

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

Run Number: 175 Jan 2021

Hair: Two Fathers

Weather: only just - rain from drink stop

Afters: Gourmet burgers (and pav - thanks Likalotta)

Score: 6 - and well deserved if I may say so.

The first run for the year was - by coincidence - the last run for **Founding Members Captain Pugwash and Sticky Date**. They have apparently discovered that they can be readmitted to Van Dieman's Land without serious penalty or lengthy incarceration of an isolated nature. Seems like a drastic way to shed the accumulated responsibilities of office they have carried for 175 runs (and attended about 135) but it takes all kinds to hash. As **RA** he only barely got away with the weather. The run/walk was accompanied by leaden skies but no precipitation or even any rain. (But see more later.)

At the start, there was not a bad mob, added to by the presence of virgins **Just Bec** and **Just Hamish** who proved to be of the affletic type). **Just Tim** was a welcome returnee following a lengthy and unexplained absence. **Dangles** lobbed up with Slim, looking as if he was in for the night. **KanDoo** eventually arrived just in time for the off.

Following some meandering explanations for the virgins and short summary of the likely terrain, the pack rushed enthusiastically to the bottom of the driveway and were soon baying into the distance of Mackenzie's Beach led by **Fingerling** (who brung and was accompanied by **Just Bec**), and **Haemorrhoid** and a tightly knit bunch not far astern. The walkers - a refined group with **Mighty Aphrodite** and **Too Keen** talking up positions in the lead, guided by the **GeeEmm** in **Perpeturity** but not for much longer, strolled insouciantly in the general direction of north,.

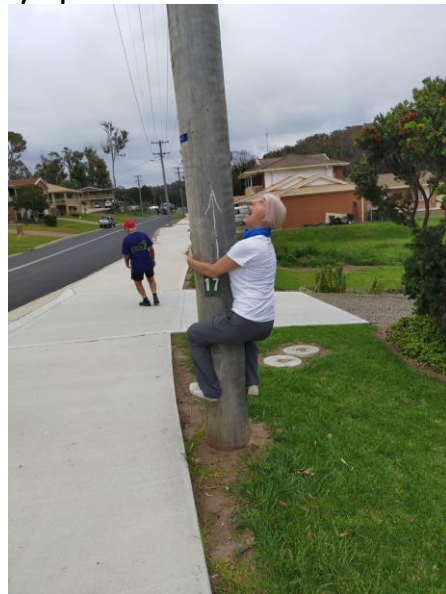
Meanwhile, the pack found its way to the pristine Maccas Beach and then turned onward and upward to the cliff path in the direction of Pretty Point, slowly recovering from the bushfires. There may have been some confusion - possibly due to virgin leadership - as the pack seems to have discovered two false trails where the hair only recalled inserting one. But who cares? The frolicsome pack resumed its peregrinations around the Illabunda/Pyang

The Egalitarian Hash

Trash Volume: Subdued but late.

headland before plunging onto the verdant flatlands of Malua Bay beach park and the first check at the water point. (Not necessarily recommended for consumption.)

Little did they know the walkers had passed by this point already and were now on shared trail ahead. Some of the markings suggested there is a way to higher things. **KanDoo** did not agree and **Mighty Aphrodite** did not suckseed.



By now the walkers were strung out like Brown's Cows and it was also noticed that **Captain Pugwash** had gone adrift - miraculously to be discovered some time later, reclining at the drink tent of many colours on the pristine girtitudinous edge of the continent.



This was shamelessly brought you by the sponsors who were promptly and presciently awarded a special Certificate of Recognition by the retiring RA. But back to the track.

As the walkers led by **KanDoo** looked for trail in all the wrong places at a two way, the runners' pack with **Just Hamish** and **Haemorrhoid** setting a cracking pace thundered up from the nether bits and (with a bit of guidance) found trail and pressed on up a vertiginous part of desertified new real estate where once there were trees and critters. The walkers meandered along comfortably in the rear.

By some chance both packs found their way to the fire shed and reservoir where for once there was no drink stop. To get to the DS required a slightly knee jarring terrible descent along the power line to the swamp (where no-one took the tempting option of crossing) and thence to the campground at FF's where the RA, **Doggy Bag**, **Just Jude**, **Betel Nut** and assorted carpet crabs and canines were already in position in the tent. The bubbles (specially imported from la Belle France - no Yellow here) had already been opened.

After a short contemplation of the beach, an inspection of **Just Tim's** Meccano camper and a coupla drinks the packs departed for the start-finish line just as the RA's weather powers deserted him one last time and the precipitation began.

A circle formed in the carport.



After drinks were more or less sorted, **Captain Pugwash** and **Sticky Date** were invited in for a drink. Or three. In recognition of long and faithful service to the BBH3 of which they were cofounders. **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** as co-conspirators and now the sharers of most responsibility including the money, also took a

drink. **Infallible**, another original and possibly future RA candidate, was at home nursing a crook knee and no look alike was found. The departure song, (having been given an airing last month and bearing in mind the presence of innocent littlies) was not even hummed.

Just Bec (another product of NZ pharmacological training schemes for the benefit of Australia) and **Just Hamish** (a friend of **Just Bec** - or so it appears) were welcomed to hashdom with a drink, together with their sponsors **Fingerling** and **Fishfinger**. They increase the athleticism and reduce the average age by large measures.

Just Tim, a product of the Canberra Grammar School, an operator of large yellow bits of kit who is felinephobic (you would have had to look up ailurophobic) nearly did not get named due to loss of thread by the rambling **GeeEmm** but shall forever be known as **Catatonic**. The retiring RA **Captain Pugwash** to you performed the rites for a final time.

Fingerling, a fine and eloquent judge of an exquisitely set, picturesque, mildly undulating and entertaining run, awarded the score of 6. Even before the gourmet afters. The hair accepted with due modesty. (Having much about which to be modest.) **Captain Pugwash**, who bears an uncanny resemblance to **Cowboy**, was earmarked as stand in for the latter's 82nd birthday. **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** are not quite that geriatric but still got a song of celebration. The retiring RA, **Captain Pugwash** to you, presented his final awards in the descending gloom.



Then it was time to get upstairs and eat drink and be merry. Till quite late in some cases. (Q: How long and many small bottles of port does it take to get two people properly pissed?)

NEXT RUN...

RUN 176

WHEN: Saturday 6 February 2021 at **4pm**

AEDST

WHERE: Nelligen Pub carpark

HAIR: Pearl

AFTERS: In the pub

RUN 177

WHEN: Saturday 6 March 2021 at **4pm**

AEDST

WHERE: TBA maybe near Mossy Point

HAIR: *GreenFinger* (the march hair)

AFTERS: TBA