

The Chateau Gaillard Gazette



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Incorporating the Crapaud Chronicle

The Official Organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1243



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Car keys kami-khazi

For the third year running the Chateau Gaillard in Haute Vienne was the host for the hash equivalent of the Olympic Games. All the usual sports were there: Barrel Surfing, Binge Drinking, Synchronised Snoring and the Marathon Mud-slog plus a new event, Leap Toad, to which the host nation sent a formidable line-up. Whereas the London

Olympics organising committee was called LOCOG the hash version had Low Intelligence, otherwise known as Gigolo, master-minding the event. The opening ceremony was relatively low-key but the games infrastructure was a triumph of hash ingenuity – not least the tented village, the sporting arena, the food and drinks facilities including the liquid refreshment dispensary known as Gigolo's Bar, and the jewel in the crown, the dunny.

Also in this issue



How the other half lives ... what happened to those hashers who stayed at home. See Back Page

Illegal dumping

This was an elaborate structure consisting of an exterior steel frame with echoes of Le Corbusier and an overall symbiosis with the landscape in the spirit of Frank Lloyd Wright, though some said felt the overall concept was a little derivative in that the textile walls were plain and smooth borrowing from the style of Alfred Loos, that pioneer of toilet architecture, who once famously declared that "ornament is a crime." Inside were two thick, short planks with a hole cut in the middle over a deep, dark pit. The designer, Gigolo, christened the venue with a ritual emptying of his bowels before the first competitor in the Low Dump went into the arena. It was



Illegal's Game of Thrones

Illegal Immigrant. He was regarded as a substantial prospect – so substantial in fact that the planks gave way with an ear-splitting crack, pitching

the athlete into the void. He only managed to avoid the descent into hell by hanging on with his finger-tips. His car keys weren't so lucky. They



Gaillard geezers and gals

disappeared into the merde. The athlete was too shocked to try and retrieve them in the dark and had a sleepless night before returning and mounting a fishing expedition the following morning, complete with full protective clothing including WW2 gas mask. In reality of course he should have called for SOS. The rescue service duly arrived and found the keys to the car-door, thereby making sure she didn't have to walk back to Jersey.

Walkies over

To be fair though it was the only disaster in a long weekend of sporting triumphs, the first of which was in the Birthday Hurdles, won by Walkies in a personal best of 70 years, equalling the St Saviour record set by Steptoe, although still well short of the World Record held by Popeye. The winner in the junior games was SOS and Illegal's daughter Anya with an impressive effort of 10 years. In truth Jersey's squad this year was smaller than usual, but clearly it was a select line-up with some thirteen athletes including virgins Ballcock and Whinger plus Commando's new recruit, her daughter Kimberley. Although a new feature, the accommodation area, had a familiar look about it because all the tents had previously graced [redacted], though Steptoe and Walkies preferred the comforts of their



Crayfish crazy

camper van and the GM brought his personal pleasure-dome. The first night was a testing affair for all the athletes with the temperature plunging to two degrees in the early hours. Ballcock claimed he'd found frost inside his tent although it was Illegal who suffered the most – he'd drunk so much he forgot to get into his sleeping-bag. Whinger was another who suffered an early setback falling into a brook on her way to the sleeping quarters and then spilling a glass of cold water over herself inside the tent. The following morning she declared it "the night from hell." However the synchronised snoring squad got in some early practise and looked like serious contenders for the title.



Dining out



Pillion pillock



Paula is a bit puddled



The Only Way Is to get high

Daylight brought relief and with it warm croissants and fresh eggs supplied by the games hosts, Mel and Woodie. Before long the sun rose in a blue sky and spirits soared. A new event was introduced called Crayfish Catching which involved placing the lunchtime chicken bones in a metal cage and dropping it into the lake. Illegal was the winner with a massive haul of six. Lower-case Triple-X and Anya performed well in the heats for their specialist event, the barrel surfing, in which they'd excelled the previous year., while Gigolo looked a safe bet in the Binge Drinking taking an early lead with his breakfast.

Sheep dip

The partying went on well into the night, not always the best of preparations for the Blue Riband event the following day, the Marathon Mud-Slog. The event was timed to coincide with the Jersey equivalent which meant we were a bit short of athletes in France – we were easily outnumbered by the natives who'd sent an experienced squad, though they were missing one of their star performers, Sheepshagger, who was competing in an alternative event out of the country, sheep-shagging having now been banned in France. However the other native christened the

previous year, 'The Only Way Is' did turn out in his Sunday best boasting an exotic new hair-cut – one sadly unavailable to many of the Crapauds taking part. The weather was again kind to us – the first time in four weeks the locals had experienced consecutive dry days. Gigolo and Steptoe were the hares and the former informed us the trail had been laid in damp plaster-board from the local Bricomarche rather than his customary Dordogne limestone.

