

Embryo Memorial Run 3/9/18

Embryo first ran in the Brisbane Hash in 1979. He approached a number of hashers at the 4BK bed race at the then less immaculate Southbank. Representatives of the Brisbane hash were then a particularly motley crew, led at that stage by the motliest of all Rip Van Winkle. This scribe donated a new Permarest branded wooden bed with a steel frame so it could be fitted with wheels and entered with a Hash team of pushers. In the event the power to weight ratio was miscalculated and the bed collapsed immediately under acceleration, sending hashmen sprawling. But hashmen will always find a silver lining, so the wooden head and foot of the bed was then burnt using the steel spring base as a BBQ grill, and this travesty occurred on the Southbank lawns! The frame was then tossed into the river, such was life in the 80s. I never did adjust the company's inventory to account for the missing bed! I've forwarded to VD a photo of the page of that Yearbook for the full story.

Embryo, then Deputy Commissioner of Queensland Railways, could recognise fellow-degenerates at a mile, and approached to inquire about membership. Photo also supplied of the 1979 stats which indicates Embryo's first run was on 23/7/79, but at that stage he had not been forthcoming with his real name. He would be dropped off at Hash by his driver in the QR Fairlane sponging a lift home with whoever was going Indooroopilly way. Interestingly the same 79 stats show an unnamed Ray Hess with 4 runs. Embryo was quickly named because he followed in the aging stakes Junior and Fetus. Of course Embryo's fame was all about pinching grog, but let's not forget his anathema for fat-o-grams. He also amused me recently doing a 38 point turn getting out of a tight car park at Indooroopilly Central. This had the effect of causing congestion right back to Toowong. A compliment was received from the Jeffcoat family as to the number of hash mourners at the service, although that compliment would have been withdrawn if they'd heard any of the less than respectful banter.

The trail picked up the easements from Iona Tce to McCaul St to Todd St, but no mutterings were heard after about the latter's steepness, as it was all downhill, unlike some weeks ago when WOT and this scribe were in the haring chair. The trail continued quite ingeniously up and down and in and out, until reaching the concrete "poured in situ" (for Verbal's benefit) Holy Family church where Embryo was farewelled with a Rule Britannia. The return to Robinson Park, and the Virgin campsite was pretty straightforward, and it's fair to say not one whinge about the length, although Miles was absent.

The snags and onion were cooking a plenty, and the feed was well underway when Royal Screw the Asst Monk appeared from Ireland and Portugal to replace the absent Luftwaffe. Optus ran the raffle for an extra Embryo memorial beer, and every green ticket holder was a winner. SOTW candidates were Dolebludger for suit shoppingAT LOWES....., Royal Screw for leaving his mobile on the plane, and sending his daughter off without her passport, Monty for converting the Vintage Car Club magazine into a hash publication and last but not least the winner Tinker Belle for stealing the Hammersley Banner and in fact selling Brisbane Hash to Hammersley, you can pick the SOTW vest up next week.

Not a bad run, for the walkers, not a bad walk, for the runners, pretty good catering, some quaffable red wine, nice bit of waterproofing by Virgin, but most importantly a well run memorial to Embryo who shouted the hash with a sizzle and beer every birthday.

Pushup

P.S Virgin's camping gear is so perfectly organised in the back of his troop carrier that it's a military operation putting everything back.

How does one justify this year's greatest Hash debacle ... our entry in the 4BK bed race? Who wants to justify anything Hash does anyway?

Once upon a time, on a typical Friday night at the Crest (where else would a Hashman be on a Friday night) I suggested to Snappy Tom, Pushup, Rip Van Winkle and Whiteant that Hash should have a team in the bed race. Snappy was the first to comment 'ratshit idea V.D., forget it and pass me a pot'. As Snappy was against the idea a team was instantly decided upon and Pushup volunteered the use of a Kerby bed.

After a few weeks Rip Van Winkle and myself realised that some (a great deal in fact) work would have to be done to prepare the bed to race standards. Luckily after a few phone calls we discovered a volunteer who was prepared to supply wheels and do the work. Our panic at the thought of work then subsided. The next step was to ensure that nobody knew where, when, how or why any of this was happening. This, naturally, was the easy part.

The big day of the elimination heats arrived. Unfortunately some of the hash team didn't. Undeterred those who did arrive immediately went to the Plough Inn and got pissed before the race. With all the excitement of the Hardie Ferodo 1000 V.D., Rip Van Winkle, Creampuff, (Ozzie Bonuto), Cum (who was also moonlighting with the motortrend team) and Jockey, Noel the Moll moved to the starting position. The starter raised his pistol, squeezed the trigger and the rush was on.

The Hash team began moving over the first metre, second metre ... getting faster ... three metres, four metres ... getting faster ... five metres and then total disaster. Due to the massive acceleration of creampuff and myself the front of our craft separated from the rear. Noel the Moll bounced his head along the pavement while Rip Van Winkle used his knees as brakes - and we ground to a halt. This created enormous problems for Hash flash, Porno, who was waiting diligently at the finish line to capture our victory on film for all time. Alas not this year.

However, just because we were not in the final did not deter the Hash from holding a victory barbecue the following afternoon at the Mardigras. That afternoon saw many firsts for Hash: the Hash tent, an adopted Hash blimp, Rip Van Winkle becoming a blood brother with the locals, and the hash rowing team of Arsehole, Tess, J.C., Miles O'Toole, Ratso and Pushup.

A few other Hashmen paid a visit to the hash tent that afternoon including Meteor, Creampuff, Junice, Lesbian II, Farcenal, Porno, Weavel, Yum-Yum, the team and many other degenerates.

Let's hope next year's effort will be a ripper as I am sure this event will now be one of Brisbane Hash's annual sporting highlights.

V.D.

GREAT BED RACE



RIP, JUNIOR, VD AND WEEVIL WITH HASH TENT AND HASH BED. PORNO IS THERE TOO, BUT YOU CAN'T SEE HIM BECAUSE HE IS BEHIND THE CAMERA.

SUGARBUM	Noel Whittaker	2/4/79	18	0
FANG	Dave Humphreys	25/6/79	15	1
KNACKERS	Larry Knaver	20/11/78	13	0
GRINNER	Gary Esler	9/10/78	13	0
DRIFTWOOD	Rob Greenwood	9/10/78	12	1
EMBRYO		23/7/79	12	0
SNAKE	Doug Frost		11	0
BROWNEYE	Noel Summer	3/9/79	11	0
WANKOFF	Greg Markwell	16/7/79	11	0
	Dave Cunningham	3/9/79	10	0
CUM	Ossie Bonutto	20/8/79	10	0
	Geoff Pierly	10/9/79	8	0
Cherry Venture	Danny Potent	15/10/79	8	0
	Dave Winwood	24/9/79	7	C
	Steve Everingham	1/10/79	7	0
	Keith Hamilton	15/10/79	7	C
ENEMA	Peter Freer		6	0
	Nev Cottrell	27/8/79	6	0
	Ken Wilson	24/9/79	6	0
URINAL	Mike Chamberlain	8/10/79	6	0
	Chris Maxwell	8/10/79	5	0
	Ray Hess		4	C
DOUBLEBUM	Doug Ryan	23/7/79	3	0
FART	Ian Hendry	Apr Fool's	18	0
	Stuart Gray	26/11/79	2	C