

*Ding Dong merrily on high*



*The Crapaud Chronicle*  
*Christmas Special*

Inside  
Your  
Crapulous  
Christmas  
Chronicle



Heroic deeds



Gut busters



Hare-y monsters



Festive follies





# CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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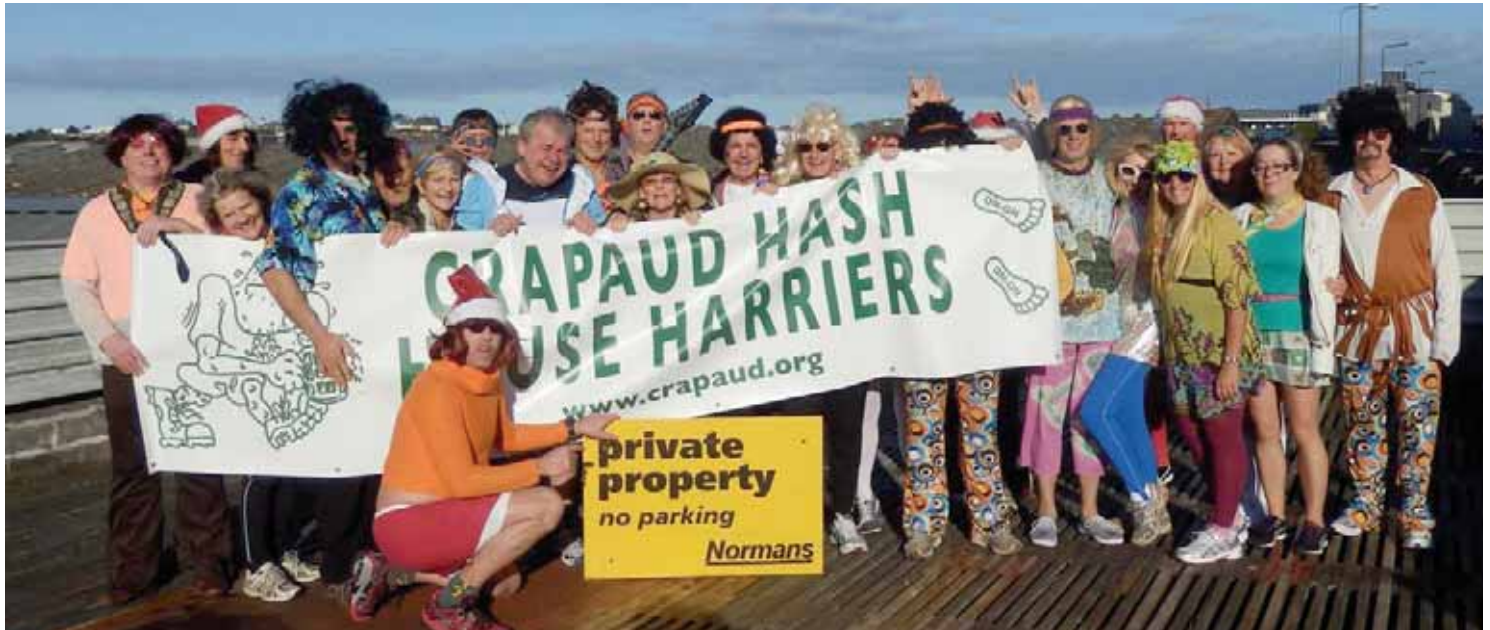
**8<sup>th</sup> December 2013**

The Official Organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

**Run Number 1271**

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## *The Norman Invasion*

The pantomime season is back again. Oh yes it is. The Crapauds put on a full-costume spectacular for last Sunday's Christmas party. Pussy was in boots, Jacko turned up full of beans, Ballcock did a one-man Peter Panto and Gigolo was the Genie with the Lump – even though he's six months pregnant he still hasn't given up the beer. It's so bad now he's become constipated. He just can't pass a pub. We

had more than our fair share of pantomime dames with Widow Twinky in a revealing blue mini-dress, although his bloomers were a little under-stated, while Illegal and Gigolo played the Ugly Sisters with a lot of panache but far too little material. Principal Boys were in short supply but there were plenty of those pantomime staples – would the trainer fit Gigolo's mouth? Would Tinkybell be saved after

drinking too much bad medicine? Would Shiggy's knickers get in a twist in Widow Twinky's Chinese laundry? Oh yes they would. Would Captain Hook, sorry, Poocock, hear Rentabed going 'Tick Tock'. On no he wouldn't. Neither of them showed up because they've both got new jobs. Our eco-warrior Rentabed is apparently working full-time crushing soft drinks cans. He says it's soda pressing. And Captain Poocock's started work as a safety officer in a kids' playground. His career is definitely on the slide. He had a problem to solve on his first day. Why did the chicken cross the playground? To get to the other slide.

