

CH3 Hash N0. 650

Good morning Campers!

The Columbian H3 celebrated their annual Christmas Lights Hash last night.....in case you are curious....we are one of the only non-profit clubs that use the word "Christmas" in the name of the event, instead of holiday season, the holidays, the eating season, the season of joy, and we decided not to use the name Chips A Ho wanted to use....."That time of year when I can turn back on my Christmas lights on my trailer cause I never took them down from last year, and I also have Christmas lights on my pick up truck, including a wreath on my gun rack, and a Santa Claus hat on the deer carcass I am toting around" I finally convinced him it was to long for Hashers to remember and wouldn't fit on a shirt.

Hash Trash on Trail #650: The Hashers assembled for the Christmas pageant in a parking lot next to a church and the giant fire plug on Taylor Street. We had a nice assortment of festive Hounds all dressed up and not knowing where they were going. ISIN was the lead Hare and she was training No Name Jim, who mysteriously looks like the skinny elf on Rudolph The Red Nose Reindeer, who just wants to be a dentist (I have to thank Black Slider for that reference). Assisting with the logistics of the Trail was No Name Dawn, who stole a Christmas Wreath and placed it around her neck and became affectionately known as Uretha Franklin. With Chalk Talk complete the Hares were off while the Hounds fidgeted to stay warm. Soon the Hounds were hot on the Trail despite a multitude of Checks to keep the Hounds at bay. The Hashers rolled up on the first beverage stop and were treated with tasty beer and holiday decorations that were there to choose from, or did we just steal Christmas decorations from a tree decorated by a local business. No.....I am pretty sure the decorations were intended for us. We continued on towards Main Street enjoying the lights and finding Trail. We Hashed part of Main Street and then went through Finley Park, then lost Trail, but thanks to No Name Dawn she gave us hints. We found the Hot and Tasty Wassail at the back door of a Subway sandwich joint off Gervais Street and it warmed our hearts and souls. We were energized and motivated and continued on despite having problems finding Trail. We can't blame the Hares. They set an excellent Trail. But, we had a hunch where the third beverage stop was so we Zenned to it and found it behind the Cornell Arms apartment house. More tasty beer was enjoyed, while we realized we had lost Black Slider. Where was he? Did he stop in Finley Park for a date? Was he directing pedestrian traffic on Gervais Street with his safety vest and flashlight? We were at a loss of where he had wandered off to. A vote was taken and it was 15-2 in favor of pressing on and hoping he would show up at the end of the Trail.

All Hounds made it in and Black Slider was there. We honored the Hares for their hard work and outstanding Trail, and we ensured No Name Dawn was recognized as a co-Hare and chief of logistics. Special Down Downs went out for Worst Christmas Sweater (Little Cock Lost), Worst Representation as a Santa's Elf (Abusement Park), Best Redneck Christmas Moment

(Chips A Ho's pick up truck), and Super Backslider, Shortarican, who was only on Trail because he had ran out of ammunition and he still can't understand why there is no hunting season on Hashers. The Hashers had a surprise visit from Santa Claus who was looking tanned, lean, and relaxed, drinking beer and smoking a cigar. Apparently he has contracted everything out to China, but he will remain the major spokesperson for the new world conglomerate.....The Peoples Republic of the United Nations of Wal-Mart.

The Trail was made even more special as our good friend Lil Easy showed up with Cumfusion Say who had been transformed into a small brown fuzzy dog named Waffles. I am not sure what Cumfusion did to get the full wrath of Lil Easy's magical powers. Lil Easy assured us Cumfusion Say was fine and laying on a couch at home sucking on a dog bone and fuzzy toy, and crossing his legs in hopes of Lil Easy showing up soon so he could go outside to pee.

Following a quick edition of Swing Low, many of the Hounds adjourned to the Flying Saucer where the special was Carolina pints at reduced price. Food, drink, and merriment continued while Alice In Liquor Land kept going outside because she swore she heard Santa Claus and reindeer on the roof.....she had done the same thing earlier in the afternoon at Delaneys.....the staff handled her gingerly as they carried her out screaming to let her go because she was suppose to meet 20 elves at a giant fire hydrant and drink beer, run the streets looking for lights and more beer, and then sing Christmas Carols standing in a circle.

And all of this true as I remember it and as Waffles told me to write it. Our thanks again to the Hares for a wonderful Trail and for STD for serving as Beermeister.

On-on!

Bashful