



Convict Trash



Run 1696 - 11 March 2019

Hare - Venus

Hareline:

| | | | |
|------|-----------|-------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| 1697 | 18-Mar-19 | Canookie | Randwick - Coach and Horses, Cnr Avoca and Alison Road |
| 1698 | 25-Mar-19 | Goldmark | La Peruse - JJ Tribute Run |
| 1699 | 1 Apr 19 | Rabbit | TBA |
| 1700 | 8 Apr 19 | Committee | 1700 th Run |
| 1701 | 15 Apr 19 | Hare Needed | |

Venus delighted us all with a great trail around the largely unknown parts of Taren Point – visiting every park and garden and taking us through a couple of engineering features that the Council had built for the Hash – namely the massive park that acted as a “grassy check” that some people were using to exercise their dogs, and the stick bridge that guided the pack back from “outback” Sylvania safely to the comfort of Taren Point. Great job Venus!!

Run 1696 – Venus – Taren Point

This time the pack decided to gather in the carpark rather than the hotel....where an anxious hare was wondering whether anyone would turn up including the TM.....a colourful map was explained to the TM and we were on our way....

Out to Parrweena St where **Joker** was keen to lead the pack into the first on-back (unmarked though it was), while **Sir Les** was already looking for hints from the TM.... and **Merkin** had moved past hinting to direct requests for shortcuts for himself and **Thong** – a whole 100 metres into the run.

Around the corner of Gwawley Parade into a reserve where the locals were exercising their dogs. **Blondie** and **Bingo** led the pack through the park while **Hannibal**, **Short n Curly** and **Sniffer** looked for an escape lane.....

To the end of the reserve and around another corner (yes there were a few to go around), we met up with **Grewsome** and **Andrew** keen to join in the fun. Down to another park (yes there were a few around) where **Pig** and **Peter** had come through a fence and run backwards through the trail of flour...and were surprised when they ran out of trail.....

Past the young men (relative to the average age of the hash club members) playing touch footy...in Forshaw Rugby Park which begs the question as to whether the naming was done by a rugby player who couldn't spell Foreshore....or there was a talented player by the name of Forshaw (who may or may not have been good at spelling).....only Google knows....

And then on to Belgrave Esplanade where there was enough evidence now gathered that the hare didn't like doing arrows leading to an on-back (only the on-back sign) so it was to be an on-back free night....despite the map showing a healthy pack re-gathering number had been planned by the hare.....

Into Roper Crescent, which we mustn't have run for ages because the pack dutifully followed trail around a circuit.... and along to Paroo Ave.

And this is where the run gods deserted **Venus** in her hour of need....although **Dundee** and Joker blamed the more earthly wiles of young **Cameron** for leading them on the wrong trail....the one forged by the walkers. **Hellismellher** and **Doublebangher** were back for a walk....with **Taxing, Doc, Ringless, QR, Dish** and **Stopcock** while **Squatting** was accompanying her mother **Josephine** (minus the walking sticks this time).

Meanwhile back on trail, the TM managed to convince a small pack of runners that there was still more in store.....**Scotch Mist** led us around Holt Road while wondering where her oldest son had got to... with **Rabbit** and Pig following behind into Old Taren Point Road and around the back of Flower Power.....

Canookie, Goon, Sir Les and TM scrambled across the well-engineered (with safety rail and all) bridge across the creek, with **Meltdown** and **Grenade** hot on our heels.

Through Gwawley Park and we were on the home stretch along Taren Point Road... and into the truck parking station/hotel carpark where the run debriefing was already well underway....

ON ON

Tickle

CIRCLE UP!!

Hannibal delves deeply into historical and biological FACTS that better help us understand our club, our relationships and ourselves. Invaluable knowledge that adds extra richness in the Black Forest Cherry cake that is life.

Today Venus is our hare so it is appropriate to see why she received that name.

In Roman mythology, Venus was the goddess of love, sex, beauty, fertility and prostitution.

Venus had two main divine lovers: her husband Vulcan and Mars. She had many children from different gods. For example Venus bore Hermaphroditos by Hermes, who was the epitome of effeminacy and androgyny. Venus is also the mother of the minor deity Priapus, a fertility god often characterized with an absurdly large phallus.

Venus had several mortal lovers as well. The two most famous being Anchises and Adonis who ran with Capital Hash. She was also the lover of the Sicilian king Butes and mother to their son Eryx and Paethon with whom she mothered Sandocus.

All harriettes carry around some of Venus with them called the mound of Venus.

The mound of Venus is the raised area over the pubic bone and forms part of the vulva and splits into the labia majora directly above the pudendal cleft. DAME NELLIE is the only person I have ever heard use the term 'Venus mound' in conversation over dinner at an On On.

VENUS is an example of the roots B2H3 has with the gods.

Thanks Hannibal – great to learn more about Venus, Dame Nellie and the Capital Hash.

