

# A Belgian Beer Odyssey



A  
Hash  
Special  
Report



## CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

Including

A report on  
Run No: 1304  
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# Bingeing in Belgium



**The Drinking Review Executive Global Survey** (or DREGS for short) took place in Belgium last weekend – a country famous for Eddie Merckx, Tintin, Plastic Bertrand and, err, not much else, apart from the fact it boasts 450 different beers. The Crapauds sent in their elite squad of beer connoisseurs to conduct an in-depth investigation into Belgian brewing – the so-called 'Beer Odyssey'. "We went in search of the Holy Grail," said the tour leader, Tinky Winky. "But it wasn't the sacred chalice we

were interested in, so much as the liquid within it." The team sampled every one of those 450 beers. Actually I lie. It was only 449. They decided that Stella Artois was beyond the Pale Ale. But their quest was not limited to Belgian beers. They also tried British, Dutch, French and German beers ... truly the drinking man's equivalent of the Eurovision song contest - Eurobinge. The beer marathon started as soon as our intrepid heroes boarded the ferry for St Malo. Soon after 9am Molehills and Steptoe were cracking their first cans of London Pride. As the hash



### *The beer necessities of life*

septuagenarian pointed out, beer is not only a breakfast drink. Sadly there wasn't time for the team to sample the first brew on French soil because a taxi was due to whisk them to

the railway station. Except that it didn't turn up. Which meant the team missed the TGV to Paris. But look on the bright side – plenty of time for a French beer after all. On the



*Just the ticket*



*Ready, steady, they're off*



*It's not fare*



*Shumm mistake, shurley*



*Bar belle*



*Take me to your leader*



*The Five Musketeers*

other hand the only beer on offer to the thirsty traveller was Heineken. Worse still it was one of the most expensive demis any hasher has ever drunk. The train tickets were no longer valid and the new ones cost the earth ... and then some. But at least we were able to drown our sorrows on the train with a flood-tide of Kronenbourg 1664. By the time we reached Paris Steptoe was not in the best condition to cope with the Metro barriers, managing to trap his suitcase in the gates. Little did we know he was going to go through the pain barrier several more times during the weekend, though on the third occasion he tried to sever himself rather than the suitcase. We checked into our

expensively themed hotel – with wooden pallets and bare nails used throughout the lobby and dining area. But we didn't have time to contemplate Belgian carpentry and sloped off for our first local beer which we found in a bar down the road. The beer was called Jupitel and we had several. It was crap but the Bulgarian barmaid was lovely. The next morning we followed the trail to the base for the Brussels Beer Odyssey, a vast warehouse complex to the north of the city. It had to be huge to cope with the two and a half thousand hashers from 69 nations in attendance. Having registered we were awarded with our T-shirts and beer mugs for the rest of the weekend and



*Mass catering*



*Opening ceremony*



*Primus fuel?*



*Bag buggery*



*Haberdashery happiness*

christened them with a Belgian beer called Primus which was on offer free of charge throughout the weekend, along with a white beer, wine and soft drinks, as well as some speciality beers at the Hard Cock Cafe. Meal queues were divided into lines for chicken, beef, pork, fish and veggy – a different version each night. Not haute cuisine but filling and soaked up the beer. The event had an opening ceremony, not quite on a par with the Commonwealth Games, but did feature some tossers throwing flags in the air. Saturday morning offered more than 20 runs (and a couple of walks). Pervey and Steptoe went on a longer run around Louvain hared by the Pittsburgh H3. It started on a university campus and then took on the picturesque cobbled streets in the centre of the town where we came across (allegedly) the longest bar in Europe, but which was in a reality a series of bars running around all four sides of a square, before visiting the grounds of an abbey. There



*Goose juice*

were two drinks stops, served by a refrigerated van with beer, soft drinks, quartered oranges as well as snacks. It didn't help with running the next leg but that didn't stop the Crapaud pair from doing the Eagle option as opposed to the easier Turkey leg. An American style Circle followed with lots of crude songs but miniscule down downs. It seemed to go on for ever.

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*Steptoe was feeling a little stiff*



*Belgian bus stops are a bit OTT*

Meanwhile back in Jersey something was stirring in St Martin. The Red Baron swapped his joystick for a quill and penned a few notes on how the stay-at-home members of the hash fared on Run #1304

# Gigolo returns more stuck-up than ever

While the Grand Master, the Grand Mattress (if there was one) and all the other Grand farts from the Crapaud Hash House Harriers were sunning themselves in Brussels, sucking Heineken from the penis of the Little Statue better known as the Mannikin Piss, the rest of us were sucking up to the RA, newly returned to the fold. He was however a troubled soul. The soles of his trainers had decided to separate from the body of his shoe. His remedy, typically tight-fisted like all good Jersey folk, was cheap-skate. He had tried to Evo Stick the two errant pieces of his shoes together with a beige resin that hung out of the shoe and dripped like snot!



