

## The Wolf Moon

Run # 340

Tuesday, January 15, 2014

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Part 1:

Clairemont's Mountains as Hash Tagged by Chicken Poop

Questions you may have been asking yourself (or not) during last month's FMH: 1) What's Clairemont all about and how come its lacking the boorish grid of uniform blocks and streets? 2) Why are so many of the streets named after mountains? 3) Why am I following Chicken Poop's flour & chalk tags into/out of Tecolote Canyon when I could be helping the needy, serving the oppressed and otherwise saving the world?

Partial answers to these perplexing, somewhat enigmatic questions are as follows:

1) Clairemont, originally dubbed "The Village within a City - a new concept in community living", was the first big suburb in SD involving winding streets and scenic view lots to take advantage of canyon and bluff views overlooking Mission Bay. The community was named by Carlos Tavares after his wife Marjorie Claire at the start of the post-war building boom when he and Lou Burgener formed the Burgener & Tavares Construction Co in 1950. After acquiring three major land holdings; Peavey Cattle Ranch, Mission Bay Heights (owned by the Hazard Family) & Tecolote Heights (owned by Jack & Dan Danciger), Lou & Carlos sunk another \$125 grand into some open space improvements (sewers, water and access roads like Burgener & Mt Acadia) on the vacant prairie land lying south of San Clemente Canyon, west of Montgomery Field/Kearny Mesa and north of undeveloped Linda Vista. Milton St leading up from Morena Blvd (Old Hwy 101) through Bay Park constituted the only access; Balboa, Genesee and Clairemont avenues plus a slew of shopping centers were built years later. Between 1952 and 1954 an average seven homes a day, nearly all with customized floor plans, were constructed, representing the largest development of its kind in the country. Today, only two open-space areas remain - San Clemente Canyon (north end) & Tecolote Canyon (separating E from W Clairemont). The streets tend to follow the terrain.

2) Most land developers are way too busy making money to spend time thinking up street names when a basic theme will do; Lou & Carlos drew from an alphabetic index listing of mountain names picking out those easily pronounced by prospective buyers. There are lots of 'A&B's, but they never got past the letter 'H'. Chicken Poop's marks lead out of the parking lot south across Derrik, past DMV lot, behind KwikNKleen, the Smog Check Station and across Genesee at Mt Etna [10,990' east coast of Sicily] west to first check at Mt Everest [29,029' in Mahalangur Himal, Himalaya], TT was L on Mt Everest (south) w/R on Mt Durban [aka 11,319' Mafadi Pk in The Drakensberg, South Africa], another R on Mt Culebra [14,049' in Sangre de Cristo's, Colorado], L on Mt Davis [3,212' nw of Cumberland Gap in PA Alleghenies], R on Mt Foster [6,906' Imeon Range, S. Shetlands, Antarctica], L on Mt Elbrus [18,510' Greater Caucasus, Russia (near Sochi)], R on Foraker [17,402' Alaska], L on Mt Hay [aka 13,619' Ras Dashen in Semien Mts of Ethiopia or the better-known 3,097' dome in the "Blues" of NSW Australia], another L on Mt Herbert [13,999' Papua New Guinea] to another check just past Mt Etna w/TT L(east) on Etna then sharp R at Mt. Etna Neighborhood Park(ing) lot, around the NCYBaseball fields down into Boyd Canyon (south), thru a 48" storm drain under Balboa out & back up R onto L shoulder (heading southwest) then back down (L) into Tecolote Canyon (south) and after about a half-mile a L (BN) up/out to Beer Check on a pallet off end of Mt Ashmun [6,562' Stikine Range Alaska/BC boundary]. From the BC flour lead up Ashmun to check at Mt Augustus [aka 2815' Burringurrah 850 km north of Perth, another monolith twice the height of Uluru (once known as Ayers Rock) or the lesser-known 3,314' pk on West Coast of New Zealand's South Island] anyway, TT was L on Mt. Augustus across Mt Antero [14,275', Sawatch Range, 11th highest pk in Colorado] and Mt Alamagosa [1250' in Agat Municipality, Pagachao Subdivision on Guam] to Mt Ararat [16,854' tallest pk in Turkey, Armenian Highlands] and another check with L on Mt Brundage [7,640' Central Idaho] then along Mt Brundage Park to Mt Blanca [14,344' Sangre de Cristo Mts in Colorado Rockies] to Everest back cross Balboa (not a pk) w/R on Mt Castle [9,075' Canadian Rockies, Alberta] to a check at Mt

Alifan [872' also on Guam, sw part] w/TT R on Etna w/quick L into parking lot behind Gymboree, out to Derrick at Genesse, over into Pep Boys parking lot (start) and ON IN. By the way, were you aware 'Genesse' is a Native American word (Seneca Nation) meaning "Beautiful Valley"? Well, Carlos & Lou were!

