

*First, an important note: Sometime during the On-In after this run, **Square Meat's** bag was rifled through and his credit cards were stolen.*

This has NEVER happened in Atlanta hash history. Hashers don't DO this to each other.

There were many non-hashers at the On-In, so for everyone's peace of mind we'll assume one of them was the culprit.

But on the off chance the thief is reading this, understand that we hate you, you are not welcome at any hash, you are a bad person and we hope you suffer and die.

Saturday, July 7, 2001: **PH3 Run #750**, start at Kohl's department store on I-75 near Stockbridge, hares were **Dr. Doo Doo**, **EZ Cheeks**, **Mushroom**, **Lost Cause** and, by special arrangement, **Wisecracker**.

The 750th. Seven hundred and fifty. What else have we, as individual hashers, done seven hundred and fifty times? Here are some we've come up with: **Deliveries In the Rear** getting blind drunk and humiliating himself in front of a woman. **Barf Bag** making with a lame pun followed by an even lamer come-on to a woman half his age. **Hired Snatch** stumbling into an On-In DFL by over a half hour. **Bunny Banger** finding the end of a trail by using the cellphone/GPS unit/Lojack/butter churn stashed in his utility belt. **Dr. Doo Doo** reminding us that he doesn't like the itching, but doesn't mind

the swelling.

By any measure, seven hundred and fifty runs is quite a milestone, achieved only once before in Atlanta hashing history, so you'd expect the glitterati to be out in force for the occasion.

And indeed they were. Not only did **Wisecracker** come back from New Mexico (or Arizona, or whichever Western state he left us for), but Harbert family patriarch and Pine Lake founder **Sky Pilot**

returned from the Far East as well.

In addition, we had: **Rogue Anus**, **Krusty the Klown**, Shannon McGorgan (Virgin), **Hare Balls**, Scott Jordan, **EZ Cheeks**, **Primer**, **Square Meat**, **John Queere**, **Blown Rubber**, **Sticky Fingers**, **Sex On Trail**, **Skidmarks**, **Titty Toy**, **Two Crabs Fucking**, **Shiggy Pitts**, **Pissticide**, **Flower In the Crack**, **Captain Kirk** (visitor from Brisbane H3), **Vulgar** (visitor from Brisbane H3), **Pussy Pilot**, **Hymen Hog**, **Bologna Pony**, **Don't Ask Don't Tell**, Greg Miller (Virgin), Frank Wrenn, Carrie Manross (Virgin), **Dipstick**, **Anal Fissure**, Nate Mueller (2nd Timer), Wesley Goodwin (Virgin), **Kaptain Krash**, **Cums First**, **Too Quick**, **Stink Or Swim**, **Killer Bee** (bimbo), Thomas Duttera, Ashley Dunn (bimbo), **Twelve Foot Max**, **Not Enough Dick**, **Bubbette**, **Afterbirth**, **Basket Case** (bimbo), **Dawgy Style** and **Hand Tossed**.

It should be noted we didn't have a



joint hash with **AH4** as is customary for anniversaries, because **O and 5** was already signed up for a separate trail with **On the Rag** and this was the only weekend he'd be in town (from Australia). So they ran their trail, we ran ours and then they joined us at our On-In.



little heart, slaved away at a second grill up on the deck, cooking meatless options for those who wanted them, even though **Niplets** himself wasn't one of them.

Down in the pool itself were dozens of hashers and hangers-on, floating on inflatables, splashing water on each other or getting all bubbled-up in the separate Jacuzzi.

The Atlanta people brought their beer with them, but we still ran out after several hours. But by that

At the start, **Dr. Doo Doo** was doing a brisk business in the commemorative dark gray t-shirt and light gray tank top, both of which were recreations of the famous "Hash Shirt" t-shirt from long ago. The green designs on the front and back of these shirts should be reproduced on these pages in glorious black and white, assuming our Scribe didn't fuck it up.

It was an open secret where the trail would end: **Mushroom's** house. We've done this before. The trail itself was no mystery either. We left the department store parking lot, ran across the street, slogged for two miles or so through a bootsucking swamp, then made a half-mile beeline through a golf course to **Mushroom's**. Since **Mushroom** has a pool and it was a very hot day, no one minded this a bit. Some of us had our legs cut to ribbons by the sawgrass we ran through, so the water soothed our wounds while exacerbating the effects of the blood loss.

The trail done, we all moved aggressively into the "lounging around the pool" portion of the afternoon. The **AH4** hares and hounds slowly trickled in, eventually swelling our numbers to over a hundred. Piles of chicken, burgers and hot dogs were cooked and consumed. We had condiments, and we also had **Condom Mints**. **Niplets**, bless his

time it was mostly just Atlanta people left anyway.

The whole lazy afternoon was just like that song "Pleasant Valley Sunday," only this was a Saturday, and the Monkees were nowhere to be found.

There were many, many Down-Downs, but the one we remember best is when **Mushroom** swallowed his beer and took a flying leap from his deck into the pool far below. Like all hashers, he's been invited to take a flying leap in the past, but this was the first time he complied. For insurance reasons none of the rest of us were allowed to duplicate his feat, to the great disappointment of some of the other awardees, especially **whatsisname** from Brisbane.

Inflatable coozies and bottle openers were thrown to the crowd.

We need to do this again in another 18 years or so.

