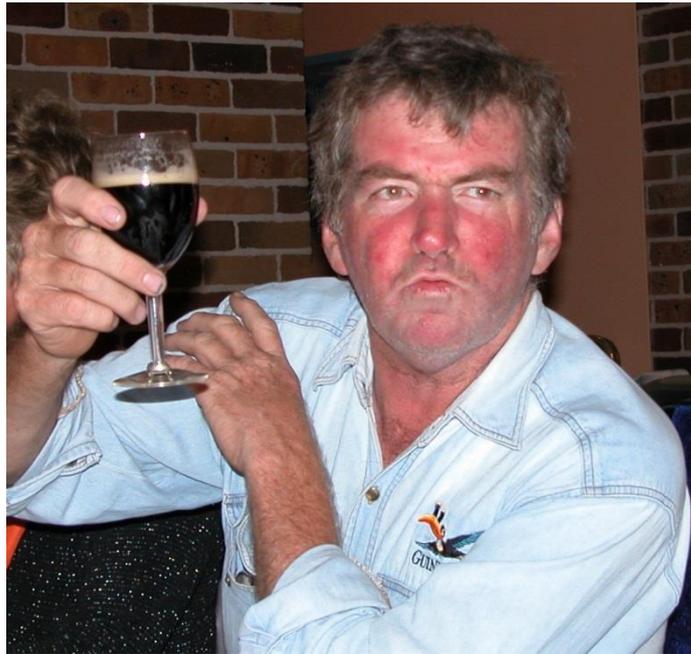


Noel Warren Derry (DNF)



7th. July 1951 – 3rd. January 2018

Sad to be losing one of early B2H3 alumni at a far too early age, the following is a brief resume of his life pieced together from information supplied & a number of interviews. Consequently the life judgements are those of the suppliers' best memories, most of whom are having great difficulty in remembering what happened this morning & none should be considered as contributions from the writer.

Unsure of his early childhood or education but he was a member of the St. George athletics club & an excellent half miler (880 yards), finishing third in the State Championships one year. Unfortunately, according to fellow club member Cannon Mouth, he was also prone to not finishing many of his runs, normally clocking off at the 600 yards post, hence the moniker of DNF (did not finish). For those who never experienced his running style he was like a gazelle, with incredibly long strides for a not very tall person, making you look as though you were running the opposite direction as he passed.

He was born & raised in Bexley, before marrying & moving to Green Valley, thence to Earlwood & Hurstville, siring two boys, Leon & Rhys, who are built like brick outhouses, obviously not following in their father's athletic footsteps. A variety of work positions, including insurance broker, milkman & other less exciting positions as long as they didn't interfere with his social life, which centred around an occasional glass of Guinness, even if supplied in a wine glass – see photo. He is survived by his two sisters & three brothers, his parents passed away some years ago.

The following is a recollection of his father from his elder son, Leon, who is a very eloquent speaker but a bloody awful writer. I think the Banjo Patterson poem about

the thumbnail dipped in tar would've been appropriate but here's the writer's translation:

“One of the great binding forces between people in society is family & Dad certainly loved his family. As you can imagine in a family of four boys & two girls, being raised by their Mum & Dad, family was central to his existence in his early years. This didn't change when he left home, got married & started raising children of his own, with countless family barbecues & celebrations, for which Dad would make time despite his busy social calendar (social not work? Ed.). (I'm editing & condensing here as it relates to all the same stuff we all did as families in those days) Holidaying was a great time, traveling in the car & listening to Dad's favourite classical music & Mum's modern music & playing observation games.

Aside from family & married life, Dad's great passion was running, whether competing in the State Championships or with the Botany Bay Hash House Harriers, finishing with an ice cold lemonade (ummmm?). He was also a passionate basketballer, which enabled him to keep very fit, until he suffered injuries when he'd return to his other love – snooker at the Bexley RSL.

Among the things he instilled in us as youngsters was a need to understand the world around us & the direction it was moving (rotating maybe), which was done by introduction rather than indoctrination. The Cold War geopolitics, computers & coding of science fiction were all discussed & explored & we were encouraged to ask as many questions as we liked. I often tested Dad in my teenage years asking questions to which I already knew the answers & he would listen patiently before answering honestly so I knew not to query his answers to questions that I didn't know.

