



Christmas special edition



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE



4th December 2011

The Official Organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1166

Santas on their way



You wait all year for Santa to arrive and guess what happens? Busloads of them turn up at the same time. St Helier waterfront was simply awash with Santas, not only our lot but also the runners supporting the women's hostel – indeed one of the refugees was a deserter, Please Insert. We were also raising money for the refuge by donating our subs for the

day. There were hopes that our generous gesture would be followed by an invitation to meet some of our nearest and dearest but it wasn't forthcoming. It was a select band of runners - and a few odds and sods - who turned up for the Santa Run, several of whom failed to observe the dress code. There were half a dozen Santas, a handful of Mrs Claus's and a couple of Santa's little helpers plus one cross-dresser,

namely Steptoe, but Frisco, Jacko and Top Gun all played the 'Bah Humbug' card. Even our hare, who dreamed up this little caper, was somewhat under-dressed with just a festive chimney on his head – and a silly tie. But at least they turned up unlike many of the other hashers who obviously looked out of the window, saw the rain and thought how wonderously warm and inviting

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MORE THAN YOUR FAIR SHARE OF HO HO HO



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BAG A BOTTLE OF BUBBLY WITH THE HEADS YOU WIN QUIZ



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THE CRAPAUD CROSSWORD





All for a good Claus

duvets can get. The other run was definitely better supported but then again they'd got nowhere else to go! Back to the job in hand. The weather was relatively kind as we assembled. Rampant Rabbit and his co-hare Bedpan finally managed to get us in order for the former to announce that the trail had been laid in the previous day's heavy rain but had fallen victim to the precipitation. The trail was now laid in blood, sweat and tears. Oh, and in one or two sheltered spots, we might be lucky and



Real or maid up?

find some lemon-scented sawdust. We were however warned to be aware that some stretches of the trail were extremely muddy. Without further ado it was 'on'. We set off towards St Aubin, passing the Trim Trail, which none of us felt we needed – but in about three week's time we might change our minds. We did a long stretch anyway – pounding along the seafront – and we were grateful for a rest in a convenient shelter, which also gave the back-markers time to catch up. It was back to the seafront before we crossed the Avenue at First Tower. We



It's my shout!



Waiting for Christmas

were getting a trifle warm – and we all know that the trifles you're supposed to have at Christmas should be well chilled. We were still on the road heading west when finally we left the traffic behind and headed into St Andrew's Park. Tinky Winky was spitting feathers by this stage – or bits of his pantomime beard to be precise and he tore the thing off and stamped on it. 'I hate Santa costumes. The beard gets everywhere, in your mouth, up your nose, in your ears.' How does Santa cope? We had seen no sign of any trail up to now though we had been sniffing

hard for the lemony aromas. Ballcock had a theory. "I think they're laid the trail in snowballs and they've all melted." Another voice chipped in: "I reckon the only marks we could have found were the ones that come with Spencer." Appropriately if not altogether welcome, by the time we entered Waterworks Valley the rain started in earnest. The pack was well strung out by now and ET thought she'd spotted Tinky Winky on the wrong side of the reservoir but it turned out to be one of those brightly painted lifebelt stations. We crossed to the



Good elf to you all



That was a close shave



Away with the fairies

other side of the valley. There was a pause and our Hare explained an temporary amendment to the rules of hashing. "Instead of shouting, 'on on'," he explained, "on this run, it's 'Ho Ho'." At this point we noticed some of the company had disappeared. Popeye was one of those missing, but he turned up soon afterwards along with his nursing assistants, the Virgin Mary and Frisco. It turned out that Popeye couldn't resist a quick visit home. Olive wasn't expecting him and opened the door in her dressing gown. Popeye, clearly embarrassed, said he hadn't got time to stop – or for anything else, for that matter.

can swallow, said Muffdiver. Only he would know. Back on tarmac a driver of a passing car shouted at Top Gun: "Where's your hat, Warwick?" Even non-hashers know how a Santa should dress. By this stage thoughts were straying to the On Home and Tinky Winky said all he wanted to do was lie down under a big overhanging tree, but we couldn't justify the hash adding to the road closure list so we ran on, eventually hitting the inner road and thence on to the waterfront and the Ha'penny Bridge.



