

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

The Egalitarian Hash

Trash Volume: Sibilant

Run Number: 156, May 2019

Hair: Gobbles

Weather: FAQ

Afters: Curry and pecan pie

Score: 4 (1 each)

I wandered up to Arecibo on Saturday and tuned in with the assistance of James Bond to get a fix on the run. It is a bloody good thing I was using the world's largest single dish radio telescope



as the group was small and emitted relatively few discernible radio pulses until the curry kicked in. I think it may also have been the Golden Eye effect. But, jeez, it can see a long way and pick up a speck of dust on a fly's bum at about 2million km. It even looks into black holes which is not quite what you may think as a hasher.

But as a diversion and in another temporal plane I was able to get the technicians to bounce a signal off a rather different Space Ship Voyager meandering across the almost featureless Nullarbor Track. It seemed to stop very close to the 90 mile straight golf hole on the world's longest golf course where there were flashes off some apparently steel shafted implement and very faint signals from a small, densely packed object about the size of a gold ball, Bloody amazing technology.



But I digress.

Simultaneously I was able to get a bit of a signal from the deep north of tropical Australia where there was unaccustomed activity in the vicinity of Port Douglas. It turned out to be hash like behaviour with signal recognition made a bit difficult by some fume like clouds obscuring the signal intensity. They were a sort of red clouds but as the fog cleared and the algorithms were jiggled we ackshully got a picture.



Then bugger me if we did not get another image outta the fancy algorithm the astrophysical assistant pulled up. Can you believe this? I am not sure who is going backwards.



But back in the real world at Long Beach, I am sure I spied **Orson Welles** or maybe it was **Bushman** setting the pace on a triangular root set by the estimable **Gobbles** that was a bit difficult to follow as the radio signal had to be washed to get the blur of LB's macropod population outta the transmission. I am pretty sure I spotted another desert dweller **Matilda** looking trim taut n triffic and setting a cracking pace early. It looked very much as if the trail lurched off downhill towards the crick of Cullendulla and along the tree lined trail in the general direction of east, round past the dunnies and up past **Lost Rooster's** (watching Brumbies home game and they won) before perambulating back to the Litchfield Plaza for circling activity. Due to time limitations, the cost of the dish time, the signal cleaning requirements to wash out the effect of what may just have been transmission skip off the walls of the Plaza, I can only speculate how a quadrilateral circle can operate. Unfortunately (or perhaps mercifully) the audio channel was in full squelch so we had to retard it a bit (nothing to do with hash participants) so I cannot report fully on the quality of the rendition of the MB National Hanthem. But just as all seemed lost there was a curry effect, apparently a term of art, and the signal boomed through loud and clear as **CountHerFeet** was heard to say ShutTheFukup **Gobbles** and serve me more red wine with the pecan pie. **Orson Welles** boomed bassly through to declare they had got away with it again and the bucket was empty.

Shortly afterwards all transmission ceased.

NEXT RUN

RUN 157

WHEN: Saturday 8 June 2019 at **4pm**

WHERE: 11 Forrest Pde, Tomakin

HAIR: Captain Pugwash & Sticky Date

AFTERS: TBA

NOTE: Long weekend, not first Saturday. By swift executive guess of someone. We know that. So make plans now. Full executive presence is assured. Fire buckets will be fuelled. Poker stokers welcome.

RUN AFTER THAT

WHEN: Saturday 6 July 2019 at **4pm**

WHERE: 82 Illabunda Drive Malua Bay

HAIR: Two Fathers

AFTERS: TBA