



Convict Trash

Run 1841 – 27th. June 2022

Hare – Double Banger

Returning to the beautiful Shire Heights – North Engadine or Yarrowarra to the newbies to the suburb – where DB had selected the coldest bloody night this century to set his local run.

A large pack, minus the few who thought cruising on the wild seas would be more attractive than shivering in the Shire, assembled, fully attired with jackets, coats & thermal underwear, awaiting Merkin to call the group to order. The reduction in female members, made a marked difference in the noise & rubbish being discussed, which provided some appreciation to the bleak evening

DB then suggested we were all to take particular care when crossing the highway & not to undertake crossing same without the support of the little green walking man. Everyone took on this information as being highly informative, with the exception of the writer, who, having lived in the suburb for fifty years, understood that there was absolutely nothing on the other side of the highway except the National Park bushland, Hardly the right environment for a chilly winter run in the dark.

But I'll leave it to Merkin to explain.

Run Report

Double Hang Her was smiling as he approached the Oval prior to the run. All who gathered were shivering with the exception of Tickle and Cold Duck who both have no feeling in their bodies.

As the run began we headed towards the highway and Dundee suggested there was no point crossing the highway as there was nothing on the other side. Little did he know that Double Bang Her was way ahead of him and had found a lane that led to a back street and off we went towards Engadine.

The last thing Hell I Smell Her mentioned before we left, was beware of the narrow footpath along the highway. Be careful and take it easy she said. Obviously Cold Duck was missing Dirty Weekend and could only hear her voice in his head and misjudged the narrow path and almost killed himself.

Narrowly missing a metal post and throwing himself into the path of traffic he only hurt his pride.

We crossed the highway again through the underpass and while we were looking for Sir Les, who was well in front of us, we found Grewsome, Scotch Mist, Cameron and Andrew trying to take a short cut out of the railway.

Around the western side of Engadine, past Ducks old work and back towards Yarrowarra, Andrew didn't want to be left out and decided to take a dive in sympathy of Cold Duck. He did a good job and ended up heading home the short way to the bucket with Grewsome in tow.

The rest of the pack followed trail up and down the hills of Yarrawarra and found out way back to the bucket just in time before the rain started.

Cold Duck provided the run report and awarded a well deserved 8.5/10 for the run.

On On

Merkin

Circle:

Huddling under the small canopy of the local soccer ground changing rooms as the rain began to tumble as sleet – haven't received Merkin's run report yet so don't know whether he's mentioned the sleet, which only started as we finished the run.

Huddling was good as it brought some warmth to the gathering & allowed a large amount of vocalising from the female members & rancid smells from the males but I digress as Doc called circle up:

Welcome to run 1841, here was Double Bangher & the run reporter is Cold Duck, who reiterated his usual complaint of not having enough time to prepare his monumental speech & we all moaned & groaned.

His initial thought was it would be good flat run as there aren't any hills in Yarrawarra, which was obviously said to make everyone laugh so they dutifully followed the script. He then made a complaint about falling over & nearly killing himself, in the trudge up the highway, thereby hurting his finger, which is where he must keep his heart apparently.

Very scenic, good run for summer but not when it's pitch black & freezing. He then began to pick on our younger members by selecting Cameron as casting nasturtions on the over 55 brigade (he could've said the over 65 brigade) as not running up hills etc, when he, the young bloke, refused to match the exploits of the said older blokes.

He then gave it 8.5 out of 10.

Doc was then to offer DB an acknowledgement of his work prowess by suggesting Google gave him 5 out of 5 for remarkable excavations in the Shire Heights or Shites as Duck suggested.

Doc then moved on to the suburb:

Yarrawarra

🕒 32Km south of the CBD

🕒 Earliest Inhabitants were the Tharawal people

🕒 The name Yarrawarra is an aboriginal word for Mountain Ash and name of a ridge between Heathcote and Waterfall

🕒 The suburb was only named Yarrawarra in 1971, It was known as North Engadine up until then

- 🕒 The Illawarra railway line to Waterfall opened in 1886 and the first land grants occurred in 1887
- 🕒 Currently home to about 2800 people 87% born in Australia.
- 🕒 The initial residents in 1920s were returned soldiers and their families, then families moving from inner Sydney suburbs during the depression including an unemployment camp in Cook Park (near Bestic St)
- 🕒 In 1936 there were proposals to build a railway station here, and again in the 1970s but the plans never went ahead.
- 🕒 Industry consisted of a clay and shale pit operating from 1939 to 1958 which is now become the Sutherland Shire Small Bore Rifle Club.
- 🕒 Only 3 bits of flat land in the suburb – The tennis courts, Old Bush Road Oval and Yarrowarra Reserve – latter is home to the Yarrowarra Tigers Junior Ruby League Football Club and Yarrowarra Tigers Junior Baseball Club
- 🕒 The Iconic windmill at the shopping centre has it's own facebook page. In 2018 a local resident attached a tether to it to stop it squeaking as it rotated which got entangled and destroyed it so the current “Comet” windmill is a replacement.

