



SYDNEY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Jungle Jim's Run Report

Monday 26th August

Run No 2765

The Man from Lane Cove River

There was movement by the river, for the word had passed around
That a run we'd not regret was on that day,
Sunbeam set a run that is worthy of the hounds,
So all the Hash had gathered to the fray.
All the tried and noted runners from the Hashes near and far
Had gathered at Magdala on the night,
For the Hashmen love hard running where the wild bush courses are,
And looked forward to the evening with delight.

There was **Sigma**, **Sunbeam's** mate who helped, but he was just a pup,
Who laughed at us with hair as white as snow;
But few can run beside us when our blood is fairly up
We can go wherever man and shoe can go.
And **Pansy of the Clover Show** came on the run that night,
The 'no poofters' rule couldn't keep him out;
Sunbeam said the sight of him would give the boys a fright,
Of that there was never any doubt



And one was there, a stripling on a small and weedy guy;
He was something like a sprinter undersized,
With a touch of Cliffy Young — he stood only 5 foot high
The height that is by river runners prized.
He was hard and tough and wiry — just the sort that won't say die —
There was courage in his quick impatient tread;
And he bore the badge of gameness in his bright and fiery eye,
And the proud and lofty carriage of his head.

But still so slight and weedy, one would doubt his power to stay,
Superglue said, "That guy will never do
For a long night river run - lad, you'd better stop away,
Those Checks are far too long for such as you."
So he waited sad and wistful — only **Pansy** stood his friend —
"I think we ought to let him come," he cried;
"I warrant he'll be with us through the On Backs at the end,
With **Kitty**, **Choice** and **Plunger** by his side."

"He hails from Lane Cove River, up by Chatswood West,
Where the Checks are twice as long and twice as rough,
Where a runners shoes strike firelight and they never take a rest,
The man that holds his own is good enough.
And the Lane Cove River runners by the stream they make their home,
Where the river runs those giant hills between;
I have seen full many runners since I first commenced to roam,
But nowhere yet such Hashman have I seen."



So they went; **Centepoint** climbed Magdala to the great big banksia clump,
Slick led them up towards the mountain's brow,
And then **Khyber** gave his orders, "Under the bridge and up the jump,
No use to try for fancy running now.
And, **Wrappa**, you must wheel them, wheel the Runners to the left.
Long Walkers cross the bridge and up the hill".
Wombat was a runner that could keep the pack in sight,
But **Goanna** passed him like he was standing still!

So **Triple** helped to wheel them — he was running on the side
Where the best and boldest runners take their place,
But **Calici** raced on past them, and on the corner he ran wide
And with one fell swoop he fell upon his face.
The pack halted for a moment, while they swung to take a look,
But they saw their well-loved trail full in view,
And they charged on never caring that **Calici** was so crook.
As off along the riverbank they flew



Then fast with **Goonshow** leading, through Fairyland they ran,
Resounded to the thunder of their tread,
They reached the start of River Avenue, each and every man
From cliffs and crags that beetled overhead.
And onward, ever onward, as they passed the house of **Scud**
By this time they were seven runners wide,
As across the bridge they scurried they could hear a call from **Krudd**
“No man can hold them on the other side.”



When they reached the Chatswood Golf Club, even **Moishe** took a pull -
It well might make the boldest hold their breath;
As the river scrub grew thickly, and the hidden ground was full
They passed the scene of Bogle/ Chandler death.
But the **Man from Lane Cove River** didn't let it mess his head,
"Lets re-enact their bonking", with a cheer
As he dragged poor **Music** down the river and laid him in the bed
While the others stood and watched in very fear.

Hiding a rye smile, **Music** got up to his feet
And **Molly** saw him pulling up his strides,
And the **Man from Lane Cove River** was delighted by his feat —
It was grand to see just how a Hashman rides.
Through the stringy barks and saplings, **Smiley** ran on broken ground,
Racing on the river bank with **Mac**;
And they never stopped for checks till they landed sure and sound,
In the safety of that smooth athletics track.

It was then they saw the Walkers coming down the farther hill
And **Copra** on the roadway standing mute,
They saw **Pee Dub** there and **Wanker**; they were right among them still,
As they raced across the clearing in pursuit.
Then they lost them for a moment, where two major highways surface
At the lights - but as final glimpse reveals
Handshake and **Bucky** walking, and the rest of the pack getting nervous,
With the **Man from Lane Cove River** at their heels.



And he led the pack single-handed, following the map on his phone
Till he found the bridge that put them right on track,
They halted cowed and beaten, then he turned their heads for home,

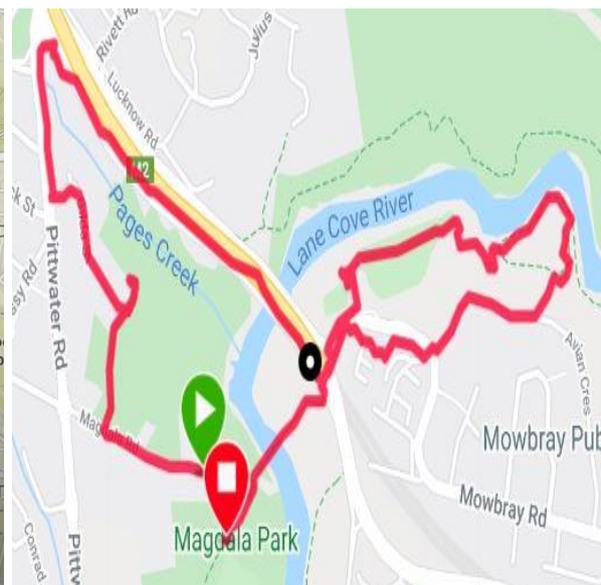
And alone and unassisted brought them back.
 But **Little Shit** and **Yackitty** could scarcely raise a trot,
Ayatollah and **Bigamist** sped up to not come last;
 But **Duckweave** was undaunted, and his courage fiery hot,
 He wouldn't let that Lane Cove man get on past!

And down by Lane Cove River, when they talk of **Sunbeam's** run
 The Hashmen whisper quietly and heave a sigh,
 As a Summer Run in Winter, it covered lots of ground,
 A dark night with a cold and frosty sky,
 A lap around the river where the reed beds sweep and sway,
 And secrets kept from others far and wide!
 The **Man from Lane Cove River** is a household word today,
 And the Hashmen tell the story of his ride.

.....with apologies to **Banjo Patterson**



Runners



Long Walkers

The Funnies

and the theme is **“Safe Work Practices”**



The Glamours

and the theme is “masking tape”



Next Week's Run Monday 31st August at **6:30pm**

Run No: 2766

Hare: **Plunger**

Run Start: In the Soccer field car park across the road from the **Putney Bowling Club**. 68 Frances Rd, Putney, off Morrison Rd.

Park in either the Soccer field carpark or up the hill in the Bowling Club car park and walk back down.

[CLICK HERE FOR RUN START MAP](#)

Run Description: "**Putney by Plunger**" A scenic run and walk through the riverside suburb of Putney. Once the working man's suburb filled with humble housing commission fibro castles now replaced with concrete and brick mansions. Weave your way from sea level to the magical "fountain on the mountain".

Bucket: The Committee will supply an excellent range of bottled beer, ginger beer & water.

Dinner: **Putney Bowling Club** will thrill and fill you with World Famous Putney Wood Fired Authentic Italian Pizza for only \$15.

Meal tables available under Covid regulations.

Bring: **Photo ID** (for dinner), **Mobile Phone**, **Torches Essential.**

Slick