



# Botany Bay Hash House Harriers Convict Trash



Run: **1521**  
 Date: **2<sup>nd</sup> November 2015**  
 Hare: **Santa**  
 Location: **Mortdale**

## Hareline

<i>Run no.</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Hare</i>	<i>Run details</i>	<i>On In</i>
1522	9/11/15	Squatting Squaw	Miranda Hotel Kingsway Miranda Bucket – Near tennis courts Seymour Shaw Park	Miranda Hotel
1523	16/11/15	Grenade	Intersection Hotel Ramsgate & Rocky Point Roads, Ramsgate.	Same
1524	23/11/15	Sun Bean	TBA	
1525	30/11/15	Goldmark and Venus	TBA	
1526	7/12/15	Rabbit	Carrs Park – Blakehurst	Self Cater in the park
1527	14/12/15	Top Bunk	TBA	
1528	21.12.15	Cannon Mouth	5 Poplar Place, Kirrawee	Same – Annual Christmas Ru
1529	28/12/15	Hare Needed		
1530	4/1/16	Dundee	Dundee's Annual Bush Bash TBA	
1531	11/1/16	Holeproof	TBA	
1532	18/1/16	Slops	TBA	
1533	25/1/16	Grewsome	23 Kiwong Street, Yowie Bay	Same

BBHHH website: - [www.botanybayh3.com](http://www.botanybayh3.com)

## **Run**

### **SANTA's Street and Park run:**

I was a little concerned when RABBIT handed me a map with no directions or checks or on-backs marked: Anyway ANYWAY, SANTA did arrive in time to start the run and explained a few things to me.

The pack headed back towards Hurstville Grove and the first long on-back and this gave the stragglers time to join the pack. On their return I headed them on to the lights on Boundary Road and a left turn into Roberts Avenue and Cromdale street, Glen road and into the Lime Kiln Bay Park.

The on-backs keeping the pack close together: These being not marked on the map, I had to wait until ON-ON was called.

We came out of the park and headed down into Oatley West shops. Here the pack split DUNDEE and GRUESOME heading straight to Oatley rail bridge and the rest of the pack going right into the Miles Dumphy Reserve on trail and back through Oatley and back to the Bucket.

A good run on a very humid night with a good turn out of runners.

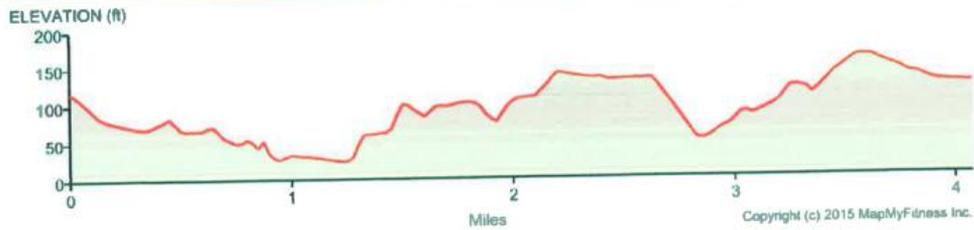
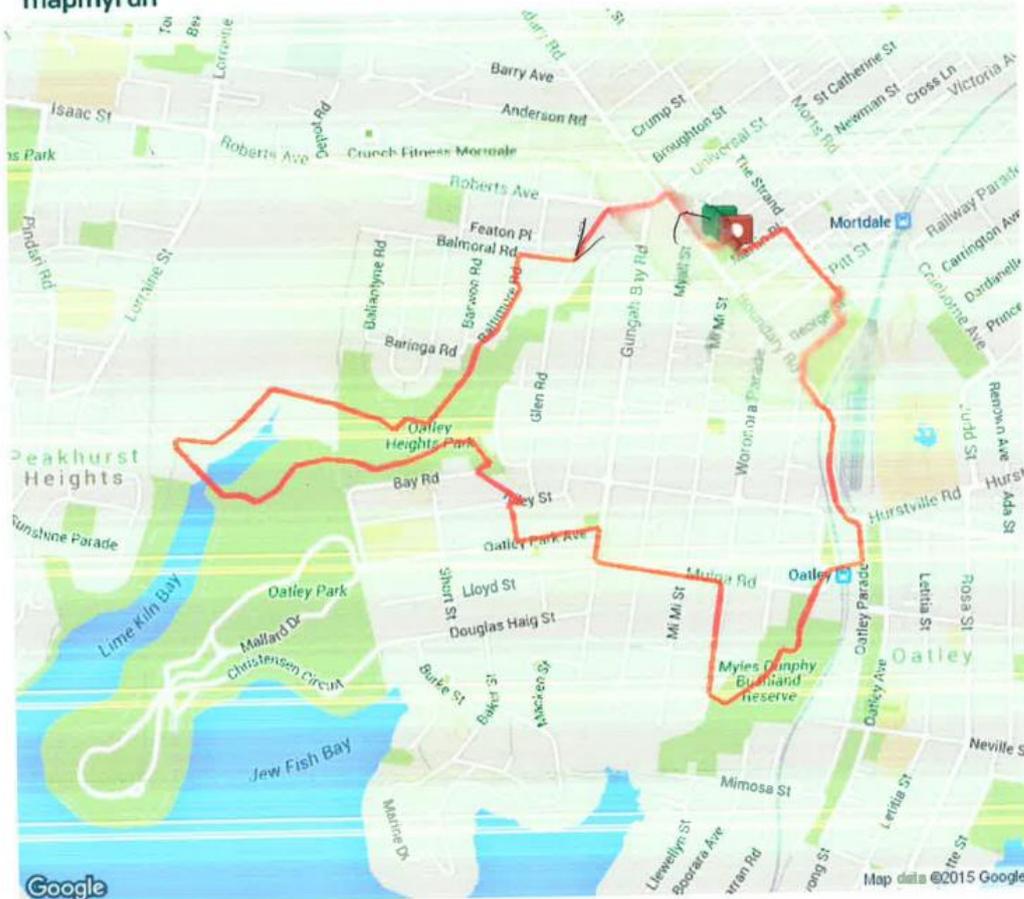
The walkers also enjoyed the walk in the bush.

