



Convict Trash



Run 1701 - 15 April 2019

Hare - Scotch Mist

Hareline:

1702	22 Apr 19	Slops	Kogarah Hotel, 70 Railway Parade, Kogarah. On On is Sumalee Thai, upstairs of hotel (Vuja De)
1703	29 Apr 19	Stopcock	TBA
1704	6 May 19	Bower Bird	GyMEA Chinese – opposite GyMEA Pub. BYO no corkage
1705	13 May 19	Dish	TBA
1706	20 May 19	Merkin	TBA
1707	27 May 19	Grenade	TBA
1708	3 Jun 19	Doc	TBA
1709	10 Jun 19	Bingo	Public Holiday

Life after 1700 has started well with great run around Woollooware, followed by a tasty dinner at Moa's second home that provided value that the hashers all remembered from 20 years ago - \$10 meals!!

Run 1701 – Scotch Mist – Woollooware Golf Club

The carpark of Woollooware Golf Club was ablaze with light....not from the combined auras of the gathering hashers but rather from the whopping big streetlights set right bang in its middle....

Which segues well (if you are fairly liberal in your use of that expression) into the fact that and **Doublebanger** and **Hellismellher** decided they would start with the pack this time. **Scotch Mist** managed to persuade **Andrew** to go for a walk rather than a wild chase with his brother.

Out the main gates and right into Denman Ave, the front runners were already marking themselves out from the pack....straight into the first onback of the night (you have to love the equalising effect of a well-set run) in Gannons Road.

'Are you alright?' questioned **Sir Les** as the TM hovered near the traffic lights.....this fake concern is seen through quickly as being the way to ask if the TM is waiting there for good reason....in which case [fill in the name of usual suspects here] will wait here too.....

Up to Kingsway and the pack gathered at the lights in high anticipation of what waited for them on the other side. **Bingo, Peter** (regular visitor who likes to go incognito by using one of the most common names in Australia – but later at the bucket he was called Mike and Steve before we

resorted to just asking him) and **Blondie** made a dash across the mighty lanes of the Kingsway....would have made **Dundee** proud if he had seen it....

Pig led the pack around John Dwyer Park (past president of Sutherland Shire for those who don't know their shire history or how to use Google...). And into a housing estate of some sort (the Shire sort) with the twisting of lanes keeping **Short and Curly** amused and visitor **Tongue Lasher** lost.

A few more checks and on-backs kept the pack together with **Dubya** doing a few checks early....with I-used-to-be-able-to-run-like-that-**Merkin** cheering him on. **Cameron** was challenging Dundee to a sprint.....and yes, Dundee couldn't resist the challenge (you will have to ask him yourself as to how he went...).

To Hyndman Parade and another check where **Cold Duck** was shamed into checking it out for a change. **Joker, Squatting** and Rabbit **led** the charge down Ocean View St (obviously not named literally as it is a fair way to such a view)...to a turn in Trickett Rd, and **Grewsome** deterred the runners from short cutting to Kingsway....instead doing another zig and zig as the hare had planned...

Eventually we were allowed to venture to Kingsway where **Doc, Grenade, Cannon, Hannibal, Slotcard** and **QR** may have ventured earlier.....

Along the path along the railway line, and **Goon** was still on trail (minus a few short cuts he confessed to later). Past the last check of the night (dutifully marked off by TM of course) and heading for home. **Moa, Venus, Stopcock** and **Sniffer** could be heard behind.....'oh look! A check! And it's marked off'....the secret business of the runners was revealed....

Meanwhile **Loaner** was making his own way from Caringbah Station and the runners were 'enjoying' a sprint home along Denman Ave....past the On Home sign....and to the congregation gathered around the sacred bucket in the corner of the carpark....

ON ON

Tickle

CIRCLE UP!!

This week Hannibal helped us all better understand the game of golf and important terminology that we all should know in order to communicate with golfers more intelligently in the future :

Golf is a club-and-ball sport in which players use various clubs to hit balls into a series of holes on a course in as few strokes as possible.

Golf is played for the lowest number of strokes by an individual, known as stroke play,

A golf stroke uses the muscles of the core especially the erector spinae muscles, latissimus dorsi muscle , hamstring, shoulder, and wrist.

The golf swing is outwardly similar to many other motions involving swinging a tool or playing implement.

Golf clubs are used to hit the golf ball. Each club is composed of a shaft with a grip on the top end and a club head on the bottom.

Woods are large-headed, long-shafted clubs meant to propel the ball a long distance.

Golf balls are spherical, usually white although other colours are allowed.

It wasn't until the 20th century that women were taken seriously in golf and eventually broke the "Gentlemen Only, Ladies Forbidden" rule. Many men saw women as unfit to play the sport due to their lack of strength and ability to feel the balls, grip the shaft, stroke properly, and engage the erector spinae muscles.

The biggest stokers in hash play golf.