Hare speed indicator

We set off in the opposite direction to normal but Kim found the pace too hot and retired before we'd reached the first check. Our hare introduced a new feature, hailing a passing scooter ridden by Holly and roared ahead of the pack. Sheepshagger's second son Paul took the bridge to nowhere but otherwise the locals were making the Crapauds look a poor second-best. However at least one of the natives, 10-year old Anastasia ran out of steam and had to beg Gigolo for a reviving drop of his beer. The delay meant the hare fell well behind the pack and he started shouting for a taxi. But Anastasia had hitched a ride on Holly's scooter and the Jersey hashers was, well, in Jersey. Worst still for Gigolo, Caleb



Talking turkey



Hare lift



Rock and no longer rolling



The midday snooze



Splashing out



Roll out the barrel



Not over a barrel



Bottom of the barrel



Commando surrenders



Head lines



The chaste being chased



Cake Walkies

had stolen his beer. He was still smarting when he came across Paula, Paul's mother taking a breather by a large puddle. Cue an almighty shower of shiggy. We spotted some sheep in a field and despite the new law against sheep-shagging Gigolo had to warn Ballcock to behave. However 'The Only Way Is' offered to lend him his velcro gloves. Ballcock declined the generous gesture on the basis he was already wearing his full velcro suit. Luckily for Gigolo no sooner had we had gone off road than we chanced upon a drinks stop at a big pile of boulders. The plan was for the walking party to meet us there, but they hadn't arrived. We had to consume a lot of beer while we waited but still no sign. Eventually we sent out a search

party, otherwise called Steptoe – on the basis that if we lost an old member of the party it wouldn't matter too much. True to form, he too disappeared. As did the beer. Things were getting desperate – who was going to carry home the empties? We gave up and set off again only to meet the walkers who'd been delayed by a lane so deep in mud that it was impassable. We arrived at Sheepshagger's farm, the scene of drinks stops in the two previous years but it seemed to have been turned into a motor museum with tractors aplenty and a even more vehicles that had obviously been involved in serious RTAs. French drivers. We even passed one on the way back to St Malo balancing his tablet on the steering wheel



Double act



Three mad hatters



Straddling the fence



The Monday roast



Flag officer

wheel while using a stylus with his other hand - at 70mph! Once into the fields the serious shiggy distribution was underway – again the natives proved to be formidable adversaries. They were far too enthusiastic for our liking and we had to call on an experienced old hand to show them we Britons were not going to be intimidated. As Sheepshagger’s second son waited in ambush by a vast puddle, Ballcock leapt into action, splattering young Paul from head to toe. It was a masterstroke, worthy of Shiggy himself. Things only got worse from then on even though we didn’t have to contend with the river where we normally finish the runs in France – it was in full spate because of all the rain and regarded as too dangerous. We did however have to cope with that impassable lane the walkers had balked at. It was



Steptoe feels horny

apparently on a par with Guernsey’s annual Mud’n’fun run. After a change of clothes the Olympic barrel events were the next on the sporting agenda with the Toad Hopping proving a big success, although trying to jump over four barrels



Close shave for Gigolo?

proved a bit painful for many of the competitors. Some of the spectators fell asleep during the proceedings in the warm sunshine and woke up to find strange messages on their foreheads. Down downs were awarded in industrial quantities,

young Paul being a special case having to receive his on his knees and drinking it from one of his shoes through one of Ballcock’s muddy socks. The virgins were honoured including Jenny, Paula, John and Kim as were the birthday



If the shoe fits ... drink it

beneficiaries, Commando, Holly and Mel lining up alongside Anya and Walkies. The hares also got their come-uppance –or downance in this case. Then a new crime was revealed – men seeking surgery for their hairy hobbit feet, at £700 a shot. Hashers were required to remove their shoes to see if they’d indulged in this despicable new fashion. To his eternal disgrace the witch-finders declared Gigolo guilty and he enjoyed another down down. Steptoe also suffered a double hit – something to do with the awning flying off his caravan and being torn to tatters. The final punishment was awarded to Illegal for having a smashing time in the toilet – absolution for his ablutio? The BBQ followed and it was a happy band of campers that finally went to bed. Monday started with another dose of sunshine.



