

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

Trash Volume: Rowdy.

Run Number: 168 June 2020

Hair: Captain Pugwash (with TA from GM)

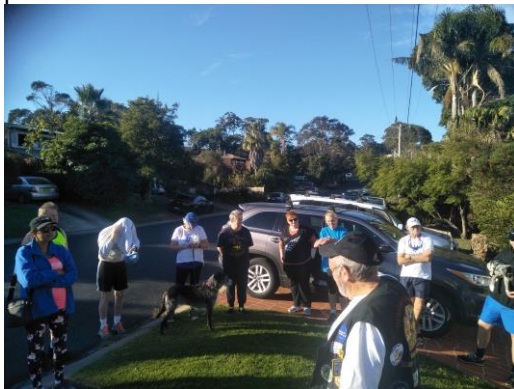
Weather: Perfect early winter.

Afters: All over the joint in socially distant places.

Score: 6 awarded by **Infallible**, a great authority.

Following a special submission to the appropriate authorities and in response to a PC* breakout of formerly frustrated cabin fevered personnel, we took a chance on a real run/walk. Strict measures of compliance with current partially lifted restrictions were put in place. (The appropriate place). Hand washing stuff was purchased and made available. (For those who did not find it, it was lurking in the general vicinity of the bucket.) Group size was restricted to 10(ish) on the trail and the circle was double concentric with appropriate spacing. **Black Dog** oversaw adherence to PC standards. What more could anyone ask?

So, around about the right time, a few cars turned up at some remove from the end of **Pugwash** and **Sticky's** driveway and the disgorged patrons milled in a distant manner.



Vague directions were given about cramming into as few vehicles as possible for a truly short (hold your breath for a few minutes) drive to the starting point. That almost worked without a hitch, but we did not appear to lose anyone and even the **GinSluts** made it to the start in a first for MBH3. (ED Note: As will be seen later, the need to walk all the way to the drinks top did not kill them.) A brief chalk talk ensued in competition with the excited chatter of the liberated-from-captivity **Black Dog**, **Pole Dancer** and **Easy**. "Ummm, follow the pinkish chalk. If there is a check, go back four marks and look

again. There is a drink stop somewhere out there." "Where is the short cut to the drink stop?" quoth **Freezer**, **Winnie** and **Energizer**.

So **Fishfinger**, **Haemorrhoid**, **Greenfinger** and **Infallible** swiftly led the strung out, socially distancing and otherwise bedraggled pack off at a lope down towards the nether reaches of Guerrilla Bay. **Meat to Please You** was there as well, along with the finely tuned **Double Fister** in the off-ice-hockey season break. The FRB pack found the X cunningly located at the bottom of a hill and wasted no time checking back. **Lost Rooster**, **Rooster Booster**, **Cowboy** and several others took advantage of their own dawdling pace to do a prompt turnaround, as the leading three or four quickly divined the correct path and set of baying in a generally Southerly direction towards the edge of the great eastern firebreak. **Freezer** tripped over a fence.

Visitor **Caesar** (currently Suva Hash but from many exotic locations) and his offspring **Just Alex** were in about mid pack when along the cliff top the pack halted to check out a whale sighting by **Meat**, before being exhorted by trail master **Gobbles** to get a move on along the picturesque and sun drenched trail, meandering along the cliff edge and through the local wild life refuge with trilling of birds, chatter of **Wishing Well** and **CountHerFeet** and susurrating sibilant sounds of the casuarinas in the faint breeze. Round past the Burrawangs, across Frank's beach and up the vertiginous sides of Long Nose Point and past the archaeologically significant midden,



the by now almost crawling tail enders were wondering why they were here. (Because they were, and it seemed like a good idea at the time.) After a serial straggle along Barling's Beach (a large beach with sweeping coastal views according to Google), the pack reconstituted at a point approximately 35°49'42.8"S and 150° 11'53.0" S discreetly among the dunes. This coincidentally had been chosen by the **RA Captain Pugwash** as a suitably airy spot for a drink stop and circle that might possibly, theoretically meet Auntie Gladys's requirement for a gathering of approximately ten people, socially distant with clean hands and separate drinking vessels.



Somewhere along the line, it seemed appropriate to toast our dear friend **Tsnot Tsnot (Snotty to you.)**



In which the Champagne Set led a spirited rendition of the Harriettes' Hymn.

Haemorrhoid celebrated (belatedly) a birthday to mark the end of his 6th decade. The also aging **Greenfinger** (who shared a drink belatedly with **Haemorrhoid**) had some confusing tail of **Energizer** decanting the gin on top of the tonic. **Caesar** and **Just Alex** took their introductory Storm without visibly gagging.



and **Just Alex** got another one for lowering the average age of the circle by about a decade (with some assistance from the youthful **Double Fister** and balance from the octogenarian **Cowboy**). **Roger the Cabin Boy** and **Daikos S Bend** were on child ministration and drowning prevention duty.

And of course, it was noted that **Lost Rooster** (now found) and **Rooster Booster** (also returned via numerous ports) were now officially wed and **Cowboy** was the witness to prove it. A drink was taken. Then the circle was declared wallaby ted's brother and we all scuttled off to various locations of 5 people fewer.

*Post Covid

On Out

NEXT RUN

RUN 169

WHEN: Saturday 4 July at **3pm AEST**

WHERE: 28 Seaview Way, Long Beach

HAIR: **Lost Rooster.**

AFTERS: TBA. Probably there, depending on the extent to which rules are relaxed.