

SADLY THERE WAS NO GRAVY AT BELROSE, WHEN CINDERS AND THE UGLY SISTERS PUT ON A SHOW

Early in the day, things didn't look good. The portents loomed dark, threatening and overbearing. That was just the Hares.

The news on the culinary front was equally bleak, No-Good-Byo had strained his back mashing the Icelandic spuds, so the Boeuf a la bourguignonne was off. All was set for an interesting evening.

With the Ugly Sisters in dire straits, Cinder naturally had to be pressed into service. He arrived, a couple of hours before the Run, to find No-Good-Byo lying on a pie-warmer ! Yes ! It was going to be rat coffins for dinner. Goonshow was striding up and down, wringing his hands, muttering some about, "this would never happen in India".

So what was going to be a Summer Run to set the standard for the season, had to be somewhat abbreviated/moderated/stuffed around with the addition (horrors) of a lengthy strip of tarmac at the beginning. All twenty minutes of it, according to The Commodore's chronometer.

Once the Run managed to pick up the Garigal walking track, it was pretty well a straight forward Run in interesting, and at time challenging country. With the Track the appointed route, it didn't provide much opportunity for slipping in many cunning checks to rein in the athletes. However, for the nature lovers, the trip around picturesque Carroll Creek on a beautiful evening made it all worthwhile.

All good things have to come to and end, and this was to be no exception. Once out of the bush, the Pack faced a nightmarish trudge up a never ending road home. "On Home" signs appeared periodically to encourage the flagging bodies to greater efforts.

So it was on to pie and peas. Despite everyone's misgivings, the pies proved to be extremely tasty, once No-Good-Byo was persuaded to forsake the pie-warmer. But there was no gravy !

Whilst we are waiting for Mr Jobsworth to conclude his riveting story on the early days of Goonshow in Australia, The Best of Dick has brought our attention to an intriguing story concerning God Knows.

Having missed out on being appointed Religious Adviser for the Hash, God Knows, completely out of the blue, was invited to give a paper entitled "God Knows Your Innermost Thoughts", at a religious conference in America.

Apparently, the usual grab bag of religious loonies were getting together at the Sisters of the Merciful Heavens University, at Tail-Em Bend, Texas, to sort out whether the Saviour is currently Authoritarian, Benevolent, Critical or Distant.

Wanting some colourful foreign dignities to attend, they were looking for an Aboriginal spiritual group located up at the Alice to represent Australia, only to find they had gone walk-about. The local contact had a sniff around but no one could decide which direction they had headed off in.

Desperate to get an Aboriginal representation from the Oz, they trolled the Web Pages. To their delight, they came across a more black than white reproduction of

God Knows, together with a series of Hash articles in which he banged on about divine providence granting him his name.

The God Goons, as is their wont, put two and two together and naturally assumed the letters HASH stood for "He All Shall Hail". So the HASH in no time at all became an obscure but interesting Aboriginal religious sect, who leave signs and symbols on rocks. Performing strange spiritually cleansing rituals, to get in touch with their ancestors in the Sydney Bush on Monday nights. Its the American way of doing things. Why stuff up a fabricated story you need, by introducing the truth.

At this stage, The Idiot in the White House got involved. Bush needed more than a little spiritual uplifting, after taking a well deserved thumping recently. He teok a fancy to the "He All Shall Hail" bit, and thought he should join in to stop people thinking he was such a fuck-wit. So he insisted God Knows, Harry the Head of "He All Shall Hail", must be invited.

The organizers were of course expecting an Aboriginal to show up. Bush had privately informed his advisers, " Yes Sir, I might look like a white person but my heart is as black as any of those likely to show up in this goddamn place. Yes Mam."

Once invited. God Knows worked studiously on his sun tan in the back yard, by lolling around in a deck chair. That together with his Abo shuffle, and a certain rotundity to match the traditional skinny legs, he was ready to pass himself off as nearly the full quid. He need not have worried.

He was a raging success. The local Religious Loonies hadn't a clue what he was talking about, especially the "jokes". But then neither do we. Anyway, the Loonies were happy, they had an Ozzie representative, regardless of his peculiarities.

God Knows is now leaning on The Best of Dick to change his Hash Name to Divine Intervention. When approached on the subject, The President said, " well I must confess...well, of course I must confess, that as President, I'm not allowed to tell you what I must confess." It could be a long hot summer.

NEXT WEEK'S RUN

When	Hares	Where	OnOn
-------------	--------------	--------------	-------------

18 NOVEMBER	PEDANTIC &	END OF GROSVENOR ROAD	9
KINTORE			

KHYBER	NORTH WAHROONGA
---------------	------------------------

EMERGENCY NUMBER FOR MOBILES IS 112.

SUMMER RUNS. NO TORCH. WATER BOTTLE & MOBILE NEEDED

DETECTING A STROKE

ASK THE PATIENT TO:

(1)SMILE. (2) SPEAK (3) RAISE THEIR ARMS (4) PUT OUT THEIR TONGUE.

IF THEY HAVE ANY TROUBLE PERFORMING ANY OF THESE, RING 000