



Convict Trash

Run 1728: 21 October 2019

Hare: Cold Duck – Southern Cross Hotel



Starters Gun

Well the old girl had a face lift!
Surfaces smoothed, Colours refreshed, Contours refined.
Replete with new Livery, she was hardly recognisable!

But as the Hashers made their way into the reborn **Southern Cross Hotel**, we could see that the underlying structure had not changed; the defining characteristics remained; we would have known her anywhere!

Blondie had dropped the plaits and the chalk for the evening as **Duck** deigned fit to Trail Master (and report) on his own run.

Sniffer and **Softcock** had blown in with visitor **Layback** replete in 'I've run everywhere man' Hash vest. **Tickle** and **Goon** looked to be enjoying their post-committee freedom. **Dish** and **Bingo** discussed succulents and hanging gardens while **QR** and **Slotcard** parked the Ute under the massive Tree, providing target practice for the late settling Ibis.

Hellsmellher and **Doubleganger** and personal trainer **Scott**, looked ready to be the front-running bastards they proved to be!

Goldmark and **Venus** ensured they had a walkers' map and trailed **Doc** out the door.



Run Report

St Peters – a holly suburb

[Editor's note: read.. Holy – as it isn't Christmas]

It was a lovely night for a run around the home of St Peter, the disciple, & JC's right hand man. The run was expertly set by **Cold Duck**, the master of setting a good run. It had some challengers, due to all the road work for the WestConnex in the area.

[Editor's note: SOME challenges – we would have been safer in Beirut].

What was a normal road on the Sunday when he set the run, was a closed off road when the runners & walkers came by it. (*Flinch*)

As usual in any run set in St Peters, Sydney Park was the highlight; except there were arrows everywhere, & most of them not ours! On the other side of Sydney Park, there must have been another Hash run set, as someone had remarked one of our checks, with an arrow pointing to the correct trail, & some other hash arrows in the area.

[Editor's note: It looked more like Nash Hash had been through the suburb only the day before].

Contributions to: bingob2h3@hotmail.com

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Through the quant (*sic – I think he means Quaint*) tiny streets of Erskineville & Newtown; the pack kept together by astutely placed on backs, until some of the front runners decided to short cut – no names (their names are related to a **Crocodile & Dame Edna!**)

*[Editor's note: Everybody else work that one out? **Dundee and Sir Les – No need to be coy Duck**].*

And a lovely meal back at St Peters favourite Pub, the Southern Cross, which has had a makeover, with increased costs of meals & wine to pay for it!

[Editor's note: Face Lift, Makeover Yada Yada].

OnOn
Cold Duck

And there's More!

Duck's Delirious Direction Dilemma

Will it be clockwise or anticlockwise again that was the dilemma. From his favourite pub haunt (must have shares in the company &/or been recommending the investment to his many retiring punters) **Duck** began, as usual, by instituting the obligatory On Back immediately from the start, which fooled absolutely nobody,

*[Editor's note: Except **Joker** - refer above]*

... even though it was in a southerly direction. Maybe he should try that direction in future, through Tempe reserve & back via Mascot.

Adding to the confusion he didn't trust our extremely efficient Trail Mattress by insisting in handling the job himself, thereby ensuring we'd all return before midnight. And so it was up the bloody hill again, **Sir Les, Joker, Blondie & Bingo** in the lead, when **Blondie** misread an arrow, which showed a minor turn to the left to be "cross the highway here" – no traffic lights or crossing but a keen sense of tracking. Unfortunately, it was wrong but probably less of a risk than the miniscule pavement negotiation we had to make adjacent to roaring traffic,

[Editor's note: Read Beirut]

...where the hare had decided the government knew fuck all about pedestrian traffic management.

Down through a myriad of government laid pedestrian bypasses (wish I had that supply franchise), which the Hare suggested weren't there yesterday, terrifying **Bingo**, who thought she may be lost forever, we re-entered the obligatory Sydney Park. Climbing once more to the summit, with assistance of sherpas, **Hellsmellher, Double Banger** & big chip off the old block (well he doesn't have a Hash name yet) were showing their new found running skills, leading the pack once more down into the meander through St. Peters & Erskineville back blocks, before, once more crossing King Street. All the residents were waving glad to see us back again.

Using her superior tracking skills, **Blondie** had, again, found trail where it was never set in the past, once more terrifying **Bingo**. A long trevail (wish **JJ** was still here to help me with my spelling) back over the railway line & zig zagging through the former mining tenements of Sydenham, we returned to the welcoming bucket.

Another great Diversionery Destination **Duck**, well worth the effort .

Anonymous.apparently!

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Après Trail

The strung-out pack trickled back into the Hotel carpark and found bucket located safely away from the aforementioned, tree-hugging Ibis. **Dundee** decided to move his car out of target-practice distance, **QR** moved his Ute, one-half car park, apparently happy to 'wear' some of the fallout! **Merkin** walked in with the excuse that his late arrival prevented him from joining the pack.. late Lunch more like!