ON ON QR.



Santa 1.11.15  
Distance: 4.08 mi  
Elevation: 221.08 ft (Max: 160.53 ft)

mapmyrun



## Circle Report

Not sure if this was **Santa's** virgin run with us because **Rabbit** sets so many runs a year (thanks **Rabbit**) that I'm not sure that some of those were his or hers if you know what I mean or even if you don't (know what I mean if you know what I mean – must be a late night).

But ( I refuse to use anyway **Anyway** again as a conjunction or whatever it is – help me out here **Rex** ) our highly efficient & dedicated Religious Advisor had crawled out of a sick bed or somebody's bed – well he didn't appear for the run & looked rather pale – to administer the last rites to Run 1521.

Apparently Mortdale has something to do with dead people who died in a valley or something &, from the look of the local populace, those remaining aren't too far off exhibiting a similar fate. It's also administered by two councils – one suburb two councils eh?? – both of which are reported to be resisting amalgamation with a third council in order to protect their greedy councillors at the cost of their constituents. Amazing Sydney with 5 million people has 46 councils, Los Angeles with 16 million people has two but don't get me started please.

**Hannibal** also mentioned the streets were paved, I was expecting him to say with gold but no just concrete & this was most enlightening to the group who had just run over most of it. Also **Holeproof** had a root here just after the suburb was populated in 1867, was married locally & honeymooned in Oatley, which was a short horse ride south.

## Run Report

**Rex** was commissioned to relate the run report as she hadn't been asked to do so for 54 runs – she keeps score of those things like a good school teacher - & was missing the notoriety so maybe she should do it every week or even take back the scribe job if she wants. She mentioned there was lots of bush & roots, which normally go together like jam & peanut butter, & some black boys apparently, who must have been hiding when the writer was running. Could've been they were dressed like last week's photo with no clothes & elaborate appendages & women seem to notice those things more than men.

As with most of the runners she became lost in the bush near Oatley station & had to await the endearing sounds of a train to find their way out of the maze. Now if **Blondie** had've been with them they would never have been lost because she told me she has excellent sense of direction just before leading us the wrong way through a bush track.

**Santa** was awarded an A+ with a gold star & an elephant stamp for his efforts.

Visitors: - None so **Loan Arranger** was offered a drink by the RA for his tireless efforts in assisting his hand brake in supplying the beverages over the past year. I think his position was mostly supervisory from what I saw & that's how it should be.

Athletes: - None

**Birthdays:** - **Moa** was offered a beverage for turning 21 for the third time.

## Prickette and Prick nominations

**Rim Liquor** nominated **Bower Bird** for having an umbrella or something, she was over the other side of the rotunda & my hearing's shit & my writing's slow & gets worse according to the amount of alcohol partaken.