3) For the beer, of course! On On D'Duk, author of "Up Anywhere" - an unpublished compendium of the world's lesser known summits.

4A) It probably didn't occur to ask yourself this particular question during or after the FMH run, but did you ever wonder what is the world lowest mountain summit above sea level? Officially, it's Mt Wycheproff [486' in Mallee region of Victoria, Oz], however, many Southeast Asian Hashers vehemently argue its Gunung (meaning mountain) Terbawah [at an impressive elevation of 90' amsl, also comprising the 13th green {4o56'31.20"N, 114o49'31.41"E} of the Royal Brunei Golf & Country Club, in Jerudong Park, Bandar Seri Begawan, Brunei Darussalam. There is some controversy over this summit because its not yet 'officially registered' as a mountain, even though called one. So now a hotel-resort in the Maldives (nation with lowest land mass) claims they've got the world's smallest mountain Mt Villingili [36 ft amsl on the 5th tee {0o41'07.15"S, 73o11'25.36"E} of the Seenu Atoll's only golf course]. The Shangri-la Villingili Resort & Spa issues a certificate of completion to each of their guests who've successfully completed the accent - excellent example of blasphemous travel industry hype. By the way, there's never been a Hash run ever set, let alone completed, anywhere in the Maldives according to international HHH archives. Not enough mountain names for the likes of Chicken Poop.

Footnotes: (TT) - True Trail, (L) - Left, ® - Right, (Mt) - Mount, (amsl) - above mean sea level, (elev) - elevation, (') - feet, (') - minute, (") - inch, (") - second, (o) - degrees. (BC) - Beer Check (but also British Columbia), (pk) - peak, (E) - east, (W) - west, (S) - south, (N) - north

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Part 2:

Just sit right back  
And you'll hear a tale  
A tale of a fateful hash,  
That started from this parking lot,  
Among this tiny pack.

The hares were mighty hashin' men,  
The Skipper brave and sure,  
Five (or 15) hashers set on trail that day,  
For a three hour tour,  
A three hour tour.

The weather started getting rough,  
The tiny pack was tossed.  
If not for the courage of the fearless hares  
The Trail would be lost.  
The Trail would be lost.

The pack set ground on the shore  
Of this uncharted parking lot  
With Gilligan (Fluffboy),  
The Skipper too (Captain Jerk, of course).  
The millionaire (Father Blows Best)  
And his wife (Oh Shit, What's That),  
The movie star (Ginger Snatch),

The professor (Heaven's Gate) and Mary Ann (32 Ring Circus),  
Here on Gilligan's Isle.

(Ending verse)

So this is the tale of our hashaways,  
They're here for a long, long time.  
They'll have to make the best of things,  
And Drink all the time.

The first mate and his Skipper too  
Will do their very best,  
To make the others comfortable  
Singing hash songs to the rest.

No Heineken, no BudLight, no Coors or Miller Beer,  
Just PBR and 32 Micro Brews  
Like Glow Worm and Fat Basque Turd  
It's as crafty as can be.

So join us here each month my friends,  
You're sure to get a smile,  
From seven or more stranded hashaways  
Here on Full Moon Isle!

Now you may be asking yourself what spurred this story...well it all started on the eve of the full moon of Jan 16, 2014. The lone Hare, Chicken Poop, let this group of hilligans on a tour of north clairemont starting from the Pep Boys parking lot. The trail led us through city streets and eventually into the canyons separating Genesee from Clairemont Drive.

We came to a beercheck just coming out of the canyon, to our surprise, UPW was running back down the long hill, not returning from a YBF, but returning because he apparently blew right past the beercheck to avoid being caught by "Mary Ann" or Crotchinator...little did he know, that wasn't likely to happen because Crotch had a wardrobe malfunction causing a stitch in her gait - certain piercing are not meant get caught on your running shorts!

Now apparently somewhere along this trail, we ran right past "Gilligan's" house...and weren't even invited in! The nerve, someone tell the skipper! After the expected 3 hour tour, we did finally arrive at Full Moon Isle. And tucked away in the corner was a small shack that just happened to have 32 Beers on Tap. For a thirsty bunch of hashaways, this was a great find!

