

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

Trash Volume: Sotto voce.

Run Number: 170 August 2020

Hair: **Black Dog (with assistance/assistants)**

Weather: Not bad considering

Afters: On the balcone - with al fresco

Score: Run: 6.9 from **Double Fister**. Walk 10 from **Sue Ellen**

Twas an all Harriette organisation as noted instantly by **Sue Ellen**. **Black Dog** left **GreenFinger** languishing in great pain in Jerra and engaged that assistance of **Winner**, **Energiser** and **Freezer**. What could possibly go wrong? With COVID restrictions fluctuating by the moment and a large handful of hashers including the **GeeEmm**, **RA**, **GeeEmeritus** and **Hash Cash**, **Roosters** and **Likealotta** having been isolated for a fortnight due an unfortunate event at the Soljas Club it looked pretty grim there for a while. But they were released from captivity in time to stock the bucket and augment the numbers.

The orgynizers (see above) rented a suitable shack in the only part of Broulee with a view and a decent size deck, prepared a list of attendees, got some wipers and made a heap of salads and an exceedingly stylish drink stop repast and circle snacks setting new culinary standards. And lit a fire. And we got the post run numbers down to a government approved level of no more than 20 in a single household, warned the neighbours, and it was all set. So what happened?

A coupla dozen turned up for the run/walk including the long lost foundation member **Corporal Punishment** in for his second run. With **Rotan**. Other notables who have not been seen for a while included **Barby Toolz** who wandered round from the van park, **JR**, **Sue Ellen** and **Blue Hawaii** on a birthday visit and ...oh..one or two others, surely. I saw **Haemorrhoid** and his mastiff and **Likealotta** drove up even later than the **GobbleFoots**.

After a bit of socially distant milling on the road the pack got some instructions. "It is marked; the walkers are 100 m behind the runners and there is a drink stop." So, the pack/s trundled off with **Infallible** and **Double Fister** somewhere up the front and the **GeeEmm** and **Easy** in a position just astern as the pack lurched along the sand track heading for the island. This was not a great idea as the trail soon chucked a righty and

meandered generally south over the rock shelf and heading for the surf club and souf Broulee. Along the weed strewn post-apocalyptic beach the pack strung out a bit until there was a lurch into the dunes and scrub before wandering off into the wilds of the flat bits of Broulee by the Sea with **Double Fister** somehow getting back out in front along the main drag footpath, where we had to interpret a COVIDIAN check.



It's a mystery and so was the ran as it appeared to be plunging into the back blocks again and well away from any prospect of a return journey. But somehow the front runners found their way back to the norf Broulee beach for a slog along the high water mark to a well catered drink stop with



Energizer dispensing clean hand stuff before anyone could get stuck into the sauso rolls, chips and Stones Green Ginger with a sweet liquid while the walkers drifted in and we blocked the access for dog walkers onto the beach.



Then it was back to the start for a circle, but not before a fire was lit by apprentice pyromaniac Energizer.



Surprisingly, it worked. Even though we were a bit short on specialist poker stokers but not short of technical advice and bum warmers.



Now, all we needed was a couple bags of goon and some clothes pegs.



But I digress. Sue Ellen did a report and awarded



An inordinately generous score was awarded, and **Double Fister** followed up with a positive assessment of the run. (A sisterhood thing I guess.)

The **GeeEmm** in perpetuity assumed his rightful authority.



floorspace for an excellent and convivial barbecue and wine tasting which was still going when I retired hurt. The gin sluts done good.

Barby Toolz was a special act. As he often is.



Corporal Punishment and **Rotan** were welcomed back after a 168 run absence. Shime.

Lost Rooster was justifiably and deservedly punished for placing half the hash at peril of infection from the virus at the Soljas club and exposing them to a fortnight of close and exclusive contact with their partners.

Rotan also joined **Sue Ellen, DF, Two Fathers** and it seemed like half the pack in celebrating a birthday in the proximate time period. There was a bit more milling and charging but I forget. **Likealotta** nicked off early (future charge) and **Haemorrhoid, Too Keen** and the Mastiff also departed to go to an 80th birthday or something. I think **DF** got a charge for putting the shack at Durras at great peril, but the details elude me still. A decision on the next run was deferred but that has now been fixed.

NEXT RUN

RUN 171

WHEN: Saturday 5 September at **3pm AEST**

WHERE: Botanical Gardens or thereabouts

HAIR: **Likealotta**

AFTERS: TBA

And then the remaining 19 (phew, meets Auntie Gladys rules) assembled on the various decks and