Artificial growth?



Mine's natural!

Edible genitalia?

We ran up the Ruelle de St Clair and on into Fern Valley. Our fungus expert Muffdiver found a curious specimen which had an uncanny phallic resemblance. It's not one you

What a Vue

The pub boasted a big screen and we watched a movie in which Walkies was the star (it was a silent film, so you can tell how old it was). There were walk on parts for Illegal and Tinky Winky but in truth nothing much happened. Instead of the chip butties there



Stars of the silver screen

Continued on back page



Father Xmas, Mother Xmas and Xmas Carol?



Fungal outbreak?

XMAS FUN TIME



Laying the trail across the airfield proved to be a mistake

A Jersey teacher was working with a group of Polish children who were trying very hard to become accustomed to being in a British nursery school.

The biggest hurdle they faced was that she always insisted on NO baby talk! You need to use 'Big People' words,' she was always reminding them. She asked Jonas what he had done over the weekend? 'I went to visit my Nana'.

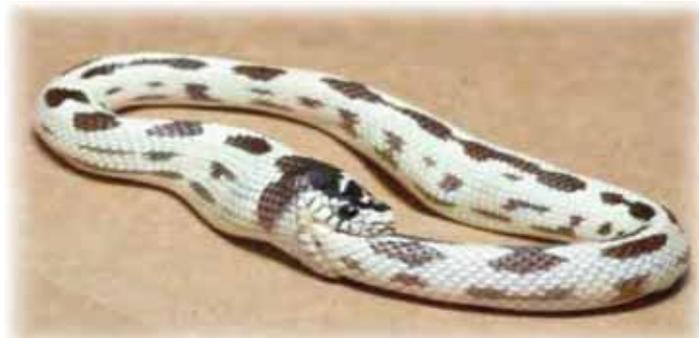
'No, you went to visit your GRANDMOTHER. Use 'Big People' words!' She then asked Marie what she had done 'I took a ride on a choo-choo', she said. 'No, you took a ride on a TRAIN. You must remember to use 'Big People' words'.

She then asked little Alex what he had done? 'I read a very nice book' he replied. 'That's WONDERFUL!' she said. 'What book did you read?' Alex thought real hard about it, Then puffed out his chest with great pride, and said, 'Winnie the SHIT'



A beautiful woman loved growing tomatoes, but couldn't seem to get her tomatoes to turn red. One day, while taking a stroll, she came upon a gentleman neighbour who had the most beautiful garden full of huge red tomatoes. The woman asked the gentleman, "What do you do to get your tomatoes so red?" The gentleman responded, "Well, twice a day I stand in front of my tomato garden naked in my trench coat and flash them. My tomatoes turn red from blushing so much." One day the gentleman was passing by and asked the woman, "By the way, how did you make out? Did your tomatoes turn red?" "No", she replied, "but my cucumbers are enormous."

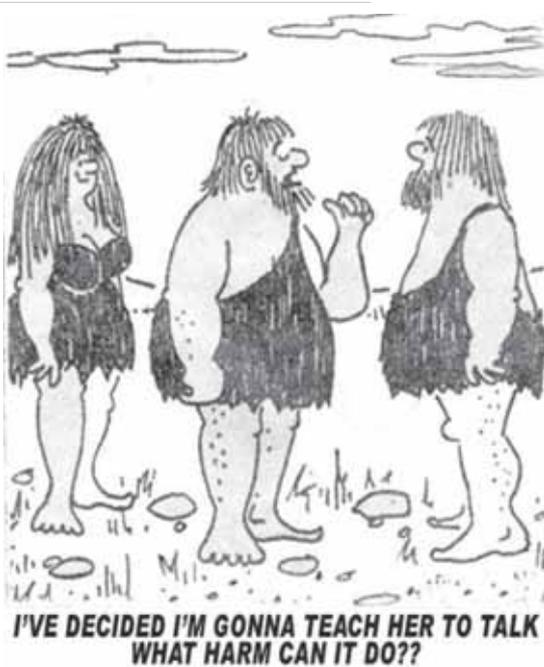
My wife was hinting about what she wanted for our upcoming anniversary. She said, 'I want something shiny that goes from 0 to 150 in about 3 seconds.' So I bought her some scales.



