

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

The Egalitarian Hash

Trash Volume : Neighbours undisturbed.

Run Number: 147 August 2018

Hair: **Haemorrhoid**

Afters: **B2** creation plus samosas and dessert.

Score: Infinitesimal.

Such is the infamy and expeoration of a **Haemorrhoid** run that they came from 3 points of the compass to attend. From as far north as the Shoalhaven City to the frozen south of Spud Point and the outer western reaches of Belconnen. And the Bay.

The pack slowly assembled in the weakening watery sunlight of a late winter arvo, sloshing down a pre run lube and idly speculating on the state of the nation in the shadow of one of South Durras's first and finest architectural examples of weatherboard an iron. A true rendition of the genre. Hair and acting RA **Haemorrhoid** gave some vague destructions about the potential general direction and quality of the run and retained the wankers for a wile.

And they were off! For at least the first 50m the **GeeEmm** held tenaciously to the lead until the fleet **Meat** and streamlined **Too Keen** surged into the lane at the back of Bert's backyard and onward to the first check. **Meat** picked correctly the line along the crick past the van park drinkers as **Two Fathers** and **Likealotta** took advantage of having waited for the call. Past the dissolute drinkers, round the end of the cabins and into the roo infested grasslands before **Likealotta** bellowed onon along the southbound track. And this was all in the first 500m. What portents.

The next 6 or 7 km was a melange of runs 137, 126 and 106 although not, as far as I can recall, the infamous 96. (Among other things this suggests **Haemorrhoid** sets quite a few runs.)

Along the way (somewhere near the end) **Two Fathers** stumbled upon some civilian walkers who were curious about the appearance of runners on an otherwise mostly walked path. There was eventually mutual recognition and discovery of the fact that the curious elderly male (well, not that old) had been an original member of the first pack in the initial run of the 75 Squadron (later Butterworth) Hash. His claims of degenerate knees, coprolitic condition and newly found (and most unlikely) sobriety as reasons for

not joining the pack for a drink were generously accepted and **Two Fathers** limped off into the gloom to find the waiting but not overly concerned pack at the drink stop. Overlooking the girt by sea thing. Somehow the walkers had managed to get there as well although we were none the wiser as to how following the later description of **B2** (who probably only did half of it anyway and then motored home). **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** had managed the walk as well without losing the way, each other or anything else of importance along the way. Then it was back along the beach and the fruitless search for an arrow in the sand until the pack and its dog returned to base.

Meat left early. Something to do with the Crusaders. Good thing they won. **Too Keen** gave a none too succinct description of portions of the run and had to be prompted about her successful finding of the lengthy downhill falsie. Her account meandered more than the trail, but the 0.69 score was about right. As noted above **B2** waffled a bit on the walk report. The circle was enthralled.



Maggot had dropped in from Spud Point for a visit. He also got one for looking as if he had prepared more for a stroll with **Rover** in the scrub than for a Hash. The stand in RA **Haemorrhoid** was not much bloody use although the weather was OK and **Gobbles** did the liedermeistering with gutso. There were no awards as all the objects of desire seem to have gone missing again. The pack resumed a seated while drinking position and the circle was rooted. Again.

Chef extraordinaire and faithful if rotund helper **B2** had been slaving over a warm stove for some time and produced what turned out to be a pretty good concoction of the chili con carne.



CountHerFeet magically produced some pre-prandial pastries of the Samosa variety and the whole lot was washed down by some indifferent reds. Dessert for Connoisseurs was provided by **Likealotta** and chocolate was also produced. Properly flash mash eh?

The phone rang. It was the real if absent RA and his faithful consort checking in from Blighty where they are currently sunning themselves in abject poverty. And hashing. All is well.



Then the designated driver took half the pack home and the rest got more red going in front of the fire (inside, contained in a device constructed for the purpose). Nothing else to report.

NEXT RUN:

Run 148:

WHEN: Saturday 1 September 2018 at **3pm Eastern Australian Ordinary Time.**

WHERE: 82 Illabunda Drive Malua Bay or somewhere near there

HAIR: **Two Fathers**

AFTERS: The rites of Spring.

AND AGAIN

Run 149:

WHEN: Saturday 6 October 2018 at **3pm Eastern Australian Ordinary Time.** (daylight saving starts next day)

WHERE: 15 Pacific Street Batemans Bay NSW

HAIR: **Likealottapuss**

AFTERS: TBA

AND YET ABLOODYGAIN

Run 150:

To Be Advised but possible concurrently with CH3 2000 Mogo. It's a bit confusing.