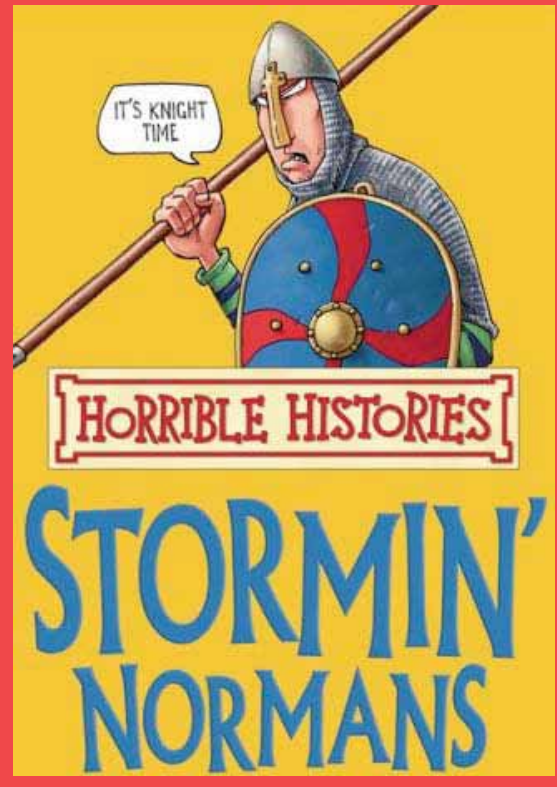


The Crapaud H3
 The Jersey H3
 The Hastings H3
PROUDLY PRESENT

V



Run No 1299 SPECIAL SOUVENIR PROGRAMME incorporating the ... June 20/21/22nd, 2014

CRAPAUD CHRONICLE



Head Banger



Brain drain



From the top drawer?



The Fyrd man



Let's call it a knight



King Cannot



Horse play



Bear with a sore head

Ye Battle of St Helier: the opening skirmish



Ladies in red



Showing the boys what they're missing?

The good citizens of Hastings have been nursing a grudge for the best part of a thousand years, ever since Norman Wisdom prevailed over Saxon Savagery in 1066. Finally the Hastings H3 and their allies decided to come to Jersey to get redress for their grievances. What the latter-day Normans gave them was a Red Dress run. Nearly 50 hashers paraded in their exotic ensembles around the pool at the Apollo Hotel in St Helier before setting off to paint the town red. Tinky Winky's costume would have graced any Ladybug Ball; Gigolo wore one of his more titillating outfits; Pervey looked unusually horny; Rupert Bear's frock must have come straight from the Folly

Bizarre; and by contrast Bushsquatter wore an elegant cerise dress with matching hat that would have graced Royal Ascot ... shame about the day-glo lime-green trainers. Once the formalities were over the hash fashionistas headed towards the hotel car park and eventually found their way into the grounds of Victoria College for a good spanking. Regrettably even Jersey has got round to banning Corporal Punishment. Private Parts weren't on parade either so there was no Major Incident. Then it was down Mont Pinel and into Howard Davis Park where Ballcock, Bushsquatter, Cliffbanger, Rupert Bear and Gigolo did an impromptu Can Can on the stage – though,



Wish I'd worn a sports bra



Mugging a kick-boxer



Tinky's tutu is too much



Can Can? No they can't

luckily, their routine didn't end with the customary display of frilly knickers. Steptoe gave the first of a series of lectures – this one about a big erection in the park. The trail took us through the St Helier War Cemetery and down to the beach, where there was an appreciative audience which broke out into applause as the Red Brigade ran past. We hurdled the sea wall near Havre de Pas before running to the street named in honour of our visitors - no not Dicq Road - Hastings Road. By now the hashers were in need of a drinks stop and in their desperation started chanting 'beer, beer'. But they found themselves at another dead end – this time the Green Street cemetery where Steptoe gave another discourse, on the monument to the Centenier (honorary policeman) stabbed to death by a brothel madame. Soon however the collective thirst was slaked at the Forum.

came across a bloke called Nigel, who, when told half the company were from Sussex, promptly ordered champers all round. A run round the sides and then on top of the ramparts of Fort Regent followed where we took in some of the sights of St Helier on what was a glorious evening. Then we went down to Pier Road and on to the second drinks top at The Ha' Penny Bridge. Trouble was our hares, obviously don't get out much - the place was packed and some hashers decided to go straight to the On Down rather than wait in the queue. Our fashion sense and general deportment drew many admiring comments as we made our way to the roof-top terrace at the Mimosa T-Bar Twin and Pissicide were the only two hashers to hoof on the disco floor, but the rest of us were exhausted after the merry dance led by our hares, Pervey and Steptoe.



