



Convict Trash

Run 1767: 28th September 2020

Hares: Merkin - Cronulla

Taxing - Rozelle



Starters Gun

Moa Goa forgot her running walking shoes, so only dropped in for a drink and a deep and meaningful conversation with **StopCock**. **Venus** was an apparition we had not seen for a good while. **Dirty Weekend** wore street clothes to avoid being one of us. **QR** and **Slotcard** were ready to walk around the block. **Bingo** (damaged) looked to hook up with **Sniffer** and **Stopcock** to walk the trail.. out we went!



South Run Report

Merkin's Missing Messy Meander

The editress doesn't believe there's such a word as editress and neither does this spellcheck so I'm going to continue to use it until Webster or Macquarie find acceptance – spellcheck doesn't believe there's such a word as Macquarie either so that justifies my decision. And if she decides to edit my editress then the Gods will invade her nether regions and implant a host of fleas and cockroaches and other smelly insects. *[Editress] To avoid having my hash tag modified to 'Plague', Editress will be accepted but only with a capital E from this point on..*

Merkin arrived in the club, pretending as though he'd just finished setting the run when, it soon became apparent, he'd set it a week ago or that's what the chalk trail looked like anyway. Carrying the assortment of current requirements to enter Club Land – phone, wallet, driver's licence, glasses to read the small print etc. - meant the group needed to reassemble in the car park before **Bingo** called On. Bugged if I know why she called On when she didn't have any intention to run, feigning injury just because her right knee was pretending it was actually her left knee. I know, but you had to be there – an on-location story as my daughter used to say.

Sir Les had opted to act as Trail Master, given that he had glasses and the rest of us didn't but many had remembered his past exploits in that role when he led everyone out on the home trail until halfway then suggested they return the same way, among many other misadventures. Nevertheless, we were all grateful for his acceptance, with the full knowledge, that somewhere on the trail, there would be a misadventure (cockup) rivalling that stated above. He makes **Blondie** look like a serious black tracker.

After the criticisms of the past couple of weeks, **Hellismellher**, **Doublebanher** and **Scott** had decided to take an afternoon nap so they'd be all ready for the evening exercise, which meant they were all run starters. **Duck** blasted his call and the group started ambling up the street, where the arrows were pointing, towards Kingsway (now I realise that criticism will emanate *(Sic) [Editress] That would be 'emanate'.. but do proceed..* from the Editress as to The Kingsway but I know that the true naming of the thoroughfare is actually Kingsway, so ram that into your vagina). *[Editress] Not satisfied with the Plague, I'm now being deflowered..*

ShortnCurly was leading the pack down towards the surf as we all waited for **Sir Les** to pretend he could read the map and point in the correct direction. He was overheard to say "it must be up there because the trail looks as though it goes all around there somewhere". Understanding that gibberish, we headed up Gerrale to the side street up about 50 metres, where we all turned left, which sent us down the steps to where we headed originally. **Scott** found the On Back sending us, including the TM, back to Gerrale again.

Left on a side street, then down to Cronulla Beach, **Pig** was in the lead, with **Rabbit** jumping furiously but **Dundee** and **Scott** had taken the high road and found trail that reached the Esplanade and an On Back, before **Pig**, **Rabbit** and **Hellismellher** ran off trail and **Dundee** had to redirect them to another Check. Now here it became a problem for **Dundee**, who checked south, when the arrows from the Check only pointed north and south, when, apparently, the trail went west.

As **Dundee** was heading back to join the pack, **DoubleBangerher** and **Scott** appeared, telling him that **Sir Les** had told them the trail went south. Stupidly, **Dundee** thought **Sir Les** wouldn't make that silly mistake but, of course, he could, so running for another kilometre in the wrong direction, the three amigos were never to meet up with the pack until the halfway bucket. But there was more to come.

Back down to Gunnamatta Park then across to Tonkin and up past the school, it became apparent the amigos were running in the wrong direction as far as the On On was concerned but they persevered up the bloody long hill to Woolooware Road and the **Merkin** abode which, upon entering, offered all sorts of delights, supplied by **Brazilian**, **Dubya** and **Thong**. Schnapps all round and we were all yodelling to the accompaniment of the dog.

The relatively short trip home was only endured by **Dundee** who was on trail as the rest of the yodellers thought the best way back was the way the Trail Master suggested, having consulted his map upside down like **Blondie**.

