

CRAPAUD



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CHRONICLE

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EDITION



RUN NO
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Klingon's five ring circus

More than 25 years ago the Hash effectively decided on the date for its 1200th run. About five years ago those upstarts, the spoilsports organisers of the 2012 Olympic Games, chose the same weekend to begin their global extravaganza. But which of these two epic events would be the more successful? Who would be the real winners? Would it be Seb Coe or Tinky Winky? Danny Boyle or Klingon? Wenlock and Mandeville or Gigolo and Wendolene? There's only one way to find out. FIGHT! Alternatively we could look at how the two events square up.

The Venues:

LOCOG (London Organising Committee of the Olympic Games) chose east London for the main Olympic stadium – a snip at a mere £486m. **COCKUP** (Crapaud Organising Committee: Klingon

Utterly Pissed) chose a slightly more exotic location, the former Bureau des Étrangers in East Jersey. It cost £2,410 to build.

The organisers:

In the blue corner: Sacha Baron Coe, toffee-nosed aristo with two Olympic gold medals. In the red corner: Klingon, ex galactic explorer with a gold-foil wrapped chocolate coin from a Christmas tree.

Opening show:

On the Leeward side: Danny Boyle, BAFTA award-winning film director and train-spotter with a budget of £80m. On the Windward side: Tinky Winky, noted for one or two of his erections and with a budget of two brass farthings.

Artistic design:

On the catwalk: Stella



They've hoisted the Jolly Roger. Prepare to be boarded

McCartney, haute couturier with a famous father and head of fashion house, Chloé. In the dog house: Software, piss artiste extraordinaire who never knew his father - as indicated the

last time he was awarded a down down - and likes to splash Brut all over.

Athletic Organiser:

The Hash definitely had the edge in this dept with experienced hares,

Gigolo and Wendolene on duty. The Olympic equivalents, Wenlock and Mandeville, have never done it before and what's more, they only have two eyes between them.



Walking the plank

The Hash equivalent of the Olympics was well attended with more than fifty delegates. They were rewarded with a sunny weekend with only one brief shower, although the proceedings were more severely dampened by the antics of some miserable neighbours with homes bordering Haut de la Garenne. More of them later. At least two other nations sent teams, namely Ireland and Guernsey, though the latter's delegation was severely depleted – in fact only Gutler turned up. It's understood the other pair of hopefuls failed a dope-test (ie they were too bright). Our event also featured a very special guest. Just as the other



On the pull?

Olympics had Her Majesty the Queen dropping in, the Crapaud Olympics had a visit from young Joe Redmond. We haven't seen him or his father Ballcock since the turn of the year when Joe went to Manchester to receive a bone marrow transplant from his sister Holly. Happily after a long spell in hospital Joe's recovered to the extent he can now come home to Jersey for weekends. It was great to see him and we look forward to the day when Joe can join his Dad on a hash run.

Let the games begin

Tinky Winky took centre stage at the front of the former children's home to greet the guests and promised several Crapaud records would be broken (we haven't even got as far as CD's yet, but at least the wax cylinders are behind us) on the Olympic challenge course that would soon confront us. With that we were split into four groups and given team leaders by Jersey Adventures who run what is now a residential activity centre. One of them was called Kazz and had two machetes in his backpack. Crikey, we thought, how tough is this going to be? Two teams were left to find out on the challenge course while the rest of us were taken into the wilderness to learn about



No noose is good news



Having a ball?

bushcraft. Some hashers thought they knew a thing or two about leading a 'wild life' – indeed Jacko's always insisted he's had plenty of experience of living over the brush – but we thought we might be of some help to our

native guides and went along with them in the hope of bettering their education. One of them was called Harry and he told us he would teach us the difference between Bear Grylls and surviving in the wild and Ray Mears and how to live off



What a bummer



Toilet training



Joe's in the driving seat

the land. He pointed out some burdock leaves which were cheaper than Andrex but didn't come on a roll. You can also apparently cook meat in them but preferably not if you've already used them instead of toilet paper. The roots can also be eaten. Allegedly they taste a bit like roasted parsnip if you cook them in an open fire. My toilet roll holder would simply melt. Ribwort is another useful plant. It cooks up like spinach and also contains an ingredient used in face cream. Try it. You know you're worth it. It also works better, apparently, than dock leaves on nettle stings and nettles themselves are very useful. Not only can you make soup from them but you can plait the fibres from the stalks to make clothing. Hash Haberdasher please take note.

