

# *RHODE ISLAND HASH HOUSE HARRIERS*

## ON THE RUN SINCE 1986



**Grand Master:** Dr. WHO (this is a dictatorship, not a democracy) email [WHO@RIH3.com](mailto:WHO@RIH3.com) to make an appointment

**Webmaster:** Basket Boom Boom [www.RIH3.com](http://www.RIH3.com)

**Hash Cash:** Dr. WHO – maintained at the princely sum of \$1 since Basket was a kid

**Haberdashery:** Basket Boom Boom

**Hash Flash:** WHOever is holding the camera

**Bondo Brew:** Bondo

**Scribe:** Assquack (filling in for Rusty)

### Upcumming Runs:

Run Date – Monday	Hare(s)	Location
April 1 <sup>st</sup> #1409 – fools' day	Flobanger & Pissonya	TBD
April 8 <sup>th</sup> #1410	Dr. WHO	TBD
April 15 <sup>th</sup> #1411	Amish Ithead	TBD

Flobanger and Pissonya are sure to delight on trail #1409 on Monday, April 1<sup>st</sup> 2013. Pack departs promptly at 1830 EST. Directions and details will soon be forthcoming, to the delight of all...



## Excuses, Excuses

As the hash shit decided not to show his face this week (some lame excuse about not being able to stop his car on the freeway due to faulty brakes), I have stepped in to write the hash trash and will try to both educate and entertain you to the best of my meager abilities.

## Announcements! Announcements! ANNOUNCEMENTS!

### Dragon Boat Practice

Please mark your calendar for our first Dragon Boat practice of the year. They are held in Pawtucket (some place near Providence) and a visit to East Ave Café afterwards has long become the norm. What better way to reward a few weary semen after a long day's paddling? WHO has not set the date in stone, but it is likely to be in July. The race is in September and costumes are a must so that we all look like queers together (that's why we go out in pairs).

### ROAD TRIP, for real – this time (Maybe)



The rescheduling of the second try to undo the failed attempt at making up for the hash that never happened has inevitably occurred. Dr. WHO is unable to tear himself away from looking at asses the weekend of April 26<sup>th</sup>, so the RIH3 is tentatively looking at the weekend of April 19<sup>th</sup> instead. Confirmation (or additional changes to the plan) will be promulgated. Break out those kilts and shit shovels; we're going to the farm. HMD is opening the Dude (Sweet) Ranch Guest House for the RIH3 and this could be the most stupid thing she's done since sliced bread.

### Ski Bobbit's 69<sup>th</sup> Birthday Hash

Ski Bobbit of the Boston H3 is turning the magical 69. This once-in-a-lifetime occasion will be celebrated on May 15<sup>th</sup>. A RIH3 road trip will (supposedly) be car pooling from a location near you...

## HASH TRASH – Run #1408

The Hash o'the week took place on Monday, March 25 2013. The hare was, unfortunately, SheMaleMan. The hare was a wee bit under the weather, with a bad case of the cough, congestion, and projectile diarrhea, so the pack was told to set their hopes even lower than usual for the night's trail.

Pulling into the parking lot revealed SheMaleMan and WHO speaking with what immediately appeared to be a homeless man holding a beach umbrella. The stranger was revealed, however, to be our favorite visitor from afar (that's where firemen come from in Baltimore), Tinker. He and Short-Shorts decided the best way to spend their first day back in 'Merica (after flying in from Bangkok the night before) was with the RIH3 (they really need a life).

Before the outset of the run, a flash blizzard blew in and covered everything the eye could see with snow in a mere 69 seconds, ensuring that the evening's events would be cold, wet, and miserable (1 out of 3 ain't bad... ladies). A turd-timer (just Ian) arrived to try out another trail after taking a ten-year hiatus from running with the RIH3. WIPOS showed up and we watched in amusement as he attached his suspenders, then a police officer arrived and removed his pants in the parking lot, so the pack set off into the woods.

Crabby Shag led the way, followed by meself, Dr. WHO, Tinker, Basket, Butler-Hit-It, WIPOS, just Ian, and I'm sure some others that I forgot. Dog Meat and Short-Shorts went shopping. Trail led through the woods a short way, then over a fence to a power line right-of-way (original). The flour marks that the hare had left on the white snow came to an abrupt stop. We were later told that there was supposed to be a check.

After milling around aimlessly for a while like Retard, trail was finally picked up once again further down the right-o'way. We followed trail through some shiggy towards the hare calling on-on ahead of us. After a few more checks, trail began to follow paths into the deep, dark woods. After running along a meandering trail for a few miles and passing Dr. WHO (WHO was walking) about 6 times, the pack finally came to the beer check with much rejoicing.

Our rejoicing soon turned to tears, however, when we realized that the hare (WHO was not yet present) was carrying the beer on his back. Once the beer finally did arrive, a circle was formed, songs were sung (mostly the ballad "I'm Climbing Up Sunshine Mountain"), and medicinal compounds were consumed.

Pack made it back to the cars and circled up in the woods a short distance away, beneath some V.2 bouldering. The trail was overrated at -6.9. We had backsliders (Butler & Tinker) and a tird-timer (just Ian) do down-downs and sing us songs (just Ian made one up on the spot, a'la WIPOS). The hash shit went to Dog Meat and Short-Shorts for auto-hashing to the mall for shopping instead of cumming on trail. After swing-low, pack reconvened at Parente's for the on-in. A loopy old bugger once told me that every hash is different, and every hash has a story.

# Growing a mustache for Crabby's Cinco de Mustache? We're here to help...



The RIH3 is going to run a 69-part course to assist you in getting ready for the big event.

## Lesson 2.....

Pick the right style of mustache to grow. Try to pick something that really accentuates your individual personality. Some examples are given below:



## Q & A

Q. What do you call a nun who walks in her sleep?

A. A roaming Catholic