



# Convict Trash

Run 1867 – 26<sup>th</sup>. December 2022

Hare – Merkin's Marvelous Meander

What a great night for Merkin's final run for the year. Don't know how many he's set but it was more than a few. A lovely balmy summer night at long last greeted an expected depleted pack for the run from his home base, which turned out to be one of the best nights of our year.

The last two runs & home caters have set the standard for our future as, I don't believe, any of the pubs, clubs or restaurants come within a bull's roar of what has been offered to us from the Merkin & Grewsome families.

What a year it has been as we recovered from the Covid lockdowns, with a regular group of our club sustaining the social aspect of our relationships as well as ensuring we maintain the basic principle of Hashing, being "drinkers with a running problem".

The committee would like to thank everyone of you for your participation & involvement & trust it will continue into the new year.

Over to Dundee:

## Run Report

Well it was with some trepidation as I looked around the arrivals & realised I may be the only one to partake as an actual runner, with the rest of the group noted as walker/talkers apart from Hannibal who offered to walk bloody fast as usual.

Understanding this would be as fast as I normally run, I was happy to take the map as Trail Master, which was to prove that A) I struggle with poor eyesight & B) I don't read maps very well.

In order to ensure we didn't get completely lost, Dubbya was coerced by his father – or maybe there was some other financial reason – to assist in the run & Blondie decided to make a pack of three, until Pig arrived late to make the group four, or five if you include Hannibal as, whenever I looked up from trying to read the well noted map, the bugger was in front of me.

Anyway, having Dubbya on board, Blondie running out of her skin, Pig puffing along at his best & Hannibal sneakily running at times, we worked our way down towards Cronulla North Beach. That was, of course, after Dopey Dundee sent everyone down the wrong road, exposing, once again, his inability to read maps.

Pig. Decided on reaching the Cronulla Mall, that he was busting for a piss & asked for a shortcut, which was provided & taken & allowed him to meet up with Hannibal, who was walking faster than Pig was running but had been offered an alternative route as well – it's understood Hannibal has an affection for alternative roots.

Attempting to follow the map route & being well behind Blondie & Dubbya, I then managed to somehow find that the trail I was following, all of a sudden, had no arrows on it. So Merkin had fucked up the map, I realised & became worried that the aforementioned might become lost. Fortunately Dubbya was in control & assisted Blondie on trail – he was aware, having a mother & a sister that, women have no sense of direction, so took control of the situation.

Down to Tonkin Park, I looked at the map & realised, if we didn't follow the map & ran across the park to a street that would take us straight home – wrong. The fact is, if I had followed the map home it would've been quicker.

Any way we got there somehow to a very refreshing beer at Stopcock's well loaded bucket, much appreciated. Anyone suggesting I should act as Trail Master again please take note.

### **Circle:**

Can someone please assist dopey to handle the phone recording cause I forgot to turn the bloody thing on again so this is going to be rubbish once more.

Hannibal became the last to step backwards & became the Run Reporter as he completed almost all the run, with some of it actually run. He mentioned we walked & ran towards the beach, with the walkers in the lead, which seemed to imply that they were walking faster than the runners were running.

Then, being offered a shortcut by the flustered TM, he met up with Pig near the railway station & mentioned something about Bundeena, before heading home & giving the award 9.5 out of 10.

Over to Doc

Woolooware

- 🕒 Is 24km South of the CBD
- 🕒 Name derived from Aboriginal word Wooloowa, meaning muddy track.
- 🕒 Originally covered in mud flats, salt marsh, tea tree and black wattle scrub.
- 🕒 According to Wikipedia it has an elevation of 36m above sea level (which I assume excludes many playing fields such as Endeavour Field Woolooware and Cronulla Golf Clubs) which were luckily built before swamps became wetlands and where players may need gumboots at high tide after heavy rains
- 🕒 Population was under 4000 in the 2016 Census (before the Shark Park Carpark became Apartments). 80% were born in Australia.
- 🕒 Woolooware was subdivided in 1939 after the railway station was built.
- 🕒 Wikipedia did not list any past or present locals (don't they know the Merkin family?)

## Visitors

Tongue Lasher from Scotland, Ray & May – neighbours, Dubbya & Thong

## Birthdays

None

## Athletes

None

## Pricks of the Week

**Tongue Lasher** was nominated by Pig for suggesting the run area was shit & generally casting nasturtions on the suburb.

**Sniffer** was nominated by Tongue Lasher for learning suburban traffic skills from Dundee & teaching drivers that the road could be traversed without the danger of being obliterated.

**Sir Les** was nominated by Hannibal for something about a Christmas fix.

**Dirty** was nominated by pig for watching the cricket & loudly applauding the South African Batting collapse.

**Dubbta** was nominated by Merkin for having to be coerced into running but succeeded in, not only running the trail but also completing all the checks & On Backs.

**Pig** was nominated by Sniffer for sbeing too sensitive about something or other.

**Winners were Tongue Lasher & Dubbya**

## **DUNDEE'S PONDER OF THE WEEK:**

**The reason why men & women are so compatable is because they're complete opposites:**

- Men have great sense of direction, women have none. That's why women have to ask for directions all the time – men always know where they are.
- Women are great cleaners & really good at washing & ironing a stuff like that, men are great at making a mess & cluttering & stuff.
- Men are really good at fixing things, women are best at talking about fixing things & supervising men fixing things even though they have no bloody idea what's required.
- Women think they have something they call logic, which is really wishing, men, however, have realistic logically devised assumptions that defy women's understanding & results in tearful & fearful applications by the latter to the former.

