

## **Jungle Jane**

**27/5/1954 – 4/2/2019**

G'day my name's Dundee, well it's not my real name but the one bestowed on me. For those of you who are unaware of our origins, Botany Bay Hash House Harriers are part of a world - wide compendium of groups, under the banner of Drinkers with a Running Problem. Jane fitted ideally into that concept. We all have strange names, which have been foisted upon us by the group Religious Advisor, some of which may have a swear word or two in them in fact some of our people struggle to put two words together without a swear word. So, due to the premises & some of you, who may be offended, I've decided to use the word expletive, where necessary & let you make up your own minds as to what that may mean.

Jane was introduced to the club by Cannon Mouth, who was partaking in one of his 88 marathons in Malaysia, in which she was also a participant. Now I'm not sure of what or how the meeting occurred but he is well named & usually terrifies people or, at least sends them away to buy a set of ear plugs. We can only assume it was a very noisy area & she had thoughts of emigrating to Australia so why not make a few friends.

At the time she was President of the Kuala Lumpur Hash House Harriers & had just won the Singapore Marathon, run entirely on her toes, which is some feat according to Dame Nellie, one of our long term members.

Her first impressions of Hash were quote "they're as mad as hatters, what's with the silly names & why do they keep singing the same silly song after each run?" Being aware of the strange names situation she was smart enough to invent her own, Jungle Jane, which was very fortunate because none of the names that may have been given to her by the club would've been quite that sterile. As an example, there was one visitor from Singapore who had the handle of Expletive for Brains & I made the mistake of asking him how he came upon that name. So he showed us & we were left to wonder no more, he really was well named. And no I'm not going to tell you what he did but it still makes my stomach turn.

According to Holeproof, JJ appeared on her first run, in 1988, from the Royal Hotel in Randwick, accompanied by a friend from Malaysia who left soon after but she stayed, obviously enamoured by the quirky nature of the group into which she comfortably fitted, she finished with 1166 runs, the third most of all our Hash people. Jane was soon to show that she was a non - conforming individualist by refusing to wear Hash clothing, which is essential apparel for all Hash people. In fact wearing such out of fashion stuff like twin suits & sandals to runs, even in winter, she was proud to tell everyone in earshot how she didn't own an iron & only bought clothes that didn't need ironing.

She was also proud to be known as the Hash bitch, which was a moniker bestowed on her by Cold Duck, when she outsmarted him in a non - friendly conversation.

Such eccentric behaviour often secured her the Prick of the Week nomination (don't know whether I can say that so I'd better call it expletive of the week), which is an honour

bestowed by our Religious Advisor on any unsuspecting member, who had created some dastardly deed during the week & been spotted by another member.

As an example of a nomination is the following from Big Ears:

Being invited to lunch with Carpet Burn, who had returned from China for a few weeks & other Hashers at the North Bondi Surf Club, in the middle of March from memory. I was intending to have a few beers & took public transport to the venue, planning to leave around 3:00 to 3:30 as I had a function to attend near home.

At 3:20 JJ was ready to leave & offered me a lift to Bondi station. "The car's nearby" she said. We began wandering around the streets when she said "Hmmm I'm sure I left it here or near here". The search went on, we separated & started to scan the area, individually up & down –

Campbell Street – Hastings Street – Brighton Street – Wairo Street – Gould Street – Curlew Street – Lamrock Avenue – Sir Thomas Mitchell Road – Lucius Street – Bondi Road – Francis Street – Forest Knoll Avenue – Consett Avenue – Chambers Avenue – O'Brien Street – Wallis Parade & Scarborough Road – every expletive road in the area.

After searching for over 2 hours JJ was getting tired & called a friend with a car. Never mind poor old Big Ears, who's by now completely missed his evening function. At 6:20, in the dark, without a torch, (who takes a torch to lunch) I finally found the Jag, exactly where she had left it of course, in a street she had searched many times that afternoon, underneath a raised footpath. How many times we'd walked over it, who knows?

For bad or stupid behaviour or showing her female traits of no sense of direction, she was nominated as expletive of the year.

Another memory came from Dr. Hook, who sent me the following (now I don't why he thought it was relative because JJ receives barely a mention but the story's ok)

We were at the annual Posh Relay on the Central Coast & I was recently recovering from ball surgery (I don't think that warranted an expletive but I don't know what ball surgery really is). I had planned to not participate in the run but the spirit, comradery & competitiveness of B2H3 (that's us) sucked me in just before the lunch break.

I decided to run the downhill section, which was short & pass the baton on to an equally useless Hasher in Hannibal Lector. So he & I set off up the hill, leaving him at the half way gate I went further up to wait for JJ, who had the baton.

We were well planned, too well as it turned out & I had to actually take an expletive in the woods (that's this expletive not that one). Out of nowhere a rogue ram appeared & took a fancy to me & my newly scented expletive perfume (Carpet Burn tells me there's nothing that resembles perfume in his expletive). So I perched myself up on this rocky outcrop in order that the ram couldn't get to me, which annoyed him no end – the ram I mean.

Along came JJ with the baton & as she approached she yelled out “what the expletive are you doing up there?” I quickly replied that that I took an expletive in the woods & this expletive ram has taken a fancy to me but he’s not looking very friendly.