*Saviour of soles*



*Yeah but I might slip & get my feet wet*

## Gas attack

The start was held up for the Red Baron, the honorary scribe for the first time, as he had been celebrating the marriage of his eldest daughter the previous day and his hangover (fumes!!) were to be smelled to be believed. He arrived at 10.05 blaming traffic and not his hangover but Gigolo wouldn't have it. The hares were Fuzz and Wendolene who informed the massed ranks at St Martin's Parish Hall car park that the run was laid in sawdust and chalk and that we would be running around private gardens and a farm yard and to stick to the

edges of the fields in order to show respect to the landowners. What a creep! The landowners were away on holiday. From the car park we entered Rue Des Raïses and then took a right onto a field ending up on Rue De La Fosse Au Gres. Everyone expected that we would be making a bee-line into St Catherine's Woods but the run turned down Rue Des Vaux De L'Eglise. It was during this period that Hot Fuzz regaled those listening that she had wanted permission from another landowner to follow a path. She was then confronted by the charitable fellow as to



*Gossip stop*



*More cars than hashers?*



*Why did Tinky have to take the intelligent ones?*



*The Jacko Sparrow look*



*Give him enough rope ...*



*Branching out?*

whether she had insurance, whether she had done a risk assessment of the terrain and basically any other BS that he could think of to put her off. Doubtless she gave him the finger as we missed the perishing path! After an extra 500 yards on the roads than was necessary we then, finally, entered St Catherine's Woods. Naturally Gigolo was happy to find his level and ended up with his snot covered shoes in the bed of more than one stream trying to soak the unwary. He also had time to try to show off his whopping great arse on a rope swing which wasn't a pleasant sight but it did alert the unwary to his later antics, especially Frisco who

attempted unsuccessfully to claim he had a bad back and that was why he wouldn't cross the stepping stones with the stream guarded by Gigolo and Smuggler. The hash turned right at the base of the woods, after the reservoir, and followed the path onto Rue Des Charriere and then up that steep hill to La Verte Rue and turned left. Immediately on turning the trail went onto fields and wound its way down to a disused farm house. Naturally the call went out for a drink stop. Hot Fuzz actually apologised at this point because, apparently, they had thought about doing just that! From this point the trial led onto a farm yard and private

fields with daisies and furrows onto the top of St Catherine's Hill. At this point the trial led us once again to La Verte Rue so it didn't take much to realise that a left turn onto fields would be needed to avoid any crossover on the same trail. It duly transpired and after about three fields and hedges we ended up in Rue De La Forge. At the end of that road, and for a distinct change, Hot Fuzz led us left towards St Martin's Church and the graveyard surrounding it and beyond that to the Parish Hall car park. The Down Downs were only awarded to Hot Fuzz and Wendolene - clearly Gigolo had too much to hide!



*On on*

*Green lane?*



*Wendo-lean*



*My soles are still holy*



*Which way should we chuck 'em?*



*New friends and old – Hastings hasher, McKinley and Jumper*

*Event masterminds*



*The Fountains of Brussels*

*Swedes still have Abba's dress sense*

Meanwhile Tinky Winky and Molehills saw a lot of trees but very little of each other on their run as they got split up early on. Tinky managed to earn himself no less than three down downs, unbelievably one for being too competitive on the run – apparently he beat the front-running FRB back home, one simply for being a GM, and one for making the mistake of wearing the event's special T-shirt. Ragsby meanwhile, still nursing his ski injury, went on one of the hash walks around Brussels taking in some of the sights. The evening's entertainment included a stunning performance by the Fountains of Brussels – six hashers in togas carrying jugs of water which basically they took a big swallow from and then spat at each other – it was very funny. And so to bed. The next morning saw four of us heading for a run organised by the Yorkshire H3 but the bus was full and instead we joined the First UK Full Moon H3 on a run around Asse – a village on the outskirts of Brussels, while Ragsby did another walk. The run started right alongside a Belgian Brewery where they make a beer called Mort Subite – or Sudden Death! Opposite



