

Hash Trash (1st 10 years)

3 /24/2007 H5 Run #303

10th Reunion Hash

Hares: Fart Conner and Headfirst

Little Meadow Park, Hershey

WOW! What a great time! It was nice meeting and talking to non-returns, as well as mingling with the ones we already know! Thanks to all who made it happen!

OnOn, XO

BigRig and Jello

H5 Wankers,

Thanks for the shitty time yesterday on the 10th Annalversary hash run.

Classic shiggy and police checks made it all the more enjoyable. And the

Troegs beer for circle was great as well.

FYI: the Nittany Valley 20th anniversary hash is Saturday, April 28th. While it probably won't be near as organized as your event, we promise a good trail and fun apre afterwards. More details will be available on our website at: <http://nvhhh.org> Click on the April 28th upcumming event date.

And don't forget, on-line registrations are open for the Nittany Valley 1000th weekend, August 3-5 at the Sons of Italy campsite in Lock Haven. Click on the link on at the top of the webpage for more registration details.

ON-ON!!

Pork Screw

Hey There Man

Thanks to all those who made it out to H5's 10 Year Reunion Trail. Hey, does anybody remember the 70's band "Reunion"? They did the song "Life is a Rock (But the Radio Rolled Me)"

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=16kh-AP4OCU>

That's one of those songs that those radio stations that play songs you just don't hear any more doesn't play. The trail started at Little Meadow Park that did cause a planning problem for the planning committee to find a place for all to park. That's because you're not supposed to park on the grass and there is no parking lot. That issue was solved by parking at the Red Robin and carpooling to the Park. There is also a 5 foot by 3 foot sign that the township could have saved a lot of money on if they had just made a smaller sign that said "No HASHING".

As hash start time passed at least 50 hashers were assembled and ready to start on a decent spring day. It was definitely a nicer day than about 3 weeks before when most of the trail was under 6 feet of water. The hares Headfirst, Fart Connor, and dog Delia were up the driveway in slothy speed. Moss wasn't growing on my back but it was catching up to me. Originally I wanted the Turkey Trail to go up the driveway and the Eagle Trail to go directly across the Swatara Creek. Me and Delia were out scouting one 30 degree day and looked at the creek not frozen because the water was flowing. We looked at the water, a little voice told me "This is da' BOYS, don't do it or we're heading north." On to Plan B.

Turkey and Eagle trails went together for just over a mile to the well disguised first beer check in Fart Connor's truck with the pirate flag on the antenna that the entire pack had driven past on the way to the park. Trail so easy even a hasher can do it, at least to this point. While using a tennis ball soaked in flour to make nice round marks, a car pulls up beside me. I look over through the open passenger window and see Just Tamara! Talk about auto hashing I'm thinking! Turns out, and I'm making a supposition here, that she's just getting home from somewhere right when our hash is starting and not going! I got to my truck, where there was a flour stash, and decided the about 15 pounds of flour I still had in my hare bag was enough. I also realized how stupid it was carry 15 pounds of flour when I had a stash in my truck. I thought I heard calls of On On, time to go! In my haste I crossed a small stream down from where it was knee deep. Next thing I'm holding my Bag O Flour up out of the water that is now up to my chest. I remember my cell phone on my belt that I turned off so as not to have technology on trail. The waterproof container that I have in My Bag O Shit is nice and dry. Now I really don't have technology. Being that it was turned off, is the screen that is now blue "The Blue Screen of Death" or signs of life? I'll take Everyday's advice and let it sit in a sunny window for a couple of days and not mess with it. I make it not even a hundred yards from the stream and realize that I forgot to mark the Eagle split, Shit! I throw off my flour bag and my Bag O Shit and cross back over the stream where it is knee deep and haul ass back to my truck, rip open a bag of flour and make an E with a true trail arrow. I think about taking flour and change the trail to cross at the knee deep point and grab the One Way street sign that I have legally obtained and made into a true trail arrow for trail later. I look about 100 yards back to the bridge and here comes an FRB! Now it's really time to go. Shortest way? Back through the chest deep water. The water wasn't too cold because "Da Boys" only went a little north. Now if this would have been any other hash would I have been caught? My water crossing short cut might have saved my ass. I see about 20 hashers as I get out of sight of the beer check. In my mind I hear "I just saw the hare, let's slam this beer and go!"

From what I hear, shortly after some beer was consumed and about 20 hashers took off on the Eagle trail, some nice police officers arrived responding to a call about terrorists leaving a trail to follow laid by a blind person with a guide dog. Everyday Asshole crossed the creek by using the above ground water pipe and natural gas line. They yelled at him to come back but Everyday pretended he was

Hares: **Fart Conner and Headfirst****Little Meadow Park, Hershey**

deaf and just kept going. I guess the police weren't that worried because they didn't get out of their cars and take the short cut across the stream after saving the water and gas line. I can't help think what would have happened if they were a little earlier and saw me and **Delia**. **Good karma, Gispert was with us. Even more interesting would be if the police saw Headfirst and me on Friday carrying beer in backpacks.** Did anybody that did the Eagle Trail notice the blue high school bus in the parking lot? I'm not sure what school it was from but their nickname was "Trojans". I wonder what their mascot looks like? Back to the backpacks. Just think of it. Oh shit, they're going to blow up the sewer plant! I can see the headlines on CNN. Terrorists blow up Fecaed Trout Hatchery! That's pronounced "feck-eld". Apparently it was OK to drink beer in public there and just do the Turkey Trail.

As far as I know the pack is on my ass and I'm hauling it best as I can to the second beer check. Good time for a boob check. Now **I realize that there are no rules, more like guidelines, but I need all the help I can get. I made it to the hollow tree with the beer check without a hasher in sight or hearing. I wish I had time to put one of those yard gnomes in there, that would have looked cool. Or just have Desperate Dave emerge from the tree stump. Apparently this was a nice tree for Quarterstick to climb the outside of and the newest member of the Legion of Dumb, Cums and Glows, climb up the inside and pop his head out like a big squirrel.**

From here the trail followed the banks of the Swatty for a good distance till a nice hill of some stuff that I wish I could find a nice geological term for that transformed itself into the nice terrain. Here is where me and Headfirst's scouting saved my ass. I basically had to make a big mile loop to the last beer check sunk in an old farm pond and back to the same spot where I was at. **Puke Panther tells me that I was really lucky. I know that not far ahead on the bank of the Swatty it is a 45 degree angle of a slippery bitch. I opt for the 2 feet ahead and one foot back 100 feet up the hill to a ridge at a construction site. The trail went to the top of the pile of prime farming topsoil that had been scraped off to sell to homeowners shopping at Wall Mart to buy back and put back on their properties that we can't hash through any more with out the police being called. It's not far from here to the pond with a backpack with Girl Scout Thin Mints and an upside down Old Milwaukee can stuck on the sapling with the rope tied to the sunken beer check on it. No Name tells me that there was some difficulty retrieving the beer because of all the rocks I had to use to sink it and the pirate flag on the rope. Did you know that cans of beer float? I pick up the 5 pound bag of flour stashed and go forward, never straight.**

Here's where I have to be careful because I have to loop my way back to "The Hill". I can't go too slow because of the FRB's and I can't go too fast because of the DFL's. I think that I didn't get caught because the FRB's waited at the beer check for 20 minutes. **H5 ROCKS. Give them beer and Girl Scout Cookies! On this part of the trail me and Delia saw wildlife. A few deer and wild turkeys. At least I doubt that the turkeys were tame because they didn't have bottles. Remind me to tell youse of the bite I got from Wild Turkey. I had enough flour to write "SHORT CUT" in flour across from Little Meadow Park. I figured that Deathwish wasn't there so nobody would be dumb enough to take it. There wasn't even a true trail arrow. I got to the steep nasty bank and could hear wankers yelling from a long distance away and was glad that I had to take my time as I was going toward them. Just keeping my flour bag out of the water when I slid in took a while. By this time "Da Boys" didn't care anymore. Gispert was with me. True Trail arrows following the same trail out and back to where the trail actually ended at the first beer check.**

I cross the stream a little further up and only get wet knee deep and make it back to my truck and hear about the police drama. That's why there were so many people there. The bastards even drank all my Old Milwaukeees. I broke out the emergency case of Yuengling Lager that I had in a backpack that the pack hadn't found and went back on the Eagle Trail and across the stream again, to escort the Eagles in. Judging by the 20 minute time lag between getting back and running into the FRB's I know how close they could have been. If I remember correctly the FRB's were Dick On a Stick, Eager Beaver, and No Name who talked Eager and Dick out of taking the short cut.

I'm sure **Fart Connor** and **Dancing Fool** would appreciate the social conciousness of the pack for picking up all the trash along the road and putting it in **Fart's** truck. I had to be carefull to weigh the trash bags down so they didn't blow out of my truck like **Danny Middleton's** bike did while driving on Rt. 283 and I lost OE's prize posession.

It's late at night or early in the morning, depending on when I got up yesterday, if you wanna hear about the On In at the VFW in **Steelton**, ummmm, **somebody else write it! Did you ever notice how most of the stuff I write relates to trail?**

Thanks for all those who helped by attending or helping. You are enablers. H5 pulls one out of it's ass. Somehow I think I had the **most fun doing this trail.**

**On Out
Fart Connor**

>> I think that I didn't get caught because the FRB's waited at the beer check for 20 minutes. H5 ROCKS. Give them beer and Girl Scout Cookies! <<

Yeah, the cookies were good, but what was with those oysters? They looked nasty!

>>On this part of the trail me and **Delia** saw wildlife. A few deer and wild turkeys. <<

Also spotted were two deer carcasses in varying states of decay, and a lone dead opossum (no, it wasn't just playing dead!).

>> If I remember correctly the FRB's were Dick On a Stick, Eager Beaver, and No Name, who talked Eager and Dick out of taking the short cut. <<

Thereby most likely saving their lives - or at least their dignity.

Thanks for a truly shitty trail, **Fart**. The shiggy was so tall I have scratches on the top of my shaved head! It was glorious!

No Name

Hares: Fart Conner and Headfirst

Little Meadow Park, Hershey

Once you've hashed with H5 a couple of times, you know that whatever crap has been sitting in the pantry for five years, that the dog won't even eat, will be gone in five minutes if you bring it to the hash. Thanks Delia for letting us have your leftovers!

She Came

3 /17/2007 H5 Run #302

H5's St. Paddy's Day Hash

Hares: Tour de Puke

Lower End of city Island

Oy Vey Me Wankies

Oops, sorry, wrong holiday. If today's ramblings seem to ramble and seem to be more discombobulated than normal it's probably because they are. Something about a 30 hour work day, if you count getting to come home and snow blow the driveway, a 2 hour nap, and going to the H5 Saint Patricks Day Hash. My priorities must be right because I made it through work and made it to the hash too, I couldn't blow off work like I usually do.

Me and Delia made it to the well hidden hash starting place on City Island in Harrisburg right beside a parking garage that had a lot of Chevy Caprices and suspicious looking Ford Crown Victorias in plenty of hash time. About 40 hashers assembled on a glorious day that G had seen fit deposit a glorious coating of virginal white stuff about 8 inches deep, not long, that the hashers were to soon to defile. For some reason as we waited for the wankers that had for got to set their clocks ahead there were many beer down warnings. For some reason the Police like to drop off cars here.

The hares are off right on hash time with green colored flour that showed up well in the nice snow that G had provided. The pack milled about drinking beer, socializing, and getting ready for trail. Recently, between working in the snowfall and hashing in the snow, I've had some revelations. One is that when the amber safety light on the work truck is flashing and all the snowflakes are reflecting the light back at you it's sort of like, "Like, woowow Man!" Maybe you had to have been there? Secondly the tint in my photo gray lenses made my pee in the snow look green. Maybe I have a wee bit of the Irish in me? Maybe you didn't want to be there! I wonder if there were any dashboard cameras in the Chevy Caprices and Crown Victorias pointed our way? Film at beer:thirty.

Twelve minutes later the pack took off. The first part of the trail was easy to find as the only direction to go was in the Susquehanna River or toward the road. We soon crossed into the Pa. State Capitol of Harrisburg with many nearby bars. Even with all the St. Paddy's Day revelers, some of the townsfolk looked at the hashers with amusement. They couldn't have been looking at me being pulled by Delia or Glass Ass being pulled by Beer Slut as both of us blended in with the crowd dressed in our St. Patricks Day finest. As for myself, I had the awesome green windbreaker that Tour De Puke haberdashed last year and florescent green Nike sneakers with a gold swoosh and shamrocks on them. The thirsty for beer pack arrives at a BN only to be rejected because there were no reservations! Damn, 4 O'clock on a Saturday afternoon and the bars are packed! This couldn't have anything to do with St. Patricks Day falling on a Saturday? Would it have anything to do with hashers falling on a Saturday? Someone should do a survey. Our quick witted hare improvised by moving us to another bar.

Me and Delia, Glass Ass and Beer Slut had to stay outside with our respective dogs as the rest of the pack indulged in Guinness and Southwick. Bein' Delia's a black lab mutt I need to buy some blind person gear stuff and try going into a bar. Glass Ass regaled a couple of bag pipers as they were trying to tune up for their musical session by playing badly on my bugle, something I could have easily done myself. I revoked the bugle and me and Glass Ass acquired doggie sitters and we entered the bar upon my promise not to play the bugle while in the bar and the bag pipers were playing. I had a beer and figured that this was probably a good time to take a leak. Yeah, I know, too much information but it gets better. Me and a civilian are leaking in separate urinals watching Glass Ass entertaining himself with the automatic paper towel dispenser. I must have looked somewhat normal with a fanny pack, a bugle stuck in the band, and taking a leak because the civilian mentioned to me that the "fluthered" people are out already.

<http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=fluthered>

Hey, do blind people have to clean up after their dogs?

Stevie Wonder and Jose Felliciano playing tennis. Forever love?

The trail went on and back to City Island where I had the misfortune to follow Eager Beaver. We went in a huge 180 degree, what the hell happened to the degree symbol on the typewriter, arc around the baseball stadium in the wrong direction and finally crossed trail as the shot check was consumed. Here is where a lot of hashers blew off trail and went back to their cars because they were close. Was this a Turkey Trail designed into the trail? We'll never know because the hares never mentioned it!

Now we got into some shiggy, wow, I just found the icon to hit to spell shaggy, shit. Anyhow, we hit shiggy, if you count railroad tracks, and continued for a while till the trail went straight up the hill. The former Just Barb was daunted by this hill but she endeavored to persevere and eventually made it to the top. The former Just Mike was on this adventure too. Trail went across a ridgeline to a check and then to a false! Those wascawee hares! The trail went way the "insert your favorite 4 letter word here", back down the hill! It was neat standing on the hilltop and watching the silly true trailers following True Trail half a mile below. Don't give up the high ground! Most of the pack, having a general idea of where Tour's house is blew off trail and followed Sister Maria. Massive shortcutting through private property where if we went through in the summer the home owners would have been out en mass. Awesome view of the Susquehanna River where some homeowner spent buku bucks having his trees elevated so we could see the view of the river today even though the trees had no leaves on them. Soon after and well before the true trailers, we came to a Shot Check! The shots tasted like ground up Girl Scout Thin Mint Cookies and vodka. Hey! What happened to She Came and Piper, I saw them at the beginning of trail! Soilent Girl Scout Cookies? If you don't get that you mustn't have seen the movie "Soilent Green". They delivered Girl Scout cookies! I hope they are well. Speaking of the beginning of trail, what happened to Sticky Bunz? I noticed

Hares: Tour de Puke

Lower End of city Island

that she wasn't dressed for trail and didn't have sensible shoes on. At any rate the pack regrouped and we were On On! I saw Self Services pickup truck, and hopefully T-BO was in it too, pass the pack.

More trail and back to the B spot of the A to B trail. Another beer check is waiting. The H5 credo of a beer check every mile keeps the pack going, plus with every step we are getting closer to Tours house and the suspected HHH. Beer in the woods! I must say that I enjoyed the snow. Soon it's going to be getting hot and the bugs are going to be biting and if we have beverage checks where we do now hashers are going to get bit to pieces and are going to be bitching! That's why I love Pennsylvania, the changing of the seasons. I'm not sorry about that mental tangent. The pack, complete with Just Barb, makes it back to Tours.

Eventually circle ensues and punishments are metted out. Some of the important events, relative to hashing, are namings. Just Barb got named "Amelia Air Hard", relative to her piloting experience. I still like better, relative to her getting lost on trails, even though they weren't easy, "Erectionally Challenged". Just Mike got named "I Love My Mullet Dude", or something like that even though he doesn't have a mullet. Hey former Just Mike, see what happens when you don't do something stupid other than being in trees with the Legion of Dumb or letting women rob you of your clothing at the Free Beer For All The Hashers Hash? Why are the letters on this screen starting to move? When they start to ask me questions I'll worry about it! Doodle mentioned an accusation that I find hard to believe didn't go down! Sister Maria shortcuted the trail! Nooooo, Yoooo must dooooo the trail! I feel bad because I didn't support her on this accusation. I guess it was because I shortcuted too. Hey Sister, you are an important element of H5 but if you can be used for entertainment that will ARRRRRRR. Now I gotta' bust on the pack. Either you believed my story that my florescent green Nike sneakers with a gold swoosh and shamrocks on the sneakers, that you had never seen before, were not brand spankin' new or you forgot to mention it in circle and make me drink out of one of those NEW shoes! Somehow in my conversations with Just Tamara and, I'm ashamed to admit, Desperate Dave, I learnt a new word. "courtesan"

<http://thesaurus.reference.com/browse/courtesan>

Not New Anymore
Fart Connor

3 /3 /2007 TMINFMH3 Run #92

Full Crow Moon Hash

Hares: Lunachic

Park -n-ride lot off 283 on 743.

Howdy Ya' Do All

For those of you who missed today's truly shitty trail, as my generation would say it, "Up yours!" Amazingly many hashers had **nothing better to do on an early Saturday evening than to do a Lunachick trail and arrive early. As for myself and Headfirst, we made sure to get done scouting trail for H5's 10 Year Reunion Hash on March 24, 2007 and arrive in plenty of time for today's hash.**

The trail started on usual hash time that didn't really matter anyhow because it was already dark at the proposed starting time of 6:30 PM. This was really cool though because the clouds were broken up enough to see a partial lunar eclipse. The trail also wasn't canceled because it snowed on Feb. 14. Our live hare, Lunachick, took off in a blaze of blinding speed and disappeared into the darkness. 12 minutes later the pack took off and was lulled into a real sense of security. Within ¼ of a mile a sort of unmarked Police car pulled the pack over and asked Tour De Puke what the hell we were doin'? Tour replied with the proper running club with a drinking problem errr, cross country running club looking for country to cross and hadn't found it yet because we were still on the nice dry road. That seemed to satisfy the officer and he gave the pack a ticket for wearing dark clothing, sunglasses at night, and running on the wrong side of the road and went about his business.

The trail took a turn for the shitty here. Oh, did I mention that Route 743 where our parking spot was is also known as the Hershey Highway? The nice hare got us off that nasty hard piece of paved side road to the Hershey Highway into a nice field of shoe sucking mud that had defrosted to be about 6 inches deep in some places. No, it's not a white man in a porno movie! Let alone, what kind of porno movie. Get your mind out of the mud! However, we don't know what kind of fertilizer might have been in that mud. Hey, how do female English teachers get pregnant? Do they conjugate a verb? The pack slogged onward with many thanks to the hare. At least this mud didn't cling to your shoes in growing poundage and make the whole pack walk like 30 Frankensteins. That might have looked cool in a night vision camera or be mistaken as "The Night of the Living Dead". The mud soon lead to the Conewago Trail, that is closed after sunset, and a short distance away there was a BEER NEAR! The gallons of thirsty suds were consumed as the pack reassembled for what would be the last gathering of the entire pack only 1 mile into the 5 mile trail.

We got to a check at a road and some of the pack went downhill and others followed like lemmings, no flour. Of course the trail went uphill! A short distance later with some confustulation the pack found that the crafty hare had maneuvered us back into the woods. Now, for putting out flour in the dark in still snow covered woods the trail was well marked, but as the trail meandered in the darkness the trail was a bitch to follow. I arrive at that judgement because I occasionally caught up with the FRB's. I must respect Lunachick's haring here because she got us through the woods past private property with no one being shot. I recall Uncle Fester mentioning something about if he hears banjos playing I'll see him moving really fast. This is an example of what makes hashing really awesome, we're out after dark in the woods, yelling On On, Arrrrr you, various expletives as we enjoy the shiggy, and you can hear Quarterstick clearing a path through the woods. It's winter and the locals have their windows shut and can't hear anything and wonder why their dog is raising hell. In the summer they'd be out there with their guns thinking that we were a Satanic cult hunting down an escaped human sacrifice! The trail went on for a long distance, longer than a mile I'm sure. That violates the H5 credo of "A beer check every mile." I guess we can let Lunachick slide because DOAS made up for that last weekend and at this point nobody had broken any bones. Finally we came to a shots near and most of the pack reassembled. Now, I'm not sure if this was built in Turkey Trail because Lunachick did not mention it, but we lost some hashers because it was close to the parking lot. The longer tougher half of the trail was done. At this point, instead of taking the easy way to the road and going away from the parking, me and Delia followed Sister Maria. "Nooo, the trail goooes this way, through the nasty extra thoorny shiggy." Delia got stuck in the thorny stuff because she had a shirt on, and maybe, because she's a black lab mix, looked like Tar Baby stuck in the briars. I carried her for about 25 feet and all was shitty again.

Hares: Lunachic

Park -n-ride lot off 283 on 743.

What the hell were we doin', following trail away from my fine truck! Oh, that's right, we're hashing, it doesn't have to make sense! Many in the pack know that we are going toward Rockwell's, the proposed On After spot. Rockwell? Isn't that an 80's band that had one hit? "Somebody's Watching You"? The hare turned us back to the start before we got to Rockwells and all were not happy. Somehow I missed the next shot check. It's a real coincidence that about this point I dug the well shaken but not stirred Old Milwaukee out of my Bag O Shit. Maybe that's why I missed the shot check! I sipped and walked along the road till I came to the Conewago Trail again. Hmmm, X, which way do I go! A wonder full moon was out by this time and I followed it back to beer and the Conewago Trail. A beer check. Almost under Route 283. There's some sort of stupid terrorist connection here. Terrorist puts beer under Route 283 and puts it in the sun, therefore making it a natural untimed bomb. Oh, did I mention that it is summer? The sun makes it explode and drivers get beer foam on their windshield. It's Budweiser, Amish-al-Qaida at work. The perps rode away on a horse on the Conewago Trail into the sunrise and the camera was blinded, not by Cause, and the horses asshole couldn't be matched with any known asshole prints.

Most of the pack got back to it's now cold starting point and had a relatively quick circle. That might be because we ran out of beer too. That might have been because it was cold and some had departed prematurely for a warmer climate at TJ Rockwells. There are naming and renaming to be done!

My brain hurts
Fart Connor

Thanks to all who attended the lunareclips trail. For those of you who missed the raspberry shot check, there was a line of them still on the wall of the bus stop (SN) still waiting for the hashers to be consumed, along with CHAPPYS gloves I believe. The only thing left at the last BN was 1/3 of a gallon of beer, even though most of the pack managed to take the false; before the trail with the Bn, and when they came to the False, the said F#! and headed HHH. ONON LUNACHIC

2 /24/2007 H5 Run #301

Joint H5-Reading Hash

Hares: Dick-On-A-Stick and Over Exposed

Arrr Wankers

Our joint Reading/H5 or H5/Reading hash, depending on your hashual preferences, started somewhere near normal hash time on a gorgeous day provided for us by G. There was a great turnout of Reading hashers as well as a great showing for H5 and visitors. Forgive me if I miss any visitors. Cider Man, Eurapeen Whore and Just Somebody Else form Nittany, Cause for Blindness, and Camel Toe. A wonderful frozen surface was provided by the cool weather. Some of it you could r*n over/slide and other spots the wonderful sun warmed enough so you crunched through for many steps. The shady spots provided some nice ice. Some hashers took a spill 15 feet from the start but it took a small toll, twas Small Beer. [Http://dictionary.reference.com/browse/small%20beer](http://dictionary.reference.com/browse/small%20beer) Shortly however thereafter the trail exacted the first victim. Over Exposed took a nasty spill and laid on the ice within 50 feet of the first beer check like the kid from the "Christmas Story" with too many clothes on, only his hands and arms weren't flailing. Some concerned female hashers did Beer Shots out of Oe's belly button. Chappy, recently having recovered from having her brain found, and Puke Panther helped OE back to the start where they continued carrying on trail.

There were only 6 more beer checks left. The pack slid on and found beer along the well marked trail with blue flour for the most part, sort of like Donnie and Marie Osmond singing "A Little Bit Tricky and A Little Bit Slippery Hole" A mobile beer check beside a beer distributor just for a tease and the trail continued. The obligatory stop at DOAS's ex-wife's house where the hashers tried again to spell out the word EX in the snow with their bodies, the picture needs that explanation. Does she go away just so we can drink beer, slide on the ice, and make yellow snow between the garages? Oh geez, geez is such a clean replacement for shit, Dick On A Stick was the main hare for the day. Over Exposed unknown hared on trail for a short while and Deathwish and Eager Beaver minivanned and beer checked the thirsty hashers. Concerned citizens must have looked on.

One of the beer checks was at the Hideaway somewhere in Lititz. I can recall that just before that the trail went across Lititz Run. I found that out sort of accidentally because I tried to stop but I slid down into the stream barely keeping my balls dry. I could still breathe in and the boys didn't go north, just my feet were wet. The Hideaway is a cool hash bar. The trail went a short distance till we were at the Parkview Hotel. This is another nostalgic bar that must have been around since the Gay 80's. No, not the 1980's, the 1880's!

