

String Bean Tributes



Kizzme & Dame Nellie

A founding member of Botany Bay H3, Stringy was of course at run number one. Now the hare and also Trail Master for that run was Myrtle but within a few months he had disappeared to England for work. So Stringy stepped in as the Trail Master for the remainder of that year. He was born for the job, shepherding wayward hashers back on trail and getting us back to the bucket in one piece.

And I have proof of his skills! After one run set along the South Coogee cliff tops where the trail became extremely narrow down a cliff face and had had

to be abandoned and reset in a safer place, String Bean (like a bloodhound scenting a trail) found that nasty track. "Kizzme! What the f***k were you trying to do? You nearly killed me!", he yelled, once back at the bucket. He had followed that (now false) trail to a 40 foot drop but had been nimble enough to retrace, get out of trouble and stop the rest of the pack going over like lemmings! So in my eyes, a hero Trail Master, indeed!

His bus skills (driving and being passenger) were also impressive. 1989, Nash Hash Launceston, Tasmania saw one of the first B2H3 "tours" where 14 intrepid explorers in two 8-seater buses travelled from Hobart to said event. Stringy shared the 2-way radio, communicating between vehicles. From the back seat came descriptions of where we were, what to look out for and every so often wonderful, slightly inebriated renditions of songs he had adapted. For example (to the tune of Quartermasters Store) were "There was Kizzme, Kizzme, full of Irish Whiskey on the floor, on the floor... etc". But the commentary highlight of the trip came in Doo Town. This quirky little place near Port Arthur is known for houses each having names containing the word 'Doo' like 'This Will Doo', 'Doo Love it', 'Doo Drop In', 'Make Doo' and so on. At his tour guide and laconic best, Stringy decides to name one further residence in Doo Town. "Ladies and Gentlemen, on the right we have the local brothel :- 'Any Dick'll Doo'!"

Another of his many talents, was brick laying. For several weeks Dame Nellie had been laying the retaining wall at Athol St, brick by brick (about one every 20 minutes). When Stringy heard this, he offered to finish it, no money involved, but Nellie had to fix Lachlan's bike. Excellent idea, the day was set and both got to their respective tasks. Truly, it seemed like within only 20 minutes two layers of bricks were laid and the wall was completed. And some time later, the bike was fixed! Who said the barter system was over?

Then there were the Rugby League grand final parties at String Bean's Unwin St place. All and sundry were invited to these famous events. Now, to cater for those

not so enamoured with this particular sport, the back porch was set up with the TV volume on mute but Roy and HG's hilarious commentary coming over the radio. Who can forget players like 'The Nudist' and 'The Brick with Eyes'? Of course radio commentary was always about 3 seconds earlier than the TV commentary. So cheering (or booing) would start early on the porch, while the aficionados had to wait to find out what was happening. Always a funny, chaotic afternoon, gas fire blazing and bebies being scooped. Wonderful times.

Goon

Stringbean was a founding father – he was at the first inaugural B2H3 run in 1986 and has been on the committee many times.

He set 4 runs in the first year of the club.

3 – Intersection Hotel, Ramsgate – 27 Oct 1986

24 – Brighton Fisherman's Club, Kyeemagh – 23 March 1987

31 – St. George Motor Boat Club – 11 May 1987

51 – Banksia Hotel – 28 Sep 1987

He always made a positive difference to the club, and his contributions in the circle were inciteful, witty and imparted with great humour. A couple of things I particularly remember

Wine Weekend – 2006 in Denman – where Stringy

Drove the bus – and did a great job. Kept everyone amused and safe. He meant he didn't drink

Became the first man that Spinni ever cooked for – she made him breakfast

And had us all scrambling around some old cemetery en-route looking for his ancestors gravestones.

