

Run Report Run 2483Prince Of Wales Hotel , Nundah.

Hares...Handjob & Minder (the unfinancial)

Vale **Embryo** . Enough said which hasn't already been said about our old mate .

This venue has a colorful history . Back in the good old days when men were men and falsies were teeth , in its previous form with cracks in the floorboards you could fall into ,this pub was the headquarters of the thriving SP Bookies era . Then along came Fitzgerald and later legalised pokies and the end was nigh . Scribe can recall Saturday arvos, age 19 ,after playing League at Oxenham park with Norths , being shuffled into the back room for a fatigue replenishing ale when the legal age was 21 . Cops were no worry as there were so many "cockatoos" for the gamblers and the illegals always out-numbered the law , you were dead unlucky to be the one lumbered. This flash new brick place doesn't do anything for history .

The run started heading Northwest and wound it's way down to the bike path along Kalinga Ck . This pathway was the territory some years ago of a serial groper of female bike riders . A CB up a stairway brought **Tinkerbelle** and **Optus** back to the other four of us to head further along the creek . The trail skirted Shaw Park and meandered into Kedron not far from the Edinburgh Castle Hotel . Details from here are a bit foggy due to old age but suffice to say we , all six runners , found our way back to Nundah via Eton St and into Boyd Park and then home . Youthful memories of Boyd Park came flooding back . I lived one street away for my 4 years at Banyo High . A mate from down the road and I used to arm ourselves with home-made cracker guns loaded with small gravel , ride through the park , fire them into the air ,go like hell and listen for the fallout on all the tin roofs .

The circle in the park opposite the pub was a noisy disruptive affair with numerous icings but conspicuous by the fact of a new , to the best of my knowledge , Virgin SOTW , **XXXX** . Poor bastard came unstuck being observed at **Embryo's** funeral trying to enhance his reputation as a developer by slipping a brown envelope to someone he thought had Council connections only to discover it was endorsed " the church thanks you for your donation " . At this juncture **Brengun** announces that he got **MARRIED** the previous Saturday and kept it secret to avoiding having to shout . Apparently his conscience or the new ""she who must be obeyed " got the better of him so he put on a carton to make the occasion . Adding to the festivities , Brewmaster then presented a carton for take home in memory of **Embryo** .

Run.....8/10 ... Memory lane things .

On On....8/10... Virgin SOTW and take home can.

Food... Dunno , didn't eat .

On ON, BUGS