

Run Number: 142 March 2018.

Weather: Splendid

Hair: **Dangles (directed by Pop Tart)**

Run/Walk Report: As it was the Congo we even saw an elephant*.

Score: 6.9/????

*Forest elephants are found most commonly in countries with relatively large blocks of dense forest including the Congo. This one was.

Congo is a small place with about 75 dwellings and about 246 people (last census) including a musician of note. It has one commercial business (not counting the National Park campground) and the Dreaming Track. I think that follows some of the Yuin songlines, a sort of prehistoric Hash thing from even before the Mother Hash was thought of. There are also two beaches, a crick that is currently not open to the sea and a table of knowledge down near Coogan's stone. (He was some bloke who camped there every Christmas for about 100 years or something.) And it is where **Dangles** got older if not grew up. As it turns out, **Basil Brush** also messed about there when he wore a younger man's clothes.

Many people are led. Some follow out of faith; others due to curiosity. Others think there might be a bit of class and a decent sherry before the run. And so it was: served in great style, direct from the flagon by our host (that would be **Dangles**) and arbiter of good taste. (That would be **Pop Tart**.)

Some of the curious included **Matilda** and **Bushman** freshly returned from their colonial residence near Belgium (see more later). **Basil Brush** and **Sadistic Countess** also could not resist the temptation to return to old haunts. **Blue Hawaii** was there too.

After a second sherry (or third for some) **Dangles** thought it safe to draw mysterious songlines in chalk and flour on his front stoep. It gave no clues to anything that was to follow. And the walkers had even less idea. He pointed out to the gate and said, "Go that way." So, we did.

The runners - and there were several of them - were led by **CRAFT** and the **GeeEmm**. Well for a while anyway until the fitter **CL** and **Sunshine** gambolled by, baying **ONON** at every mark. Then

the **GeeEmm** worked his way back through the field as **Double Fister** plunged toward the FRBs and even **Sticky Date** made a dash towards the first view spot over looking the flooded lagoon and the ancient tree swing from childhoods long ago. **CountHerFeet** also made an appearance at this slight diversion and read on the sign "Go back whence you came until the walkers trail appears". (As I remember it; **Dangles** is a literary chap and has very good handwriting.)

The walkers were strung out (as they often are) along a bit of a track though the nether regions of Congo and a couple of car graveyards somehow missed by the Clean Up Australia crews over the last decade. But the runners ran them down at great pace of course as they plunged towards the next HH. Lo and behold, there in the middle of the Congo savannah stood an elephant-like apparition, if you squinted hard enough and looked sorta westerly between a couple trees there was indeed a sorta baby elephant rampant. Maybe it was the pre-run sherry.

Then it was **ONON** through the verdant grasslands of West Congo towards the Swan Pond (not big enough for a lake) where the two resident birds observed the milling pack looking almost in vain for a discernible mark that did not require them to do a JC (or Moses) across their home. Fortunately, the **GeeEmm** displayed some smarts and went looking around the edge until he found the required stuff in the long grass and bayed **ONON** again. About now **CRAFT** committed the unpardonable in of *lese majesté* passing the staggering **GeeEmm** without even a request to do so. (He paid later.)

By some mysterious mystery the trail led back to the village where there was a confusion of marks, some written instructions and the very rewarding sight of the walkers plodding up the Congo Hill as the runners took a well-directed left towards the coast. Ho Ho. But it was not all straightforward and as the runners, with **CL** and **CRAFT** reading sign, lurched into a plethora of arrows, signs and even words that completely flummogasted them (and the following pack). Anyway, the pack lurched northward and to the sight of the grave of the late Maria Thompson who was planted there in 1837 after expiring at the tender age of 24 and leaving a grieving

George behind. After this quick dose of heritage (it is the oldest grave in the district) the pack returned whence it came and took the nearest convenient marked trail that turned out to be for the walkers. After ignoring **Gobbles'** and **Lost Rooster's** suggestion to head south along the beach or go back up the hill and look for running trail, the runners once again took off after the walkers in a generally northerly direction with the scent of a beer stop drawing them on. By some miracle the *GeeEmm* again led the pack as it splashed out of the lagoon and onto the table of knowledge at the campground where, by another miracle, the Hair and his Director of Good Taste were setting up the drink stop. No sherry but a very fruity punch and some beer and even chips. Bliss.

Somehow **Doggy Bag** and **Captain Pugwash** had arrived early and found a couple of chairs and some shade under a van annexe and were scoffing beer as the pack arrived. The drink stop seemed to go a bit longer than usual, possibly in recognition of the generous supply of grog. And the relatively close proximity of the finishing line. Butt even then, **CL** and **Sunshine** motored to the end point. Something about bringing chairs and post circle grog.

The circle more or less formed itself out the back on the concrete as the exhausted pack reclined in several chaises until the RA called the pack to order (sorta) for a circle. The hair was resplendent in his black tie and he *GeeEmm* was attired in formal black. No one else except **Pop Tart** seemed to have got the message

The run was awarded a 6.9 by an uncritical **CRAFT** and the walk about the same by the very discerning **SueEllen**. Drinks were taken before **CRAFT** was invited to remain for the charge of *lese majesté*. **Matilda** and **Bushman** were invited in as representatives of the Belgian colonisers of the Congo (they are land owning plutocrats with holdings near enough to that place). I forget what else went on but I do recall that **CountHer Feet** made a charge that stuck and the *GeeEmm* accepted one that prompted **Double Fister** to join in under the pretext that "when one *GeeEmm* drinks....." **Lost Rooster** awarded the Routed/Rooted Award to **CHF** for reasons that probably relate to the possibility it may return

within six months. As she was more or less constantly the DFL runner it was probably deserved. Naturally, the presence of **Sunshine** as one of the returnees led to some tuneless rendering of an age-old classic. **Basil Brush** and **Sadistic Countess** claimed to have run at least one hash somewhere else during their lengthy absence.

As darkness descended and before the full(ish) moon arose the circle meandered to a merciful close and the gourmet hot dogs with mustard coleslaw were devoured. Drinking ensued. Some reports from the morning after suggest hangovers were trumps, and that Congo beach was the scene of a recovery swim. As the bard once said "I think we got away with it again."

NEXT RUN:

Run 143:

WHEN: Saturday 7 April 2018 at **3pm Eastern Australian Ordinary Time.**

WHERE: Sunshine Bay Road, near George Bass Drive. Between the two roundabouts. There's a picnic table there I think.

HAIR: **Two Fathers**

AFTERS: 15 Pacific Street Batemans Bay (aka Likealotta's)

AFTER THAT

Run 144:

WHEN: Saturday 5 May 2018 at **3pm Eastern Australian Ordinary Time.**

WHERE: 11 Forest Pde Tomakin

HAIR: **Captain Pugwash**

AFTERS: Barby at above address. Ukulele optional.

AND THEN?

Hoonose? I think someone volunteered but the dog ate me notes.

OTHER STUFF.

The Finance sub committee stared into the entrails of the cash tin and decided the grog price would go up to \$3 a pop.

Run 150 is likely to occur in November. I suppose we will do something about it some time. Maybe another

meeting of the Mismanagement Ctee. We'll get back to you on that one.