Idiot animal of the month

A Queenslander walks into the local pub. He had a big grin on his face, and orders a draft XXXX beer. 'What are you so happy about?' asks the Bartender. 'Well, I'll tell you,' replies the man. 'As you know, I live by the railway tracks. Well, on my way home from the pub last night, I noticed a young woman tied to the tracks, just like in the films. Of course, I went and cut her free and took her back to my place. Anyway, cut a long story short, I scored big time! We made love all night, all over the house. We did everything! Me on top. Sometimes her on top. Every position imaginable!' 'Fantastic, you lucky bastard!', exclaimed the Bartender. 'Was she pretty?' 'Dunno...Never found the head!'





2011 TAX CODE: THE ONLY THING THAT THE GOVERNMENT HAS NOT TAXED YET IS THE MALE PENIS.

This is due to the fact that 69% of the time it is hanging around unemployed, 10% of the time it is hard up, 20% of the time it is pissed off and 1% of the time it is in a hole. On top of that, it has two dependants and they are both nuts!

HOWEVER: effective January 1st, 2011, the penis will now be taxed according to size:

The brackets are as follows:

2 - 4 ins. Nuisance Tax £20.00

4 - 6 ins Privilege Tax £100.00

8 - 10 ins. Pole Tax £200.00

12 - 15ins. Super Tax £300.00

Males exceeding 15 ins are liable for capital gains returns.

Those under 4 ins are eligible for a tax refund.

PLEASE DO NOT ASK FOR AN EXTENSION



When Jane initially met Tarzan in the jungle, she fancied him rotten. She asked him how he had sex.

"Tarzan not know sex," he replied.

Jane explained to him what sex was.

Tarzan said "Tarzan use knot hole in trunk of tree."

Horrified, Jane said, "Tarzan you have it all wrong, but I will show you how to do it properly." She took off her clothes and lay down on the ground. "Here," she said, pointing to her privates, "you must put it in here."

Tarzan removed his loin cloth, showing Jane his considerable manhood, stepped closer to her and kicked her in the crotch! Jane rolled around in agony for what seemed like an eternity. Eventually she managed to grasp for air and screamed, "What did you do that for?"

Tarzan replied, "Check for squirrel."



GUIDE FOR ENGLISH SPEAKING POLICE FORCES

How do you tell the difference between a British, an Aussie & a Yank Police Officer?

Answer: Suppose you're on duty by yourself walking on a deserted street late at night. Suddenly, an armed man with a huge knife comes around the corner, locks eyes with you, screams obscenities and lunges at you. You are carrying a Glock .40, and you are an expert shot, how-ever you have only a split second to react before he reaches you. What do you do?

AUSTRALIAN POLICE OFFICER: BANG!

AMERICAN POLICE OFFICER: BANG! BANG! BANG!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

BRITISH POLICE OFFICER:

Firstly the officer must consider the man's Human Rights.

- 1) Does the man look poor or oppressed?
- 2) Is he newly arrived and doesn't understand the law?
- 3) Have I done anything to provoke an attack?
- 4) Am I dressed provocatively?
- 5) Could I run away?
- 6) Could I possibly swing my gun like a club and knock the knife out of his hand?
- 7) Should I try and negotiate with him to discuss his wrong-doing?
- 8) Why am I carrying a loaded gun anyway, and what kind of message does this send to society?
- 10) Does he definitely want to kill me, or would he be content just to wound me?
- 11) If I were to grab his knees and hold on, would he still want to stab and kill me?
- 12) If I raise my gun and he turns and runs away, do I get blamed if he falls over, knocks his head and kills himself?
- 13) If I shoot and wound him, and lose the subsequent court case, does he have the opportunity to sue me, cost me my job, my credibility & the loss of my family home?