## **Damn it!**

Pervey's no better. He failed to get a job as a pantomime script writer because he's got a crippling fear of two-letter words. He craps himself just thinking about it. Instead he's going for a job as the editor of an ice-cream magazine. He's just hoping for a scoop. Software was another absentee. He's a bit dyslexic and apparently he's still waiting for a USB. Panto it may have been but the theme was actually 'The Sixties'.



*Harey Fairy trio*



# THE CRAPAUD ESCORT AGENCY FIND YOUR PERFECT PANTOMIME DAME



## *Our loveable Rogues Gallery*

though sadly, despite the bikini coming into fashion in 1963, there were none on show, despite the glorious weather. Ballcock though was apparently wearing some Dorito swimming trunks. He said he might go for a dip later at Havre de Pas. A lot of hashers were wearing baggy trousers. I think it was madness. Mini-dresses, bell-bottom jeans and paisley prints were much in evidence. Not much tie-dye though – apart from Muffdiver who was overdressed with six ties (six-ties, geddit?). Twin Peaks was no better. She had six tea-bags stapled to her chest (six-teas, geddit?). Being a bit of a Marxist they were all herbal tea – proper tea is theft.

### **Gutted press**

Muffdiver only just made it back in time after getting caught up in the recent air traffic control problems. He'd been angling in Florida with Easy Rider. The fish weren't biting – the pair were gutted. They became so bored, they spent a lot of time learning the alphabet. They got lost at 'C'. Mind you Muffdiver seemed happy enough. I asked him how he managed to stay so upbeat. "With Es" he replied. He did learn one useful thing though: 'I'

before 'E' unless after 'C'. Sadly I had to tell him that 'science' proves otherwise. Back to the dress code. Bags-of-It gave a good account of himself as a hippie while Molehills' bell-bottoms got a ringing endorsement. Fuzz turned up with a brilliant Crapaud sun-visor. I don't why she was running around and waving her arms all the time. It's PC gone mad if you

ask me. She was no better on the dance floor. She had no sense of direction and kept bumping into everybody. Bloody women jivers. TITS turned up late as usual. Apparently she'd been delayed while trying to sell a mobile phone. She had a fine pair of Nokias on offer. Plonker gave the theme a 1966 World Cup twist as Geoff Hurst although I didn't think much of his hat-trick.



*We believe in Santa Claus*



*1966 & all that*





*Riveting appearance*



*Guitar plucker*



*Off her Rocker?*



*Off the rails?*

The sixties theme had been chosen by our hares despite being collectively rather retiring. But the fringe benefit was the opportunity, for the blokes especially, to remember what it was like to have long hair again. Steptoe apparently had a big tantrum before Walkies let him wear a John McEnroe coiffure. On the plus side they've trained their new puppy to bring them glasses of red wine. Apparently she's a Bordeaux Collie.

genuine. Two Stroke turned up as a sixties greaser complete with a fluffy chin which Whinger wasn't happy about. Later on Bags-of-it put the look to a public vote. Should Two Stroke keep it, shave it off or "pluck it." On the other hand there was a traditionalist faction on the run led by Pervey who turned up as Father Christmas. That man needs the sack. However along with several other hashers he turned out to be something of a split personality because he chose to spice up the post-run party as Sergeant Pepper. Gigolo was another bi-polar personality. He started the day as the Incredible Hulk, his T-shirt splitting at the seams as his substantial torso started to swell. By the beginning of the party however he'd been transformed into a creature of rippling muscles, Marvel Comics' Iron Man.

### **Hirsutes you Sir**

Frisco had Jon Bon Jovi locks and a hair guitar to match. He's also got an imaginary drum-kit. You can't beat it. He and his mates have just started a band called 999 Megabytes. They haven't gone to a gig yet. Shiggy was positively Shaggy and Jacko had an equally bad hair day. Smuggler and Bags-of-it were blonds for the day. And, no, I won't be stooping to a dumb blond joke at this point. This is a serious newsletter catering for a discerning readership. There was one hasher whose excess hair was

### **Clocking off**

There was a rumour that another hasher had turned up as a super-hero – Rentabed making an appearance as the Invisible Man? But we didn't see him at all. Mind you fancy dress or not, he's not much to look at. Later we heard he'd been struck by a clock hitting him on the head. It served him right for winding it up. The GM meanwhile traded in his little blue mini-dress for a shirt and trousers – Roleplay really does have a good selection of bizarre fancy dress costumes, but only under the counter.



