

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

Trash Volume: LxBxH

Run Number: 161, October 2019

Hair: Infallible

Weather: Pretty good.

Afters: Slow cooked beef with accompaniments and red wine. Magnificent.

Score: Positive integers.

There was a quiet gathering in the cul de sac outside **Infallible** and **Bunz's** coastal palazzo when around the corner there appeared the Space Wagon freshly decked out in Raiders colours to provide an arresting visual and aural disturbance in the otherwise quite surrounds.



And of course, **B2**, **Too Keen**, **Zsa Zsa**, **White Out** and chief pilot **Haemorrhoid** (who is practised in grand entries). Much to the curiosity of the constabulary who happened to be lurking on a nearby nature strip. Fortunately, it was well before midnight and all were fully robed.

Meat and Easy were back from the far northern hemisphere and southern Europe; **Cowboy** had dropped in from Catalina; **Puggers** was visiting from child minding duties somewhere and **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** were on time.

Fishfinger was on hand for a run. After a short reassuring conversation with Constable Plod and her colleague and suggesting the white powder was harmless, the pack took little notice of the chalk talk and headed out with a suitable bellow in the direction of the water. So far so good.

Haemorrhoid and **Fishfinger** took up their accustomed positions at the front while **Too Keen** and **Two Fathers** chatted amiably in the slipstream and did a bit of back marking to misguide the walkers who were somewhere back there. As it was a Malua run there were one or two undulations, a short cut through a vacant lot

and a sporting gambol along a couple of gently rolling contours through the scrub, along a fence line, through some slippery stuff and then popping out on bitumen much to the curiosity of some observing neighbours. The running pack lurched back into the scrub in the direction of down while the backmarker managed to make the first of a couple of confusing marks that greatly impacted on **CountHerFeet** and **Easy's** subsequent meanderings. (Or so the story goes.)

Somewhere past the Bowlo the trail bifurcated with the runners taking a leftward lurch up another bloody hill and the wandering walkers (excluding the aforementioned lost souls) being given an easy and straight run towards the shops and a curvaceous path around the lower reaches of South Malua en route to the scenic drink stop. Meanwhile back on the trail **Fishfinger** and **Haemorrhoid** were competing for first position while **Gobbles** kept doggedly on their heels and others trailed along in blissful ignorance until **Too Keen** in a burst of insight found the real trail and temporarily commanded the FRB pozzie through the mozzie and leech infested path, over Fitzie's stump, back up to the top of the tree removal earthworks that poses as development. Then on across GB Drive and a slightly deviant digression past the shops, past the surf club and along the cliff edge where in a triumph of timing the leading runners overtook the walkers in the last 100 m before the drink stop and thus commandeered the chips. Stragglers followed. On about the third stubby, **CHF** and **Easy** emerged on trail, with some complaint about misleading back trails.

After a suitable interval of scenic contemplation,



This is actually another local scenic spot but it sorta looked like this..

the packs perambulated past a couple of minor mansions on the cliff top and back to the starting point. Miraculous.

In another minor miracle, **Sunbean** had made it to the starting point within an hour of the appointed starting time and had gone nowhere, more or less consistent with the rest of his life. The dog ate his watch or something. **Doggy Bag** also arrived from the distant heights of across the street, shortly after the circle commenced. Various misdemeanours were recognised although I have no memory of what they were other than **Sunbean's** chronological tardiness. **CHF** did manage to get a charge up and the **GeeEmm** reluctantly accepted the veracity of the wrong directions assertions.

Then it was time to award the Rooted and Routed Award, fresh back from several months travel in Alaska and Montenegro with **Meat** (and thus solving a mystery about where TF it was). It was awarded to **Haemorrhoid** in recognition of his recent circumnavigation of the continent. Or something. At least we run the risk of seeing it again within a few months.

After that it all gets a bit hazy. Canberra Hash is taking over blue range hut in November: Capital Hash is doing a Thredbo drinakathon in November: **Sunbean** is heading up there now so he won't be late; and the MBH3 Christmas Run is filling up nicely (or so it might have been said in the circle). Then it was time for slow cooked silverside of great quality; red wine of commensurate standard and quantity; a bit of 1960s music and everyone was tucked up in bed by 2000. Or so.

NEXT RUN

RUN 162

WHEN: Saturday 2 November at **4pm DST**
WHERE: **The Bay** (15 Pacific St unless otherwise advised)
HAIR: **Likealottapuss**
AFTERS: TBA but I suspect her front deck could be the venue.

AND AFTER THAT:

RUN 163. CHRISTMAS RUN

WHEN: Saturday 7 DECEMBER 2019 at **4pm DST** but you can get there earlier and have a swim or whatever.

WHERE: **Oaks Ranch, Old Mossy Point Road, Jeremadra.**

HAIR: **Two Fathers**

AFTERS: Same place.

BOOKINGS NOW OPEN. Write to Paddy O'Brien at info@oaksranch.com.au or Paddy@oaksranch.com.au

and mention you are from Hash. Few remaining rooms incl one Double room: rooms for three: 1 room for four.

If you are willing/want to share let me know.

Caravan space available

The venue has been refurbished and will have new pool deck, outside area, pergola etc for relaxation. Golf is available.

OK. I will try to get some near final details and chat to the Oaks Ranch people next week. Then the caterers. I am aware of two special dietary needs people. Book now if you haven't already.

RUN 164

WHEN: Saturday 4 January 2020 at **4pm DST**

WHERE: TBA **Still Open for bids**

HAIR: TBA

AFTERS: TBA

RUN 165

WHEN: Saturday 1 February at **4pm DST**

WHERE: **Congo** (Spiritual home of Dangles and Basil Brush)

HAIR: Pop Tart (and/or Dangles)

AFTERS: TBA