One-Speed **Joker** had some trouble steadying himself as he changed into some dry kit, as **Cannon Mouth** (seated as normal but at least we knew where he was!) and **Bower Bird** were dipping into the nibbles that **Dirty Weekend** had provided.



Walkers back, Runners changed and Duck called 'Circle Up'.

Circle Up

Run 1728 – The One Man Show

RA – **Duck**

Hare – **Duck**

TM – **Duck**

Run Reporter (additional) – **Duck**

That beats **Dundee** by an RA.

RA's Report

St Peters

- Who was St Peter I hear you ask?
- One of the 12 Apostles – 1st one ordained by J.C.
- Originally known as Simon
- Like J.C. he walked on water, but not very far – probably realised he couldn't swim
- Was fishing with J.C. when they famously caught thousands of fish with just one line (sure Pigs will fly) – down at the Cooks River.
- His mother in law was mordaciously healed by J.C. – she was a bitch and became a pleasant woman
- He was put in prison but an Angle recused him
- He was credited as the first Pope and founded the Catholic Church – the first child molester in a long tradition of the Church
- He was crucified in Rome by Emperor Nero at age 61 and buried at the Vatican
- The famous Square at the Vatican is named after him, from where the Pope delivers his sermons
- Southern Cross Hotel very old – built in 1906 and totally rebuilt in 1936 and its design is known as Inter War Free Classical.
- Originally a workingman's pub – apparently had Stripped at lunchtime

[Editor's note: Dundee was able to confirm that it also had late night Strippers... how interesting]

There followed a curious exchange. Apparently **Duck** is so broadly and well read, he came across (I use those words intentionally) an article exposing (that too) a condition of Testicular Elephantiasis (Yes, I checked the spelling) The article, that he had carefully copied was then waved in the air and presented as some sort of *Fait Accompli* to **Spinifex** for her equally-broad reading edification. I expect it will have grubby corners next time we see it, having passed through many Harriet hands. **Taxing's** curiosity could not be hidden!

Run Review

Sir Les was called upon to review the Run.

The Duck, Sir Les bromance bloomed!

Thence followed a bombastic display of eloquence on the run highlights

[Editor's note: All I heard was a discourse of unintelligible words that ran a little like this:]

It was like a Cronulla run – you could go that way or this way.

Joker led into the first On-back but was quickly usurped by none other than **Sir Les**.

The Pack went up a Hill (and presumably down); through Newtown past the Town and Country, where Duncan was waiting for us all.

A final score of 8

Visitors

Layback from Cairns – who was observed to have a Dundee-like death wish to run in the Traffic.

Scott – Personal Trainer to **Hellsmellher** and **Doublebanger**

Athletes

None known to **Blondie**.

New Shoes

The Pack finally caught up with **Merkin**.

Pricks

Nominee	Nominator	'Cause
Goldmark	Hannibal	Was seen approaching young men with Tools (the men that is) on the Run (Goldmark that is).
Goldmark	Blondie	Sounds like the girls had a boozy weekend and Goldmark lost a bottle of wine somewhere between Balmoral and home. The Pack suggested she probably just forgot she drank it!
Blondie	Doc	Trots off to Office Works to buy a booklight and demonstrated some difficulty affixing it to her head.
Scott	Hellismellher	Scott borrowed Doublebanger's jacket for a neighbourhood party and left Handcuffs in the pocket – that's some neighbourhood!
Cold Duck	Taxing	Overhearing someone comment that Hannibal appeared to have attended the AGPU as a Harlot not a Harriet – queried the difference!

Pricks: Goldmark and Scott



Hare Line

#	Date	Hare	Start
1729	28 Oct 19	Dundee	Oatley Hotel, 8 Oatley Ave, Oatley
1730	4 Nov 19		
1731	11 Nov 19		
1732	18 Nov 19		
1733	25 Nov 19		
1734	2 Dec 19		
1735	9 Dec 19		
1736	23 Dec 19		

Please contact Blondie and book your run dates!!

Committee:

Position	Hash name	Known as	E-mail
Grand Master	Spinifex	Pam Mitchell	Spinifex88@hotmail.com
Religious Advisor	Cold Duck	Brian East	brianeast@optunusnet.com.au
Trail Master	Blondie	Margaret Neeson	Lido45@optusnet.com.au
Hash Scribe	Bingo	Gemma Gurr	Bingob2h3@hotmail.com
Hash Cash	Dirty Weekend	Joanne East	Joanne.east@gmail.com
Bucket Master	Doc	Tom Neeson	Lido45@optusnet.com.au
	Stopcock	Wayne Fuller	Wayne.fuller66@gmail.com
Hash Rags	Hellsmellher	Regina Britton	sbritton@bigpond.net.au

Events:

Date	Event	Details	Contact
8 Nov 1029	Rover's Weekend		Pig
10 Nov 2019	Bloody Long Walk	Malabar to the Rocks	Rabbit

