

SYDNEY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS HASH VIRUS BUGLE #2, 4 April 2020

Message From Your Committee



A slow descent into madness is spreading like a melancholy fog through many households of the Hash; and yet it has only been a couple weeks of what Gladys tells us may be up to six months of social isolation. Your Committee, with the able assistance of many, is attempting to ramp up the technical, virtual "connecting" skills of our membership. The Zoom tutorials coming up Sunday, 5 April being the first of what will be several initiatives on this front. We hope to get enough of us quickly up to speed so as to be able to organize a "virtual bucket". Imagine the surge of power that you will feel when the light goes off, and you realize that muting someone takes only a click of a mouse. Try that at a live meeting.

Yes indeed, one of the many meanings for "virtual" is "almost", and soon it will take on another, "better than nothing" we suppose. Your Committee would appreciate any and all suggestions for what additional steps we might be taking to entertain, delight, and keep us "connected". Wombat was kind enough to share this helpful video from a Hash in the mountains of North Carolina [CLICK HERE](#) And as always, your OnSec could use content contributions. A thank you to Jungle Jim for this week's fine contribution.

Resources

Following are a few sources of information that could prove useful during the "stay at home" period we have all been asked by the government to respect. Some of these are "repeats" because we think that they are particularly well-done and/or important, and some items only get noticed a second time through.

- Really interesting advice from a long-time hermit on living in socially isolated situation [CLICK HERE](#)
- At home, free fitness lessons for all level [CLICK HERE](#)

- An easy to use, and free, group video and call platform, useful for “virtual OnOn’s”, and staying in touch with mates. If you need help on the set up, contact Wombat, Sunbeam, or Sigma [CLICK HERE](#) Each of you will have been invited to one of three tutorials being run virtually on Sunday, 5 April. To participate, you must have the app already loaded on your chose device. If you can’t find someone to help you, and please really do try your own resources first, then contact Wombat, Sunbeam, or Sigma, and they will walk you through the process of downloading Zoom.
- Think that something you read might be a bit of fake news floating around the web, you can check “true or false” easily at [CLICK HERE](#)
- The Official NSW website on coronavirus [CLICK HERE](#)
- The single best explanation of the virus pandemic [CLICK HERE](#)
- Do you just need a “feel good” moment, virtually no less, then [CLICK HERE](#)

The Literary Corner

Apart from the inspired bit of lyrical adaptation that follows, Jungle Jim also pointed out that had your OnSec been clever enough to have used Snopes, then he would have known that the letter published last week, supposedly from F. Scott Fitzgerald during the Spanish Flu Pandemic, was actually a fake. Duly chastened, I used Snopes on Jungle Jim’s song that follows, and found it to be authentic.

'We have Contag-ion' (A song to the tune of 'We are Austral-ian')

It came from Wuhan China
And we hoped it would stay there
We tried hard to ignore it.
But now it's everywhere
We stood upon our rocky shores
We watched the cruise ships come
We let them off in Sydney.
Now we have, Contag-ion
There was none, but now there's many
And from all the lands on earth it's come
If everyone, would speak with one voice
I'm sure, we'll beat, the new Contag-ion
I am a Hash House Harrier
I run on Monday nights
Through the bush and streets of Sydney
Taking in the sights
But now I'm stuck at home
And not allowed to run
The country is in lockdown
As we have Contag-ion
We miss the weekly workout
Whilst chatting on the run
The banter round the bucket
In the last rays of the sun
The finish of the down downs
We thought would never come
And even Dee Dubs jokes



Stopped by Contag-ion

There was none, but now there's many
And from all the lands on earth it's come
If everyone, would speak with one voice
I'm sure, we'll beat, the new Contag-ion
Jungle Jim (with apologies to Bruce Woodley and The Seekers)

Around the Hash



Left, Molly is shown here demonstrating "SIB" (social isolation bucket) technique, after completing his Monday night run and thus keeping the continuous run count going; something we can all do.

Below, Moishe getting patched up after what we believe was a close encounter of the wrong type with a quad on a friend's farm. Old news at this point, the recovery we hear is going well.



Humour

Are my testicles black?

A suspected Covid-19 male patient is lying in bed in the hospital, wearing an oxygen mask over his mouth and nose. A young student female nurse appears and gives him a partial sponge bath.

"Nurse," he mumbles from behind the mask, "are my testicles black?"

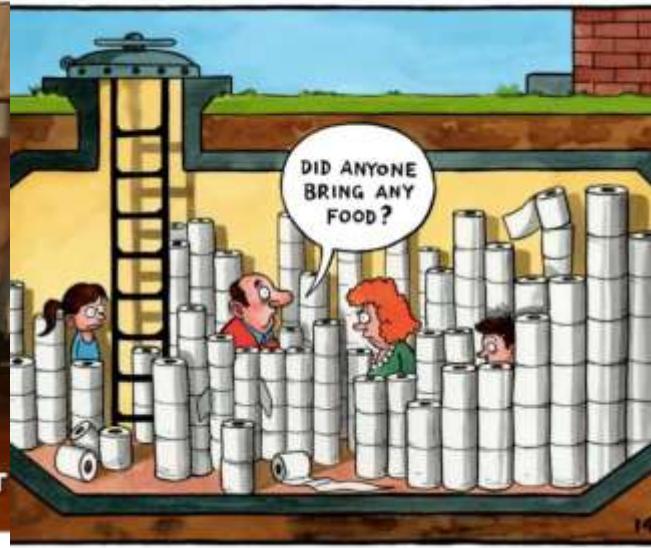
Embarrassed, the young nurse replies, "I don't know, Sir. I'm only here to wash your upper body and feet."

He struggles to ask again, "Nurse, please check for me. Are my testicles black?"

Concerned that he might elevate his blood pressure and heart rate from worrying about his testicles, she overcomes her embarrassment and pulls back the covers.

She raises his gown, holds his manhood in one hand and his testicles gently in the other. She looks very closely and says, "There's nothing wrong with them, Sir. They look fine."

The man slowly pulls off his oxygen mask, smiles at her, and says very slowly, "Thank you very much. That was wonderful. Now listen very, very, closely: "Are - my - test - results - back?"



A sobbing Ms Murphy approaches Father O'Grady after mass. He says: "So what's bothering you?" She replies: "Oh, Father, I've terrible news. My husband passed away last night." The priest says: "Oh, Mary, that's terrible. Did he have any last requests?" "Certainly father," she replied. "He said: "Please Mary, put down that damn gun."

Alone at last in Paris



Respectfully submitted, OnSec Castro