



# Convict Trash



Run 1684 – 17 December 2018

Hare – Bowwerbird

## Hareline:

1685	24/12/18	Goon	Maroubra Beach – Christmas Eve Run. <b>5pm - EARLY START !!!</b> Meet at Car Park opposite the Seals club. Bring your swimmers. On on at the Seals
1686	31/12/18	Blondie and Rabbit	New Year's Eve Run – from Dame Nellie's place – 10 Athol St., Coogee
1687	14-Jan-19	Tickle	Cromwell Park, Dacre St., Malabar
1688	21-Jan-19	Dundee	TBA

What a great celebration is with the annual B2H3 Poplar Place, Kirrawee Xmas party – always a great turn-up, a beautiful night, cold beer, wonderful food, exciting raffles, convivial company and the presence of Santa just to top things off. Things just don't get better than this !

## Run 1684 – Cannon and Bowerbird famous Christmas Run

The crowds were gathering around Poplar Place for the B2H3 ritual of our Christmas run from this hallowed place.....

The trail was marked in pink (8cm by 8cm – I measured it) on the map.... with a hint from **Pig** (who had gallantly (I have decided it was time to be nice to Pig for a least one run report)) agreed to be TM (although the record of Christmas runs for B2H3 being short (and so not hard to TM) perhaps takes a bit of shine off the gallantry medal.....) when this TM had been caught in traffic and appeared destined (strong word for such a lowly role) to be late.... that (congratulations if you have managed to follow the flow of this sentence thus far....you will do well in you next NAPLAN test) there was part of the map that the hare was not sure was correct..... would the pack and the TM make it home safely????..... (spoiler alert, this was written from my home computer).....

The pack (and I can add that it actually looked like a pack this week.....it had more than half a dozen runners)... headed down Bligh Place....with most of us thinking that the run might look a bit like one a few years ago. There are only so many streets in Kirrawee that you can run through and make it home in time for tea.....

**Joker** was back from Canada doing important grandfather duties (not specified), while **Loaner** and **Squatting Squaw** added to the running numbers and **Rabbit** was keeping up her resolve to run the trail.

**Cold Duck**, **Scotch Mist** and **Blondie** led the pack up an on-back in Tea Tree Place....and back again to another check, where **Dubya** raced (it is a relative term when we are talking about the rest

of us....) up the hill....in the right direction.....starting a reputation of being a front runner and being able to find the trail off a check (all in one hasher)....

Meanwhile **Merkin** was calling to his 'Honey' to keep up (**Thong** to the rest of us)... threatening to invite her boyfriend along to Hash as an incentive or perhaps it was a threat (you will have to ask Merkin about his logic....).

**Andrew** was calling On On like he had been doing it all his life... which I guess he has... under the watchful eye of **Grewsome**....which was more guidance (according to the later-in-the-circle Prick nomination) than **Stringbean** has ever given to his son when first learning hash (we won't even to start to talk about what Stringbean could not explain about marriages). Meanwhile **Cameron** was showing a worrying (only to all the aging runners) that he is increasing his speed in proportion to his increasing years...while the rest of us can be said to have plateaued at best.....

On to where the hare had redefined the mad woman's loop – to be a check leading to a check but with a wider trail if you chose to so take it.... (I can show you on the map if you are interested....). **Pig** led the charge around the loop... with some mumblings from **Sir Les** about 'haven't we been here before?'

TM made sure **Dundee** had ventured a worthwhile distance from the check on The Boulevard in the wrong direction (to pay him back for calling the rest of the pack 'lemmings'....) before calling the trail on...

A few more twists and turns (I have to pad out the story somehow...otherwise you will think we did not venture far at all), a car stopped in front of us....with a sheepish (or at least he should have been) **Stopcock** clambering out to join the pack. His instructions to his nephew (whom he had been visiting to while away some time rather walking on the trail) to take him to the walkers had been lost in translation....or we looked like an amble (I am collecting apt collective nouns) of walkers.

