

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

The Egalitarian Hash

Trash Volume . No requests to reduce sound

Run Number: 140 December 2017.

Weather: Damp - Trail obliterated within ten minutes

Hair: **Two Fathers**

Run Report: Brief and to the point.

Score: Quite good considering. Positive integer.

Thursday arvo.

"Well", said the Religious Adviser. "Stubby holders received, prawns and oysters ordered, quite a few rooms at the Mariners booked, weather a bit suss, **Gobbles** is getting the grog, including enough bubbles for **The Champagne Set Likealotta** is organised. What could possibly go wrong from here?"

Friday arvo.

"Umm, Puggers old chap" said the **GeeEmm**, "I am at the Mariners and been told the baitlayer has just cracked a shitty and snatched it. I think I'll pop round to the Soldiers' Club and see what they can do."

Saturday arvo at the drink stop.

"Hey **Two Fathers**, there is no champagne left and **Winnie** and **Energizer** have not even got here from the pub yet. You are in deep doo doo."

Saturday night

"FMD, this is not a dining destination, it's a bloody construction site. We shoulda been allowed in with our hi viz and boots."

Much later:

"Let's just hide in here behind the bank until the cops piss off and then make a dash for it back to the pub. I will look protect your good name."

"Phew, made it, but where is the RA?"

But I digress.

Saturday weather was sorta damp early with a bit of clearing rain. Will the **RA** get away with it yet again?

After the Friday evening curry sojourn **Weatherman** was spotted on the back verandah at the pub taking an ale-like respite with **Wombat** in preparation for the splendid run that was about to be set by the hair. **Mighty**

Aphrodite was catching a news fix in her palatial digs with functioning TV; **Mixo** and **Rummy** were taking in the seaside air along the promenade; **JR**, **SueEllen** and **Blue Hawaii** were doing fish n chips and others were still unsighted/unsightly.

By 1600 just about anyone who was anyone was on the back dick. **Champagne Set** were present for their annual visit, glasses in hand.



The **GeeEmm** and **Hair** volunteered (at the risk of being caught and dakked) to run very quickly (or give occasional pointing directions) as a sort of live hair due to the short sharp precipitation that obliterated the very recently set and scenic trail (something **Fluid Movement** was to be the main judge of). All we had to wait for was **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** the leading tidsoptimists and **Dangles** and **Pop Tart** and **Likalottapuss**. Or they were just late again. New members from November (temporarily known as **Chicko** and **Chips** until we think of something better) were introduced.

Walkers were guided by **Lost Rooster** who had inside information, and invalids (including **Big Boy**) were to be led on a shorter more direct route to the drink stop by **Doggy Bag** (also acting on inside information). It was not raining.

The pack blundered off following the spritely hair to the first arrow under cover of the pub carpark. **Fluid** took the lead after about 60 paces and gambolled off down the embarcadero followed by a fetchingly garbed Wonder Elf **Likealotta**. The pack strung out fairly promptly with the hair panting some vague directions from astern the leaders and **Gobbles** bringing up the

far far back. Down under the bridge, out to the oyster shed, loop around the foreshore park, back up the highway (with the tail catching the head briefly) and a quick detour into the underground and dry carpark with **Fluid** again in the lead. "Turn left at the fence at the carpark" gasped the **GeeEmm** faintly (but still near the front). By now **Fishfinger** was challenging the leading group and slight precipitation was present. Amazingly as the pack leaders turned left into a previously untraversed grassy lane **Wombat** materialised as if transported by magic or inspired short cutting. **Weatherman**, as befits his moniker, now had the parapluie out in an unaccustomed display of style and **Fishfinger** awaited further destructions from the still not-too-far-from-the-front hair.



Up the hill, round past the Forestry camp and a descent into mozzie gully and the bat camp bridge before a short paws for instruction on how to get to the drink stop. By now **Dangles** was also up with the FRBs.



Wombat inspected something.

After a short canter round past the hospital, down the hill, round the axe factory units, past the helipad and to the marina the walkers and runners were milling in confusion and thirst. "Where TF is the dray?!!!" was the querulous refrain. "Ummmmm, let me call the keyholder" said the by now astonished **GeeEmm**. After a short pause the problem was rectified and the panting, thirsty and not really very happy packs got into the turps aboard the good ship **Apothecary**



or at least those who had not taken temporary respite in the adjacent bar outta the rain.



How much champagne did you say was here?!!!!

(All complaints about VB, insufficient champagne, inadequate amounts of lemonade, and tasteless sweet potato crisps have been forwarded to someone who gives a.) It was noted that all Christmas cake and fruit mince pies and most of the chips were scoffed.

Then we headed for the circle and the seafood where the locusts descended into a feeding frenzy reminiscent of a delayed food drop off in the Yemeni capital. The champagne supply was restored and (nearly) all was forgiven.



The circle was more than usually chaotic and **Black Dog** was not even there. Due to an amazing coincidence, it was discovered by **Gobbles** and **Likealotta** that this was the actual date of the original birth of he who is now known as **Captain Pugwash**. By a further coincidence and due to some very quick organising the two intrepid chefs had acquired the ingredients for a special celebratory cake. It was made up from scratch right on the spot. By another amazing coincidence **Captain Pugwash's** bonce was located immediately under the relevant spot.



Cake chefs hard at work

It went downhill from there. Which was quite a good idea as the pub and the Soldiers' Club were also downhill.

At some point in time the pack and others sorta mustard at the Soldiers' Club and wandered like brown's cows along various alleyways and construction sites to a specially darkened spot where the sparky was frantically trying to restore some illumination. "Fuggit" said someone. "Let's just take these tables as far away as possible from the kitchen, the bar and regular people and get stuck into it." Due to considerable financial acumen and scrimping throughout the

year (and everyone paying up this weekend) the Hash Cash found some spare change and dumped it into a bar tray to assist in the lubrication of the event. It worked.

A bit later, (well about five hours) some hardy souls wended their way back to the Mariners for another badly needed imbibe. "It's on at Room 204" yelled one enthusiastic participant to all and sundry including the dozen or so yobbos who were milling about looking for somewhere to make mischief. "Oops. Maybe we will quietly change rooms. I will just go and get my gin."

The rest is history as were the remaining participants.

Breakfast was concocted by **Meat** and **Cap'n Pugwash** and someone led the keen part of the pack on a leisurely stroll to work up an appetite. Some comment about the previous evening ensued. It has not been recorded in the interests of anonymity and because most people have a vague idea of what went on. Bits of it might be true.

NEXT RUN:

Run 141

WHEN: Saturday 6 January 2018 at **4pm**
Eastern Australian Daylight Savings Time!!!

WHERE: Pacific Street Batemans Bay

HAIR: Likealotta

AFTERS: TBA

A BIT LATER (note slight change of order)

Run 142

WHEN: Saturday 3 February 2018 at **4pm**
Eastern Australian Daylight Savings Time!!!

WHERE: McKenzies Beach (Well, Bracken.
Directions later)

HAIR: Fishfinger

AFTERS: TBC. Maybe around the fire pit
(weather and council rules permitting).

AND LATER STILL:

Run 143

WHEN: Saturday 3 March 2018 at **4pm**
Eastern Australian Daylight Savings Time!!!

WHERE: Congo at Dangles' Auntie's place

HAIR: Dangles (unless he gets a call to arms)

AFTERS: Black Tie. Sherry will be served before
dinner. Or perhaps instead.

Caravan Park campground adjacent.



Another fine mess.....



Breakfast is over here somewhere.