



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

FREE

(Plus GST
at 5%)

Published
almost
weekly

June 2nd 2019

The official organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1557

Contacts Grand Master 07797 740420, Vice Master 07797 756329, Vice Mistress 07700 747999, RA 07797 767775, Hash Cash 07797 728360, Hash Scribe 07829 800840, Hon GM 07797 748445, Hash Haberdasher 613980

For latest updates, news and all the gossip see: www.crapaud.org

On and On

Having a ball with the Baron



The Red Baron's summer retreat

Despite his Teutonic ancestry, the Red Baron is a fully paid up member of Her Majesty's nobility. Not that the Saxe-Coburgs have anything against the Aryan race, you understand. But, as a 24-carat toff, our esteemed Hash aristo issued an invitation last weekend on parchment illustrated with gilt-lettering inscribed by a swan-quill pen. It called on us to celebrate the beginning of summer by attending

a Hash knees-up, sorry, a jollification. It was to be held at the summer retreat, a grand pavilion on his Bellozanne estate, at which there would be a promenade followed by a chukka or two of polo, with light refreshments afterwards

by way of petit fours and champagne cocktails. Sadly you can't get the servants these days. Where do you find the house-keepers, butlers, footmen, pages, chefs, equerries, ladies' maids, ladies-in-waiting,



Jacko firing at the jacko



Do you like my big pair?



Psst, Wanna buy a dirty book?



Tiny minds think alike



Lewis's first endeavour



The cream of the crop

gardeners, chauffeurs etc that make life tolerable? Even Lady Commando was unwilling to offer any help because her flower-arranging classes took priority. So both the entertainment and the feasting had to be downgraded slightly. Instead of the original menu: soufflé, lobster croquettes, rare lamb, new potatoes and peas from Windsor with sugar sprinkled on top, followed by raspberries with Jersey cream we had to make do with an artisanal substitute, something called 'sausage & chips.' Yuk. And I can only describe the liquid refreshment as 'peasants' piss'.

As for the polo – no equerries meant no horses, so we had to make do with throwing heavy balls across the rather well-manicured lawn instead.

They couldn't even find a groundsman to supply us with the bloody mallets. One plebeian Squire, Ballcock by name, even asked why the pins hadn't been set up. I blame today's disrespect for the proprieties on Brexit. And as for the promenade ...

It started in a multi-storey car park. Which was positively inspirational compared to where it ended – a sewage works. I tell you the Age of Refinement is dead. Buried. Gone for good. But before we started were approached by a tradesman, trying to sell us a book. "The Fishing Cats of Fort D'Auverne" by David Cabeldu. Sounded a likely cover for a porn novel, if you ask me. Little Lord Fauntleroy or whatever the Grand Master

calls himself these days had nothing to impart other than to introduce a a friend of last week's virgin, Ollie, a wannabe called Lewis. For crying out loud, we're naming our children after TV shows these days.

Then our host took centre-stage. He informed us the trail was laid in flour and that there would be a diversion. Oh jolly good show, we all thought. Some kind of entertainment en route. Maybe a poetry reading or perhaps an embroidery lesson. No chance. He meant a detour round some cows. Then he warned us there would be too much road. There won't be too much rope, we were beginning to think. At least it was a warm, sunny day. The 'on on' was called and the 16



Flower power



The oldest swinger?



Low-wire artiste



It's only poppy love



Come on in, the water's fine



Crooner's lubrication?

riders and runners, well runners, headed south into the metropolis. We were briefly off road in St Andrew's Park and Squire Ballcock even had time try the zip-wire. Shame he couldn't zip his mouth instead. He was running with Colonel Tom's dog. A very poor Elvis impersonator, if you ask me.

Then we had a long run up Mount Cochon. We got as far as Ruelle de St Clair and thought we must be going to Waterworks Valley. No chance. Fern Valley then? No chance. Why run around leafy valleys when could stay on some nice, yielding tarmac. Just when we'd given up all hope we turned right into a property call Mont L'Abbé Farm. Hooray. We weren't running on tarmac. Instead we had nice, yielding bricks. Oh

how our hearts sang with the joys of being off the hard stuff. We ran past a splendid house with a rather inviting swimming-pool. What kind of celebrities live in a gaff like this, we all thought? We ran past the obligatory tennis court and actually found ourselves on a grassy trail. It was familiar territory to some like Hooker, who immediately took a short cut to avoid running through some woods. Ugh, who wants to run in a natural environment? All that dirt. A couple of fields later we were back on the road again.