*Peace, man*



*Twinggy*







***Banner Band***



***Banned Band?***



***You cannot be serious***



***Ugly sisters***



***Psycho-delic pair***

Nearly fifty hashers turned up at the future police HQ for the festive frolic on a day when the sun was shining and the sky was blue. Smuggler apologised for the fact that the run would be longer than the traditional Christmas outing, but we might manage a drinks stop if we hurried. Well, there's the quick and the dead so some of us headed for the cemetery where apparently they're going to bury Gerry Rafferty alongside Ronald MacDonald and Heath Ledger. Clown to the left of him, Joker to the right. But the trail took us up the passage alongside the car park into town and up towards Fort Regent where Klingon organised the first of several stops for a group photograph. With so many hashers it was difficult to organise. "Mark my words," said Pervey, "it'll all end in tiers." We ran on to Pier Road

and another photo-stop, this time on Normans' roof. It reminded Gigolo of a programme he'd seen on TV about the history of pick-axes. "It was ground-breaking stuff," he said. The trail took us down to the Weighbridge and our first drinks stop at the Ha'Penny Bridge. They were well prepared for 40 or so hashers with a thirst to quench – yup, just one barman on duty. The other bloke had recently got a new job at a smoothie bar. Apparently he was blending in well. Whilst we were there Gigolo indulged in a bit of campanology, finding a pair of large belles to play with from the festive craft fair over the road. He had a look up their skirts and pronounced them ready for a ding-dong because they didn't have the clappers. After the refreshments had finally been consumed we ran

the gamut of Liberty Wharf dodging Christmas shoppers as went by. We went past that chocolate shop. They had After Eights on sale in mint condition. We passed another fancy-dress party. There was this bloke dressed as James Bond carrying a sheep with mashed potato on his head. He was a shepherd's spy. We crossed the main road thanks to Gigolo doing a traffic-stopping act and ran on to Albert Dock and round the marina. Those luxury yachts. You know what floats my boat? Buoyancy. We went past the Steam Clock and La Folie before our second drinks stop with mulled wine and mince pies at the St Helier Yacht Club. We ran on to La Collette. We all knew there was only one way out but Klingon had a cunning plan. He



***Iron Man = Fe Male?***







*Panti-hose?*

arranged for us to use the emergency evacuation route which was a good idea with Gigolo around, although the road wasn't easy. First we ran over some humus, then further on some taramasalata, before we saw a sign warning us there were dips in the road. It took us on to the rocky foreshore where we stopped for another group photo, although half the pack had disappeared at this point believing the rest of us were on a false trail. However we all met up again at Prince's Bar where we had another drinks stop. Two years ago we used the same establishment. It was called Wac's Bar then. Nothing stands still. Even the Crapauds. Little did we know it but we were almost done as our party venue was the other side of the road. The restaurant featured a great view across the bay to the

waste to energy incinerator. Ah well it made Klingon happy. It was certainly better than that army canteen I went to recently. It was a mess. Those of us with breeding changed for dinner, the GM amongst them. What a wonderful chap Tinky Winky is. It was amazing how he just lit up the room, especially when he moved from in front of the window. Then there's the honorary GM in perpetuity. He went to the bar and asked for a double. The barman introduced him to Klingon. Shiggy then stood up during the meal and proposed the toast to absent hashers. He also mentioned Hooker and Captain Poocock and we wished them both well. Bags-of-it then stood up to conduct the poll on whether Two Stroke should keep his facial fuzz. Whinger made it clear how she felt: "It makes



*Stubble trouble*

him look twice as old as he really is." Surely no-one could look that old? Shiggy then invited the hashers to step outside for the down downs, but it was a ruse because having got there the canopies above the windows suddenly discharged themselves of the water that had been pooling there upon the hapless hashers who gathered underneath. It reminded me of how you get Steptoe to take a bath. Leave it in the front garden. Shiggy still hadn't finished though and stood up again to thank various members of the Mis-Management for their services during the year, including Tinky Winky, or Tinky Wanky as Jacko preferred. Finally he thanked the hares for laying on the Christmas entertainment to which all those present gave their hearty endorsement as