Hashing in it's social stupidity had arrived again in Lititz. As I recall, Fart Connor, Delia the dog, Doodle, Glass Ass and Beer Slut the dog were hanging out on the front porch of the Parkview viewing the park and saw Police and the Fire Department following blue anthrax, apparently the police and fire heroes had experienced this before. The hashers meandered out of the Parkview and continued through Lititz Springs Park where the officials were following a suspicious blue substance. Some hashers had a blue substance on their faces as they passed the police and fire personnel, I think that helped with the explanation.

What a great day. The entire pack with a few add ons made it back to DOAS's house for the On In. Autohashers arrived and circle ensued, almost. Sacreligious, the beer ran out and Deathwish and Eager Beaver saved the day with a beer run. You can say, "Run" if you are going for beer. Yuengling Lager arrived to save the day. Arrrr, another half keg. There might even be enough for breakfast on Sunday. That's another day, we haven't even had circle yet!

H5/Reading circle: Virgins were abused. Virgin, Just Megan, was dishonored who has a namesake with another Just Megan and Just Brad was almost named "Man Whore" When one whore drinks, all the whores drink! Camel Toe snuck out and didn't get to be abused by the pack. "Just Lays There" lost one of her beads and became a Quaker and turned to "Just Lays There" and accused Fart Connor of some type of new shoe violation. She got her up- commence. It's great how some of the words can go through spell check. I did a down down through my shoe and "Just Lays There" did one too. Take that baby, I shared a down down with you.

Hares: Dick-On-A-Stick and Over Exposed
Fart Connor, typing uphill.

Wow! By the sounds of it, I missed a fantastically shitty hash! I would have loved to have seen OE take that fall! But then again, I might have been the one falling instead of him! LOL

We spent the day at Greek Peak and I fell once skiing. . . well I take that back - I fell once going down the hill and once while standing perfectly still = and I hadn't even been drinking! Dang skis!!

C U at the St. Patty's hash - or maybe the Full Moon hash this coming weekend.

BLAWB Kelly Lee

Hares: Bushrat and COGO 2270 Mockingbird Road, Harrisburg, PA

Was nice to see the big smiles last night. Believe there was some man made snow at the first beer near, or was that just someone up a tree? didn't need moses for the water crossin, thank god. Did think bout taking the bout for a spin. haha Geezie, thought that last hill would never end. Nice place you have there bushrat... thanks for the shitty trail.

on on
just garry

Hares: Death Wish, Quarterstick and Eager Beaver 1440 Mahantogo Street, Pottsville, PA 17901 (between 14th & 15th Streets) Yuengling Mansion

The 2nd Anal gathering of the Yuengling Hash House Harriers is in the bag.

We has a great day in scenic Pottsville although not as exciting as 2005: no serious injuries, no fatalities and no known (yet) human conceptions.

Thanks to the hares: DEATHWISH, EAGER BEAVER & QUARTERSTICK for a truly shitty trail. It appears the local priest found the third beer check and took it back to the priest house for examination.

Thanks to each hasher for helping make this a success and to DANCING FOOL for his ongoing trash maintenance.

We need hash trash so all you hash trash writers are invited to send in your trash and it will be posted at the link below.

Apologies to our neighbors in West Virginia for the YouTube video. They did their best. :p

Video, photos (and eventually trash) are posted here:

<http://readinghash.com/yuengling2.htm>

Sincerely,
OVEREXPOSED

Where did everyone go? After the second beer check, there was a check back 7 but that was lined through and a true trail arrow pointed the way down a hill, and every tree was marked with pink flour showing us that was the way... but no one else came.. so the few of us went the whole trail just to show up at the mansion in time for circle and the food to be gone... so my question is, and I've stories already, but want to hear more... where did everyone go? PS/H5

All I want to know is where did everyone go yesterday? After the second BN, we took off, found a check back 7 that was crossed off and a true arrow chalked next to it, so we blew through and kept finding trail till the end. No one pasted us except Lock Jaw and one other but when we got to the Mansion everyone was there. Anyone know the story? PS

WANKERS NEAR & FAR:

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1 /27/2007 H5 Run #299

2nd Anal Yuengling Hash

Hares: Death Wish, Quarterstick and Eager Beaver

1440 Mahantogo Street, Pottsville, PA 17901 (between 14th & 15th Streets) Yuengling Mansion

Video, photos (and eventually trash) are posted here:

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Sincerely,
OVEREXPOSED

1 /6 /2007 TMINMFMH3 Run #90

2nd Anal FREE BEER For All the Hashers Hash

Hares: Wild Cherry and Doodle

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg

Yes Sir Wankies

The great G provided us with a fine day to do trail. The trail was scouted, beer and shots were placed, and lots of flour was available. At least we were told. Me and Delia arrived to the shouts of Arrr, Yarg, Harr, and other pirate talk that can be used in suburban areas instead of the word Insert your own favorite 4 letter word. On perfect H5 hash time the circle for the start of trail started. The 4 virgins, who were about to get their petals plucked, were shown the trail marks on the floor of Wild Cherry's garage that had the door closed so the neighbors couldn't see the functioning of our secret society. Ohh, I think I even remember the names of the 4 virgins. "Four Virgins", does that sound like the name of a hash band? After that short commercial break back to your regularly scheduled drivell. Just Linda, Just Lynette, Just Mike, and Just Tom were shown the miss-markings that would surely make this a trail to set standards by.

After the standard 12 minutes the pack took off on a breezy Indian Spring day. Oh yeah, this was the Full Wolf Moon Trail too. We were off to a HOWWWLING start from Wild Cherry's back yard. It must be so cool to start trail from your own yard. I'm not sure that Wild Cherry's neighbors think that though. Wild Cherry, do you warn your neighbors, or have they come accustomed to your ways? Just far enough or not too far we found the first beer check about a quarter mile from the start. H5 does have it's standards. With the pack refreshed and relieved we went forward on a trail that seemed to mimic part of the Thanksgiving trail. For some reason the flour trail seemed to fade away as we got close to the housing development under construction that we had gone through in November. Here is the perfect example of a confustulation. The pack of about 40 hashers spread out in a 270 degree arc zenning for trail still doing a backtrack on the Thanksgiving trail. Was M'Orally there in spirit? I think here is where we pissed off some of the new locals who purchased \$500,000 homes on land that the developer scraped off the Alluvial prime farming topsoil and sold it at exorbitant prices at your local landscaping store. But that is another rant. Somebody found the beer check in the fence row half a mile away! Beer Near! The pack re-gathered and here is where Eager Beaver was heard to exclaim an extreme nerd name that would lead to a massive down down.

The pack departed the beer check for the frugally floured trail and me and Delia followed near the end of the pack. My AADD that makes me usually see stuff that doesn't matter caught a suspicious looking vehicle out of the corner of my eye. Something about a POLICE car in a cornfield. It seemed like I was the only one to notice. I doubt that the officer saw the bottle of Yuengling Lager that KY was carrying, she was talking at the time and doesn't have AADD, so I doubt that KY saw the officer either. The police officer looked kind of lonely as the pack walked slowly away. Hmmm, I'm glad the corn wasn't high. I had Delia on a leash and we went back for conversation. Now, for those of you who do not know, I have recovered well from the conservative hair cut and shave that was inflicted on me last May. The officer was cool. He wanted to know what we were doing. I told him about the 12 minute head start with a flour trail and that we were trying to catch them. He didn't ask and I didn't mention beer. Apparently a citizen had called about drunk people running through their yard at 3 in the afternoon! It's too bad that nobody else was there to see the big hole in the door of the Silver Spring Police car that was perfectly centered in the C. It looked more like vandalism than a bullet hole and I figured it was better not to mention it.

Onward through crusty clay on the soles of my shoes to the next shot check we went. Flour was found and the trail started to make it's way back to Wild Cherry's. Oh! I should mention that Doodle had equal representation in this trail. My and Delia's thanks need to go out to Doodle and Wild Cherry for this production. We went through some nice shaggy. Shiggy? What the fuck is wrong with this computer, it wol'nt let me spell shaggy. Shiggy. I'm not that drunk! Shiggy. I can capitalize it but not smallize it. Shit, shaggy. That still won't stop me from mentally making it to the last beer check in the trash heap. Apparently Tour ran right past is thinking that it was a perfect place for a beer check. The pack was really spread out and took about half an hour to gather here.

We all made it back to Wild Cherry's and had the usually disruptive circle. Thanks to our many visitors were issued in the form of down downs and can I spell shaggy here. Arrrrrrr. Shiggy. WTF!!! Lots of non-returns got down downs too. Other down downs were issued too. There were to be some naming, OK, I tried to type naming s without the space. Anyhow, Just Todd was due to be named but the packs attention span had been well exceeded and the pack went into Wild Cherry's house for more fun.

There was also lots of fun outside the house as the hot tub was filled. Inside the house was strip poker, strip darts, 3 man, beer pong, pool, and who knows what other games. The tv was on too. Blawb Lawb Lawb Lawb had fun explaining her name. Some visual representations materialized.

On On
Fart Connor

Thanxxx to all that came out for the hash on Saturday!!! Wild Cherry and I
> had a great time putting together a trail on such a gloriously beautiful day. I
> love it when I walk around a group and notice that everyone single person is
> happy and content! I brought a camera, but did not find the perfect opportunity
> to use it until Sunday morning. Bloody marys, Tour and a chair all came together
> to become the picture perfect moment I had been waiting for. :-)
>

1 /6 /2007 TMINMFMH3 Run #90

2nd Anal FREE BEER For All the Hashers Hash

Hares: Wild Cherry and Doodle

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg

> Wild Cherry, I have told you this a million times and here I go again, one
> more time: YOU ARE THE BEST!!!
>
> Chappy, it was so great to see you. Thank you for making the trip out. You are
> loved!!!!!!
>
>
> ON ON
> Doodle
>
> p.s. There was plenty of flour

12/30/2006 H5 Run #296

Last Saturday of the Year Hash

Hares: Lunachic

her house located at 1418 Mt. Wilson Road, Lebanon

Hey Me Wankies

Another fine day for hash mistress Luna Chick's trail. Today, December 30, 2006, was Luna Chick's other half's 47th barfday. About 20 hashers gathered for the celebration unknown to Just Jessie till that morning. The Reading hash showed well with visitors. Grab Bag from LVH3 and other parts unknown attended too. We started right on hash time a half hour late. The pack was off through Luna Chick's backyard.

We didn't go far till we found a beer check with some good stuff. Molson cooled by the wonderful December weather. Dick on a Stick, not having been at a hash for a while, fired up the gang and we left beer for more trail. Up the bank and past the neighbors pond, almost, the lure of water and a diving board. Dick on a Stick checked the water with his hand and declared the water to be tepid. With that advice Deathwish prepared for water entry. A perfect sploosh followed by Scrambled Porn's well formed "Can Opener". The home owners little Pookie dog and children came out and greeted the pack. The home owner invited us to, "Get the hell out of here". OK, no problem, we're outta' here!

Safe on trail again I can recall some conversation between me and Grab Bag, something about Red Neck Heaven. I felt right at home with Jesus in a manger scene in front of the burnt out junk yard. Not far ahead we found HOT spiked apple cider. Mmmmm. The trail went forward, never straight, till a True Trail arrow pointed backwards!!! WTF? Crafty trail bitch. Some had time constraints and went back to the start while most persevered onward as the trail went past a church and as long as we were on trail the No Trespassing signs were not seen. Woo Hoo! Beer Near! Yuengling Lager! That's even better than Old Milwaukee. Plenty of beer for all the pack and we were onward like Christian Soldiers. Through more woods to the 2 story Pavilion of Prognostication where there was butterscotch and raspberry liquor.

The hare, Luna Chick, caught back to us and we were escorted back to the birth of trail that truly exemplified H5!

Good eats were had. There is no way to do justice to the Seafood Soup and the Pasta Soup unless you were there.

On On
Fart Connor

12/9 /2006 H5 Run #295

Hanukkah Hash

Hares: Tour de Puke

Center Street Grille

OK Wanks

A fine late fall day had dawned and I wondered weather to hash or sit around and waste the day away watching the TV. As I was somewhat recovered from my recent battle with my sinuses I set the recorder and me and Delia went on our way. We arrived at what was really early, 15 minutes before the start of trail. Delia was really happy to see Beer Slut bouncing around in Doodles car.

The "Center Street Grill" opened early at 1:00 PM just for the hashers. Many pints were consumed before trail as the hash entertained the management. I, Fart Connor, pointed out that someone had messed with the lettering on their sign so H5 didn't get blamed for the creative wording. Sometime shortly after 2 PM it was realized that the about, only because I can't spell approximately, 20 hashers were all that were going to show to do trail. With this great weather I figured the rest of the H5 group was home doing what I was going to do. Watch the International Felching Championships being rebroadcast on the LOGO channel.

<http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=felching>

Tour De Puke was off. 12 minutes later the pack was off on a cunningly laid trail. Note to hares: Don't be too cunning when you want the pack to find the Kamakazies! No wonder we seemed to go a long way before we found a True Trail arrow that the hare made special care to warn the pack to stay on True Trail to avoid private property. A pissed off bow hunter arrived out of the bush. He said that we scared away the big buck. Yea, that's why I don't catch trout. I feel bad because the well scouted trail still pissed off somebody that paid money to sit in the cold to rip an arrow through Bambi's lungs. The gang still went to the Man He Shoves It check. Mother Goldstein's Concord Grape Wine was consumed and the pack went through the woods. Over the stream bed. And up the hill through No Trespassing signs to grandmothers house we didn't go. How did the pack miss another beer check?

Now here I witnessed a moment in H5 hash history. The pack was gathered in a confustulation and M'Orally Challenged was Zenning for trail. That is really a rare moment when M'Orally and the pack are in one place on trail. It's really a rare moment when M'Orally is actually right! True trail and flour, you go baby! The trail led to a park. Fuzz wanted to have an impromptu Maneschvitz check. There was a sign there that warned against: Smoking, Drinking, Running, dogs, or having fun. The hare was spotted having

Hares: Tour de Puke

Center Street Grille

finished laying the trail and led us to the last sugary alcohol check.

We made it back to Tour's house and down downs were issued. Delicious food was had.

Thanks for the Shitty trail Tour
Fart Connor

10/21/2006 H5 Run #290

Maze 'n' Dicks On Hash

Hares: 4-F-You and Fart Connor

4-F-You's house, located at 4 Mulberry Lane, New Freedom, PA

Amazing Dicks On Trail Hash

Silly Wankers

What a beautiful autumn, or is it fall, day. Lottsa' slippy leaves on trail. The hares took off right on H5 time as the anxious pack waited in anticipation of the trail to follow. 4FU's long false that led the pack back to the start, and the beer, how did they get started again? It **must have been because the start was out front and the beer was in the back of the house. How the pack found the trail but blew by the whine check was almost beyond my thought process till realized that Tour De Puke was the FRB and in his exuberance of chasing** flour the pack was caught up with the excitement. I'm glad that me and Delia were hauling ass and throwing flour.

At least the pack found the beer check. After that was the Pennsylvania/Maryland state line, also known as the Mason Dixon Trail. Get it, the "Amazing Dicks On Trail"? I recall that Luna Chick noticed the dick check that was also a true trail arrow. That check was **on the state line.**

It was a challenge for me to remember, (REmember, isn't that what the doctors did for John Wayne Bobbit?) where to throw on not **throw according to my sergeants orders. One of the hardest parts of trail was hiding in the woods and waiting for the pack to pass so I** could expose myself, no not that way you pervert, and lay a true trail arrow for the pissed off pack as they back checked to the "Red Barn". Delia maintained her composure and didn't give our position away. Tour De Puke checked this way but not that way where I was drinking an Old Milwaukee in the woods. I was in my natural setting. The pack fell for 4FU's ruse and was at least rewarded with **beer!**

The next longer leg of trail was laid by 4FU and the only thing I recall was that Just Sherry joined the pack about the half way point. Just Sherry took some serious abuse but persevered. The guys and bimbos both liked Just Sherry.

Me and Delia dashed off at the speed of Fart to lay the last part of trail from the last beer check back to 4FU's house. Oh, by the way, 4FU's wife made sure to not be at home on the day of the hash. I'm sure his neighbors and wife enjoyed the large HHH in the driveway.

Delia was rewarded with Alpo and we made our way back on trail to rejoin the pack. One quarter mile out 4FU was spotted finishing his 3 plus miles of trail. I back tracked and found the pack 2 beer checks from the finish about to follow another evil circle jerk, discourtesy of 4FU. I followed along with amusement knowing where the trail went up a steep hill and a long circle back to the beer check where a note was found that directed the pack back up the steep hill and to the not so obvious trail that would finally lead the pack back toward the start.

Luna Chick took a special liking to Just Sherry and nursed her along trail. The wankers followed 4FU's trail and ended up at the final **beer check in an old building foundation and consumed more beer and abused Just Sherry. Just Bob broke a cork in Just Sherry.** One mile and lots of true trail arrows marked the way back to 4FU's 10 feet parallel to the starting of trail.

Tour De Puke conducted a wonderful circle and most of those present were respectful. That might be because there were so few. Pastorator, Luna Chick, Just April, Just Matt, Just Sherry, Tour De Puke, Just Bob, and non-r*nner, Sticky Bunz were the pack. 4FU whooped some great chili and punkin' pi. The Indians are coming Emma, we gotta' eat n' r*n. Just Sherry will hash again. Thanks 4FU.

On On
Fart Connor

10/7 /2006 H5 Run #289

Straub's Hash, Part II

Hares: Cums&Glows Piss Boy

The last parking lot at Lock 2 in York County

Let's see...my head (no, not THAT head!) stopped throbbing at about noon on Saturday from the aftermath of the excellent Full Moon Hash the night before...and then it was off to the Straub's Hash at 1:00! The turnout was a bit less than expected...could it have been that other H5ers were still passed out from Friday? Anyway, the ratio of hounds (10?) to hares (4) meant that there was PLENTY of beer for us! Actually, there would have been plenty of beer even if 30 had shown up! Hares included Piss Boy, Cums and Glows, Meatless and Just Ed. The other (10, I think) included 9 wankers and one lonely bimbo. They were Tour de Puke, Sister Maria, (Just Bob?), Everyday Asshole, Fart Connor (and Delia), 4FU, Flaming Earl Gay, Camel Toe, the lovely Europee'n Whore from Nittany Valley kennel, and yours truly (Early Withdrawal).

Hares: Bushrat

Thea Road (Susquehanna Township)

Hello Wankers

Saturday, September 23, 2006. A healthy supply of stumblers, walkers, if they ran any slower they would be walking, FRB's, and 2 dogs gathered on a great humid day for late September. We didn't have a lot of visitors, I don't think we had any, I wonder why. One intrepid transplant from Virginia, Scrambled Porn, found us anyway. As usual the trail started right on time because the hare, Bushrat, lied.

The pack blasted out of the parking lot and found trail that went nice and straight for a few hundred yards. Trail went into the shiggy and all was well. I recall thinking that there were lots of twists and turns and some false trails before the first beer check. Upon hearing trail recollections later I learned that the pack was really close to the hare but the beer did it's job and distracted the pack from the hare flouting trail through open ground. From there the trail wound it's way up a little run through hash wilderness that is rapidly disappearing due to development that the pack did not trespass through to civilization. Some onlookers asked why we were r'nnng. Answers ranged from chasing flour, finding beer, breakout from the local insane asylum during gym class, to the totally stupid. Wow, what a name for a hash karaoke band, "The Stumblers". Anyhow many milled about in many directions and Luna Chick found trail that the devious live hare made to go this way and that into a new development. Two hot looking bimbos in their car drove by honking at the pack, or were they just looking at me? It rained earlier in the day and that made the dust cloud that we would have stirred up into a nice slippery surface. Hashing through future \$500,000 properties. Let's do that again when the houses are built. If the police come and confiscate hashers they could be named "Arrested Development". Oops, my AADD came out. There was a strange mark that was NBN, mistakenly in the quest for beer Quarterstick yelled for a Beer Near. At least the pack moved a little faster till it was discovered that a construction worker had forgotten his huge lunch box. Is that sexist to assume that it was a guys lunch box? Judging by the leftover Doritos it must have been a guy, or a blonde bimbo construction worker. To the best of my knowledge no hashers left anything nasty in the lunchbox.

Wow, the second beer check was not far away. A note from Bushrat said to go back to the road and the trail was to the left. The pack ended up doing a huge U-turn that took us back toward our A to A starting point. I recall passing a beautiful pond with lily pads all around it and thinking that it was too bad that Death Wish was not among us. Maybe Gispert was protecting us. The third beer check was found soon after and the pack knowing the general direction of the finish was ready to go. With the general knowledge of where the pack had their vehicles assembled trail was abandoned for what most thought was a shorter route. The pack trickled in and we left for Bushrat's abode.

At "Casa de Bushrat" a huge assembly of food was ready for after the circle. Thanks to KY a somewhat respectful circle was held by Tour de Puke. Our lone virgin, Just Karen, did an amazing down down of her beer and was recalled later and performed well a second time. Just Tom had a naming. Due to unmanly behavior he is now known as "Gina Wipe". H5 now has two VW's. Healthy fish was floured and deep fried for hasher consumption. I know the fish was healthy, unless you ask the fish, because on Oprah the other day there was a nutritionist that said if you use liquid at room temperature to cook with it's da good stuff. I don't really watch Oprah, it was just on TV when I engaged the electricity.

On On to Pa Interhash
Fart Connor

Hares: Lil' Sper-Maid and Chapped Lips

Chickie's Rock off 441S

Hey Wankers

OK, Chappie is not getting married to the worst of my knowledge, I would hate to start more hash drama.

Despite that about 25 wankers gathered near Chiques Rock for seratipitious beerless gathering. The pack gathered about 100 yards off road and didn't drink any beer. Wanna' buy a car from me? ANGEL sprinkled magic fairy dust on many wankers. We did start promptly at 16:15, that's sometime in the afternoon for you non-military folks. The hares had no intention of their previous debacle where they were caught before the first beer check and the devious marks proved it as a false trail went far down the road. The real trail had the pack dash across a busy highway to true trail that went right into nice shiggy. Shortly later we came to a beer check that wasn't in the middle of the woods. After that we went down through the shiggy and across a nice trail and into a forest of poison ivy that the trail went through for what seemed miles. The trail was marked well with lots of checks and flour as the trail meandered through river wilderness banks. Finally we went through 4 foot high drainage pipes that went under railroad tracks, (Does that still count as trespassing?) and to a shot check in the Susquehanna River. I don't know about the E-Coli count but the water felt good as it washed the poison ivy off my legs. A few shots later and the pack went through an abandoned railroad tunnel and climbed up over it where dogs supposedly couldn'tly go. Arf you? Straight up a 45 degree hill for about half a mile. At least this was the shortest route. Of course where the hell were we going? As we approach the top of the hill I smell food! Wow, look at these tents that the hares set up, they went all out for a catered party for us. Rats, a wedding and the hash wasn't invited. I have to admire how the pack passed respectfully by, it was as if a funeral was going on. We are in the clear. Oh Oh, where are JEB and M'Orally. At a beer check a short distance later the missing hashers arrived beer less and not married. They also were accompanied by Everyday Asshole who had caught up with the pack.

The rotten hares had the trail go across a nasty hill and then down to make us give up the high ground. Especially if you missed a turn and plunged off a 50 foot high cliff. On the other hand that was a short cut. The bastards had the pack run on the trail that the evil poison ivy filled trail paralleled for close to a mile. A 2 mile circle jerk! Another beer check and hump it back up the hill to the HHH at our start.

A somewhat respectful circle was held for a trail that exemplified what H5 is about: A beer check at least every mile.

Hares: Lil' Sper-Maid and Chapped Lips

Chickie's Rock off 441S

Thanks Chapped Lips, Puke Panther, and the aptly named Lil' Spermaid for a great trail.

H5 ROCKS
On On
Fart Connor

This Hash Trash sponsored by: Sheer Agony Pantyhose with the sandpaper lined crotch.

Chappy's wedding hash, no. This picture Fart took at the baby shower hash I had for KY and Grizz!!

Thank you Fart, awesome write-up!! We had two gallons of beer at the start, where were you? :-)

This is true, I did not want Puke to get caught again so right from the start....we had to have TWO long check backs. And it worked!! However, Everyday came late and ran the two check backs. By the time I got back to the end, Lil'Sper-Maid was waiting. As she ended her part up over the mountain, she said "there's a hasher who just showed up and I didn't know what to tell him". She described him and I knew it was Everyday. The hares quickly went to find him because at this time, we knew the pack was at the second stop, too far for Everyday to catch up. Puke and I were yelling...Everyday....R U....over and over and no sign of him so we gave up. Before you knew it...here he comes out of the woods without a word...looking pissed! He said..."I ran both check backs and no-one marked trail for late comers", "I finally found true trail and stumbled on the beer check, I was going to bring it out but thought,...no f*ck 'em". I wanted to laugh so hard at him but I couldn't, he was really mad :-), I'm still laughing!!! & nbsp; I drove him to the wedding on the hill (still trying not to laugh in front of him) to catch up with you guys and the rest is history.

We had just enough time to get to the fourth check to meet y'all. This is where Pro Boner started firing the hidden water balloons at everyone!! The funny part about this is....at home I started filling the balloons with warm water then thought....nah, I do want to use the cold well water ha ha ha he he he. Until.....I got hit with one. Damn it, why couldn't I have been hit with one of the warm ones!?!

Now for a bunch of run-on sentences.....

