



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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The Official Organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

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Double Acts

Special European edition ...

... with half the hash in France ...

... and the stay-at-homes in Jersey

Cannon & Ball



L'entente cordiale

CONFOLENS: Do you remember the cannonball run? The one where we were conned by the hares into manhandling a pair of extremely heavy mediaeval

cannon down a steep hillside in St Lawrence, prior to their being despatched to France? The owners, Woody and his wife Mel, plus their brace of cannon, are now at their new home, the

Château Gaillard, near a small village called Asnière-sur-Blour, stuck somewhere between Poitiers and Limoges. About 20 of us went to see how they were getting on.



Walkies barred!

'Allo 'Allo

The tone was set for Le Weekend by Foxy or Garlic Freddy as he was known, rather than Onion Johnny. On our first night out in Confolens he was wearing a string of garlic bulbs and staggering like he was on a bike overladen with onions,

Hail & Pace

JERSEY: There was a small but select band that turned up to hail Taxi's run from the Portelet Hotel. And while the whiff of garlic sausages may have given the run across the Channel a more exotic air the question remains, did they have Pippa Middleton running with them? The answer clearly was 'no' which seems to explain why the paparazzi were out in

force to snatch pictures of the Jersey contingent in action – well alright, one snapper from the JEP, because Kate's sister wasn't on the island either. The fact that there were only 15 or so runners meant that they had to dart all over the place at great pace giving the impression that a huge number of people indulge in hashing every week rather than a disparate



Hinge and Brackett?

though he lacked the stripey sweater. The venue was La Vienne, a bar with a terrace overlooking the river of the same name which runs through the middle of the town. The bar was run by an Englishman with a lugubrious moustache and featured a grand piano played by a Mick Hucknall lookalike as well as a spirited - very spirited - rendition of Long Tall Sally by the patron himself. The music went down well. So did the beer and several other alcoholic concoctions, so much so that Foxy could barely walk by the end of the evening and needed two fellow hashers to hold him up to go to the toilet. You'd have thought he could have held it up by himself. Tinky Winky and Klingon also had to manhandle him home to the hotel while Shiggy and Pervey manhandled more drinks. Foxy's mishaps didn't end there. He was awakened by the call of nature but failing to find the door to the en suite he exited through the door to the corridor, bollock-naked. Forlornly he tried all the doors he could find. Nightmare on La Rue du Chêne. Afterwards he said it was only the second time in fifteen years he'd made that mistake.

Expérience émouvante

Not surprisingly there were some sore heads at breakfast the next morning. The mood



Crapauds at Chateau D'Asnieres

didn't improve when a rather severe waitress warned us there was only one croissant each. The hotel had two more stars than it deserved (it being two-star rated). The beds were lumpy, the plumbing was dodgy, the staff refused to understand our pidgin French and there were far too many stairs to climb. Shiggy disliked the coffee so much he had to go to the pub next door - well, that's what he told us. We had the morning to ourselves and

group of about a dozen oddballs. Luckily the camera never lies. The weather was set fair though the temperatures weren't quite as hot as those suffered by their counterparts in Charente Maritime. The runners set off down the steps on the traditional false trail at Portelet before heading out along the edge of Ouaisne beach into St Brelade's Bay before exiting into a private garden and emerging near the L'Horizon.

The run headed towards Rose Farm campsite where there was a hash hush called because we were running across land for which we didn't have permission. Then it was back up to the airport road and through the Les Ruisseaux estate and left on to Ouaisne marsh where the rare orchids were in flower. Rentabed told the hare he was so impressed with her run that he'd picked her a bunch. Taxi nearly expired on the spot. **On On**



Cannon Aid



French toast from Matt



Puddle diver in Oradour Sur Glane



Heading for trouble

many of us took the opportunity to visit Oradour sur Glane about half an hour away, ‘the village of the martyrs’. It was the scene of one of the worst atrocities in France during the Second World War. Four days after D-Day a Waffen-SS armoured column was heading north in an attempt to join the front line in Normandy but was repeatedly hampered by the activities of Resistance fighters. The Nazis carried out a reprisal in Oradour Sur Glane where 642 villagers were massacred, many of them children. Most were burned to death in the

church where they’d been herded. Ever since the ruins of the village have been left as a memorial. It was an eerie sight with cars gently rusting where they stood and in almost every house sewing machines await their owners.