**Loan Arranger** nominated **Goldmark** for losing her phone, which was considered catastrophic, until someone decided to ring her & she found it in her bra – most women keep it in their knickers (not their knockers) to experience the vibrations I was told.

**Santa** was nominated by **Slops** for despoiling the environment by placing permanent markings in the bus areas – I thought it looked pretty.

**Loan Arranger** also nominated **Cannon Mouth** for not perving on **Squatting Squaw** as she flashed him from her vehicle – lucky he didn't have a bloody heart attack – obviously poor eyesight.

**Prickette – Bower Bird**

**Prick – Cannon Mouth**

## Dundee's thought for the week

"If many remedies are recommended for an illness one can be sure there is no remedy at all" – Chekhov

The above quote isn't understood by world governments, to which the following quote is sure to ensue:

"The next world holocaust will not be created by war it'll be by unpayable social debt & the growing emergence of unfunded public welfare" – Dundee

## Announcements-



The STH<sub>3</sub> Committee  
Invites You to the

# STH<sub>3</sub> Christmas Party

Sat Dec 12  
7:00 p.m

The Bunker @ Coogee Diggers

*Just \$15 for top company at a private hash party with boutique wines, craft beers and a full menu available. A full band will be playing much loved covers throughout the night.*

Pay \$15 to the STH<sub>3</sub> Bank Account, before prices increase 1<sup>st</sup> Dec:  
BSB: 112 879  
Acc: 044 237 392

## Dates for your Diary

<i>Date</i>	<i>Event</i>	<i>Details</i>
<b>22<sup>nd</sup> Nov 2015</b>	Tough Mudder 2015	Fancy a day of rolling in the mud, a 20 km obstacle course and team work? Then sign up to join the Hash Tough Mudder team. Squatting Squaw is putting a team together for this event at Brownlow Hill. Sign up as an individual and then join the team. We are the 'Hash Heroes' and the password in on on. Any questions see SS.
<b>19/2/17 to 26/2/17</b>	Nash Hash- Ballarat, VIC Ballarat, Victoria	<a href="http://www.goldrushnashhash.com.au">www.goldrushnashhash.com.au</a>

## **B2H3 Committee:**

<i>Title</i>	<i>Hash name</i>	<i>AKA</i>	<i>Telephone</i>	<i>E-mail</i>
<b>Grand Master</b>	Goon	Rod Eckels	0416 812 054	<a href="mailto:rod@slekce.com">rod@slekce.com</a>
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<b>Trail Master</b>	Queen Rodent	Jon Wilks	0408 962 428	
<b>Hash Scribe</b>	Dundee	John Coubrough	0413 833 319	<a href="mailto:johnacoubrough@gmail.com">johnacoubrough@gmail.com</a>
<b>Hash Cash</b>	Moa Goa	Marilyn Harvey	0414 285 942	<a href="mailto:marilyn_harvey@hotmail.com">marilyn_harvey@hotmail.com</a>
<b>Bucket Master</b>	Cold Duck	Brian East	0414 458 790	<a href="mailto:brianeast@optusnet.com.au">brianeast@optusnet.com.au</a>
<b>Hash Rags</b>	Bowerbird	Elaine Bowers	9521 4157	<a href="mailto:Bowerbird@hotmail.com">Bowerbird@hotmail.com</a>

## Jokes

As I have grown older, I've learned that pleasing everyone is impossible, but pissing everyone off is a piece of cake.

Growing up is a weird notion to wrap your mind around. As you go through life, your perspectives on almost everything will change. How you define success will change as well. Things that you thought were important at the age of 35 will be useless when you're 65. You may not realize it now, but everything will shift.

**At age 4 success is not peeing in your pants.**

**At age 12 success is having friends.**

**At age 16 success is having a drivers license.**

**At age 20 success is having sex.**

**At age 35 success is having money.**

**At age 50 success is having money.**

**At age 60 success is having sex.**

**At age 70 success is having a drivers license.**

**At age 75 success is having friends.**

**At age 80 success is not peeing in your pants.**

**It all comes full circle, whether you like it or not.**

## MONDAY

The mother of a 17-year-old girl was concerned that her daughter was having sex.

Worried the girl might become pregnant and adversely impact the family's status, she consulted the family doctor.

The doctor told her that teenagers today were very willful and any attempt to stop the girl would probably result in rebellion. He then told her to arrange for her daughter to be put on birth control and until then, talk to her and give her a box of condoms.

Later that evening, as her daughter was preparing for a date, the mother told her about the situation and handed her a box of condoms.