Sometimes the discussions were heavy as in one on philosophy/religion/God/ultimate reality, the outcome of which was neither of us had the answer to nihilism v's transcendent God but we could handle either eventuality (if my kids asked me stuff like that I'd take them out of school). He liked all music but classical was his favourite & Beethoven's 9th. his special favourite, calling it the Big One, which instilled in me an appreciation of all music.

In his dealings with others what most stands out for me is that he always had time for a lot of people, he had a decency or code of honour that meant he treated them respectfully & with courtesy, notwithstanding a long joke or two. The last movie I ever saw with Dad was “Harvey”, probably his favourite, where the main character, played by James Stewart, does everything to try & help understand people even when their own behaviour to him is lacking. I saw a lot of that in Dad, I think if we could all emulate him in this respect, his leading legacy would be a far better place on Earth for all of us.”

Following are notes from B2H3 people who have taken the time to contribute, apart from the first couple they all follow a similar theme:

Hannibal - DNF set a run at the Forest Inn Bexley and I was TM. He gave me a hand drawn map of the trail and it was one of the clearest and easy maps I had as TM.

Big Ears - I can tell you that the first time I saw DNF he was out in front in an 8 kilometre fun run one Sunday morning at St. Marys. I remember admiring his running style and thinking the bloke has the grace of a gazelle. He went on to win that run.

& this – On the evening of Goon's farewell, before he left for a job in the States, which was held at the Glanville Hotel, Chippendale, I was driving home after the event that night when, by chance, I stopped outside the Glanville Hotel, Dulwich Hill & noticed, through the parted door a figure sitting by himself in the bar drinking, which looked very much like our departed so I went in asked him what he was doing. He said I'm waiting for Goon he said he'd have a beer with me tonight.

String Bean - At one of our Turkey Gobbles (the theme being cross-dressing) Noel. As usual, succumbed to sleep while we danced the night away. At the end of the night (1.00 am) I offered Noel a lift home As we approached the Forrest Inn at Bexley Noel suggested a "cleansing ale " so I parked the car and in we went I had cross-dressed as a female police officer and Noel hadn't bothered with the theme. As we entered I overheard a remark "What the heck has Noel picked up this time? "

Holeproof - The first memory I have of DNF was when I was down from Noosa in 1991 for the birth of my grandson Nathan & the run was over at Annandale somewhere. (Top Bunk's run) and I offered John Frazer, who was celebrating his 21st, a ride home as I was heading towards Cronulla. The rain was torrential & as we drove past RPA Hospital I said to Grewsome "Is that a Hashman struggling up the street in the rain? Should we offer him a ride?" Grewsome replied "Don't worry about him Holeproof it is only DNF & he is a drunk!" Such a caring boy that Grewsome! By the way that was the first time I had met Grewsome too! Trust a 51 year old Harriette to pick up a 21 year old.

I toured New Zealand with DNF, Godsquad, and my friend from Noosa H3, Gypsie, in a motor home after Interhash Down Under in 1994. As you know Godsquad does not drink and for some reason my friend Gypsie joined forces with Godsquad & they decided that DNF should only drink one beer a day! Ha! Ha! That went well as you can imagine! The first night this edict was in force DNF left the group of B2H3 circled wagons and went to the local pub near our campground. He staggered home at some ungodly hour, jumped into his bed, which I had made up for him to avoid complaints from Godsquad & Gypsie about the noise he made each night making it up, & with the loudest crash, boom and bang the "pop up" bed collapsed onto the floor with DNF laughing his head off and then he let out the loudest fart, rolled over & continued to snore loudly for the rest of the night! Needless to say Godsquad & Gypsie hardly spoke a word to him for the rest of the tour!

God Squad - I recall someone saying DNF was at a funeral and his mobile rang during the service. He casually answered the phone, said hang on, stood and looked around and said "Yes mate, he is here" as if the call was coming from the casket. Check with Top Bunk, he may be able to confirm this. One the relay from Sally's Flat to Mudgee DNF was on an uphill section approaching Hargreave where the meal break was set up. He appeared to be making heavy going of it so Big Ears jumped out of our bus to run with him as encouragement. DNF looked at him and then accelerated to the meal break, leaving Big Ears in his dust.

Dundee – One Hash night run I was driving home from the pub in Eastlakes, where we experienced the On On, around 9:45, when I noticed this lone figure in suit & tie staggering towards the pub. Looked to me like out departed so I stopped & asked him where he was going? He said to the pub to have a couple of beers with everyone after the run (it's now 9:45), so I said everyone's gone home do you want a lift? He said ok so I knew he arrived home ok that night.