

Report – Run 26/4/20 – Hamilton Hotel – Handjob and Vaso

Firstly, I prefer the previous criteria for selection as the run reporter, namely as Verbal's punishment for vocal infraction. The new system allows for the reporter of the previous run to nominate his successor. Zit duly nominated Mortein, who gave the excuse that he wouldn't be there next week! How could that wash? So, Craft was next in line for the gong, and he used the same excuse! How could that also wash? Whilst I was focussed on this abstraction, Zit flicked the baton to me, but I was too slow to be away next week, so here we are.

Peter Scudamore-Smith, now Master of Wine, then known as Scud (joined 7/3/77 with a total of 91 runs) set a run from the Hammo in 1981, known forever as the Scud run. This run exhibited many features not experienced tonight, including crossing a moving train, stampeding cattle, mangroves, swims, tidal flats, shotgun fire, being strafed by DC9s and FAD's mate's bus back from Banyo to the Hammo post 9.00pm. Scud was never seen again, which is a shame as he'd no doubt revel in his BH3 fame.

On another occasion, when the Hammo bar was a tiled masterpiece and Bretts Wharf docked ships, the hash on one side of that expansive bar faced off against the wharfies on the other side in a hand walking contest. Life Member MOT represented the hash against a scruffy and pissed wharfie, sorry Scruffy; each were amazing! Never seen such a thing since.

A run from the Hammo will either be on the flat, or up the hill, so it was the latter, with Handjob and Vaso's local knowledge employing every set of stairs and back track to ensure a real estate tour of that overbuilt suburb. Sighted were only two houses for sale, one a fairly prominent and obvious number with a traffic noise issue and limited parking, but hashmen, hang on to your deposits as airs and graces will be checked. Nice to be reacquainted with the ex-Archbishops home, now with large multi-coloured fountain, certainly one-upping the neighbours. Smart word from the pack is that the owners are of eastern persuasion, but is this PC? Really hard to add more, other than I was with a smallish group led at times by Royal, and back at 7.10, but where were the rest? Trail was pretty well marked, recalled are checks and CBs, some obvious, some not.

I was sad to have missed Teresa Bianchi's funeral last Saturday; Teresa was a lovely woman, and is well remembered. Deepest commiserations to Tub. Apart from being a grieving widower, Tub also arranged a small hash commemoration of ANZAC day with the reading of "Why Is The Poppy So Red", with assistance to massacre the verse by Divot, Boxa and this scribe. Nicely done Tub, with Divot also on bugle. While Tub is on the job they shall certainly grow not old, and we will certainly remember them.

Schadenfreude? No, that would be unfair, but the FU brothers are at it again, Layup with viral pneumonia in Armidale, and BG laid up after a fall. BG had noted that Molly Meldrum and Peter Starkie had fallen off ladders, so he wisely eschewed the ladder for a stool, with the expected result and fracture of bones, the brain damage preceding the fall.

Into the Hammo, where everyone lumped for pensioners meals, although some meals looked a bit mean.

So, Handjob and Vaso did pretty well with this run, four stars at the least.

Pushup