

**4 September 2021**

**Bike Bash Special**

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# Crapaud Chronicle

## Big Bike Bash Bonanza

### Preparations

As it is the first weekend of September then it must mean French Bike Bash time. And so it is, but without the "Belle France" element of the weekend. However, as one of our hares commented whilst riding in the leafy lanes of St. Martin "Jersey is a beautiful Island" & that must be considered some compensation.

Anticipation had been growing for some time & deposits had been paid. Finally we were advised to meet at the Steam Clock at 10.30 am. Whilst not great in numbers there is undoubted quality in the participants. When I left home, Muff Diver & Walkies were intent on preparing our lunchtime repast - & very good it was looking.



*Preparations*

### Clocking in

As soon as we arrive, Smuggler is giving out named 2015 Island Games mugs to all. A little downsizing methinks. At least we are now reassured that refreshments will be available "en route". Smuggler addresses the assembly to say that he will be leading the first half of the Bash & that Frisco would take over the second.

With that, we are on our way, ignoring many of the rules of the road as we make our way through town. Many were surprised when we used the cut into the Millennium Park but we were soon on the outskirts of town & making our way up Grands Vaux. We stopped at the St. Saviour Millennium Stone where Molehills had delivered our croissants & drinks. He complained

that we had got there far too early as we had held him up whilst riding to the spot.



*The gathering*



*Drinking vessels 4 all*



*I'm in charge!*

Entering the garden we are greeted with the strains of "Take Five" by Dave Brubeck which was followed by other acceptable pieces of music. The London Pride looked as if the horse was not fit for work but the Betty Stoggs was excellent. Although we could have stayed longer the lure of lunch was too strong to resist & once more we were off.



*Fluid intake*



*Walking*



*You've forgotten the way, haven't you?*



*Breakfast break*

### **Onwards**

Refreshed we tackle the slopes to get to higher ground where our hare makes his now famous observation. The veracity is confirmed as we enjoy the countryside until, lo & behold, The Royal, St. Martin comes into view. Luckily, our hares had designated this as a drinks stop as the pack would probably not have been persuaded to pass it.

### **Jardin d'Olivet**

Once Frisco had donned the cycle helmet that he had left at the pub, we were properly on our way & again on quieter roads. On arriving at Jardin d'Olivet we were confronted with a table groaning with goodies. The cyclists made good use of the baguettes, cheese & cold meats laid out before them. There were even bottles of Doom Bar & also Moretti lager as well as soft drinks. Well done Muff Diver & Walkies your earlier efforts were much appreciated. Now was the time for Frisco to take over the reins (or should I say "handle bars?") & lead the happy band westwards. To be fair, he got it just about right.





*Luncheon goodies*



*It's hard this cycling then eating & drinking*



*Well, it got me this far!*



*Re-United*

### Progress

We travelled the byways of Trinity but paused at the Island's Centre Stone at Sion. No need for refreshments here, but at Joe Freire's roadside stall Bags-of-It lived up to his name & purchased a punnet of delicious strawberries. We have stopped here in the past & once more the group were photographed to record the event



*Central Station*



*Welcome break*



*Strawbs for all*



As the afternoon moved on the desire for liquid sustenance steadily increased. Not to worry, our hares had anticipated this requirement & St. Marys Country Inn proved to be our salvation. We were able to sit outside to enjoy the rest. After a little while, Jacko announced that he has mislaid his phone. A quick call brought the bar maid out with a phone ringing merrily away. A much relieved Jacko reclaimed his precious possession. .



*More liquid intake*

**More Cycling**

However, this was not the end of our efforts as a tour of St. Mary's lanes led us eventually to Le Mourier Valley, a very pleasant spot. The sting was in the tail though as we were challenged by the ascent of Le Mont de la Barcelone in which, I am glad to report, everyone succeeded. By now all had worked out that we would end up at Frisco's abode which we were pleased to find was not far away.

**Rewards**

After a day in the saddle, it was pleasing to have reached our destination thankfully unscathed.



*Laid back*

Drinks were available (What a surprise!) & Frisco was soon taking the covers off the pool with the hashers waiting eagerly. Whilst they were disporting in the water, Chris was ensuring that there was plenty on the table & Tinky Winky was plying his trade as BBQ Chief.



