



2016 FRENCH BIKE BASH SPECIAL EDITION

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The official organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Reporter: Tinky Winky

“Back to Basics”

Disclaimer: Any relationship to actual events bears no resemblance to what may have really happened during this weekend and quite possibly has been completely fabricated. Names are changed and others are blamed to protect the guilty whilst framing as many innocents as possible. If you think you recognise anyone, or remember anything, this your own dirty brain for which the author disclaims any responsibility.



COOLING OFF IN CANCALE - BUT WHICH WAY DO WE GO?

Prélude et Préparation

Several weeks before our annual splurge in France the weekend's Hares Illegal and Wendolene announced they were plotting a “Back to Basics” French Bike Bash, suggesting this would be our Silver Anniversary outing on two wheels. Technically this was not completely correct, while it is true this years Jolly would be the Crapaud's 25th annual expedition across the briny, in fact the first annual expedition was not on two wheels and another year should be deducted for the now infamous diversion to another Island off England's south coast (coincidentally also Hared by Illegal) which was definitely nowhere near Brittany nor anywhere even close to France.

Shortly before the first weekend in September Illegal helpfully provided Bike Bashers with a comprehensive Kit List identifying essential items needed to get maximum fun

and enjoyment from our annual outing. Given we have had 23 years of practice it is noteworthy how the Pack managed to cope with this annual task:

Passport: Gigolo found his expired 2 weeks before departure. He ended up being given a 3-month ban from re-entering Europe, on pain of being arrested.
Attestation: Several enquired what they should swear before a Commissioner of Oaths. **2no. Inner Tubes:** Some opined Tinky already had two built-in.
Running Kit: And we thought this was a Bike Bash?
Old School Tie: Sorry, check that again, school Tie? Ex-Beeches and Vic boys still had slightly scruffy ones, but Jacko moaned he never had one. Tinky improvised.
Swimming Outfit: What with bikes and our running kit would this turn into a Triathlon weekend?
Euros: Despite Illegal's Bike Bash Haring reputation we might actually get to France? Or, given



Poocock Hanging Out



Jacko's Chic Sac



Ragsby Ready for Action



Crazeeee Jersiaise!



I'd be careful of drinking too much!

his track record, might Euros be a decoy? He had used same ruse before. **Cycle Helmet, lights, lock:** Frisco only managed two of these. He kept asking any Harriette to "lock him up" all weekend. **Tennis Ball:** Huh? Gigolo lost his playing "catch" with a stray dog when it bounced into a gorse bush.. **Your 1st Hash T shirt:** Most popular was the "Midsummer Mayhem – Crapaud Sunrise" Run on 21 June 1998 (with rear slogan "Stoned Again"), when it seems at least three Crapaud's joined our Club including our GM all having stayed ever since. The only problem with that Run, apart from getting up far too early, we were supposed to witness sunrise glinting through the Dolmen above St Ouen's Bay. When we eventually gasped our way up there we could see absolutely nowt. It was a very foggy morning! Mind you the Barbie with several "Stoned Again" Beers afterwards was much enjoyed.

Finally our Kit List entreated Frisco & Red Baron to bring a B**** Phone, surprisingly this chide kind of worked because Frisco was amazingly early for embarkation and even Red Baron behaved himself. Well, mostly but more of his misbehaviour later.

Embarquement et Débarquement

Captain Poocock turned up nursing his rib-cage, apparently having disgraced himself playing with schoolgirls. How he had avoided being thrown inside beat us, but confessed his broken ribs resulted from getting too excited on a water-slide. Mind you, Hooker seemed fine and quite spirited? Apparently Captain Poo was let loose amongst a kids party when a water slide provided too much excitement. Our stalwart Crapaud (liking water as all Jersey Frogs) was not going to miss out on the fun, throwing himself down the slide several times until his rib cage could take no more punishment. That's what happens when showing off to schoolgirls. We welcomed a couple of Bike Bash Virgin's, Rampant's son Chris and Mark's wife Judy who seemed up for a good time. Foxy zig-zagged in on his bike, nearly going over the seawall. Later on he repeated this trick. Jacko arrived sporting his designer crushed leather holdall. My, what exalted upper-crust company we hob-nob with.

