



Convict Trash

Run 1774: 16th November 2020

Hares: Goldmark/Blondie - Maroubra



Run Report

Goldmark's Generous Garden Gradient

The venue suggested it would be a Hash Walk, whatever that is but **Sir Les** had intervened to suggest we were a running club (very loose use of the word I think) and **Blondie** stepped into the void to supply a long and arduous, very beautiful, run around the escarpment of Maroubra/Malabar. The southside runners had joined with the eastside walkers for a group of about twenty as we began to recognise old faces and settle communal differences.

Duck had rested the sore right foot and was champing at the bit as **Blondie** pointed somewhere south and **Dundee** found trail heading that way towards the park area and steep climb up to that street that runs down from that pub we sometimes visit and a Check. **Hot Dick** was heading west up a side street as **Dundee** again found trail heading south on the same road, before turning left and heading to the South Bra Club.

Another Check had **Sir Les** finding trail through the sand dunes, before heading back up to the boardwalk and the very long amble towards Malabar. It was about here that **Dundee** damaged a fetlock and began to hobble, causing some minor consternation from a couple of the fairer sex – the blokes couldn't give a shit. But the poor old bugger decided he knew more than the medical profession, who would've called an ambulance and administered oxygen, whilst applying a moon boot.

You see Doctors are taught to be the ultimate socialists and never to take risks under any circumstances, which would place us all under 3 months house arrest for the slightest sprain if they could. When reaching doctorhood they're made to sign a Hippocratic oath to never allow a patient to heal quickly and apply copious amounts of chemicals as supplied by the chemical companies according to those which offer the best commissions.

But **Dundee** always knows better as he decided the best course of action was to continue running or hobbling mainly using the premise that heating a busted calf muscle always works or works to place him intensive care for a few weeks. So off he went, **Merkin** was becoming worried and asked as to his condition as he was assessing his lift home and whether he should call the bride to pick him up. But no, he struggled on as the pain became more intense, which must mean he wasn't running fast enough.

On reaching the top of the gradient, it was noticed the trail headed east but there was a branch off to the right, which, to **Dundee**, who has a keen sense of direction and how to short cut, thought it would be a much better alternative as he was now out of sight of the pack. Unfortunately, lack of knowledge as to the Rifle Range meant the bloody trail went nowhere and fighting the underbrush without a machete was inflicting further abrasions to the existing pain.

No other option then than to return the way he came and severe embarrassment as this had never happened before so, forgetting the pain and possible leg amputation, he careered back down the hill, passing a young bloke, who was running but wanted to know if **Dundee** was alright as he looked as though he might be favouring a leg or the complete right side of his body. Smart bastard thought **Dundee** as he powered past and raced him back to the car park.

Couple of beers at the bucket removed all semblance of pain until being seated for an hour produced a crippling effect. Great run **Blondie**, sorry I didn't complete it.

On On **Dundee**.

RA's Report

Maroubra

- I have provided plenty of info on Maroubra over the past few years.
- This info is on a famous local - Warrant Officer Kevin Wheatley, VC
- He lived in the Maroubra area, and went to Maroubra a Junction Technical School.
- He joined the Australian Regular Army in 1956. He played in Rugby games between the armed forces.
- He went to Vietnam in August 1964 and served with distinction.
- In November 1965, a small Company including Wheatley, came into contact with the Viet Cong. One of his fellow soldiers, Warrant Officer Swanton, was hit by a bullet in the Chest. Under heavy Machine Gun fire, Wheatley dragged Swanton through open rice fields into the safety of a wooded area. Wheatley was urged by fellow soldiers to leave Swanton, and make a run back to the allied line, because the Viet Cong were closing in, and that Swanton was dying. He Refused. Both their bodies were found the next morning.
- Wheatley was awarded the Victoria Cross, posthumously.
- He also won the United States Silver Star and was made a Knight of the National Order of the Republic of Vietnam.
- His Victoria Cross is in the Australian War Memorial in Canberra, donated by his family.
- He had two choices - make his way to safely and leave behind his dying mate or stay with his dying mate and face certain death. He chose the latter. I wonder what we would do in that situation.
- A true hero in every sense of the word, as are all our Victoria Cross winners. The majority of them awarded for heroic feats involving trying to save their fellow soldiers lives.

OnOn **Cold Duck**.

Athletes

Not this week.

Birthdays

Not this week

New Shoes

We suspect **Hot Dick!**

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!



Hare Line

See Website www.botanybayH3.com.au



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