*He's behind you!*



*Pussy in Boots*



*Ladies in waiting*



*Wallflowers?*



# THE CRAPAUD CHRISTMAS WORDSEARCH



Try our festive pub crawl and see if you can find the 24 Hash pubs of Christmas

- |                |               |                      |
|----------------|---------------|----------------------|
| Black Dog      | Le Hocq Inn   | Star                 |
| Dolphin        | Les Fontaines | St Laurent           |
| Earl Grey      | Mermaid       | St Mary Country Inn  |
| Farmers        | Pembroke      | St Peter Country Inn |
| Five Oaks      | Portelet Inn  | Tenby                |
| HaPenny Bridge | Priory        | Trafalgar            |
| La Pulente     | Rozel Inn     | Union Inn            |
| LAuberge       | Seymour       | Watersplash          |

N N H J P I Y Z E D O R R U X H T V V F T  
 N Q A Y E T N I H P L O D Y G A M R Z M T  
 I M P G M B F F M A M S H R G Y F K C E Q  
 Y D E K B A A U J L T C Y E R G L R A E P  
 R X N I R R Z A S U R V N V R O L Z P Y Z  
 T M N E O I J Y R A Y N Q N K P K W E Y D  
 N D Y P K N S W A T E R S P L A S H V D V  
 U I B P E F S E N I A T N O F S E L E X P  
 O A R H A E K S T L A U R E N T U B L A J  
 C M I U N I O N I N N F K D Y B N E T K S  
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 A M E S T M S K A O E V I F S R E M R A F  
 M N N I Y R T N U O C R E T E P T S G T I  
 T R O Z E L I N N Q N N I T E L E T R O P  
 S S F E G R E B U A L C N R C R B I V G P  
 F I L I T H K T P U Y R O I R P B H R L X  
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 Q S N J Z O B B R C Q Q E C R E O E T D U  
 S S E Y M O U R X B E U N N G S Y Y N A W  
 W W W I Q Q G O D K C A L B F F Y W H M R





well as all those hashers that had hared runs during the past year. Finally to the down downs, starting with those hashers who'd managed to avoid celebrating their birthdays – Crappyoke, Foxy and Plonker. Next up was the hasher who'd completed most runs during the year. That honour went to Commando, Who Dares Wins, so to speak. She was followed by the Christmas Party virgins, Lorna, Mo, Margaret and Triple-X, although the latter had already fled leaving Pervey to stand in her place. An unexpected down down was awarded to the hash

rev himself for completing his Iron Man costume with a new pair of trainers. "The quality of mercy is not strained," said a better scribe than me and it was certainly true in Gigolo's case as Shiggy stepped forward to strip off his underwear so it could be used to filter the beer, prior to it being poured into the Jimmy Choo. Taxi confided that the knickers hadn't been washed for a week. It was a stomach turning moment and not just for Gigolo. Four members of the hotel staff were called forward in a thank you gesture for their efforts followed by the hares who'd

put on such a memorable show. Oh yes they had. **On on**



**Commando performance Not a crystal slipper**



**That's unusual – England are ahead**



**Knee-high to a glass slobber**



**Win or bust**

**RAPIDLY RECEDING HARE-LINE**



<b>Run No: 1273</b>	<b>Run No: 1274</b>
<b>Date: December 22<sup>nd</sup></b>	<b>Date: December 29th</b>
<b>On Down: Seymour Inn</b>	<b>On Down: Les Platons car park</b>
<b>Hares: Ballcock &amp; Klingon</b>	<b>Hares: Twin Peaks &amp; Muffdiver</b>

**HASH SANTA**



**HO HO HO**

An elderly couple are at Mass. About halfway through, the wife leans over and says to her husband, "I just let out a silent fart; what do you think I should do?" He replies, "Put a new battery in your hearing aid."

A hasher was working out in the gym when he spotted an attractive new member. He approached his trainer: "Which machine should I use to impress that sweet thing over there?" The trainer looked him up and down and said, "I would try the ATM in the lobby."

Jersey Rugby Club has revealed that one of their players was driving the car when senior Liberal Democrat Chris Huhne was done for speeding. Apparently the team needs the points.

My old lady bought a new stick deodorant the other day. The instructions said: Remove cap and push up bottom. Poor old girl can barely walk, but whenever she farts the room smells lovely.

I don't know why people get so excited about Christmas. It's just like a normal day for me, sat at the table with a fat bird that won't gobble any more.



**MERRY XMAS FROM SANTA**