



Crapaud News

2nd – 4th September 2005

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Corsaires

Mad Dog Ragsby

I was only fifteen minutes late arriving at the harbour, arriving just in time to be handed my boarding pass by Please Insert & being told to check in immediately, so it was straight into the bar for a couple of pints. Lots of happy Hashers were there including Tinky Winky proudly displaying his 2008 Perth medallion. Is it Buggary looks like he has done the day for Jersey post, in his blue outfit. Frisco has chosen a Donkey Hash shirt. Steptoe is looking forward to some Calvados, but once on the boat is served up a coffee "sans Calvados" by Walkies. Harry walked into the ladies toilet. On arrival in St Malo we mount up & cycle to the walled City, through the main gate & up a narrow one way street to our hotel for the night, The Anne De Bretagne. After finding our rooms & depositing our gear we all meet down the road & trudge to our restaurant for the evening, which is La Dent Creuse. This is much nicer than "sausage & Egg" at Elizabeth Terminal. I did notice that Taxi still wasn't in any Hash clothes. Some Hashers were doing great impressions of Lord Snowdon. A down down, of a bottle of wine & cidre, for Captain Poo Cock for wearing his hat while Shiggy makes an announcement. After the meal it is on to a few of the local bars for some but back for a good nights sleep for some others. A very satisfying meal, thank you to the Hares.

Able Seaman, "HAROLD" Steptoe

Ere rosy fingered dawn had finished casting light over St. Malo it seemed as if the

hashers were gathering in the breakfast room of the "Anne de Bretagne". Discussions of the previous night's happenings were lively & included much speculation on Maggie's bouncing off a Frenchman's stomach.

Having deposited their bags for onward carriage, the company gathered their faithful steeds & the continued chatter enlivened the area & awakened the residents. Shiggy was seen, as usual, to be chatting up an elderly lady in her flat. Eventually it was on-on & out through the main gate of the "Cite des Corsairs" where, not to be outdone Frisco found an even more elderly St. Malouine on whom to exert his charms. As usual with no positive effect.



The Hares

It was across the bridge & through the outskirts of St. Servan, climbing the familiar slopes until we reached the minor roads.

In very short time the pack reached Saint Jouan where an early beer stop was made

at the familiar watering hole of the "Cote d'Emeraude". Shiggy was once more displaying his linguistic ability in asking a motorist "Automobile washez-vous?" Surprisingly there was no response. Meanwhile Rigsby had spotted a fish van & purchased huitres for those who could be tempted by the delicacy.

For being improperly attired punishments of 5 euros & down downs were inflicted on Nuts & Bolts, Whinger, Frisco & Foxy, the latter exhibiting reactions to the previous evening by disposing of his beer very slowly. Captain Poocock was found showing disrespect to the GM by wearing his headgear & was suitably dealt with.

Confidence in the rest of the day was not bolstered when our Hare, Please Insert was noticed to be consulting her map whilst talking on the phone. Could we be lost so soon?

However the pack's fears were dispelled when we set off around the minor roads about the Rance. Whilst some cycled ahead, the main body turned up a steep little hill & it was here that Please Insert risked her life to save French wildlife by protecting a caterpillar from the wheels of so many bikes.

Eventually a busy road was encountered & it was here that Whinger managed to insult a flower of French womanhood by shouting "Merci, monsieur" when allowed out of the minor road.

Along undulating roads we rolled to the next welcome pit stop. It was here that Steptoe, in the role of scribe for the day, was punished for the grievous crime of losing his notes. Being given the "arm" he quickly divested himself of his t-shirt but managed to avoid the worst effects of the down down by managing to push the "arm" in such a way as to be able to drink almost normally. Punishments were by no means over & Windolene & Rollocks were observed without tour t-shirts & Jacko for playing "pocket willy".

