



Convict Trash



Run 1711 - 24 June 2019

Hare - Goon

Hareline:

1712	1 July 19	Blondie	Waterworks Hotel, 1102 Botany Road, Botany
1713	8 July 19	Dundee & Spinifex	Captain Cook Hotel. Kent Street. The Rocks
1714	15 July 19	Slotcard / QR	500 degrees café, 56 Railway Parade, Kogarah
1715	22 July 19	Taxing	TBA
1716	29 July 19	TBA	TBA

Th Hash Gods smiled upon our pack again this week. The torrential downpours stopped just in time for the run to be set, and stayed away long enough for the pack to savour every facet, turn and wiggle in the trail. Parking was tight, but enough places were made available at the right time for the bucket to be established near the Pub (and for Joker to get a park). Clover Moore and the City of Sydney created a lovely little park that with hash circles in mind – a little bit private, close to the pub and at the end of the trail. So, all the stars aligned – and the night was yet another celebration in the annals of B2H3.

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

Run 1711 – Goon – Strawberry Hills Hotel – Surry Hills

Where does the week go to? It is time for another run report to be penned (now an archaic word)...

First thing that all those who graced Strawberry Hills (did you know that it was actually a suburb and not just a pub?) with their presence will acknowledge is that the hash gods were shining down on the 60th birthday run (who sets a run for their birthday?) of **Goon**. The hash gods are narrowly selected (from the thousands of gods worshipped around the world) as those who understand that a hasher needs a window of no rain (we don't ask for much) sufficient to set, run and drink at the bucket without a precious drop falling on our heads.....

The hare parked across two car spots (you can imagine the dagger looks from locals looking for a park) to hold one for the (grateful) bucketmaster. Meanwhile the pack was gathering in the part of the pub assigned to the poker-playing group. We obviously looked like we could not keep a straight face and were asked to move aside.....bags piled on the table, and maps were issued aplenty to the walkers.

Off into the night streets plodded (I have decided to be truthful...) the runners... down Devonshire St to the first check. The walkers had taken no notice of their maps as **Stopcock, Spini, Brengun, Slotcard, QR, Sniffer, Dirty, Taxing** and **Venus** joined the runners on the first loop of the night....ignoring the opportunity to shortcut early and keep ahead of the pack.

Grewsome and **Springcock** (a visitor who obviously thought this was a running club rather than B2H3) raced to the corner only to have to wait awhile at the lights....where we joined the commuting crowds....

Across Elizabeth St to another check (the hare had written 'check' on the wall in case we could not recognise when we saw one). **Joker** went the right way (yes, note it in your diary)...before an immediate on-back foiled him. Heading to Devonshire St to view the infrastructure (light rail if you did not know), as we would circle back to a number of times.

To a check at Little Riley St, where **Bingo** refused to use her Sutherland-to-Surf training to good effect and run up the hill, while Springcock found the right path but decided to run back to the pack anyway....before then doing the next on-back....the TM enjoying (I have said before that joy should be savoured when you can in this job) calling on-back as the torch headlights turned back to trail... (it is all in the timing...).

Heading to the Tibby Cotter bridge, across the muddy fields....with **Rim Liquor** (who had ventured from Sunshine Coast to enjoy some rain for a change) predicting that there would be an on-back half way across. She still followed the pack anyway....while the TM ventured a few metres on to the bridge to be able to hear the groans when the front runners found the inevitable on-back (halfway across the bridge if you had not realised...). Heading back along the path to Southern Cross Drive again.....**Squatting** and **Scotch Mist** were the Scots Guards leading the troops down to the left.....hitting an on-back which appeared to be positioned more because of the leap-defying puddle that lay in our path...rather than any cunning plan of the hare.

Across the Drive, all of us bar one (no points for guessing who, if you have read more than one of these reports before) waited for the light to turn in our favour....the early dash was to no avail any way as **Dundee** (you guessed correctly) didn't find the path from the check. Down Nobbs St and a few twists before the now usual on-back caught the front runners, and we headed to Bourke St.

A couple of turns around Cleveland St and we headed down Nickson St (don't worry I had not heard of it before either)...where **Cold Duck** decided to flatten Scotch Mist as he turned from an on-back (still playing league for Cronulla in his mind). Back through a small alley way to Crown St, and a

few more twists to Belvoir St....Rim Liquor was staying true to her former ways and looking for a shortcut home. **Sir Les** decided (or more likely (if you know him at all) without any conscious thought) to wander back down to Central Station until he could work out where the pub was...and then follow the signs to the bucket.....ignoring any calls intended to guide him in the right direction...

Meanwhile **Blondie** and **Dish** (after driving for hours....according to the former...looking for a parking spot) and **Rabbit** had joined the hare on bag-carrying duties from the pub to the bucket. **Merkin** had decided that the end of financial year was a good excuse to stay in the pub for a schooner rather than run (you work it out.....).

And so after a rainless run through the local streets, the pack gathered in the small alcove especially built for our bucket (otherwise, why was it there?) and raised a few toasts to the hash gods...