All the best attire was put on, except for the "Millionaire's Wife" who locked her keys in her car back on the main land. Skanky Doodle not to be outdone by Chicken Poop donned his tightest jean stretch pants. There was a butt off and to the best of my memory, it was called a tie. And thankfully, Ecuawhore left what was in his pants, in his pants, since everything that goes in there, stays in there.

Now about this time, we were all laughing and telling Pillsbury Doughboy jokes and Heaven's Gate horrified the crowd with a tale about the passing of a great legend, the Professor from Gilligan's Island! Now this led to a hastily assembled crew (as mentioned above) and the On The Spot singing of the shows theme song. It was a motley crew, but they pulled it off and all was well with the pack. And then we resumed drinking.

And the rest is history!

## The Snow Moon

Run # 341

Thursday, February 13, 2014

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With the Winter Olympics in full swing in Sochi, our hares Father Blows Best, Suck My Dick, and Flipflop, set out to take the pack on their own version of the Biathlon. Instead of skiing and shooting, this Snow Moon, the hash would be running and drinking their way to the podium.

The evening started out with a mustering of misfits in the parking lot of the PB Post office at Cass and Emerald Streets. The large pack was a perfect mix of old timers, regulars, and newbies, including five complete virgins. The hares taunted us with tales of things to cum during Hare Lies, and Chicken Poop laid some marks and guidelines down for the newbies in Chalktalk. Much to everyone's chagrin, he was sure to point out that there were "no boobchecks at this hash." We'll come back to that. We were told we needed a light on trail, and again that we needed a light. We were then told that there "might" be a tunnel, and that the tunnel "might" contain a beercheck, and the beercheck "might" have some special drinks and a laser light show. So much for the surprise element SMD.

Trail started out will a zigzag link of PB's street grid, with a dispersal of well-placed checks keeping the FRB's in line. After a few detours down alleys we were suddenly presented with an impossibility, a boob check. Just as Haley's Cockit was exclaiming "*this hash doesn't have boob checks,*" five harriettes, all virgins and first timers, approached the wall of stationary harriers waiting patiently. One virgin harriette asked what was happening, and a first timer shouted "Boob Stop." There was a moment of hesitation, some silent deliberation, all five of them hoisted it up for the cause. A loud and gleeful cheer was given and the pack resumed running. From somewhere behind I heard Gutter Molester shout, "*The only proper response to a wall of virgin boobs, is an emphatic `Yay!`*"

A few more turns, checks and alleys, and we came upon arrows pointing to an open manhole, and an awaiting Father Blows Best. One by one, harriers and harriettes descended into the netherworld, each pausing for a moment to have a photo snapped by Father Blows Best and his trusty sidekick camera. As the hole was really tight, the more girthy harriers had some trouble sliding in. But never fear, a harrier always gets in the hole. This choke point, gave the DFL's time to catch up to the pack, and even late cummer Innuendo reached the hole just as the last hasher Glow Worm was getting ready to go down. GW



offered to let Inu go first, but always the gentleman, Inu waived GW on. Now don't be fooled by Innuendo's kindness, for no sooner than Glow Worm's head cleared the opening, Inu slammed the lid shut and took off running to find the other end of the tunnel. What a wank!



After a quarter mile of bending, stooping and splashing, the tunnel emptied into a large cavernous collection basin, with Suck My Dick and Flip Flop waiting with glow-in-the-dark jello shooters, booming house music, and as promised, a laser light show beamed up on the barrel vaulted ceiling. The pack stayed together until the last hasher had made it to the beer check, then everyone took off with a whistle blow and On-on! from Haley's Cockit. A short

distance out of the tunnel, we arrived at the shore line near Tourmaline Park, and the trail was split for Turkeys to the South and Eagles to the North. Each got a nice stretch of straight away along the beach before returning back to the boardwalk and heading down south toward the business district. We cut in and out of streets east of Mission, and finally turned west at Garnet, and on-in to The 710 Club at Crystal Pier.

Unbeknown to us, two of the virgins we had been running with, were the proprietors of The 710 Club. Scott and Patty welcomed us in and presented us with their stage for the down-downs. They even fired up the PA and gave us mics. [Life Lesson #432, never give drunk hashers a microphone.]

