

## DEVINE INTERVENTION CAME TO TYRE FRUCK'S AID AT BORONIA PARK BUT GOD KNOWS WHERE WE WENT TO FROM THERE

The reluctance for many to emerge from the shadows of the Il Bolognese for the Run, was horribly transparent. And in respect to those who left their jock straps behind to reserve their seats, just horrible.

Flogged out the door by the Hares, the shuffling, resigned Mob gradually made their way down Princess Street. They were in such a distraught state, they over ran a large Check in front of Boronia Park and had to be redirected by Cinders.

Once more under control, it was then through Boronia Park, across High, down Gaza and Thorn Streets into Buffalo Creek Reserve for what turned out to be the Summer Running Section.

With the edge of the Run being gently washed by the tide turning Lane Cove River, torches were at a premium. The back breaking, knee trembling, ankle twisting track leading into the Lane Cove National Park, tested the batteries of flash lights and runners to the full.

Finally the Summer Run Section was over, as the strung-out Mob spilled into Pittwater Road opposite Rene. Home was within pizza throwing distance along Pittwater, so why would anyone in their right mind take the steep climb up Rene ?

Clinging to the shadows on either side of the road, many made good their escape to the Bucket and Il Bolognese. And why not ! It was left to the athletes, Benny and Saltpetre to run the course and dummies like Major Disaster to stay on trail because he doesn't know any better.

For the True Believers and Major, once up the rise and the stone staircase in McCullum, it was a pretty straight run along Goodgrief to Cressy passed the Field of Mars Cemetery, where Major had a rest, then finally down Higginbotham, Thompson and Home.

It was an unusual Run of two distinct parts, both of which were excellently marked, providing a challenge for the best of them.

If the Run was considered to be of a high standard, Il Bolognese must be the leading candidate for Best On On of the Year. In addition to the usual delights offered by Italian cooking, we were treated to ice cream and coffee. What an astonishing treat, all for the price of a miserable twenty five dollars !

And to cap it all, Goonshow, back from his annual Bible promotional tour of Tibet, regaled a select group with tales tall and possibly true. He then, in his artistic mode, said the heart-rendering story of the world famous violinist, Joshau Bell, playing unnoticed and unrewarded by passersby in the entrance to Washington's Metro at the L'Enfant Plaza, stirred largely forgotten memories of the days when he used to perform in the tunnel at Central Railway.

With the group hanging on his every word, he modestly said his case was equally heart-rendering but naturally different. "I vividly recall," he told us, "I had only been strumming away on my banjo for a couple of minutes, when I paused to spit against the wall behind me before getting into the harmonica accompaniment. (How delicate) Whilst my back was turned, some heartless bastard made off with, what we in the "trade" call seed money, a few foreign coins I had carefully placed in my cloth cap. And what's more, the miserable swine poured a drop of metho in their place. How could anyone do such a thing", he questioned, with a lump in his throat. It was clearly difficult for him to go on.

Not what one would call an auspicious beginning.

However, there was worse to follow. Undeterred by the initial setback, he had struggled manfully on until the old lady with an umbrella arrived on the scene. What then took place can only be described as the low point in any one's musical career. The ragged harridan loudly proclaimed that she had been looking for Goonshow for years to get even, and then accused him of pushing in front of her in the queue for an evening session of the Roller Game at the Homebush fruit markets many years ago.

Following this damning accusation, poor old Goonshow coped a right toweling with the umbrella. As a true artist, he fought back bravely, wielding his banjo with great dexterity. Attracted by the din, the two contestants were roared on by the large crowd which had gathered.

Of course the old bitch quickly disappeared into the crowd when the police arrived, leaving Goonshow with his shattered reputation and splintered banjo to face the music.

Found guilty of causing an affray and not having a valid licence to pay music or consume methylated spirits in the railway tunnel, he was sentenced to perform two years of neighborhood services, which we understand he is still working off around Redfern.

Sad to relate, Joshau Bell never sent him a "Get Well" card.