She replied “well I’m not expletive coming near it or you then” & with that threw the baton down the hill & expletived off in the other direction, smile on her face & laughing.

This was his favourite memory apart from the annual fights she’d have with Pig & Spinifex at Bundeena – now those were good he reckoned.

Holeproof tells the story of one time, as scribe, i.e. the person who writes our weekly newsletter called the Trash, JJ had made a mistake (heaven forbid!) and named the suburb where the run was being held in The Shire ..... Gymea instead of wherever! JJ's response was "All the suburbs in The Shire look and sound the same". Much to everyone's delight, in the next week's Hash Trash JJ had included a map of the Shire and on it she had painstakingly changed EVERY suburb's name to Gymea! Even the Tom Ugly's Bridge was "The Gymea Tom Ugly's Bridge". The ocean at Cronulla was "The Gymea Ocean", Miranda Fair was "Gymea Fair" etc.! It took her hours she told me when we laughed about it one night again early last year! Such good fun!

From that time she enjoyed the regular barbs & gifts from the Shire – calendars, T shirts etc. proudly displaying “I love the Shire” on them. Whenever the Religious Advisor would announce the next week’s run venue as being in the Shire a loud moan would erupt & “not the expletive Shire again?”

She was a very intelligent woman, highly opinionated with a biting sense of humour, which I loved & had many personal spats over dinner. One I recall was the mispronunciation of the word surreptitious, which I had apparently changed the “u” to an “e” I think or something like that. I have absolutely no idea as to what we were arguing about because I have no idea what it means let alone how to spell or pronounce it. But our discussions always finished with her wry smile of winning the contest.

Unfortunately, whilst still in her prime, running wise, Jane required a hysterectomy operation, which created sciatic nerve problems, restricting her ability to run as she wanted but it didn’t stop her from attending all our runs. She would continue to walk with many of our members & partake of the talkathon, which seemed to be a requisite of that community.

The following was put together by Dirty Weekend, which I think portrays the esteem in which Jane was held by all our members:

JJ was a “giver” and a very kind and compassionate friend.

She epitomised what a great hasher should be, always willing to step up to the plate and help anyone out. Like any organisation, it only survives on the time and support of its members, and JJ went above and beyond.

She always set well marked interesting runs through unmarked bush trails with great views over Maroubra, Botany Bay or La Perouse & used to joke that there were too many runs set in The Shire. I think she reluctantly once wore the "I love the Shire" T-shirt which was presented to her along with a "I love the Shire tea towel as her Chris Kringle present...

During a typical year everyone is expected to set at least one run but JJ averaged 2 runs per year. This is because she would always put her hand up to set a run for someone else who couldn't do it. That was the type of person she was.

Jane was a great organiser of our annual weekends away, as we were always guaranteed a fun filled exciting time. On our Upper Hunter weekend away she organised a visit to the Woodland Stud Farm where we were fortunate enough to see some great stallions including Octagonal, Lonhroe & Kenny's Lad. Another example is when she organised for us all to visit a Truffle farm which was amazing....Whilst Hash was JJ's thing, Jack occasionally joined us on golf weekends away. One of these weekends we went down to Kiama, and we all went to the local for dinner and the meat raffles on the Friday night. Jack proceeded to win most of the prizes on offer, but only accepted one (a case of beer). Jack told them to redraw the other prizes and he got a standing ovation from the crowd and some even wanted to shake his hand for not being a burglar with their prizes.....Another given on any weekend away was for us to get together with her to work out the Saturday "Good Weekend Quiz". JJ would hold court and control the proceedings until we would give in and look up the answers... we all looked forward to this.

JJ has been on many committees holding different positions however she had such a flair for writing our weekly run report (Hash Trash). This report depicts the goings on of each run, where the run went to, whether it was picturesque, whether the dinner was any good, upcoming events and some jokes. It's a huge job and JJ's reports were always very witty and descriptive and we all looked forward to receiving them. She was always willing to provide hard copies of the report to those not hooked up to a computer (that's the type of person she was).

Another mammoth job is compiling the Annual Year Book which reflects back on all our runs and events over the past year. This usually takes 2 -3 people to compile, but she's been known to put them together by herself...

JJ was such a huge part of Botany Bay Hash and we will miss her dearly.

DW & JJ have been setting our annual pub crawl for the last 10 years, ably assisted by Duck, Hannibal & Merkin, who did absolutely nothing except make sure the beer being served was acceptable. There's a long waiting list for that job. This year we're cancelling the crawl, which was due to be held on Saturday, in favour of a luncheon to be held in Jane's honour, where many a story & tear will be shed.

Whilst this is a particularly sad time for all of us, it's also a time to relive the life that gave us so much enjoyment. We've been singularly & group wise blessed to have known & experienced the friendship of an outstanding person. A woman who gave much more than she received in that regard. Like all of you I wish I could have had the chance to tell her what she meant to me as a friend, which should remind us all that if you care for someone you should find the time to tell them because one day it may be too late.

Jane may be gone to us in a physical sense but her spirit will survive as long as we continue to remember.