Eventually after a smooth and uneventful crossing we actually arrived in France. Considering Illegal was Haring this was quite surprising and rather promising a great weekend. As the weekend turned out to be. Why Wendolene was weeping shortly after we disembarked will remain unknown, maybe Foxy falling off his bike (again) nearly ending up in the briny was too much for her. Possibly as we cycled past Intra-Muros and Casino along Chaussee du Sillon it was caused by une francais petite fille screaming at our cycling Pack "**Vous Crazeeee Engleesh..**"



Did Foxy fall into the Briny?



After much delay Foxy re-appears!

Twin Peaks retorted "Noes et Crazeee Jersiaise..!"

Premiere Jour sur Bicyclette

It was a rather slow start. Cycling, that is. Unfortunately that gave Gigolo enough time to scoff five eggs for brekkie, mostly rather runny, resulting in his bike being jet-propelled for at least an hour not sweet smelling. We tried to keep upwind of his ass and bike. We were diverted from the pong by dolphins in the bay and waves splashing over the seawall onto the Pack sillingly assembled there for Team photos. Rampant moaned "Oh dooo cum On" in place of Rentabed, waiting for the latecummers before we set off. Eventually we got pedaling quickly being diverted onto *Digue de Rochebonne* (off-road promenade) arriving at *Boulevard de Rochebonne* after successfully avoiding a particularly narrow wave-splashed part of the promenade. Except Foxy who had got truly lost, somewhere behind us.

Mind you Foxy's disappearance was a bonus because it gave us plenty of time to watch plusieurs belles femmes de St Malo skinning dipping off the slipway, and what a sight they were. Especially when the dolphins made a curtain-call jumping around les belles femmes. I'm certain I saw a mermaid amongst their midst, even though I'd not had any alcohol yet that morning. Illegal went searching for Foxy avoiding waves splashing over seawall but gave up, then Wendolene cycled off chasing him down. Many mobile calls were made to find Foxy had missed the turn onto *Digue de Rochebonne* promenade and was wending his way up the main road.

Bière arrêt près des Catastrophes

Reunited we set off again wending (or was this Wendolening?) our way through St Malo's northern suburbs to arrive at our first Beer Stop. By now we were very thirsty, but dismounting at L'Escale Malouine camp-site there was impending disaster finding the *bière arrêt fermé!* *Mon dieu*, we all thought but after some circling around in the car park the Hares rescued the situation by finding the Camp Manager who opened the bar especially for us. We spent a very pleasant ½ hour basking in the late summer sunshine and drinking our tippie. One hare even had a beer named after on tap, *Wendelinus (Biere d'Abbaye)*, which Steptoe (being an expert in such matters) pronounced had an excellent body with strong aftertaste, just like Wendolene. Somewhat reluctantly we set off again westwards into the open countryside. The route had been clearly marked with large chalk arrows, which Illegal claimed he had gone out laying very early but methinks it was some sort of secret French coding, but even then half the Pack managed to cycle off-trail while a small group of us waited by the sewage farm enjoying (some said) the sweet country pong while the FRB's were caught and checked-back. **Go to page 6 (next pages Saturday Fancy Dress Centrefold)**



Disaster!



Short Hours!



Hare's Brew?



Bar Malouine Open!



The Long & Winding Road - Off Trail

Saturday Fancy Dress Picture Gallery - "Your First Outfit" -



Shiver me Timbers!



South Seas Boy!



Déguisement Dîner Bouffonneries

Back at Hotel Jacques Cartier we donned our *Premiere Robe de Fantaisie* gathering downstairs before being led by our Hares back into Intra-Muros to the excellent *Restaurant des Remparts* where we found the Hares had booked an upstairs room for our Party, to avoid annoying regular diners downstairs. Apart from the excellent cuisine and flowing wine highlights of the evening included Red Baron doing a mis-timed push-back with his chair which upended the next table's contents everywhere and Rampant (flamboyantly dressed in an exceedingly girly costume showing lots of flesh) getting propositioned by locals in the pub we adjourned to after dinner. Hooker won first prize for her excellent *Dame de la Nuit* fancy dress costume, complete with chandelier head-gear....



Posers!