Home and away



Park life



Tittilation?



Cannonballcock



Beach party



Roof top party

Ye Battle of Portelet Bay



They came by sea but without boats!



They resembled a warrior race called Daleks



The battle-lines were drawn up

The day of the battle dawned. Both sides were up for the fight even though they were still suffering from (self-inflicted) wounds after the first engagement. However before the slaughter could commence both armies had to reach the battle-ground at Portelet Bay. A forced march was inevitable but Squire Gigolo, the Master of Ceremonies, said it would be shorter than the one the previous evening. To encourage us he said there would be barrels of Liberation Ale awaiting us and, what's more, it would be in tip-top condition. He knew because he'd been sampling it at regular intervals to ensure its quality. First come, first served, we thought, so we set off at the double. We had barely left the barracks at St Aubin before we came under fire after being ambushed by

the treacherous Marquee de Tinky Winky who unleashed a rain of, err, water, upon our heads. Our Scottish ally, Thegn Tartan Farter, asked whether our armour was in battle-ready condition. Dame Knickerless admitted she'd neglected to bring her sarong (21st century equivalent of the hauberk) but had remembered her thong (modern-day gousset). Another skirmish took place in a potato field which contained what must have been the only puddle left in Jersey. Ballcock and Rupert Bear were the assailants. Hillbilly and Commando their victims. The trail took us past Noirmont farm where Rupert Bear mounted his trusty steed called Rocking Horse. We tried to storm a fortified wall but Sweet Caroline found herself impaled on the machicolations. Very painful. Bushsquatter



They stormed our defences and subjected us to a rain of artillery fire



There was such egg-citement



Victor Ludorum & friend



Alfrisco Albino

showed her how it should be done. King Harold (Steptoe) spotted a source of refreshment at the Portelet Inn where the doors were invitingly open and ushered us in. However that dastardly Tinky Winky said there weren't enough groats in the hash treasury and Steptoe was instructed to keep away from Specsavers in future. So it was that we reached the battleground. It looked a peaceful place with the gentle sea lapping against a sandy beach where a few vassals were resting from their labours. The men were dressed in their traditional breeks, the lady-folk adding the breast-bands called mamillares. Little did they know the true horrors of warfare were soon to be inflicted upon them. The two armies were called to order and

told that the battle would take place in five phases, known as Ye Olde Pentathlon. The first involved a race involving pairs with a beer can wedged between their hips. Ballcock and Gobbler, who clearly had been practising won in a canter. One-nil to the Normans. Phase Two involved both sides competing to fill a big bucket with sea-water brought up in little buckets from the nearby Atlantic Ocean. The Saxons won on a technicality – their opponents had been caught cheating. Next was the egg-tremely egg-citing egg-catching event, whereby partners had to thrown eggs to each other without breaking them, but with an ever-expanding distance between them. Shit Stirrer for the Hastings H3 was the last man standing with his



Flour children in action



All at sea



His egg-cellence



Bugle boy



Red Baron's got bottle

armaments still intact. Saxons 2 Normans 1. The fourth phase involved two hashers with an empty bottle on their heads. The winners were the first team to fill the bottle with water from small beakers. The Saxons finished a split second ahead but the Gods were not kind and the prize went to the Normans. Two-all. The decider was the Flour Race in which Frisco was the clear winner, having covered himself with more flour than either of the two buckets it was supposed to go in. But the referee awarded the point to the Saxons which made them the overall victors. So after both legs of the Battle of Hastings the score was one all. Will there be a decider? However there were no hard feelings and both sides



Pirate Party Brigade in action

negotiated an armistice on the beautiful terrace of Portelet Manor, very generously lent to us by the owners, Joe and Jane. There were bountiful refreshments made available including a visit from a posh burger van dispensing mackerel burgers as well as more standard army rations. Plus there was a set by the Crapauds' favourite band, the Pirate Party Brigade. They were brilliant. We just hoped the neighbours enjoyed the music and dancing as much as we did. The final result was however mired in controversy when Shit Stirrer admitted to having cheated during the egg chucking contest. He'd secretly used an egg-shaped stone which not surprisingly remained intact. When all the

other eggs had been smashed he quietly substituted the stone with his original egg. Shades of Diego Maradona and the hand of God. But the judges ruled that the result stood and so it was Bushsquatter was awarded with the prize for the Saxon's glorious victory – a block of Jersey granite, guaranteed to make a mess of her baggage allowance. Down downs were awarded to Pervey and Steptoe, the hares for the Red Dress Run, plus a handful of hashers including Rupert Bear and Shit Stirrer for sins I too awful to mention (ie I can't remember). And the evening was rounded off with an imaginary pyrotechnic display organised by the Tartan Farter. What a glorious way to end a great evening – and at no extra cost!