Getting to the point

Harry then took us to what looked like a half-built wigwam (the wood skeleton was there but no canvas) where he explained the best kind of knives for use in the wild. In an ominous aside he pointed out if you make the mistake of cutting through an artery in your thigh you have four minutes to live – and the hospital is 20 minutes away. On a brighter note he showed us how to make fire using two of the implements from his survival kit, a fire steel and a tampon - the poor chap does seem to need a lesson in how to survive living in civilisation. Two Stroke couldn't understand why his little tin didn't include a bottle-



Bubbly booty

opener and Pussy was gob-smacked that there wasn't even a hair-dryer. Mind you Harry did have a use for Vaseline that even IsitB hadn't thought of. The teams were rotated and the assault course seemed like home from home. Jumping through hoops, walking the plank and getting a soaking while trying to extract a ball from a water-filled pipe are endeavours with which hashers are far more familiar. The only difference was that we were competing against the clock – an incentive which sadly accounted for Double Tops who injured herself during a relatively short sprint and couldn't take part any further. Undismayed she bravely hobbled around, never complaining, and even



Piracy - it's a cut-throat business!



Stripe Club?



Some like it hot



Nice baps



Look what I've netted



Slick potter



It's a lot to swallow...



Pensioners on the poopdeck?

managed to drink a down down the following day but she was eventually taken to hospital and was found to have ruptured her Achilles tendon, necessitating an emergency operation and six weeks in plaster. We wish her a speedy recovery and look forward to seeing her on the hash in the not too distant future. Meanwhile the fun and games continued and the two winning teams on the activity course had a play-off final by way of a tug-of-war which was won by IsitB's team. The cries of 'fix' echoed around the ground.

Rock and roll

Which was also the theme for the Zorb Ball which was rolled out soon afterwards – it had had more than its fair share of punctures and needed to be pumped up after each trip. Several brave souls went for a ride. They were supposed to be strapped in inside the contraption but poor old Gigolo - his partner was Big John who decided to travel strap-less and spent much of the time falling on his hapless companion. Later on there was a softball match but which had to be called off at 7pm because some of the neighbours complained that the children were enjoying themselves too much. Talk about training for life in the wild, these people need a life of any description.



Bird-brained?



Haut de la cuisine

A hash hiatus followed before the evening entertainment at which the theme was 'Pirates, Parrots and Wenches'. It was all very nautical. Most hashers took the easy route, dressing up as corsaires or rather coarse wenches, though all really went to town on their costumes. Tinky Winky and Illegal Immigrant in particular went so far over the top they would have landed in the Crow's Nest – they were lucky there were no Stern Chasers. Hello sailor, or what?

Exotic birds

However two top-gallant hashers did turn up as Parrots, Pussy in a full sized cockatoo's outfit – I think that's what she asked for when she went into Horse Play. Either way she was the real McCaw. And then, well, cue Muffdiver. Talk about the elegant misconception. Bowsprit in hand, 'Betfred' on his escutcheon, his futtocks covered by a shiny foresail, his topsail exquisitely quiffed, it wasn't so much a case of 'ahoy there matey' as 'Snooker Loopy'. For those of us who'd describe themselves more as aficionados of the booze rather than the baize this was a veritable John Parrot. All he needed was the balls. Talking of which we really did have a

ball. The ship's cooks did an excellent job in the galley. The grog flowed on the quarter-deck (well, in the quadrangle of Haut de la Garenne). The on-board entertainment was provided by a terrific live band, called the Pirate Party Brigade. The trade winds were blowing a bit chilly but the Crapaud Games had its own cauldron, though no David Beckham to provide the flame. It wasn't quite as big as the one in Straford, but just as welcome. All was set fair until Captain Pugwash next door fired one across our bows and the party hit the rocks.

Shipwrecked

It was only 9.30pm on a Saturday evening. The honoraries had been called because we were making too much whoopee. Jersey Adventures have a fledgling business to protect and we accepted the need to tone it down. The band did one last number and fired off their own cannon, complete with party streamers, and we either trooped indoors for disco music or stayed outside and sang sea shanties of a rather dubious nature – "I've got a big bag of Viagra," followed by a chorus of "ooray and up she rises." The drinking went on well into the night.



Enterprise star



Crate expectations



Plucked parrot



Tight-head prop?



Blind Pugh?



Grape nut



Spotted dick?



Purple haze



Swabbing the deckhands

Sunday morning dawned with overcast skies and the threat of rain and the reality of some heavy hangovers. A hearty breakfast helped settle a few queasy stomachs before we all filed out for the Crapaud Hash House Harriers' 1200th run. We were joined by a few recruits who hadn't stayed the night including our oarsman Jacko and hour-glass keeper, Rentabed. We also piped on board a band of Irish shipmates from the distaff side of the Crappyoke family. Altogether we had a crew of more than forty to parade before Admiral Tinky Winky. He called forward the bosun, Gigolo, who told us we were set fair, although the overnight rain might have queered his pitch. We were told to keep to the leeward of any fields or indeed, windward, as long as we kept to the edge. The Bosun punished Plonker before we'd even dropped anchor, emptying a bottle of water upon the



Lost in the long grass

unfortunate matelot's head. Plonker fought back but his broadside hit Please Insert's seadog companion instead. Jack yelped bitterly. What a 6th birthday present. We set our sails to head out of harbour but were promptly ordered to change course some 180 degrees on a bearing which would take us to Gorey and pirate treasure! Yup, we found

a treasure trove of lemonade carefully buried by one of our number, Anton lad, ever after to be known as 'Frothy Man'. His father incidentally may well end up as the Bisto Kid after the gravy browning he'd used to give his piractical visage a more weatherbeaten appearance for the previous evening's shipwreck ball had proved impossible to remove. Make