Once again the bash was resumed through rural France on a fine, hot day reinforcing the need & pleasure of the prearranged drinks stops – well done hares! However Spanker was seized by panic when she discovered that she had left her glasses at St. Pere – what had she been doing in the loo? Shifty volunteered to return on her power assisted cycle but the gallant Hares, Easy Rider & Two Stroke had already gone back, on arrival they were told that the patron had followed on with the glasses & handed them to a "man in a yellow shirt" Faith in French honesty well & truly restored.

Arrival at the check where the mad dog of which we had been warned was chained frightened Josh into an unscheduled toilet stop, only for Foxy & others discovering the need to mark the same spot. Anyway, it was On On to St. Meloir des Ondes for the lunch break where the peace & quiet was broken by the pack who espied Beep Beep waiting to join it, (*that explains the earlier phone call & consultation of the map*). Baguettes de Fromage & beer helped bolster the morale & humour of the hashers. Frisco &, eventually, others went walkabouts returning with tomatoes, peaches & other treats. Beep Beep having just joined the party was promptly punished for sporting neither his t-shirt nor bandana. Late arrival & recent issue were not considered good excuses for such failure. Then the apprentice (Harry) who had not taken notice was punished for lack of bandana followed by Captain Poocock who had again failed to remove headgear at the appropriate time - when will he ever learn?

Next up was the unexpected pleasure of a Christening. Di Taylor was ordered to kneel before the expectant GM who announced that from her work at the Le Bas Centre (Old Maternity Hospital) she would henceforth be known as Vital Statistics. The GM announced that Maggie was to be given the name of Peggy Loo for the weekend not having spotted the black peg when visiting the toilet. Deux Baguettes' bike was in need

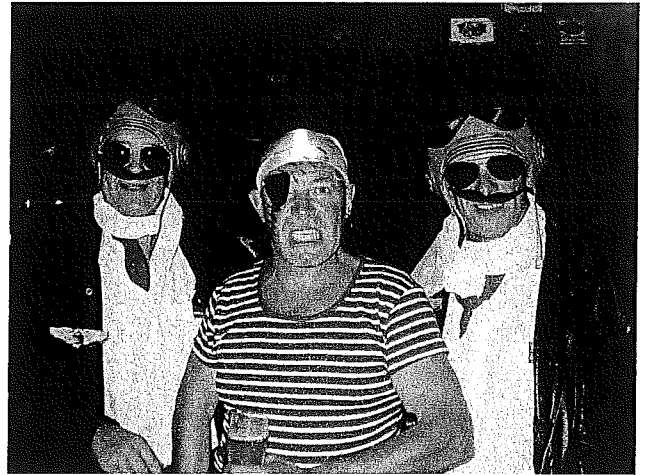
of first aid as a cotter pin had lost its nut – so much for classic cycles!

Soon St. Meloir was left behind & the open, but hot, road was enjoyed by all. A stop was made to admire the donkeys – how did any Guernsey man figure in this trip? The hares setting off across a field of stubble managed to persuade a few of the more gullible to follow but the majority were not to be fooled & resolutely waited by the roadside. The thwarted hares returned & led the self satisfied pack to the car park at St. Coulomb where a coach awaited. The pack hung around waiting for the driver to appear..... but again they were disappointed as they were led into the town. Here Whinger displayed her expertise as a traffic warden by stopping the cars as the hash emerged from a lane.

Again a very welcome drinks stop brought punishments for Frisco, Smuggler, & Jacko (in his case recumbent) for wearing hats while being addressed by the GM. Whinger was rightly convicted of the theft of a Tom & Jerry hat from a child at St. Pere. A group photo in front of the church was deemed in order & many cameras were produced for Sebastien, a French passer by, to take the commemorative pictures.

On to Parame for yet another well organised drinks stop, this time at L'Antheus although it was somewhat surprising that the happy band was mistaken for lederhosen attired Austrians. The sun still shone brightly as the hares led us to the Grand Hotel on the coast where the uplifted hearts of pack looked forward to a luxurious evening, only for all hopes to be dashed when the hares announced it was now everyman to himself. We could go swimming, drinking or, god forbid, shopping. But where were we to stay the night? The cunning hares announced that it was back to the Anne de Bretagne & the same rooms as the previous night. All that repacking & my specially selected costume would be getting even more creased in the bag!