Trail ended with Sloppy Joes, cookies, chips and cuts, scrapes and bloody legs. Tour and Miss Libertitties (Eeire) left early to meet Wankerman (Nittany). Everyday Asshole held circle for H5. OE had me in stitches from his Baseball song to the Virgin, especially when he came back to the circle with a towel covering his face to finish the song!!!!!! I can see Lock Jaw will be doing a lot of down down's if he doesn't tell his new boots "hashing do's and don'ts".

This was Gopher Poker's first hash since a tick bite and getting Lyme disease at my Aug. 9th hash....sorry Gopher! When you see Lil'Sper-Maid again, ask her about her encounter with a large snake on trail! It was nice to see our visitors from Reading, and Erie. Hmmm, we missed you Grand Master!!

Where the hell was KY and RD? They were supposed to be there to run trail...so they told me!!!

Pro Boner, Blow n Tell, She Came, JEB, 4FU, Cogo, Puke Panther and Myself went to the Susq. Inn for Hillbilly Kareoke....that was a blast!! We had a visitor who read the on after details on the web and met us there. He is from Chambers Hill and remembers us from Quartersticks and Deathwishes hash some time ago. He can't run at his age but wishes to meet us at the on afters!!

As always, I love you guys! Thank you for being such wonderful friends. H5 ROCKS!! (grammar and spell check does not apply)

Much love, Chappy

thanks for the picture Fart, next year I'll be planning one for Lil'Sper-Maid

Hares: Lunachic

Colebrook at the TwinKiss playground

Incase anybody was curious about the full moon hash, a great time was had by all. Thank-you to all who were able to squeeze it on on such short notice.

Hares were off on schedule, no instructions were needed as all the hashers were experienced. The pack was off shortly after. Trail ran along the Colebrook factory, down a steep hill, onto the rails to trails path. The straight track was only traveled on for a short time, when there was yet another hill. There was a swamp to cross. After that there was a BN, may I note that the hares used the creek this time to keep the beer cold. A short bit after the BN, the pack was lead into a corn field. A SH was in the center, I believe there was some corn damage trying to find the shots in the brown paper bag. Doodle in her frustration of not beeing able to find the shot exclaimed that she had found it. The pack was happy only until they realized that she was only kidding. With endurance the pack found the shot and were off to the next destination. A second shot check. As the pack was exiting from the woods a large full moon was visible. Night had fallen quickly. Have I mentioned the beautiful sun set that was painted in the sky for the pack to enjoy while they were traveling to the hash. From there it was all down hill. The next BN was believe it or not in the Colebrook tavern. The pack was met by the hares at this point. Some were confused by being led into the bar, the concern was money to buy a beer, which was included in the trail. When entering the bar the Yeagling Lager tap blew, so the pack was able to upgrade the brand of beer consumed in the bar. ONON to the last leg of the trail. A short distance from the bar, there was a twirling slide in one of the neighbors yard, what is with twirly slides that hashers like? After a few spins the pack experience some shiggy, and found the HHH. Circle was drawn, with Everyday running the show. Down-downs were hares up,(co-hare) Da Piss Mode was able to consume all of her beer, lunachic struggled with half a beer left, what doesn't go in you goes on you they say, the pack was surprised to see the hare get wet. Beer is good for your hair,hare. Head first was first in, a birthday song was sung ending with the option. As the pack dwindled a few of the runners were still in the parking lot, when low and behold the local yocals stop in. The pack was asked if we were parking,(I thought parking went out with the 70's) in reply the answer was "we just got back from trail." The officer was satisfied with that and left. 10 hashers were present in all. There was to be 2 namings, but we felt that there would be better options for a naming with a larger group of hashers. Maybe on Saturdays hash. Just Andy has been put off for 2 times, it is time for his nameing. Keep an eye on him today. Doodle did a down-down for the false accusation, of the found shot. Angels, Marley was quite helpful for the hares ; he has this bark that travels well threw the woods, which kept the hares way ahead of the pack. Thanks for all the full moon fun.

ONON LUNACHIC

Hares: OverExposed and Fart Connor

Jednota, Middletown

Very cold and icy night.

8 /14/2005 H5 Run #258.5

Kayak/Canoe/Float Hash

Hares: Chapped Lips and Puke Panther

What a trail! What trail? Ya'all missed the most horrific hash of them all!! I mean, come on....its what...100 degrees out...the water is 101 degrees...no flour..well..barely any flour. Hashers were naked minutes..nay...SECONDS into the hash...(pssst...Tbo has tits...its been verify although I think that Self Service needs to wear BIGGER shorts for her to use next time..or maybe..smaller shorts???)

Jimminy crickets !!! We had to follow a trail of floating plastic bottles strategically secured to the bottom of the river via heavy rocks and string. Flour was smeared on rocks waaaaaaaaaaaaaay out in the middle of the river and the beer nears and shot nears! Why the first shot near was not near at all...it was on a rock island (again) in the middle of the dern river!! Then, by golly, as you floated down there was a big BN spray painted on the side of a concrete wall. THE NERVE of some people! The fearless kayakers managed to not only find all the beer and shot checks, but also managed to drink ALL supplied beverages. (littering is a punishable offense in the state of pa after all). The hares were kind enough to find enough ice to cool done an ENTIRE stream for all the hashers to cool off before heading back to the piss water river. How they managed to drag that HUGE invisible fan to provide the breeze will most likely remain a mystery forever.

Huge, horrible and dangerous rapids were in store for the fearless <hash> kayakers. Luckily, the hares provided a convenient beer check for hashers to fortify themselves prior to braving the dangerous rapids. All hashers made it safely through..well..okay....Lock Jaw had a *slight* mishap...not exactly a capsizing more of a *taking on of excess water*. Fearless hashers (Puke and Boner) swam (ok, maybe walked but its MY story) to the rescue, lifting the three, no, four hundred pound water logged kayak...what men...what hashers....what nakedness!

Um...and we can't forget to mention the plight of the hare! Seems there was a grave misunderstanding of a possible hare in trouble. I mean, from a distance it REALLY looked like Chappy was trying to suction out some water from Puke's kayak. She was trying to suction something out...I don't know what it was but well...the kayak never sank.....

On on to the down down at Puke's Place (sounds like a bar name doesn't it). Great food was cooked up and quickly consumed. The hares did an awesome job!! It really wasn't a shitty trail...so we make them drink for hosting such a damn GOOD trail!! (when one hare drinks...ALL hares drink).

This harriette is looking forward to the next naked kayak hash.....

Disrespectfully Submitted,

Blow n Tell

We composed this last night, but forgot to send it. In the meantime, B&T submitted an excellent hash trash. Well, technically, we were first, but drunk and sleepy--so here is our rendition:

How in the hell are they gonna mark trail?...I said to myself. But, man, we were all amazed at how well-marked the trail was. It started out with 2-liter bottles anchored by rocks with string, and then there was flour on the occasional boulders in the river, and then the hares accompanied us down the 96-degree, barely flowing Suckabanana River. The hares went far out of their way to make what I and about 9 other hashers said was the best ever. And there were only 10 + the hares. It was planned to a "T," very original and creative.

At the first shot check (actually, jungle juice that was warm and got me terribly loopy), SS & PB stripped off their shorts. They were in the beautiful buff, ohmigoodness. Pictures were taken, so hold your breath. And your nose, 'cause the water f*cking stank. At this point, Just Cindy became talkative, and we found out she was a guest of Puke Panther's. She runs marathons, and looks like it. Welcome, Virgin.

Oh yeah, there was police action at the Put-In--[female copper]--Puke Panther handled her very nicely ("we appreciate your formal duties"), and we were off to see PB & SS strip. Nice.

Nice.

Nice.

Um, ...nice. Ok, I'm done. Nice. Nice. Nice. Nice. What? Nice. OK.

The tricky booze cups thoughtfully distributed by the hares at the start quenched many crotches. We should all have velcro.

The 2nd beer check was 20-degrees cooler where Chickie's Creek joined the River, and KY & RD's dogs were resuscitated there--as well as the naked men, SS & PB. KY, good heart, paddled along river's edge with her doggies, but the one bastard (Sam) abandoned her at the railroad bridge 2 checks later. We hope she found the ingrate. ("Excuse me, have you seen my coffee table? He's black and looks like a lab.....")

Only Lock Jaw got tossed out of his kayak at the third 'il eddy (ok, it was a f*cking rapid)--somehow his flipflops and paddle were saved, thanks to SS & PB (naked men) and the rest of us opportunistic hashers stole his home brew while he was glued to his 400-pound water-filled kayak (put an order of IPA in for me, please). (Lock Jaw's out of his boat and floundering!!!!--"IMPROMPTU BEER NEAR!!!!")

Hares: Chapped Lips and Puke Panther

The third beer check was on the shore at a concrete mountain that was crumbling. A not-yet-toasted-but-definitely-naked SS tried to scramble up (yummy), but he clambered down much to the relief of the onlooking and terrified hashers. (Puke Panther made a rude comment about a chocolate starfish--funny as hell.)

The fourth beercheck was at the railroad bridge where Sam, the coffee table, was lost. Nice rapids there, but no one got dumped--not even Lock Jaw--which was ok 'cause his homebrew was already consumed.

The OnAfter was at Puke Panther's, with the best-behaved circle I ever saw, and many down-downs were consumed for good reasons. Perfectly roasted hot dogs and burgers accompanied by a fantastic salmon dip (thanks B&T) and yummy pasta salad (Grizz, you rock) greeted the toasted hashers. Oh, and then, the hot tub, only maybe 6 degrees warmer than the river.

FANTASTIC HASH, you hares are commended!!!! This is a good blueprint for future kayak hashes. Nakedness is strongly encouraged on the wide, steamy, and unpopulated river (no other boats were in sight). Nakedness lasted the whole afternoon, and it was much appreciated!

OnOn, T-Bo

8 /13/2005 H5 Run #258

2nd Anal Perry County Trailer Park Trash Hash

Hares: Licky-Me, Melon Balls and Rack and yack

Riverfront Campground, Duncannon, Pennsylvania

Hey Wankers

It was a great day for "live hare" trail. As for a non-hurried H5 hash we gathered at the River Front Campground in Purry Cunty for our 4:00pm hash start. The campground was a dream. Every spring all the old campers, the metal ones wanker, get washed away and a new camp can evolves. Licky and Mellon Balls had just purchased their new mobile home for this hash. For such a small space it had everything, even chicken in the oven.

Anyhow we started about 5:30pm, just in time for Vagina Whiner and M'orally to arrive stylishly. The trail got messed up right away because the hares marked the trail poorly or the wankers found the trail that after about a quarter of a mile was going backwards, so we said ???? ?? Just Ron helped to determine that by examining the flour whisps on the railroad ties. We got to the last beer check first? If that doesn't make sense that might explain why there wasn't a Beer or Shots there. I think a short distance later we did find beer at another check. Soon after that we arrived at another shots near check and confused some transients who were looking for a home for the night and they moved on not knowing that we were chasing them. Did they drink the shot check or was it not there? They sure didn't look like they had consumed it. Shortly after this we found numerous bottles of classy Boones Farm various wine flavors at another check near an abandoned right of way. Quarterstick recycled old railroad items into the creek from a 20 foot pylon, none of which caved in the heads of the 3 swimming dogs.

We found trail going back toward the campground and followed it along the railroad tracks much to the seeming delight of passing train engineers. It might have had something to do with KY flashing her nice boobs at the train. I wonder what the radio traffic was like on the train channel?

We got back to the campgrounds where Whore Mel was cooking food after somebody figured out to buy charcoal lighter fluid instead of using sticks that wouldn't light on fire. I think things went downhill from there. Ask the beer. I do remember that even though it was about 9:00 at night and 85 degrees Quarterstick had to throw all the wood on the fire so Comes and Glows could naked fire jump over it. I think if you would ask them both why they did it, they would say, "Because it was there and my pubic hair wasn't burned."

Sometime after that baked bean wrasslin' started in the kiddie pool. Sumpin' to do with Purry Cunty and rednecks. About this point the facts are true, but the participants might be confused. I saw ANGEL stepping in the beans and puking just at the feeling of beans in her toes. What a hasher, she was right back ready to wrassle Licky Mee in the beans. I know I saw VW getting a beany sloppy hug and decided to pervert that for myself. The next thing I remember was wallowing with a bimbo and stuffing beans in her top and bottoms. Of course I had equal recourse. Shortly later the bean participants shared a true redneck shower. I had control of the redneck shower. A hose with my finger on the end of the hose. Somehow Whore Mell ruined my fun but he still had a comment that I gave good hose in the form of pressurized water. Did you ever have to get baked beans out of your ass crack? It's like sticky sand. Or because me and some bimbo rolled out of the pool into the sand? Sunday morning we had tasty Chile for breakfast.

Oh yeah, we had a naming. Just Sarah got named, thanks to Tour's uncorrect memories of the Scopes Trial, "F Me Daily".

On trail for Aug. 27

Fart Connor

7 /20/2005 TMINMFMH3 Run #73

Full Buck Moon Hash

Hares: Desperate Dave and Deckhead

Broad Street Market, Midtown Harrisburg

Thanks so much to Deck Head and Desperate Dave for a great trail. The beer check on top of the building was cool. What a cool view. I also caught a really great sunset. Did you plan that because it was beautiful. HA HA. So do you think the cops bought that we were a christian running group and we were having water?

Thanks for the chilli. I am just wondering Who put out the corn bread for the chilli.

Hares: Desperate Dave and Deckhead

Broad Street Market, Midtown Harrisburg

ONON
Sticky

DD and Deckhead, that was a great trail last night!! The beer near at the top of the parking garage was a soo beautiful...WOW! To see all the bridges and the sunset..WOW! The cops were a nice addition as well! And of course the Troges (sp) beer was a nice break from lager, too. Not to mention the chilli! Desperate...I think you had all the spices you needed for that! Yum yum! You two can really put together a great trail!

THANKS! PS&ZB

Howdy Hashers,

Thanx for cummin out Wed. I was glad to see all of you, I hope you had a great time.

Special thanx to OE for the great pictures.

Special thanx to Ruffy who stopped by only to drop off the corn bread which was quickly consumed before I had a chance to even look at the pan, also Ruffy thank you for the kayak invitation last Sun. I was out all afternoon and didn't get your message till late.

Good beer meant I consumed more than I should and consequently a slow road to recovery Thursday morning before work.

See ya at G-memorial

Deckhead

Your comment about eating flour reminds me that I was laughing to myself on Thursday morning, when I had to keep stepping over piles of flour on the Walnut St. sidewalk on my way to work.

Thanks for brightening my morning, Deckhead.

Ruffie

WANKERS

I AM SAD AND ASHAMED TO SAY I SLEPT IN MY CAR WEDNESDAY NIGHT AFTER FULL MOON. BEER CREEPS UP ON YOU, OR AT LEAST ME. VAGINA WHINER, MY DESIGNATED DRIVER WAS ON BUSINESS TRAVEL IN OKLAHOMA CITY. I KNOW BETTER THAN TO DRINK AND DRIVE, LET ALONE HOME AN HOUR DOWN 83. I PRAYED FOR STARBUCKS TO OPEN THE NEXT MORNING. NECTOR OF THE GOD'S I'M TELLING YOU FOLKS. My CAR IS QUITE COMFY, TRULY. I USUALLY WATCH WHAT AND HOW MUCH I DRINK BEFORE DRIVING. AT LEAST I DIDN'T ABUSE A FIRE HYDRANT LIKE EVERYDAY ASSHOLE. ALSO DECK HEAD. DID A "THE FUGITIVE PART 2" running with ANTHRAX DISGUISED AS BAKING FLOUR THROUGH THE STREETS OF HARRISBURG. THANK GOD FOR MY WONDERFUL TALKING ABILITY AND QUICK THINKING EATING THE FLOUR OFF THE STREET TO SHOW THE POLICE IT WAS BISCUIT MIX OR AT LEAST IT WAS WHEN MY SPIT HIT IT, YUMMY. OFFICER HOMECKER # 402 :) IS A REALLY COOL GUY.

QUARTERSTIK AND DEATHWISH, WELL THEY WERE QUARTERSTIK AND DEATHWISH. THE LEGION OF DUMB IS THE LEGION OF DUMB.

AS FOR THE CHILI, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU WANKERS BUT I HAD THE MOST INCREDIBLE ASS BUBBLING, JUICY, ASS BURNING FART'S I'VE EVER HAD IN MY LIFE. MAYBE IT WAS THE BEER OR FLOUR OR CORNBREAD THAT DID IT. ALL I KNOW IS THAT I PRAYED TO THE GOD IT WOULD DISAPPEAR BEFORE ENTERING MY STARBUCKS PALACE THE NEXT MORNING AT 6am. I DIDN'T WANT TO EM-BARE-ASS MYSELF IN FRONT OF THE BUSSINESS MEN AND WOMEN. I AM SILENT BUT DEADLY SO I COULD OF BLAMED IT ON THE GUY ORDERING IN FRONT OF ME.

ANYWAY THE HASH WAS SO MUCH FUN AND CHILLI, CORNBREAD AND BEER DELICIOUS. WE HAD A VISITOR FROM CAROLINA TRASH, SHUT THE FUCK UP I KNOW HE THOUGHT OUR HASH KENNEL WAS A GAS. ACUALLY TOUR ASKED THIS HASHER TO JOIN US SO WHEN HE WAS IN CIRCLE SAYING "SHUT THE FUCK UP" EVERYONE AND THE VISITOR WOULD THINK HE KEPT SAYING HIS NAME OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

I OVER HEARD STICKY'S SISTER (NOT SISTER BUT HER SISTER) JUST LISA SAY "WOW I LOVE THIS". SO MY H5 FRIENDS WE HAVE YET ANOTHER RECRUIT IN OUR EVER GROWING HASH KENNEL

JUST REMEMBER KIDS DON'T DRINK AND DRIVE, TRY NOT TO EAT FLOUR RAW UNLESS YOU ARE STARVING IN AN AFRICAN NATION AND FOR GOD'S SAKES DON'T EAT DESPERATE DAVE'S CHILLI BEFORE ENTERING STARBUCKS, HOW SACRILEGIOUS IS THAT.

M'ORALLY

Okay, okay. It was either the Troegs or the chili, and I'm hoping it was the Troegs because I'm really a Yuengling gal.

But, M'Orally, I also had the most disgusting moist and meaty farts until about 4pm Thursday. It was so bad I had to leave work at noon due to the pain of holding them in all morning.

Desperate Dave, kudos to your chili. It was awesome!!!

7 /20/2005 TMINMH3 Run #73

Full Buck Moon Hash

Hares: Desperate Dave and Deckhead

Broad Street Market, Midtown Harrisburg

She Came

7 /16/2005 H5 Run #256

Overnighter Campout Hash

Hares: Pump-Kin-Head

256 Stonehouse Rd. Carlisle, PA 17013

Thanks Pump-Kin-Head for an awesome overnighter hash.

More than 50 hashers made it.

The pig roast feast was very fulfilling and the pool hit the spot (it didn't even feel cold).

Much beer was consumed and there were some namings (more on that later).

On On!

Sister

Nate, tell your folks they are WONDERFUL! And thank you sooo much for having all of us...ok just say WANKERS...over to enjoy the pig and your friends...especially Aunt Lilly! And Grandma...loved those two gals! And tell your dad, he put Phone Sex's number in his phone so call me sometime! :)

PS

Please pass along to all your hash friends that we had a great time. I want to thank them for coming since so many people we had invited didn't show. It's very difficult to plan something like this when people decide to not show up at the last minute. Thanks to them we didn't have a ton of leftover pig. They are welcomed back anytime. Although I think the pig roasting days are over. We can come up with a different plan. Please tell Chapped Lips that Dad's friend Kenny thoroughly enjoyed his lap dance. He said it was the highlight of his evening. He probably smiled all night long!! Too bad Dad missed it. He worked so hard all week planning for everything that when he finally relaxed and let loose it got the better of him. I kept telling him he'd better pace himself cause he wasn't gonna make it but.....oh well. We've all been there a time or two ourselves. Anyway, please let them know.

Thanks,

xo~mom

For those that missed it, there were 6 virgins and 5 namings as follows:

- 1) Just Keith was named Mudder Phucker
- 2) Just Dave was named Arch Enema
- 3) Just Mike was named Dick Picker
- 4) Just Crystal was named Rack n'Yack
- 5) the other Just Dave (Dirty Dancer's boyfriend) was named Coyote Ugly.

On On!

Sister

Dear Mom,

WE WANKERS SAY THANK YOU TO YOU FOR BEING SUCH A WONDERFUL HOSTESS. JUST REMEMBER IF YOU PUT ANYTHING ON THE TABLE THE HASHERS WILL EAT. WE HAD A BALL.

M'ORALLY CHALLENGED

PS DID YOU FIND OUT WHO'S GLASSES WERE LEFT ON THE FOOD TABLE.

6 /22/2005 TMINMH3 Run #72

Inner City Pounding Pavement Hash

Hares: Deckhead and Desperate Dave (aka TIUTALTA) Broadstreet Market parking lot

Deckhead, you must have been a vigin hare since you "learned" so much. Didn't your seasoned co-hare "educate" you with his words of wisdom beforehand?

It sure must have been fun, Fuzz didn't get in till the wee hours. Sorry I missed it. How many showed up? Any reviews?

Speaking of "planning for the next one", the next full moon hash is on Thursday July 21. Is this what you're talking about? If not, then we need a hare or two. For those that were there last night, now you know what to do. Just tell me that you'll do it.

On On!

Sister

Thanks to all who showed up last night, all 30+ of you! Deckhead and I have discussed how to make the next one even better..... but feedback i received at Garrison's and after at the Hardware bar indicate that a good time was had by all and the excellent weather provided a great roof top apres location.... thanks to Dancing Fool who made the trip up from Phila area and for his kind donation of a flat of fresh strawberries....and Fosters beer at the start.... too bad he could not attend some of the festivities on the G deck..... O.E. drove me to the Hardware bar but as he was 'sans' his I.D. (in these troubled times homeland security recommends all wanks carry their I.D.) he was refused admission to the Hardware Bar and thereby missed a great time... sorry about that OE.... i am pleased to report that the music, which seemed slightly discordant to me at first (and exceedingly loud!) got better and better as the night progressed and by the time UUU quit at 1:30'ish it seemed absolutely awesome! Fuzz seemed to have burned up a bunch of calories on the dance floor as did a few other wanks...(i counted a total of ten hashers) and kindly drove me to Deckhead's to retrieve my van

Hares: Deckhead and Desperate Dave (aka TIUTALTA) Broadstreet Market parking lot

around 2'ish.... am now quite recovered and ready to face the day and looking forward to the Bike ride at Fuzz's this evening at 6pm.

on-on to the Kayak Hash (KASH) friday...

dd/Amish

6 /18/2005 H5 Run #254

KY's 3rd Anal Birthday Hash

Hares: Rubber Dickie and KY

240 Quarry Rd, Hummelstown

Hey Wanks

Ky's "Boy Toy", Rubber Dickie and Imprefect Wildflower laid a great off road Live Hare trail. We got off on trail just on time 45 minutes late as usual with many visitors, non-returns, and 3 virgins. KY's well trained dogs got out and were escorted home by trail meaning hashers Doodle and Just Kevin who ended staying at camp and drinking. Is there a naming for Just Kevin here, that's the stupidest thing I've seen him do?

The trail craftily followed non-roads, powerlines, railroad tracks, all posted for trespassing which we readily obliged, to the first beer check on rusty RR tracks. Quarterstick assended a tree and peered out, that's better than peed, of the foliage to spot the last of the pack arriving to the beer check. We stumbled through the woods and found the 2nd beer check. I think we, the back of the pack and those before us missed the 3rd beer check at the cement foundations for the RR track where the huge True Trail Sweeeeeet arrow was. I did good till I stepped just off the foundation and plunged into water over my HEAD. Delia happily swam around in the nice cool water. I found a plastic chair streamside and lugged it to the next beer check. Bein' one of the DFL's, I got to relax about 2 minutes till Sister declared an On On with full beers in cup on trail to empty all the beer containers and still fulfill hashing propriety. I carried the plastic chair about another half mile on trail past a fisherman, if you can call him that, looking at us like we were assholes. I'm bustin' on a dork in waders. Sounds like a new fishing club. "The Dork in Waders". I've fished a long time and it always amazes me when I see some asshole in waders when it is 80 degrees out and the water is 80 degrees. Anyhow, a little later I was running with my newly found chair and Delia past some people "fishing" the Swatara Creek on Hoernerstown Road. One of them yelled, "Hey, bring your chair and your dog over here and have a beer." I figured that these people were the true exemplars of fishing and Delia and I made a 90 degree turn with most of the DFL's blindly following.

This was really a redneck trap in that the Redneck Pirates wanted to shanghi bimbos unless some hashers could hang upsidedown and drink beer from their tap. As our luck would have it some hashers came upsidedown to the tap. A visitor, Just Jay, helped and Blinded By the Cause did some upsidedown beer tappin. Fart Connor had to try twice because my dry hand slipped off and I almost fell on their keg. I spit on my hands and hung upside down and took a slam from the keg.

Advice for upsidedown keg drinkers: Pinch your nose.

Another reason why H5 trails ROCK, even if you're not on trail, they are so great.

From there we ran through suburbia to a campground and the trail went back toward KY's. There was a really cool beer check after a HEAD smackin' tunnel that the pack had depleted way before we got there. I broke out my emergency warm shook up Old Milwaukee and had it to myself because for some strange reason nobody wanted it. We made it back to KY's where her dog Cheyanne expressed her enjoyment of my dogs Delia's arrival.

Down Downs were administered.

