

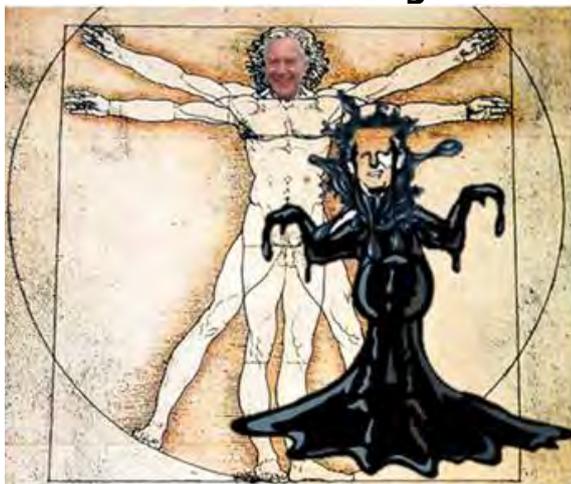
# The Sydney Mourning Hareld

**..AND IN THE MOURNING WE WILL REMEMBER**

**THEM**



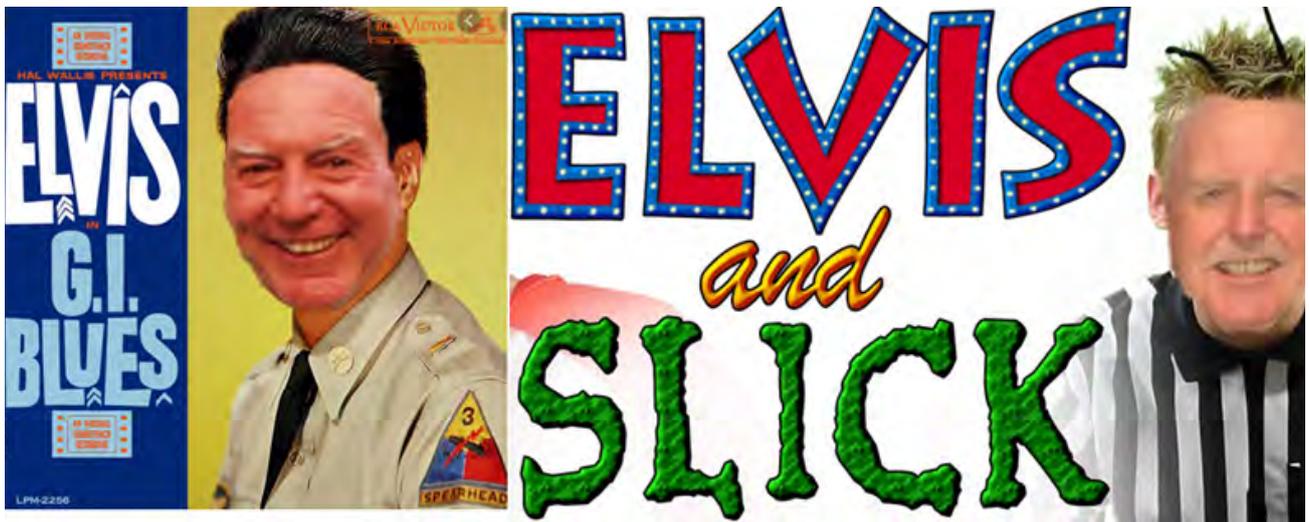
**R\*n No. 2764      Gladesville      Monday August 17 2020**  
**Hares: Armslength and Slick.**



**VICTORY IN GLADESVILLE 17 Aug 2020**

So much to remember and commemorate this week. And **Armslength** (*Handshake has been isolated for the duration; no more than 10 fingers allowed*) and **Slick** planned their strategic assault on Gladesville, Huntley's Point, even including a touch of Bedlam for good measure.

Yes, it's the 75<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Victory in the Pacific, also legendary **San Francisco's** 90<sup>th</sup> Birthday, and the 43<sup>rd</sup> year since Elvis died in 1977. Only a few foot soldiers remember VJ Day painted on suburban fences, yet Australia has never forgotten the importance of that time. **San Francisco**, residing now in an enclave of 1200 vets and always upbeat, was keen to celebrate with **Bunnie** and a bunch of buddies his lively nine decades of life; yet with Covid-closed gym, pool and velodrome, and the neighbourhood eatery eschewing friends, it was no go. So with the lovely Andrea, their chins up, plan to mark this significant milestone at 90½, or 91, 92, or...



And then we remember The King (**King Arthur**, you're not eligible for this one, young man)—no, the 43<sup>rd</sup> anniversary of the untimely death of Elvis.

So in that solemn atmosphere, the R\*n began, and *it was now or never* for **Frenchie, Flying Virgin, Simmo** and **Triple 7** as they headed east and hurtled across Victoria Road, closely followed by **Flying Scotsman, Music, Grape** and **Kitty**. Along the Tarban Creek cycle track, **Nureyev**, like a *hound dog* bounded to the front with effrontery, passing penultimately-planning **President Wanker, Druid** and **Ayatollah**, *all shook up* discussing the climax of their imminent departure, and keeping at bay the *suspicious minds* of so many from guessing the identities of a rumoured new President and Committee.



