

PINELAKE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

HASH TRASH

INCREDIBLE MISMANAGEMENT

GRAND MASTER
ACTING GM
JOINT MASTER
AND MATTRESS
HASH CASH
HARE LINE
HASH STAT
HASHTORIAN
BREWMEISTERS

SKY PILOT
DOWN UNDER
TAIL GUNNER
BREAST STROKE
AFTERBIRTH
455-6952 OR RAT'S ASS 873-0059
SUCK 'N SWALLOW
ARMADILDO
LIKE'S EM STIFF
LICK 'N STICK
SCARLET NO'HARA
SHIGGY PITTS

HABERDASHER
HEAD SCRIBE

Hash #400 August 20, 1994

Start: The Fountains- Off South Cobb Dr.

Hares: Shiggy Pitts and Breast Stroke

It was a warm and cloudless day that saw the gathering of the tribes to celebrate the auspicious occasion of PineLake's 400th run. I saw people I hadn't seen in years. I saw people I haven't wanted to see for years. I saw new people, lots of them. I saw about a hundred hounds ready to chase two foolish live hares and all for the love of beer, shiggy, beer, companionship, beer, running and of course beer. After an endless bureaucratic wait while T-shirts and whistles were passed out to the worthy, the hares were off. More waiting and then the pack was as well.

Alas, I took the trail of toil with an ill-kempt crew of SCBers and can only report about the trail second hand. Not that I ever can report on a trail from personal experience (except by accident) but this will merely move the reportage to it's more accurate place in the grand scheme of things i.e. fiction. Anyway, everybody I talked to had good things to say about it, some of it so fatuous and fawning that I had to raise my puke coefficient several degrees.

Everyone seemed to like the beer stop by a rushing streamlet (except for those whiners who demanded WATER) and all agreed it was not too long.

Meanwhile back at the shortcut, Skippy Dick, Burnt Rubber, can't Say No, Head Eunuch, Get A Life and myself were hanging around at what we thought was a water stop, where a single blob of flour stood out on the curb. While we waited, the bag and beer trucks drove up. Rat's Ass informed us helpfully that we were "Miles off the trail" and then turned around and drove off, hoping, I guess, to dissuade us from our triumph. We were in fact at the end and after waiting for twenty minutes became so bored that we decided to try and snare the hares by active pursuit rather than posting. This is how we found the beer stop about a mile back from the end, with the hares serving the beer. While not on my short list of live hare behavior, perhaps this skillful joining of Black Sheep and SOB Hash traditions will persist. After all, most of us never get to even see, much less snare one.

Eventually even the slackers and clueless made it in and after much milling and swilling virgins got the call to quaff. Jennifer, Chad, Jason and Chuck swallowed their suds with nary a fare-thee-well but after that my notes become illegible and while I know there was a Maggie and further supporting cast of thousands I don't remember any of their names even if I could have heard them over the din. Somewhere during this process Top Gum did a down down for being sent to Camp LeJeune and was helped by his virgin companion who poured beer over his head. Probably a new anesthesia method. The Parrot, newly arrived from Qatar was prevailed on to sing a verse of a version of "Dinah" that I've never head before and sucked his beer dow like he was still on that god forsaken sand spit. Fifth timer Lindsey got named Flatbush for being dumb enough to have ever lived in New York and survived her baptism into the Bush family (Floppy and No). Lick 'n Stick became a designated down downer because he bought a house and designed the commemorative shirt for the day. I think there was more carrying on like this but I didn't record it due to severe internal beering.

The party I'm told was a rare treat and several new and exciting social pairings were said to result but this is reportage not gossip so find your own rumors. 35 people survived to do the hangover hash the next day. It rained. It was a cluster fuck from start to finish. Read Black Sheep trash for gory details.