

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

Run Number: 178Apr 2021

Hair: Haemorrhoid

Weather: Splendiferous and claimed by RA

Afters: Brumbies lost. Small conflagration.

Score: 10 for run 0 for walk

I love it when a plan comes together. And it seldom happened.

In a vague resemblance of historical record, part of the pack was mislaid for a while (but diligently self-redirecated and then arrived at the drink stop from the wrong angle, only to take another non-existent track back to the start/finish).

And then.....ummm.....



Need eye say more?

But, back to the beginning.....

Some electronic smoke signals were despatched to a select few to advise the start of the run would be at the skate park - not as previously advised. But the skaters and bike riders had other ideas so in a swift **GeeEmm** executive guess the start was relocated again. Signs were prepared and **Dangles** and **JR** took up a strategic possie. Somehow it all worked and even those afflicted with topographical agnosia were at the newly designated start.

At the headland carpark, various permutations of possible perambulators and soopreem affletic trackpersons milled. **Methusala** returneth and **Gerbils** gossiped. **Infallible** claimed full credit for the weather before advising the **GeeEmm**, hair, host and convener **Haemorrhoid** to talk the chalk talk. If I (or anyone) understood him there was a marked run (maybe 5km ish), a sorta middling size walk and a mere brief stroll. Runners were directed to assume some marks

The Egalitarian Hash

Trash Volume: Cacophonous

would give guidance if they turned westerly at the end of the carpark. So some did. **Methusala**, **Gerbils** and **Double Fister** lurched off fastly. **Mighty Aphrodite**, **Two Fathers**, **Gobbles**, and **CountHerFeet** formed a rear echelon with **KanDoo** shuffling along at a pace that might best be described as glacial. **Little Wee** was there somewhere as well.

The wankers and wounded must have done something because a heap of them were at the drink stop. (Where they waited patiently and lubricatedly for the lost patrol - of which more later.) Somewhere in there were **JR**, **SueEllen**, **Blue Hawaii**, **White Out**, **Too Keen** (one of the crowned heads of Durras, possibly mourning the departure of HRH Phil the Greek and maybe signifying something else) and the partially ambulant **Dangles**. I dunno about **Meat n Easy** but they were sighted at the drink stop so they musta done something.

Out in the nether regions of South Durras, the ambulant if not running pack was doing its thing with **Gerbils** and **Methusala** never troubled by the rest of the field as they straggled out along the trail. Which went along the Beach Road, took a lefty into Burrabri (I think, maybe it was Fern Drive but who cares) and in a meandering track in the general direction of Durras Drive and onto Skid Ridge then down Benendra to the drink stop at Cookies Beach.



All pretty easy so far but as luck would have it, a small group lost contact with the front of the pack and with any form or reality and decided to take a left to follow an arrow. Just fucken one. Not a trail. Into the mozzie infested shiggy. At the bottom of a very large hill. There was no choice but to turn around and retrace steps. That's the last time **Double Fister** is allowed to lead. And when the lost patrol got to the drinks top there was no beer. Or just a VB which is pretty much the same. And just to prove they

do not even possess the learning capacity of the higher anthropoids this fearless foursome then promptly took the wrong trail and got lost in the 300 m back to the start and almost missed the start of the circle after ignoring Two Fathers entreaties to follow the one true path.



But I digress.

The circle commenced and charges were laid. **Mighty Aphrodite**, **CountHerFeet**, **Two Fathers** and **Double Fister** for poor navigation. **Two Fathers** copped another one charged by DF for skiting he had hardly had a charge since relinquishing his interminable *GeeEmm*manship. **Methusela** was severely reprimanded for training in the park run. A **Haemorrhoid** look alike had to be appointed for the same charge, but I forget who it was. And **CountHerFeet** made a charge that stuck but for the life of me I can't remember what it was. I hope it wasn't important. **Too Keen** and **Haemorrhoid** were serenaded for their respective birthdays (thus the crown), no-one was able to help the rather puzzled woman who was looking for a lost dog and then there was a spirited if discordant rendition

MBH3

of the MBH3 anthem. **Pugwash** did not teletransport in.

Then the pack motored back to somewhere in the vicinity of First Street, where it all got a bit shambolic for a change. The evening ended as this report started.

Nuff said.



Some survived to have breakfast.



Going Downhill Fast

NEXT RUN

RUN 179: May Day, May Day

WHEN: Saturday 1 May 2021 at **3PM**

WHERE: Seaview Way, Long Beach

HAIR: Lost Rooster

AFTERS: On the deck. Or inside.

RUN 180

WHEN: Saturday 7 June 2021 at **3PM**

WHERE: Merinda Street Malua Bay

HAIR: Infallible

AFTERS: Yep.

RUN 181

WHEN: Saturday 3 July 2021 at **3PM**

WHERE: TBA

HAIR: Who Nose

AFTERS: Fuknose

RUN 182

WHEN: Saturday 7 August 2021 at **3PM**

WHERE: TBA (check with Stayz or Airbnb)

HAIR: Double Fister

AFTERS: You Bet.

SPECIAL NOTICE FROM GOBBLES

Expressions of interest are sought from the MasterBatemans H3 membership regarding a visit to Tasmania towards the end of October, to renew acquaintances with **Captain Pugwash and Sticky Date**, run/ jog/ walk with local Hashers and explore choice bits of the map of Tassie (see below).

The proposed venture could look a bit like this:

- i) make your way to Port Melbourne by Thursday 28 October
- ii) board the Spirit of Tasmania that afternoon
- iii) party all night and disembark at Devonport Friday 29th
- iv) drive to the Burnie/ Somerset region and find your digs (this may be fraught in light of iii)
- iv) party with Pugwash and friends on Saturday 30th
- vi) run with the Burnie Hash on Sunday 31st
- vii) rest and recover on Monday 1st November (it is the seventh instruction, after all)
- viii) either back on the Spirit on Tuesday 2nd, or off exploring (see below for map thingy – you can circumnavigate it in 14 days or less)

This itinerary should work quite well for those attending Aussie Nash Hash in Adelaide, which officially kicks off on Friday 5th November, as it would see you comfortably in

Adelaide in time for the Red Dress Run on the Thursday. A trip long the Great Ocean Road would do it.

Pugwash advises that accommodation is available at the Murchison Lodge (Best Western) about 1 kilometre from his mansion.

The GM will ask for a show of hands in the circle at the May run, just to get some idea of who's up for it. Subject to a positive response, something constructive may well be done to make it all come to pass.

Or not.

Here is a picture of a map of Tasmania.



(And you thought it might be something else. Admit it!)

Photo credits: Mighty Aphrodite, Double Fister, Haemorrhoid