On On  
**Dundee!!**

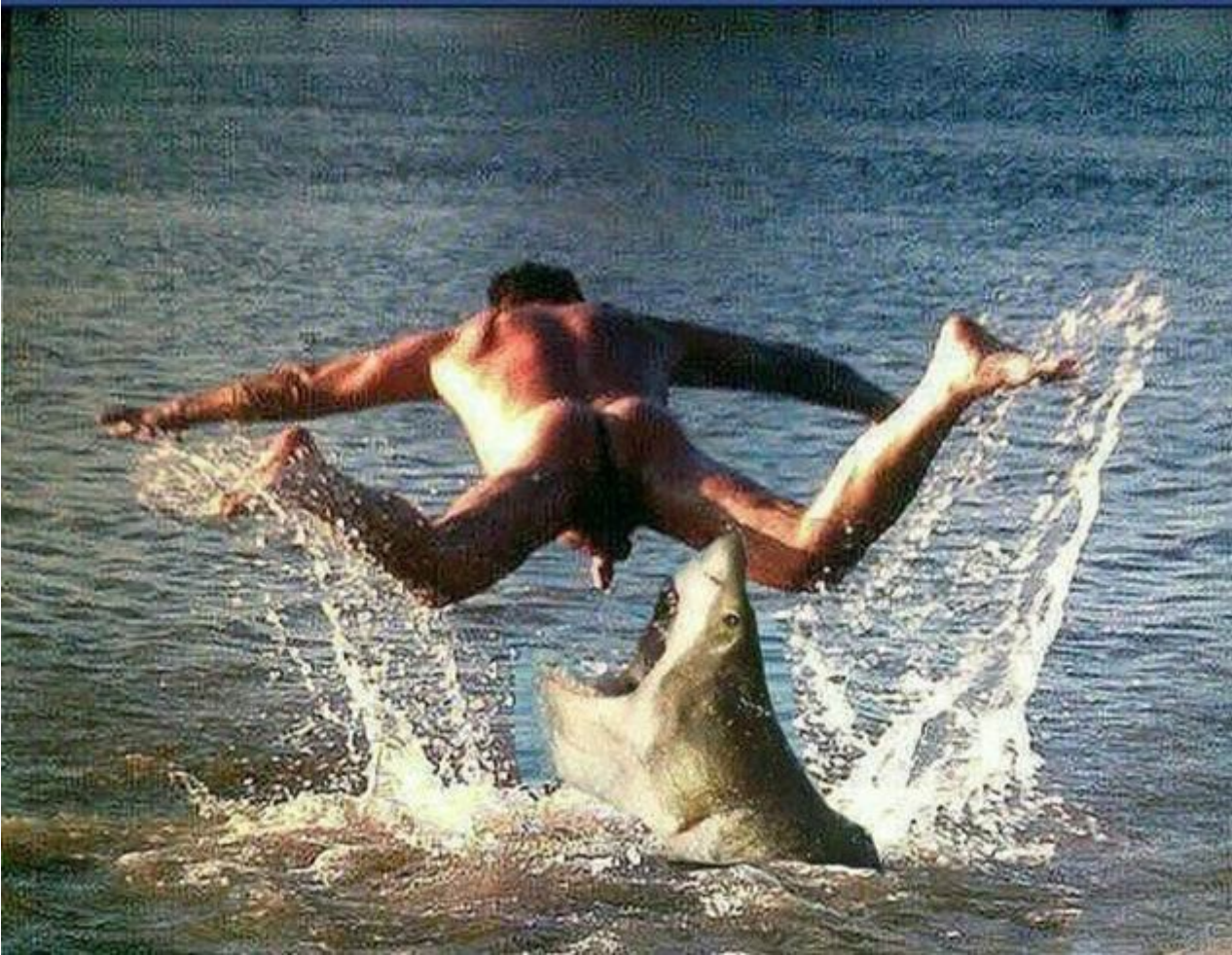
## Future Runs

Unaware of any of the calendarised projects this year now.

## **Jokes**

**A farmer ordered a hi-tech milking machine. Since the equipment arrived when his wife was out of town, he decided to test it on himself first. So, he inserted his "manhood" into the equipment, turned on the switch and everything else was automatic. Soon, he realized that the equipment provided him with much more pleasure than his wife did. When the fun was over, though, he quickly realized that he couldn't remove the instrument from his 'member'. He read the manual but didn't find any useful information on how to disengage himself. He tried every button on the instrument, but still without success. Finally, he decided to call the supplier's Customer Service hot line with his cell phone (Thank god for cell phones!). "Hello, I just bought a milking machine from your company. It works fantastic, but how do I remove it from the cow's udder?" "Don't worry," replied the customer service rep, "The machine will release automatically once it's collected two gallons. Have a nice day!"**

Ozzie Circumcision





Ahhh, Summertime!

> Ya can't win em all...

> Nothing like the thought of sunshine, a Backyard BBQ, a Cold Beer,

> and maybe a SEXY blonde doing the cooking > \*

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> Well shit, three out of four ain't bad.....Have a Super Day Anyway



