



# CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

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| <b>Run No.:</b> | 1723    |
| <b>Date:</b>    | 22/1/23 |
| <b>Hare(s):</b> | Jacko   |

A record number for this year took part in today's hash – five of us plus the hare. The trail took us past the first evidence of the storm earlier in the week – a big tree was down in the play area with its branches completely bracketing the picnic tables.

We went up past the waterwheel of the Moulin de Lecq before we had to climb a steep and slippery slope – several of us opted to crawl.

Storm damage was everywhere with the tracks through the wood littered with fallen tree trunks.

We emerged on the main road to St Ouen and went across to the footpath called Mont des Routers. It was completely closed, as we later discovered, by another arboreal casualty.

Instead, Jacko took us up by a path which we'd used in the past but was now overgrown to the extent it was almost non-existent.

We emerged on Rue de la Ville Bagot and soon found ourselves wandering over fields that felt suspiciously like virgin territory. And we were warned to keep our heads down as we headed for the Lecq shooting club. Just before we got there, however, we hooked right down the coastal footpath back into Grève de Lecq, almost back to where we'd started.

The trail took us onto the beach briefly before taking us via the old Romany Café and past the Barracks up towards Côtel fort.

Frisco was feeling generous, saying: 'If anyone runs all the way to the top of this hill I'll buy them half a pint of water.'

There were no takers.

We ran past the shooting ranges, where our hare indicated we should head

back down the hillside alongside the activity centre where more storm damage was evident.

Once we reached the gate at the bottom it was clear that the return route would take us back through Grève de Lecq woods. The devastation wrought by the storm was unbelievable. Dozens of healthy mature trees were down, some with their roots unearthed, others with their trunks cracked wide open.

The footpath was an obstacle course, with lots of diversions in place – although the most difficult part of the run was a swollen stream that we had to cross by a bridge of shifting logs and which nearly had Wendolene in the drink. However, we made it home unscathed.

The same went for the walkers, who were also amazed by the extent of the chaos in the woods.

The on-downs were at the Moulin de Lecq, where Wheel Ale was on tap.

We were shunted up to an upstairs room for the nosh, but it was worth the move. There was a surplus of bacon rolls and chips aplenty.

It was generally agreed that Jacko had set a very good run, so he was duly punished.

So was Illegals, whose sin was to have bashed his head on the granite while making his way upstairs.











