



## **SYDNEY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Castro's Run Report; 10 February, 2020, Run 2748

Hare: XXXX

A hearty "thank you" to JTR who stepped in as "OnSec Emeritus" during my absence.

### **The "Testimony" Run**



What a run, and what a timely break we got from what had been days of just epic rain. On a beautifully laid trail, under adverse conditions of the worst sort we should note, Hare XXXX took us through an interesting mix of bush, ascent and descent, occasional bits of tarmac, and finally back to our starting point at the Riverview Boat Ramp at Burns Bay Reserve.

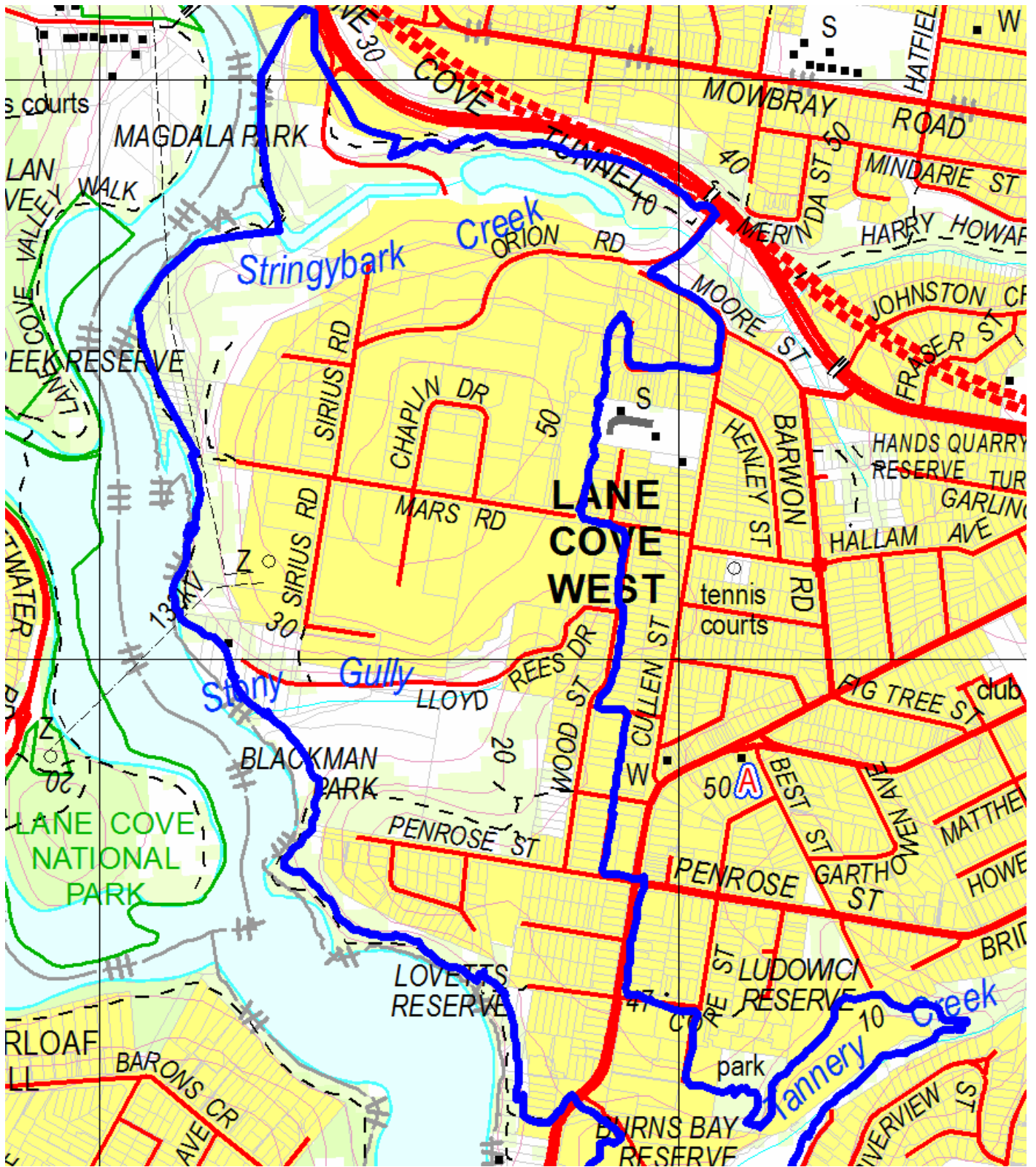
One of my cub reporters, in your OnSec's distributed work model, offered this commentary, "I slipped to the back of the runners pack and came in well after (close

to 8.00pm) you short cutting sedate walkers had guzzled the bucket dry. It was a solid run by any description. Once over to the western side of Burns Bay Road and down into the Lane Cove River foreshore footpath, it became something of a proper summer run with bush and gorgeous water views."