Virignal White!



South Seas Girl!



Ahoy Me Hearties!



Garter Battle!



Bashfull Rabbit!



Big Blousee!



Fancy Dress Winner!



Naughty Night Boys!



Escaped Convict!



Chandelier Head-Gear!



Serve me some Pork!





Pigging out on Prawns



Phew, that was a Hard Landing!



Pay Attention for the Down – Down's!



Le “Enroulé Atout”

Some had guessed our next stop would be Cancale and so it proved, approaching from a southerly direction we free-wheeled down a long picturesque hill which, anticipating a delightful lunch, was one of the best cycle routes all weekend. Arriving in Place du Calvaire, marking the passion for oysters, there was time for another beer stop at Bar Le Galion where they were also offering ½ dozen oysters for the same amount of Euros. These proved irresistible to Ragsby, Foxy, Tinky Winky and a few others who feasted on the local delicacy partnered with a nice cool glass of Muscadet. Meanwhile Pussy & Vulva Viv expressed concerns about Muff-Diver's middle regions, which he claimed was his “coiled asset ready to unravel and treat any unwitting *Hariette!*”. Ooh Errr, Gobbler was relieved upon discovering it was nothing more than Muff-Diver's tennis ball, although I thought I saw disappointment on Twin Peaks face at this revelation? Later in the weekend several other Harriers tried Muff-Diver's trick but all to no avail.

The FBB Virgin's - Chris, Judy & Lisa - were induced with Down-Down's in the usual manner. Lisa won, albeit assisted by no small amount of spillage. We all thought the Hares had booked a restaurant around the corner for our lunch, but no such luck we were bid to “mount our steeds” once again and, having being led around the quayside until we could get no further, we had to work hard up the near-vertical footpath above Quai Admis en Chef Thomas before arriving in the upper town. Most pushed their bikes up this ascent but several ‘prime athletes’ including Bagsofit, Fuzz, Steptoe & Jacko slowly pedalling in bottom gear all way to the crest.



Crazeeee Jersiaise!

L'Accident avec Casque de Vélo

Panting heavily after exertion of the climb the Hares led us gently around the corner into Rue Jean Marie Savatte where we disembarked in a square fronting Cancale's Centre-Ville church. However this was the entrance into a frequented car-park so, while we were milling around, a driver keen to get parked drove right over Gobblers bicycle helmet. “*Mon Dieu!*” she exclaimed! By now very thirsty we were relieved to find the Hares leading us into our lunch-stop within a lovely sunny courtyard behind *Casse Croûte et Compagnie*, who provided us with a lovely lunch either crevettes et salade or bouef et salade accompanied by lashings of frites, wine and beer.



Wet Inside & Out!



Frisco's New Trike!

After relaxing in the sunny courtyard much later the Hares coaxed us back outside where we waited for Steptoe's flat tube to be re-inflated then assembling for a Team Photo (see front page) riskily taken in front of the Centre-Ville's substantial fountain before Gobbler and Punch (aka Mark Ashbolt) took advantage soaking whole Pack from behind.



Are we really Running a Half-Marathon?

A passing motorist shouted "*Tres Magnifique*" at our Pack, but we later realised he meant "*Good Parking*"!

Beaucoup d'arrêts de Bière

Eventually we set off again for just another ½ hours fast cycling mainly along D355 before being directed into centre of *Saint Coulomb* where Hares had booked yet another drink stop at *Café de la Place*. "*What*", exclaimed Whinger, "*another drink stop already!*" Jacko opined we've already had more drink stops this weekend than the last two French Bike Bash's together. There was more Down-Down's for Gobbler, Twin Peaks (suffering punctures before even getting to Jersey Harbour), Steptoe (lunch puncture) and Shifty (enjoying a slow one.. puncture, that is). Captain Poocock received a special Down-Down for annoying the Hariettes, coming with extra bucket of water over his head, before Frisco mounted a pink child's bike. The *Jeune Fille* burst into tears, shocked seeing Frisco crushing her bike. Before Frisco got arrested by the Gendarmes we quickly departed northwards towards the coast, before grinding our way up a very long hill arriving at *Le Rotheneuf* where the Hares stopped us for yet another *Arrêt de Bière*, before free-wheeling back down to where we had started to prepare for the evenings festivities (see *Centre Pages*).

