

Run 2211
Poxy
On an Island off Hope Island
Was there any Hope



Good to see that Poxy had his support team in uniform.
But - What were they looking at?



Hash Rule No. 1

"The GM addressed the pack before the run, and repeated his message at the end, to a mixed reception, advising the gathering of our Hierarchy's views about future runs.

He explained that in light of the coronavirus epidemic and the high mortality risk of our average demographic, he believed it was incumbent on the committee to behave appropriately. This means it may be prudent and socially responsible, if not in time a legal requirement, to suspend the formal Hash weekly runs for a while. It may be contrary to our lifelong approach to Hashing, but this is not a 'she'll be right mate' situation and needs to be treated accordingly. This will be discussed in depth and this Saturday's committee meeting and all members will be advised of any decision and kept up to date on future events."

Right on time the Pack departed following a Pack of Lies spun by Poxy including a Loop that got everybody.

He led us first right and then left under the main road but not deep into the Mangroves that all feared. Any that took the Mangrove Boardwalk – me, were rewarded with tranquil views to North Paradise Point and a lone Black Swan.

RUN:

The main Pack, Runners and Walkers, went North, past SHOW PONY's Ashes we were told by MISCIARRAGE to a point where K2KY saw the Messiah. A left turn to the West and then South brought the Runners back in good time – more on that later from Rug.

In judgement:

K2KY 1/10

BENT BANANA 6/10

Hard to believe they were on the same RUN.

Walk:

RUG let the truth assert itself by revealing that the WALKERS in fact caught the RUNNERS at one point – local knowledge RUG? before receding in their wake. No score was mentioned, not even by CIRCUMFERENCE who had something to say about 'too long'

Of course all this was related after the Nosh, home cooked hamburgers with a choice of sauces accompanied by tomatoes, beetroot – if you wanted it, cheese, & soft rolls. And of course, Gloved hands for the preparation.

This quietened the PACK until the usual 3 minute call. Not much to tidy up, POXY had chosen a venue with ample seating, parking, cover, toilets, water, BBQ with a delightful outlook, a good example for future Hares looking to take pressure off the incoming Trailer Roster. The Coast has many similar venues, maybe close to where you intend to set your next RUN.

NOSH Report:

Aussie suggested the tomatoes had been dipped in Dettol, but thought the burgers were superb. He was disappointed that KB was not involved. KB told me he had a one week ban due to non adherence to the GM's Virus Advice issued retrospectively after his extravaganza in the South.

Aussie gave an unkind 2.5/10 score.

Returning Runners:

FLASHER who has not been away, it was just that the RUN was close to home, FULLER, back from visiting his wife's relatives in Wuhan, WEEKLY, cruising without leaving the Australian Outback, and BADGER who had been in a Mystery Location.

RA:

Admonished BALLPOINT for large word use. Again he mentioned Truckie's choice of Adventure Cruise up the Somalia Coast on an Italian tramp steamer taking him to Virus Central.

He singled out High Risk Hash Men, KWAKKA, having a Birthday, LINK, KB, S.SLAB. If the Virus does not get you just keep hoping we have our Defibrillator in coming weeks. S.FERRETT got a mention as he is booked on a 40 day cruise if the ship is disinfected in time. RUG came up for something to do with SEX.

AWARDS:

POXY – 100 Runs

LINK – a mighty 900 Runs. Will he make 1000? Make sure you are around in mid/late 2022.

WEEKLY finally turned up with the POW which he took over from the strangely named Strawberry Fields. He moved it on to SKYHOOK who pumped Arse when greeting PEPE earlier in the evening. Have you boys been looking at Rainbows?

Sir. Ferret came up with a passionate story concerning the Defib. Your Committee took your comments on board Ferret. A Committee Meeting scheduled for this Saturday will seek out a way of making all stakeholders content.

After a short story about Patients and Doctors brought on by my short hospital stint I was brave enough to announce End Of Circle for the first time ever. Hopefully also the last time.



Aussie – Sartorial in Reds and Blues



BoozeMasters – Doing what they do so well.

Hope Island history

Hope Island was named after Captain the Honourable Louis Hope, who was granted 1800 acres at the mouth of the Coomera River in recognition of his contribution in developing the sugar industry in Queensland.

Louis Hope, a colonial aristocrat, arrived in Moreton Bay in 1848.

By the 1860s, he had built a substantial home and sugar plantation at Ormiston near Cleveland on the edge of Moreton Bay. Louis Hope never lived at Coomera.

The development of a sugar plantation *Rockholm* on the island was undertaken by the Grimes family. By the 20th century, the sugar and arrowroot plantation had passed into the hands of the Sheehan and Davidson families.