On the slide



Hash semi-circle



They shall not pass



Marooned

no mistake it was a rough passage. Few of our number escaped a soaking. Captain Poocock was one of the first to dish out the punishment. Bedpan was one of his victims but when she attempted to wreak revenge with her water bottle, straight from the scuttlebutts I shouldn't wonder, she missed the ship's officer and plastered the Bosun instead. Captain Poocock incidentally was also acting as the ship's doctor and was offering his patent Ribwort extraction to all and sundry, free to children, but in return for a favour from the adults. Jolly Roger and all that?

Water palaver

Meanwhile the water torture went on as we set a new bearing towards St Catherine's. The two young Irish recruits tried their hand, or more accurately, their feet, but only proved that the art of soaking your shipmates requires years of training. Mother Nature intervened and down came the rain much to the delight of Captain Poocock. Upon noticing the rather skimpy attire of the wife of the Bisto Kid he announced a wet-T-shirt contest would be in order. Anne Bonny or Caroline or whatever her name admitted she'd forgotten to wear her sports bra, even though she was still wearing her pirate hat but Poocock was

confounded when the rain stopped with the garments in question still too opaque for a decent look – or, indecent, depending on your viewpoint. The good captain however was to prove soon afterwards to be the only matelot eligible to enter a wet T-shirt competition. It was when Admiral Tinky Winky let loose a cannonade from a handy hose he'd found alongside a large vegetable patch. Poocock was soaked and had to removed his T-shirt, swinging it round his head in an ad hoc version of a spin drying machine. The trail took us through a jungle area where our bushcraft lessons proved their worth, though Harry neglected to tell us how to deal with a



The Tiller Girls?



Wet T-shirt contestant



Tower tour



Plonker in the merde



We've been around the block



Miscreants



Misbegotten

stream guarded by trolls like Tinky Winky and Frothy Man. Nor was his advice much help when we were hit by a salvo of double arrows at the bottom of Le Mont des Landes. The trail went all the way to the coast and the seawall back towards Archirondel where we hoped we might encounter a drinks stop. Instead all we got was a hazardous climb down the sea wall and then a long run across the beach. However justice was done at the next headland as we paused for welcome refreshments. After that it was 'on home' really, via the climb up past Victoria Tower and then on to our final destination where shouts of 'on on' echoed rather noisily by some of the houses next-door to Haut de la Garenne. A sumptuous lunch followed before we trooped out to the courtyard for the final indignities. Barely had Tinky Winky begun his closing address than shouts to show more respect were directed at Captain Poocock and Caroline for wearing their pirate hats whilst the GM was talking. Another impromptu down down was awarded to Wendolene when her mobile went off. "It's from Double Tops," she pleaded, but she was still punished although there were also three cheers for our

stricken harriette. The GM started by thanking Jersey Adventures for putting up with us – and also the neighbours for being so co-operative. Klingon was applauded for all his work organising the event and Software thanked for his brilliant T-shirt design. Then it was the turn of the sinners. First up was Steptoe for putting the date of April 15th on the previous week's newsletter. Bedpan was next for losing her room key followed by Commando for the more serious offence of losing her jeans. The girl seems to have real trouble hanging on to her clothes. Last up was young Zamira for not completing the run and a lift with her mother. The Irish virgins were then given their award and the birthday down downs followed,



Hare pilots



Head cases

with Easy Rider, Gobbler and Two Stroke, the recipients. They were joined by another mobile phone offender, this time, Ballcock. The final awards went to Gigolo and Wendolene for being the hares on a great run which had lasted the best part of two hours. The former ended up with most of the latter's beer down his chest.

On on

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARE-LINE



RUN #1201
DATE: 12th August
HARES: Bags-of-It
ON DOWN: Haut de la Garenne. Again!

RUN #1202
DATE: 19th August
HARES: Shiggy & Taxi
ON DOWN: TBA



The Dubliners



**HASH
 HA
 HA**

A pirate walks into a bar and the landlord says, "Crikey mate, you look terrible. What happened to you?"
"What do you mean," says the pirate, "I'm fine."
The bartender says: "But what about that wooden leg? You didn't have that before."
"Aargh. We was in a battle with some Frenchies. A cannonball hit me leg, but the surgeon patched me up fine."
"Yeah, but what about that hook," says the bartender. Last time I saw you had two hands".
"Aargh. The French captain took off me hand with his cutlass," replies the pirate, "but the surgeon gave me this hook and it works great."
"Oh," says the bartender, "what about that eye patch. Last time you were on these shores you had two eyes."
"Aargh. Well, one day we were at sea and this seagull shat in my eye," said the pirate.
"So," you couldn't have lost any eye just through some bird shit," said the bartender.
"Well," said the pirate. "I wasn't really used to the hook."