Going off line

The afternoon activity was another moving experience though of an entirely different kind. We went to the local railway station but instead of catching a train we found



Before the 2011 rail disaster

ourselves saddling up for a ride on a velo-rail ... big iron platforms propelled along the tracks by two people cycling with up to three other people standing (or more accurately, sitting) by. It was in truth hard work but it was straightforward enough, except it would seem, for a group of English hashers. The casualty-list was worse than after a night out clubbing in St Helier. Most of the injuries were sustained trying to dismount and get back on the platforms every time we came to a level crossing barrier. Muffdiver tried to hop back on board and stubbed his toe so

badly he was unable to hash the next day – though the injury became considerably more severe when we were warned to bring a change of clothes to the run. Fuzz tried something similar but was clearly made of sterner stuff as she turned out for the run despite severe bruising to her leg. Tinky Winky was another who missed his footing chasing after the ‘train’ and fell into a ditch. Shiggy did a prat fall jumping off the platform but far worse was to come when one of the bicycle chains became loose & the platform had to be halted for repair work. Two more of them,



Sitting not so pretty



Steptoe finally gets his leg over

mounted by hashers also came to a standstill but the next, crewed by French youngsters who clearly didn't understand the word 'stop', careered into the back of us, sending Ill-Eagle's Jack flying – but luckily without serious injury – and dumping Shiggy on his backside. He looked a bit shaken and one finger was very swollen but he didn't break anything – apart from his unbreakable plastic seat. After a quick-change routine we took

the coach to Château Gaillard for the evening entertainment. We had been warned to take fancy-dress for a barn dance and most of us managed a checked shirt, but Tinky Winky and Ill-Eagle really went to town. The latter came as a wild west saloon bar hostess, the former was more of a French maid. Both outfits displayed their ample cleavages, complete with bristling chest hair. Not a pretty sight! Their BBQ however was a Gok Wan, sorry

I mean, good one. It was a shame that the only Michelin man there was Tinky otherwise I'm sure our BBQ head-chef Ill-Eagle would be boasting his first Michelin star. As the evening wore on a lady called Caz arrived to teach us the rudimentaries of line-dancing, though outside rather than as advertised, despite Woody

being the proud owner of a barn that could have housed a full-size football pitch with plenty of room to spare. Only Shifty and Triple-X seemed to understand the language of the dance. After that it was the GM's turn to take the floor for a Sing-along-with-Shiggy session. Most hashers knew what to expect but for those



Roll up, roll up



Exploring the terroir



Gigolo making a splash



Ladies first



Mayo out on a limb

before were mightily impressed. The night ended with that Scottish anthem to old Langoustine. The starting point for the weekend run was the Château D’Asnières, owned by a neighbour of Woody’s called Matt. He also had a huge barn which housed both a gym and a basketball pitch, but it wasn’t quite as big as Woody’s. We realised that the size of a man’s barn is what counts in France. Another neighbour called Tony only had a rather small barn which was badly in need of repair – we felt sorry for him.

Running blocks

However first we had to get to Matt’s house from Confolens. Our driver thought she was going to Woody’s place. Sadly Gigolo was our interpreter. He tried to explain to the driver that we were going to a different chateau but that she needed to pick us up from the Château Gaillard “pour retour on the second leg”. Luckily Triple-X was on hand to sort things out. Matt provided a pre-run toast, a kind of rocket juice called Eau-de-vie which seemed more like the kiss-of-death. And with that it was ‘en avance, en avance’. The weather was set fair with bright sunshine and blue skies. In fact it had been so dry it wasn’t long before Tinky respectfully set up his own irrigation system. There were just over twenty of



Revived by a drinks stop

us and the plan was to start the run at exactly the same time as our colleagues in Jersey so we set off at 11.15am.

Les vierges

But first we had to explain the rules to our French-based first-timers including Matt, his son Caleb, Tony and eight-year-old Anastasia. “Rule One: there are no rules. Rule 2: Follow Rule One. Rule 3: Don’t follow Shiggy ...” and so on. We were informed that the trail was laid in limestone straight from the Dordogne and local sawdust, because it was important to support the local economy. Though in truth the dust looked more like dung. We passed a flock of sheep. Steptoe urged us to be careful with them.



Shady characters



Shiggy gives us a blast

“Why?” we asked. “Are they diseased?” “No, but we are,” was the response. The truth of the matter was soon put to the test. Two of the virgins, Tony and Caleb, forgot Rule 3 and went off after Shiggy on an FT.

Mouton cadets

When we caught up with them they seemed to be interfering with sheep. They were certainly bleating loudly enough. And so were the sheep. Anastasia became understandably confused – was the GM’s name Shiggy or Shaggy? Soon after that we hit our first ‘flèches doubles’. Shiggy however ignored them because he said he wasn’t bilingual. How could he be expected to understand symbols in French? Havaing looked forward to seeing the

French countryside we were beginning to despair after about 20 minutes on the hard stuff (called macadam in France). Matt took a breather at this stage – to roll a fag. We finally found some grass (not the stuff you put in roll-ups) but it was a false trail. Just as we were about to run alongside a lake we were finally diverted off-road.

Right call?

Tony, known by now as Mayo, because he had it all over his shirt (I don’t mean he was a clumsy eater. It was simply that his T-shirt had the word ‘Mayo’ written on it), then started to use his mobile. Had we explained that it was a crime under Rule 4? But he was forgiven because



A l'eau blow?

he'd rung home to ask his wife to put some beer on ice so that we could have an ad hoc drinks stop. These ex-pats will make fine hashers, we all thought. Matt said he would have done the same but didn't dare risk his one remaining testicle by phoning home and getting his wife out of bed on what was the French equivalent of Mother's Day. But he was learning fast and reported the Scribe for using a mobile. Poor Pervey – he hadn't realised his camera had phone capability.