I guess you could say it was downhill all the way from there. The trail took us back into Bellozanne Valley, past the steaming ponds of what the Chinese prefer to call night soil

But all was not lost. Suddenly we found ourselves in a green oasis – The Sun Bowls club – where we could relax in the sunshine. We even had another visitation from Doc Hima. The curried potatoes were even better than last time and some like Ballcock and Fuzz got stuck into them before the sausage and chips had arrived from the kitchen.

The Scribe was unable to stay for the down downs. But it would appear that they started with the Birthday song for Walkies. Then Lewis the virgin was arraigned, followed by Terry the captain of the Bowls Club. The only true sinner was Muffdiver who'd written an article for the JEP and failed to mention the sport's association with the Hash.



Ready, set, go



Baronial style



We're on the road again



It really is a shite run



Bowling ally

And finally it was the turn of the Red Baron whose catalogue of shame included being the hare, a star on the radio and guilty of common assault on Captain Poocock, for which he was awarded the usual life sentence.

On on

H
A
S
H



H
A
H
A

A holidaymaker in Spain visits the bar nearest her hotel and notices large pieces of meat hanging from the ceiling. She asks the bartender what the unusual decoration is all about. The bartender says, "Around these parts we have a challenge. If you can jump up and touch the meat, you get it free. If you can't, you have to pay the price of the meat, but you don't get it. How about it? Want a try?" The woman looks up at the meat. "Nah" she says. "The steaks are too high".

The organisers of the cricket world cup have introduced a sequel: "the locust world cup."

I know an awful lot about bus timetables. I've led a very sheltered life

Sunderland have announced a one year contract extension for South Korean striker Lee Gwon Agen

Help! Does anyone know how to cancel an eBay bid? My great nephew asked for a cowboy outfit for his birthday and, now, I'm within one click of owning Bolton Wanderers FC.



It's a fair cop

Oh dear, Facebook is down. How will anybody know what I had for lunch?

My wife asked me to put tomato ketchup on the shopping-list I was writing. Can't read a word now.

"My Dad flew 87 missions during World War 2" "You must be proud of him." "Not really. He was a kamikaze pilot."

I would propose that more people play the double bass. There's a big case for it.

I bet £4,955.26 you can't guess how much I owe my bookie.

I asked the man in the shop if he had any bulldog clips. "No" he said, "but I've got a nice video of a Jack Russell."

Julian Assange has denied claims that he spread faeces over the walls of his room in the Ecuadorian embassy. He maintained it was a smear campaign.



Toasting the host

So what was AKA Bilk's real name?

My mate's a social climber. Since they stopped his dole money he's been staging a protest on the roof of the benefits office.

Went to what I thought was a christening, but then the Vicar tipped a jug full of lager over the baby. Turns out it he was being fostered.

A man goes to a funeral and asks the vicar for the wi-fi code. The vicar says sternly, "Have some respect for the deceased." The man replies, "Is that all lower case?"

Delicious chocolate mousse recipe: take one chocolate mouse and add an extra 's'.

I was talking to a guy from Belfast last night. He told me he was a member of the Lemon Order. I said to him, "Surely you mean the Orange order?" "No," he replied, "We're more bitter than them"



Drinking age?

I walked into a bar and pulled out my six-shooter and yelled: "I'm going to kill the guy who's been screwing my wife. An old man smiled at me, finished his drink and said: "Son, you don't have enough bullets."

The Vietnamese inventor of the bullet-proof vest has past away. RIP Pting Ptang.

One morning last winter it was so cold I had to scrape off the ice with my B&Q card. It wasn't much help. I only got ten per cent off.

I said to my psychiatrist, "Am I going mad? I think I'm a piece of toast." She said, "Calm down, I don't think you're mad." I said, "You're just trying to butter me up."

Saw a brilliant documentary on tomatoes last night. If you missed it, it's available on 'Ketchup'.

The bloke who invented the fog machine has died. He will be mist

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run no: 1559
Date: 16th June
Hares: Muffdiver & Twin Peaks
On Down: Moulin de Lecq
Scribe: Steptoe

Run no: 1560
Date: 23rd June
Hares: Ballcock
On Down: Pembroke Tavern
Scribe: Molehills



Currying favour?