After experiencing the discomfort and embarrassment of a prostate test by the National Health Service, a London hasher decided to have this next test carried out while visiting friends in San Francisco, where the beautiful nurses are allegedly much more gentle and accommodating. As he lay naked on his side on the table, the nurse began the examination. "Don't worry, at this stage of the procedure it's quite normal to get an erection," said the nurse.

"I haven't got an erection," said our brave hasher.

"No, but I have," replied the nurse.



"I think it's called a scale, but mom calls it a @\$%& liar!"



COMPETITION CORNER



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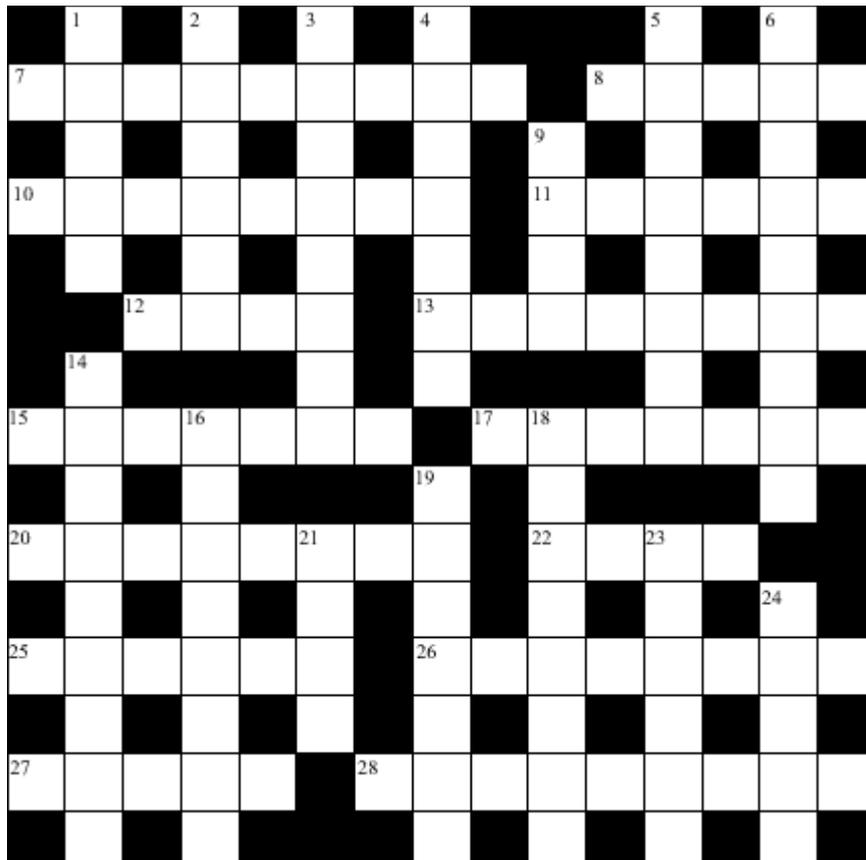
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Hopefully you'll remember the 25th anniversary bash. In which case you just need to put your heads together to identify these ten hashers (though some of them may have worn different hats). Beware, two of them are from foreign hashes. First hasher with the 10 correct hash names wins a bottle of bubbly courtesy of the mis-management.