And as a "testimony" to the resolve of our Posh Hashmen, we had well over 40 ignore the dire weather predictions circulating, the pleas from SES to stay off the roads, and show up to traverse the wet, and sometimes treacherous paths. We were really pleased to have several international visitors join us, and in the case of Plunger's delightful rels, Vebjorn and Lone visiting us from Norway, actually lead us – probably through some nefarious Nordic shortcutting techniques unknown to us down under, they somehow managed to arrive back at the bucket on the runner's trail way ahead of anyone else (pictured above).

The Committee would like to extend a special thank you to XXXX for his flexibility and perseverance in working through the last-minute adjustments required by the weather conditions, and will do so when he finally returns from the trail he laid.

## Map of the Run



## The OnOn

Dinner was not what had been planned – the BBQ outside, under the night sky, looked like an impossibility on the Sunday evening when the call was made to move the OnOn to an inside venue. A proper deluge of the sort predicted would have made for not just an unpleasant event, but also a poor turnout, something that makes portion, and thus cost control simply impossible. As it turned out, the weather was

fine. But a grand time was had enjoying pizza and \$5 Wild Yak beer at the Longueville Sporting Club. Again, and again, there were cries of, "how do they do it?!" And the answer is we did it with a great bit of last-minute help from Centre Point and Jungle Jim, to whom we extend our great gratitude.

President Wanker presided over evening. Down Downs were extended to:

- Castro's mate Peter, visiting from London
- Vebjorn and Lone, Plunger's nephew/niece visiting from Norway
- Doug, visiting Wombat from Canada
- Centre Point and Jungle Jim for their assistance with the venue and food
- David Chase, who was given the Hash handle, "sigma", aka, "standard deviant", in honour of his actuarial aspirations.
- XXXX for his formidable work as Hare, although his Down Down was in abstenia as he has yet to return.

Pee Dub is to be commended for his best humour delivery to date.

The Committee also advised that the Sunday boat trip planned for March had been cancelled due to low interest expressed, and because it was decided that the money could be better spent elsewhere. It was not lost on your OnSec that many in attendance commented that they were unaware of the planned event, notwithstanding the fact that it had been noted in prior reports no less than six times.

The May weekend away will have a separate circular out soon, and everyone was encouraged to book their rooms early as there will be a few weddings on that same weekend in Kiama. Please act on this just as soon as the promotion reaches you later this week.

## **Some Photos of the Evening**



Left, the pack heads off on the walk under the ominous skies that threatened to let loose during the duration of the walk, and yet luckily never graced us with more than the some times appreciated cooling sprinkle. Above, the much appreciated, \$5 Wild Yak brew.



Above left, Triple 7, Sunbeam, and the Hashman formally known as "David" quaff some brewski's. Above centre, Castro and visiting mate from London, Peter. And right, David chugging beers in anticipation of his Hash Handle, which the committee, as explained by Castro, will be "sigma, AKA, Standard Deviant", in recognition of his career aspirations. "sigma" will likely do just fine.

## **Next Week's Run**

Run: #2749

Date: 17 February, 6:30 pm

Hares: Moishe and TBD

Starting Point: Acron Oval, Acron Road, St Ives

OnOn: Onsite, but as we are learning this year, weather dependent – watch for updates

Map: [CLICK HERE](#)

**BRING PHONE, TORCH, HEADLAMPS AND DILLY BAGS**

## **Upcoming Events**

- The Harbour Cruise, planned for Sunday 29 March, 2020, has been cancelled.
- The weekend away dates will be Friday 15 May to Sunday 17 May, 2020. A promotion will be out on this soon, please book early.

## **Breaking News, XXXX Located**



We are delighted to report that we just received the photo on the left of XXXX returning to his home planet. Based on his experience with SH3, he will be reporting that there is no "intelligent life" on this planet, but a souvenir or two that might be worth taking back. On a more serious bit of breaking news, the President of the Lane Cove Historical Society has written, and we may need volunteers to remove arrows on the path around the Carisbrook Historic House if the rain does not do the job.