Electric blues

We were a little alarmed when we encountered our first electric fence – how many watts did the French use? We also struggled with the technology when it came to opening gates – a strange combination of wood and string. We felt far more at home crossing a stream bed where Gigolo proceeded to show the virgins amongst us how to deal with water on the hash. Soon afterwards we had another

demonstration, this time whetting our whistles, thanks to the drinks stop at Mayo's place. Back in our stride it wasn't long before we found ourselves completely out of our element. A steep bank took us down to what conceivably was a river bed in less arid times. The trail took us a hundred yards



Hash hunk?

knee-deep upriver – unless of course you were Pervey who slipped and found it to be chest-deep. In reality the river was more of an open sewer, complete with a dead sheep – brackish, evil-smelling, green/brown in colour and turgid. Crappyokey shrieked: "I'm a celebrity, get me out of here." But there was no choice other than to grin and bear it and think about the fresh set of clothes the hares had wisely

warned us to bring with us. We clambered out at the other end and emerged into a field of what looked like wheat. By now we knew we were on farmland owned by Woody so we hadn't far to go. Sure enough we found Muffdiver, Puddlediver and Jack (Cousteau?) engaging in quite spot of fishing at the lake near the camp site. Most of our problems were over but Tinky realised he hadn't brought a



Picnic at Chateau Gaillard



The long, the short and the tall



Our hosts' longing satisfied



Spillage on a grand scale



Birthday gals



Rail wrecks

change of underwear. Vonny offered him one of her thongs. How it was going to fit round Tinky's ample accountments is best left to the imagination. We were home, if not quite dry.

Duvet duvet

There's no French equivalent for 'down downs' but that didn't stop us entertaining the visitors (ie all the ex-pats who'd been invited to the second barbecue of the weekend). First there were three birthdays to celebrate, those of Wobbly Bits, Walkies and Anya. All those who taken a fall during the vèlo-rail session got their come-uppance. The BBQ chefs, Ill-eagle and

and Klingon were rewarded for their grilling. The former was asked to demonstrate his prowess with a yard of ale (*Ed's note: Shouldn't it have been a meter or even un mètre?*). He managed about half before insisting that Klingon join in (by pouring it over his head). The many virgins were next including the French contingent (Matt and Mayo, Tequila, aka Caleb, Anastasia and Paul) and Vonny and Michelle who'd come with us from Jersey. Matt and Mayo were then rewarded for letting us use their land to run over and Gigolo and Steptoe for letting us run over their trail. There were final down downs for the organisers of the weekend's event, Gigolo plus Mel and



Party guests



Les vierges

Woody. The latter also had a go at the yard of ale (John Smiths) and though he didn't get very far he insisted on hanging on to it – "I'm not going to leave a drop after drinking French lager for a year." On that sorry note we called it a day and eventually trooped back on the coach to Confolens where those of staying at the hotel had dinner on a terrace overlooking the Vienne and pondered on whether we'd be invited back next year.

On On

**HASH
HA
HA**



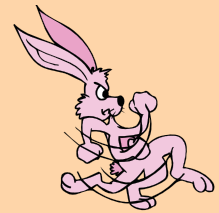
A beautiful woman goes to the doctor. The doctor takes one look and all his professionalism goes out of the window. He immediately tells her to undress. He then

strokes her thigh. As he does this he says to the woman, "Do you know what I'm doing now?" "Yes," she says, "you're checking for any abrasions or dermatological abnormalities." "That is correct," says the doctor who then begins to fondle her breasts. "Do you know what I'm doing now," he says. "Yes," says the woman, "you're checking for any lumps which might indicate breast cancer." "Quite right," says the doctor who then begins to have sexual intercourse with her. In between the heavy breathing, he asks, "Do you know what I'm doing now?" "Yes," says the woman, "you're getting herpes, which is why I came here in the first place."



Guess who?

**RAPIDLY
RECEDING
HARELINE**



**RUN #1141
DATE: June 12th
ON DOWN: Tenby
HARES: Rentabed**

**RUN #1142
DATE: June 19th
ON DOWN: TBA
HARES: Shifty & Lo-Cal**

LOVELY JUBBLY



Come and celebrate 25 years of hashing in Jersey at the awesome Silver Jubilee party on the weekend of 7th/8th/9th October. It's an event you can't afford to miss – but one to which you can afford to go. Both of the island's hashing clubs are making a sterling effort to put on a weekend to remember. The festivities will kick off with a Red Dress Run on the Friday night from the spiritual home of hashing, the Smugglers Inn. The rest of the fun will be based at the Bleu Soleil campsite in St Ouen. There'll be a special marquee on the site with swimming available plus hot tub dips. Tent and caravan hire can be booked by those whom want to stay the Saturday night. That's on top of the basic cost of £40 (if you pay before the end of July, rising to £45 thereafter) and £20 for the children. The cost includes the BBQ, music and drinks on the Saturday evening and brunch on the Sunday, plus coach hire and T-shirts. See Illegal to book your place now.