

Run 2630 – The GM's Camp Hill Run

At some stage the website indicated the venue as the Camp Hill, so I advised the domestic catering manager that I'd dine at the Camp Hill Hotel on Monday night. There was reason to be confident, after all the GM was the hare, one should only have expected the best. As it turned out the back car park of the hotel was bare of hi viz shirts, so a re-appraisal of the receding hareline relocated the run at Lavarack Park, just near the pub.

First though one had to negotiate the speed bumps in the car park, don't bring your McLaren here. This turned out to be a Committee funded run, an act of generosity by the committee no doubt, but those with a nose for underlying agendas were already suspicious. Just one moment of inattention, and then just one word, and yours truly was nominated run reporter.

On the trail Tweety crassly reminded me that I had failed on previous occasions to stick to the description of the run, so why should this be different. Indeed, we had to get to the bottom of the change in venue. Why would a covid threatened business, the Camp Hill, turn away valuable business on a Monday night? There has to be more to the story! Layup moaned that rejection by the pub meant that he'd thus forgo his weeks one catered meal. GM Verbal went to some trouble to warn of multiple run markings in the area.

The trail itself introduced some innovative marking where the trail diverged into W and R sections, which then came back together at different times, on a variety of Verbal, Southside and Harriette trails, whereby surprisingly the walkers made pace with the runners, with the exception of Arseplay and Multiple, as ever. Where the run went was a mystery, however a bowls club was passed, if that helps. Back at the park, Verbal's snags on bread preceded the circle as a further variation to the theme, and GM announced that beer and snags were free, although probably funded by Boxa's remarkable efforts in recycling at 10c per throw.

In the absence of Monk Snap, the Tub released some jokes that should have remained in custody. Verbal made a fair effort of retaining reasonable order while pulling a Putin / Xi and postponing election for the incoming committee to the end of the financial year. Then the facts gelled, lulled and bribed by snags and beer, distracted by a purported exclusion from the Camp Hill, the pack agreed to an extension of power and kitty strings by the current mismanagement. How fragile was BH3's constitution that there was no opposition at all to the putsch, and 49 years of December AGPUs just tossed to the wind. If this follows Putin's pattern, freedom of the press shall be next to go and the trash shall be censored.

If you're not reading this then you'll know that it's already happened. Well, as they say in Pyongyang, better the devil you know. But back to the important things, Hash Monk Snap took the news rather badly, as his material was about to expire in the first week of December, and now it will need to be stretched out to end June! As for scoring the run/walk, actually, given the potential for a cock-up, it all went off quite well, the GM (for life?) is to be commended. The circle was orderly enough, if back to front, and the committee largesse appreciated, even if I had to stop for a Thai take-a-way on the way home.

Pushup