

## MasterBatemans Bay HHH

## The Egalitarian Hash

*Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated*

Trash Volume: LxBxH

**Run Number:** 162, November 2019

**Hair:** Likealottapuss

**Weather:** Pretty warm with a N-W breeze and smoke haze. Cough splutter.

**Afters:** A Mexican theme and red wine with rugby.

**Score:** 7.

A couple of dozen humans and dogs began milling uphill from the hospital as the word had got around that the travlin **Likealottapuss** was back in town and setting a run. **Haemorrhoid** was unavoidably detained by unscheduled visitors but despatched **Too Keen** (who had quietly colluded with **Two Fathers** on attire for the day) and **B2** to make up numbers. **Roger the Cabin Boy** and **Daikos S Bend** (plus ankle biters, furry friends and geriatric child minders) arrived after a several month absinthe.

Minor confusion rained as cars were despatched to the finish point and **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** arrived before everyone else was ready. Which is different from before advertised starting time. **Lost Rooster** and **Rooster Booster** also mingled millingly before the chalk talk was delivered and the packs charged onto Pacific Street.

**Infallible** and **FishFinger** plunged to the lead: **Two Fathers** shuffled astern with the **GobbleFeets** in lukewarm pursuit as they meandered undulatingly along the trail. At the first check **Two Fathers** guessed right (well, left, and correctly) thus hitting the FRB position for at least 30 seconds as the runners streamed in the general direction of the pelican rest, past the Quays not stopping to admire the vermilion sculpture and took up apace past the marina and off around the footy ground before plunging vertically up the stairs to Sanctuary Place where a grinningly genial non participant **Cowboy** was offering beer. (Grimly declined as the pack perambulated persistently past more hills, found a couple of false trails, down Derrinbong on new territory.)

Meanwhile the walkers were walking, **B2** was chatting (he does that) and **Meat** was looking for a short cut (he does that) and **Roger** was pushing the pram (he does that) while **Captain Pugwash** was finding it difficult to herd and keep up with the older grandchildren (it's like that). **Sticky**

**Date** took notes for the walk report and **Easy** was up near the front (she does that).

As the pack of runners galloped out onto the flatlands beyond the High School (how did we get there?) into a howling gale **Infallible** and **FishFinger** were still out in front, mere dots on the horizon to the rest of the field gasping along gallantly. But somehow another dot appeared at the far end of the beach looking a bit bewildered and searching for trail up a cliff. HTF did **CountHerFeet** get out there? And where was **Gobbles** her faithful consort? (A: Dunno and Up the top of the cliff.)

From there it was a short sprint onto Observation Head as the pack of supremely affletic runners surged past the lethargic leftovers of the walkers and on to the scenic drink stop at the lookout where we gazed seawardly over the tollgates and sucked on a stubby or two.

After that it was vehicular transportation back to the Pacific Street hacienda for a mercifully brief circle. **FushFinger** forgot the routed award but the dummy spit turned up and was awarded ceremoniously to someone. **Meat's** birthday was marked (a month late) and **Dangles** returned from somewhere exotic with an obeisance (justified and iaw tradition) for the **GeeEmm**, who scoffed the offering forthwith. This almost put paid to the charge for arriving late or being in Braidwood when the run started. **FushFinger** and **Two Fathers** were successfully charged by **Infallible** for unhashmanlike behaviour for declining **Cowboy's** generous and thoughtful offer of a mid-run beverage.

Then it was into the hash mash (Mexican) and rugby (yarpies won) and international problem solving and the scientific certainty that hashing will get hotter and wetter (and maybe even drowned on coastal locations) in the near certainty that our preposterous guvmint will keep its collective head in the gradually increasing piles of drifting sand or up its collective fundament. Agreement on the last proposition is not yet established.

See next page for more stuff.

NEXT RUN

### RUN 163. CHRISTMAS RUN

**WHEN:** Saturday 7 DECEMBER 2019 at **4pm DST** but you can get there earlier and have a swim or whatever.

**WHERE:** Oaks Ranch, Old Mossy Point Road, Jeremadra.

**HAIR:** Two Fathers

**AFTERS:** Same place.

This is what it looks like at the refurbished pool area.



### BOOKINGS NOW JUST ABOUT CLOSED.

Write to Paddy O'Brien at [info@oaksranch.com.au](mailto:info@oaksranch.com.au) or [Paddy@oaksranch.com.au](mailto:Paddy@oaksranch.com.au) and mention you are from Hash. I think there may be one room (capable of being shared) left. But if you do and have not previously told me, **puhleeze** let me know so I can count you in for food and drink and stuff.

**If you are willing/want to share let me know.**

The fee for run/walk, bucket and seafood delites, 2 course dinner with beverages (until the bar tab runs out) is \$75. Subject to agreement with the ranch management and our own catering expert, some after hours access to the bucket may be available.

No Yellow will be served. Reasonable attempts will be made to recognise dietary and beverage related preferences.

Room rate at the Oaks Ranch includes breakfast (I suspect of the continental

variety.) Golfers if any to make arrangements with the management.

### Directions:

If travelling on the Prices Highway from the Bay go through Mogo and about 4km south turn left into Old Mossy Point Road. Go about 3.9km on that road, through the gate, another couple hundred metres turn left through the white gate on which there is a sign saying Oaks Ranch (and Country Club).

If travelling from Malua or Tomakin, poddle along George Bass Drive past Tommo IGA, across the bridge at Tomaga River then about 200m turn right into Estuary Way (into the land of large sheds) and follow it up to Clearwater Terrace, turn right and follow it through the builders fence, past the Hotondo home under construction onto the newish gravel road and then turn right at the while gate. Easy peasy.

### AND AFTER THAT RUN 164

**WHEN:** Saturday 4 January 2020 at **4pm DST**

**WHERE:** 127 Litchfield Cres Long Beach

**HAIR:** Gobbles with technical advice from CountHerFeet

**AFTERS:** There

### RUN 165

**WHEN:** Saturday 1 February at **4pm DST**

**WHERE:** Congo (Spiritual home of Dangles and Basil Brush)

**HAIR:** Pop Tart (and/or Dangles)

**AFTERS:** TBA