Not to be left back *in the ghetto* **Smiley, Yakkity**, and **Copra** sprinted after them. Moments later the pack, now led by **Plunger** and **Wombat**, suddenly slowed to a loiter as they passed Riverside Girls High School, aka *Heartbreak Hotel*. **Copra**, humming *let me be your teddy bear* to **Yakkity**, then ground **Zero** into the ground, and having raced thru the Hunters Hill Mental Hospital they slipped out the back way to genuflect before Banjo Paterson's bust (*steady PeeDub*). On to Bedlam Point, ripping along the welcome new plastic-bottle-recycled water-level walkway, **Jack the Ripper** and **Choice** wished they had worn their *blue wade shoes*. **Sigma** and **Sunbeam** sped past with Alacrity (new member?) and claimed their form was a *return to Cinder's* cracking pace.





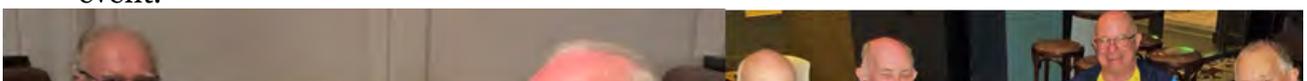
Back at the bucket, beneath five giant illuminated face masks, suspended face down to represent what happens to you if you get the dreaded Coronalurgie, over the newly named Covid Cul-de-Sac, the circle was conducted without two stars of the trail.. you know who they are. **Calici** claimed he raised a toast to **San Fran** for his 90<sup>th</sup> in absentia (*be seeinya*). The Hares, **Armslength** and **Slick** were deservedly adulated, naturally. **Wombat** and **Grape** were so concerned about the late return of **Goanna** (to be fair he had started late having been back at the plant presumably re-building one of his Olympic Opening Ceremony juggernauts of 2000, that starred with a coterie of Posh pros, that could well feature at the September 14 R\*n), they phoned Anita's pet, **Goanna**, the athlete, mid-R\*n, admonishing him with the age-old question "*are you lonesome tonight?*". **Goanna** did finally return and enjoyed eyeing the melted ice and rivulet of water where the bucket of fine chilled suds had been.

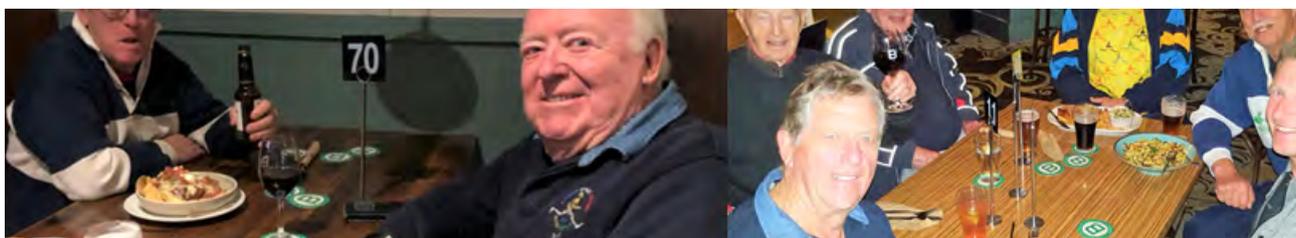


Into the OnOn, the Bayview Hotel, or the *Alehouse Cock* as it was known to **Music** and his Dad, and **Wombat**, too, before it became sufficiently gentrified to welcome the Hash. The food and bevs were welcoming here, as we get used to having 30 fine athletes located all over the premises.



**Goonshow** was so thrilled he was heard to claim his signature dish "*don't be gruel*", as he shared with **TT** a triangle from the round pizza pie that came in a square box, and further also shared the *suspicious wines* of **Jungle** and **Calici**. It was about then, with possible permission from the absent **Wrappa** and **Khyber**, that **Sigma** and **TikTok** (*now and then there's a fool such as I*) were about to perform *Love Me Tinder* when the majority of the Posh and most other patrons left hurriedly. Sated after a successful event.





Here's how **Slick** and **Armslength** crafted the course...



---OnOnTToc with appreciation and tnx to the **Hares Armslength and Slick, Changi and JTR.**

## Next Week. Almost a Virgin R\*n

**R\*n:** No. 2765

**Hares:** Sunbeam and Sigma

**When:** Monday, August 24, at **6:00pm**

**Start:** **Magdala Park, Magdala Road, North Ryde** [shown as **East Ryde** on Google]

(Mary of Magdala was a virginal prostitute before Jesus married her, so how appropriate that

**Sun** "this-goes-straight-to-the-poolroom" **beam** and **Sigma** should choose this spot to begin their joint Hashtory as master trail setters).

**Bring:** Mobile Phone, torches, genuflecting unguent, Veet, sanitizer, breath mints, etc.

**Bucket:** The Committee will supply an excellent range of bottled beer, ginger beer, water (*that could well become wine*).

**OnOn:** Not official, but some are considering the **North Ryde RSL**, 450m away, up Magdala. The Hares MAY book a couple of tables of 10.

## COVETED CORNER

## **Marriage** (as observed by *Changi*)

Husband (a doctor) and his wife are having a fight at the breakfast table.

Husband gets up in a rage and says, 'And you are no good in bed either,' and storms out of the house.

After some time he realizes he was nasty and decides to make amends and rings her up.

She comes to the phone after many rings, and the irritated husband says, 'What took you so long to answer to the phone?'

She says, 'I was in bed.'

'In bed this early, doing what?'

'Getting a second opinion!'



A wise man to his son: "my boy! When you accumulate the understanding to know why a pizza is made round, to be put in a square box and is eaten in triangles, then my son, you will be able to