Anna Redman and Hope Island

Living in Southport

We left our home, *Hazledene*, in High Street, Southport to live on Hope Island in 1944. Well, the departure for our mother, who was leaving the relative comfort of Hazledene, must have been terrible, but she never ever complained. She had to adjust to life 10 miles (20 kilometres) from Southport, where we lived as they did 100 years ago, with no electricity, no phone, no bathroom, and no friends. We'd been living at Southport whilst our father was based at Evans Head, on the north coast of New South Wales, during World War 2. When my father returned from Evans Head, he found that he couldn't live in a town. He wanted to live off the land and so we moved to Hope Island. My parents were Barbara and Leigh Nicholls; the children's names were Anna, Jenny, Jane and John.

Hope Island

Our Hope Island house was a very small weather board building, which stood on high stumps. The home consisted of three bedrooms, a sleep out, a small dining room and kitchen. We used lanterns, an Aladdin lamp; bathed in a large cast iron tub; heated our water in a copper boiler located underneath the house. The old lavatory was outside, some distance from the house. I can recall my poor mother battling with the old wood stove. One flood on the island was memorable for we had no dry wood for the fire - no dry clothes or warm food. A boat moored at the jetty was used once a week for shopping. My sisters and little brother were so young to have endured their responsibilities that I feel it wasn't easy for them, either. They'd walk to the end of the property, row the boat across the mouth of Saltwater Creek and Coombabah Creek to Beitz's property on the mainland. They then walked each day to Labrador State School located on the Brisbane Road and then returned home the same way. My sister, Jane, was in town at boarding school. I was working at home by this time. We kept an old army jeep in a shed near Beitz's on the mainland. I was permitted a driver's licence at the age of 15, with the condition that I didn't drive in Southport. I took the jeep into town a couple of times to get food and collect a sister from school. I was scared the first time, but I was never caught and had no accidents.

Farm life

The pastures, around 260-300 acres I think, consisted of a combination of kikuyu and blade grasses. It was almost a self-supporting lifestyle. We could grow, produce or catch most things, producing our own milk and butter, with our diet supplemented by the fish and mud crabs caught in the creek.

We started dairying about 20 cows, milking by hand and separating and selling cream. The skim milk was fed to the pigs, which were let graze on green grass all day and then put in their shed at night. Our bacon was often sold at a good price. I had a small pet pig which would follow me everywhere.

The cream cans were rowed across to the main land at low tide. My father grew sweet potatoes, watermelons, corn and peanuts. We sold melons at one (1) shilling each - at least those that we managed to save from the crows. Next we turned to buying poor cattle (any breed or condition), fattening them up and selling them. I would drive them to sale on my skewbald (brown and white) stock horse, Monty. We would ride past Sheehan's house (where Mrs Sheehan still lives today, 50 years later).

My father was always yelling instructions to me on how to get the cattle across the river. I remember taking one lot across. We didn't care whether it was high or low tide as long as the cattle arrived at the Coomera sales on time. I was swimming them across the river one day, when one calf was swept away with the tide and was heading down stream slowly. I slid off my horse and swam after her, until I could turn her back. With my horse near me, I slid on bare back and continued to take the cattle across the river on their journey to the sales.

I loved those days. Once, coming home past Sheehans, I was offered a glass of water and I met Frank and the other children. On one occasion, I was close to home when a boar chased me. I was carrying a bag of lemons and although I was galloping fast, I managed to throw a lemon at the pig. The pig immediately ate it. As it stopped in its tracks, I looked back and I can remember to this day the look of distaste on its face. I rode for my life, leaving it behind.

One day in the bush I was on the end of a cross-cut saw helping my father cut through a large log. I would be dragged across with his strong pull, "Hang on kiddo" he yelled, and then I pushed back again with all my strength. I soon realised a sense of rhythm and pace was the key - something I later learned was important in all aspects of life.

My fondest memories in my teens were those hazy, lazy days riding Monty along the river bank to check our boundary fence. In my mind, the grass seemed so green, the sky blue, and there were no clouds in sight. The river was dark green and still as a mill pond in the shade of the tall gum trees reflecting on the water from their side of the river. On my side of the river, I could just make out the shape of a mud crab hiding amongst the mangrove roots, the stillness interrupted by a ripple of water and a plop as the fish jumped. My little brother would happily sit

on the riverbank fishing with a bit of string and no hook. He was too young to work and he'd tell us that he'd been fishing all day.

I used to dream what the outside world would hold. Adventure and companionship were what I wanted, as we never saw many people whilst on the island. We occasionally saw a neighbour, Alf Williamson, if he was outside or maybe Mrs Sheehan when we passed their properties. Then suddenly, for family reasons, we had to leave my romantic island.

I visit the place today after having lived in Tasmania and Western Australia for 53 years. My parents' version of their time there is now lost for my father passed away in 1972 and my mother Barbara died in August 2001.

Tangible links to the place are fast fading. Today, our farm buildings consist of just foundations as shown in the photographs. The land is now overgrown in pine trees - perhaps originating from the six trees my father planted so long ago. The mango tree my father planted is still there behind the remains of the house.

Anna Redman
11th March 2002