

Your scribe was selected, not at random, by GM Luftwaffe to lodge a run report for the effort by Ron the Bomb and XXXX, but I'm happy to do so as a form of punishment for failing to undertake Monk duties so far since elected.

Recalled is a conversation with an office bearer of the Durack Bowls Club some years ago on a Monday night and he was blunt then about the clubs chances of survival. It's still there, which is a surprise, and it's unlikely the hash business keeps the receiver from the door, but to be sure the management were probably grateful to provide a venue for XXXX and Ron the Bomb's run 2499.

The usual crew were were but including a visitor from the Bay Of Islands with a midland accent, but who's name is not recalled. Durack is a long way from many places, so the turnout was pretty good considering, with the longest drive award probably shared by VD and Bugs who arrived late but who still caught the pack. Ron the Bomb's preamble (intended pun) was not particularly informative, other than explaining that the first part of the run was an area where trails had been set previously, and the second half was not; this information was of no help later as it transpired. The running group comprised Splatt, JC, Optus, Verbal, Begging, Screw, Scruffy, Bugs, Multiple and scribe. Thanks hares for the frequent checks and RGs, as this runner labored mightily to keep up, until finally, on Verbal's advice, I opted for a return to the Bowls Club on a Walkers trail, which the runners trail crossed on numerous occasions.

This as it turned out was not the brightest move, as no more chalk was sighted. No worries thought I, I'll ask someone which way to Blunder Road. First candidate was a Somali youth whose English was good and was very polite but neither threatened my person nor had any idea about Blunder Road. Second candidate was an elderly looking Viet Nam chap, who turned out to not know one word of English. Third candidate was an Ethiopian family, smiling and attractive mother in a robe and headscarf, three young children and a well spoken and polite father, none of whom had even heard of Blunder Road. It was now quite dark and the streets were completely deserted. Finally I approached a man standing at his front door, and received a heavily Viet Nam accented version of the Irish joke "I wouldn't start from here". However he came up with the goods finally, and this monk arrived back at the Bowls Club at 7.45, to hear the SOTW award being presented as I entered the car park. Actually being Monk is a fairly cruisy, as Divot is very good at it, and happy to stand in at any time without notice, or complaint.

The walkers were out for an hour, the runners about the same, and we heard that this was the shortened version!

Having not being present at the circle it took a while for the penny to drop that it was XXXX's birthday, and that the beer was flowing. The simple but effective BBQ offering went down well, and the Nicaraguan T shirt raffle prizes reflected the coincidence of the 2499th run and XXXX's 69th (or 70th year, doesn't look it). Only one winner of the raffle is remembered; keep an eye out for me in the T shirt.

Last week I emailed the pack and requested that charges for the circle be preferably communicated digitally, with the expected result, SFA.

So, cannily set walk and run, about the right length for most, welcoming venue, decent feed, well done hares.

Pushup