

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

Trash Volume : #V141.01

Run Number: 141 January 2018.

Weather: Slightly warmer than last January or February

Hair: **Likealotta**

Run Report: Clear and concise which is more than can be said for the walk report.

Score: A massive 5 for the run and more massive, inexplicable perfect 10 for the walk.

It is not widely known that the building labelled Uniting Church in Batemans Bay is also put to use as a squash court. I suppose when people have a cardiac arrest playing that foolish "sport" they can just be dispatched without delay by the local parson. But I digress.

The hairress had set a rather splendid trail of about 7km, starting from the aforementioned dual purpose building. Due to mild confusion about which parking area resembled the starting point, the dedicated and soon to be dessicated pack was addressed by sel-appointed-stand-in GeeEmm (Emeritus) **Gobbles**, who also possibly introduced some or all of the visitors. **CRAFT** (from Newcastle and Brisbane Men's and not known to be related to Graft, also of Newcastle H3) was a first timer at MBH3 and very welcome he was too. Then it got confusing. **Just Ben**, from Melbun, appears to be a relative of **Haemorrhoid's**. Quite possibly his first cousin once removed. (This only took about half the walk to sort out. You probably had to be there.) His (Ben's) inamorata, **Just Dana**, appeared magically at the drink stop and appears to be no relation to **Haemorrhoid** which is probably a good thing.

Other visitors/returnees included **B2. Ms Cheeky** was missing inaction somewhere in the vicinity of Durras but that is hardly revelant.

Two Fathers eventually found the correct car park and the pack lurched into a stroll in the general direction of the long and winding Country Club Drive and the dizzy heights of Catalina, and Penguin Place, where the pack was given a welcome to country address by a couple of locals. Time has passed by this section of the Bay and so did we as we did a bit of bush bashing in the vicinity of Hanging Rock Crick. Somewhere up near the Reservoir the hairress's consort, **Just Mark** was waiting with a much needed drop of

water for the by now panting and sweat covered packs.

Fishfinger and **CRAFT** led the runners off at a tangent towards a version of The Ridge Road while the meanderers maunderered off in the general direction to the most desirable street in Batemans bay (at least that's how a Real Estate Novelist described Vista Ave at one des res) and the lush lovingly landscaped nature strips of buffalo grass underfoot and unexpurgated views of the Tollgates and stuff. It was almost all downhill from there with a quick lurch into (yet another) Ridge Street and The Sanctuary before popping outta the scrub onto the touristly trafficked Beach Road, past the flannelled fools on the ovals to a shady tree for another drink stop. Somehow the runners also got there but **Doggy Bag**, **Just Guy** and **Just Susie** (aka Chicko and Chips) were under the wrong tree at the start with no telephonic guidance. Oops. **Lost Rooster** was found and guided to the correct spot.

The circle was the usual well ordered affair with welcomes to the visitors and an incoherent walk report from **B2. Fishfinger** more coherently awarded the run a 5 and commented on the cultural aspects of the welcome to country as a highlight. I think **B2** did too. **CountHerFeet** made at least two charges, one of which stuck for a change. **Gobbles** was liedermeister again, a job he is growing into very nicely. **Sticky Date** remembered in time that **Gobbles** and **CHF** were celebrating birthdays. They had a drink for that as the choir sang tunelessly,

Then it was all over and we hauled the Eskys up to the top of the driveway and scoffed a few pulled pork brioches. What a smooth mob. Some went home and some stayed. No reports on dress standards.

NEXT RUN:

Run 142

WHEN: Saturday 3 February 2018 at **4pm**

Eastern Australian Daylight Savings Time!!!

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

HAIR: **Fishfinger**

AFTERS: Test drive of the newly installed pizza oven. Fussy eaters BYO ingredients or anchovies.

AND LATER STILL:

Run 143

WHEN: Saturday 3 March 2018 at **4pm**

Eastern Australian Daylight Savings Time!!!

WHERE: Congo at Dangles' Auntie's place on Congo Road behind the bushes about opposite the swings.

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

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

National Park campground more or less across the road down the well named Congo Campground Road and the crowds shoulda gorn. \$12 per person per night at that time of year.