



Convict Trash



Run 1689 - 21 January 2019

Hares - Grewsome and Scotch Mist

Hareline:

1690	28-Jan-19	Cold Duck	St. Peters - Southern Cross Hotel, cnr Princes Highway & Canal Rd
1691	4-Feb-19	Goon	Bass Hill, Boggabilla Reserve, Cnr Johnston Rd and Hume Hwy, Bass Hill. On On – Twin Willows Hotel, Bass Hill
1692	11-Feb-19	Goldmark	TBA
1693	18-Feb 19	Rabbit	TBA
1694	25-Feb 19	Hare Required !!	

Many thanks to Grewsome and Scotch Mist who treated us to a great run, a dip in the pool and Haggis (something that I don't get to eat very often) - a sought-after Scottish culinary delight that can be found in Yowie Bay around January every year

Run 1689 – Grewsome and Scotch Mist January Haggis Run

One reason to take on the TM role (there are not many others) is to see the relief on the hare's face when you turn up to do the trail. Having spent the afternoon setting a clear trail (apart from one on-back which turned out to be a pack divider (although it could be clearly argued that it was not the trail setting at fault....), **Grewsome** was happy to chill out in his backyard with **JJ** and **Mudflap** rather than roam around the streets again.....

The three Finnish visitors (although one has been in the Shire almost long enough to at least get Permanent Residency and only another couple of decades before being considered for Citizenship of the Shire) were identified as being of the walking variety...so **Sniffer** was assigned as their beacon....impossible to miss in bright clothes and non-stop talking/walking combo talents.

Joker, **Slap** and **Curtseying** led the pack with the largest first arrow of the year.....down Maroopna Rd where the No Through Road and descending nature of the asphalt (therefore it must go up again is a well-known hash supposition) had **Rabbit** hesitating until she was reassured by the fact that the TM was running the same way....(you may have gathered that unlike the previous TM, this one does not believe in doing any extra work just to mislead the not-easily-misled pack)....

Dundee and **Cameron** willingly (or rather unwittingly) did the first on-back of the night...all the while chattering away....the oldest and youngest of the runners....

Along Wonga Rd, and **Will** was showing the way (I could add where there is a will there is a way but I won't)...until the hash run reality of an on-back brought he and **Bingo** back to the welcoming arms (might be a bit of a stretch to say so....how would you have framed it?) of the pack.

Back along Forest Road where **Sir Les** led the pack (he was getting his sprints in early so he earned the right (in his mind) to short cut home) into Alcheringa Reserve..... where **CB** reminisced of wetter climates on a previous run where we had to form a human chain to get across the fast flowing creek....a trickle was all that was left of that memory....

The bush was soon behind us as **Squatting** did the on-back down Alkaringa Rd....and then this was where the pack divided. Sir Les headed off home (who knows if he knew he was short cutting or could smell the haggis)....followed by **Cold Duck, Spini** and **Blondie**... while the rest of the pack did the trail....with the TM and Cameron following group A (seemed a good idea at the time). The TM thoughtfully marked the trail clearly for the pack coming behind....which was greatly appreciated by them (notwithstanding the later nominations for prickette for such an act....).

Meanwhile the shortcutters (let us be honest with ourselves) had merged with the walkers...**Taxing, Cannonmouth, Doc, Goldie, Climax, Stringbean** (although he probably didn't even venture out of the backyard if I know him...), **Coming Anyway, Moa, and Short and Curly**....

Dirty, Ringless and **Stopcock** had ventured further afield...while **Bower Bird** and **Grenade** were having so much fun they were surprised to find that they were the last ones home....to where **Goon** had already jumped in the pool...**Loan Arranger** was a late entry and **QR** had the drinks on ice...

ON ON

Tickle

CIRCLE UP!!

We were greatly honoured to have our GM (and Stand-in RA), Sir Les, take control of the circle – after he had spent hours of deep research on the area. It was good to hear that he knew more about the Shire than just Dick.

Here are some of the many highlights of the opening address.

- Yowie Bay is located at South Miranda and was known by the aborigines as the land of Echoes.
- It is a proudly Shire location – that is a breeding ground for Hobbits, and would like to secede from the rest of Australia
 - They would like a toll all people entering the area – so it can be used to finance a wall around the shire (Trumpy style)
 - They would like a full explanation and justification from anyone planning to leave the area.
 - They love living out of the hustle and bustle of the city – even though they work there
 - They think that the Wanda to Bass and Flinders point walk should be listed as one of the seven natural wonders of the world.
 - They have established some designated party zones – for the older harriettes (who appreciate music from the 50's, 60's and 70's) to patronise and provide “grab a granny” opportunities for those who want a quick root and cannot be bothered to leave the shire
 - They are wary of those from Menai – “the shire westies” and are not sure if the Menanites should be officially included in the Shire district
 - Once they sell their house, they move to a flat that is closer to the throbbing heart of Shire life – Cronulla city (like Joystick)

- They follow the “Sharks” team fanatically – even though they may have to wait 50 years for another premiership as the coach has just left and taken the Peptides with him.

Thanks Sir Les – for your insights and thoughts about Yowie Bay !

