

Colonel Clit's Birthday Bash Trail!

Colonel Clit & Yassir Creamer

HONEYSUCKLE PARK, DORAVILLE-
The trail began in a parking lot in Roswell, north of town, quite near the Chattahoochee.

Rain was forecast, but looked like it would hold off. To begin with, we slogged uphill to the square, then down a westward street to "Bulloch Hall," home of **Major James Stephens Bulloch**, one of Roswell's first settlers, whose daughter **Mittie** married **Teddy Roosevelt** there in 1853. Who knew?

We did a long, hilly loop through woods which made up much of the grounds of Bulloch Hall, then headed south along Roswell Road for about a mile and a half, and hung a left into Waller Park, a vast woodsy, hilly park in Southeast Roswell. We wove through the well defined hilly trails in the park for maybe three miles until finally coming to a bridge across the Hooch, then paralleled the river for half a mile or so. We

eventually got to a sort of crude driveway which led uphill to the end, a grassy area bordered with woods.



Just as I got in an opened a beer, it began to rain. It was a cold rain. It just drizzled for a while, then rained really hard. We tried to shelter under nearby trees without much actual success, and then the lightning began. A few years ago, lightning hit the tree under which a half dozen hashers were sheltering. No one was permanently injured, but all were at least knocked to the ground, if not unconscious. We

decided to get outa Dodge, piling into two pickups for a chilly ride back to the cars. Another hash adventure.

My cell phone was in my hash bag. It doesn't work anymore. –Shiggy Pitts