



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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Published
almost
weekly

29th November 2014

The official organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

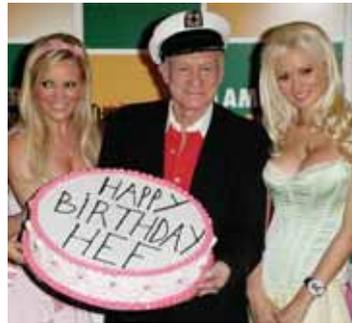
Run Number 1374

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On and On

Tinky hits the treble twenty



Celebrity birthday cakes: Kim Kardashian, Miley Cyrus, Hugh Hefner & Paris Hilton...



... now joined by another celebrity

So our glorious leader, Tinky Winky, is now a sexagenarian – which is not as promising as it sounds. Yup he’s joined the ranks of the Crapauds’ over-60s club (of which, sadly, most of us are members whether we like it or not). And did he celebrate his birthday in style at last week-end’s run? Like Hugh Hefner? On his 86th, Playboy magazine invited every living centrefold model to the Bunny Mansion for a piece of birthday cake. Rather too much crumpet for someone of his age, I imagine. Kim Kardashian celebrated her 30th at a New York nightclub with a \$1 million birthday cake made from diamonds. It was a bit crunchy and apparently led to a number of visits to the dentist. Paris Hilton spent an estimated £50,000 on each of the guests at her 21st – which featured a 21-tier birthday cake. For her 21st birthday, Miley Cyrus had a cake made in the shape of her

naked body with marijuana leaves covering her naughty bits. High class, eh? And Tinky? He too splashed out, but not quite so extravagantly, paying the run fees for those attending last week-end’s hash. There was also a birthday cake though not quite as exotic as those of Kardashian, Cyrus and Hilton. It was made by Illegal, helped by his daughter Anya, but sadly the icing seemed to have suffered during its journey to the Royal. Tasty, though. The pub grub wasn’t exactly champagne and caviar. More bangers and chips really. Though onion rings and scampi were a birthday bonus. The entertainment was definitely not the kind of thing you’d expect at a birthday party. We didn’t even play pass the parcel. All we got was a romp in the swamps of St Martin. After the Grouville quagmire the previous week the message seems to be to avoid hashing in any parish that has red and white stripes on its emblem.



Decorated hero?



In the news?



Best bib and tucker?



Double Narcissus?

Despite it being a free run and the fact that the weather more or less held, even if the wind was extremely fresh at times, the turnout was a bit disappointing with less than 20 runners, plus a handful of walkers. Even our regular star turn, Gigolo, failed to turn up, though it was nice to see Ellie back for her second run, bringing down the average age a smidgeon. Our hare turned up with several badges indicating his newly acquired senior status. However he was quickly reminded of his humble origins – when given the hare’s bib. Just think. All those years ago Tinky was chubby, pink and rounded, forever making unintelligible noises and regurgitating his food. Hasn’t changed much,

has he? Tying the bib on around his ample girth however may have been a tad more difficult than sixty years ago. His birthday suit also gave an indication of more difficult trials ahead because Tinky was also wearing his wetsuit trousers, though thankfully not his snorkel and flippers. The Red Baron meanwhile attempted to gate-crash the party by making one final plea for hashers to attend the hash Christmas do, but even Ellie saw that one coming and pleaded a prior engagement. It wasn’t long before Tinky announced the beginning of the birthday fun and games. He promised us we would have a smashing time. It was just a pity that Jacko and Rentabed took him

at his word. They can be so childish. The first game though was a new one on me, called Mind the Saplings, though frankly it wasn’t a patch on Musical Chairs. It should however have given us a clue as to the first part of the trail but it didn’t stop us heading off in all directions before we took the what now seems to be the traditional route out of St Martin down the side of the new school, weaving in and out of the aforementioned saplings. Once through the obstacle course we found ourselves in the first field of the day and our trainers quickly became water-logged. They never recovered. Jacko won himself some new admirers when we came across a herd of cows.



Mind the saplings



Led up the garden path?



Walking the plank



Whoops!