Run Report Summary

Great that Slap and his son William participated in the run. As soon as he was sighted, Tickle requested that he do the circle run report. Slap was generous in his praise of the run, as he enjoyed the scenery, the convivial company, the well-marked arrows, and the chance to get his son to run all the checks and on-backs. He showed unusual restraint as he diplomatically mentioned that some of the runners had left trail and short-cutted (something he had never seen before) and that as a result when he followed trail that some of the Checks and On-backs had been marked off – depriving him of the opportunity to get his son, William, to run even further, In general, Slap reported that he was delighted with the whole experience and it was one of the best days of his life (that he could remember) – 9 !!

Thanks Slap

Visitors

What is going on – we nearly had more visitors this week than members !! They must have heard the Haggis was on, and all made a special effort to be there. It is always great to see visitors, who included :

Carpet Burn – Preparing for the South Coast

Climax – being helped through life by Sniffer

Coming Anyway - 2 weeks in a row !

Curtseying – At 80 – can’t get enough bush (or haggis).

Finn 1 – Visiting from Helsinki

Finn 2 – Visiting from Helsinki

Finn 3 – Visiting from Gynea Bay

Jungle Jane – and her broken arm – great to see JJ back

Mudflap – Travelled all the way from Cronulla

Slap – immediately recruited for Run Report duties

Son of Slap – William – brought by Slap to seek out on-backs and checks

Stringbean – Founding father and Harriette magnet

Any members who have not paid their fees – will be included as members next week !!

BADGES

Two more over-achievers were acknowledged this evening – both great contributors to our Club. Many thanks for all your hard work over the years.

Jungle Jane 	Scotch Mist 
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BIRTHDAYS

Although we had run out of beer, the birthdays that we all celebrated and were overjoyed about were had by Grenade, Loaner and Curtseying.

Announcements -

Any members who have not paid their fees – will be included as members next week !!

Prickette of the Week

Squatting Squaw for not knowing how many overs was in a 50 over cricket game.

Spini and Blondie – for short-cutting and abandoning the runners

Coming Anyway – for having a night out, losing her car, calling the police to find her car, and then posting all this information on Facebook.

Prick of the Week

Dundee - for accusing Cold Duck of Short-Cutting, when he is the king of the Short Cut

Loaner – for taking the car away for the weekend, smashing the GPS, breaking the mirror and getting a flat tyre, all while travelling with 10 hot women (so he said)

Stringbean – for hypnotising harriettes with the prospect of using his calibrated eyeball to tell their shoe size.

Finns – for calling Sauna's – "Sownas" and confusing Dirty and Duck when they visited Finland.

Stringbean – for displaying his egg-timers disease and forgetting what he was going to say – although it was very important

Curtseying – for turning 80 and complaining that his running speed had started to drop off

Winners – Coming Anyway & Loaner

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 :

23 Feb 2019	Pub Crawl	TBA	Pub Crawl Committee
8 April 2019	1700 Run	TBA	Committee

LAUGHS FOR THE DAY :)

Keen Golfer

A man was at the country club for his weekly round of golf. He began his round with an eagle on the first hole and a birdie on the second. On the third hole he had just scored his first ever hole-in-one when his cell phone rang.

It was a doctor notifying him that his wife had just been in a terrible accident and that she was in critical condition in ICU. The man told the doctor to inform his wife where he was and that he'd be there as soon as possible. As he hung up, he realized he was leaving what was shaping up to be his best ever round of golf.

He decided to get in a couple of more holes before heading to the hospital. He ended up playing all eighteen, finishing his round shooting a personal best 61, shattering the club record by five strokes and beating his previous best game by more than 10. He was jubilant.... then he remembered his wife.

Feeling guilty he dashed to the hospital. He saw the doctor in the corridor and asked about his wife's condition. The doctor glared at him and shouted, "You went ahead and finished your round of golf didn't you?" "I hope you're proud of yourself!" "While you were out for the past four hours enjoying yourself at the country club, your wife has been languishing in the ICU!

It's just as well you went ahead and finished that round because it will be more than likely your last!" "For the rest of her life she will require 'round the clock care. And you'll be her care giver!"

The man was feeling so guilty he broke down and sobbed. The doctor snickered and said, "Just fuckin' with you. She's dead. What'd you shoot?"

Airplane Intercom

The huge Air Canada Jumbo jet is just coming into Pearson Airport (Toronto) on its final approach. The pilot comes on over the intercom. "This is Capt. Johnson, we're on our final descent into Toronto. I want to thank you for flying with us today and enjoy your stay in Toronto."

Well the Capt. forgets to switch off the intercom. The whole plane can now hear the conversation from the cockpit.

The co-pilot says to the pilot, "Well skipper, wotcha gonna do in Toronto?"

Now all ears in the plane are listening in to this conversation.

"Well", says the skipper, "First I'm gonna check into the hotel and go For a mega-huge dump. Then I'm gonna take that new stewardess out for supper, you know, the one with the huge tits. I'm gonna wine and dine her, take her back to my room and slip the old salami to her all night."

Well, everyone in the planes trying to get a look at the new stewardess.

She's so embarrassed she runs from the back of the plane to try and get To the cockpit to get the intercom off.

Half way down, she trips over an old ladies bag - ***splat *** and down she goes.

The old lady leans over and says, "No need to run dearie, he's got to go for a shit first."