C R A P A U D
C R Y P T I C
C H R I S T M A S
C R O S S W O R D



Across

- 7 Backtracked about being gifted (9)
- 8 A former 19 down lives nearby? (5)
- 10 19 down with loads of money? (4-2-2)
- 11 A former 19 down – rubbish as well! (6)
- 12 Royal sport makes a mint! (4)
- 13 At least half the rugby team is going in the right direction (8)
- 15 & 23 Down Push hard, gasp - cleric thrills first 19 down (7, 6)
- 17 Always allow round the young hare (7)
- 20 19 down is a not a witch in the southern region (8)
- 22 Unusual rear?
- 25 Catholic? The Pope? Yes, revealed a 19 down
- 26 Tradesmen - PS Put the logs inside (8)
- 27 Bits I mixed up for the short version of a 19 down
- 28 Upset red-head fumed 'IVF' to 19 down (9)

Down

- 1 Lead by example?
- 2 Priest is company for 19 down (6)
- 3 One buttock on display in the semi-darkness (4-4)
- 4 It'll be a trial if you start to give evidence (7)
- 5 19 Down's woe. Farts all around (8)
- 6 Rogue ate Chinese food and fondled affectionately (9)
- 9 Celeb On Down? (4)
- 14 A forum she moved to an On Down (9)
- 16 Swineherds go to Top Shop initially for paint materials (8)
- 18 RAF fumes about protective headwear (8)
- 19 Rap CD a U-turn for pond life?
- 21 Fibs about Isle? (4)
- 23 See 15 across
- 24 Short lawyer (5)

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARE-LINE



RUN #1168

DATE: 18th December
HARES: Steptoe & Bags of it
ON DOWN: Pembroke, Grouville

RUN #1168

DATE: 26th December 11am start
HARES: Muffdiver & Twin Peaks
ON DOWN: Hare & Hounds

sandwiches which made a pleasant change. There was also a little stage alongside a giant Christmas tree where the down downs were performed. Tinky congratulated the hares on managing to lay the trail in such adverse conditions. He also mentioned the possible appearance of an old hasher – by now you'll know whether Cliffhanger managed to turn up or not. It was a bit of a fairy story but apparently there was some problem over the hospital having lost one of his feet. Someone else found it and sent

it back to Leeds. Cliffhanger, by all accounts, was hopping mad! There had to be a joke in there somewhere. As Tinky was already on the stage Gigolo took the opportunity to wish him a happy birthday and award him the first down down. Gigolo, quite resplendent in his outfit said he'd been gutted not to take part in the run – especially when he saw the rain coming down. But despite that he went on to punish the hares Rampant Rabbit and Bedpan.

On on



HASH HA HA

Arriving in a hotel in Dublin, Michael O'Leary, Chief Executive of Ryanair went to the bar and asked for a pint of draught Guinness. The barman nodded and said, "That will be one Euro please, Mr. O'Leary." Somewhat taken aback, he replied, "That's very cheap," and handed over his money.

"I see you don't seem to have a glass, so you'll probably need one of ours. That will be 3 euros please."

O'Leary scowled, but paid up. He took his drink and walked towards a seat. "Ah, you want to sit down?" said the barman. "That'll be an extra 2 euro. - You could have pre-book the seat, and it would have only cost you a euro."

"I think you may be too big for the seat sir, can I ask you to sit in this frame please". O'Leary attempts to sit down but he's too big .

"I'm afraid if you can't fit in the frame you'll have to pay an extra surcharge of 4 euros for your seat sir"

O'Leary swore to himself, but paid up. "I see that you have brought your laptop with you" added the barman. "And since that wasn't pre-booked either, that will be another 3 euros."

"I've had enough, what sort of hotel is this?" O'Leary protests. "I come in for a quiet drink and you treat me like this. I insist on speaking to a manager!"

"Here is his e mail address, or if you wish, you can contact him between 9 and 9.10 every morning, Monday to Tuesday at this free phone number. Calls are free, until they are answered, then there is a talking charge of only 10 cent per second"

"I will never use this bar again"

"OK, sir, but remember, we are the only hotel in Ireland selling pints for one euro"



To all our readers
from the
Mis-management
and ...



Virgin Mary's been a good girl ... up to now



Santa and his little helper enjoy a sherry