

THE SQUARE LEG

The sequel to *The Third Man*



"A MASTERPIECE"
The Crapaud Chronicle

Starring

THE CRAPAUD HASH
HOUSE HARRIERS



Painting the town red: the Crapauds warm up for the Red Dress Run

What a weekend we had in Wien.

Sure, it wasn't without some serious shortcomings when it came to the host hash's mismanagement skills, but the thirty or so Crapauds, plus two members of the JH3, who went to Austria for the 2017 Euro Hash had a wonderful time of it all.

We certainly made a huge contribution to the event, not only boasting the biggest visiting contingent, but also putting on the best performance at the Hash Balls Up on the Saturday night, high on energy, if a little bit low on precision drilling.

Although, I fear, with the honourable exception of Frisco on the Friday night, we

may not have excelled ourselves when it came to drinking Vienna dry - or for that matter distinguished ourselves when it came to the running, though Legs managed to do the Ballbreaker, all 25 kilometres of it (before you factor in the false trails).

Highlights of the trip included a visit to the city's sewers (where *The Third Man* was filmed); an exhibition of full-frontal nudity (which included a handful of Crapauds baring all – you'll be pleased to hear that Pervey wasn't around to record the historic scene); and visiting a city with which many of us were unfamiliar but definitely had a lot to offer as well as using Vienna as a base for trips to other locations including Slovakia..



The Red Dress Romp



Crapauds painting the town red

The official events kicked off with the traditional curtain-raiser which turned out to be red dress promenade rather than a run, although the Red Baron and Muffdiver were among the half dozen or so who managed to stretch their

legs sufficiently to break into a trot. It turned out to be a very protracted walk, far longer than the advertised nine kilometres, much of it alongside the Donau canal which became rather monotonous after a while. It



Legs leads the charge of the cross-dressers

proved too much for some, Molehills' wife Gilly among them, after her feet gave up. The pair ended up taking a taxi to the On Down – or as Molehills put it, “an uber to the Stube.” The run had started in a rather splendid

setting beside a church façade and the trail took in many of the city centre sites before reaching the canal. A drinks stop after about 6km brought the run to a temporary halt before finally reaching a bar in the woods.

The Bike Bash



The Bike Bash was a sell-out

The Bike Bash was a big attraction for many Crapauds although it proved to be unfamiliar territory in more ways than one. We've done France quite a few times, Amsterdam once and even the Isle of Wight but Austria was a first. And we've never cycled through a nudist colony before.

What added certain piquancy to the occasion was the decision to go for swim in the middle of a sea of naked bodies. So there you are, you're surrounded by dozens of people letting it all hang out, much of them

admittedly of a certain age ... do you dive in wearing nothing but your birthday suit or do you maintain your British stiff, err, upper-lip, and keep your wobbly bits under wraps?

The answer in the Crapauds' case was, for the most-part, when in Rome, or in this case Vienna, do as the Romans do. Smuggler said afterwards, “Well there was nothing to see anyway.”

It all made the rest of the ride seem a bit dull by comparison, not helped by the fact that much



The nudist colony

of the trail followed the same route as the Red Dress Run including the canal tow-path, though there were a couple of drinks stops this time. It was 35 kilometres long or 50 kms for the show-offs which excluded all the Crapauds bar Wendolene

The trail proved problematic for Smuggler, not just whether to bare all or not, but also because he got a puncture four miles from home. Unable to fix it, it meant a long walk home.

Whether that was the only back to basics run, we're not

sure as the picture below was also posted on the Euro Hash 2017 Facebook page



The bare cheek!



Pussies Galore



Circle underneath the arches



Bogman's twin peaks

There were some ten trails in all on offer and we were told to get to where the buses were parked where it would be first come first served. When you looked at the average age and fitness of the assembled multitude it was pretty obvious there was a mis-match – too many trails for the younger and fitter hashers. So the runs suitable for the senior hashers were over-subscribed. A fair number of Crapauds dutifully arrived at 8am, spent an hour and a half waiting (everything was running very late) and then found their bus was full. It was a complete shambles even by hash mis-management standards. Of those that did get to the run of their choice Legs was the only Jersey hasher to do the Ballbreaker. A fair number of us did Run No 5 which was billed as a 12km trail and took place in the sub-Alpine region of Austria more than an hour's drive from Vienna. It certainly felt like a long run because the first third

was straight up a mountain and the next third went down the other side, ending at a drinks (and bananas!) stop. The final third was a fairly level run and ended at an aqueduct where we were given picnic lunches. The circle was mercifully cut short because the late start meant we were running behind schedule. All of us copped for one down down or another, most simply because we came from Jersey. But Pussy was punished for her name, being one of half a dozen hashers whose hash handle involved various plays on the word 'pussy'. To be fair, the actual organisation of the runs seemed well-handled, the hares were good, the trail well-marked and the scenery – when you could see it through the trees was very rewarding. Which is more than can be said for the hangover run the next day – a two mile stroll through the streets from our hotel to the main hall, without a hare in sight. Still, they only had two years to prepare for it.



Canny Yank?



Bronco Buster



Gun-totin Muffdiver



The hills were alive



Breathing in the scenery



Crapauds in arms

Hash fun and games



Dancing toads



Dancing turkeys?



Gobbler and Whinger



It's tonight Josephine



Pussy & pal



Kow loons?



The Vindobona H3 'entertained' us with some truly dire video films on a huge screen in the main hall. One was a series of down downs awarded to hashers soaked through their socks and into the trainers. Talk about 'on and on'. Another equally awful offering was a hash song, one of the entries in a Euro Hash Song contest, all of which were abysmal apart from the winner which was okay. It was left to the Crapaud Toads to save the day – the only live entertainment on the night, apart from a rather good band on the Saturday, the all-girl Apples from Prague. Sunday night featured the, Empire-themed fancy dress do – again the Crapauds excelled themselves. The food was okay too, but the queues were terrible. At least the beer didn't run out. On on to Scotland in 2019



Patriotic pair?



Friends, Romans and silly so-and-so's