Birthdays

QR was nominated by Slotcard, suggesting he'd probably forgotten that he'd just turned 74, same age as her.

Then on to Pricks:

Prick of the Week

Blondie & Slotcard were nominated by Dundee for casting nasturtions on the highly esteemed & beautiful suburbs of Yarrowarra & Engadine- the Shire Heights, the Vaocluse of Sutherland Shire.

Slotcard was also nominated by Tickle for suggesting it was so cold she would have to run & HISH for something about being naked in her swimming pool or that's what it sounded like but it created great mirth amongst the group.

Merkin was then nominated by Grewsome as he & family decided to give his usual morning kids football food business to the newly renovated amenities building at Cronulla Seagulls as Merkin is on the committee, only to find they were out of said food on his arrival. As it always happens, the venue where his kids were playing, Bonnet Bay, had particularly nice food available & the family were champing at the bit to try same but were denied as Grewsome wanted to help Merkin. Obviously ravenous Seagulls.

Duck was nominated by Grewsome for failing to negotiate a telegraph pole on the highway, which created much moaning & groaning.

Winners – Slotcard & Duck

Bingo then gave a comprehensive talk as to the upcoming Christmas in July weekend, which has now been sent to all & sundry so I'm not going to include it here. This was the same as last week.

Apres Circle:

Well the real stupidity of all this was I left the phone on record until we began our meal so, all I'm hearing is Bingo's lingo. So here's some of the dribble:

Moa's unit was lovely, great views & really nice décor of particularly pleasant & interesting refinement but, apparently, she doesn't have a laundry or one that Bingo could locate in her investigations. So we'd better not stay too close to Moa when we're together just in case she doesn't clothes wash. Most blokes couldn't give a rat's anyway.

Then, of course, there was the stupid woman, who chained herself to her steering wheel, while parking it across the southbound lanes at the harbour tunnel. The Blockhead group was to blame & there was much denouncing of their stupidity & what we should do to counteract such acts, which, appropriately, centred around decapitation or keeping her in the car & hoisting it over said tunnel. The thought was of two months duration might be sufficient.

That's about when I realised the record was on & turned it off so not much to report this week except for my decapitation when Bingo reads it.

Possible Events Calendar

B2H3 Events Diary (Proposed)

AGPU - 18th March 2023

Sutherland to Surf - 17th July

Xmas in July - 29th July

1850 Gold Rush Run - 29th August

Pub Crawl - 16th September

Check the Web Page: <https://www.botanybayh3.com/>

Jokes

After an excitingly hot 69 with his girlfriend, Jerry remembered he had a dentist appointment.

He was afraid the dentist would smell pussy on his breath so he brushed his teeth 7 times, used dental floss 8 times and gargled a litre of Listerine.

He arrived at the dentist sucking 2 strong mints.

His turn came & the dentist told him to take a seat.

Feeling confident & relaxed, Jerry Opened his mouth wide.

... The dentist got close enough & said, "Man, did you have 69 before you came here"?

"Why"? Jerry asked, "Does my breath smell like pussy"?

"No" the dentist replied, "Your forehead smells like shit."

I told you not to wear those boots with a mini skirt. Now everyone's staring at you.