The girl burst out laughing and reached over to hug her mother, saying,

"Oh Mom! You don't have to worry about that! I'm dating Susan!"

## TUESDAY

A man went to church one day and afterward he stopped to shake the preacher's hand. He said, "Preacher, I'll tell you, that was a damned fine sermon. Damned good!"

The preacher said, "Thank you sir, but I'd rather you didn't use profanity."

The man said, "I was so damned impressed with that sermon I put five

thousand dollars in the offering plate!”

The preacher said, “No shit?”

## WEDNESDAY

Brenda and Steve took their six-year-old son to the doctor. With some hesitation, they explained that although their little angel appeared to be in good health, they were concerned about his rather small penis.

After examining the child, the doctor confidently declared, “Just feed him pancakes. That should solve the problem.”

The next morning when the boy arrived at breakfast, there was a large stack of warm pancakes in the middle of the table.

“Gee, Mom,” he exclaimed, “for me?”

“Just take two,” Brenda replied. “The rest are for your father.”

## THURSDAY

One night, an 87-year-old woman came home from Bingo to find her 92-year-old husband in bed with another woman. She became violent and ended up pushing him off the balcony of their 20th floor apartment, killing him instantly.

Brought before the court on the charge of murder, she was asked if she had anything to say in her own defense.

“Your Honor,” she began coolly, “I figured that at 92, if he could screw, he could fly.”

## FRIDAY

A Doctor was addressing a large audience in Tampa...

“The material we put into our stomachs is enough to have killed most of us sitting here, years ago.

Red meat is awful. Soft drinks corrode your stomach lining. Chinese food is loaded with MSG.

High fat diets can be disastrous, and none of us realizes the long-term harm caused by the germs in our drinking water. However, there is one thing that’s the most dangerous of all and we all have eaten, or will eat it. Can anyone here tell me what food it is that causes the most grief and suffering for years after eating it?”

After several seconds of quiet, a 75-year-old man in the front row raised his hand, and softly said, “Wedding Cake.”

## SATURDAY

Bob, a 70-year-old, extremely wealthy widower, shows up at the Country Club with a breathtakingly beautiful and very sexy 25-year-old blonde-haired woman who knocks everyone’s socks off with her youthful sex appeal and charm and who hangs over Bob’s arm and listens intently to his every word.

His buddies at the club are all aghast. At their very first chance, they

corner him and ask, "Bob, how'd you get the trophy girlfriend?" Bob replied, "Girlfriend? She's my wife!" They're knocked over, but continue to ask: "So, how'd you persuade her to marry you?" "I lied about my age," Bob replied. "What? Did you tell her you were only 50?"

Bob smiled and said, "No, I told her I was 90."

## SUNDAY

Groups of Americans were traveling by tour bus through Switzerland . As they stopped at a cheese farm, a young guide led them through the process of cheese making, explaining that goat's milk was used. She showed the group a lovely hillside where many goats were grazing.

"These," she explained, "are the older goats put out to pasture when they no longer produce." She then asked, "What do you do in America with your old goats?"

A spry old gentleman answered, "They send us on bus tours!"

### **The Perfect Answer!!**

**I can't believe that you've been visiting prostitutes for sex," screamed my wife. "I'm really disappointed."**

**"You can hardly blame me," I answered. "It's not like I was getting any from you."**

**"Well that's your fault," she replied. "You never told me you were willing to pay for it"**

**A woman went to the doctor's office where she was seen by one of the younger doctors. After about four minutes in the examination room, she burst out screaming as she ran down the hall. An older doctor stopped her and asked what the problem was, and she told him her story. After listening, he had her sit down and relax in another room. The older doctor marched down the hallway back to where the young doctor was writing on his clipboard. "What the hell is the matter with you" the older doctor demanded. "Mrs. Terry is 71 years old, has four grown children and seven grandchildren, and you told her she was pregnant?"**

**The younger doctor continued writing and without even looking up said... "Does she still have the hiccups.....?"**

**So I was walking through the shops, and saw that there was a Muslim Book Store.**

**I was wondering what exactly was in a Muslim book store so I went on in.**

**I was wandering around taking a look and the clerk stopped me and asked if he could help me; I imagine I didn't look like his normal clientele.**

**So I asked for a copy of the Australian Immigration Policy Book regarding Muslims.**

**The Clerk said, "Piss off, get out, and stay out!"**

**I said, "Yes, that's the one. Do you have that in paperback?"**

