

HHH cHILLin in Balmoral.

A field in the mid 30's set off from the Mornington Football Club. Boxa our trusty hare had changed the venue at the last minute to protect us from Mosquitos, Malaria, Beri Beri and other tropical diseases that lurk in Morningside and Balmoral. The Morningside female AFL team were training on our arrival and on departure; they were most certainly worth a second look. And a further look on our return to the club.

In setting the run Boxa displayed skills presumably developed in a previous life that included Orienteering for Old Farts and Counselling for the reluctant. His counselling skills were well demonstrated at the start of the run when he said "Ifyou don't like the run tough shit!"

In fairness he did explain that the cHILLin factor referred to the number of hills to be encountered. He was right. His counselling came to the fore in the circle at the end when Brengun complained about the severity of the hills for the old farts in the pack; of which there are many ! His response being, "Tell somebody who cares!"

The trail took us up the first hill past the Morningside State School which was the Alma-Mater of XXXX who regaled me with a number of stories of the cane happy head who if XXXX is to be believed sounded like Miss Trunchbull (from Matilda) on Ice! The crusty old retired Principal in me thought,yep,heard that before!

We then proceeded through the suburbs past the Balmoral Youth Space and Balmoral Bowls Club,where I was disappointed not to see some of the old White Leghorns from the Bowls club trying their hands on Skateboards. We climbed up a further challenging hill with a detour which did present a pretty obvious short cut for the SCB's in the pack. There followed a very steep descent, which presented us not just with an excellent city view but a question from one of the local ladies who was inquiring about the whereabouts of David! It appears that Boxa answers to David at the Balmoral Coffee Shops.

The descent took us past St Peter and Pauls Catholic Church and on to Riding Road and on home where the AFL women were still training.

The walk was a challenging 4km and the six runners in the pack did 6km.

All in all, a very well marked trail especially considering the rain that the area has had recently. H.Job, on behalf of the runners, said the same.

Well done Boxa, an excellent trail!

On return the brewmasters were slow with the grog and then ran out!!! Could it have been that they were catering for the fact that the ghost of Embryo might have been lurking and trying to get his second can?

In the circle Twin Tub lamented on the lack of police in the Hash, thinking a police presence would lead to less people being stopped on the way to runs. This reminded me of my time as Hash Cash in El Salvador when we had a runner kidnapped on the way to a run.

When we heard we had a whip round to get him out.

Being the Head of Philips International in Latin America he commanded a big ransom, we heard \$8 million US; and that was in 1978. Thus the thirty odd dollars we raised in our whip round might have managed the release of a toe nail in the scheme of things! We did what all good Hashmen should do in these circumstances and used the whip round money to buy a slab of beer!

Shit of the week, VD.