

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated



Trash Volume: fairly robust

Run Number: 230 Oct 2025

Hair: Sticky Date

Consultant: Roger the Cabin Boy

Weather: Mild.

Afters: On the beck dick

Score: -6.9 (see much later)

IN which:

The prodigious prodigals returneth.

Read on.

Captain Pugwash and **Sticky Date** have returned to the girt bits after a rather-longer-than-expected sojourn on the little bit off the southern end of the big island. To mark the auspicious event the First Inaugural Initial Catalina Canter conceived and concelebrated by them with the assistance of **Roger the Cabin Boy**, **Just Ava** and **Just Louis**. Affletes mustard from places near and far to mark the event. Some (mebbe **Meat and Easy**) came from as far away as Burrill Lake and the latecummers (what's new?) **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** jet lagged in from somewhere far away. **Cowboy** dropped in from round the corner. But I digress.

The pack paused obediently for chalk talk then lurched off at a mostly geriatric pace, quickly left far astern by **Two's Yer Daddy?** and, for a while, **Roger TCB** and occasionally **Rooster Booster** who chase to ackshully run. The trail led off towards Vista Ave and plunged hither and thither

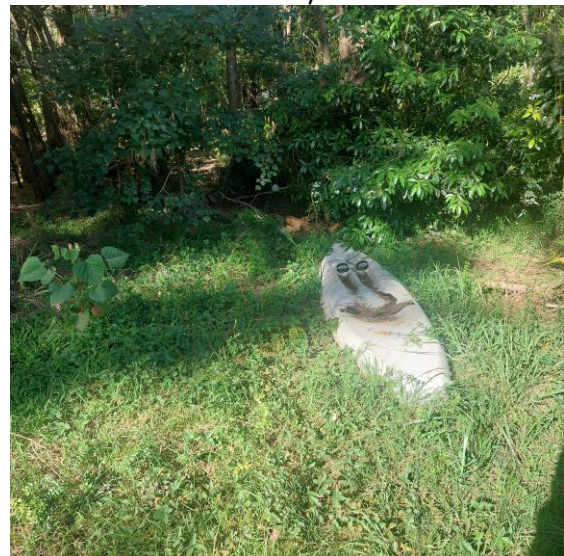


through bits of Catalina Mid Heights in a more or less westerly direction along the lower bit of

Heron road, past the 17th before magically meandering through Hanging Rock Creek Park (or some other but of shrubbery and crick)



then past a slightly pre loved surfboard reclining beside the foetid waterway





where **FishFinger** and **Dangles** were chatting about the glory years ahead of the strung out pack which was led by **Ruby the Wonder Dog** and chief handler **Sticky Date**



The trail such as it was,



eventually left the mozzie infested crick side and lurched back towards suburbia or what passes for it in the Catalina Mid Lows



and even the octogenarian **Cowboy** and **Two Fathers** and the slightly younger **Infallible** and **Lost Rooster** remained more or less in touch with the pack as it started the long and tiring trek seawards along the aptly named Country Club Drive (mostly flat) with **Two's Yer** and **Roger** still out front (but closely pursued by **Meat**) as they lobbed at Beach Road the welcome sign of civilisation



which led onwards and upwards (and avoided the entirely unattractive option of following the runners' extension) whereupon they reached the promised libation location



where there was dancing and drinking for all, and a gathering of the royal and ancient was facilitated by the provision of suitable seating



From there it was but a short gambol to the finish with **Pop Tart** one of the leading navigators to the beck dick where the soopreem affletes gathered





An elongated oval sorta shape formed and some stuff went on. Snacky stuff was swooped on, then there were charges, birthdays and other things but I lost my notes. The anthem was sung with gutso and then the barby was lit.

EM TASOL

Except for
NEXT RUNs

RUN 231

WHEN: Sat 1 Nov **at 4pm DST time**

WHERE: Spud Point more details to follow)

HAIR: Wishing Well

Consultant: Maggot

AFTERS: Fine dining courtesy of Wishing Well at her place. Breakfast at Maggot's next morning.

We/they need to know who is gunna be there for each event so let me know very soon! If you would like to provide a salad have a chat to Wishing Well at robinsc44@hotmail.com

RUN 232 Xmas cums but once a year.

WHEN: Sat 6 Dec 2025 **at 4pm DST time.**

WHERE: Nelligen in the carpark at the SteamPacket Hotel.

HAIR: Gobbles (aka GeeEmm)

AFTERS: Steampacket Hotel (Talk directly to Gobbles if you have not already let us know you will be there.).