Meanwhile in the real walkers pack, **Goon** and **Doc** were discussing the finer details about the NBN (would take more than one hash fun), **Hannibal** was preparing his Santa lines for his upcoming starring role (spoiler alert (which I think is actually meant to go before the reveal) in case you did not know it was him), while **Slotcard**, **Goldie**, **Brazilian**, **Ringless**, **Powerhouse** (glad he is mobile), **Dish** and **Short 'N' Curly** were no doubt discussing what presents they hoped to get by sitting on his knee....

On to Waratah St and we were on the home stretch. At the end of the trail, the TM was greeted by a grove (an alternative collective noun was a stand which did not seem quite right for this occasion) of walking Christmas tree dresses in the shapes of **Spini**, **Taxing**, **Sniffer** and **Moa** while **Dirty** and **Venus** also seemed to have got the memo (the TM must not be on the distribution list) and were wearing ensembles fit for a B2H3 Christmas. Venus had been worried what her neighbours would think when she left home..... she did not seem so worried about **Cannon** and **Bower Bird's** neighbours.

Into the hares and hosts' backyard where **QR** had the bucket cold and the festivities were only just beginning.

ON ON

Tickle

## CIRCLE UP!!

As Tradition dictates the rectangular circle at the Christmas run takes place in the back yard of Cannon and Bowerbirds place. Hannibal dressed up for the event, and introduced the Circle with some Christmas insights and a pome.

Mrs. Claus is the wife of Santa Claus.

She is known for making cookies with the elves, caring for the reindeer, and preparing toys with her husband. She understands Santa comes once a year but never with her.

The wife of Santa Claus is first mentioned in the short story "A Christmas Legend" (1849). An account of a Christmas musicale at the State Lunatic Asylum in New York in 1854 included an appearance by Mrs. Santa Claus, with baby in arms, who danced to a holiday song.

Mrs. Claus has been generally depicted as a fairly heavy-set, kindly, white-haired elderly female baking cookies, feeding reindeers, talking to snowmen, assisting in toy production, and she oversees Santa's elves.

Here is a poem Santa wrote for Mrs Claus.

He laid her on the table  
So white and clean and bare.  
His forehead wet with beads of sweat,  
He rubbed her here and there.  
He touched her neck and then her breast.  
And then drooling felt her thigh.  
The slit was wet and all was set,  
He gave a joyous cry.  
The whole was wide....  
He looked inside.  
All was dark and murky.  
He rubbed his hands and stretched his arms....  
And then he stuffed the turkey.

### Run Report Summary

On the run, Stopcock met up with his nephew, chatted, had a quiet drink and then got his nephew to drop him off in the middle of the runners pack. He was given the great honour of the Circle run report. An executive summary of the report follow:

- He was delighted to catch up with his nephew – who hadn't seen for years although he lives 15 minutes away.
- When his nephew dropped him back in the middle of the pack (half way around the trail), he was surprised how slow the runners were – as he was able to keep up with them.
- The run scored a 9.8 – mainly as he had a chance to re-unite with a family member

## BADGES

Athletes just keep on coming – but the backlog is slowly being addressed. Thanks for all your hard work over the years.

Slotcard 	Loaner 
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## Visitors

Great to welcome so many visitors to our Christmas run. We were honoured to have *Telegram Sam* and *Mrs Money Penny* – who flew over from Kent, England to be with us, *Powerhouse* – recovering from triple bypass surgery to join the run, *Stringbean* (founding father), *Jaguar*, *Dubya* and *Thong*. In addition, *Mrs Brazilian* arrived from the Lockyer valley (Qld) after being lured into the B2H3 Xmas party by the magnificent raffle prizes and the chance to see a real Santa.

## Announcements - FEES 2018 / 2019

The Great new committee have already been working hard for the good of all our members. After a deep forensic audit of all accounts, and counting the change behind the couch, we have made the momentous decision not to change anything.

Visitors Fees stay at \$7

Member Fees stay at \$170

Please arrange payment to Merkin. There are a few ways you can do this

- Cash-in 1700 cans and bottles (Return and Earn) and then bring the money to Merkin
- In kind – you need deal directly with Merkin on this.
- Cash – please bring the cash and give it to Merkin
- Bank Transfer – please transfer the cash to the Botany Bay Hash House Harriers Account – please include your hash name – so we know where the money has come from.

