

# SH<sub>3</sub> Hash Trash

Vol. 2, No. 6

Hash No. 16

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Scribes: Nothing's Hung Like A Deere & Second Hand Dyke (w/ ghost scribe Nuclear Semen)



First off, my thanks to Nothing ... (for nothing?) and Second Hand ... (for a 2<sup>nd</sup> hand ...) in recording some of SH<sub>3</sub>'s more ignominious (that means "disgraceful" ya'll) history. Due to a death in the family (yeah, I know what you're thinking – likely excuse – didn't his grandmother pass away a month ago?), I, Nuclear, was only able to "come," but not traverse the veryyyy longgggggggggg (How long was it, Johnny?) trail laid by Padre VLAAAAAAA and Just Jason.

So, without any more excuses, I give you all the news that's unfit to print from the hands of Nothing ... and Second Hand ...(with some added flourishes) (and even some color glossy pictures to prove how guilty the criminals were):

"Impressive or Oppressive" was the question that came to mind while traversing the course of our "Sweet" (??) Sixteenth hash (the dress code should have been bobby socks, poodle skirts, and greased hair). But more about the course in a moment. A record crowd (no joke – there were enough people there to field a rugby team) showed at the Socorro Springs Brewery for a sunny evening (although it wasn't very sunny when they passed behind my house - Nuclear) romp through the dusty trails of Socorro. The cast of characters is worth noting, as there were several new "come"-rs as well as some regulars who hadn't been seen in a while. Present were Papa Don't Preach (our long absent Religious Advisor) who came out of the woodwork (and bike shop) to join us for his first hash since January (!!!) (and who, by the way, is on the wagon), Virtual Clinton, Seven Inches Shy (another derelict without excuses who came, but also went, as he ducked out before the second BN –

afraid of the dark??) (definitely a down-down next time you come), Father Snowball (with a NEW virgin in tow) (there's a pattern here, somewhere!), Nothing's Hung Like A Deere, Second Hand Dyke, Hell's Fairy (our April pickup hasher), Padre VLAAAAAA (it's all in the intonation), Just Jason, Just Glen (but not for long – that's why ya' got to wear the Naming Hat), Just Kim (who was brave enough to come, even though she knew she was facing serious down-downs for being seen on California Street with her family at the beginning of last month's hash), Just Steve, and Just Evelyn (too many Justs – it's so confusing). And then, of course, there were the virgins (a record four of them!) - Virgin Tanya, Virgin Colin, Virgin Amy, and Virgin Diana (so many virgins and so little time!!!). The hares were responsible for three of the virgins - nice recruiting job! Nuclear Semen made a cameo appearance to let us know he wouldn't be "coming" with us.

After a few pitchers and a long wait for Papa (who came bearing the Clap - ahhh the Clap - we feared you were gone forever!), the pack circled up for introductions and the chalk talk by Virtual Clinton. By this point, the hares had more than a fifteen-minute head start, but the pack still walked for a minute and then took off running.



Virtual Clinton spreading mass confusion

To say the trail was long ... and HARD ... and full of shiggy(!!!) would be an understatement. Starting around the plaza before continuing up Reservoir Road, the pack encountered the first of several Turkey-Eagle Splits. The FRB's took the Eagle route past the cemetery and then down onto Mustang. The sane, perhaps sensing a long course later in the evening, moseyed, as Turkeys do, along Neel and then up Western where they actually passed the first Beer Near (BN). This first BN came quickly, fooling the trusting pack into thinking this would be a short and easy

hash (in whom do we trust? - only fools trust in anyone). All in all, both groups arrived at roughly the same time and began to relax in Just Jason's backyard while the hares took off on leg two. It should be noted that the hares were very accommodating, having a full cooler of tasty beverages and even a trail set for those visiting the bathroom (where Father Snowball made sure to leave his mark before leaving!!! PU!!). A group pose was taken as the pack stretched out on the couch (only after the bedroom was narrowly defeated by a vote of the pack).