*Waiting for the dip*



*Chris sorts out the table*



*Aqua Crapauds*



*Post aquatics*



After the swimming, fancy dressed Crapauds gradually emerged from changing & conforming to the theme "Comic Books & Cartoons". Quite a variety of dress appeared which provided plenty of entertainment to all.



*Medieval dress*



*Aladdin*



*Chef extraordinaire*



*Hooray*



*Green bean?*



*On parade*





*Ready to fly*



*Cavemen colleagues*



*Spinach for me*



*Wild in the West*



*No photos*



*Menacing duo*





*Catty*



*Am I in the right place?*



*Waiting for the food*

The advent of food was welcomed by all. Illegal Immigrant had spent many hours preparing a range of delicious salads to accompany Tinky Winky's BBQd sausages & burgers all enhanced by beers, wines etc. What a brilliant spread!

**Down Downs**

it was decided that all rewards should be delivered before the light had faded & the evening became a little cool,

There being only one sinner on the day, Jacko was summoned for phone abuse & made to drink his beer from his spinach can. This he achieved with aplomb.



*Spinach reward*

Our myriad of excellent caterers was next called up. Illegal Immigrant, Molehills, Muff Diver, Walkies, Tinky Winky & Chris were all honoured. We were so lucky to benefit from all their efforts.



*Catering crew*



Finally, our hard working & cycling hares were properly rewarded for a brilliant day out organised in good weather.



*Hairy hares*

### **The End (but not quite)**

Whilst it would normally be expected to continue the evening in serious intellectual conversation accompanied by an occasional drop of one's choice this was not to be the case this evening. The pack was called out to continue the fun & games. Whilst the wicket might not have been as lovingly prepared as that at Lords the intensity of the cricket could be compared to that of a Test Match. A good time was had by all.



*It's not Lords*

### **Still it continue**

And the entertainment was not yet finished. Inside the house the chicken & gammon which had been in the smoker were now ready for consumption (if you had room). But Chris had also excelled herself in preparing apple & rhubarb crumbles as well as offering a selection of cakes. Just to help out, Frisco prepared coffees for those still able to find room.

### **Summing up**

What a good day out for the cyclists & those that joined them for the evening activities. Although down-downs had been awarded to the deserving I must record my thanks to all who participated & made it such a great day. Amazingly, quite a few made it to the following day's hash which started from Devil's Hole at 10.00 am.

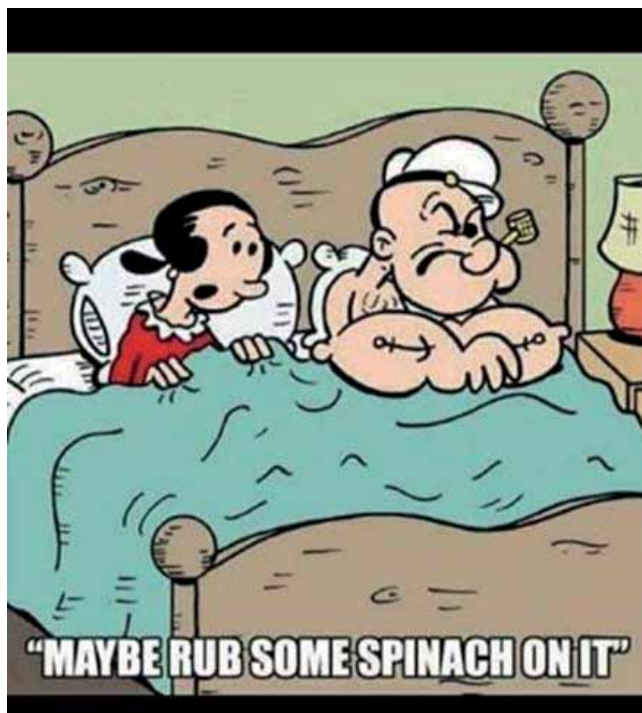
Where will we be next year? Let us hope that the rules will have altered & allow us to visit our near neighbour for a true French Bike Bash. This wish does in no way mean that we have not enjoyed ourselves on the last two Bike Bashes, because we have.

All that remains is to request anyone wishing to have the 2022 Bike Bash to get in touch.

On on,

Steptoe

A final thanks to Molehills & Wendolene for supplying me with additional photos without which this report would have been incomplete.



*The consequences of Jacko's good weekend*