As instructed the dressed, beautified & expectant pack re-assembled at 7.00pm with much merriment. Peggy Loo set the men's hearts racing in her kinky piratesse attire & lo & behold twin Biggles arrived in our midst.



Pirates & Deaf Pilots

Who could these intrepid airmen be? It was none other than Captain Poocock & Smuggler who claimed to have misheard the weekend being announced as "pilots". Once the mutual admirations had been concluded it was on on to the Irish pub along the road. Thirsts having been slaked the hares led us past the admiring & puzzled glances of the crowds in St. Malo to the Hotel Armoricaine for the evening's activities.

Very wisely the management had placed us in an upstairs room & separate from the other punters. Having sorted ourselves onto various tables the lack of a bandana led to Spartacus receiving the first down down of the evening.

Food & excellent red wine at only 5 euros a bottle contributed to a happy atmosphere which might also explain how from this point your scribe's notes became increasingly illegible & illogical. No blame can, nor will, therefore be accepted for the accuracy or otherwise of the following record.

Spanker was admonished in respect of Nuts & Bolts as was Deux Baguettes for her troublesome nuts.

On a second attempt a Hash circle was established in order to punish our two "Dam

Busters" of Crapaud Airways with some large, lethal concoction for blatant misunderstanding of the dress code. Sweet Chariot was sung & the hares duly punished. At some point the pack heartily sang "What shall we do with the drunken pirates?" which contained specific references to our worthy hares.

I have a note concerning Two Stroke and a condom & sausage – the mind boggles! Shiggy could not be kept from his faithful guitar which he had so lovingly cared for through the day & the hashers enthusiastically sang many old favourites, inevitably keeping the neighbours from their well earned rest. Easy Rider & Please Insert were cited for inappropriate behaviour. Crappyoke lived up to her name & reputation by giving a rendition of an old Irish "lullaby".

And so the singing continued, but by this time with a gradually diminishing pack. Thoughts of the morrow's exertions caused the faint hearted to return to the Hotel. One sight to be savoured at this time was Peggy Loo being supported by two hashers whilst walking back. Was it the kinky boots or the red wine we wondered?

This scribe did not remain to the bitter end nor could he be persuaded to visit a night club but Walkies certainly convinced him that a last pint in the Irish bar was not a good idea. With that & in Samuel Pepys immortal words "and so to bed".

The end of a good day & an enjoyable evening.

Your turn in the barrel,,,, Is it Buggary?.

Here we all were, bright eyed and bushy-tailed (some), ragged and bleary-eyed (many). The first bit of amusement of the day was when Rentabed used Ragsby's 'phone to send yet another love letter/text, at least the hundredth of the trip, (Isitbuggery, sharing a room with him, was woken up in the middle of the night by the bleeping of number 96). Silly boy! We all

enjoyed her reply, something to do with 'puckering', but we won't tell.

There was the usual cascade of waterfalls from the rooms on high as we waited for the orf. Lady Muck and Shaggie Maggie arrived for breakfast announcing that they were going to give the ride a miss and have a bit of pampering instead.

Off we set, half of us in clean tee-shirts, half of them in the same sweaty green thing we had all worn yesterday. Taxi was sporting a single red rose on her handlebar - clearly the G.M.'s apologies aren't as expensive as they used to be.

Along the quay we pedal/pedalle/ rode in the direction of Paramé, whence we had arrived the day before. Lucky that, 'cause the Hares knew where to stop at 10.a.m. for our first drink. Déja vu all round, though far more coffees than there were beers, including one drunk by the G.M., wearing dark glasses whilst sharing a frosty silence with his beloved. The rose didn't work, eh? On the way, well back from the front of the field, we were following Hooker with no sign of the front of the pack. I asked her how she knew the way and she said, "I don't, I'm just following the green bicycles painted on the road." !!? I knew I wasn't feeling too well when first Foxy and then Whinger passed me up a hill!