V for Victory?



Tomb waders



A line in the sand

Ye Battle of Gorey: the third and final part of our history



Short hares?



Locking horns



The last coast?

The last part of our horrible history relates to the escape of the remnants of the invading army. On the Sunday morning, having licked their wounds and probably a lot of other things besides, they went on the run one more time. They were not the only would-be deserters. Charity, one of the hares, told us he would be baling out to go sailing, leaving Knickerless in the firing line all by herself. How uncharitable can you get? But he did stay around long enough to introduce our hash historian for the day, the Tartan Farter, who would be lecturing at various locations during the route, the so-called Points of Interest. Indeed barely had we got under way when he pointed out a statue to the oldest swinger in Gorey – sadly he is no longer clubbing. Another hundred yards and we stopped again – this time at a Napoleonic fort dedicated to the memory of the boxer Henry Cooper, called Fought Henry. We ran on the sea wall alongside the Royal Grouville golf course towards an even bigger fought, called Mont Orgueil. But before we got there we were entertained with a drinks stop at the Dolphin. We then climbed up the Water Battery Steps and stormed into the castle where another lecture stopped us in our tracks. Modern warfare, eh? The castle was no walkover – indeed we lost many warriors during the



Scary hash trio



Hash historian

assault and by the time we reached our next point of interest, called Geoffrey's Leap, our numbers had virtually halved. Our Chronicler told us the sad story of Geoffrey's down down. The first time he'd been forced to jump from the rocks for a crime he'd committed but survived. So to prove a point he did it again – this time with rather fatal consequences. The trail took us up to another fortification called Victoria Tower which was according to our historian was a Napoleonic mobile phone mast. Then we ran on to an even more ancient monument, a Stone Age burial site called the Dolmen du Faldouet. We then sauntered down a steep flight of steps back towards Gorey before the long run-in to our On Down, the Pembroke Inn.



Drawbridge assault?



War photographer?



Saints and sinners

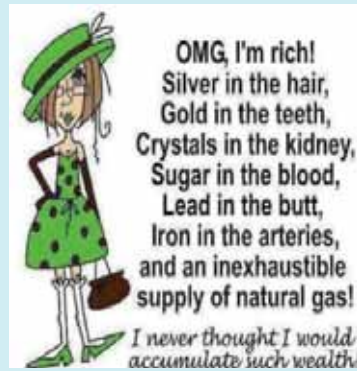
All that was left was to award the final down downs and bid a fond farewell. The Tartan Farter presided over the last rites saying the weekend had been such a success it had made his long trip from Scotland worthwhile. Commando was condemned simply because of her name; the Red Baron, presumably because he's punished every week; Play Away got one for looking too healthy for his age; Bush-squatter for flashing too much (with her camera!); Shit Stirrer for managing to name the one point of interest that the Tartan Farter had been truthful about; and Cliffbanger for some unknown misdemeanour. The lone hare was given her reward for a job well done. Shit Stirrer thanked the host hashes and the Fat Controller for coming up with the idea of the trip to Jersey. One final note came from Bush-squatter – instead of the customary down down song she introduced some of the punishments with a series of dirty ditties. All in all a brilliant weekend and who knows, there may yet be a sequel. **On on**

H A S H H A H A



Roy Hodgson and the England team visited an orphanage in Rio during the World Cup. "It was heart-breaking to see their sad, little faces with no hope," said José, aged six.

Oxo are bringing out a new cube with white foil and a red cross on it. It crumbles under pressure and is going to be called 'Laughing stock.'



What do you call an Englishman in the final stages of the World Cup. A referee

The England team's flight home was diverted to Glasgow. Apparently they wanted to arrive to a hero's welcome

When Roy Hodgson told the team they were going to try out some new tactics Wayne Rooney asked if he could stick with the mint ones.



The FA has decided that the Three Lions on the England team shirt will be replaced with three tampons. This is because they're having their worst period in footballing history

I've decided to go on the England World Cup diet. It only lasts five days and you lose loads.

England have finally cracked how to avoid being beaten on penalties!

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARE-LINE



Run No: 1301
Date: July 6th
Hares: Pussy and ET
On Down: St John's Country Inn

Run No: 1302
Date: July 13th
Hares: Tinky Winky
On Down: Meet at the archery field near Radier Manor and afterwards at Tinky Towers



Hash songstress



Bean feast



The last bus to Hastings