

The Ekka Plaza Run 19/10/2015
Hares - Virgin and Tinkerbell

Thanks XXXX for seemingly choosing at random a member of the pack that night to report on the run, the Ekka Plaza Run, but it turned out to be me, an ex resident of the Ekka Plaza. It's been made known to me that the delayed posting of this report has been noted, but as the readership of the trash is unaudited, perhaps only by the single reader, XXXX.

In 1972 the now manicured and well facilitated park at which the pack on 17/10/15 congregated was typical of Brisbane suburban parks, overgrown and unloved, a place for the dumping of garden refuse, and more. In that year around the corner at Pauline St, a house was rented by refugees from the north-side, led by the previous Tsar of the Milton Hilton, one Snappy Tom.

A gay mate of mine gave my name to a gay mate of his, one Kiwi named Max, who in turn contacted me and invited me to a drink with his mates, one of whom turned out to be Snappy Tom, who I took to be his Chinese boy friend. So it turned out that this gay mate of a gay mate had moved into this household at Pauline St. I discovered a very random crew in this household, the Chinese boy friend Snappy, a Pommy, Pommy Bastard, the BHP Customer Contact Officer Taffy and the John Holland engineer Virgin. That was five, but the house was capable of housing seven, the last two in the damp under-house squalor, into which I moved at some time in early 1973.

Worried as I was about the sexuality of the my housemates it soon became apparent that the only problem that they collectively had was not their sexuality, but lack of opportunity, on either side of the divide. The household boasted their own business card "The Chaps", which was of doubtful benefit in the ceaseless hunt for female contact, and indeed drew blanks, and sneers.

Taffy used to return home on Monday nights at some late hour in a disorderly state to then treat his housemates with little respect. It took six months before I was able to deduce that he was attending a sporting meeting, after which some ales were taken, and I was able to secure an invitation, that was July 1973, my introduction to Hash.

The circle on the night of 17/10/2015 was non-observant of the significant impact of the residents of Pauline St on the future shape of Brisbane hash, there being some still in attendance. However randomly, the roll call of Pauline St residents all became hashmen, all their special idiosyncrasies adding to the discordant flavour still evident.

Virgin, Taffy, Pommy Bastard, Snappy Tom, Baldy, Frosty, Dagwood, Whiteant, VD, Sir Lance-a-lot and Pushup.

In 1974, but I stand correction, the house came onto the market, and Virgin with then GF bought the place, resulting in Virgin building a new downstairs bar which created a perfect Monday night / Tuesday morning catastrophe on too many occasions. Virgin's GF may have fallen by the way side, but not his commitment to the Ekka Plaza, and he is still found there today, hopefully with better relationships with the neighbours. A memorable feature of the Ekka Plaza was the frequent Friday night parties where numerous hashmen were included in the throng, guys \$2, girls free, and all you can drink as long as it was beer. This formula was varied when girls started being charged because a flagon or two were included. I lost track of my girl friend at one of these parties and must have known something because I found her in Baldy's bed and I'm unable to banish the recurring image.

The run tonight wasn't oversold by the hares. There were no particular expectations, other than that runs from this area normally skirt the Greenslopes hospital and go under the freeway at least once. Across the park and up and around past the reservoir, all pretty cute, and then on and over the Tarragindi end of the Toohey Forest Park. This latter section I was able to shortcut on medical grounds, but still enjoyed a rather interesting meander back through the ribbon of forest. Those without medical evidence of impairment continued on over the mountain and then back through the same forest to the on on, Little Arseplay as usual taking up the sweeper role and ensuring that no others remained behind, well done LA. The runners were back on the mark; impressive timing hares, saving an icing. Actually a pretty nice run.

Swami started proceedings with an interesting story about Boxa and the Cocktail party at the Regatta, but I never got the drift of the story. The vibes from Boxa were that he didn't really enjoy the cocktail party, but specifics were not entered into. Swami's accent is a unique compendium of Londoner, Ocker and Hindu and he used it to good effect to wring out from the the rest of the pack various notables as candidates for SOTW. The jury remained out as to the winner of the SOTW, but there was persistent background nominations of Boxa as the winner. The announcement of the actual winner was somewhat lost in the general break-down of circle discipline, but the following week saw Divot produce a very washed looking SOTW T shirt, so was it Divot?

Anyway, for the second week in a row the park electric BBQ did not work, actually the third if you count two the previous week. where Divot sprang to the rescue and the snags were cooked at his nearby home. This week Virgin was able to transport his whole BBQ paraphernalia to the park. What's with the BCC and the electric BBQs anyway?

Excellent catering Hares, matching the run.

Pushup