"Big Rig"s dog Maggie was memorized as best the hash can do. Some wondered why the late commers were so late. It was because they were bringing some free shit from somebody elses trash. The plastic basketball net had to be tough to drag the last 2 miles just for KY's birthday,"Fuck You", present.

On On

H5 ROCKS

Fart ConnOr

Great trail guys. Excellent being that you only started scouting on Tue. Happy b-day to all who had b-days. Thanks so much to KY and Rubber Dickie for supplying the house and wonderful food. We missed those of you her were not there. Seems you would rather go to a brew fest and pay big dollars for beer. Hey but that is your choice. Bush Monkey and Spackle thanks for the shower of water balloons.

Love you

Sticky

My thanks go out to everyone who attended and to those of you bearing
> great
> food and gifts! From what I remember, I had a wonderful time! Oh yeah,
> special thanks go out to the fine harriettes who were in their right mind
> enough to put out the food for the hungry hashers - I was having such a
> great time I totally forgot about it. You guys rock! On-On and Kisses,
> KY

Hares: Rubber Dickie and KY

240 Quarry Rd, Hummelstown

would have loved to go to Brewfest and drink Troegs all day. But there was no way I was missing KY's birthday hash and party. At least Spackle and BMonkey brought some homebrew with them afterwards.....yummmmm!

Thanks for a great hash and party! Sister made me cum home at 3:00 a.m.

Rubber Dickie....next time get me before I get in the shower.

Fuzz

Hares: M'Orally Challenged and George Wash-In-Cum Towson, MD (about 1 hr south of Hbg on I-83)

Hey Wanks

Am I correct in that "George Wash In Cum" laid his first trail with the help of "M'orally Challenged"? What a pair. No, not M'orallys pair, the two of them. Their trail is what makes H5 what it is. What the fuck it is, you can arrive at your own judgements. Hills, poison ivy, shiggy, water, tunnels, crawling tunnels, apartment complexes, few roads, two beer checks well hidden within 100 feet of each other, or Lyn-sack-O-shit hares hiding nearby. We had a blast. After that more trail that led to a drainage pipe with a beer check with an inpromptu scum luge. Everyday Asshole started it when he gracefully exited the tunnel and fell on his ass. Quarterstick followed suit and recreated a remake of Everyday's slide. From there things went downhill. Numerous hashers recreated Everyday's slide to the enjoyment of some local people. I say this because we were there for a while and nobody called the police.

We ran, no, we hashed downhill, past some pubescent female lacrosse players. That brings me to a Stinko thought relative to when I was 13 years old at YMCA camp. Keep in mind that when I was 13 YMCA camps weren't co-ed. When I was 14, in 1973, they were.

Only a cinder block wall, that I could jump up on and look over, was seperating me from hot naked 70's pubescent babes. What did I miss? Shit, I missed the sexual revolution.

Ok, enough of my flashback to the 70's that was alcohol free, that's why I can still remember it.

Today we had crabs and great food and lusted for more. Up Yours Fart Connor

I want to thank George Washing-Cum and M'Orally Challenged for putting on a studendous hash and crab feast afterwards. It was more than we could have expected.

For those that were there, I want you to know you that what you got was worth at least 3 times the hash cash that you paid. The hares spent hudreds of dollars on this and, due to the extremely low price they charged, they are hundreds of dollars in the hole. Crabs are not cheap! Whatever happened to the crab count per person? I saw people eating crabs for well over an hour. Let this be a lesson learned for future hares to try to better balance what you charge with what you spend.

For those wondering what the commotion in the circle was all about, allow me to enlighten you. The tunnels toward the end of the trail were a humbling experience and those that went trough the tunnels wanted to recognize those that didn't with a down-down. It wasn't a shortcutting accusation, it was just recognition of those who didn't do them.

How did this come about, you ask? Well as we folowed trail up a driveway, the FRB's ran across a road and started to climb a hill. We yelled at them if they were on flour, they called back that they were not. In fact we couldn't find any flour on the road so be back tracked a little and found the flour going off the left side of said driveway. We yelled at the FRBs (Tour, Q-stick & ??) to come back that we had found the trail, but they ignored us and kept going. The trail went into a creek bed and went up into a culvert under the road. The culvert got flatter the further you went. Hunched over, we scraped our backs against the ceiling. Upon coming out, we were faced with a rock wall that water was running down and a rope hanging down. We scaled the weeping wall and came upon the mouth of a rock tunnel, about 18" wide and 24 " high. The trail went in, so in we went. Trouble is this tunnel was long and dark. There were beams across the top and many hit their heads on the beams. The ceiling also dropped lower until the tunnel was only abut 18" high, forcing us to do the leopard crawl. OE & Bushrat would have appreciated this. Finally we saw light at the end of the tunnel and had to squeeze out a narrow opening. It was such a humbling experience that, running back, we agreed we would give those that didn't follow trail through the tunnels a down-down. Icing the bastards was also discussed. GW even offered up ice to do this.

When it came time for accusations, I brought it up, only to be accused by Tour of a false accusation and jeers from those that didn't know anything about it (Rubber Dickie, etc.). Where were those that agreed to do this? I tried to round them up and get them to be vocal and follow through what they said they would do. Why is that so hard to do? Is it because they're too scared to speak up against Tour? Please let me know.

Humbly,
Sister

Wankers,

Thanks for cumming, I wish more had. I am glad to have had each and everyone of you . I did feel that Sister's observations needed a response. I hosted this event with M'OC , not to break even, but to get all of you down to Maryland for a rockin good time (and I think y'all did). I had expected more to show, and sooo I over bought . The only lesson here is; make your virgin haring experience a memorable one !! This was money I had to spend , and I can't think of a group of people I would have rather spent it on.

ON~ON
George Wash-in-cum

Hares: M'Orally Challenged and George Wash-In-Cum Towson, MD (about 1 hr south of Hbg on I-83)

What's this about a ruckus in the circle? Seemed like a pretty ordinary circle to me! Although most hockey fans that I know are scary guys, especially Tour. ;-)

No seriously, great time, and to GW, maybe I could sell a kidney to make up for how many crabs were bought??? Excellent hash tho dude!!!!!!

5 / 6 / 2005 H5 Run #250

8th Annalversary - 5th Stinko de Mayo

Hares: Grand Master Bush Rat and The H5 Usual Susp Camp, Newberrytown, PA

Thanks so very much to each and every one of you who helped make this year's Stinko such a huge success! (as if we expected any different!). So many folks have said it in so many ways, but I'm compelled to reiterate that I have never met a greater bunch of folks in my life! There is simply no one gathering of people who go out of their way to make everyone feel so special and welcum as do the H5ers. The food was great, the activities were a blast and the trail kicked my ass (but only because of a couple of recent injuries and oh yes!, old age!) lol! Seriously, a special thanks and recognition go out to Bush Rat, Tour, Quarterstick, Deathwish, Chapped Lips, Sister, Fuzz and Grizz for their unwavering dedication and hard work. I'm sure there were others who I have failed to mention, but you know who you are! We love you all! Takes It All & HandJob

DITTO!! PP and I had an awesome time and it was great to reconnect with some old friends, even if we did sleep thru the band and midnight hash run. But I did hear it all, in and out. After the purse incident letting it on top my car and having to get it sat morning from the police (thank God for honest people. Someone had picked it up and turned it into the North Middletown police). I was in such a hurry Friday night getting to dinner, graduation, and the graduation party at ABC, and then on to stinko, I was arranging all my stuff in the car and sat my purse on top the car, and forgot it. Reason we came later Sat morning. Then when we were leaving Stinko early Sunday morning for PP to go to work, he left his sneakers on the top of our car and realized it going down 83.. We drove back twice looking for them.. Found one and then finally found the other on 83. we were lucky.. Thanks to everyone for a great Stinko! Loved the run - great job to the Hares! The food was excellent too! I have some great pictures on my digital camera to share with whoever if you want them for the website, just email me and I'll get them to you. Seeya all next time..CC

Hi All, Kudos to the Harrisburg-Hershey HHH for an excellent edition of their Stinko De Mayo hash weekend. Pork Screw, Wee Willie and I definitely had a great time. I heard good things about the eagle trail and the turkey trail that I was on was just what I needed. Couple of random thoughts: 1. Dear Tour de Puke - Do NOT let me ever go on stage again and try to join the band. I suck at keyboards with an all day hash buzz on. Thanks. You know you are bad when you realize you stink even when you have been drinking. 2. Deathwish's greasy pit truck. That had to be the first local weekend hash were a hasher had a carnival truck serving hot french fries and chicken wings. F.B.A.C. two thumbs up!. 3. Dunk tank with bimbos in panties. Need I say more? :- P 4. One truck, two pull ropes, a recycling bin and the Legion of Dumb = grass skiing pulled by truck. The result is one broken recycling bin and a couple of scratches. The bin lost. 5. Cool personalized, beer can Hawaiian shirts. To those who were there and coming to Nittany's Hasheritaville in August, the Stinko giveaway should be perfect for the Saturday night party. Shit hash, shitty trail, shitty time. THANKS H5! On On Floppy, F.B.A.C. Nittany Valley HHH

OE's Personal Trash/Recollection/Ramblings About Stinko de Mayo 2005: <Primary Thanks> First, as always, a big thanks to all the H5â?Ters who busted their humps to get another STINKO organized and running. There are many â?omission essentialâ?people who make this tremendous weekend happen. I donâ?Tt wanna risk forgetting anyone â? so you know who you are and you have my thanks. <Beer Trailer> The "U-Haul Til U-Fall" trailer is a masterpiece. The logo stencil is awesome and the bamboo hooch around it added atmosphere. <Booze> I heard a lot of good comments on the beer selection and the fact that there were also mixed drinks, bottles and wine. I think someone even used the word "classy". Who would have ever thunk it?? :-p The supply of water and soda was more then adequate as well. <Trail> Somehow I ended up on the Turkey Trail with the turkeys. Good scenery with several BNs and only 2.4 miles. I was back in time to suck down a few beers and shower before the eagles got back. <Gumby> I don't recall ever being a huge fan of Gumby so I had no objection to seeing a 5ft tall stuffed Gumby ready to be torched. Imagine the bonehead that first drew him â? still making millions of dollars in royalties. Did you hear the creepy chants of "All Hail Gumby" QSTICK might want to consider a side job as a park bench maker because with a few more big STINKO fires, he will be an expert at building new them! <Food Crew> I know there are a bunch of you and you did a great job. CHAPPED, PUKE PANTHER, D-DAVE, VW (and TOURs salsa) and anyone else involved. Some good grub and thanks for having and using hand sanitizer! :-)

<Latrine Crew> The worst job at STINKO. I heard there were 4 but I only spoke with DIRTY DANCER and her bf (sorry, can't recall your name). This is a shitty job anywhere but worse when the facilities are fairly substandard to start with. <Haberdashery> These unique shirts are actually made in Hawaii and the tards even spelled everything correctly. <The Weather> Perfect. I heard several people shivering in Friday night's cold weather. Makes for a great extra Stinko story ("Damn, it was cold down there in Harrisburg!")

<Dancing Fool> This honorary H5'er gathered enough recyclables on Saturday to take an entire load to the center. He is a one -man cleaning company. <People Who Were Asleep Or Passed Out In Public> Its always amusing to me to see people completely zonked in odd places. The Best of Show goes to McCAVITY who was passed out in one of the hot tubs. How he didn't slip under the water and drown is beyond me. SISTER would have been really pissed if a floating corpse interfered with his tub management plan.<Friends, Old and New> As always, it was great seeing some old friends and meeting some new ones. To me, the people are the very best thing about hashing. Even adding the occasional asshole to the mix doesn't dampen the fact that hashing has some great folks.

<Music> I missed DJ LOCKJAW Friday. When I first saw SLIPPERY NIPPLES' boyfriend (again, I have forgotten a name) I thought he was just another hippie with a guitar. They are a dime a dozen. Saturday after the trail I heard him playing and he was quite good. This morning (Sun), I-WILDFLOWER and I had the chance to sit by the fire with him and listen to him play " especially a song that a buddy of his wrote " a song so good that we both thought it had been recorded nationally. Sadly, I also missed the CATS but heard they were as shitty/excellent as usual! This morning, EVERYDAY ASSHOLE & I cleaned up the dancehall (Who played Lacrosse with a chicken wing?!?!?) This is a fairly gratifying duty because the hall is always filthy before the first STINKO person even arrives and then we add our pile of beer cups and food and jello shot containers. We agreed that the Sunday AM cleanup can be handled in the future by whatever Reading Hashers are at STINKO. A small token of appreciation for our H5 cohorts. Enough touchy-feeling happy thank you horseshit. But, thank you! This really was the best STINKO ever. Only 363 days until the next one! ONON, OE

Hares: Grand Master Bush Rat and The H5 Usual Susp Camp, Newberrytown, PA

WANKERS, WHAT A GREAT YEAR. THANKS TO ALL H5'S THAT HELPED AND WENT BEYOND. WE ARE A DAMN GOOD TEAM!!! SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR GM BUSHRAT AND HIS LOVELY WIFE PURPLE COOTER. COOTER ENJOY YOUR HUBBY BACK. ON ON, M'ORALLY CHALLENGED P.S. 2006 STINKO HERE WE CUUUUM

Hashers, I wanted to pass along thank yous and congratulations to H5 on putting on a great hash weekend that I received from many of the visitors over the past 2 days. I especially wanted to thank all the volunteers who helped make this happen. People thought they got good value, especially the food, drink selections and entertainment. What a nice day we had on Sunday! After we got everything cleaned up and put away, we were able to relax in the sun and drink endless libations. It was so nice, we stayed till 7 pm. On On to the Kick the Keg Hash. Sister

hey fart you wanted to know if anybody else did something stupid. I got so wasted fri night that I got naked in the hot tub, which I never do and passed out. Once again if it wasn't for the concern of my life by other hashers I probably would have drown. DECKHEAD

That's ok Deckhead, Takes It...Like the Amish did the same thing Saturday night, and was rescued at 5 am.
I saw Tour walking like a Zombie at the end of the trail Friday night. Sister

Doodle's Highlights Her First Time at Stinko: Cracking a million eggs and drinking tequila recklessly. Hey sorry about all those shells in the scrambled eggs. Falling down and not getting up. Waking up with a bloody knee. Meeting a cool hippie chick named A.N.G.E.L who had organic hummus and jerky and some strange red tea..I heard she got naked at the Saturday fire and was put in a baby stroller by Quarterstick. Must have been the tea. SORRY I missed that. Secret early morning outdoor showers by the pool. Deckhead has a nice ass by the way! Using good old-fashioned bribery to get all my beer drank at my Midwest stop on the beer crawl. Seeing the inside of Big Rigs Rig. Meeting Baby Huey and his first aid kit. Endless kisses and hugs from KY. Grizz in her junior sized short northern girl skirt..let it snow..let it snow! Quarterstick and fire. Is there ANYTHING you won't burn? Finding two jello shots in my pocket. Doing registration with Fuzzie. Putting faces with names was very interesting. The trail..oh the wonderful TRAIL!!!! Meeting and talking for hours with Mr. Jackson from Rumson. Waiting (and waiting) for French fries from Deathwish. You never rang the bell!!!! Dancing my ass off and on stage on Saturday night. Watching Slippery Nipples dance her ass off on stage. Stinko Plinko!!!!
Watching the girls get out of the drunk tank. Who can't appreciate that? I know there was so much more..let me just say that I fucking love hashers and I have no idea what my life was about until I found you all!!!! Xoxoxo
Doodle

Hi everyone, Was great to see all you again. Thank you for a great weekend at Stinko de Mayo. Love you all, Hot Lips, Grand Mistress/Grand Rapids H3

This needs to be told to all the hashers. DECK HEAD YOU WERE NAKED IN THE HOT TUB. Ruffy or Fuzz? Saw you along with BIG RIG. BIG RIG, PULLED YOU OUT. I said "Big Rig please tell me that "PLEASE TELL ME YOU WERE NOT SEEN PULLING A NAKED MAN OUT OF A HOT TUB" He said "Well Shit I never thought of that part of it" Big Rig you did a good thing saving Deck Head. Now it wouldn't be any fun if I wasn't the usual distastful PIG that I can be. Deck Head you can stop turning red now. All in fun. M'Orally Challenged

Is there a down down in more ways than one for Causes bedding? From the observation of all the stuff cumming in on Tuesday, was I not the only one who felt like shit on Monday? I might have said this before but Delia was too tired to climb on furniture to sleep on Monday. Me and Delia gotta' r#n. Fart Connor

First of all, I'd like to give a BIG thanks to all the h5rs! Ya'll are Great! Some of my highlights are as follows:
Having M'orally hop in the shower with me. (thanks,VW) Having Doodle in my Big Rig! Burning my eyelashes trying to roast marshmallows in a 5 alarm bonfire, (thanks, Quarterstick) Having permission from Pinda Bare to let me videotape her while stripping to that most AWESOME band!!!! Having a 15 minute conversation with LockJaw...I never knew he talked! Lol Having Sticky Buns on top both nights! (my top bunk that is) Being ANGEL's gardian angel! Getting to know an awesome hasher from Grand Rapids, MI named HotLips! :)
And way to much more to mention and a big thanks to a few more hashers I can't mention! (what happens at the hash...) Oh, and as for Ruffie and I helping Deckhead back to his pad after passing out in the hot tub...I guess I was too drunk to even notice he was naked. Lol Great Times, Great Folks!! Thank-You! BigRig

Hey Wanks How many dogs were at Stinko, other than too many? Some snarrlin' and bitchn' was heard but no dogs had to go to the extremely expensive "Pet Emergency Treatment Scenter", also known as P.E.T.S. To the best of my knowledge no humans had to go either. My arrfing for Delia says that she had a crotch sniffing blast, and good food too. Damn, we shoulda' had a doggie and owner picture. Arffff Arffff Ffffart Connor

Hey Wankers, What a great Stinko weekend! Good beer, good games, good beer, good food, good beer, good music! It was all going so well, then there was Saturday night. I don't remember much about it, but I'm pretty sure I had a good time. My good time turned to fuzziness, which lasted past Sunday. In fact, it wasn't until today that I realized that I forgot our 30 cup coffe pot and the red plastic cooler. Also I can't find my black plastic Buck pocket knife that my dad gave me. Did anybody find it? Hope all made it home safely, so we can do this crazy Stinko thing again next year. Cheers, HandJob (& Takes It All)

m'orally Big Rig was the bigger man by not worrying about gayness when he pulled me out of the tub. Besides that, what bimbo could have pulled me out, but that would have been cool if like ten different bimbos fell in the hot tub trying to pull me out, not that I would have remembered anything like usual. Also Big Rig can now live with the knowledge of saving another mans life, wow DECKHEAD

Thanks to Sister, Fuzz, Tour and the too numerous to mention Harrisburg / Hershey hashers, for a first class weekend Highlights were: -The Rumson skits, with a special thanks to the lame skits before and after us, that made our pathetic attempts look good. - Non-stop hash food. - Tour's band that rocked till 2 AM, with few breaks. - A surplus of

Hares: Grand Master Bush Rat and The H5 Usual Susp Camp, Newberrytown, PA

bodacious bimbos and some of the ugliest men in Hashdom. Even Rumson's aged hashers were in demand. Mr. Jackson

I had wrote that I wanted to do me mum, but "It's Better in PA! [USA]" What I really mean is, the Stinko de Mayo weekend just thrown by Harrisburg-Hershey H5 was better than what you're probably doing right now. Their secret is to have perfect weather, a kitchen that never closes, a Mexican theme so the food never sucks, and bimbos up the wazoo to boot. I wasn't yet ready for the game where if you win, a bimbo whacks your ass with a paddle, leaving huge colored welts, such that I don't see how the welt-ees can go to work on Monday. If the boss sees you can't sit down, or sees your ass is half purple, can you live that down? -> Maybe Next Time Dick!

To the Hershey / Harrisburg Hash, Thanks for putting on a fantastic event. Fuzz, Sister, Tour de Puke and your minions deserve a fine Stinko de Plinko slam on the ass for staging a true Hash de force. Now that the cobwebs have cleared and some of my brain cells are up and running again, I'd like to list the stinkiest memories I had from the SDM weekend: Painting latex bikinis on two fine bimbos, then having the favor returned. The bikini top was fun going on, but hell getting off (no chest hairs left). Drunk tank dunkings and very decent exposures. Cool spaghetti strap tank tops for the ladies. Bravo to Brother Michael for dunking the most bimbos. Rumson skits. Mr. Jackson and Elephant Dick's skit is older than they are, but I can never get enough vagina chronicles. Cold fucking overnights. I froze my nutsack off on Friday night. Could have used a few bosom buddies to make the tent stand up better. The trail. Quarterstick, Bushrat and their legions set a rugged, hilly, clever route through some gorgeous countryside. Going through that horse trailer park was hilarious. Keg Frisbee bounce. Wingnuts was nailing my fresh beers with his disk as fast as I could set them up. This made me sober enough to go over and join his side. We blasted a few mugs away from Doggy Style and Brother Mike. The Bon Fire. Pallet tossing at midnight and keepin' the fire and comraderie stoked 'til daybreak. Tour de Puke, Deckhead and The Cheshire Cats keep getting better and lustier. Thank you Tour for the accompaniment on "Rumson Bimbos". The new friends I made as well as the old buds who keep getting better with time. Thank God that God's a Hasher. You're beautiful. Cliff Diver

Stinko. Lets do it again!!!! This time last week I was on my way to all the festivities. Oh and what great festivities they were. Thanks so much to Big Rig for allowing me to be on top (bunk that is). You have all the control from the top. Thanks to all my friends you know who you are without your help on sat morning especially I would not have been able to have a good time. As it turned out I had a great time. I love you guys. A big hand goes out to all the people who helped out with the food, the cleaning the festivities the trail, fire and beverages. We could not do it with out you. Everyone was very creative with the cabin crawl this year, but Ky that snow you had tasted like plastic. Thanks again Tour, Deckhead for a great evening with the band. I look forward to seeing everyone soon especially my new friends. Is anyone going to Ithica. I think I am going especially if slimy is going. Does anyone want to car pool. I have off Fri and Monday so we can make it a long weekend and check out the water falls. Let me know Sticky

WELL, Party we did kids starting Thursday night before Stinko in the LODGE. Licky Me ta hell that shot tasted like chocolate cake. Clarify smelled like the inside of my toilet. I was drunk and there was I was drunk. Most hashers believed that they needed to get drunk. I put Tour de Puke to bed twice cause he was drunk. I saw wasted people everywhere because they were drunk. Deck Head past out in a HOT TUB cause he was drunk. Quarterstick burned everything but the campground sink, he doesn't have to be drunk. She Came and J. Edgar Boozer came and went, not enough time to get drunk. Pump-kin-Head was always drunk. Ruff Butt needed to get drunk. I saw Delia drinking beer out of a water dish. Do dogs get drunk? Jello Slut was eating spiked marrashino cherries and I believed her to be drunk. Sister flipped out because the YUKKA lid was gone, "thrown out like a frisby, never to be found again". I told him "JUST USE YOUR DAMN HAND TO COVER IT WHILE YA SHAKE IT". Betcha he was drunk. Fuzz Buster was FUUUUUUUUUUCKING drunk, I mean 3 sheets to the wind and had to be escorted to bed. Vagina Whiner and Tour de Puke slept next to each other cause they were drunk (in photo album). Dried up Bush was sucking on a straw by the bonfire cause she was drunk, WOOPS that was no straw, Sorry George Wash-In-Cum. WingNuts did not climb the A Frame this year cause he wasn't drunk enough. Cause for Blindness didn't show boobies, but then again she doesn't have to be drunk, but we do (I love you Cause). Slim Jim is on a low carb diet and trying not to get drunk. I heard someone say Bushrat had gotten drunk. Vagina Whiner got drunk after stinko on Margaritas and fell asleep in his car while I was returning from Mothers Day stuff. I told him "I'll bitch slap ya if you ever try to drive drunk". What do all of these people have in common; THEY WERE INTOXICATED!!! A TOAST TO STINKO de MAYO 2005 M'ORALLY CHALLENGED P.S. Please don't drink and drive kids.

Well, I might not have mounted any A-frames, but I was totally toasted. So, I want to sincerely, appreciatively apologize to all the harriettes I fondled after the midnight crawl. And to all the harriettes I didn't fondle, I want to apologize even more. On On Wing Nuts <oo>

I just wanted to say as a mother of a 2 & 4 yr old, & my husband taking care of them so I could go away, WAS SO TOTALLY RAD. I had met some of you before but got to meet some of you so much in a personally way, kindness, friendly, & no inhibitions. Wow sounds likeme. Thank you BIG RIG for being my guardian angel. Thank you Doodle for being you..... I think by the way I have your grey jacket (danskin) washed & cleaned ready for your next adventure. Hope we have some serious fun hash related or not (get a mtn bike - I have an extra & we will head off for the weekend!!!) Thank YOU QUARTERSTICK for riding my ass around in a stroller in my undies. I was hoping to become part of the legion of dumb. I have some energy I wanted to express but I guess I was way too borring w/ you boys. Sorry Sister, I have to admit, I don't know you well but wow you were into the boobies!!!! Good for you. Pum-kin-head I want you to know I heard what you said on trail & I think you are a cool cat... I told the hubby about you showed one of your pics & he said "he looks mean" I assured him your probably nothing more than a pussy cat. Make sure you email me. He wants to know if you'd be interested in biking while we're scouting. Anyhoo thank you all for the best time ever. I'm tired & rejuvenated at the same time LOVE YAS ANGEL

4 /24 /2005 TMINMFH3 Run #70

Full Pink Moon Hash

Hares: Ruff Butt and KY

Parking lot at Stony Creek (bottom of the hill to the fire tower)

Bike Hash, aka BASH, which I think stands for Big Assed Steep Hill.

