



Convict Trash



Run 1693 – 18 February 2019

Hare – Rabbit

Funeral Service – Jungle Jane

The funeral service will be held at The Crematorium, Eastern Suburbs Memorial Park, Military Road, Botany, South Chapel, Botany at 2:00pm on Wednesday 20 Feb 2019. A wake will be held at the Bay Hotel and Diner, Maroubra Beach.

Hareline:

1694	25-Feb 19	Joker	Kirrawee – Princes Hotel, 533 Princes Hwy, Kirrawee
1695	4-Mar 19	Pig	Heathcote- Home Cater 10 Dillwynnia Grove
1696	11 Mar 19	Venus	Taren Point Hotel

The promise of a prawn dinner lured the hashers from the South Coast and surrounds to the wonderful locale that is Connells Point. The weather was ideal for a run, the pack was ready and eager and a nasty mad-woman's loop awaited ... read on

Run 1693 – Rabbit – Connells Point

You will think I am obsessed by maps (the essential tool of any TM) by starting another run report with a statement about the map....but it would be remiss of me not to show you the hand-drawn treasure of **Rabbit's** (see below)....coloured and marked to guide us safely on our journey.....

At the first corner and **Pig** was already complaining about his lack of fitness...and asking for a shortcut....TM had no sympathy (when he did display any in his stint of TMing?)....and made sure (a miracle in itself for Pig to do something he did not want to....) he followed trail and went the wrong way at the first check..... uphill and all.... with **Scotch Mist** opting to stand and watch.

Curtseying took the first two on-backs down to the water's edge....without a hope of being able to get through.....unless you were prepared to add a swimming leg to the safari...

Back from our loop around Bowden Cres, and **Taxing** and **Cannon** were strolling on trail while **Dirty** was showing she can run (downhill at least). The rest of the walkers pack already out of sight – **Sniffer**, **Venus**, **Moa**, **Brockie**, **Blondie**, **Bower Bird**, **Dish**, **Grenade** (splendid in matching purple shirt (albeit not a hash one) and water bottle), **Doc**...and **Squatting** in her non-running shoes.

Cameron had been tasked by **Grewsome** to put in some training for his upcoming cross-country event at school – the task was to keep moving – running off checks....as **Andrew** had decided he needed to go to the toilet 10 metres into the run, Grewsome had to return to base (more information

than you need but had to explain where he was not there to supervise)..... and so Cameron opted to sit down at most of the checks like a true hasher.....

Down Kyle Pde...which we were to return many times on our jaunt; and **Joker** took his first wrong turn of the night (a bit later than usual into the quest for him), dragging **Cold Duck** with him....which was a feat in itself as the former had not strayed more than 2 metres from the TM's side....to avoid any unnecessary steps being added to his odyssey.

Along to Poulton Park where the hare had looked to tempt the throng up Morshead Drive....but instead Dundee dived headlong into the bush alongside the creek (yes, it is called Poulton Creek)and where he goes, the pack follows (most of the time at least unless he has obviously lost the plot...in which case we just mutter something about letting him go his own way and head home)....

Back to the run.....across the bridge and a few checks, steps and on-backs later, **Goon** opted to head for home.

Sir Les led (he probably didn't lead at any stage through the trek but I had to give him a mention somewhere....) the rest zigging and sagging through a few more streets... with **Spini** and **Merkin** appearing from no-where...claiming to have run backwards on the in trail....