**Botany Bay Hash House Harriers**

**BSB: 082-360**

**Acct number: 039382069**

## Prick of the Week

**Merkin** was nominated by Duck, who pointed out that he and his son Dubya had slightly different physiques and Merkin may need a DNA swab.

**StopCock** – for being “parachuted” in to the run by a long lost relative

**Cannonmouth** for asking “Who is Santa?” and being informed by Slotcard that he was an old fat bloke with a white beard

**Stringbean** – for explaining to Pig that the difference between a “good father” and a “bad father” was directly related as to how far they ran with their son into an On-back. (or - when to withdraw)

Contributions to: [rod@slekce.com](mailto:rod@slekce.com)

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**Prickette of the Week**

**Venus** - for gas-bagging on her phone most of the way around the run. Makes us all wonder what could be better than enjoying the company of fellow hashers on a Monday night.

**Dirty Weekend** – for bringing a Down jacket on a humid, hot mid-summer night.

**Sniffer Dog** for not only heaping deserved praise on the hot meatballs (served as a pre-circle treat) while blocking Pig’s access to the same meatballs, but also mistaking Loaner for Pig on the run – (She must have been looking at their arses.

**Winners – Sniffer & Merkin**

**Check the Web Page:** <https://www.botanybayh3.com/>

Position	Hash name	Known as	E-mail
Grand Master	Sir Les	Barry Kerwand	estimating@flick-anticimex.com.au
Religious Advisor	Hannibal Lector	Paul Henderson	paulhenderson1812@gmail.com
Trail Master	Tickle	Carolyn Davies	caro8@optusnet.com.au
Hash Scribe	Goon	Rod Eckels	rod@slekce.com
Hash Cash	Merkin	Stuart Bush	merkin892@gmail.com
Bucket Master	Queen Rodent	John Wilks	jonwilks13@gmail.com
Hash Rags	Goldmark	Deborah Griffin	deborahgriffin58@hotmail.com

**Runs and Events of Note :**

<b>12 Jan 2019</b>	<b>Bells Hotel Farewell to current owners</b>	<b>Woolloomooloo</b>	<b>Thirsty Hash</b>
<b>23 Feb 2019</b>	<b>Pub Crawl</b>	<b>TBA</b>	<b>Pub Crawl Committee</b>
<b>8 April 2019</b>	<b>1700 Run</b>	<b>TBA</b>	<b>Committee</b>

**OTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS**

**Subject:** Farewell to The Bells Hotel – Saturday 12 January 2019 – 2pm

hi hashers

Its the End of an Era...

On Saturday January 12th there will be a special Saturday Hash to Celebrate the Bells Hotel in Woolloomooloo and farewell the current owners who have been great supporters of the Sydney Thirsty and many other Hash groups over the years.

See all the details here: <https://www.meetup.com/thirsty/events/256703111/>

And put Saturday January 12th 2pm in your diaries.

Hares Coming Anyway and Deadly Treadly

PLEASE PASS ON TO YOUR HASH GROUPS the more the merrier  
On On

**LAUGHS FOR THE DAY :)**



**Christmas Story**

'Twas the night before Christmas--Old Santa was pissed.  
He cussed out the elves and threw down his list.  
Miserable little brats, ungrateful little jerks.  
I have a good mind to scrap the whole works!  
I've busted my ass for damn near a year,  
Instead of "Thanks Santa"--what do I hear?  
The old lady bitches cause I work late at night.  
The elves want more money--The reindeer all fight.  
Rudolph got drunk and goosed all the maids.  
Donner is pregnant and Vixen has AIDS.  
And just when I thought that things would get better  
Those assholes from the ATO sent me a letter,  
They say I owe taxes--if that ain't funny  
Who the hell ever sent Santa Claus any money?  
And the kids these days--they all are the pits  
They want the impossible--Those mean little shits  
I spent a whole year making wagons and sleds  
Assembling dolls...Their arms, legs and heads  
I made a ton of yo yo's--No request for them,  
They want computers and robots...they think - I'm IBM!  
Flying through the air...dodging the trees  
Falling down chimneys and skinning my knees  
I'm quitting this job there's just no enjoyment  
I'll sit on my fat ass and draw unemployment.  
There's no Christmas this year now you know the reason,  
I found me a blonde. I'm going SOUTH for the season