## Humour

**Warning from your OnSec:** *The overly long joke that follows is the most disgusting bit of humour that you will ever encounter. I first heard this joke from a visiting Texan at the Mexico City Hash, and it has haunted me ever since. The therapist I have been seeing as a result suggested that by sharing it, I might "purge" the memory, and that is the only reason it is included here. Forgive me please. It has been edited slightly for cultural considerations and to make it contemporaneous.*

Some years back. A lonely barman sits in King Cross, staring across the empty tables, and wondering sadly how he will survive the "Lockout" financially. In wanders an obviously homeless man, odious in both smell and countenance from some 10 meters distance, and he walks in and slaps down a handful of change that totals \$4.70. With a Yank's accent, he says hopefully, " ...enough for a \$5 beer? Not like you're doing much business tonight."

Figuring that there is nothing to lose, he pours the foul man a beer, and a conversation ensues:

**Yank:** *You know, I could help you bring in some more business. I have this rare talent, and can fart "Working Man Blues". A show like that would pack this place!*

**Barman:** *Really?!*

**Yank:** *Yes, seriously. And I am good, I studied with a Grand Master of Fartaoke in Japan for years. And then I fell in with these louts the Hash, and my life has gone downhill since.* He then reaches into pocket and pulls out the well-worn diploma, proving that he is worthy.

**Barman, now considering it:** *Well, OK, but hard to make an evening out of just one song.*

**Yank:** *No worries mate, I know all the greats – AC/DC, even the Bee Gees, although their backing vocals play havoc with my asshole.*

That's enough to put the Barman over the line, and they agree that the for the first performance, the fee will be a good meal, and endless beers. The event is promoted on social media, the Hotel's chalkboard out front, and it all goes viral. On the big evening, the bar is filled to capacity, with a line outside the door.

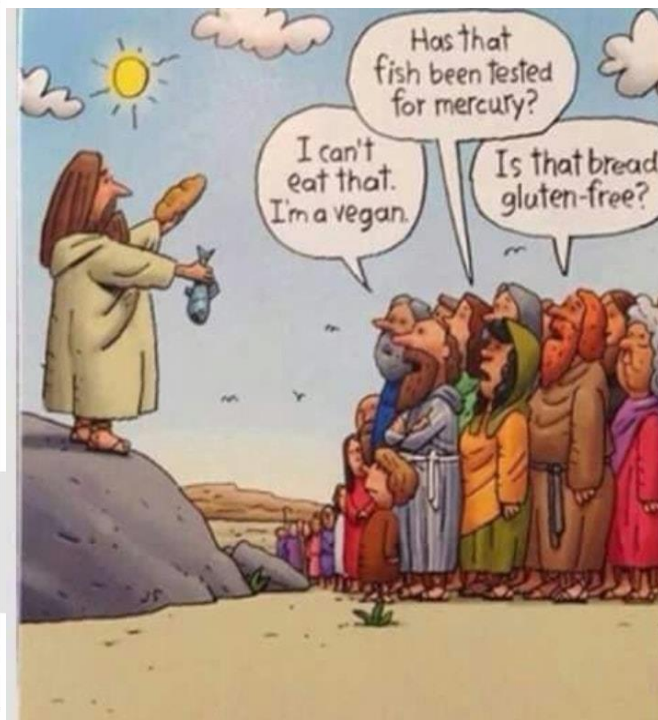
And as the tension continues to build, the Yank just keeps eating, and drinking beer. Finally, the Barman can't take it any longer, and approaches him.

**Barman to the Yank:** *Buddy, this crowd is starting to get ugly, they came here expecting you to fart "Working Man Blues", and you just sit there drinking. We've got to get this show started.*

**Yank:** *All right already, let's get on with it then.* He then clambers to the top of the bar, where he stands tall, and obviously quite the experienced showman, waits for the silence to draw all the attention to him. And then when he has everyone's attention, he turns to the crowd, and in a booming voice announces, *Ladies and Gentlemen, I will now proceed to fart "Working Man Blues."*

The crowd steps forward to get a better view, the Yank drops his trousers, and proceeds to ..... shit all over the bar. It is foul, disgusting, worse than you might ever imagine. The crowd goes wild, and enraged with anger, they grab the barman to take him outside for a proper thrashing. As he is being carried out by the mob, he shouts back at the Yank still standing there, "... you fucking asshole, you've ruined me, what the hell were you doing?!"

And the Yank responds, "Hey! Even Jimmy Barnes has to clear his throat!"



**Respectfully submitted, OnSec Castro**