Hares: Ruffie and KY

Hares: Ruff Butt and KY

Parking lot at Stony Creek (bottom of the hill to the fire tower)

Other Half Minds: JEB, She Came, Imperfect Wildflower, Rubber Dickie, Blow and Tell, Pro Boner.

Blow and Tell & Pro Boner were the only walkers and started out early, expecting to be passed at any minute by speeding mountain bikes. The first bashers sighted at the top of the 2 mile plus hill were KY and Rubber Dickies' labs, followed closely by JEB, and a few minutes later by Imperfect Wildflower, who ended up being FRB (or FBB front biking bastard) only because JEB went back to put an arrow down for the fire tower trail.

Rubber Dickie gets the Pack Mule award, lugging a case of Lagers up the hill with only one pedal. The threads stripped leaving him with one leg drive.

The first order of business was to build the fire. Everyone pitched in gathering firewood. Imperfect climbed the tower and got some great shots from above of Dehart dam and the half minds below, huddled around the fire.

Everyone brought eats, but Ruffie proved herself the master chef of the great outdoors. Never have I seen steaks cooked on the coals, and I mean ON the coals. It was great! She also brought some sweet and regular spuds. The labs showed great restraint, with all that food on the ground within easy reach. KY produced a healthy item of food in the form of an apple which was shared communally. Ruffie had some Yeagermeister to help ward off the chill.

Speaking of chill, we felt precipitation falling, but it wasn't until Blow and Tell turned around from the fire and noticed in the light of the headlamp she borrowed from Ruffie that it was snowing!

The two walkers started out ahead of the rest, in the snow and a full moon obscured by the clouds. As we descended, the snow stopped, it warmed up (a bit) and the moon was bared in all its luminous glory, eliminating the need for artificial lighting. We made it the whole way down without being passed by the bashers, and therefore have no idea of what transpired atop the mountain after we left. Perhaps we never will.

Disrespectfully submitted,
Pro Boner

Hares: QuarterStick

Capital Area Intermediate Unit parking lot

Hey Wanks

What a great day for a great trail. Delia and I arrived at the Capitol Area Intermediate something or other where the hash was to start and the beloved police were there too. The beer swilling was subdued but I had the van to hide behind. Deathwish told him that we weren't urban terrorists and learned that the nice policeman was there to meet his wife. A hot looking babe in a lawn maintenance pickup truck appeared and they both soon left. Maybe he had something better to do than write tickets.

All was well. At least 30 hashers, 3 dogs, visitors, and 3 virgins were assembled. It was a beautiful April afternoon and the rain held off for us. The hare, Quarterstick, threw flour on the ground and made chalk marks to confuse the virgins and took off. Pump-Kin-Head went into the bushes to retrieve a tick to show the hashers what one looked like. About 10 minutes later as a light rain came down and thunder thundered overHEAD, the pack took off past the climbing wall that had the handholds up high enough that Deathwish would have needed help to reach the handholds to climb up the tower with metal cables on top in a thunderstorm.

On this first part of the trail my utmost respect goes to Q-stick for his haring ability. Alone by himself, is that a double stupid? A well timed mark of 2 circles with dots in the middle slowed the pack. It kept raining. Most of the pack got to the first beer check. Shortly after that we passed a rollerskating rink and people standing out in the rain to get in asked what we were doing. It kept raining.

Hare note: Don't use chalk if you think it is going to rain.

The pack started to dilute from here as, I'm guessing, the chalk that Q-stick used to mark checks washed off. We found bits of flour here and there but no beer. I heard that some of it floated away. How does beer float? Ooohhh, beer and ice cream. Ok, how about Sloe Gin Fizz and ice cream? 1 beer check out of 4!!! Is thar beer in them thar woods?

Hashers meandered their way back to the start almost catching the hare but for his quick thinking of throwing down some flour that faintly resembled an HHH. We regroped and went to the Riverside pub. One bedraggled waitress for the flashmob of 30+ hashers thirsty and hungry. Maybe she should be gald that they weren't horny too. I thought the service was slow till I saw her busting her ass. I mean service was so slow that M'orally gave me half her cheese steak to keep me alive till my order of wings came an hour later. Maybe, if Mamma Cass gave Karen Carpenter a bite of her meatball sandwich, they might both still be alive.

A circle ensued and we missed going out on the deck that was there. About this point Fart Connor (Notice that has an Or at the end of the spelling) was erected to do Hash Trash Just Mike, Doodle's brother, was named. Some that I can remember that didn't make it were: Eatn' Puke, Puke Pussy Face, Pretty in Puke. He was named, "Goes Down, Throws Up". Pump-Kin-Head came up with this name. Is this a commentary hash name in that it involves sex and puking?

Don't forget: Pissboy, Delia, and Fart Connor haring August 27, 2005. 1:00pm start, easy time consuming trail. Spell check not used, if you can tell.

Up Yours

Fart Connor

Hares: QuarterStick

Capital Area Intermediate Unit parking lot

Wankers,

I hope you have taken a look at the pics from this past Saturday April 23rd that George Wash-In-Cum took. Vagina Whiner's eyes are glowing fire red. Yes my friends it's true, Vagina Whiner is POSSESSED. He was trying to break it to you someday but didn't know how. Whiner had tried out as an extra in the remake "THE OMEN" but failed at his attempt.

Every wanker at this hash (April 23rd) believed that the cold wind, rain, thunder and lightning were an act of nature. Not true, it in fact was Whiner playing his evil tricks. Did those hashers present notice that the cold wind and rain began as we started to run. Also the thunder and lightning began just as we entered the tree line. What are people supposed to avoid during a storm? Holding a golf club directly into the air, standing beside a lightning rod, swimming and yes being under a tree. Did those present also notice that when we finished, the storm exited and the sun came out.

Poor Quarterstick had his trail markings erased by the rain. His flour bag soaked by the gushing steam. He didn't dare dream that the water level would rise enough to wash it away. Those kids he spoke of chucking the beer bottles from his beer check. The flour the children beat up, threw and tossed carelessly away. This is a crime of beer and flour abuse. Vagina Whiner is now looking for them.

At the ON ON, Self Service and Turn The Bitch Over mysteriously disappeared. Their car had vanished from the ON IN. Never did the wankers see them again. Was this an abduction or was the rain and wind too yucky for them to bare. Also the On In lacked the presents of a few. Ruff Butt and TAKES IT UP THE ASS LIKE The Amish, (Desperate Dave) were they abducted like others or did they just HAUL ASS.

Congrats to Just Mike who had a naming. He now and forever will be known as Goes Down Throws Up. This was derived from the carpet muching he did at the St. Paddy's Day Hash and then throwing up later in Tour's bathroom sink which I M'Orally Challenged cleaned up. I mean, my name is m'ORALLY CHALLENGED but please, cleaning up puke blows.

Last but surely not least, (don't ever call him Shirley) FART CONNOR was unanimously sworn in as an officer of Harrisburg-Hershey's mismanagement. He is now H5's HASH TRASH or SCRIBE. I believe that KY and Sister would agree to add Fart's name, discription and photo to H5's website. Also our WEBMASTER KY, her photo and dicription are missing from the mismanagement website. The Webmister should plug herself into that thing.

ON ON TO STINKO DE MAYO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

M'Orally Challenged :)

4 /9 /2005 H5 Run #247

Shove the Corndog up Saddam's Birthday Ass Hash II

Hares: JAFO, Private Itch and Tour de Puke

State Game Lands 230 near Carlisle Springs

Hashers, I wanted to share my perspective with you on today's Corndog Hash.

First I must commend the hares on the awesome eagle trail they laid. It was both breathtaking and extremely challenging.

My perspective on the eagle trail is that the large majority of hashers wanted to do the eagle trail. The hash started well enough and everyone made it to the first beer check, where the beer was consumed in short order. Then there was the map, which told the eagles to go backward on the turkey trail, to the T-E split, backward on the combined trail to the last check, then cross the stone road and continue on the grass path for 150 metres until they picked up flour. With good intentions the eagles went back to the T-E split, then confusion reigned as to which way did the map say to go. Some thought going backward on the trail back toward the start didn't make any sense, so they took off on a trail to the left of that one. The majority followed. We yelled "Are You?" and got no answer. Seeing that the hashers were well along without any flour, some of us decided to go back and try the other way. We did what we thought we remembered the map said, but we couldn't find the flour. So mass confusion reigned. At this point COGO spotted us and joined us, but we were split on what to do, whether to give up and join the turkey trail or give it another shot. So we ran back to the first beer check and had another look at that map. We saw that we had been in the right place, but where was the flour? Perhaps we didn't look down the correct grass path, as there seemed to be more than one.

At this point Community Chest and Purple Prick said, by golly they were here to do the eagle trail and they were going to find it. So I joined them and this time we took the map with us. We ran back and Bushrat and M'Orally Challenged joined us. We found the exact location of the last check. From that position, it appeared that you could cross the stone road and get on three different grass paths, so we split up and searched. Eventually Bushrat found flour on the right hand side of one of the paths, the side we had not looked at before. So we were finally on the eagle trail. The trail wound its way uphill and finally onto a sloping path going up the side of the mountain. As we later found out, M'Orally had stayed down below and paralleled us at the base of the mountain by the sound of our whistles and calls of "On On!". Near the top of the mountain was a switchback, at which point there was a beer check with 2 gallons of beer. We drank what we could and Purple Prick took a gallon with him on trail.

At this point, there was a check, but the only flour went downhill over and through a boulder field to the base of the mountain. This was the most challenging component of the trail (you had to be there to believe it). At the base, we heard M'Orally responding to our whistles and she caught up with us. She had been going through the brush without a trail and it was tough going. From there, we followed trail all the way to the paved road, where there was another T-E split, with the tukey trail going down the road and the eagle trail going across the road. As we had already been on trail some 2.5 hours, we suspected everyone had already made it in before us and thought about taking the turkey trail, but Community Chest and Purple Prick said you can't say you did the eagle trail, unless you've done the whole eagle trail, so off we went across the road.

When we got on the hill from which we could see the parking lot, we couldn't believe our eyes. Hasher's cars were leaving the parking lot! We quickly ran down the last bit of trail through the creek and shiggy field to find that the circle was over, the beer was gone and people were leaving. As far as I'm concerned, if the hares are going to lay an eagle trail that it takes 2.5 hours to finish, then everyone should wait for those who do the eagle trail to finish. The fact that most of the hashers who wanted to do eagle trail ended up on the turkey trail does not change this basic premise of waiting to do down-downs until both trails are in. As it was we did not get to do "first in" & "last in" from the eagle trail; we did not get to recognize Community Chest & Purple Prick as non-returners; and we did not get to give Bushrat his birthday down-down.

Hares: JAFO, Private Itch and Tour de Puke

State Game Lands 230 near Carlisle Springs

When I got home, Fuzz peppered me with questions I did not know the answers to. I anyone can provide answers, that would be appreciated. How much beer was there for down-downs? (At the start Tour told me there was only a quarter keg, but on trail Purple Prick said he saw a half keg.) Was there any food at the end of the trails? Were the virgins recognized in the circle? Was Just Teresa named? How much beer was there at the beer checks on the turkey trail? Why did 3 cop cars show up (who called them), where & when did they show up and who in the hash talked to them (weren't we all on trail when this happened)?

Sister Maria,
Eagle Trail

Hey Wanks

What a great trail today. The hares well laid plans were shot to hell by 3/4 of the short cutting pack. Only one dog of the about 6 on trail made the whole trail and only about 6 hashers went with the dog. The good part about the dogs is that I don't think I heard a single bark from the dogs, not counting when Bushrat's knee ran into Delia. Damn, why did I follow Deathwish far to the side when he shortcutted through the rifle range? At least Delia stayed outside the wire marking the shooting range. Shooters with live ammo, Zero. Soon after that we stumbled into the On In with just enough beer for the shortcutters. The true trailers appeared as the rest of the pack was ready to go to the bar.

Bar-B-Q's. Overexposed, have you checked this place out yet? It has great food. The mold on the bread is free. The barmaids bust their asses, but when they start looking cute, you should have quit drinking about 20 years ago. Wooo Hooo, a bar that serves 16 ounce Old Milwaukee's in cans. The best canned beer made. The juke box is fantastic, country classics. Not like the shit you hear nowadays, but stuff like "A Boy Named Sue" from Johnny Cash and Pasty Cline classics.

I decided that it was time to go home when it was mentioned that I had some nasty body odor. Imagine that, I'm in a smoke filled bar and I stink that bad. The upside to that was that on the way home I heard Led Zeppelin's "Free Bird" and Lynrd Skynrd's "Stairway to Heaven".

Once I got home I put my arms up and smelled my armpits. My shirt had stink but my pits had deodorant. I put my left leg behind my HEAD, mostly because I can, and sniffed. I couldn't get real close down, but from my sniffy receptors in my brain, my neck hurt.

Youse Guys are Fuckin' Great

Fart Connor

Hashers, perhaps you were confused by my original subject line "Corndog Hash".

In case you didn't know it, last Saturday's hash was called "Shove the Corndog up Sadam's Ass Hash".

I've only had one phone reply to my e-mail telling me that "we missed it all". My reply is "no, you missed the whole f***** trail".

Further to my questions below, Fuzz & I would like to know, who all got down-downs? Were there any namings? How did Cums In Handy get that laceration on his forehead (who said head?).

A more important question, since the circle was over before the eagle trail got in, did the hares short us on beer?, like they said they wouldn't?

If someone could do a writeup that was there on the turkey portion of the trail and at the premature down-down circle, that would be most appreciated.

On On!
Sister

Hey Sister

Now I know why the cops came back, because they talked to M'orally and called all their buddies to see more. As for the hashers in the mud, that's good clean American fun.

In Mud

Fart

Hares: Fart Connor, Chapped Lips, Just Keith (Puke P Appalachian Trail parking lot off Rte 443, Lebanon County

Silly Wankers

What a great weekend of hashing. Friday night, lost in Penn's Woods with hashers. Saturday afternoon, stumbling through Penn's Woods with hashers. "It doesn't get any better than this." A quote from my Old Milwaukee can, if you can't hear it. If you missed Saturday's trail, you missed the beer check with Old Milwaukee in an outhouse.

Thanks to Deathwish and Quaterstick for Fridays hash. And thanks to the newly named "Puke Panther," Chapped Lips, and Sister Maria for making Fart Connor and his dog Delia's trail so much fun. I'm getting weepy eyed, oh sorry, that's just an eyelash in my eye. Thanks too all who came out on trails and make H5 the live hare trail Mother Fuckin' Rulers!!!

Hares: Fart Connor, Chapped Lips, Just Keith (Puke P Appalachian Trail parking lot off Rte 443, Lebanon County)

For the 25 years that I spent stumbling around in the woods, drinking beer, and fishing by myself, because I couldn't find anybody else that was dumb enough to go with me more than one time, my karma led me to Bushrat, so any trail that I Fuck Up, you can blame Bushrat.

If you have enough flour they will follow you anywhere.

Fell of the wagon

Fart Connor

this weekend was awesome, ya gotta love h5.

Friday night was special and a let down, I found the love of my life and OE deflowered her,
OE I couldn't handle the rejection so we sacrificed the little blonde mermaid by burning her at the stake.

As if friday night wasn't enough, I over achieved on saturday, I got up by 900 and stretched, rode stationary, drank a few breakfast brews and tried to find the Easter hash. I finished trail worn out and discarded, the rocks finally finished off my knees.

The martini bros were fun, thanx for being there folks.

ONON

deckhead

3 /25/2005 TMINMFMH3 Run #69

Sixty-Ninth - 69th - Full Crow Moon Hash

Hares: Death Wish, Quarter Stick and a Mystery Guest Just off the Tollhouse Road Exit off I-283, Middletown

The parking lot off Toll House Rd was packed when I arrived. Maybe a lot of these cars belonged to the herd of nubile new boot lesbians that recently attended a trail. As usual, I was wrong and most of the wankers were the same old tired faces - aged prematurely from years of booze, cigarettes and whoremongering. Oh well, maybe next time.

In due time, the hares gathered and began chalk talk. By the absolute mess that they laid, I should have known that this level of organization would follow onto the trail. Smart people would have started running then - running to their cars to hide - but the whole pack mobbed off into the night.

At the end of the road, we came to the first Turkey/Eagle split. The field was really muddy and we quickly realized that the mud was created not from a gentle spring rain but from liquid pig or human shit that had been sprayed and injected into it. Thank you Legion of Dumb!

The next section was kind of a blur as the trail wound through typical North American hardwood forest, crossed streams and exhibited numerous marks that were unreadable. The FRBs lead the pack way off trail a couple of times and then bitched about the pack following them and issuing "ONONS". Nobody ever accused a FRB of being smart - just speedy!

In due time, a beer check was found and the beer was rationed by SISTER MARIA. It was a pitiful volume although we did discover a bottle of something and it too was quickly consumed. On one of the nearby stream crossings I witnessed KY fall over into the water. This was amusing but not as funny as hearing her holler, "RUBBER DICKIE, get your young ass over here and lay in the stream so I can walk across your back". I think he obediently obeyed and several others ran across him before he could recover. Ahhh, the power of young love!

Soon we came to State Game Lands #246 and a great trail up the mountain. Through eyes gouged by thorns and branches, I thought I saw the hares standing on trail by a case of Lions Head beer. BUSHRAT's first law of hashing states that live hares should never stop long enough to be caught let alone to talk and share beer with the hounds. Sure enough, it was Q-STICK and DEATHWISH. With straight faces they said they were out of beer and flour. The sad thing is, they WERE out of beer and flour. QS said that the eagle trail continues up the mountain, down the other side "and through a Hellish boulder field" or "you can just go back down this trail and wait on the road". Before the last word was out of his mouth, 80% of the pack was doing an 'About, Face' while the brave and true marched onward and upward.

The view from the top of the hill was awesome with a 360 degree overlook. Not wanting to leave, but knowing that it would take more walking to get to the end which meant a trip to the DEATHWISH CATERING trailer, we moved on. The boulder field sucked ass and the air was filled with sounds of ligaments and tendons being torn, joints popping and human bodies slamming into rock. Finally we hit the road where turkeys milled about like zombies. FUZZ was weeping when she saw SISTER - I thought this to be a touching moment that moved me at her love for him - until I saw her holding his life insurance policy in a prepaid envelope and realized she was bawling that he came OUT of the woods OK.

The hares said the trail continues to the right but the cars were to the left. A consensus was generated and everyone chose to head back to the cars. Surely FART could wrangle up some Old Mud from his hashmobile. The damned hares said it was "only" about 2 more miles to the cars. Thankfully, someone has started a chain of car backs. At least we wouldn't have to leave the corpses of the fallen. The game commission denies the existence of cougars in PA but I'm fairly certain that a dead hasher would have been eaten by something if we left the carcass there.

A carback car, full of high school girls, returned and I dove into the front seat. My face landed on a part of the 17 year old's anatomy that would have gotten me 5-7 if it had been done intentionally. One of our own blurted out something about "an overcrowded car, just like this, is what got one of our hashers arrested". This freaked the young driver out and they started shoving me back out the window. I fell to the side of the road like a bag of trash from McDonald's as the car sped off (including the unknown harrier who got me expelled).

3 /25/2005 TMINMFMH3 Run #69

Sixty-Ninth - 69th - Full Crow Moon Hash

Hares: Death Wish, Quarter Stick and a Mystery Guest Just off the Tollhouse Road Exit off I-283, Middletown

Normally, I fine piece of trash like this would be populated by stunning OE photos but I stupidly clicked 'yes' to the prompt on my camera "Do you want to format?" and all of the trail photos were deleted. Fast forward to the ON-IN location at DW's buddy's nearby home.

Big thanks to this guy for hosting a couple of dozens 1/2 loaded wanks who overran his abode. Thankfully, the location was conducive to public pissing, people drying their bodies by the fire and the operation of a food trailer in the back yard.

12/18/2004 H5 Run #239

Start of Winter/H5 Christmas Hash

Hares: Piss Boy, Piglet and GHRO

Valentino's Cafe in Lancaster, PA

Hey Wankers

Thanks to Pissboy, GHRO, and Piglet, a Reading hasher, for a great trail today. Is it just me or is something about H5ers that makes trail so much fun? Yes I got to climb a tree and make a fool of myself. That is what makes H5 so special. We only go about 3 miles but we fuck around and have fun on trail. In my little mind this is what hashing is all about, "The Trail." Of course debauchery at the On In is almost as important. Oh, don't forget my dog Delia had a great time too.

H5 ROCKs

On On

Fart

11/27/2004 H5 Run #237

Bushrat's 5th Anal Post Turkey Day Family Hash

Hares: Bushrat, Self Service and Desperate

Camp Can-Edi-On (on)

Hope all had a good time yesterday. 50 some attendees. Is that spelled right? Anyway big thanks to whom ever brought in the last beercheck along with the bottle and rope from the shot check. Also I have a small red cooler it had some cokes and ice in it. Let me know to whom it belongs. I hope to make next weeks trail. Will try to bring it then.
ON ON to deer hunting 2morrow
Bushrat

11/20/2004 H5 Run #236

Mexican Revolution Hash

Hares: URN8 & Quarter Stick

McKay's Cave Bar and Grill, 1564 Spring Rd, Carlisle

Hey Wankers

What a fun hash today, cool weather, BEER, shoe sucking mud, shiggy trail, a wonderful group of people, some bitching was heard, a cave was discovered, accusations were made, a hasher was named, and great food was consumed. Quarterstick and Urin8 did a great job of haring.

Just a thought: What do vultures take on a plane trip?

Carrion luggage.

Delia is too tired to chase the cats.

On On

Fart

Fart, You drink, you think and peck your computer too much! Is 'Old Mud' sponsored by AOL? Great sloppy ass sewer mud f*** trail! My shoes stunk up my garage overnite and I'm afraid to get close enough to them to wash 'em. Thanx URN8 & mom for the venue. Awesome grub [poor stiky] At least it was raining and Q-stik and co. could'nt burn down the yard or the neighbor's houses. As expected, I enjoyed the nice selection of bras, especially the black padded one. On-oN to Thanksgiving weekend, more good food, beer, hashing, more beer and sometimes out of control antics. Later Gators, Luv Ya All Self Serv.

Hey all. Thanks to all who showed up to Saturday's hash on such a lovely beautiful hash day. Cudos to urin8 and her mom for the hospitality. Hope your neighbors don't mind the bigger holes in the burn barrel. Great bras too!! Happy turkey day all you turkeys.
On on

quarterstick

Hi all, I just wanted to send out a big thanks to all who showed up to the hash and made it a success. Despite my flippin out about the fire, I had a great time. Also I wanted to say thank you to quarter stick for helping me with this hash, he did an outstanding job. My mom, god love her, she was the one who made all the food, and what a great job she did. She was glad that you ate almost allof it. We have a little bit left that we will try to bring to Friday's hash to include the 60+ cans of beer. I have been waiting for a while to burn those bras and I am very glad that I did it with all of you, your a great bunch of people!!!!!! Tour thank you again for helping me move some stuff at the house. I think that I have a good idea of who paid for their haberdashy if you haven't please contact me so I can figure it all out. Thanks again for making my first time haring GREAT!!!!!!!! URIN8 with no more little boobie bras

11/6 /2004 H5 Run #235

Fundraiser for Tonya Hash

Hares: Flounder and Deathwish

2270 Mockingbird Road, Harrisburg

First, Thanks all for the generous donations made at the run on Sat. I think we as a hash had close to \$1700.00, that includesthe airfar

Hares: Flounder and Deathwish

2270 Mockingbird Road, Harrisburg

voucher from Ruff. The total for the evening was over \$4000.00. Which is awesome. It really felt good to see and hear the appreciation from Tonya. I am sure that all of us do donations to all kind of worthy causes, but when you have the opportunity to see where it will go makes it even more gratifying. So again, BIG THANKS to all that participated.

10/28/2004 TMINMFH3 Run #64

Halloween Full Hunter's Moon Hash

Hares: Ruff Butt & Takes It ... Like the Amish

Downtown Harrisburg Post Office, located at 901 Market Street

it started out like most H5 Halloween hashes, start out at the post office on market street in harrisburg, at least this year the men in blue didnt show up and sit about 50 yds away and try to figure out what all these wankers are doing in the post office parking lot dresses as who knows what [milf man from dc, what the f... was that thing you were wearing, looked like a raped ceasar] anywho, glad you came from out of town to run with us lanebrains. a good crowd gathered to kick a few back. if i forget anyone, i apologize, but it is friday night, i have been off work since 200pm, so you do the math, i am feeling no pain. anywho, hare for the evening, ruffy as a leftover from dc red dress with devil horns, shitty trail, more to follow on that one; tour de puke, dressed as some kind of scotsman, real men wear kilts; jelloslut dressed as a green faced, redhead witch, hey baby, put a spell on me; she came dress as a fat slob; slippery nipple dressed as a little cheerleader from the freshman year in high school, yummy!; flounder as sgt/major something or other; deathwish as the "can you hear me now " dude; grizzly schnizz as the butterfly from hell; her man lock jaw, dressed as a perry county resident and dude, dont talk so much; desperate dave as father something or other, but you know he is perverted father something or other; sister maria as none other than, sister maria; fuzzy buster as a pussy, cat that is, growwwlllll; phone sex as a jogger, she also was mistaken for a redwood tree; tbo as a professional dog walker, hey, bring more milkbones on trail, they are delicious; headfirst as a really f...ed up chick, who had the appearance of a cheap hooker from third and mcclay streets; dirty dancer as a little girl, hey little girl, want some candy, cute jammies; imperfect wildflower as shiek abdul de halla shalla lamma yama, you get the idea, smack that ass; just gary as a race car driver gone bad, dude, you must have been cooking in that outfit; sticky buns as a little waitress from the red rabbit, hey girl, still want my fries with that shake; self service as the most well hung cook on the planet, lucky sticky; urintate as little red riding hood, watch out for the big bad h5 wolves, yummy ; just sabrina as a cowgirl, howdy again, and yes you did need to do a down down for non returner and you are due to be named except you talk to much too; just cat, inpromtu name of mt. everbreast, enough said, but she wants another hash name after five runs, start f..king up more; mother trucker and skid mark as candy corn, never saw candy corn make out, but i did last night, funny costumes though; just nate who is now and forever more know as to the hash world as pump-kin-head, more details on that one later; new boots just dawn as a i think it was a witch, or something like that, she was cool; just terrance, dressed as just terrance; just kevin as a country western looks like i could play some ho down country shit music to you, , just brian as a construction dude, good thing you had a hard hat, can i borrow that for the legion of dumb, , and another just girl that i cannot recall the name at this time due to i am feeling now pain again, sorry about that, she was cool though; and myself as prison bitch again, at least this year no one laid trail through the capitol, thank you; if i forgot anyone, sorry about that, but, crown royal does kill brain cells. at least the chicken dinner is delicious.

