



# CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

**FREE**

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The Official Organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1167

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## Shiggy calls time

### End of an error, sorry, era, says the new GM



*Belles of the balls-up*

What a week of big news stories: Cameron wields the EU veto, Little Mix win the X-Factor and Shiggy stands down as GM. Yes, after 23 glorious years leading the Crapauds from the front – and usually in the wrong direction – our esteemed founder and father of the hash

has finally decided to call it a day. There was a stunned silence when the news was broken at the Hash Christmas party. It lasted about five nano-seconds. Then there was a wailing and a gnashing of teeth. The beef was a bit tough. Harriettes broke down and prostrated themselves on the floor. They'd drunk



*Ooh. I do hope he gives me the job.*

too much. As usual. Even the hasher who's seen it all before, Popeye, was moved. He'd sat in the wrong place. Once the news had sunk in it was announced that Tinky Winky will step up to fill Shiggy's boots – it'll make a change from having his own ones filled every time he buys a new pair of trainers. And moving up to fill the huge hole left by Tinky's elevation is Rampant Rabbit who will be Vice Master and Master of Vice. The hash honours committee must have had a hard time coming up with a suitable new honorary title for Shiggy. He



*Purple patch?*



*What a cracker!*



*Santa and son*



*Bling and you'll miss it*



*The Worzel for wear?*

could have become the hash's first Life Pee'er but instead he's been given the title of Honorary Grand Master in Perpetuity which is quite a mouthful and to mark the unique significance of the occasion Shiggy sank more than a mouthful of beer – a full pint in fact – a down down he's not drunk for many a year. He had to take his punishment on his knees but Tinky Winky's fate was even less dignified – forced to lie on the floor while Illegal parked his crotch on his face as he prepared to administer a down down via a plastic funnel. But before all of that there is the small matter of our latest run. It was a miserably short affair but that was probably just as well given the biting wind we had to contend with. The theme was bling and as Rampant Rabbit

pointed out, it looked as though many of us had been to bling and buy sales. Klingon and Top Gun turned up as matching teddy-boy-turned-glam rockers. Ballcock's outfit was one of the highlights – mainly because his Sanas costume had its own blinking Christmas lights. Where do you keep the battery, someone asked? Can't tell you, replied Ballcock, but it is painful. One of our hares was adorned with the kind of silver blanket you get at the end of marathons but it was no portent of any long trek to come. The other had 'on on' emblazoned on his back in silver glitter so we had no trouble spotting the hare. Steptoe and Walkies however were far too snobbish

to look for outfits in Horseplay or charity shops. They came in matching haute couture dresses which they must have seen on some cat-walk in Paris – or do they prefer it doggy-style? There was concern that Steptoe hasn't waxed his chest properly and we did try to find a chemist which might oblige us but sadly we couldn't find any open. The piece de resistance however was flaunted by Tinky Winky who came as a Christmas cracker – apparently he's still hopeful someone will pull him. The costume was billed as 'one-size-fits-all' but that was in contravention of the trades descriptions act because Tinky was bursting at the seams. The meeting place was Green Street



*Chamber potties?*



*Wacky customers?*



*Silver stole?*



*Order of the garter*



*Which orifice, Sir?*



*Chinless wonder*



*The king is crowned*



*Pisspot Laureate in full flow*

car park but which aerodynamically was a wind tunnel – it was a bit car parky, so we all moved next-door to



*Too tutu?*

the cemetery in the hope of a warmer reception. Despite the fact that nearly 60 had booked for the party there were only about half that number prepared to run to the venue. Smuggler told them that there wasn't any trail laid so it would be a live hare. Barely had we set off than we found the first port of call, Chambers Bar where we due to receive a welcoming glass of hot mulled wine. Fat chance - the bar staff seemed to have forgotten all about it although they claimed they were still mulling it over. We had to make do with other alcoholic beverages, but at least we were out of the wind. TITS turned up at this stage far more sensibly clad in a long black dress and fur coat. Had she come to the wrong party? Pussy showed off her new tattoos, it was funny how they wrinkled when she bent her arms. By the time we

