

The Pinelake hash returned to a familiar haunt over at Thompson Park in north Decatur (a nice alternative to Mason Mill Park). Split level parking and everything! Hashers showed up and stripped down (it was hot) in preparation for a **Little Willie / Grape Nuts** trail. This was their back yard, although I seem to remember a SoCo where **Little Willie** was DFL by a long time “in his back yard”. The only other concern was the hares’ statement that more than one false trail could be laid from the check... just more work but hey, it’s hashing.



Herd mentality took over from the beginning, with one mark leading the pack up to Mason Mill Road. I’m not sure if trail actually went under the road or

what, but a few minutes of confusion looking for trail were just a slight delay until flour was found leading up the almost-dry creek across the road. Trail meandered through the once-swampy bottomland strewn with leaves, tripping more than one unwary (or ungraceful) hound. We ended up by the old mill building on the creek behind the VA hospital before crossing the river and then Clairmont Road and mounting the railroad tracks there (well, except for Surly who had hashed almost a mile at that point and called it quits to run to the end). We were treated to the railroad trestle before climbing back down and onto excellent trails.

A couple of tricky turns spread out the pack as a few false trails and possibly some meddling by locals confused the pack. Plus there are a few hills back there, but we managed to follow trail along the river and then up to the road where another false trail or two herded us towards the back of the softball fields. We knew we were getting close, and Pissticide kept blowing through the checks as FRB, knowing **Little Willie’s** place wasn’t far. **Canucklehead** and **Okie** kept pace, and at that final check on McCurdy, **Pissticide** finally chose poorly and went straight, missing out on his glorious chance to be FRB.

The pack trickled in, everyone agreeing it was a most excellent trail. The bimbos sat high and mighty on the porch whilst the hounds relaxed in the yard and **Little Willie** rescued his cat from the commotion. Circle was called

to (dis)order and **Donny** and



**Wife Beater** started things off by volunteering to hare next week so there will be a non-pub crawl option. (**Donny**, being the retard, forgot he is flying out that day, so good luck **Wife Beater**!) Our virgin and first-timer were next, followed by a bunch of too-longs including **Dry Hole**, **Canucklehead**, **Jambi**, **Dangling Partisnipple** and a few other people who don’t come to mind. Rule Six violators drank (um, can you tell my memory sucks by the lack of details?!), people having birthdays drank (**Surly** and **Dangling Partisnipple**), and then we attempted unsuccessfully to name **Just Jeff**. Once circle was closed it came to our attention that **Daz** had attacked another hasher on trail – well, sort of. Turns out he was using branches and trees to help climb the hills and one fell on **Titty Sweat** – thus leading to **Just Daz** being named **Gay Basher**. Good luck with that.

On-On to Wife Beater’s trail on the 16<sup>th</sup>! –DAVEY CROCHET