A few years ago, during a circle near Ramsgate, we had a visitor in the circle who was "looking lost" but explaining something complicated (like how he

found his way to the run). Stringbean remarked to me – “That bloke reminds me of Arthur Beetson” – then after a pause, he said “He is not as stupid as he looks”. He went on to provide an insight into Arthurs genius. He told me of a game of league at a time when there was no interchange and a limited number of reserves for each team. Once all the reserves were used, the team had to play short. Arthur was playing for Balmain (or Easts) and was injured, and knew he had to go off the field – but his team had run out of reserves. So in order to ensure his team was not disadvantaged, Arthur started a fight – resulting in both him and a player from the other team being “Sent off”. The numbers were kept even, and Arthur could go off the field with his injury ! – inspired thinking indeed.

Just ‘n Inch

My funniest memory of Stringy was on our Tassie trip for Nash Hash. We had 2 8 – seater vans for the group. Someone else was driving & Stringy was lying on his back front to back with his head almost under the dash, telling jokes over the CB radio as we were travelling. He had us all in stitches!!

Big Ears

Some years back Stringbean and I were at our car boots donning our running gear prior to a Botany Bay H3 run. “Jesus Big Ears!” he says; “Didn’t your mother ever teach you how to lace up a pair of shoes” Obviously he was unimpressed in my lace tying ability (as am I. To this day I still struggle with tying my laces). “This is how you tie a shoe lace!!” he states. With faster hands than Mandrake the magician, his laces were done brilliantly. Too fast for me to learn anything from the demonstration, Daily, as I struggle to tie my laces I can’t help but think of Stringy. Now I suppose the bugger’s looking down and having a bit of a laugh. (“Jesus Big Ears!!”)

Laundromat

Mr. Brian Frazer Esq.

(A Fine gentleman – A gentle man – A good man)

STRINGBEAN – A GREAT hash house harrier – A top bloke!

What to say? Too many stories! Too many memories!

Long long time ago I was running in a relay down CANBERRA WAY. Unbelievably, I was lost (again) and found myself wandering down a road somewhere – NO mobile phone, NO mapping app, NO idea – just keep ON, something will happen....Hang ON – here comes a mini bus – maybe it will stop? Maybe they can help? Who's driving? That new bloke STRINGBEAN (now with Botany Bay) – “Get in mate, Esky in the back, grab a beer” – saved again!!

Many years later – “hey Mr BEAN why don't you come up to my farm?” – a short skip and a hop up TENTERFIELD way – bring your KOMBI (one I had sold him – BLUE) and I'll go in my new (OLD) one (RED – same age – 1977 converted Microbus). Bring your NEW girl Clency (Not enough time here to go through the women in his life!)

Back in Sydney town, I was so pleased to hear how much he enjoyed it – “You have to go up to LAUNDROMAT's place – you walk down the main street and people say hello to you – unbelievable!”

So now he was into Kombis and Farm life!

What have I done to this bloke?

And so, a good friendship and mateship became an even better and closer one!

“I'll help you fix up this place”, he says – “sure” I think – AND HE DOES!

Many years, many mates, many contributions, many working bees.

What about the night he nearly burned the house down? I did tell him NOT to have fires too big! ON his own up there watching the world cup soccer!

What about nights down at Jacks? (A very good mate – only 15 kms down the road). BBQ's, Roy Orbinson ON Video, Beers, Bullshit!

What about The Deepwater Races?

What about the night you passed out in the back of the kombi ON our way home from a do at Sandy Flat? We had to walk the last two kms, with PRETZEL in the darkest night ever?

When we arrived back at the house you asked "how did we get here? How did we get across the creek? How come my shoes are WET?"

Lordie, lordie - We have Hashed, travelled, drunk, partied, kombied, smoked (you with yours, me with mine), loved (again, you with yours, me with mine), golfed (you playing, me pretending)...too much to mention. Too many good times, so many memories, so much history....

Botany Bay, Larrikins, Posh, Harriettes, Inter State, International - Relays, joint runs, Bastille days, celebrations, ON ON's!

Tempe, Tenterfield, Sandy Flat, Bendemeer, Uralla, Bundeena, SCOTLAND

Jack, Kimbo, Grange, Jukebox, Lowey, Tubby, Le Coq, TT, et al!

Not to mention Marrickville Golf Club!!!!