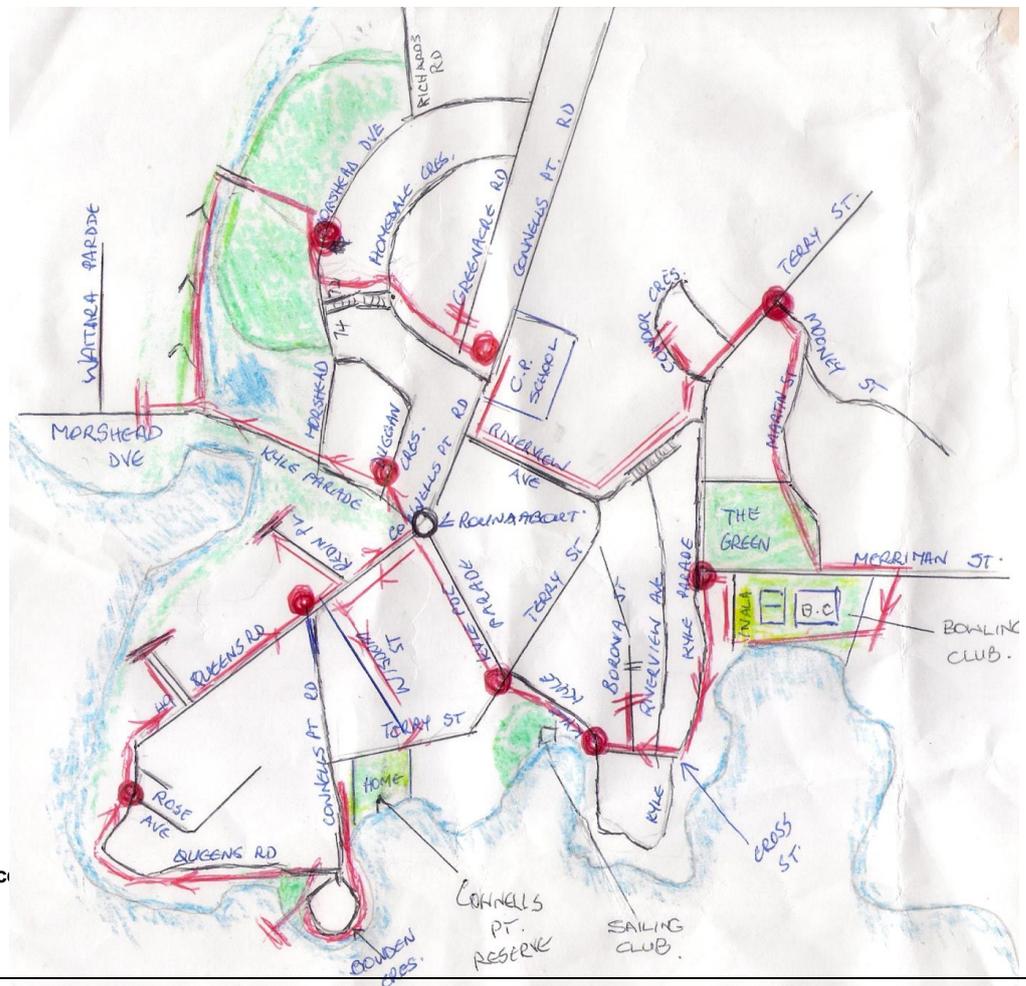
Down to The Green where the locals were playing soccer on the fields of such fame that the RA included them in his circle report.....

To the aptly named Cross St (if you are going between the two arms of Kyle Parade....or are a lost **Loaner**....or are just running out of puff on your hash run).... and down to the sailing club....no-one opted for the second madperson's loop of the night....instead heading along Terry St to the welcome arms of the bucket....

Last to the bucket was **Loaner** – who had to make an emergency call to his beloved to get picked up when he found the trail, then lost it when he opted to use local direction signs instead and didn't seem to know whether the water should be on his right or his left...but his forceful negotiating skills (highly tuned from working in banks pre-Royal Commission) meant he scored a pickup to save his weary legs from another step.....

ON ON

Tickle



Contributions to: rod@slek

CIRCLE UP!!

Hannibal was on the job again, delving deep into the history of Connells Point and picking out one of the threads that makes up its rich tapestry.

Connells Point Rovers FC

The history of CPRFC is a heart-warming, good news story that needs to be more well known. It is a story of triumph over adversity.

The club came from humble beginnings in 1966 when founder, the late David Rydstrand identified the need to 'FILL THE GAP' between Carss Park and Peakhurst. Carss Park had Dick Caine and his followers who 'did it for Dick', Peakhurst had the Peakhurst Pub. Connells Point was a wasteland and for David, Connells Point was like the area between the buttocks of Carss Park and Peakhurst and he would fill that gap.

A soccer club needs a ground to play on. He identified Bell Park as a potential home ground and at the appointed hour sat on a seat at Bell Park with 2 plastic soccer balls and pencil and paper waiting to sign up new players. It was not weird or creepy to see a man and his balls on display seated in the park waiting to record the details of kiddies who he enticed to join the club.

The first hurdle the new club faced was that the St George Soccer Association would not let them play at Bell Park because of the poor playing surface.

DR looked at Poulton Park instead. At that time, it was best described as a swamp, covered with blackberry bush, weeds and various types of bracken and was being used for disposal of waste from the nearby sewer tunnel construction.

After a lot of hard work the 1st game was played there in 1966 and after that game the referee reported the ground to be unsuitable for further play. In 1967 the ground was raised to minimise tidal impact from Oatley Bay.

There are too many club highlights to recount but a good example was that in 1988 a club milestone occurred with the opening of the amenities block, 22 years after the club was founded.

This short history shows a man and his balls with a can do attitude to 'fill the gap' can do great things and is a compliment to the great people of Connells Point.

Thanks Hannibal – a wonderful story about how adversity can triumph.

Run Report Summary

Pig returned from the wilderness and was immediately ushered into the middle of the circle to provide a run report of Rabbits Run. There was so much to be said about the “tight” run around the peninsula – and here are the highlights -

- Before the run Rabbit proclaimed that she did not know whether it was a long run (or not) – it proved to be of a very suitable length.
- Although it was rumoured that Sir Les was involved with the run (he knew every check and ON-back) it seemed that he actually had nothing to do with it. Although it now appears that Sir Les has got into Rabbits head and knows how she thinks.
- Pig was honoured to find all the On-backs and loved the experience
- Cameron lead Dundee around the trail, while Dundee showed him how to cross roads without looking
- Half way around, Pig was considering getting a bus back!!
- 7km, lots of checks, pack together, lots of hills. Good area

Awarded 9.5 !! – great job Rabbit !!