We slogged on down a steep bank and on to Rue Des Raisies but didn't go across the meadow at the bottom – apparently it's being turned into a nature reserve and we're not natural enough. But we were welcome in what we used to know as Lady Guthrie's garden, though we won't be welcome back any time soon. There was a pretty white wooden gazebo overlooking the valley where we thought we'd take a breather so we could admire the view. Sadly Jacko and Rentabed had a bit of a tussle over who was entitled to sit on the bench seat. The result was that timbers splintered and the bench collapsed. We picked up quite a bit of speed for some reason as we high-tailed it out of there. We ran



Don't feed the monkey

past the entrance to Château La Chaire before cutting left into a field and down some slippery steps into another swampy field. It led into Rozel Woods and the old paintball battlefield, which looks as though it could do with a new war to revive its fortunes. Perhaps David Cameron will think of something. The trail took us past several ponds and up yet another swampy valley into the Perchard farm where we followed the track until our hare led across more soggy fields and finally on to terra firma in the form of the main road into St Martin. The party food was a bit disappointing. There wasn't any jelly or ice-cream and not a single balloon in sight, but it was a notch above the traditional



They'll never notice

post-run fare. Illegal had turned up with the birthday cake and Tinky was grateful to have only one candle to blow out. Mind you the full complement might have led to a call-out for the fire brigade. After that it was outside for the down downs. Rampant Rabbit was another late-comer. His upper lip still hasn't recovered from that fungal infection. However he did give Tinky a birthday card which portrayed a man horrified to find a grey hair in his Y-fronts. Or should that have been 'hare'? A quartet of sinners were discovered; Ellie for having been led astray by the Red Baron, who was also summonsed; McKinky for breaking out in spots; acne can be such a trial; and Jacko for having had such a



Step down in class



Take a bough, Steptoe



I'll have that one



Jersey mashed potatoes?

smashing time. His partner in crime had disappeared by this stage. As well as Tinky being a year older there were three other birthdays to celebrate: those of Muffdiver, plus the sisters (but who aren't twins) Wendolene and Double Tops. Finally our hare was thanked for inviting us to his wonderful birthday party.

On on

H A S H
A A H A
H A



It wasn't such a big step for the Welsh to change their system of organ donation to one of "assumed consent." They've been doing the same with sheep for centuries.

I was telling my dad about the never-ending lollipop I'd bought. "It's brilliant," I said to him. "I've been licking it for weeks, but it's still the same size." "That's great, son," he replied. "But I do think you should take the wrapper off."

"Today is a great day for a battle. Afterwards I expect to see a lot less of you."
"FEWER!"
The Pedant's Revolt, 1381.

Yesterday I underwent a painful procedure that involved having my spine and both testicles removed. Still, got some great wedding presents.

While we were watching the game on the box last night, my mate noticed me shaking my head as Rooney missed an easy chance. "What's up?" he said. "Once in a game at Old Trafford I ran the full length of the pitch, beating six defenders en route before despatching the ball into the top corner, but United still didn't want to sign me. Even worse, the next day the papers slated me." "Really," said my mate, "What did they say?" "Pitch invader ruins semi-final."



Birthday bonanza



Finger muppet



Card sharp

A teacher asked the children in her third year class, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" Little Johnny answered first. "I want to be an SAS officer in the Middle East and kill loads of terrorists and return a national hero. Then I'd become a billionaire, go to the most expensive clubs, find myself the finest nymphomaniac tart, give ourselves matching Ferraris and a personal jet to travel round the world and, all the while, bang her like a loose screen-door in a hurricane. The teacher was shocked and didn't know what to do. She decided to ignore him and carry on with the lesson. "And how about you, Sarah?" "I want to be Johnny's tart."

Old Chinese proverb says: Man who walks through door sideways with erection is going to Bangkok.

A mute incontinent. Goes without saying.

So this bloke comes up to me in the street and asks if I want to invest in his company called 'Partridge & Pheasant'. Hello, I thought, I wonder what his game is.

I've just received a call from a mate who was walking across the cemetery when he fell into a hole. Sounds like he's in grave danger

I believe that a lot of conflict in the Wild West could have been avoided if cowboy architects had made towns big enough for everyone

Gullibility test kit. Send £19.99 now

I had a really vivid dream last night, that I was eating a giant marshmallow. When I woke up I'd stabbed the wife with a toasting fork

Father: "Listen son, no matter what you hear or read, wanking will not make you go blind."
Son: "Dad, I'm over here."

My wife accused me of being self-important. I nearly fell off my throne.

My friends were amazed when I told them I could tell the future using herbs. "Is it true," they asked. "Only thyme will tell."

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run no: 1376
Date: December 13th
Hares: Skywalker
On Down: St John's Inn. Park in front of school

Run no: 1377
Date: December 20th
Hares: Cheryl the Peril plus Splish and Splosh
On Down: TBA