

# The Sydney Hash House Harriers



## ***Smiley's Posh Chronicle – brought to you by his assistant***

**Run Date: June 29<sup>th</sup> 2015**

**Run No. 2504**

For more pictures and to leave your comments on the run [Click Here to open SH3 Facebook](#)

### ***Jungle Jim and Wally Grout – Crows Nest to Tunks and Back***

As I headed home, I was not quite sure which way and when Kitty wanted me to beware? So let's start at the end, and work our way back to the beginning for a change.

Before the President dismissed the rabble, **Kitty** told us to choose our own adventure (an idea not appreciated by young **Darwin Don**, and his thoughts can be summarized as follows:



**KITTY LITTER will be hosting next week's run 2505 at Leichardt/Haberfield on the 6<sup>th</sup> July from 6PM**

KITTY LITTER, who shared awards for two of the most innovative Runs last year, is back at it again - this time featuring a short light rail trip; three different Start locations to a mystery trail; magnificent views and top tucker for \$10. **NOT TO BE MISSED!**

**6:00pm - Long Walkers:** Assemble where The Greenway meets Marion Street, for further Instructions. The Hare will be close

by to take any bags. You will be boarding the Marion Light Rail at 6:16 so bring a Seniors \$2.50 Ticket.

**6:15pm - Short Walkers and Runners:** Assemble where The Greenway meets Marion Street, and wait for further Instructions. The Hare will be close by to take any bags. You will be boarding the Marion Light Rail at 6:30 so bring a Seniors \$2.50 Ticket.

\*\*Carpooling is recommended to save time, bridge toll and parking places in Hawthorn Parade.

**Tic Toc** had entertained us and **PeeDub** looking sad and sans ice-cream had tried a joke, but it was not met with guffaws. **Wally Grout**, after delivering ice creams to the appreciative diners also told a joke.

The Hares who set an excellent trail were called up for a Down Down along with **JTR**, **Plunger** and **Capt Bligh** (returned from the wilderness).



Although it took a while for the Laksa to be delivered, handing out the individually assembled bowls to the poshmen, it was a filling broth. **XXXX** was debating the merits of Coonawarra wines with **S-Bends** (snapping

away for the increasingly popular Facebook site) as **Centrepont** and **Tic Toc** exchanged death stories for **Yakkity** and **Lost Patrol's** enjoyment. Who would have thought that **Centrepont** would so enjoy the deep fried spring rolls and banana leaf mystery fish cake surprise at the Singapore Laksa House.





The proprietors of the Laksa House where we have dined before did not let us down ensuring that they counted each person 35 times, this being the best way to ensure that you have 35 guests. The beer and wine flowed as **Duckweave**, **Pilko** and **Frenchie** heard how **Ayatollah** had kept the masses fed over the past year.

Over in the other corner I noticed

**Musical Phil** (who is becoming a regular) entertaining **Not** and **Grape** (great to you back in the fold was catching up with **Choice**. **Grape** I am had run the trail with gusto guiding **TT** and of the walkers out of blackness that was Park west.



was **Nigel**, see David) **Your** told great some the Tunks

Before heading into Crows Nest shopping the bucket had been

in the basement car park. As in the norm for Monday night's there was a usual group who ensured they returned quickly to the sight of the bucket to "assist the Hares" in keeping the bucket full and sampling the mix to ensure the right ratios of beer and ginger beer. An important job I feel all will agree.

the old centre set up

Some of these thoughtful gents had already left the bucket but as I arrived an early finishing group including Mac the Druid and Darwin Don were just off to their cars. As S-Bends took a picture of me at the bucket he made a comment on my “Gollywog” appearance (at dinner conversation drifted to the subject of Obama, using the word nigger, coons and black sambo – but you would never see a left wing news chronicle like this reporting on such racist banter).

The reason that **Calici** is checking his watch here is he was wondering how much time it had cost him on the trail getting stuck behind an idiot who did not have a torch, but more on that earlier.



The trail had come home via the pedestrian bridge off Slade street that crosses both Willoughby road and the Warringah Freeway and joined the runners who had come up through Naremburn with the walkers, before the short walk up Willoughby Rd to the bucket.

We had come out of Tunks park on Market St East with the runners catching a large group of walkers. On up the service road on the East of Brook St (Flat Rock Drive), and after a careful crossing back down the service road West **SuperGlue** and a gently jogging **Tartan Bed** went, with **Payling** and I walking not far behind. From Adolphus St it was pretty much On Home.

We had got into Tunks park from Currawang St through a park and onto a check on the corner of Vernon and Brothers Avenue. This means we passed the ovals, passed under the sewer pipe and the fresh water pipe before meeting the creek well below the North Bridge on Strathallen. As we crossed the creek on slippery stones with Payling’s torch looking dimmed I regretted not having a torch. Then we got into a “rooty section” and with Payling taking a comfort break, I really did need my torch, shame it was in the car park. **Bigamist** and the **Baron** caught up on the ascent with a clearly marked no go trail catching me out. You would think that being the one to send out the stern reminder “**Yes – you do need a torch**” I might have remembered. I did manage to get out without too many bruises, but can I encourage those summer faithfuls who think they can get by without a torch – you probably can but the run is so much more pleasant if you can see the root you tripped over.

With my gear on I rushed out of the car park onto Atchinson Rd and caught up with **Changi**. Using the last of the battery power in my phone I snapped this picture. Mash and Goanna shepherded by Spud headed into Saint Thomas Park. Across on Rosalind to Cammeray golf club (is that Simmo heading off into the darkness). Some of the pack get lost here, but others headed on to Tunks Park.

Getting to the parking lot off Albany St (yes there are those who could only find the Atchison St car park, but as I was walking from the bus, Albany worked fine), there was a good crowd for a chilly winter night. I flung my bag into CP's car and proceeded to strip to the horror of the Crow's Nest locals. With only a shirt grabbed out of the running kit **Jungle Jim** called "Listen In".

Fortunately there were some complicated instructions to be handed out and I would have time to get mostly changed. Tonight there would be 3 runs, something for walkers and 3.5 kms for Short Walkers (was that 5 trails?). The walkers would be 6.5kms (gasp) and the runners 9kms. To add interest the Northshore Wanderers would be using the same roads and tracks tonight, with alternating checks. This means to follow the SH3 trail you needed to look for arrows like this and not those that looked like this → . Clear as mud I am sure. →

As so like all good beginnings, all things must come to an end. On On White Shit.

## Sneak Preview for Druid (also a space filler)





Druid's Boob Corner

