

The Tale of the Stolen Beer on Trail: Despite the cool weather, Trail #725 was enjoyed last Sunday by a merry band of hearty Hashers under a blazing sunny sky and with no wind, once you got into the forest. The Hounds were chattering openly and freely in their pre-Trail excitement, but some of the chattering was their teeth smacking together from the cool temperatures. Two Hounds brought their pet Hounds for the dog friendly Trail and visitors included Broke Back Dike (who now resides in Washington DC) and his guest Sticky Box from Augusta GA. The trail started across the street from the Lexington County Tennis and Fitness Center but as the Hare for this Trail (I am a bit rusty on being Hare and scouting) I managed to set a Trail to get them off the road and into the warmth of the forest near by. I primarily used the area under construction to extend the urban nature Trails coming from Cayce and West Columbia along the Congaree Nature Preserve and Congaree River watershed area. When the Trails are done and connected to the West Columbia portion, it will be a very nice long Trail for nature lovers, runners, walkers, and bikers, and especially Hashers.

An early Beer stop was laid in a wet ravine near where a bridge is being built over the stream and from there I lead the Hounds along a wide and open grassy Trail and then through some semi dense forest again, before dumping them out on the old state road (dirt and gravel) that runs under I-77 and goes all the way to Orangeburg I am told. from there they Hashed back on the road and I had a very nice second Beer stop set up along the creek with a beautiful view. The problem is I had humped it earlier to get the cooler there from the start because I could not drive up near the site on the road. I set the cooler under a huge unusually formed tree overlooking the stream and then covered it with leaves and twigs to hide it. When I arrived there while as a Live Hare Trail, the cooler was gone, with my beer, and my 5 pound bag of flour to use to finish Trail. Now I must admit I was pissed off and I immediately roamed the area looking for the cooler and maybe find the Red Neck who had taken it. I was mad but also a little creeped out knowing someone had been watching me hide the beer there at 2:00 P.M. With no luck finding the Lost Property, I waited on the Hounds who arrived in small ,Packs and we all hashed back to the start where we did a short Circle due to the sun beginning to set and the temps were cooling us down quickly.

So the Tale of the Stolen Beer on Trail ends with my advice to others who in the future will be trying to hide Beer in the Shiggy. Always be aware of your surroundings and maybe do a quick check of the area to ensure some Red Neck, hunter (or Red Neck hunter), or some kids out roaming the area looking for trouble, or some members of a cult who wanted my beer for a sacrificial after party, or maybe it was a homeless citizen who thought he had hit the jackpot, or maybe it was a serial killer who got too drunk and fell asleep and could not stalk me or the Hounds as planned.

Keep your Hash shoes dry, your beer securely hidden, and I will see you on Trail and in the Circle. On On!

Bashful
Columbian RA