On On HL

Run Report Summary

Squatting Squaw provided her insights into the run – which she praised highly, with words like “excellent run”, “well set” on this “nearly full moon” (was she thinking of Loaner?)

To paraphrase, Squatting said she had never really been happier on any run in her life. Then she awarded it 10!! – Well Done Scotch Mist

Then the report deviated somewhat. Realising there were 3 Scottish lasses on the run (Squatting, Scotch Mist and Tongue Lasher – visitor), and recently having re-read Macbeth, she was reminded of the three witches in the play. This seemed a bit of a Long Bow to draw ?

“The **Three Witches**, also known as the **Weird Sisters**, are characters in William Shakespeare's play *Macbeth* (c. 1603–1607). The witches are prophets who hail Macbeth, the general, early in the play, and predict his ascent to kingship. Upon killing the king and gaining the throne of Scotland, Macbeth hears them ambiguously predict his eventual downfall.”

Visitors

Visitors (old and new) joined the 1701 run – maybe they heard about the free cake from last week?

It was great to see them – visitors are always welcome.

- Peter from Caringbah – just back from the Philippines
- Tongue Lasher – Scotland – on a world tour (to New Zealand and Australia) to take in both Nash Hashes
- Crackdown – all the way from her home in Woollooware

Birthday

We were delighted to celebrate HellISmellHer's birthday this week. We were not sure of the number of birthdays she was celebrating – so just assumed that it was 21. This assumption, however, may have been slightly off the mark – when we observed Double Bangher roll his eyes, smile, look wistfully into the circle and say “I wish” amidst the birthday down – downs.

Prickette of the Week

HellSmellHer – for having Double Bangher’s phone at the circle – having it call and then not answering it on his behalf.

Squatting Squaw – (Loaners nomination) - for going for a run with Scotch Mist during the week and being caught short. Apparently, there were some consequences. Upon returning to Scotch Mist’s house, however, she engaged herself in polite conversation with Gewsome before heading to the bathroom to clean up.

Scotch Mist – for abandoning Squatting on their morning run (See story above and below)

Prick of the Week

Grewsome – for a “Dame Nellie” nomination – declaring positively that they had a nomination and then immediately forgetting what it was.

Sir Les – for being so jealous of Rabbit’s recent running prowess that he told here the only way he could keep up with her would be to “trip her up”.

Grewsome - (Loaners same nomination) - As mentioned above Squatting Squaw went for a morning run with Scotch Mist and was caught short. The nomination went into all sorts of descriptions that included ‘black puddings’, ‘family size’, ‘hose down’ etc. But basically when she got back to Grewsome’s house, all she wanted was to head to the bathroom to clean up, while Grewsome just wanted to engage he in polite conversation and ask her how she had enjoyed the run.

Loaner Arranger – making the nomination above

Winners – Loaner and Squatting Squaw

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 :

22 April 2019	Easter Raffle	Kogarah Run	Buy your tickets
26-27 July 2019	Weekend Away	Kangaroo Valley	Committee – details in this trash – see below

CHRISTMAS IN JULY

Friday 26th July 2019 Saturday 27th July 2019
KANGAROO VALLEY

Christmas Dinner on Saturday 27th July at

The Friendly Inn Hotel

159 Moss Vale Road, Kangaroo Valley

Contact : Phone (02) 4465 1355, Email : mail@thefriendlyinn.com.au

Web : www.thefriendlyinn.com

Old Hotel in the middle of Town – has Old Country Pub Character

Dining Room Seats 40

Accommodation Options

1) Pioneer Motel – 152 Moss Vale Road, Kangaroo Valley (02) 4465 1413

- Located opposite Pub
- Standard room - \$135 / night – Queen Bed
- Large room - \$145 (Queen and a Single)
- Double Room - \$165 (Queen and a Single)

2) Glenmack Park - 215 Moss Vale Road, Kangaroo Valley (02) 4465 1372

- Around 300m from Pub – and the middle of Town
- Cabins / Caravan / Camp Sites and Amenities Block
- Cabins \$110 / night – but can share (4) \$35.50 each (3) \$42 each (2) \$55 each (10) \$11 each
- Cabins – fully self-contained, TV, Bathroom, AirCon, Queen Bed and 3 bunks, includes Linen, bedding, towels
- Powered Camp sites - \$38 /night, Unpowered - \$16 /night

“Things to do to keep out of the Pub”

Golf, walks, shopping, great pies/ coffee in Kangaroo Valley / Berry. Nowra Wineries a short drive away and “Kangaroo spotting”

