

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated



Trash Volume: Decrescendo

Run Number: 235 Mar 2026

Hair: Gobbles (assisted by CunningLinguist)

Weather: Shithouse.

Afters: Litchfield Taj Mahal

Score: -69.69

And the word was "leeches".
And the other word was "fuckenwet". Due possibly to the confusion generated by the presence in S-E Queensland of the RA **Infallible**. This absinthe was covered by an instant appointment of temporary, acting, unpaid, stand-in, make-believe, pseudo, wannabe RA **Greenfinger** and his thoughtful transfer of the SEQ weather to the Long Beach region. Or it was just the effect of a downdraft of the persistent tropical low that has drenched Alice Springs and Anna Creek leaving them verdant



on its way accompanied by sturm und drang and other upsets of nature into the local area?



I mean would you go out for a stroll in weather like this? This may explain why the Brumbies match was delayed for an hour and a half. But I may digress.

For the second successive month the Hash was in Long Beach. The weather was initially iffy but

that did not stop a long list of a coupla dozen highly motivated hashers from far and near and the Central Coast turning up. Some even brung spare clothes.

Sniffer Dog and **DUI** fitted in a visit between international excursions. **CL** and **Sunshine** (have caravan will travel) lobbed from up the coast via Catalina and **Maid Marion** turned up in sisterly fashion to grace the Hash with her presence. With **Meat n Easy**, the **Gin Sluts** (including **Freezer** happy birthday) and the **four Ps** it was beginning to resemble a reunion of the Mekong Interhash. **Pole Dancer** popped in smilingly from Batehaven and even **KanDoo** popped in from Phuket.

The pack milled in place while **Gobbles** uttered some chalk talk punctuated by tears shared with **GreenFinger** from their disturbing sojourn in Sydney a coupla days earlier, still sobbing and snuffling and saying how the fuck can Swans kick 12 goals in a quarter while **CountHerFeet** grinned and **BlackDog** remained mute. (I made that last bit up. It never happens) There was a bit of speculation about the BOM Willy weather map and how long the rain would hold off grumble grumble. Then they were off. Cautiously and as it turned out unduly optimistically. But you could still see the tollgates,



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so it was gunna be alright. And they were orff, led by the evergreen **Haemorrhoid**, rushing for Blair's Road and the tree bestrewn beauty of the Cullendulla National Park and Square Head where a still dry **Sniffer** and **DUI** were performing a three legged descent of the skinny but still navigable track.



But...

The gloom gathered out to sea.



And then.... the Pluvius Maximus arrived and it pissed down for the rest of the wander.

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Even the track turned into a



torrent which made **GreenFinger's** already finely tuned concern about the vertiginous edges of the cliffs of Square Head even more trepidations. As those in the pack who had not wisely bailed out, including **Soggy Date**, **Too Damp**, **Meat to Soak You** and **Easy Come Easy Sogged**, slogged on and on towards the drink stop at **Rooster's** ("permission granted I will be at the footy") in a futile attempt to escape the deluge where the pack was met by **Captain Pugwash** and the slightly wounded (but dryish) **Sunshine** both assiduously guarding the bucket. The sodden pack (did I mention there was some rain?) partook of **CHF's** excellent sangria and sundry other alcoholic beverages.

Leeches were brushed off various parts of various runners (an action that continued well into the post walk festivities) and **Just Herb** and **Just Ru**, virginal neighbours of **Gobbles** were clearly wondering when they would meet the expected group of mature new friends they were expecting. Or whether there was any other thing that would bring them back to the hash.

Then OnIn to the start/finish at Litchfield Mahal, where several sodden participants decamped to drier places, never to be seen again (that night). Others, including the Slutz (how did **Winnie** and **Energizer** get wett??) returned drily clad.

A circle formed drippingly in the lounge room where several other pet leeches were consigned to the floor with the wet towels. **Just Herb** and **Just Ru** were deflowered and **Just Herb** regaled the pack with some pertinent facts. Much merriment ensued, charges were doled out at random but not recorded for posterity. (But see the STOP PRESS)

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Gobbles was awarded the Rooted and Routed Award because everyone was. And because it was the wettest Route ever created in the history of Hashdom. Or at least the last 50 years or even the last 20 years of MBH3. **GreenFinger's** splendid rendition of *Singing in the Rain* displaced the normal anthem and the circle was Wallaby Ted's brother.

After that it ws onto the eating and drinking, with exquisitely and lovingly prepared roadkill prepared by chef **Gobbles***, a generous lashing of Burrill Lake Bakery finest and numerous salads n stuff (no kale has been reported) and numerous bottles of fine red resulting from the competition to bring the most expensive and dust laden product from various cellars. The whole event punctuated occasionally by more leeches dropping to the floor making it look like a scene of a fatal stabbing with blood that remained until the following Tuesday. (I merely report the facts as passed to me by normally reliable sauces.)

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2F 🍷

*This modest assessment provided by the chef.

EM TASOL

Except for

NEXT RUNs

RUN 235 20th Anniversary

WHEN: Sat 4 April 2026 at 4pm DST time.

WHERE: First St South Durras

HAIR: Haemorrhoid assisted by Too Keen

AFTERS: There

Maybe more later on this one. Wottaway to spend Easter.

The Haberdasher is working on haberdash.

Numbers for catering etc definitely needed!!!

RUN 236

WHEN: Sat 2 May 2026 at 3pm proper time.

WHERE: Dunno Yet

HAIR: Position Vacant

AFTERS: Ditto.

STOP PRESS:

It is reliably reported that **Freezer Balls** celebrated a birthday of some undisclosed number by being sung to in the circle, then attending the SteamPacket on Sunday for a quiet drink with friends and some Hashers.

