

MasterBatemens Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated



Trash Volume: about 118

Run Number: 220, Dec 2024

Hair: Haemorrhoid

Weather: Outstanding.

Afters: Mariners Pub

Score: 6.3

Christmas cums but once a year and so do a few hashers to the Christmas run. The **RA Infallible** did an outstanding (to the point of slight over cooking) job on the weather and the **GeeEmm** set a waddle of great scenic beauty and some newness that took in a few additional sites of the Bay area.

About 43 keen and finely tuned affletes in assembled more or less punctually on the back veranda of the Mariners to pay obeisance and \$20 to **CountHerFeet**. **Horse** was a late scratching with a busted fetlock. Half of **B2** (now known as **B1**) turned up; newbies **Cooch** and **Egg n Bacon** looked on with interest; and **HeadShot** returned for a second bout. **Captain Pugwash** and **Sticky Date** (founders) are now back on the mainland and illuminated the place with their presence. In spite of **GreenFinger's** late withdrawal, the **Gin Sluts** and **BlackDog** managed to get to the start. In an amazing recurrence of last year, **Winne** and **Energizer** even walked the run (or at least the first half) . Powered by egg and lettuce sambos.

Mighty Aphrodite brung her own reindeer.



After an untidy and irregular mustering on the lawn, at which a couple of people listened to the chalk talk, the pack meandered meaningfully out the front gate of the pub, through the carpark and followed trail. Front walkers included **Two Fathers**, **ToeSucker** and **Meat** as they strode out purposefully towards the soaring architectural marvel that carries the Princes Highway across the mighty Clyde and the pack strung out astern. With **FishFinger**, **Gerbils** and the **GeeEmm** also in positions near the front.



The trail, to the surprise of no-one, meandered over the soaring etc (bridge) and along the northern shoreline of the mighty Clyde River until it struck the Oyster Shed at Wray Street. By an amazing quincidence, the management seemed to have been expecting a group and had a few plates of oysters and prawns upon with the ravishing hordes fell with alacrity.



Some took their own corner of the market.



Even more amazingly, there was a bucket closely resembling property of the MBH3 in which there was a range of chilled beverages.



But all good things have their time and eventually the **GeeEmm** called for the troops to set out on the epic return journey (with some hints that following a marked trail might be a good idea if you wanted to get to the circle). Predictably enough this fell upon some deaf ears. **BlackDog** led the breakout for a while till **Toesucker** resumed a forward scout position. The wounded **Pugwash**, **Barbie** and **Energizer** (exhaustion) took advantage of the **Doggy Bag** express ambo service. Others limped on.

Over the soaring etc, then following trail (!) down to the loading ramp behind the Village Centre, past the old Visitor Centre, up a coupla back alleys, past some garbage bins and Uncle Dan's before a steep little pinch up to Bay Heights and some cunningly placed steps down to Crackatinny Park where the bucketmobile had arrived in a feat of coordination and timeliness that shall never be remembered. Stragglers and others who had not listened found their own way.

The circle never quite assumed some form of control as the **GeeEmm** and **RA** struggled mightily to be heard over the cacophony and private

conversations. And there was at least one curious bystander.



2F gave a rambling but accurate assessment and awarded the run 6.3 for reasons that remain unclear. (Oysters, prawns, weather, new bits....) The mounted police took a slow walk past and responded to enthusiastic waving from the assembled motley crude.

Newbies were welcomed. **Cooch**, **Egg n Bacon**, **Just Nigel**, some other bloke.

Returners: a few including **Pugwash n Sticky Date**, **KanDoo** (who produced some overseas beer from Bruny Island or somewhere as homage to the **GeeEmm** and **RA**), **JR**, **Sue Ellen** and **Blue Hawaii**.

Mighty Aphrodite awarded the Rooted and Routed Award to a deserving **CountHerFeet** for taking an early nap after a Hash lunch. She was rooted.

After a bit of milling and further ignoring of the **GeeEmm** the circle was declared wallaby **Ted's** brother and there was a bit of a rush for the pub or in some more genteel cases a shower.

Santa appeared, assisted by an elf, on a reindeer and directed by **BlackDog**.



NEXT RUN

RUN 221

WHEN: Saturday 4 Jan 2025 at **4pm DST**

WHERE: 82 Illabunda Drive Malua Bay

HAIR: Two Fathers

AFTERS: Same Place. BYO road kill or protein substitute for BBQ.

Sniffer Dog and Esra were sorta present.



Rooster Booster was thrilled to receive hers.



The pub stopped pouring at 8.45pm for some reason.

And...

That's about it.

EXCEPT FOR

MBH3

Going Downhill Fast