

## MasterBatemans Bay HHH

*Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated*

## The Get a Grip Hash

Trash Volume: 11, N° 4 or so

Run Number: 123 July 2016

Weather: Cool but clear. No thanks to the absent RA.

Hair: **Likealotta**

Run Report: Yes

Score: Not awarded.

Après le deluge of 122 it was a positively barmy arvo for **Likealotta's** intimate Bateman's Bay frolic. Half the pack (well, **RA**, **Sticky**, **Gobbles** and **Countherfeet**) were in Melbourne engaging in new modes of self destruction (photo may be supplied) but new Grandfather **Lost Rooster** tore himself away from the small person and the Brumbies game to turn up. It was a small but perfectly formed group that mustered at the homestead to receive guidance from the hairress, including a broad hint that it was a nice arvo for a drink stop by the sparkling waters of the Bay.

**Fishfinger** and **Two Fathers** led the runners pack and maintained that status for pretty much all the run. It was pretty much downhill for a while, then a quick diversion through bat territory to inspect the damage from the major assault on their ancient habitat near the water garden. Then a minor gallop up the hill past the old Bunnings, a short cut past the tyre places and around past the scout hall then pick up the walkers before eventually taking up a relaxed position near the marina to imbibe a freshie and check out the scene. It was all very civilised for a Hash.

The walkers, guided by **Likealotta** and the aforementioned **Lost Rooster**, meandered in a walker-like manner occasionally intersecting with the runners trail and even guiding them back onto something resembling marked trail. They arrived at the drink stop simultaneously and at the same time as the runners, which was a good thing because the hairress shouted.

Then it was a sort of gentle stroll back to the start at the top of the Pacific Street undulation for a highly civilised circle, a quick conversation with the Melbourne contingent (prior to their attempts at self destruction) and a few beers

and snacks with **Just Mark** and some rellies. No awards were presented and not one person was charged with any aberrant behaviour. In any case the sun was sinking into the west and temperature was sinking into the low single digits. And that was that. Another one done. I think Collingwood won but that is irrelevant (more so if you are *Greenfinger*).



Pugwash was walking to the footy and tripped

NEXT RUN

### RUN 124

**When:** Sat 6 August 2016 at 3pm Eastern Standard Non Daylight Saving time

**Where:** Forrest Gump Parade, Tomakin Hights

**Hair:** **Captain Pugwash** and his newly rearranged hooter.

This will be a B to A run. Alcohol fueled limousines will be provided for this magnificent event; a world first in Hashdom, could them's what's participating pleeze contact Pugwash on the telecommunicationised device, [malmann09@gmail.com](mailto:malmann09@gmail.com) so he nose how many (limos) to get.

Dinner will be at the infamous Tommo Club, where Karry-ok-ee will be

**OTHER STUFF:**

Christmas run and seafood eggstravaganza at the Mogo Goldrush Colony. **Saturday 3 December** with rooms available on Friday 2 December if required.

**Bookings are being accepted now.** (Or for the next few months)

Ring Janeena

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There will be a sumshus banquet (with some booze included) in the Diggers Rest Tavern; seafood banquet circle; booze; tshirt and maybe even a couple of runs and breakfast. What more could you ask? Cost? TBA. We are still working on it, with regular consultations at the table of knowledge. But don't worry, we will work it out.