



***Toad talk***

who seemed only to happy to oblige. Even so I think Steptoe may have gone too far to earn his 'green' credentials. He was certainly in need of a pick-me-up and as luck would have it, he was in line for a down down, along with his co-hare, Molehills. However it was a case of more 'ice' as the pair stuttered their way through their near-frozen rewards.

**On on**

H A S H  
H A H A



A fortnight ago I shouted to my neighbour over the fence. "Morning Paddy. I heard you digging and scraping in the garden at one in the morning. What the hell were you up to?" Paddy said: "Ah sure, I was putting my sundial forward an hour."

Did you hear about the goalkeeper who regularly had diarrhoea in bed? He just couldn't keep a clean sheet.

Went to the pub at lunchtime. I was spitting feathers. That's the last time I do roast chicken when my wife's away.

James Cracknel and his wife are to split. Apparently, they've been rowing for quite a while

I can't believe there bringing back Grammar Schools

I was watching Crimewatch the other day and there was some CCTV footage of this old dear getting mugged by a couple of teenagers with knives. I thought to myself if this was happening in real life, would I be brave enough to help? I'm pretty sure I would as long as I got my cut of the proceeds.

The police rang me today to say they'd recovered my sofa. Which I thought was quite nice because it was beginning to look really scruffy

Diane Abbot has called for an end to division in politics



**Looks like Walkies is using a ringer**

If No Deal is a problem for hauliers in Dover they could always move up the coast to Deal

Scientists say that one day it will be possible to live on Mars. What a load of rubbish. I tried it for nearly a month, gained three stones in weight and developed Type 2 Diabetes.

Breaking news ... Wayne Rooney is suing Tesco for putting his signature on their Hot Cross buns

My mate needed a bone marrow transplant. The search for a suitable donor took ages but they finally found a match in Argentina. Our thanks go to Diego Marrow Donor.

If you want to apply for the gynaecology course please put your hand up

Finally after three failed attempts at a sex change my daughter has at last become a man. She was once, twice, three times a lady ... thanks Lionel

"Hello, is it me you're looking for?" "Yes it is Lionel. I'm afraid we're going to have to ask you to leave Sea World now because we've had reports that you've been dancing on the sea lion."



**Ice warriors**

Just had an exciting phone call from a lawyer. Apparently my uncle has left me a stately home in his will. I have no idea where Sod Hall is but I'm just off to google it now.

It's the 10th anniversary of the death of the Velcro inventor, George de Mestrel, this weekend. RIP

The American magician David Blaine is being investigated over sexual harassment claims. Let's see if he can get out of that

I don't know why my wife is always calling me a loser. I hold the record for the highest ever score attained on a police breathalyser

I've joined Alcoholics Anonymous. I still drink, but under a different name.

I built my dog grooming company from scratch!

**RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE**



**Run no:** 1551

**Easter Sunday!**

**Date:** 21<sup>st</sup> April

**Hares:** Molehills & Steptoe

**On Down:** Sir George Carteret.

Meet in lower level of the Co-op car park

**Scribe:** Muffdiver

**Run no:** 1552

**Date:** 28<sup>th</sup> April

**Hares:** Bags of it

**On Down:** Royal St Martin

**Scribe:** Colonel Tom