The trail started out by running out of the post office parking lot, quickly catching trail and true trails, under the state street bridge along sidewalks and tennis courts to the first beer check, a great, high class local harrisburg bar known as four aces, formally known as les and tiny's. the 7oz coors light, budweiser and ROCK, rolling rock that is, what did you think i meant, crack?! not at a classy place like the four aces. with a yell of the h5 crowd ,on on was announced. after escaping the bar listening to the yells of the local bar patrons trying to get the services of head first as a cheap bimbo, we started back up the hill to the hood, taking a path deathwish and i used last year on a hash up to the cemetery on herr street. making it up the path i hear the gasps of tour behind me as he slammed into a wire across the path. after hearing he was alive and kicking, we ran off into the cemetery, trail lost, who the f..k laid this trail? running around for about ten minutes, i realized no trail here, no pack either. shit, backtrack, hearing the h5 crowd waiting at the olmstead gravesite, a huge mausoleum that was fun to climb on, thanks dead dudes. the apple cider with supposed booze in it was flowing, tasted pretty good though. after pictures, goofing off, smacking asses, and finishing off the booze, we ran off through the cemetery again only to catch up to the hare ruffy, big surprise, we catch ruffy on a hash trail she is haring. after showing the hare where she laid flower out of the cemetery, over an old, rusty fence, there stands the state street bridge. after being made a celebrity hare by the hare, we followed the trail of flower i was laying across the state street bridge, deathwish carrying the cogo sewer pipe while walking on the ledge of the state street bridge, saying "can you hear me now?" good. after again catching up to the hare, how when she ran and we walked, we followed trail down to the railroad tracks where the ruffy mobile was waiting for us with the lovely smell of perogies and beer. after being told by ra tour de puke that down downs would be held there, we commenced down downs. of course, "shut the fuck up" she lives in seattle, was said about a hundred times, down downs ended. on on to the epic bar in downtown harrisburg where more delicious beer was flowing, down the throat and back to the sewer system. after the 50/50 raffle sponsored by deathwish, desperate dave was the big winner, a naming was in order. just nate was ordered away and let the name calling and stories begin. imperfect wildflower told us of a story just nate in vegas, running down the streets of vegas with yellow and purple tights with a mask on jumping on cars. cool story, but no name could be thought of from it. an idea from the grizz of "wishful thinking" for just nates impression of being a well hung blacksmith or something on that line, who knows, who cares. a couple thoughts came from the fact that just nate spent about ten minutes pumping the hell out of keg to get us beer. deathwish had the name "dumb ass", potential, but never made it. a few came to mind and went away, but tour de puke suggested since this was a halloween hash, that pump-kin-head would be a good name. and thus another wanker is born into the hash world, just nate is for now and forevermore PUMP-KIN-HEAD. welcome wanker. after a couple hours making the epic a little money for a thursday evening and self service thanking sticky for being a sober chick to drive his drunk ass home, we departed the epic. shitty trail, shitty hashers, sounds like another fun TMIFMNM hash in the books. I am now officially not able to feel my feet, that means my chicken dinner and crown royal is working well. hash trash written by a legion of dumb member. FISHON!!!!!!!

quarterstick

8 /28/2004 H5 Run #231

Fart's Dead Dog Full Moon Hash

Hares: Fart Connor, M'Orally Challenged, Vagina Whin First Barking Lot on West Side of Norman Bridge.

Hey Wankers

Thanks so much for cumming. I know Fart and Delia, and I am sure M'orally, VW, and Penisyllian enjoyed haring. The old dog, Monty, was a trail mark and did trail in the form of a 35mm film canister.

Hares: Fart Connor, M'Orally Challenged, Vagina Whin First Barking Lot on West Side of Norman Bridge.

From my hare perspective: Some asshole, Imperfect Wildflower, as I later found out, found what should have been the fourth beer check before the first. If you understand that you can appreciate how Fart, Delia, and Penisillyn were hiding in the bushes for about 15 minutes till the end of the pack finished stealing their own beer check.

Meanwhile, Vagina Whiner trailed a big hasher loop from the first check, at Fart's truck, uphill to a beer check that had a view out to about one half mile out in the river that Fart had put out earlier to a Titty check with an H5 Rocks done with 7 pounds of flour. OK, I prelaid but it wasn't part of the trail.

Fart, Penisillyn, and Delia waited out the thieving hashers and laid trail with Ivory Soap, because it floats, to the fourth beer check that hashers had already stolen, across a swamp because you didn't get your feet wet yet.

Shortly after that Penis and I finished the trail and Penis stayed back to help with the On In that we truthfully said that was an A to B trail in that it ended about 150 yards from the start. M'orally drove the bag wagon across the parking lot.

Fart rejoined the pack after running one half mile back to the third check at Fart's truck and followed the pack to the fourth beer check that they had already consumed. The hashers in the scummy pond were pissed when they found the rope swing with a sign that said:

WARNING
Death Or Humorous
Injury May Occur

and no beer!

As it turned out Deathwish and Fart were the last people, and I use that term loosely, drinking. I'm sure Deathwish remembers Fart barfing. However Deathwish should be able to relate how Fart was ready for beer consumption after barfing. A scene I'm sure you wouldn't want to see, butt fuck you.

On On Fart

To the HARES--Fart, M'Orally, VW, Penisillin, and Delia-- thank YOU for a marvelously nasty and enjoyable hash. I knew it was gonna be one to regret, and I'm grateful I do regret it. I mean that as a compliment.

Fart, you would have loved how proud Imperfect Wildflower was to have stolen some poor fisherman's beer -- later discovered to have been the 4th beer check. The intellectual discussion about where the beer came from....whether the cooler looked like Fart's....whether it was at the 11th mark back....consumed the thirsty hashers as they downed two beer checks at once. Ah, well, it was a good first beer check, anyway. Hell, they were all good.

The rotten, smelly, leech-filled bog was awful. And to do it twice, oh my god....with a freaking rope swing, yet. That was my first rope swing experience, as I'm sure every annoyed hasher in the line behind me could tell as I tried to get my nerve up. Sorry. Thanks, MUCH, to Piss Boy for being my hero. I wonder if anyone (else) developed odd rashes and pustules after the bog crossings????? They're going away, I'm fine.

Fart, we saw your pre-laid boob check from the vista but, unfortunately, we stupid wankers didn't know the boob check was meant to occur at that time. Seven pounds of flour....and not a single boob was seen (well, I don't know, since I'm always in the back of the pack. It's possible boobs were exposed before I got there.). We believed trail was going to lead to that massive rock. A few crazy hashers did get over there eventually. I think I saw Ruffy cliff-diving. I'm sure Deathwish was involved.

Barfing Fart Connor? I'm sure I'll get a chance to see that some other time.....
On-On, you fantastic hashers--and respects to Monty.....T-Bo

Hey Hares and Wankers

Much thanks needs to go out to my CO-hares M'orally Challenged, Vagina Whiner, and Penisillyn, and the wankers. Without them the trail would not have been as shitty, or the On In so good.

To me this is what trail is all about. On On Fart

Hares: Licky Me, JAFO, & Quarter Pound Her

Free Spirit Campground Kennedy's Valley Road, Landisburg Perry County

Hey Licky, Jafo, and company

Thanks for a great hash and campout. I got there plenty early and had time to set up and hit the pond and found Just Mel already there catching fish. We dumped the water out of the paddle boats and he caught sunnies and largemouth bass on artificial lures and I did the same by drowning worms. I caught Moby Sunfish. As luck would have it the weatherman was wrong in the forecast and it was a beautiful day. As usual the trail started just on time an hour late. It was interesting to see Licky, a hare, in the pool as we passed by on the trail. Could this have led to the confusion on someone's part that led to the first beer check being missed? Is there still beer out in the woods? I guess the second beer check was at the campsite and then we were off through the field and across the pond for those who were dumb enough follow that route. The entourage in Tour's paddle boat seemed to be destined more for Gilligan's Island than the other side of the pond. Delia and I swam across the pond twice and I had to persuade her not to tip Tour's boat. Shortly after that we had another beer check and I had the honor of carrying the beer leftover and headed down a steep hill to the On In. I heard some rumor about a beer shortage and conserving for the circle, not conversing in the circle. A relatively quiet circle was held, I think I was chastised for talking. After that good food and beer was consumed and all seemed well.

For comparative purposes the midnight naked run took place at the pool. How many campers do you think take night vision

Hares: Licky Me, JAFO, & Quarter Pound Her

Free Spirit Campground Kennedy's Valley Road, Landisburg Perry County

goggles, as opposed to beer goggles, camping? At least this time I didn't lose my flashlight due to lack of pockets. We got back to our campsite and I was amazed that the tiki torches at my hammock site were lit. Thanks OE? I stumbled back to my site and let the torches lit for the roving band of assholes and thwarted them in that I was still awake when they came to wake me up. Sometime after that I fell asleep and learned that I should not set my hammock up that way again. It's tough to get back in a hammock in your sleeping bag after you've fallen out in a drunken heap. At sunrise I was awakened a roving band of asshole, namely Bush Monkey with a turkey call. Delia wasn't amused but I was made happy by the turkey providing a Molson. I fell back to sleep for a little while and woke up and packed up my campsite and went for a belly flop in the pond. Paddle boats are so much fun. Bush Monkey and I splashed around for a while and then went to the pool to say good-bye to the last of the hashers. I don't think the lady with her son at the pool appreciated our company. On my way home I stopped at the top of Waggoners Gap and trespassed to take some pictures. For one great night, a great weekend. On On Fart

It was an awesome, remote location, but I wish the trail had been on Saturday afternoon, so we could have enjoyed more of it, with more beer checks of course. What's with the 3 checks in a row, about 50 yards apart on the road, when you can see one from the other? While we did not see the 1st beer check on trail, the one we did at the camp was an impromptu one, because the 2nd one was in the a boat in the pond and the 3rd one was on the hill up from the pond. Note to future hares: if you're going to have a campout, get a keg; cases of beer cost more. Better yet, consult with Bushrat, our beer meister. Another word of wisdom: do not take the trail anywhere close to camp (or to the start/end), or you could lose them there. As it is, I had to rally the pack to continue the trail.

While there were some 31 hashers signed in, of which 7 said they were not going to stay the night, I'm wondering what happened to a lot of the regular hashers who weren't there?

Bushrat & Purple Cooter (I brought the shirt for Yupper for you to take), Chapped Lips (I brought the spatula & BBQ tongs from the last hash for you to see if they're the right ones), KY & Rubber Dickie, Jello & Quaterstick, She Came & JEB, Phone Sex & Zebra Balls, Death Wish & Dick-On-A-Stick, Ruff Butt & Takes It..., etc., etc., etc...

As there were several namings, and I had to leave before they were decided upon, could someone please report what they were?

In case you weren't at the G-Memorial Hash, Skid Mark proposed to Mother Trucker in the circle, and she said Yes! On On! Sister Maria

The namings from Friday were as follows (I can't believe that I remember all of them, just like I couldn't believe people actually shut up. Then again, as mentioned previously, some of the more notorious disruptions were absent)

Just Jen will forever after be known to the Hash as WanderBra due to her search for "A cup"

Just Paul will forever after be known to the Hash as Tongue Twister for his ability to tie knots in cherry stems (lucky WanderBra)

Just Mel will forever after be known to the Hash as WhoreMel for his meat cooking skills and his many attempts with the ladies, with mixed success

Just Ross will forever after be known to the Hash as Trouser Trout for his fishing Magazines

Just Anna will forever after be known to the Hash as MoreMen or Women (I forget why)

Congrats to those newly named and welcome to our coven of stupidity. Tour

Sister,

What's WRONG with three beer checks all near each other? (Oh wait, I forgot; you are a hare mentor.) I guess three beer checks within a quarter mile of each other is a paradigm shift for those who rely on pre-laying and straight lines with Singapore back checks to avoid capture.

Speaking of kegs; why do we not have a real Beer-meister that is responsible for the food/beverages (like every other major hash on earth EXCEPT H5 and Reading) on a recurrent basis so that misguided hares like myself that don't meet your exalted standards don't show up with the wrong mix and then to add insult to injury, have to suck dick to get a portion of our money back? Just Jafo

JAFO LM QPH

I want to say we thought it very fucking awesome up there, we didn't get to do trail but we both agree it was great, great location great weather great pool and most important great company. BM and myself both know what goes into planning a camp out hash by yourself and we must say KUDOS to all Spackle and Bushmonkey

Hey JAFO,

NOTHING wrong with three beer checks in a row. Shit, they could be piled one on top of the other for return trips and it would be great. There are NO rules in the Hash. The Hare does whatever he pleases and the pack follows (of course, the Hare might have to do an extra down-down, but what-the-hell).

As for having a regular Hasher in charge of beer and food each Hash run, you will get some boring On Ins. Having varied endings,

8 /13/2004 H5 Run #230

Friday the 13th Popping Licky Me's Cherry!!

Hares: Licky Me, JAFO, & Quarter Pound Her

Free Spirit Campground Kennedy's Valley Road, Landisburg Perry County

sometimes outside, sometimes in a pub or in a house with whatever the Hare decides to provide is part of the Hash mix. Just as the American Hash groups have many down-down songs in the circle, where most Countries use the same old "Here's to ****, he's true blue, etc." for EVERY damn down-down, variety in food and beer is super.

Remember, "Nulle Bastardos Carborundum". (Don't let the bastards get you down)

Everyday Asshole (Yes, with the OTHER shit Hash, Reading)

By the way, if you want to experience a truly fucked up shiggy Hash with three beer checks and live hares (nothing pre-laid but the beer stops), Join Reading Monday evening, 8/16 (that's this evening for most of you, at 6:15. Bring your shiggy armor.

On On,

Everyday Asshole and Dick Da Dick (Hares)

Jafo,

I was just commenting on Fart's message where he thought the 2nd beer check was in the campsite, where in fact it was in the pond. No disrespect intended. Perhaps a few others such as Bushrat and Fuzz could provide some insight. Sister

Jafo,

I agree with the 3 beer checks, and the spacing wouldn't have been an issue if we'd found the first check and not improvised one.

The primary reason why the hares get the beer is because they need to have the beer early so they can stage the beer checks. DC's brew crew has a hash-owned van that they drive to each beer check, but that mandates that all trails and beer checks have to be van accessible, and also means that those folks can't do the trail, they just meet at the start and drive to the checks. If we delegated the beer purchasing to one individual, that person would have to go to meet the hares a couple hours early at every trail, a time commitment that no one could or should make. There is a real simple guideline about logistics for food/beer that is in the "hare guide" that is on the menu located on the left hand side of the H5 site. Tour

I agree great hash. SS and I got to the camp ground around 3:30 just in time to go exercise (bike) before exercising (hashing). What a beautiful area. Trail started later than a usual hash, but that is what was cool not only did it allow for people to get off work and make the run in time, but it was FRIDAY THE 13TH. SCARRY and dark. The best part about trail was the lake just like the camp in the movie. The only thing missing was Jason. But what a blast. Imagine 5 people all in one of those paddle boats trying to get across to the beer. As for the beer. Seems there was plenty to go around, besides who needed it with the 2 million plus Jello shots that Licky Me brought. Thanks. Anyway thanks to Licky, Melon Balls, Quarter Pound Her and Jafo for a great trail great food and just a great time. Also thanks to Whoremel for cooking up all of the great food. Hope to do it again next year. ON-ON Sticky

Well now folks,

I beg to differ about a beer meister. I have been to a few kennels that do not have one, hell Baltimore-Annapolis hardly has beer checks at all. With all the bitching about this and that I thought I was on the BAH3 website.

Anyway the bottom line is INFORMATION and ORGANIZATION. We seem to be pretty chummy with each other so ask a hasher pal to get the beer and munchies. Some hashers need it and some don't. Do not be shy about asking for help.

Speaking of shy, DO NOT BE AFRAID TO ASK FUZZ WHAT SHOULD I DO ABOUT GETTING SOME \$ BACK FOR MY TRAIL. RECEIPTS ARE LIKE CANDY TO AN ACCOUNTANT. THIS IS HOW THEY FIGURE THINGS OUT. MAYBE WE ALL COULD GET A QUARTERLY FACT SHEET ABOUT THE CLUBS MOOLAH. I CAN DONATE PAPER :) I CAN BE A BEER BITCH> I ALSO COOK, CLEAN, CAN GET BEER, MASTERBATE IN FRONT YOU, MAKE A CAKE, JUMP OUT OF THE CAKE ANYTHING YOU NEED FOR YOUR TRAIL.

REMEMBER THERE IS ONE RULE IN HASHING.

THERE ARE NO RULES. ONLY KINDNESS AND CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS.

SCOOPY ONCE SAID AND I QUOTE

"RERAX"

M'ORALLY KIND AND CONSIDERATE

6 /12/2004 H5 Run #227

KY's 2nd Anal Birthday Hash

Hares: Rubber Dickie, Quarterstick and KY

240 Quarry Rd, Hummelstown

Hey Hashers: Another fun and successful hash. Great trail, great pig and other food, dogs snarling and no blood, and happy hashers.

On On Fart

6 /5 /2004 H5 Run #226

Saturday Survivor Hash

Hares: J. Edgar Boozer and She Came

406 Ricky Road, Mechanicsburg

Hey JEB and She Came: All the elements for a fun hash. Lots of beer consumed on trail, maybe too much, stupid human tricks, Deathwish pissing off trash can owners, great weather, friendly shiggy, and fun company. On On, Fart

Fart, I definitely agree. Hashing and Hashers are so cool and amazing. A rainy and dismal day and we have a turnout of over 40 wankers! Great job, S.C. & JEB!!! ON-ON Self Serv.

Hey all, Found two confused hashers in the basement after everyone left yesterday. Damn. I guess the party is never REALLY over, is it? I believe all hashers have now been accounted for and sent home. Thank you all for making our hash a drunken success! You

Saturday, May 28, 2022

Page 29 of 40

Hares: J. Edgar Boozer and She Came

406 Ricky Road, Mechanicsburg

know it's not the hares that make the hash--it's the hashers!

J. Edgar Boozer and She Came

Hares: Fart Connor

1st Parking Lot North of the Norman Wood Bridge on the York County
side of the Susquehanna River

May 22, 2004, the hash started right on time in that I wanted to start about 5:00PM and advertised the starting time as 4:00PM.

Realize that the only scouting I did was when I got half lost when I put out the beer checks.

To sort of quote Tour, I went immediately into and up a stream so you could get your feet wet right away. Then I went up the road a short way to another stream and slipped and sloshed upstream trying all the way to avoid falling in and making my flour a gooey mess. The trail went to a small waterfall with beer stashed under a rock in the water nearby that was narrowly saved from a couple who thought that they had found the mother lode of Yeungling Lager when Fart, the hare, appeared and suggested that they have a few and leave the rest for the approaching mob. I showered off in the falls and departed. As luck would have it almost all the beer was still there for the pack.

Up a nice hill over rocks, under logs, and through some nice shiggy to another beer check. Did anyone see the quote on the lid. "I woke up this morning and got myself a beer." Jim Morrison. The trail went from there up "The Hill" and up the hill. I finally came out at a field, the only problem with that was that I was never there before. Shit, I'm lost. As luck would have it, I knew the area well enough to know that downhill was my salvation.

Hare note: If you can leave flour they will follow your lost ass.

I stumbled and slid and rolled through greenbriar and the thorns slid from my knee to my ankle. The good thing was I could not hear the pack yelling On On in that it was a good distance to the next beer check.

Hare note: When your plastic bag rips that you are carrying your spare flour in, still in the paper flour bag because you don't want to lose it when you fall, don't carry the paper flour bag like a football under your sweaty arm because the paper will disintegrate and your flour will spill and Delia will look like a flour dog.

Anyhow, I finally made it down the hill close to the next beer check. Due to my lack of scouting I missed the next beer check with the last 5 pounds of the 20 pounds of flour by about 10 feet. I thought I had a nice line of flour to the beer check, and retrieved the flour, but I guess I was wrong in that the pack missed it. Damn, soon I hear calls of On On. I made sure to mark the next 2 beer checks better but the FRB's only found one because the other was too well camouflaged or they were on the scent of the hare too much to smell beer. Thanks Quarterstick for finding it and the Styrofoam I found the next day when I went out to clean up. Please note, the next day I went out and cleaned up the trail.

I made it up to the road and forgot to make a check. Luckily, I think Bushrat, Just Jay, and company found the next mark about 100 yards toward the On In. The trail went up the road past trailer trash and pit bulls. Soon after, the trail went up one more hill, near the spot where the hashers could see the On In and most of them blew off the last part of the trail. Thanks to those of you who made it to the end and down the rope. Thanks to the rest of you who made it that day and blew off the last part of the trail.

My quads, ass cheek muscles, abbs, pecks, shoulders, and between my shoulders hurt for days.

On On
Fart

Hey Hashers

What a great bunch of people. Who else would follow my lost ass through woods, up hills, up streams, over slippery rocks, under logs, through nasty thorny shiggy, and who knows what else, all because I didn't loose all my flour.

Thanks to all who attended and those who wish they had been there, especially those who did the Tour de Cure bike ride and then came out and did the hash. My legs are toast and so is Delia.

On On
Fart

Thanks Fart!

One of the all time most beautiful trails I have ever been on!
The waterfall beer check was awesome, and then the climb
after that beer check was one of a kind. The rope down the side
of the mountain after the HHH finish was truly brilliant!

I bow to your Haring abilities and demented mind!

On-On

Dick-On-A-Stick

Hares: Fart Connor

1st Parking Lot North of the Norman Wood Bridge on the York County side of the Susquehanna River

Fart...what can I say except...AWESOME trail! I was told that the run in costa Rica was not as beautiful as your trail thru the river, slippery rocks, waterfalls, shiggy, nettles, poison ivy/oak and extremely dense woods of our great state Pennsylvania! Any one who missed this hash missed the hash of the Year! (to date)

THANKS!!! Fart...and Delia, of course! She loves me...:):)

on on to Survivor Hash on June 5th!

PS

Yes we definitely agree, best trail of the year so far. By far my favorite kind of terrain since my gimpy knee does not like pounding pavement. Thank you Fart, for a while I thought we were in Costa Rica. Maybe it was the beer, more likely the trail. Thanks Grand Master Bushy for hauling our biked out asses to what felt like driving to Costa Rica.

ON-ON

Self Service

Fart,

Seems like your hashes are becoming famous.

I'm kicking myself for, once again, missing it. I'll be sure to make the next one!

Oh, and even though she almost bit your leg off, I love Delia too.

She Came

Hey Hashers

I woke up this morning and picked 2 ticks off me and got myself a beer. Then I went back to the hash site and yes to Q-stick, my rope was still there.

If anyone is curious, the road that the trail kind of went around was 2.4 miles not counting up, down, horizontal, perpendicular, and zig zag. That's up and back.

Thanks to those who carried trash out. Q-stick, what the hell was the Styrofoam stuff in the box?

The most enjoyable part of the clean up was getting the cooler off the hill above the falls. There was still some Cold Milwaukee. I celebrated by having an Old Mud and watched the rock outcrop decay. Then I faced downhill and had another Old Mud and watched the butterflies in the trees, listened to the falls flowing, and watched the trees growing. Almost poetry by Fart.

On On

Fart

Hey Fart,

I was a witness to Q-Stick finding a hunter's Styrofoam filled seat cushion in the middle of nowhere and attached to one the many marked trees Q-Stick was clearing out for conservation reasons I am certain. He is well known for his pro-ecology dead tree clearing methods. Of course Q-stick's curiosity got the best of him and he proceeded to tear open the seat cushion and spread the Styrofoam about the countryside. Maybe Q-stick's keen mind figured the Styrofoam would help keep the beer cold in what ever box you are referring to below? Hope this helps to clear your mind Fart.

After thinking more about your trail I think it was the most scenic trail I have ever run. And that includes about 300 hash trails over the past 15 years.

Great job!