Lamrock Monster Garage Sale

Saturday 27 April 2019 – 8am to 3pm

Oatley Uniting Church Frederick Street, Oatley

BBQ - CAKE STALL - PLANTS - TEA & COFFEE

Accepted Items

- Kitchenware & utensils, household equipment, Tupperware, matching sets of crockery, cutlery, glasses in sets only, pots & pans
- Household linen & decorator items – recent fashion and colours
- Art & craft materials & equipment, fabric lengths, sewing and knitting supplies
- Books - recent adult novels & non-fiction (paperback and hard cover), current cook books, coffee table & travel books, children's picture books & junior novels – high fashion, up-market food and decorator magazines no more than 3 months old. Text books & educational books no more than 12 months old
- Sporting equipment
- Jewellery
- Unwanted gift sets
- Toys – good condition, recent and complete
- Children's and baby's clothes
- Baby equipment
- DVD's and CD's – recent popular titles, classics
- Tools & garden equipment
- Small furniture items
- Collectables

Please bring along to Hash for Rabbit to pass on to Lamrock Committee deliver items to Oatley Uniting Church Hall

LAUGHS FOR THE DAY :) TALKING DOG

A guy is driving around the back woods of Tennessee and he sees a sign in front of a broken down shanty-style house: "Talking Dog For Sale." He rings the bell and the owner appears and tells him the dog is in the backyard.

The guy goes into the backyard and sees a nice looking Labrador retriever sitting there.

"You talk?" he asks.

"Yep," the Lab replies.

After the guy recovers from the shock of hearing a dog talk, he says "So, what's your story?"

The Lab looks up and says, "Well, I discovered that I could talk when was pretty young. I wanted to help the government, so I told the CIA.

In no time at all they had me jetting from country to country, sitting in rooms with spies and world leaders, because no one figured a dog would be eavesdropping. I was one of their most valuable spies for eight years running."

"But the jetting around really tired me out, and I knew I wasn't getting any younger so I decided to settle down. I signed up for a job at the airport to do some undercover security, wandering near suspicious characters and listening in."

"I uncovered some incredible dealings and was awarded a batch of medals. I got married, had a mess of puppies, and now I'm just retired."

The guy is amazed. He goes back in and asks the owner what he wants for the dog.

"Ten dollars," the guy says.

"Because he's a liar. He never did any of that shit. "

SOUTHERN GRANDMA

Lawyers should never ask a Southern grandma a question if they aren't prepared for the answer.

In a trial, a Southern small-town prosecuting attorney called his first witness, a grandmotherly, elderly woman to the stand. He approached her and asked, "Mrs. Jones, do you know me?"

She responded, "Why, yes, I do know you, Mr. Williams. I've known you since you were a young boy, and frankly, you've been a big disappointment to me.

You lie, you cheat on your wife, and you manipulate people and talk about them behind their backs. You think you're a big shot when you haven't the brains to realize you never will amount to anything more than a two-bit paper pusher. Yes, I know you."

The lawyer was stunned! Not knowing what else to do, he pointed across the room and asked, "Mrs. Jones, do you know the defence attorney?"

She again replied, "Why, yes, I do. I've known Mr. Bradley since he was a youngster, too. He's lazy, bigoted, and he has a drinking problem. He can't build a normal relationship with anyone and his law practice is one of the worst in the entire state. Not to mention he cheated on his wife with three different women. One of them was your wife. Yes, I know him."

The defence attorney almost died.

The judge asked both counsellors to approach the bench and, in a very quiet voice, said, "If either of you idiots asks her if she knows me, I'll send you to the electric chair."

TAX AUDIT

The IRS decides to audit Ralph, and summons him to the IRS office. The IRS auditor is not surprised when Ralph shows up with his attorney.

The auditor says, "Well, sir, you have an extravagant lifestyle and no full-time employment, which you explain by saying that you win money gambling. I'm not sure the IRS finds that believable."

"I'm a great gambler, and I can prove it," says Ralph. "How about a demonstration?"

The auditor thinks for a moment and said, "Okay. Go ahead."

Ralph says, "I'll bet you a thousand dollars that I can bite my own eye."

The auditor thinks a moment and says, "No way! It's a bet."

Ralph removes his glass eye and bites it.

The auditor's jaw drops. Ralph says, "Now, I'll bet you two thousand dollars that I can bite my other eye."

Now the auditor can tell Ralph isn't blind, so he takes the bet.

Ralph removes his dentures and bites his good eye.

The stunned auditor now realizes he has wagered and lost three grand, with Ralph's attorney as a witness. He starts to get nervous.

"Want to go double or nothing?" Ralph asks "I'll bet you six thousand dollars that I can stand on one side of your desk, and pee into that wastebasket on the other side, and never get a drop anywhere in between."

The auditor, twice burned, is cautious now, but he looks carefully and decides there's no way this guy can manage that stunt, so he agrees again.

Ralph stands beside the desk and unzips his pants, but although he strains mightily, he can't make the stream reach the wastebasket on the other side, so he pretty much urinates all over the auditor's desk.

The auditor leaps with joy, realizing that he has just turned a major loss into a huge win. But Ralph's attorney moans and puts his head in his hands.

"Are you okay?" the auditor asks.

"Not really," says the attorney. "This morning, when Ralph told me he'd been summoned for an audit, he bet me twenty thousand dollars that he could come in here and piss all over your desk and that you'd be happy about it."