SH<sub>3</sub> minus the Hares

Upon returning to the trail, all hell broke loose (or at least the trail turned into the Highway to Hell!!). The pack followed the marks, losing Seven Inches Shy along the way, to the corner of Neel and Leroy, where most of the pack continued north before reaching a YBF. At this point, Papa ... and Nothing ... correctly surmised true trail must pick up near the daycare center.



Up Tech Hill

After the hounds successfully picked up the scent, a long journey began through Tech Hill, along the levee, past EMRTC, and out towards the bridge. This long (yeah, 3 miles you \*&^# hares!) journey was greatly aided by über-FRB Papa Don't Preach, who laid down a series of helpful signs for the pack to follow. Despite this, a multitude of curses, mutterings, and longings for BN's could be heard with at least one hound taking a potty break behind a bush (was the bush big enough? – Nuclear). Finally, with the sun setting, the pack began to trickle in to the BN in what had to be the area's cleanest culvert (at least it was clean when the pack got there ...). With another cooler full of tasty beverages, the long trail was quickly erased from the collective memory, a few songs were sung, and stories told. It became known that everyone missed a T-E Split – BUT no tears were shed.



The LONG awaited BN

With hares long gone and the last of the drinks finished off (or stowed away for on-the-run imbibing), the pack shot out in hot pursuit in the expected direction of HOME (?). Up and over the levee went true trail, with only a few hot shots falling for a YBF leg, before bushwhacking through the desert. Finally reaching what passes for civilization around here (and that's not saying much!), the hounds began running into signs of life. And not all signs of life were very pleasant (sadly, the photos of the two menacing pit bulls didn't turn out). Fortunately, they didn't turn out to be able to jump the flowing ditch!

Continuing on and cutting through a bit of the campus, where Second Hand Dyke's office was duly advertised in chalk, the pack reached the alleyway behind Nuclear Semen's house. Continuing on past this potential BN (thanks for the crossed out sign on the wall, removing all doubt) (that was a few hashes ago – Nuclear), the pack stumbled into what better-well-damn-be the BN of the last leg of the night (it's summertime and we're not supposed to be running in the dark!!! ... quit whining!!). Not knowing who owned the place, the pack still helped themselves to the drinks provided and sat around B.S.-ing while DFL'er Hell's Fairy brought up the rear. Putting some more beer into the bellies, all decided it was time to get grub at the brewpub (I like how that rhymes! - Nuclear) and headed On In.

Not long after arriving back at the brewpub, brainstorming began as to an appropriate name for Just Glenn. Some noteworthy candidates were "Man-gina," "Glenn-gina," and "Butt Slugg," (who's this Gina? – Nuclear); but Just Colin proposed the winner - "Wet & Hairy Banana Fairy." The will of the pack quickly and unanimously decided this name had great significance (and a nice ring to it!). *Wet* pertains to Just Glenn's hydrology work; *Hairy* comes from Just Glenn's apparent dislike of shaving (mountain men seem to be common around here); *Banana* refers to the banana slug, mascot of UC Santa Cruz, Just Glenn's alma mater; and *Fairy* has absolutely no significance (at least that we know of) at all but rhymes with hairy and can be construed any way you want it to.



**Ladies and Gents, introducing Wet & Hairy Banana Fairy!**

**The group then progressed to crimes on trail, which included plenty ‘o wanker name-calling. Nothing ..., Father ..., and Virgin Diana were accused and made to drink it down-down-down .... Technology on trail was added to the penal (No, not what you’re thinking, but nice try) code, and Just Kim and Hell’s Fairy were both convicted for using cell phones on trail. Father Snowball was made to drink for wearing “R” (can’t say the full word here) attire (as usual!). And, of course, the virgins (as well as those who made them “come”) were made to down-down.**



**This should have been a crime on trail...**

With several choruses of **A Soldier I Will Be** and **Who Put the Suck in Socorro** (much better now that the Clap is back in Socorro), festivities ended with the *Our Lager* prayer. It was a good hash, a long hash, and a fun hash (or so we think ... a few brews seemed to have taken the edge off of it!).

**ON ON!!!**

**Next Hash Date: 1 July 2004**

**Next Hash Hares: Second Hand Dyke & Just Evelyn**