ON ON, Tickle

CIRCLE UP!!

This week Hannibal was recovering in hospital with his new hip – we understand all is well and wish him the best in getting his leg up and over. We are honoured to have our Grand Master - Sir Les lead the circle and try to not to mention Dick. He opened the circle with some excellent notes that had been passed on by Hannibal about the history of the trams in Devonshire Street :-

60 years ago today the last tram ran in Surrey Hills and now on such a special day they will be running again soon.

GOON who would not remember what the old trams were like, set the trail along the new tram root so hashers would be aware of the new hashing terrain.

60 years ago trams were a threat to drunks and hashers who stumbled out of pubs into the way of oncoming trams.

DUNDEE told me about a burlesque show he watched in an Oxford Street nightclub in the early 1950's. He went backstage to meet with the female impersonator who was the star. The tranny had to run out quickly away from DUNDEE but ran into the path of a tram. The positive message is that he did get rooted.

On On HL

Visitors

It is always great to have visitors – and this week was no exception. What a welcoming group of visitors we had

Bren Gun – who is attracted to our hash for the sparkling red wine in the bucket

Rim Liquor – who was in Sydney just for this run, and als squeezed in a “Winter Solstice” ceremony (with chanting and hot tubs) up the Blue Mountains.

Spring Cok – who has hashed all around the place – but now lives in Mudgee. He wants to start a Hash Club there. He was in Sydney attending a course on Wine Drinking, and thought that there would be nothing better than to explore the light rail route from Central to Moore Park. He brought songs and extra vigour to our one-song hash – and kept Grewsome company at the front of the pack.

Run Report Summary

This week, Cold Duck gave the circle run report, delighted for the opportunity to provide in-depth analysis and insight.

- Firstly he questioned if there was a mountain in Mount Druitt, which lead him on to ask whether there were any hills in Surry Hills.
- Although he thought Surry Hills had no hills, he found himself running “up and down” hills for the duration of the run.
- He enjoyed the run across the sodden Moore Park Precinct (he called it shiggy) to have an opportunity to run over the Tibby Cotter Bridge – only to find it was one of the longest on-backs in the history of B2H3
- The pack stayed so close together that they started bumping into each other.
- He loved discovering some of smaller lanes and alleys that litter the suburb

It seemed the pack was just pleased that the rain had stopped and there was any run at all! Despite loud calls from the pack to award the run 4 / 10 – he generously rated it a ‘8.5’.

Birthdays

The 2 birthday boys this week were Goon and QR – free drinks from the Bucket !!

Prickette of the Week

Sniffer – Geographically challenged. At last week’s run, there was a discussion amongst the walkers whether any of the rain we were experiencing was going in the dam. Stopcock authoritatively proclaimed that the showers were all coastal – and that nothing went in the dam. Goldmark expressed surprise that she knew it had rained in Port Stephens and Sniffer backed her up, saying that not only had it rained in Cronulla, but some of her friends in Kiama also reported that it had rained there. Stopcock just winced.

Prick of the Week

Grewsome – for having a shower after setting last week’s “Live Hare” run – which extremely unhashman like behaviour.

Cold Duck – He used his Cronulla Sharks training to hold Bren Gun back from the Bucket. (we assume Bren Gun was making a lunge for the remainder of the Sparkling Red)

Cold Duck – For running on trail up the Tibby Cotter Bridge, finding an on-back and then heading back down the Bridge and wondering why the arrows were in the wrong direction

Cold Duck – for running into Scotch Mist and nearly knocking her over – as she had slowed and was about to turn at an on-back. (it seems the pack was close together)

Winners – Sniffer & Cold Duck

Runs and Events of Note :

29 June 2019 – 12 noon	Farewell lunch - Squatting Squaw and Loaner Arranger	Lord Nelson Brewery Hotel in the Rocks	Rabbit – please let Rabbit know if you are planning to attend !!
26-27 July 2019	B2H3 - Weekend Away	Kangaroo Valley	Committee – details in this trash – see below
3 August 2019	Thirsty 1400	Circle up in Camperdown Park, Mallett Street at the Rotunda.	Thirsty HHH
October Long weekend	B2H3 Bathurst Pub Crawl	Details to be advised	Sandra Dee and Peter
10 Nov 2019	Bloody Long Walk	Malabar to the Rocks	Rabbit

Farewell lunch - Squatting Squaw and Loaner Arranger

Lunch on Saturday 29th June at the Lord Nelson Brewery Hotel in the Rocks

Meet from midday for pre-lunch drinks.

RSVP to Rabbit if you want to come along

Rabbit - gusto@bigpond.net.au



Notes from Thirsty Hash :-

Thirsty 1400 - Saturday 3 August , 1pm

Cum and join Sydney Thirsty for our 1400th !!

Saturday 3 August , 1pm

Circle up in Camperdown Park, Mallett Street at the Rotunda.

5 minutes walk from Parramatta Road.

On Inn is the Wayward Brewery.

- What to bring

Running gear, \$10 for the run and a big booze filled bucket, and a sense of humour

Please pass on to your kennel and all other Hasher's. Visitors most welcum.