***She's single...
She lives right across the street.
I can see her house from my living room.***

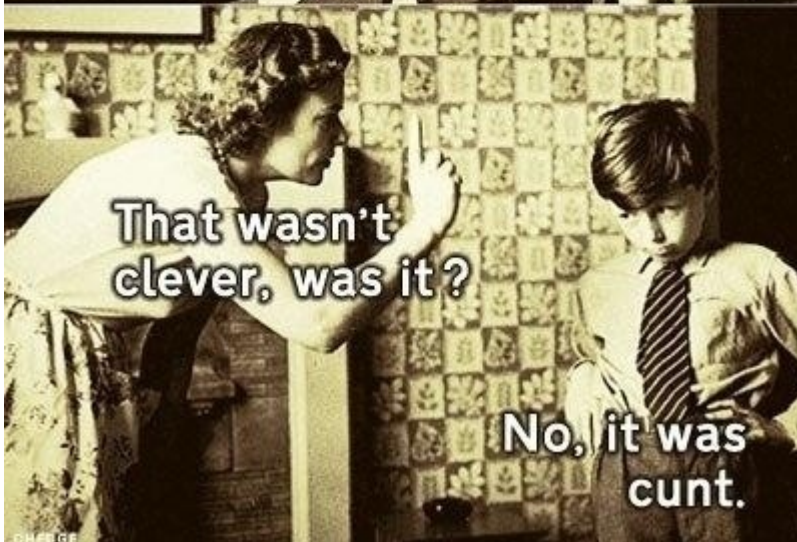
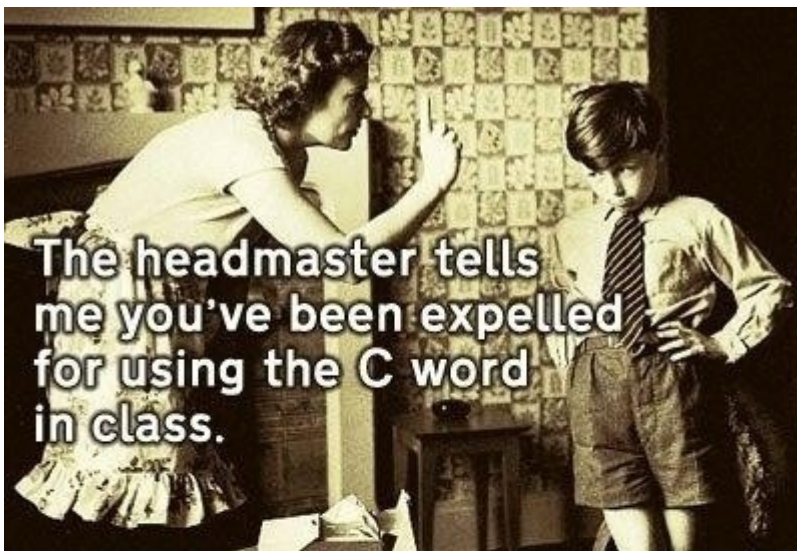
***I watched as she got home from work this evening.
I was surprised when she walked across the street and up my
driveway.***

***She knocked on my door...
I rushed to open it.***

***She looks at me, and says, "I just got home, and I am so horny! I have this strong urge to have a good time, get drunk, and make love all night long!
Are you busy tonight?"***

I immediately replied, "Nope, I'm free... I have no plans at all!"

Then she said, "Good! In that case, could you watch my dog?"



A man, his bike and his chick...

It just doesn't get any better than this.



The following is an actual question given on a University of Arizona chemistry mid-term, and an actual answer turned in by a student. The answer by one student was so 'profound' that the professor shared it with colleagues via the Internet, which is, of course, why we now have the pleasure of enjoying it as well:

Bonus Question: Is Hell exothermic (gives off heat) or endothermic (absorbs heat)? Most of the students wrote proofs of their beliefs using Boyle's Law (gas cools when it expands and heats when it is

compressed) or some variant.

One student, however, wrote the following:

First, we need to know how the mass of Hell is changing in time. So we need to know the rate at which souls are moving into Hell and the rate at which they are leaving, which is unlikely. I think that we can safely assume that once a soul gets to Hell, it will not leave.

Therefore, no souls are leaving. As for how many souls are entering Hell, let's look at the different religions that exist in the world today.

Most of these religions state that if you are not a member of their religion, you will go to Hell. Since there is more than one of these religions and since people do not belong to more than one religion, we can project that all souls go to Hell. With birth and death rates as they are, we can expect the number of souls in Hell to increase exponentially. Now, we look at the rate of change of the volume in Hell because Boyle's Law states that in order for the temperature and pressure in Hell to stay the same, the volume of Hell has to expand proportionately as souls are added.

This gives two possibilities:

1. If Hell is expanding at a slower rate than the rate at which souls enter Hell, then the temperature and pressure in Hell will increase until all Hell breaks loose.
2. If Hell is expanding at a rate faster than the increase of souls in Hell, then the temperature and pressure will drop until Hell freezes over.

So which is it?

If we accept the postulate given to me by Anabella during my Freshman year that, 'It will be a cold day in Hell before I sleep with you,' and take into account

the fact that I slept with her last night, then number two must be true, and thus I am sure that Hell is exothermic and has already frozen over. The corollary of this theory is that since Hell has frozen over, it follows that it is not accepting any more souls and is therefore, extinct..... leaving only Heaven, thereby proving the existence of a divine being which explains why, last night, Anabella kept shouting 'Oh my God.'

THIS STUDENT RECEIVED AN A+.

Only a Farm Kid...

When you're from the country, your perception is a little bit different.

A Queensland farmer drove to a neighbours' farmhouse in his Holden ute, and knocked at the door.

A boy, about 9, opened the door

"Is your Dad or your mum home?" said the farmer.

"No, they went to town."

"How about your brother, Howard? Is he here?"

"No, he went with Mum and Dad."

The farmer stood there for a few minutes, shifting from one foot to the other, and mumbling to himself.

"I know where all the tools are, if you want to borrow one, or I can give dad a message."

"Well," said the farmer uncomfortably, "I really wanted to talk to your Dad. It's about your brother Howard getting my daughter Susie pregnant".

The boy thought for a moment...

"You would have to talk to Dad about that. I know he charges \$500 for the bull and \$50 for the pig, but I don't know how much he charges for Howard."