Whilst supping, most of us in some private misery of gurgling innards and wind from both directions, Muff Diver was overheard deep in conversation with Rentabed about the precise nature of a 'Brochette d'Anjou'. History, geography with a touch of politics thrown in. Very learned. Except that the sign said 'Brochette d'Agneau' (lamb kebab). Crappyoke was displaying some tender meat of her own and drawing the gaze of passers by with two indiscreetly placed transfers. Two little palmy atolls they were. I suppose that's a new name for them, but I wouldn't call them little, myself. Time to give a little admiration to the Hares for the amazing efficiency of the beer stops. All free, just sit outside and wait. It was worth being told off by Please Insert if you so much as peeked through the door. The amazing thing, too, was that we had more drink stops and rode a greater distance

than ever before, and still they managed to serve everyone what they wanted. Applause all round. Another great feature of the weekend was the hilarity sometimes engendered by the Black Peg. At the first stop Rentabed was severely and justly punished for wearing a JH3 tee-shirt, but he then got his own back on Shiggy by putting the peg on his back and calling it just as the G.M. had two handfuls of beer. When he got down to drinking his down-down the poor wrecked Chief was shaking so much it took him 4 goes to empty a half !!

Easy Rider appeared clean-shaven after his authentic BlueBeard costume of last night. He'd just left a small landing strip. Much speculation over whether he and Please Insert had a matching pair.

Talking of easy riders, Spanker was belting fast around a blind corner, on the wrong side of the road when a boy racer came round the bend in the opposite direction. Very close shave. Mark called it a Brazilian ! It was about this time that Meccano was heard telling people that it was better from the front than the back, but we were all too tired to argue with her.

Loads of fun came with the drinks at our next stop, Chateau Malo. The star turn was the house pooch who was nervous but friendly and could have been a model for the 'Nads du Chien' adverts. Several entirely just punishments. What say next year we go for spanking ? It would be cheaper than all the down-downs and some of the frequent culprits, like Captain Poocock, Muff Diver, Steptoe and Tinky Winky may learn a lesson.

Hash Rev. was rewarded for NOT singing the Lobster Song by being presented with a larger than life-size plastic lobster. Sadly, the whole point was lost on him and we were then made to suffer with a quick, but at least partially sanitised rendition of the appalling song. He was suitably punished with a down-down, but clearly, as we subsequently learned, not hard enough! Real hashing spirit was restored by the traditional exchange of Aqualungs knickers. Lucky Shiggy now has them and the sleepless nights during next August will

once more be Smooth Operator's. Mind you, the sight of the G.M. modelling them was enough to set the more literary Hashers into thoughts of, "McStuart does murder sleep." Collapse of several stout parties. The third of our ex-Shales girls, Diane, was christened 'Vital Statistics'. Whinger was very justly punished for forgetting the spare bandannas, and Rockoff, equally justly, was punished for having lost his, despite his grovelling attempts to gain sympathy. Doh !

At this point Whinger whinges. "Can you see my tail ? " enquires Klingon, "No ? 'Cause it's between my legs !" Collapse of more stout parties.

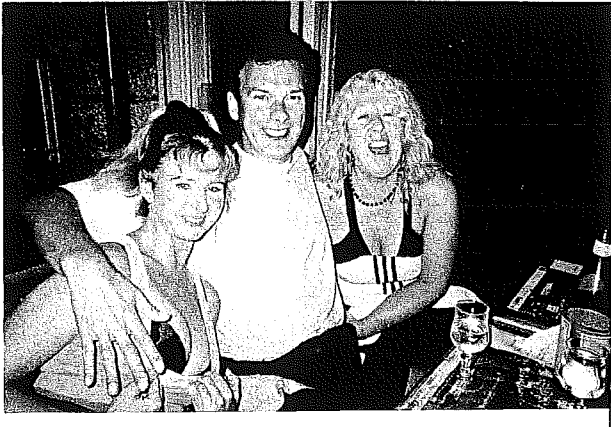
Lovely cycling, until we all recognise where we are as we pass the Continent Hypermarché. Then it's downhill through St Servan and a short stop at the really impressive civilian war memorial. Very atmospheric. Nearby is about the most beautiful climbing plant anyone has ever seen, pouring, seemingly, over the roof and wall of a lovely house, like brandy butter over a Christmas Pud.