Visitors

An “old” visitor – who is always welcome. :

Curtseying – becoming a perennial visitor and getting to love us more each week.

Prickette of the Week

Dirty - zombified at the circle looking at her phone – zooming in, scrolling, zooming out, cocking here head. She claims she was looking at porn.

Spini - hiding in the bushes with Merkin and surprising the pack half way around. And then appearing all hot and flustered

Squatting Squaw - For forgetting to tell Loaner not to forget to remind her to bring her running shoes.

Sniffer - For setting a world record for breathing out and not taking in any oxygen since she left Gerroa 2 days ago. There is just so much news – and so little time.

Spini - for wanting to buy a “Small” Shirt from an Asian supplier – and receiving a garment that Cameron could hardly fit into.

Prick of the Week

Loaner – For arriving late and getting lost on the trail. Luckily his unshod bride was there to save him,

Cold Duck – for leading the pack on “Duck calling” down an On-Back

Winners – Spini & 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	Lunch in Honour of JJ	Kirribilli Club	
18 Mar 2019	POSH 2700	Bantry Bay	Posh
8 April 2019	1700 Run	TBA	Committee

LAUGHS FOR THE DAY :)

Nicoderm

Two priests are in a Vatican bathroom using the urinals.

One of them looks at the other one's penis and notices there's a Nicoderm patch on it.

He looks at the other priest and says, "I believe you're supposed to put that patch on your arm or shoulder, not your penis."

The other one replies, "It's working just fine. I'm down to two butts a day."

The Compliment

A husband and wife were sharing a bottle of wine when the husband said, "I bet you can't tell me something which will make me happy and sad at the same time."

The wife thought for a few moments, then said, "Your dick's a lot bigger than your brother's."

How not to be a Millionaire

If this is true then they sure do grow them stupid in the good ol' US of A...

NEW YORK - Idaho resident Kathy Evans brought humiliation to her friends and family Tuesday when she set a new standard for stupidity with her appearance on the popular TV show, "Who Wants To Be A Millionaire."

It seems that Evans, a 32-year-old wife and mother of two, got stuck on the first question, and proceeded to make what fans of the show are dubbing "the absolute worst use of lifelines ever."

Contributions to: rod@slekce.com



After being introduced to the show's host Meredith Vieira, Evans assured her that she was ready to play, whereupon she was posed with an extremely easy \$100 question. The question was: "Which of the following is the largest?"

A) A Peanut, B) An Elephant, C) The Moon, D) Hey, who you calling large?

Immediately Mrs. Evans was struck with an all consuming panic as she realized that this was a question to which she did not readily know the answer.

"Hmm, oh boy, that's a toughie," said Evans, as Vieira did her level best to hide her disbelief and disgust. "I mean, I'm sure I've heard of some of these things before, but I have no idea how large they would be."

Evans made the decision to use the first of her three lifelines, the 50/50. Answers A and D were removed, leaving her to decide which was bigger, an elephant or the moon. However, faced with an incredibly easy question, Evans still remained unsure.

"Oh! It removed the two I was leaning towards!" exclaimed Evans.

"Darn. I think I better phone a friend."

Using the second of her two lifelines on the first question, Mrs. Evans asked to be connected with her friend Betsy, who is an office assistant.

"Hi Betsy! How are you? This is Kathy! I'm on TV!" said Evans, wasting the first seven seconds of her call. "Ok, I got an important question. Which of the following is the largest? B, an elephant, or C, the moon. 15 seconds hun."

Betsy quickly replied that the answer was C, the moon. Evans proceeded to argue with her friend for the remaining ten seconds.

"Come on Betsy, are you sure?" said Evans. "How sure are you? Puh, that can't be it."

To everyone's astonishment, the moronic Evans declined to take her friend's advice and pick 'The Moon.'

"I just don't know if I can trust Betsy. She's not all that bright.

So I think I'd like to ask the audience," said Evans.

Asked to vote on the correct answer, the audience returned 98% in favour of answer C, 'The Moon.' Having used up all her lifelines, Evans then made the dumbest choice of her life.

"Wow, seems like everybody is against what I'm thinking," said the too-stupid-to-live Evans. "But you know, sometimes you just got to go with your gut. So, let's see. For which is larger, an elephant or the moon, I'm going to have to go with B, an elephant. Final answer."

Evans sat before the dumbfounded audience, the only one waiting with bated breath, and was told that she was wrong, and that the answer was in fact, C, 'The Moon.'