Run Report Summary

This week, Scotch Mist was honoured to deliver the run report to the circle and provided excellent insight and analysis of a well set, technical run around the environs ; here are the highlights :-

- Due to the length of the run, she wasn't sure if it was a run – not a sprint. However, after further contemplation and analysis she realised that the FRB's had got ahead, been “side-tracked” by the sight of a few short-cutting walkers (which they followed) and missed out on a third of the trail – clearly Dundee's fault.
- On a personal note : I appreciate the great advantage that slow-running, struggling back markers have in this situation. Being unable to keep up with the FRB's and actually having to follow the set trail, we can enjoy the wondrousness of the entire trail and all the scenic features and pleasures that it brings.
- It was a “grassy” run (through lots of parks) with lots of hilly swamps (that is what I wrote – so it must be true)
- The “Ninja” stick bridge was a highlight, and everyone was grateful to Venus for having it constructed
- A wonderful run that re-visited some rarely seen sights of Taren Point

Awarded 6 (as it was outside the shire) – great job Venus. !!

Apology – Rabbit's Dog

After reading last weeks trash, Rabbit's Dog believed it was mis-represented in the Circle report. It maintains that it is a well-trained, lovable animal that would not shit in the National Park, or chase away and eat Australian Native Animals.

The circle reporter sincerely apologises for the erroneous representation of Rabbit's Dog – as he assumed that it was just like any other dog. This is clearly not the case, as Rabbit's dog can read the Trash (which was good to know that at least someone does).

Visitors

Curtseying – we miss you – please come back! The visitors from last week had such a great time that they all came back again – and who can blame them :

Meltdown : who wore his Hash shirt and walked the whole run – he is definitely making a comeback.

Peter – from Caringbah – new father and searching for a Hash name

Josephine – Squatting's mum, who forgot her ski poles this week and enjoyed the sights and sounds of Taren Point.

Prickette of the Week

Squatting Squaw – for asking her mother – Josephine when she was heading off to get a hair do – when she had just got back !!

Prick of the Week

Cameron – For making Dundee short cut home to the bucket – when he saw the walker / talkers heading back to the bucket.

Peter – For not having a hash name after being in Hash for years

Loaner – for meeting someone at the beach who told him that Rapigel was just the thing for sore muscles. So he headed off to Petbarn to buy some and started rubbing it all over himself. When he read the label – he realised it was formulated for horses and dogs. He’s been wondering why sometimes he neighs and other times he barks.

Pig – For spending his 25th wedding anniversary (which means 25 years of married bliss) at the Hash instead of staying at home and looking lovingly into Jaguar’s eyes.

Winners – **Squatting & Loaner** - **Congratulations !!**

Announcements – so many fking announcements !!**

Memorial Run for JJ - March 25 – La Peruse.

Memorial Run for Jungle Jane is planned for March 25. La Peruse looks over Botany Bay and was one of her favourite venues. We will be joined by Jack and his son who will bring her ashes, which will be spread at the start of the run.

Weekend Away – Kangaroo Valley – Xmas in July – Woo Hoo !!

The hard-working Committee (aka Sir Les) has arranged for a wonderful weekend away on the last weekend of July in the Kangaroo Valley.

This will be a full “Self-funded” exercise – where everyone will arrange their own accommodation and transport. The club will arrange “Xmas” dinner at the Friendly Inn Hotel on the night of Saturday 27th July – so be there for that – more details later.

There is lots to do in Kangaroo Valley – frolic, shop, take a hike, drive into wombats, play golf, taste wine, get a massage, drink a beer etc etc – check it out – so much to do in so little time.

Most people will head down on the Friday, spend the Saturday preparing for Saturday night and spend Sunday recovering from Saturday night.

The main “take home message” is that **you book your accommodation** – at the pub, or the motel (across the road) or at the camp ground.

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 :

| | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------|
| 18 Mar 2019 | POSH 2700 | Bantry Bay | Posh |
| 25 Mar 2019 | JJ Memorial Run | LA Peruse | |
| 8 April 2019 | 1700 Run | TBA | Committee |
| 26-27 July 2019 | Weekend Away | Kangaroo Valley | Committee |

LAUGHS FOR THE DAY :)

Pest Control

A woman was having a passionate affair with an inspector from a pest-control company. One afternoon they were carrying on in the bedroom together when her husband arrived home unexpectedly. "Quick," said the woman to the lover, "into the closet!" and she pushed him in the closet, stark naked.

The husband, however, became suspicious and after a search of the bedroom discovered the man in the closet. "Who are you?" he asked him.

"I'm an inspector from Bugs-B-Gone," said the exterminator.

"What are you doing in there?" the husband asked.

"I'm investigating a complaint about an infestation of moths," the man replied.

"And where are your clothes?" asked the husband.

The man looked down at himself and said, ..
"Those little bastards....."



Dead Dog

Muldoon lived alone in the Irish countryside with only a pet dog for company. One day the dog died, and Muldoon went to the parish priest and asked, "Father, my dog is dead. Could ya' be saying' a mass for the poor creature?"

Father Patrick replied, "I'm afraid not; we cannot have services for an animal in the church. But there are some Baptists down the lane, and there's no tellin' what they believe. Maybe they'll do something for the creature." Muldoon said, "I'll go right away Father. Do ya 'think \$5,000 is enough to donate to them for the service?"

Father Patrick exclaimed, "Sweet Mary, Mother of Jesus! Why didn't ya tell me the dog was Catholic?"



Queensland Pig Huntin'