Surprise, Surprise !! Another freebie drink stop by the sea near Tour Solidor leads the R.A. and Smuggler to yet another very just down-down for keeping their hats on when the G.M. is speaking. (A real money spinner, this. Must think of a way of introducing it into other areas of my life. Perhaps fining kids who talk in class would work... but then, I'd probably have to stop hitting them, and I'd hate that!) But now things got serious. The day began to deteriorate as Easy Rider and Please Insert were punished, justly, for having run out of the pub at Chateau Malo without paying. Poor old Two Stroke had had to use his own cash to bail us out so the miscreants were punished by double-sized down-downs and a cash fine of €5 each. Hooker, silly girl, tried to defend them with some tripe about the fine being too much (as if !) and, very justly, was given a down-down for her trouble. She imposed a further penance on herself by going around creaming the men. In the process she was overheard discussing Nuts & Bolts' all-over tan. He's orf on a naturist holiday soon and says he

can't wait. We hope he does 'cause it might not be a pretty sight !

There followed a glorious, if illegal, cycle around the Aleth headland park with a photo stop at the incredibly battered German gunsite. A steep descent to the harbour, Mecanno and Shifty falling orf at the hairpin, following Nil by Mouth's example.

The Hares had made a brilliant choice of Harbourside restaurant, maintaining the excellent quality of the whole weekend. Superb food and good wine at only €7 a bottle after the freebies ran out. Good thing Le Patron was indulgent! We were joined for the meal by Desperado and his new fiancée who were made suitably welcome.



Plundering the Treasure Chest

The much pampered Lady Muck and Maggie (she of the two beauties) also arrived for the meal. There was much spillage to follow. Crappyoke messed up a very just down-down for Please Insert, who had left her helmet behind at St Servan, and so, equally justly, was made to drink a foul down-down herself. She demonstrated her enthusiasm for it by spitting half of it on the floor. The indulgent Patron was unimpressed. There followed many down-downs, mostly for the peg. Amongst others, those very justly punished for a variety of offences were Taxi, Deux Baguettes, Trust in Me, Frisco Kid, Rockoff, Spartacus and Ragsby. Crappyoke was given a sparkling birthday tarte aux pommes. She thanked the G.M. by pouring a pint of beer over him and the floor and topped it with a tarte aux pommes facial. Le Patron and his staff were treated to

down-downs and the G.M. managed to marry the waitress, Rosalind, to her boss. He seemed delighted but she wasn't over impressed. Harry got christened 'Piston Broke' to celebrate his forthcoming apprenticeship.

Last of all there was another round of free beers, this time courtesy of all those fines. The Hares, Easy Rider, Please Insert, Whinger and Two Stroke, were made to walk the plank and more than justly down-downed for their superb job. Much wetting of the assembled company ensued.

The Hares, including, Two, "don't panic I've got the boat ticket", Stroke, announced that, after seeing us safely on the boat they were going to remain in St Malo to enjoy a well-earned rest. Here-Here !



Don't go without me I've got the boat ticket

During the meal it was announced that next year's Hares are to be Wendoline, Twin Peaks, Tinky-Winky and Is it Buggery.

Joketime

A little boy dresses up as a pirate for Halloween. Unfortunately he has a bit of a speech impediment. The first house he goes to he says, "I'm a birate. This is my barrot. Can I have some bweets?" The woman looks at him and says, "My my aren't you cute. But where are your buccaneers?" The boy looks are her angrily and says "On the side of my buckin head you buckin idiot."

Thanks

The Hares would like to thank the scribes, Ragsby, Steptoe, Is is Buggary & Muff Diver. Smuggler, Nil by Mouth & Shifty for Hash Flashing & everyone for their contribution to a great weekend.