On ! On !

Queen Cum-a-lot

JOIN RABBIT ON THE BLOODY LONG WALK

SUNDAY 10TH NOVEMBER 2019

35K WALK FROM PIONEER PARK MALABAR TO HICKSON ROAD RESERVE, THE ROCKS TO RAISE FUNDS AND AWARENESS FOR MITOCHONDRIAL DISEASE.

Mitochondrial disease (mito) is a debilitating genetic disorder that robs the body's cells of energy, causing multiple organ dysfunction or failure and potentially death. The harsh facts:

- Mito affects 1 in 5000 people, making it the second most commonly diagnosed, serious genetic disease after cystic fibrosis
- One in 200 people, or more than 120,000 Australians, may carry genetic mutations that put them at risk for developing mito or other related symptoms such as diabetes, deafness or seizures during their lifetimes
- There are many forms of mitochondrial disease; it is highly complex and can affect anyone of any age
- There are no cures and few effective treatment

This is why The Bloody Long Walk is so important. Not only does the event raise awareness of this debilitating disease, it also raises vital funds to enable much-needed support to patients and their families and essential research into the prevention, diagnosis, treatment and cure of mitochondrial disorders.

IT WOULD BE GREAT TO HAVE SOME COMPANY ON THIS WALK SO IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN THIS CHALLENGE PLEASE LET ME KNOW.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, JUST GOOGLE THE BLOODY LONG WALK & CLICK ON THE SYDNEY EAST WALK.

LAUGHS FOR THE DAY :)

The Pope's camera

The Pope was having a shower. Although he is very strict about the Celibacy rules, he occasionally felt the need to exercise the right wrist, and this was one of these occasions.

Just as he reached the Papal Climax, he saw a photographer taking a picture of the holy seed flying through the air.

"Hold on a minute" said the Pope. "You can't do that. You'll destroy the reputation of the Catholic Church".

"This picture is my lottery win" said the photographer. "I'll be financially secure for life".

So, the Pope offered to buy the camera off the photographer, and after lots of negotiation, they eventually arrived at a figure of two million dollars.

The Pope then dried himself off and headed off with his new camera.

He met his housekeeper, who spotted the camera. "That looks like a really good camera" she said "how much did it cost you?"

"Two million dollars" replied the Pope.

"TWO MILLION DOLLARS" said the housekeeper, "They must have seen you coming".

Philosophical thought

Keep this philosophy in mind the next time you either hear or are about to repeat a rumour.

In ancient Greece (469 - 399 BC), Socrates was widely lauded for his wisdom.

One day the great philosopher came upon an acquaintance who ran up to him excitedly and said, "Socrates, do you know what I just heard about one of your students?"

"Wait a moment," Socrates replied. "Before you tell me I'd like you to pass a little test. It's called the Triple Filter Test."

"Triple filter?"

"That's right," Socrates continued. "Before you talk to me about my student let's take a moment to filter what you're going to say. The first filter is Truth. Have you made absolutely sure that what you are about to tell me is true?"

"No," the man said, "actually I just heard about it."

"All right," said Socrates. "So you don't really know if it's true or not. Now let's try the second filter, the filter of Goodness. Is what you are about to tell me about my student something good?"

"No, on the contrary ..."

"So," Socrates continued, "you want to tell me something bad about him, even though you're not certain it's true?"

The man shrugged, a little embarrassed. Socrates continued, "You may still pass the test though, because there is a third filter - the filter of Usefulness. Is what you want to tell me about my student going to be useful to me?"

"No, not really ..."

"Well," concluded Socrates, "if what you want to tell me is neither True nor Good nor even Useful, why tell it to me at all?"

The man was defeated and ashamed.

This is the reason Socrates was a great philosopher and held in such high esteem.

It also explains why he never found out that Plato was shagging his wife.

State of Origin.

Two boys in Sydney were playing football when one of the boys is attacked by a vicious Rottweiler. Thinking quickly, the other boy rips a board off the nearby fence, wedges it down the dog's collar, and twists, breaking the dog's neck.

A Sunday Telegraph reporter hears about the incident and rushes over to interview the boy.

"Young Swans Fan Saves Friend From Vicious Animal," he starts writing in his notebook.

"But I'm not a Swans fan," the little hero replies.

"Sorry, since we are in Sydney I just assumed you were," says the reporter, and he starts again.

"Roosters Fan Rescues Friend From Horrific Attack!" he jots in his notebook. "I'm not a Roosters fan either," the boy responds.

The reporter starts again: "Blues supporter risks life in heroic rescue!"

"I'm not a Blues fan either," the boy responds.

"I assumed everyone in Sydney was either for the Swans, Roosters or the Blues. What team do you cheer for?" the reporter asks.

"We are both from Brisbane and I'm a Maroons fan," the boy says cheerfully.

The reporter starts a new sheet in his notebook and writes: "Little Redneck Cane Toad Bastard Vandalises Fence and Kills Beloved Family Pet."

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”