



# CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

**FREE**

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**Run Number 1606**

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**On and On**

## TW's Epicurean extravaganza

The annual visit to the country seat of one of our illustrious former grandmasters is one of highlights of the hash calendar. It's always a privilege to set foot on the manicured lawns of Tinky Towers where the tranquillity is only interrupted by birdsong and the tinkling of a miniature fountain.

Tinky Winky has clearly put his Teletubby career far behind him. No longer living under a grassy dome his delightful new home is an architectural gem hidden deep in the lush green countryside of the piquant parish of Grouville. The property is a monument to refinement and gracious living where the charming hosts always provide a warm welcome, not to mention an alfresco feast that would satisfy the most discerning of bon viveurs.

There were no less than two flavours of chicken drumsticks, saucissons à l'anglais and burgers fit for a king as well as a range of relishes to match, not to mention some of that crunchy stuff favoured by vegetarians. There were lashings of lemonade and other fizzy concoctions as well some very fine ales brewed, apparently, by appointment to the Royal Danish Court. Although one or two cheeky blighters brought their own, appearing to suggest Tinky's cellars might not be up to the mark. Scandalous! Whatever ... the invitation to take part in Celebrity Master Chef must be on its way.



*Grouville's Burger King*



*Steptoe on the slide*



*Where can it possibly all go wrong?*



*I think we'll go with the flow*



*Jacko in a bunker ... again!*

This year there were one or two differences however. Tinky's business empire must be suffering as a result of the pandemic because he's set up what looks like the beginnings of a theme park in one area of the estate with a rather garish water-slide as the centre-piece. And the field where generations of bowmen have learned their archery skills seemed to be off-limits because we were forced to park on a public highway and directing the traffic was clearly a task beyond the estate's workforce.

We gathered outside the pumping station which is unreasonably hard-pressed due to having to process all the effluent from Tinky Towers ...bullshit by the bucketload according to one wag. The GM tried to add some fragrance to the proceedings by telling us that on this day in history in 1902 Edward VII was crowned, provoking Islanders into starting the Battle of Flowers. Oh, and that his real name was Albert, but Albert 1<sup>st</sup> somehow lacked the necessary cachet.

Our host took over and told us we faced a smorgasbord of delights, not much tarmac and lots of virgin fields, but to be wary of one with horses in it. There was one virgin in attendance, young Katherine, a friend of Piston Broke, but otherwise after last week's multitude the turnout was rather disappointing with not a single child present – well, unless you count Frisco.

Also running with us for the first time in six months was 28 Degrees, who'd been festering in New Zealand and Oz before finally coming back, although delayed an extra fortnight in isolation after a transit stopover in Dubai. It was Frisco that Tinky Winky turned to actually hare the run, giving him a big colour photo



*Generous sawdust piles*



*Two Inch's peacock display*



*Kiss Me Quick hat?*



*Nice day for a swim, Jacko*



*No, it won't be that way*



*That's torn it!*



*Up the creek ... with a paddle*

by which to keep us on the trail. If he'd only held it the right way round. The 'on on' was called and all 16 of us set off into the field alongside the pumping station while the walkers went their own way.



*Corn wallies*



*Stepping down?*

What was immediately noticeable was the impact of global warming. The foetid swamps and mosquito-infested mud-baths we normally associate with that most wretched of parishes, Goo-ville, for want of a better name, was no longer in evidence. The going was bone-hard and in some fields the furrows and ridges made running almost impossible. Not that anybody minded that much, given it was such a warm day.

Among the unusual sights were a couple of fields where there were clouds of Cabbage White butterflies, nor do we very often run through cornfields. Occasionally we spotted features of previous Tinky runs like the (almost) circular reservoir, full of stagnant mud, but somehow the jigsaw pieces had been all jumbled up and re-arranged – it all made for a very pleasant, if comparatively short run which seemed to end prematurely when we found ourselves in the scrubland above our host's garden. It was a quick descent into the most pleasant of settings where Tinky was hard at work at the BBQ and Lady Dee was otherwise making sure the guests felt at home.



*It's all downhill from here*



*Houston. I've landed*

We were danger of outstaying our welcome when Steptoe finally called us to order for the down downs. There was a brief reminder about this year's Bike Bash – places are still available. See Fuzz or Illegal for details. The GM then apologised for not having introduced Katherine before the run but she certainly looked a star in the making judging by the way she dealt with her down down. No sinners had been identified so all that was left was to say thanks to Lady Dee and down down the hare and his accomplice. Well, there was a mis-management meeting, but the less said about that the better.



*Round and round the reservoir*



*Cowabunga!*



**Orangeade drinkers?**



**Katherine the great**



**Guilty parties**

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As I recovered from surgery, I asked the doctor how it went. "Well" said the doc, "you've got a punctuated large intestine." "Don't you mean punctured?" I asked. "No" said the medic. "We removed half of it, you've now got a semi-colon."

The wife's asked if she could have a bit of peace and quiet while she cooks the breakfast. So, I've taken the batteries out of the smoke alarm.

I finally plucked up the courage to join Hypochondriacs Anonymous. The hardest part was standing up in front of everyone and admitting I don't have a problem.

Vanish: 'The UK's Number 1 Stain Remover!' Is there a Number 2 stain remover? My boxer shorts are in a bit of a mess

A group of men have been convicted of stealing roof joists in South Wales. The press have labelled them the Tenby eight.

A shop assistant fiercely fought off an armed robber with his labelling gun yesterday. Police are now looking for a man and say there's a price on his head



I'm not saying my wife's fat, but she eats off tectonic plates.

I've been an oarsman kayaking across the Atlantic for the past five days, nonstop. That's 120 hours in a row.

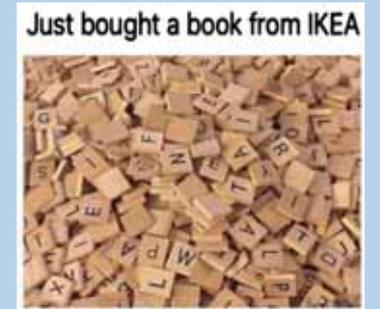
My doctor has diagnosed me with mild tourettes. Bother!

I was asked if I would do a bungee jump for charity. I said, " If I was pushed."

I thought letting my Mumbai me a flat in India was a Goa but I think Ahmedabad decision. Hoping for a change of Lucknow.

Some words sounding similar can be confusing. For example, Entropy and Atrophy. Entropy is simply a measure of how much the energy of atoms and molecules become more spread out in a process and can be defined in terms of statistical probabilities. Whereas Atrophy, is what you get if you win something

Blonde gets home to her husband, "Honey, you'll be so proud of me, I got a great deal on an electric car, it does over fifty miles to the gallon. "



## RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



**Run no:** 1608  
**Date:** August 23rd  
**Hares:** Pussy  
**On Down:** St Johns Pub  
**Scribe:** Muffdiver

**Run no:** 1609  
**Date:** August 30th  
**Hares:** Wendolene  
**On Down:** Frances Le Sueur Centre  
**Scribe:** TBA