Secondre Jour sur Jambes Poney

Shortly after breakfast we found our Hotel lay on the route of a local half-Marathon happening that morning, so we clapped on the French Runners when we also discovered our Hares had something rather different planned for our Sunday morning. Firstly we needed our Running Kit on for a *Circulaire Courir*. Illegal had even been out rather early laying the Trail in chalk for us to follow (supplemented by some road-signs pointing in right direction), leading us down to the harbour and back to Intra-Muros going all way around the perimeter fortifications.

Jeux de la Plage

Arriving back at Hotel Jacques Cartier our Hares then surprised us again by marshalling us for some late morning *Jeux de la Plage*. We lined up on the beach before Hares split Pack into half creating two Teams. The first game involved knotting our old school ties together in a long "daisy" chain before passing the cordage inside our privates and T-shirts, up one Hasher and down the next until the whole cordage exited last Team member. Such contortions required an extreme degree of concentration, dexterity and downright cheating unfortunately preventing any photographs being taken of the goings-on. They would have been unprintable. We then found the reason for the "Kit List" including a tennis ball and second inner tube, because the second game involved using the inner tube as a massive rubber band for firing the tennis ball at a stack of empty beer cans, Frisco showing how not to win this game.



Trotting along the Ramparts!



That's the Way!



On down!



Pack Pinned against the Wall!



Stretch your Tube!



Taking Aim!



Frisco is really Guilty!

by falling onto his jacksi. After much mirth and frovility messing around on the beach it was decided both Teams drew, Commando commenting “**There are no Winners in Hashing!**”.

Cycle court à long déjeuner

As time was now getting on early in afternoon the Hares bade us to get our bags and mount our steeds once again. It was a very short circular bike ride to our favourite lunch venue at *Restaurant Le Ponton* in St Servan. Nil-by-Mouth nearly came a cropper going around narrow promenade section where tables & chairs barred her trajectory towards our final destination. After a superb long lunch Gigolo bawled us outside before revealing weekends ultimate Sinners and administering just deserts to the miscreants.

Jugements des pécheresses

Gigolo arraigned Red Baron for Saturday's Dinner table upset, Poocock for adulterating Whinger's bicycle basket and Muff Diver for throwing his tennis ball into Jacko's face (accidentally, we were assured), all deemed to be very guilty. Nil-by-Mouth was also hauled up along with Frisco (who might have joined in for fun) after quite a bit of joking around and finger-pointing out the real culprits. During singing the Down-Down (before Frisco & Nil-by-Mouth even had chance to get glass close to their lips) Ragsby joined in the meleé, emptying a wine-bottle chiller of water over Red Baron. For good measure Muff-Diver grabbed opportunity to empty his Down-Down over Red Baron. Then it was time for Crapaud Birthdays with Bagsofit, Gobbler, Shifty & Ragsby being awarded their celebratory Down-Down's. Next up was Mark Ashbolt (some thought he was named a few years ago but no-one could remember) to be christened “*Punch*”, quite fitting considering his wife is Judy and he had joked around all weekend. Ragsby performed again, emptying another water basket over his head. At some stage the Pack turned on Gigolo and Tinky, protesting they were biggest Sinners this weekend, although their offences were never particularised, ending up with another water bucket over Gigolo's head. Finally Gigolo congratulated our Hare's Illegal and Wendolene for an excellent Bike Bash Weekend with a few surprise twists, before twisting them together in Gigolo's emergency super-strong cling-film – brought along in case (being denied boarding due to out-of-date passport) he needed to wrap his bike and bag together and swim across to France – so being tightly bound together they could not escape before being awarded their justly deserved Down-Down for a great weekend well planned & executed. As I suggested earlier, this turned out to be a great weekend so very well done to our Hares. After all the Fun, Merriment and Silliness coupled with copious beer & wine we drunk over weekend we had a very quiet ferry ride back home. **Sur Sur..**



Red Baron gets a Water Bath!



Birthday Crapaud's



Don't be too Keen!



Punch is Christened!



Another Water Bath!



Hare's Reward!



Wrapping Hares!