left we were well behind schedule and some decided to head back to the car park rather than carry on with the run which, as I understand it, meandered on until it reached Wack's Bar which sadly didn't prove to be a place where Steptoe could get a wax job. In fact it was a rather basic establishment which we discovered to our horror had run out of sweet martini. I ask you. No coffee either – the barman was too busy for that kind of nonsense. There was a brief snatch of community singing with Shiggy and Desperado taking the lead with their version of George Michael's Last Christmas. They arrested the wrong person. Luckily the Xmas party venue was only a hundred yards down the road so we ambled off there and ate our fill and drank even

more than that. We were joined there by former hash stalwarts like Foxy and Cliffhanger. During the meal there was another burst of community singing – in fact competitive carol-singing could make an appearance at the next Island Games. The West Ham United supporters' table broke into 'I'm forever blowing bubbles,' which was quickly countered by a burst of 'Glory, glory Man United'. Shiggy also interrupted the proceedings to call for a toast on behalf of absent hashers. The merriment continued until the RA finally ordered 'hash hush'. Gigolo reminded us that 'it was that time of year' – does he have annual periods? – before asking the GM to make his announcements.

### **Shiggy shocker**

Shiggy reminded us about Popeye's 80th birthday celebrations and said the total raised for the heart-and-lung foundation had now topped £700. He also reminded us that it was almost five years to the day that Popeye had had his defibrillator fitted – and he's still going strong. To top that he and Olive were on their sixth great-grandchild. They must have broken the mould after Popeye was born. Next up for mention was Ballcock whose young son Joe was due for a long stint in hospital that will



**Tinky Drinky**



**Infamous five**



**Doubles all round Foxy**



**Getting tight(s)?**



**Knee-jerkin?**

last at least nine months. “We all wish you and your family well,” said Shiggy, sentiments that were heartily endorsed by alln the company. The GM also singled out another candidate for the operating theatre, Cliffhanger, wishing him well and hoping he’d be on his feet again as soon as possible. Then Shiggy delivered his little blockbuster and said he’d be stepping down from the GM-ship. “I have many fond memories of this club,” he said. “It’s been part of my life for years. I’m handing over to my very good joint-master Tinky Winky. He’ll be a cracker of a GM.” Tinky Winky responded, “I’d just like to say ‘blow me’,” but sadly for him there were no offers. He said the foundation for his meteoric rise was down to Pussy and Hooker who’d looked after him so well on his first bike bash. *(Ed’s note: more detail required)*. He announced that Rampant Rabbit would replace him as Master of Vice and that Shiggy would be accorded the title of ‘Honorary GM’ in perpetuity or forever, whichever proved longer. Shiggy was presented with a

pair of inscribed whisky tumblers, to a rousing rendition of, ‘For he’s a jolly good fellow’. So a new era begins. Fittingly it started with a series of ceremonial down downs, Shiggy downing a pint of beer and Tinky Winky being downed on the floor before taking his medicine. Meanwhile there were birthdays to acknowledge – Foxy, Double Tops and Wendolene. There were also some rather more ordinary down downs, Ballcock, for being the biggest flasher of us all, Steptoe and Walkies for their splendid matching outfits, SOS for

and Whoosh for something I didn’t catch (just as well, really) and Bedpan for turning up at most runs during the year, although Rampant Rabbit may have been ahead of her but as he was on the committee he didn’t count. Finally – well almost finally – our hares were rewarded for doing us proud with their work organising the Christmas party – much of it at arm’s length because of a recent holiday on the other side of the world, but ably assisted by Illegal Immigrant in their absence. Finally the hash’s Pisspot Laureate, Two Stroke, got to his feet and proceeded to

give voice to his latest epic poem. What a joy it was too. The story of two star-crossed young lovers, Shiggy and Taxi, and the support they’d received over the years from members of the hash to help consummate their lust. Almost every hasher you can think of was included in the ditty, some of them no longer with us, but fondly remembered for all that. When the uproar had finally subsided Shiggy picked up his guitar and led us in another round of community singing. Let’s hope he carries on plucking at many more hash events.

**On On and Merry Xmas**



**RUN #1169**

**DATE:** 26<sup>th</sup> December

**HARES:** Muff Diver & Twin Peaks

**ON DOWN:** Hare & Hounds 11am start

**RUN #1170**

**DATE:** 2<sup>nd</sup> January

**HARES:** Rentabed

**ON DOWN:** Trinity Arms 10am start. Joint with Jersey H3 – Defaced Flag Ceremony



**Hare gloss**