Dick-On-A-Stick

FART,

what can I say but... FUCK'IN WOW!!!! Now for those of you that didn't make this glorious TRAIL OF POISON IVY, VINES, TREES, MUUUUD, WATER FALLS, ROCKS, BOULDERS, CLIFFS, BRIDGES, TICKS (SUCK), WATER, HILLS, PIT BULLS NEXT TO WHITE TRASH TRAILERS AND YOUNG BOYS PLAYING WITH THEIR SOUPED UP PICKUP TRUCKS, DEAD TREES, LOGS, HASHERS SREAMING IN PAIN (not much), PEOPLE FALLING DOWN THE HILL ON TOP OF YOU, SISTERS WHISTLE, FUZZ'S TITS, VISTOR FROM OKLAHOMA'S TITS, JELLO'S TITS, RUFFIE'S TITS, MY TITS and LAST BUT NOT LEAST PHONE SEX'S

5 /22/2004 H5 Run #225

Fart's Wild Adventure Hash

Hares: Fart Connor

1st Parking Lot North of the Norman Wood Bridge on the York County side of the Susquehanna River

TITS!!!!

PS DID YOU SHOW YOUR TITS AND DID I MISS ANY TITS?

FART AND DELIA, VAGINA WHINER AND M'OC WILL BE HONORED TO HARE WITH YOU IN AUGUST OR ANYTIME MY FRIEND :-)

PSYCHO TRAIL MAKER FRIEND AND ACRODAT DOG (POSSIBLE MOVIE?)

M'ORALLY EXHAUSTED (VW NOT TONIGHT HONEY I'M BRUISED THERE)

5 /14/2004 H5 Run #224

Kick the Keg Friday Hash

Hares: Tour de Puke and Deckhead

PNC Bank Hunter Lane

H5, the hash that cares about each other, the community and Planet Earth. How do I know this? Because the hash RECYCLES. The pack gathered in the PNC Bank parking after surviving a brief but wicked thunderstorm tearing through the area. As the sky cleared, hashers started consuming the leftover beer from STINKO.

Personally, I think that almost anything brewed by Troeg's tastes like week old Pabst run through the junk in the bottom of a vacuum cleaner bag <insert SISTERMARIA's diatribe about the elegance of Troeg's here for equal air time>. This beer (the Honey Ball Sack Brown Ale or something like that) wasn't any better. But, it was beer and it was FREE for anyone who was at STINKO and I did my part to finish the keg.

The hares were off somewhat on time (which means no more than 20m late) and before long thirsty hounds set off in their pursuit. FUZZ and PURPLE COOTER remained festive and donned sombreros.

The Dauphin County open container laws were waived as we walked in a big and non-shiggeous loop from the ONON. The hares' vehicle was spotted frequently and each time they had rolled the keg out, set it upright and had the tap in place. More recycling was done as the beer was consumed and returned to the local water shed via public pissing.

No real outrageous antics occurred other than an appearance by JUSTFACE (Clifford's face from STINKO) who ate green chalk (leftover from the St Patts Hash) and fell in mud and bit harriets on the ass. QUARTERSTICK jumped in mud puddles and PROBONER and his old lady (I forget her new hash name) swarmed the pack on/in their respective motorcycle and automobile. Car hashing at its truest when you DRIVE from beer check to beer check!

Eventually the pack looped back towards the ONON with the keg in TOUR's truck being significantly lighter. The only shiggy of the trail occurred in the last 50 feet before the final BN when the trail dropped straight down through some light shiggy and into the parking lot of the Disciplinary Board of the Supreme Court of PA. Someone yelled "Smack that Ass" and a few hiney swats were captured on film in front of the buildings sign - stay tuned for the upcoming photo album to see for yourself! I'm sure the judges would have loved to see the H5 method of disciplining bad bad girls.

A wanker parade ensued and the pack arrived at TOUR's to be greeted by the delicious aroma of the recycled food from STINKO. I think PHONE SEX was the one who had set it up. This led me to sigh in relief because I know that she had kept the food properly chilled all week and had even washed her hands before making it!

The circle formed in the basement and traditional down downs were awarded. The single virgin was introduced (ummm, JUST____, I think his name is JUSTTHEGUITARPLAYINGGUYFROMTHECHESIRECATS. He couldn't do a down down for shit but he plays good music so he was allowed to live. Various down downs were handed out and STICKY BUNZ presented TDP an award for something. The circle broke up and the recycling of food and beer continued.

Eventually, hashers gathered to hold a naming ceremony. Suggestions for JUSTANNETTA and JUSTDAVID for thrown about. TAKES IT UP THE ASS LIKE A MAN held strong support for both of them but ended up getting defeated. I'm sure it will continue to come up until someone finally gets that silly name.

JUSTANNETTA waited in anticipation and was granted the hash name: SCORE WHORE - because of her love of battering other women in the noble game of rugby and for the shirt she was wearing.

JUSTDAVID was memorialized as POWER BALLS after his drunken gathering of one dollar bills at STINKO. People actually BELIEVED he was taking that fistful of ones to buy communal power ball tickets. Duhhh, he came back three hours later without tickets, all the ones gone and smelling like the perfume of a stripper from Adult World. Either way, POWER BALLS it is!! :-)

Typical TDP house party going on occurred - beer drinking, eating, dancing, floor mopping. A good time was had by all.

Thanks to TOUR for again opening his house and sharing his booze.

OE

3 /7 /2004 TMINMFMH3 Run #56

Full Worm Moon

Hares: Sister Maria

In a development on Red Top Road, just off Nyes Road, South Hanover Township

Last night's Full Moon Hash was a disaster.

Fuzz came to the start to sign people in and she was going to go back home to work on people's taxes, but when she saw only 5

Hares: Sister Maria

In a development on Red Top Road, just off Nyes Road, South Hanover Township

hashers had showed up (Quater Stick, Jello Slut, Death Wish, Grizz Schniz and Just Gary - a virgin) and there were 5 beer checks planned, she decided to stay and do the hash. It was also Grizz's birthday and she had requested Baha Luna for a shot check. We were expecting several other people to show up, especially those coming from the end of Spring Fest at Roundtop and some others that said they would come (i.e. Chapped Lips who provided the half keg of beer and Spackle & Bush Monkey to claim their bottle of champagne). Fart Connor said he wanted to come, but didn't want to start the week off on a hangover. I later found out Tour arrived late and joined in at the 1st beer check. I explained the trail markings, a circle representing the full moon was a check and an X was a false, and was off at 5:45. It had been a really nice day and I didn't expect any different for the evening. I used a variety of trail markings: flour, chalk and toilet paper, to match the terrain we were covering.

After what seemed like 30-45 minutes into setting the trail, I heard a roar behind me getting closer. I looked back and the tops of the trees were bending over coming towards me, a cigar shaped cloud was rolling overhead. Then a gust of wind hit me and all sorts of debris came flying by. I watched a long row of toilet paper markings I had just laid behind me go flying into the air. I guess that's what a squall feels like. After another 10-15 minutes of this, it started spitting rain, which soon turned into a steady drizzle, driven horizontally by the wind. After setting 3/4 of the trail, I felt it was hopeless to continue (I was totally soaked and freezing and my bag of flour was wet), so I ran back to my van and went to find the pack to call it off. I found them after the 2nd beer check. QS, DW & TdP were in the lead and did not want to quit, even though they weren't dressed for the weather and didn't have a flashlight. What's more, all the checks I had drawn on pavement with chalk had washed away, but they insisted in persevering. I picked up Fuzz, Grizz, Jello and Just Gary - who only had one flashlight between the 4 of them, were all freezing and thankful I had found them - and took them to the start. As I had not yet put out the 5th beer check, which was going to be near the end, they got to enjoy that in the van along with the Baha Luna and all the munchies I had with me for the end.

I went back out and finished setting the last part of the trail, which I shortened on account of the weather. While I was out, I hear an "On On", so I thought the 3 hashers still out there were getting close. I'd say the pack in my van waited over an hour for the pack still out there to come in. At about 7:45, the people in my van were getting restless and decided to go to the bar, while Fuzz finally went home to work. Shortly after 8:00, the 3 hashers came in, saying "What trail?" and we went to the bar. Griz and Just Gary were nowhere to be found, but Ruffie joined us. I learned the 3rd beer check got stolen and 4th was never found, since the trail has been blown/washed away after the 3rd beer check. Down-downs were done at the bar, despite having that keg of beer in the van. I faced many accusations & down-downs. Someone said Grizz went home to put on dry clothes and would be back, but she did miss her birthday down-down. Since it was such a crappy night for business, the bar owner was so happy we were there, he gave us extra cheese cake deserts.

Later, Fuzz told me she was sorry for me how it had turned out. Only she knows how much on my time and effort went into that trail. She said it's a shame more people didn't turn out (she told the bar to expect 25 people) and the weather didn't cooperate (the weather forecast was wrong all weekend). She said it's a great trail that even Bushrat would have been proud of.

I want to personally thank those that did come out.

Sister

12/6 /2003 H5 Run #212

Pearl Harbor Day Hash

Hares: Fart Connor

Parking lot to the right of the Ritz bar, located at 138 East Main Street in New Holand, PA 17557

The TV weathermen were chomping at the bit - a winter storm was approaching. This could only mean one thing - the chance for them to scare the Hell out of the public so that bread and milk sales would soar and they could receive financial kickbacks. This really happens - a dirty lil secret that people don't like to talk about. Luckily, the storm was not as bad as predicted and the roads were clear for hashers to migrate towards New Holland. Arriving at the Ritz I noticed the owner on a ladder taking down the "MEET DICK YUENGLING " words. Not a good sign. Turns out that The Man had a root canal on Friday and didn't feel like driving sloppy roads to Lancaster County. This sucked fairly badly but he had thoughtfully sent the freebies ahead and promised to come down sometime soon. The few hashers who braved the elements gathered inside the Ritz and used some of the prepaid beer tickets which the hare had arranged. After much procrastination the pack was off. We had barely gone the length of the block before we spotted FART CONNER and his dog. He declared that we should return to the bar which was the planned beer check#1. Back to the beer? No problem! On our second attempt to actually get on trail we encountered a goofy guy from New York who begged and pleaded for us to push his rusting piece of Detroit history out of the ice and snow. Always willing to help the human race, the manly hares grunted and groaned until the car broke free and rocketed up the street. SCRATCH & SNIFF and JUSTBETH were caught getting out of their car - well dressed and sneaking into the Ritz. They thought that arriving an hour late would enable them to avoid the hounds and feelings of guilt. Wrong! Winding through the streets of New Holland, the red flour led the way towards the beer check. We were the first people to tromp through fresh snow. The locals were more than happy to point towards the fleeing hare. For some reason, people running in Hawaiian shirts and shorts in 8" of snow drew a lot of attention. At one point a trio of rednecks decided to attack DEATHWISH with snowballs but the reinforcements arrived and repelled the enemy. The BN was soon spotted and we opened the written clue. It took us 400yards across a snowy soybean field. FART was hiding in a tree - ready to pour cold Kamikazes. By now, the sun had come out and it was an absolutely glorious day to spend with friends, food and beer. We memorialized the victims of the Pearl Harbor attack and cursed the lazy hashers who stayed home because they were afraid of cold and wet conditions. Only the tough survive. The only thing between us and beer and wings was a few city blocks so we headed back to town. A "health food store" on the way back advertised bunches of spring onions for only 5 cents each. JUST SHOWS UP said that they were only a hazard if they came from Mexico. The box was stamped "Product of Mexico" so I guess that those green sticks of Hepatitis weren't much of a bargain - even at a nickel a pop. The pain of Mr Yuengling bailing on his very rare public appearance was softened somewhat by the two gigantic boxes of hats and tshirts that owner Beth had to give out. We enjoyed cold Lagers and a gigantic plate of wings and everyone got a gift. A small circle rounded up much to the amusement of the hordes who had gathered to mooch Yuengling giveaways. Down downs were assigned to the Chevy-shortcutters, FRB, DFL and hare. JUSTBETH was summoned to the circle and informed that she was getting named. Her ongoing love affair with the country of Denmark has even included a recent trip there. Everyone tried to think of things that Denmark was famous for. The only real thing that a bunch of half-drunk hashers could come up with was the Great Dane (which is

12/6 /2003 H5 Run #212

Pearl Harbor Day Hash

Hares: Fart Connor

Parking lot to the right of the Ritz bar, located at 138 East Main Street
in New Holand, PA 17557

actually the state dog of Pennsylvania!). So that lead us to think of the most famous Great Dane of all.... Marmaduke. So JUSTBETH will forever be known as MARMADUKE. The circle ended and the hashers started packing up to go home. The Ritz turned out to be a great ON-IN spot in spite of Dick Y being MIA. Thanks to FART for scouting a decent trail with the minimal time he had. OE

11/22/2003 H5 Run #210

Saturday Hash

Hares: Deathwish and Dick-on-a-Stick

Parking Lot on 322

Well, we were fortunate enough to be greeted with unseasonably mild weather for the start of the trail (which was supposed to begin immediately at 3:30, but as typical of H5 events, the Hares forgot something (water, which someone had regrettably requested) and we weren't off until after 4. The trail (if you can call it that) consisted of bushwacking a mile through some nasty briars to a beer check where the pack was reunited with a few stragglers. Then up a steep climb right back into the same shiggy that we had emerged from. After another half mile of briars, we found 2 true trail marks within 10 yards of each other (a sure sign that the hares hadn't scouted well and were lost on their own trail) which took us out to the road. Thence, we got back into the woods and followed a stream bed most of the way to the next beer check, where we stayed for a while, hoping in vain that Chapped Lips, Just Ron, and others would arrive. As darkness fell, we determined that they had probably short-cutted, so we proceeded back on trail (which the hares had mercifully shortened due to the time constraints) to the on-in. We found some of the stragglers had indeed returned, but there were others still out, so we stayed trying to clue them in with whistles and voice cues. Most of the pack returned to Dick's while Deathwish and KY stayed to sweep trail. Once they finally returned, we found that they had picked up some latecomers who had followed trail on their own without ever seeing the pack. A relatively short circle ensued followed by chilli, other food and then a shitty shuttle ride to Chucky B's for BUBBA. At that point, My recollection of the evening becomes a blur, so perhaps someone else can fill in from there, but I believe a good time was had by all. Oh, and thankfully, I did find my stuff in my truck when I returned to pick up my vehicle from the bar the next morning.

10/17/2003 H5 Run #208

Friday Hash (Last One)

Hares: Quarterstick and JAFO

See directions

IT WAS A LOVELY EVENING IN THE COW PASTURES OUTSIDE OF CARLISLE. A BEAUTIFUL COLD STEADY RAIN ADDED TO THE BEAUTY OF THE HASH. AS I SAT IN MY TRUCK WITH JELLO WAITING TO SEE IF ANY HALF MINDS BESIDES US WOULD SHOW UP, I STARTED TO THINK OF HOW STUPID I WAS TO HAVE CALLED JAFO AND DONATED MY SERVICES TO HELP HIM HARE THE TRAIL. AS THE CLOCK APPROACHED 700PM WE BEGAN TO WONDER IF ANYONE WOULD SHOW UP, HEADLIGHTS APPEAR, IT'S SISTER MARIA. TELL HIM WEAR TO PARK. ANOTHER CAR APPROACHES, IT'S SCRATCH AND SNIFF [FORMERLY JUST TRACY] AND A VIRGIN JUST BETH. ANOTHER CAR APPROACHES, SOME DUMB ASS WANTING TO KNOW IF THE HAUNTED HAY RIDE WAS STILL ON FOR THE EVENING. GOOD TO KNOW THERE ARE OTHER BONEHEADS OUT THERE READY TO DO STUFF IN THE COLD RAIN. ANOTHER CAR APPEARS, TWO NEW BOOTS JUST REX AND JUST KRISTEN FROM WILLIAMSPORT, PA, FRIENDS OF BLINDED BY THE CAUSE WHO SHOWS UP, AND DRIVING FROM PHILADELPHIA TO RUN IN THE RAIN CAUSE FOR BLINDNESS. OK, COUPLE OF HALF MINDS SHOW UP. SWEET. CHALK TALK PROCEEDS, NOT TOO MANY CONFUSING MARKS SINCE THE HARES SCOUTED TRAIL ABOUT A HALF HOUR BEFORE THE START.

HARES OFF, CHANGING THE COURSE ALREADY, ELIMINATING THE FIRST LOOP SINCE WE WERE FREEZING, RUNNING DOWN THE ROAD, UP A LONG DRIVEWAY, THROUGH A FIELD WITH NICE TALL WET GRASS AND LOTS OF NICE MUD. AS WE LOOPED BACK DOWN TOWARDS THE PACK, WE COULD HEAR THEM ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SMALL PATCH OF WOODS AND SEE THE LIGHTS OF THE FLASHLIGHT. CAUSE FOR BLINDNESS IN THE FRB POSITION. JAFO AND I DUCK INTO THE BUSHES AS SISTER WALKS DOWN A PATH FROM A CHECK LOOKING FOR TRUE TRAIL, IF HE TURNS AND GOES 20 FEET TO HIS LEFT, HE WOULD HAVE PICKED UP THE TRAIL COMING BACK. PACK GOES UP THE HILL ON TRUE TRAIL, HARES ARE ABLE TO GO BACK OUT ON THE TRAIL THEY CAME IN ON. SWEET.

AS THE PACK ARRIVES BACK, CAUSE FOR BLINDNESS IS THE FRB, MUST HAVE BEEN A REALLY SHITTY TRAIL IF THIS HAPPEND. REST OF THE PACK ARRIVES, COLD, WET MUDDY. NOT PROBLEM, BEER AWAITS. DOWN DOWNS COMMENCE WITH CAUSE FOR BLINDNESS AS OUR FILL IN RA. THE CIRCLE IS NOT LOUD NOR DISRESPECTFUL SINCE EVERYONE WAS SHIVERING WITH TEETH CHATTERING. DOWN DOWNS END KEG IS CRACKED INTO, AFTER STANDING ALONG THE PRIVATE DRIVEWAY FOR ABOUT AN HOUR AND HALF, JAFO SUGGESTS A BAR IN TOWN, THE BAR-B-Q. GREAT HASH BAR, MAKES THE WHITEHILL LOOK LIKE TAVERN ON THE HILL. IT WAS A WARM PLACE, THERE WAS BEER SERVED BY THE BAR WENCH WITH THE PERSONALITY OF A RATTLESNAKE. WHEN IT WAS ALL SAID AND DONE, WE ALL GOT OUT OF THERE BEFORE WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN. THANKS TO ALL THE HALF MINDS WHO CAME OUT IN THE ELEMENTS AND MADE IT A HASH IN THE BOOKS. ON ON TO HALLOWEEN HASH. LATER

QUARTERSTICK

10/11/2003 TMINFMH3 Run #51

Full Hunter's Moon

Hares: Fart Connor and Deathwish

McCalls Ferry Rd - Near Susquehannock State Park

Happy Hashers

Thanks to all of you who attended and those who wish they had. It's too bad that I didn't think to throw down a quick HHH when Just Steve appeared from around the corner. I guess that half of my mind wasn't with me. The next time I help with a hash with a rope involved, there is going to be a beer check just before or at the site. Special thanks should go to Deathwish who helped make this a fun event. To all the catwalkers, I hope your quads don't hurt worse than mine. If anyone has use for a slightly used 10 foot ladder, I have one. ON-ON Fart

The 10/11/03 combined H5 and TMIFMNMH trail was hared by Fart Connor and Deathwish, starting in the middle of nowhere, PA. First off, the trail went almost immediately into the creek, so that everyone could get their feet wet right away. There was a great deal of confusion at the first BN trying to find the beer hidden underneath the stones (which was not plentiful enough, thanks to our GM. Bushrat, what were you thinking, telling the hares to put LESS beer on trail? Shame on you!) Due to the brevity of the beer check

Saturday, May 28, 2022

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Hares: Fart Connor and Deathwish

McCalls Ferry Rd - Near Susquehannock State Park

which was caused by the scarcity of beer, the pack emerged onto the road ahead of schedule, just in time for to spot the hare and allow Just Steve from Baltimore to run off to catch Fart Connor. Meanwhile, the pack made its way up the mountain to the 2nd BN hidden under a rock pile, which DOAS almost missed again (I guess I'm dating myself when I'm reminded of "One Tin Soldier", from the Billy Jack movie, "...on the mountain was a treasure buried underneath a stone, and the hashing people swore they'd drink it as their very own". The pack sighted 2 stragglers below- Ruffy and Takes it...who had arrived late (Damn, that should have been an accusation!) From thence, back down the hill and towards the river, where the FRBs saw markings on the near bank, and proceeded to follow them 100 yards to the on-in, (and in my opinion, we should have just stayed there) while the back of the pack went across the bridge. At that point, having already reached the end on trail, I didn't feel compelled to go any further, so I cannot describe the trail on the other side. However I did accompany the hare to lay the last beer check crossing back over the river on the cat walk..."(on the catwalk yeah, and I shook my little tail on the catwalk..." Hey, it's not often you get a Right Said Fred reference in addition to a cult hippie movie theme in one hashtrash) Apparently, some of the pack had issues with descending from said catwalk, but then they all got in OK. A good, short circle, cooking, and eating in the dark all ensued. A good time was had by all. Tour

Great trail Fart! My favorite kind. Steep rocky creeks, high bridges, cliffs with ropes, catwalks with BEER, and a cookout in the dark, great job with help from a hungover Deathwish. On-on, Sticky Bunz

9 /6 /2003 H5 Run #206

Saturday Hash

Hares: Bush Monkey & Spackle My Face

Dillsburg

Harley vs Hasher Bimbos

8 /30/2003 H5 Run #205

Labor Day Hash

Hares: Tour de Puke and Fart Connor

PNC Bank located at 29 Hunter Lane in Camp Hill

This trail had to be one of my greatest triumphs as a hare (other than the times I got Screw hopelessly lost) as the trail doubled back so many times (and the pack was so drunk) that Cause was the FRB. That has to be a first in hashing history! I prepared enough shots for 25 hashers. Due to various reasons, there was a light turnout, yet they still finished all of the kamikazes at 2 shot checks (they must have done at least 3 per person at each one), proving once more that H5 is one of the true exemplars of "a drinking club with a running problem." So today let's all go to Baltimore and drink them under the table. Meet at my place at noon. We rule! Regards,-Tour

Awsome hash on this Satruday afternoon!

Loved the shot check on the island in the river. Even the riverbank residents seemed jealous we were having more fun than they were. Great trail, even the weather cooperated. It stopped raining just before the hash and the humidity was way down.

For everyone's information, just Stefan got named, as this was his 6th hash. It's a compound name, as it was a tie. His new name is "Stiff-on Toe Poke-her". You had to be there. Incidentally, later, after he told us of his immigration status, we wanted to change it to "No Re-entry", but he resisted fiercely, so we didn't. On On! Sister Maria

Allow me elaborate. I braved the rain and tolls and showed up around 2:30 at the Camp Hill quarterly start for Tour's and Vigin Hare Fart Conner's Labor Day weekend bar 'n hash. There were 10 of us gathered, but Kow Pi left right after I gave him his birthday hug, citing a deep desire to paint. Not long later the hares were off. I looked around and figured this might turn into a totally turkey trail, with Sister Maria as the only FRB type in attendance. Just Stefan (as he as then ... how did this fellow make it through 5 hashes without having been Blinded?) professed to be a runner with an injury. He stubbed his toe playing poker. (And y'all thought I was accident prone!) Desper ... er ... Takes it yadda yadda and Ruffy, Fuzzbuster and Sister, Mama's Boy, still basking in Full Moon glory, Stefan and myself set out after a carefully timed 12 minutes and found ourselves on a cautionary tour of Holy Spirit and environs, capturing the attention of local security and a few civilians. I noted that there were a LOT of checks in this early part, and with so few hounds, everyone was checking much of the time. Damn, I thought, they set this so I could walk the whole thing and still catch-up with the pack. But I was running part of the time, at least until a gopher hole caught my foot, kept my sneaker, and sent me sprawling. NO injuries(all right, my wrist hurt today)! After more trail hunting the pack made it to the first Beer Near behind a suburban office house and helped make a dent in the provided refreshment. After a nice rest, we spread out following different hints of trail, markedly avoiding the short but steep downhill into the shiggy which we wanted to believe was a lure into an FRB busting False. But, having exhausted all other possibilities, we slipped, slip, reverse climbed, into the brushy parts below. Lots of flour, considering the rainy conditions, but not enough trail. Wait, Mama's Boy finds trail and we make our way eventually to the banks of the Commoqu-what's-it Creek where SN is clearly floured into the dirt on an island. Kamikazee's ensued. Hares were sighted, and they joined us, having finished setting the torture. We kicked the cooler. Trail picked up on the other shore and before too long led us to a Beer Near (with help from a semi-hidden hare) in Fart's truck, which we'd eyed suspiciously earlier. After a short tour of the yuppie-hood the pack headed into a park where it followed some municipal trail, still abundant with checks. The FRBs (both of them) managed to find many fakes, and Just Stefan exhibited a good eye for the green chalk Fart used. And often I was lucky enough to find true trail. More checks, then more check. At some point Sister followed the flour around a track (as in track and field). Most of us short-cutted across the field and we were back into the woods where Ruffy's voiced saved me from getting seriously off trail by yelling "Head for the shelter". Lo - or high and behold ... that hares with another shot check!! It's amazing how fast 7 people can finish a batch of Kamikazees. One last leg of trail through more woods and out onto a side road where the hares were parked. And, yes, I was first in. In fact, all the usual DFL suspects (Mama's Boy, Des ... TIUTALTA, myself were the first three in, followed by Ruffy, Fuzz, then Sister, and last of all, hiding the limp favoring his Poker toe, Just Stefan. Now That's a Well Laid Trail!