I need a bit of salad



Hail Steptoe



This hash needs more backbone



Viaduct voyagers



Le déjeuner a L'Isle Jourdain

Lower Case Triple-X and Anya went to compete in the games equestrian arena while the rest of us had a rest day travelling to the pretty riverside town of L'Isle-Jourdain for a walk and a sumptuous lunch. More snoozing in the sunshine followed before the last supper when we were again treated to a one of Sheepshagger's lambs roasted on a spit over a wood fire where 'The Only Way Is, and Charlie did all the hard work, marinating and turning the beast for hours before the carving. 'Number One' – for that was the lamb's name – did us proud.

Hat-trick

For our part the fancy-dress theme was the Mad Hatter's Beer and Wine Party and there were some splendid tifters on display Another memorable evening at Chateau Gaillard. It was very dark before we came to another series of down downs. There was another attempt to re-name Pervey. 'FF' is the new moniker, standing for 'Eff the Ferry', apparently a reference to his difficulties making a late booking with Condor. Pervey suffered the indignity of a new hair oil, apparently based on a the same honey marinade used on the lamb. Then it was the turn of our various hosts, including Paula, Woodie and 'The Only Way Is'. A brilliant end to a brilliant weekend. As if to signal the enjoyment was over the rain persisted it down overnight before the weary company began making tracks for home.

En avant En avant



Cinq miscreants sink their down downs

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A bloke goes into the Job Centre in Liverpool and sees a card advertising for a Gynaecologist's Assistant.

Interested he goes to learn more. 'Can you give me some more details about this?' he asks the guy behind the desk.

The Job Centre guy sifts through his files and replies, 'Uh - yes here it is... OK, the job entails you getting patients ready for the gynaecologist.

You have to help them out of their underwear, lie them down and wash their nether regions. Then apply shaving foam and shave off all their pubic hair then rub in soothing oils so they're ready for examination. There's an annual salary of £45,000 but I'm afraid you'll have to go to Oxford.'

'Oh why, is that where the job's based?'

'No - that's where the end of the queue is.'

Paddy & his wife are lying in bed & the neighbour's dog is barking like mad in the garden.

Paddy says "To hell with this!" and storms off. He comes back upstairs 5 minutes later & his wife asks: "What did you do?"

Paddy replies "I've put the dog in our garden, lets see how they like it!"



RAPIDLY

RECEDING

HARE-LINE

RUN #1245

DATE: 9th June

HARES: Double Top

ON DOWN: St Brelade's Sports & Social Club (Park at Football Pitch & walk across field please)

RUN #1246

DATE: 16th June

HARES: Gigolo

ON DOWN: Vic in the Valley



Double shot for Paula



Hare-raising event



The birthday gals



Toast to the hosts

Meanwhile on an island many miles from Chateau Gaillard, it was a case of ...

Standing room only



Too much monkey business



In their dreams!



What a performance



Rentabed reports



Cleaning up his act?



Hare at a loss

While the valiant few were performing in France about 20 or so hashers were strutting their stuff back in Jersey. The stay-at-home brigade reported for duty at the Union Inn where the sun was shining just as brightly as it was in France. Wendolene was the hare. They were joined by a visitor from Dorset, Circus Boy, who seemed to want to spend most of his time standing on his head! To be fair, he raises lots of money for his charity by doing just that. It's a strange world! There was also a visit from a hasher called Matt who was back after a short break along with his son Charlie. On the run they made a point of making the old hands feel distinctly unfit. The weather was just as glorious as it was in France as the pack set off past the potato shack towards Fern Valley. Not that they got there – instead they enjoyed a ramble along leafy lanes towards Surville Cemetery. The scribe had the misfortune to hear a conversation between Twin Peaks and Franzi about nappies and their occasional contents.

When the colour yellow was mentioned Rentabed raced off at a speed he hasn't managed in years. The trail went across the main road and along by the former Allandale Hotel, then north along green tracks towards the Steam Museum. Then many more grassy paths led to the back of Charlie Gruchy's place, all interspersed with a variety of potato fields. Rentabed decided to mount an in-depth investigation into the spuds by diving in head first, causing damage to his glasses, camera and pride. The rest of the run went through Lo Cal's place, then down the valley with the Swiss cottage, then up the nasty hill and on home. Copious amounts of sandwiches and chips were served, then Rampant Rabbit did the honours. Fuzz was awarded a down down alongside Circus Boy. He was surprised to be given a pint, explaining that in Dorset they always did things by halves. Sadly he couldn't be persuaded to drink it standing on his head. Wendolene struggled with her half, much to the derision of the assembled multitude.

On On