*Guernsey gals*



*What a piss-take*



*Ragsby doing the Rumba?*



*Sexophone serenade?*

was a pub where they served the deadly concoction, but we made do with a brew called Palm which however still proved nearly fatal. Iced-cold beer isn't the best warm-up exercise before setting off on a long run on a hot summer's day. So we weren't too disappointed to discover that the refrigerated van carrying the beer didn't make it to the drinks stop – it had broken down (but luckily at the starting point). When we finally got back there we had to endure the longest down down ceremony ever, though Tinky managed to escape unscathed this time. It lasted well over an hour, accompanied by enough hash songs to fill a hymn book. I can only remember one. It went like this (with a long stress on the 'all'): "She's all right. She's all right. A little flat-chested, but she's all right." I didn't get it either. There was a bit of extra entertainment laid on by the locals – a vintage tractor procession which also seemed to go on forever. They seemed to appreciate our presence; not least because hashers kept running up to the drivers and handing them cans of cold beer. Meanwhile many of the sinners had to take their medicine while sitting bare-bummed on a big pack of ice. Either way it had been a long day and we still had the evening entertainment to endure. Sadly there was no appearance by the Guernsey harriettes whose skit has gained a degree of notoriety. But instead we saw two blokes come on stage, naked apart from the towels they were



*Hash dunces head to university*



*A Yank in Louvain*



*Bridge too far?*



*Breakfast beers*



*Mirth with the Sheilas from Perth*



*I'll sing a song*



*Tractor boys*



*French beer stops – in Paris ...*



*... and St Malo*



*Towel slappers?*

carrying. They danced about switching the towels around, trying to hide their bits. It was hilarious and stole the show. Everything else was a bit of an anti-climax including a lot of patting on the backs by members of the organising committee. To be fair they'd done a pretty good job. And there was a round of applause when a Dutchman took the stage to announce there would be a second Beer Odyssey, this time in the Netherlands, in 2018. Mind you that faces competition from the Mother Hash's 80<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebration in Kuala Lumpur the same year. Meanwhile the five Crapauds bid farewell to Brussels and hopped on a train to Paris. More beer. Followed by a TGV to St Malo the next day. More beer. Guess what ha happened on the ferry. Yup, more beer and what was the best beer of the trip according to the DREGS? Even in cans London Pride won by a neck.

**On on**

## RAPIDLY RECEDING HARE-LINE



### Run No 1306

Date: August 10th

Hares: Jacko and Underfelt

On Down: The Farmers Inn

### Run No 1307

Date: August 17th

Hares: Twin Peaks, Shifty and Lo-Cal

On Down: Barge Aground

I stayed up all night trying to remember whether I had amnesia or insomnia.

George Osborne saw a little old lady struggling with two heavy bags of shopping.

The Chancellor went up to her and said, "This isn't right. You shouldn't have to be coping with such a heavy load. Let me help."

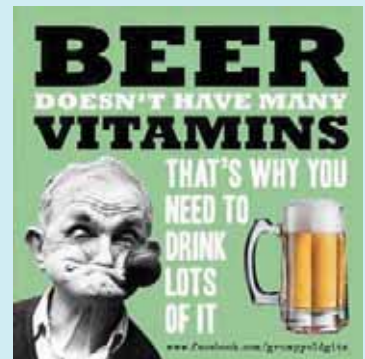
So he halved her pension so she could only afford one bag of shopping in the future.

H A S H A H A



Dad. What does ignoramus mean? I dunno son – probably some kind of dinosaur.

Note from Shiggy: As a proud Scotsman I'd like to say how disappointed I was to hear Usain Bolt describing the Commonwealth Games as "a bit shit." When you're in Scotland Usain show a bit of respect. It's not shit, It's shite.



When I was working at Waitrose today a customer was rude to me. So I scanned him in the eyes with my bar-code reader. You should have seen the look on his face. It was priceless.

I almost caught someone screwing my missus last night, but he dived out of the window as I burst into the bedroom. After slapping my wife around I bid I leapt out of the window and gave chase.

"He went that way," said my mate Dave, pointing to next-door's garden. "Cheers mate," I replied scaling the garden fence. "And get some sodding clothes on, You'll catch your death."

I said to my German mate, "How come you Krauts don't have a sense of humour?" He said; "We don't need one. Our team can play football."

I went up to a policeman and told him I'd been mugged. "What did her look like, sir?" "He was bald, about six feet tall and white." "Okay, no problem, sir. We'll take it from here. All units we're looking for a bald male, six feet tall, possibly a black man in disguise."

