

Scribe: Mortein  
Run No: 2239  
Hares: Radar, Chips, Verbal Diarrhea & Floater  
Location: Nudgee Beach  
Run start in the direction: BCC Bus  
FRB's (Walkers): Dimprick, Dog, Mortein  
SCB's (Walkers): Anchovies, Vaseline  
Incidents on the Walk: Beachball chatting up Harriettes (badly)  
Scuttlebut: Beachball chatting up Harriettes (badly)  
Quality of the Walk: Good try – too long for some  
Circle Highlights: F\*Nut with no material  
SOTW: Mixed Hash run – no winner  
Suggest Irish Joke for his dick togs  
On/On Food: Normal high quality Spermwhale Sausage sizzle  
Beer: No BH3 beer for sale. Had to buy from Northside.

## **THE RUN AT NUDGE BEACH** **with a thousand apologies to A.B. "Banjo" Paterson**

There was movement at the beach, for the word had passed around  
That the Mud Run, now 30 years old, was to be redone,  
**Radar, Chips, Verbal Diarrhea & Floater** set the run and were mangroves  
bound,  
So all the Brisbane Hashes had gathered to the run.  
All the tried and noted runners & walkers from the Hashes near and far  
had mustered at the Beach,  
For the Harriers love mud running where the wild spiders, mud crabs and  
sharks are and afterwards need bleach,

There was **Spermwhale**, who made his pile as Santa Claus,  
The old man with his hair as white as snow, now much shorter than when in  
Santa mode,  
**Beachball** would go wherever the Harriettes would go and look out for their  
jaws.  
And a bus or two turned up from the Brisbane City Council abode,  
No better bus driver ever held the reins;  
For never bus could throw him while **Monty** could stand,  
He learnt to drive while hitting kangaroos on the plains.

And **Waste of Time** was there, a stripling on worn out shoes,  
He was something like a racehorse undersized,  
With a touch of Timor pony - three parts thoroughbred at least he joined  
the queues  
Through the mud and such are by mountain horsemen prized.  
He was hard and tough and wiry - just the sort that won't say die -  
There was courage in his quick impatient tread;  
And he bore the badge of lameness in his bright and fiery eye,  
And his shoes lasted through the first creek and were dead.

**Dimprick** still so slight and weedy, one would doubt his power to stay,

And he timed the walkers back to the circle (**ICE!**)and said "I beat you in by three minutes". That will never do  
**Vaseline & Anchovies** instead of a long and tiring walk - dodged the mud and ran the walker's trail (**ICE!**), you'd better stop away,  
**Handjob** said to a beautiful Harriette, "those hills are far too rough for such as you."  
As he pulled her from the mud, so sad and wistful - only **Scruffy** stood his friend - "I think we ought to let him come," he said;  
"I warrant he'll be with us when he's wanted at the end,  
For both are mountain bred.

**Irish Joke** hails from Chapel Hill, up by Mt Cootha's side,  
Where the hills are twice as steep and the dick togs twice as rough,  
Where the dick togs strike out from under the gut every stride,  
The man that holds his own is good enough.  
And the Chapel Hill riders on the mountains make their home,  
Where the river runs those giant hills between;  
I have seen full many Hashmen since I first commenced to roam,  
But nowhere yet such Hashmen have I seen."