Good run **Merkin**, great halfway bucket.

On On **Dundee**.



East Run Report

Taxing's Twisting Tromp around the Anzac Bridge - 28-09-20

B2H3ers arrived on Darling Road to easily secure parking but found the parking signs needed careful reading. **Hannibal**, one with local knowledge was observed reading and rereading the sign. **Spinni** moved her car forward one car space and her problem was solved. **Doc** after finding the first parking meter did not work moved on the next and problem solved for a small sum of money.

Around 6.30ish **Taxing** armed with a piece of gyprock she had retrieved from a bin in the street around the corner headed us east. First arrow marked for the run outside the Red Lion Hotel. She was quickly followed by **Goldie**, **Blondie**, **Doc** and **Dish**. Through a myriad of streets, lanes, parks, hidden steps and secret pathways she led the pack in clever little circles around her home and her suburb of Lilyfield.

Out onto Lilyfield Road and along some of the new and temporary walkways that have been created by the West Connect expansion and now we were heading west. A short time walking along Link Road a quick turn into James Road and now we were heading east towards Glebe Island.

Taxing's twister trail continued on to take the pack over, under, along and beside the Anzac Bridge. A short diversion to "the Lookout" gave time to appreciate the view over Black Wattle Bay and the city skyline not to mention a quick photo shoot. Heading up Victoria Road, **Taxing** continued to mark the trail for **Tickle** who caught up with the pack near the Bangkok Thai where we enjoyed a delicious dinner.

Thank you **Taxing** for a great run. We are all now more familiar with new road system.

OnOn **Dish**

RA's Report

Cronulla

- Probably most infamous major event in the Cronulla area (aka "Gods own Country") was the Wanda Beach murders
- Bodies of two young girls were discovered in January 1965, in the Sand Dunes, just north of Wanda Surf Club – the Sandhills are not there anymore
- Marianne Schmidt and Christine Sharrock, both aged 15, had been stabbed multiple times, and half buried in the Sand Dunes.
- It has not been solved to this day – there have been 3 major suspects – two are now dead, and one is in his 80's – there has never been enough evidence to convict them
- Police interviewed over 7,000 people, making it the largest investigation in Australia's history
- I only found out when I was researching this, that Marianne's family lived in my home Town of Temora, before moving to Sydney in 1963 – the year our family moved here (no, I didn't do it !!!!)
- The girls lived in West Ryde and would regularly catch the Train to Cronulla Beach. A few weeks before the murders, the girls were seen kissing boys on the beach.
- On the fateful day in January 1965, they had taken Marianne's four young siblings with them to Cronulla
- They walked from the Train Station to the Sand Dunes near Wanda Beach. The two girls left the young children and walked further into the Sand Dunes – it was speculated that they were meeting up with the boys they had seen kissing weeks before.
- They were never seen alive again.

Rozelle

- Originally known as Balmain West
- Named Rozelle in 1894 after Rozelle Post Office opened
- Rozelle named after Rozelle Bay, which was named due to large amounts of Parrot's in the area – Rosella's.
- Dominant feature of the area is the "White Bay Power Station", which still stands at the North Western edge of Anzac Bridge (which opened in 1996). The old "Glebe Island Bridge", which opened in 1901, still is under the Anzac Bridge
- The Power station supplied Sydney with power for 70 years, closing in 1983
- The Iron Cove Bridge, connecting Rozelle to Drummoyne, opened in 1955
- **Hannibal's** old haunt, the Callan Park Lunatic Asylum opened in 1878
- The Red Lion Hotel, opened in 1828. It was originally the Callan Park Hotel, then the Darling St Hotel

OnOn **Cold Duck.**

Athletes

Not this week.

Birthdays

Not this week.

New Shoes

Not this week.

Committee 2020-2021

Members are now encouraged to think about taking a committee role for the 2020-2021 B2H3 year!
If you would like to be on the next Committee (or if you have never been on Committee and should be!) reach out to the Committee member you would like to replace!

A great dunny read coming your way again....



Hare Line



#	Date	Hares	Start
	5/10/20	Dundee	See Web Site
		Spinifex	See Web Site

Committee:

Position	Hash name	Known as	E-mail
Grand Master	Spinifex	Pam Mitchell	Spinifex88@hotmail.com
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