The trucks were packed with hashers for the return to the start and to Tour's where we held a short and almost respectful circle. Down-downs were awarded to: Cause for Blindness, first in; Just Stefan, last in Cause for Blindness, visitor, utilizing the little known semi-option (half the beer, one tit); Sister for ... ah, I forget; Dry lips for the rest then Stefan was sent away for the drunken discussion of possible names. Besides being last in today, he said his most embarrassing moment was mysteriously stubbing his toe somehow the night before, at a poker game. Some names under consideration: Beat by a

Hares: Tour de Puke and Fart Connor

PNC Bank located at 29 Hunter Lane in Camp Hill

Girl, Stiff on, Poker toe, Poke her with a toe, Take it up the ... (not really). In the end, as already mentioned, he was given the compound Stiff On, Toe Poke Her. Burgers, Beer, Hot Dogs and conversation finished what was an Awesome Hash. Irrespectively, Cause

Hares: QuarterStick, Bush Monkey and DeathWish

Kint Fire Protection Parking Lot

The meeting place was a fire protection facility but the protection should've been for the legs as this trail went over hill and dale and hood and hood and more hood. Deathwish gave away hash XS shirts disguised as XXL that fit like gloves to all the hashettes. The pack was lulled into a fairly easy start as the first BN was quick enough. Apparently the hares had taken a blue print from the Reading highway system as the trail appeared to be the "road to nowhere". Fair enough since our asses were parked adjacent to the biggest park and ride in the civilized world (outside of NJ that is)...no post BN trail was to be found. Hold on, secret hint written on box "go to light pole #3284". That translates to go roughly 40 light poles to the left then out 80 poles. After the concrete jungle and a downhill, BN number two was a quick shot check. Realism had already checked in - these hares were not going to be busted on trail. Up a dirt road - oh shit- check back 19. Continuing on through a beautiful field with ten foot brush that was missing only poppies and down towards a creek where we entered the "sled o fun" amusement park. Deck Head was the bravest (?) and first to go down the 100' ramp with minimal 60 degree fall not unlike the ride that the Amusement park governing bodies had shut down across the country because three seat restraints weren't safe enough. Take a kiddie sled and crazy hashers.....look out below. By this time our poor hash dog "sunshine" was looking like it hadn't seen the sun in quite awhile. Onward and forward to a place where running with the pack is not just a saying, it's a survival tactic. Those boards on the windows are not for insulation and the cinderblocks in place of wheels is not a Ford "Better Idea". But god damn - those faquitas are kick ass - way to go Deathwish. Indeed the host with the most - it was an official "on on" resting, drinking, take a head count and fingerprint checkpoint. Down the alley into a great little neighborhood bar that was packed with locals who were surprised to see the "whites" of our eyes. I thought for sure one of the virgins was "Just Robbed". BN number 5 ended after an oversized tray of Rolling Rock Ponies were consumed and the trail continued. Down around a corner, past a few housing projects, through a catwalk that I'm sure was used as movie backdrop for an old episode of Baretta (the old picture cue cards gave that one away) and back into a field for the On In. Momma's Boy passed out chocolate goodies, Grizz (BTW - Pampered Tattoo party coming soon) laughed with Just "flash 'em again" Cindy. "Fart Connors" which barely beat out "Nadia Climb a Cheech Tree" and "GI Slow" was the name given to Just Eric (commonly know as cheech) for some antics in another life. Quarterstick practiced safe driving and adhered to the "no more than 20 riders" rule during the "truck back". Meanwhile back at the starting point the "sled o fun" continued as Bush Monkey was pulled by QS's truck on the kiddie sled. Who needs a rope anyway? Some went to Underdogs, some went home, some went somewhere else but all had fun. Hash O Fun that is.

Hares: OverExposed and Bushrat

Ft Indiantown Gap Military Reservation

Hi Folks, I'll try to stay with the military theme here. "July 26, 2003, a day that will live in infamy." When I learned of the military theme, I was pretty psyched, since I always appreciate theme hashes. However, I did not realize that we were going to re-enact the Bataan death march again. Since that title was already taken by Screw's trail last summer, I tried to come up with an appropriate military title for this event, so I looked to war movies for answers. "Heartbreak Ridge" with Clint Eastwood was worth considering, the "ridge" part definitely worked, so I thought about "Heart Attack Ridge" which would describe the way up, or "Ankle-Break Ridge" for the way down, but it didn't quite do it justice. I needed to think of something that captured the spirit of the lofty plans that OE had, but were just a little too ambitious considering the fact that hashers were involved. So I think the best title would be "A Ridge Too Far" (and too steep, with too much loose rock...) Note to future hares: The best laid plans go awry often with this bunch. Trying to get the hash to get on and off the truck took about 10 minutes each time just in itself, and that was without having to drag Griz away from the base bar kicking and screaming- which I was surprised we avoided- and didn't account for the difficulty of actually keeping the hash inside the truck. (when I used to teach middle school, it seemed easier to control a busload of 12 year olds than a bunch of hashers). That being said, I loved the photo ops and the concept, but then it came down to running (or more appropriately, climbing) the trail. Well, it was pretty simple. We went up (and up, and up, and up) and then down (and down, etc.) The chopper beer check was cool, but that was 10 minutes of cool surrounded by 2 hours of torture. Unfortunately due to the various delays, I had to leave immediately following the trail to get to Scott's, so someone else will need to follow this up with those details. I saw the haberdashery, and it was one of the best I've seen, kudos to OE for that. I wish I'd been aware that I'd be able to go, so I could have gotten one. Anyway, additional trash is welcomed to complete the story.

On-on! Regards, tour

Hares: QuarterStick and Self Service

Lower Allen Township Park

A pre hash thunderstorm cooled things down for a couple minutes, but proved only to make this a steamy run. Fortunately the trail came upon a creek often enough for optional cooling dips. The hares showed a working knowledge of the use of back checks, successfully throwing off the FRB's and keeping the pack together, especially on the back check 8 along a power line. Beer checks were plentiful, with the usual water, beer, and a bonus this time of jungle juice. The first creek crossing was through a fairly swift current, but all half minds made it across safely. Ruffy and Takes it up the ass like the Amish provided a much appreciated impromptu beer check alongside one of the rare pavement sections of the trail. They tried to ask permission to park, but the nearest homeowners weren't around. They left a note on the van saying that they would be back to move the van. But still there was a note left for them chastizing them for their misdeed. The highlight of the run had to be at the rope swing. The launching point was high on the bank, so you would drop a good 20 feet into the creek. One of the kids there got the rope stuck in a tree, so far out of reach that even the legion of dumb wouldn't attempt to retrieve it. The tree grew straight up and was bare of branches for what, 25 feet? But then it was Chong to the rescue! He shimmied up that bad boy and freed the rope. Could the legion of dumb have a new member, or was this a display of awe inspiring agility? Near the end of the trail, at the tit check, we passed the starting point which was too much of a temptation for some wankers who went back to the cars instead of finishing trail, which ended only a few hundred yards later. Bushrat was FRB, beating the second in by at least 20 minutes, although he did knowingly avoid the last beer check.

New Boot just Tom, courtesy of Kow Pi, did more than his share of down downs, being both a virgin and last in. We had two namings, just Bill (with Phone Sex) who during a basketball game had passed the ball to a ref, is now Zebra Balls. Just Donna (with Dick on a Stick) who was taken aback by a previous hash where Grizzly Schnizz was tongue lapped on a table top, is temporarily known now as Table It. Takes it up the Ass like the Amish, for repeatedly talking during the circle, was iced for his disrespect, and suffered (or

7 /5 /2003 H5 Run #200

Independence Day Hash

Hares: QuarterStick and Self Service

Lower Allen Township Park

enjoyed) frequent dousings of beer from Death Wish. Dick on a Stick discouraged such disrespect, poking offenders with just head as a warning. Sticky Bunz made several trips from the circle to the pavilion, and was encouraged to run along the way, visible proof of the benefits of going braless, much to the enjoyment of the male wankers in the circle. The on after was a feast of grilled goodies, munchies, and the obligatory cheese cake for our grand master to feed his underlings. Even though we were in an alcohol free park, we attracted no attention from Ranger Rick, and normals would promptly turn around and leave upon discovering us.

On-On, Pro Boner

6 /28/2003 H5 Run #199

Saturday Hash

Hares: She Came and J. Edgar Boozer

Seaplane Base between Gingerbread Man Riverside and Angelina's, Wormleysburg

The hash began with a bit of confusion. The hares were down by the river, hounds were in the G-man parking lot, and others were scattered about looking for the group. But who can miss a crowd of rowdy wankers! Fuzz was missed and eventually Flounder took over as Hash Cash. Several virgins were trained including JustBill, JustGary and Just Lisa. We were graced by the presence of Legal Beaver (transplanted from North Carolina) and H5's own glorious founder, Bridge Bandit, returning after a lengthy absence. The sky was clear and the weather was perfect. I was nervous, and we were all ready to HASH! The hares took off and the fun began.

The trail led down the railroad tracks and up a steep hill to Negley Park. The bank was full of shiggy but the only one who seemed to suffer too much was me, since I blazed the trail, ripping shiggy as I went, and bitching to JEB the entire way. Up through Negley Park and down the street, the first beer check was in the yard of a large apartment complex . . . uh, no. That's a single family residence, guys. Virgin JustBill decided he was going to take off before the pack was ready. Shame on you, JustBill.

Off the hounds went, down a steep embankment to the railroad tracks (more railroad tracks?). Thank God nobody ended up in the middle of 11/15 under a car. There were complaints about the check back not leading anywhere, but eventually the pack found the trail and headed across the abandoned railroad bridge across the Susquehanna and into downtown Harrisburg. The view from here was stunning, looking across the river at the Harrisburg skyline. Who knew this bridge was even here? As JEB and I laid the end of the trail on Front Street, we heard cries of "On-On" from Quarterstick as he started across the Bridge. We ran to beer check #2 and waited for the pack.

Less than five minutes after we parked ourselves at the bar, the pack began arriving at the Pep Grill. It was such a rush to see the faces of the H5ers as they ran into the bar and helped themselves to the beer. Everyone was smiling, laughing, talking. There were hashers in the bar and hashers on the street. What a great group you guys are! JEB and I took a couple minutes head start and headed for beer check #3. Then--we waited.

As the pack came over the bank at the river, it didn't take long for them to see beer check #3, three pontoon boats parked on the bank waiting with beer and music. We partied. We danced. Some took an impromptu swim. Then the boats took off, all tied together in one long row, for our final leg of the trail. Now this is what hashing is all about!!!

On-After was at JEB's. The keg was kicked within 10 minutes and JustBruce took a trip to the distributor for keg #2. Thanks, JustBruce. The down-downs were prompt and somehow JEB ended up in his own pond. As usual there were hashers strewn about until the next morning. Amazingly, not one complaint was heard from the neighbors.

We want to extend a HUGE thank you to our boat captains, Joey, Steve and Scott. I have learned that haring is a lot of work, but it was so f***ing fun seeing the looks on everyone's faces and knowing that you have made it happen. On-On! By She Came

6 /20/2003 H5 Run #198

Start of Summer Celebration

Hares: Tour de Puke

Former Hardees (now vacant) at 3rd and Market in Lemoyne

Well, fortunately, this week there was no gale to wash away the marks, the pack was only shadowed by the police, and as far as I know the trail went off without a hitch, other than the fact that we just BARELY got to the distributor in time to get the 2nd keg. As hare I can't tell much about the events that transpired on trail, so maybe someone else can fill everyone in on that part, but we did have 2 notable namings- Butt-sweat & Beers was renamed (I know it's a cool name, but it wasn't from anything that happened at a hash) due to the fact that as he stopped at a porto-pot to dump at the last beer check, 2/3 of the "legion of Dumb" decided to tip it over. CLD gave him a quick warning, so he narrowly escaped out the door at impact before becoming covered in waste, righted the potty, and continued the dumping process. As he stated, he was "not deterred", or, as he will forevermore be known "Not DeTurd". Also, Page who only hashed with us 5 times in five years will be known as "Cums Anally". You also may be surprised to know that the pack got wasted, many passed out at my place, and some of the pack conducted an in-house RBA (that's Roving Band of Assholes for those of you unfamiliar with the Nit'ny weekend-sign up for it online by the way) and came to each room and woke us up at 4 or thereabouts. Thanks to Self Service for helping mer clean up, and Fuzz for redecorating my toilet and waste basket but not the rest of my house with her stomach contents. Tour

6 /14/2003 TMINMFMH3 Run #47

KY's Birthday Hash

Hares: KY, QuarterStick and Imperfect Wildflower

Lower Dauphin High School, Hummelstown (far back parking lot)

We met behind the Lower Dauphin High School on a muggy afternoon. almost as soon as the hares were of this turned into a veritable monsoon, with torrential downpours washing away almost all traces of flour. Fortunately for the pack, chapped lips knew where the beer checks were, so we just proceeded to them directly. Unfortunately, KY was late arriving at the first one with the beer- how does that happen, we're on foot and don't know where to go, KY knows where to go and has a vehicle? Anyway, we actually saw some flour on the way to the shot check, and the then Just Stew seemed to indulge in quite a few, before deciding to go swimming in the creek along with a few other misguided souls. From there, we crossed the bridge and headed for the next check at Wildflower's mom's house where the pack once again had to wait for the beer wagon. (Note to all future hares, remember if you don't stage the checks ahead of time, get someone COMPETENT to drive the beer wagon.) From there, I saw no more flour at all, but once we got into town, DFM, PS, and I just

shortcut directly back to KY's, found an open door, and proceeded to drink her booze until the hares got in. Notable mentions, Just Stew was named Deck Head for doing a face plant on the deck as we sent him off to get named, and Just Paul caused a tie vote,

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Hares: KY, QuarterStick and Imperfect Wildflower Lower Dauphin High School, Hummelstown (far back parking lot)

creating a Florida style recount and thus will forever be known as Hanging Chad. JEB, Deck head and others all took part in the parade of puking, Carmel decided to practice in case she decides to pursue a career as an exotic dancer. That's all I remember...Tour

The weather was beautiful. The mood was happy. The hashers arrived at Lower Dauphin High School in droves. After a true circle, introducing 3 new boots (Just Norm, Just Bill and Just Robin) to chalk talk, Imperfect Wildflower and Quarterstick hares were off. Then the skies opened up and it rained cats and dogs. Some hashers took cover, some danced in the rain, Chapped Lips did belly dives and wrestled in the mud with BushMonkey. Self Service ensured the harriettes were happy by sporting his full moon shorts. Grizz and puppy Abby decided it wasn't a nice day to run, so they took cover in KY's keg loaded hashmobile. Hashmobile Occupancy=2 + 1 dog and 20 dry bags. After dropping off side dishes made by Grizz and Purple Cooter at the house, the hashmobile cums upon Desperate Dave and Dancing Fool on the wrong side of Hummelstown. Hashmobile occupancy=5 + 1 dog. We proceeded to BN#1 at Chapped Lips' house to find the hashers eagerly awaiting our arrival. Chapped Lips and Just Paul bounced on the trampoline while the rest imbibed in the rain. On-on was called and In the Rear and Spackle My Face decided that running any farther was ridiculous when the hashmobile would carry them to their ultimate destination. Hashmobile Occupancy=7 + 1 wet dog and 20 dry bags. Another stop at KY's to drop off the dry bags, we proceeded on our way. Having the inside knowledge that BN#2 was Kamikaze's in the woods, KY thought she had plenty of time to treat the car hashers to a beer at Chicks Tavern (save the keg in the back of the vehicle), since Spackle indicated she was never there. Upon return to the hashmobile, KY notices a missed call from J Edgar Boozer. The cell rang again, "KY, Where are you?", screams JEB. The hashers were eagerly awaiting us when we arrived at BN#3, hosted by Imperfect Wildflower's mom. The hashmobile loads up with more hashers, Dirty Dancer loses her reserved seat and takes off running in the rain, KY decides to alert the hashers to the shortest trek to the Boro Bar and Grille. Spackle and In the Rear are dancing in the middle of Main Street, Grizz is getting rid of beer in the Boro parking lot, new boots and old boots alike are dancing in the rain. Quarterstick zips around the corner, throws down a mark of flour, looks up and exclaims, "What the hell is everybody already doing there?" Some hashers make it inside where KY hadn't purchased beer yet, some hashers are gathered around Quarterstick a block down the street trying to determine what the hell is going on. After a few at the Boro, Quarterstick and Imperfect Wildflower throw in the towel and cut the trail short through the field, directly to KY's house. Food is in abundance, skillfully prepared by Chapped Lips, Dirty Dancer and many other thoughtful hashers who added to the collection. A bonfire was started, Quarterstick climbed a tree, the hashmobile was opened to reveal the keg and KY, Quarterstick and Imperfect Wildflower (one hare drinks, all hares drink) did plenty of down-downs to pay for her total clusterfucking of the hare's great trail. Just Paul was named Hanging Chad due to the lack of consensus on a name. Just Stu was named Deck Head for his unintended break dancing on the wet deck. Jello Slut (of course she brought Jello Shooters), Fuzz Buster, J Edgar Boozer and Ruff Buff got iced by the ruling hand of Tour de Puke for lack of order in the circle. Phone Sex left her hat (lost property at the next hash) but made a great video of most of the circle, up until She Came and KY danced for their birthday down-down. Despite the fact that the keg kicked about 10 pm (just about the time Rubber Dickie arrived after work), the party lasted until 6am with entertainment for Pro Boner (who arrived some time in the middle of the night), Tour and Deathwish by Just Carmel. The party started up again about 9 the next morning with breakfast, bloody marys, beer and baja rosa. The last hashers left Sunday about 5 pm. Thanks to everyone for my best birthday in 41 years! KY

5 /31/2003 H5 Run #196.5

Saturday Hash

Hares: Tour de Puke PNC Bank parking lot on Hunter Lane in Camp Hill (just a block from Tour's house)

OK, the trail began in a virtual downpour that subsided as the pack got to the 1st beer check. there was such grumbling/whining about taking the trail straight to casa de puke, but to no avail. due to the fact that the hare had only 2 days notice to get the trail together, the first leg took the pack through some residential areas to get into the woods but from there it became interesting. after the 2nd beer check a check came at the banks of the Conedegwinnet(spelling?), much higher than usual due to the fact that it rains every day recently, and again there was much grumbling/whining about having to wade across, some folks thought it as false even though QS was holding up the shot check on the far bank once he crossed. the pack's mood improved dramatically after a few shots each an then continued on trail through some mud, across the railroad bridge and, for the eagles, across the cliffs. the highlight of this leg was kow pi losing his footing and tumbling all the way down the bank into the water, fortunately without major injury (maybe i shouldn't have gotten the pack drunk before this part) and Just Carmella losing her shirt, which was cool from my perspective, but apparently it had sentimental value- oh, well. then, another stop at the beer check and in. 2 namings were done at the circle: Just Donnie will forevermore be called "Waggin' Dragon" (from dragging the wagon along on trail), and Just David will forevermore be known as "Rubber Dickie" (from the latex incident at stinko). the pack was again totally trashed (at MY house? what a shock) there was an amusing role reversal with Sister being sloppy drunk and Fuzz talking to him on the phone bitching about him not coming home, how many times have I heard that conversation the other way? most folks stayed over, and I was awakened at 7 this morning by Grizz, who had ill advisedly gone downtown with one of my friends and left her keys in his car. apparently she felt that somehow i was to be penalized for her stupidity, so she woke me up TWICE. Thanks to Q-stick for cleaning up and Deathwish for grilling the burgers & dogs. Other notes-1- Register for Nit'ny online at www.nvhhh.org 2- Jafo's trail is next friday, see website for directions, Bubba at Gullifty's afterwards 3- SHUT UP IN THE CIRCLE oN-On! Regards,-Tour

5 /23/2003 H5 Run #196

Friday Hash

Hares: Fuzz Buster and Sister Maria Boscov's parking lot at the Colonial Park Mall

Thanks to everyone that came out to our hash last Friday despite the shitty weather. You exceeded our expectations. Also to all the wankers who didn't run trail, but showed up at our house to party, how ever did you know it was ending up there? Hey, it's not a killer party till the cops show up, twice. Something to do with someone screaming "Shuddup!" in our garage repeatedly at the top of their lungs. Sister

3 /15/2003 H5 Run #188

St. Patty's Day Hash

Hares: Tour de Puke and Deathwish Conewago Trailhead

* Glad we don't need a DD for Stinko, I'm too small to keep a larger hash group in order, did you know that DD means a bouncer too (I loved it and would do it ANYTIME it's needed)! It feels good to drive my own car and not hear DW shout.. Left, Right, Are you OK? Straight, Slow Down, Are you OK? Go, OK stop. He was way too funny. And Tour jumped in the passenger seat on the way back from Columbia. Why, I don't know because he says "I hope you know where you are going, I don't know the directions." Oh what a perfect opportunity for my comment...and what makes you any different from any other man!! :) Love ya'll, see you guys soon. Dena Marie (Chapped Lips) (baked potato anyone?)

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Hares: Tour de Puke and Deathwish

Conewago Trailhead

* Thanks to Tour, DW, Chapped Lips, and Bubba for a great St. Paddy's Day hash'n' bash. Good News: No broken bones! Got home safely in flagrant disregard of "must wear corrective lenses" warning on driver's license. Drove to locksmith 4 blocks from my apartment; got trunk (containing said pair of corrective lenses, the keys to the office, my purse, and a sh*tload of chocolate) opened in time to get to work this morning. Cost of locksmith's service: Priceless That's right - it cost me \$7.52 (for 2 copies of trunk key) to get the bugger opened! Happy St. Patrick's Day everyone - Cause for Blindness

2 /28/2003 H5 Run #187

Mardi Gras Hash - Phone Sex Birthday Hash

Hares: Phone Sex and Champ X

Phone Sex's house at 20 N. 17th Street in Camp Hill

It was a dark and stormy night. Well, dark, at least. The Harrisburg-Hershey H3 had gathered in the Camp Hill home of the lovely Phone Sex, for the much-anticipated Mardi Gras/Birthday Quartet hash at 6:30 Friday night as requested. We donned beads (we all had beads), shared Pro Boner's Icy Cold Peppermint Schnapps; we boozed and schmoozed. By 7:15 The hares (Phone Sex and special guest Champ X) corralled the crowd, talked chalk, and were off. About 5 minutes later the walkers were off. Being deep in philosophical conversation (how many beer/dick/tit checks?), it was a minute later before I jogged down the driveway to catch up. I was fine until one wanker shouted in chastisement "Hey, that's for walkers!" Being an obliging visitor, I slowed my pace, slipped on the black ice, and *FOOMP* hit the ground, wrists first. Feeling deep remorse, the offending scorer, one Goffo (sp?) - who swears he's not a visitor despite his never having seen my t er, seen me before - helped me to my feet and graciously accompanied me the rest of trail. We soon caught right and sound of the rest of the pack and made it in time to the first check. Bourbon was administered to my wounds (applied internally, as directed) and soon we were off again. The only dick in evidence, though, was Self Service's, but even he tried to be inconspicuous while he quickly recycled some early beer to the ground whence it came. Trail led through mud, snow, blacktop, cement, and other hazards to another check, and suddenly on-in. As luck would have it, with my right hand now out of commission, I had no choice but to drink both my down-down beers. The N'option ruled. Whoda thunk it - Mardi Gras, two beer checks, two down-downs, and no you-know-what. Can't wait for Stinko. (::gleeful giggling::) Fast forward to Saturday night in an undisclosed location. Big decision: dinner first or ER? Dinner, definitely, complete with margaritas. An x-ray revealed a non-displaced fracture of the (I believe) distal radius, fore and aft. I was splinted and released. This time I saved the proffered painkillers for Bushrat (Lortab).

9 /16/1999 H5 Run #80

We Blew Floyd Hash

Hares:

Lambs Gap

Comment from 8/27/2011 - Reminds me of haring on top of Lamb's Gap during Hurricane Floyd! (no, it was not a good idea.)

The scouted trail was buried under about 6 feet of water. Roads were closed. BIG HUGE trees were bowing at 45 degree angles in the wind. AND... about 20 people refused to skip trail. We ended up haring a breif 1/4 mile trail and then went to the bar (which was still open even though all the area was without power.) We played pool via a black and decker snake light.... Deathwish even pulled his first aid van into an interesection, turned on his blue blinking light and directed traffic for a little bit (only for us to safely cross and get to the bar) and then shut the light off and came and joined us.

-SqueezeMe

Yea and Brett got named (Blows Like Floyd)
Bushrat

3 /21/1998 H5 Run #24

1st Anniversary Hash

Hares:

Hared by Bridge Bandit and Free Willy; Slomo's idea to end at at the microbrew. The brewmaster initially wasn't that pleased to have his beer "chugged" but he got over it. I'm still pleased with the crossing of Spring Creek near Steelton.
Bridge Bandit

The creek crossing was priceless especially watching "Bigger than that" make so many attempts to climb up the slippery bank only to plunge back down into the stream. My main memory was that I was soooo Cold, that I drove up to Dunin Donuts & got some donuts & hot coffee because I was too miserable to stay inside the chilly brewery.

Not yet, Ruff Buff

I also remember witnessing a bimbo (forget her name) aspirating on a donut at the on-in. Thankfully, Bridge Bandit, our resident MD, was able to monitor the situation. He gave her a time limit to start breathing normally again before he was going to call an ambulance. All ended well.

Ruff, I remember it being really, really cold too! I also remember Squeeze Me's arm being in an immobilizer that day after breaking it while scouting a trail in E-town, on a bicycle, at twilight, a few weeks before. Those pesky sidewalk strings (intended to block you from walking down that sidewalk) that are tough to see in low light, will cause you to do an endo (not to be confused with InYourEndo) and concrete isn't very forgiving.

On-on,

Trashed

Hares:

I want the record to reflect... I RODE the bike home 3 miles with the broken arm, uphill (half-way... I did have a little downhill). There was no walking.

SqueezeMe