Fluff the Jailhouse Cock Boy gave our HashShit Demo, and Innuendo and Maui were the first to be called up, and roasted for being the only two to not attempt the tunnel. Fluff was brought up to drink again and it was revealed that, when the virgin wall of boobs was presented, Fluff had turned his back and covered his eyes. We're not sure if he is closet gay or just pussy whipped by his new bride. Just Kim was called up for an honor down-down, and Glow Worm pointed out, to Maui and In, that Just Kim not only ran the whole trail including the tunnel, but she did it wearing street sandals. The reason she was in sandals was because she and her date (another virgin) Tommy had just met earlier in the evening, and somehow met up with our hares who convinced them to come along for "the beer." I wonder if she will be going down a second time tonight.



When the circle was opened up for guerrillas, Haley's, not once, not three times, but twice tried to give the hares a down-down for bad marks or lack of marks, or some other whiney issue. He got waxed, both times. The rest of the pack interpreted his actions as "I can do it better," so we signed him up to hare, twice. Hehee!

Circle was brought to a close with hashit nominations, Fluff for being a pussy at boob checks, Haley's for his apparent disdain for hares, UPW and Magic Queendom for something so insignificant I can't remember what it was, but ultimately Hashit passed to Rump Ranger who was at the On-In, participating in the circle, but refused to pay hash cash, stating "you all came into MY bar."



## The Worm Moon

Run # 342

Thursday, March 13, 2014

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Your most humble scribe suggests the following title for the last FM (Worm) H3 Trail (#342) Run: **"A Somewhat Less than Detailed Although Accurate Account of the Ascent and Descent on Mt. Nebo via the 'Secret Stairways' and Subsidiary Steps of La Mesa."**



Glow Worm's run theme definitely involved steps. In total there were 538 of them when you include those leading into and up to the second floor of the Pub for Down-Downs. As 'Hock a Luggie' (Rumson Hash) was wondering about their origin (quote "where the f\*%# did all these stairs come from?") at the Beer Check, thought I'd infuse some local history here.

The oldest set (of 60 steps) between Fairview (off Alta Ln) crossing Pasadena up to Vista Dr. at Sheldon on the north side were built in 1912/13 ( just over a century ago) by Sherman C. Grable - developer of Mt. Nebo/Windsor Hills. The longest set (245 steps) between Windsor/Canterbury and Summit Dr. (Mt Nebo) on the west side and the middle set (184 steps) down to Beverly (a hundred yards around the curve on Summit) on the east were built in 1927. Grable bought the land in the early 1900's then sold view lots for \$200/each starting in 1908. The concrete steps with handrails both sides were and still are, public stairways allowing residents (and Hashers) quicker and direct access to/from 'downtown' La Mesa up lofty Mt Nebo\*\*. Public stairways were not uncommon in other 'high-end' developments around the country in the early part of the 1900's. Back east they call them outdoor stairs. A few years ago (1991) the City of La Mesa added 37 more (steps) at the end of Sarita St.

Glow Worm managed to set a trail incorporating nearly all of them. The pack took off south and up the stairs beside Reed's onto Lemon looping around after sorting out several checks on the east side, we went up the middle stairway from Beverly cross Valle to Summit around to the Beer Check (after a nice sun set) and then back down the west side stairs to Windsor. Trail then headed west, then south up Normal after a check, then west and then back north (more checks) on Grape to Normal to Fairview (or Lemon) last check and down Acacia to La Mesa Blvd and the On-In cross street (down more numbered steps) from Reed's. The On-On was up a series of un-numbered steps but I'll leave that description to Chicken-Poop. However, in order to fill this write up, I've included a set of alternate stairway photos on the next two pages\* should you be Hashing outside the Greater San Diego area and considering Haring a run. On On! D'Duk

\* These photos as well as some more information on Mount Nebo is in part 2 of the write-up which can be found at [www.sdh3.com/fmh3](http://www.sdh3.com/fmh3) in the newsletters section.

Down-downs were held in a decidedly low-key manner as there were only eight of us there. Highlights (or low-lights as they may be) were as follows. **Chicken Poop** did the hashit demo as **Rump Ranger** was no where to be found. **Fat Basque Turd** drank for actually turning in a Full Moon writeup on time. **Chicken Poop** drank again for buying low quality down-down beer. **Kissy Face, Spreadsheet and Gag 'n Shag** decided that their time on trail would be better spent at Hoffer's bar. **Piss Break, Sassy Lassie, Casper and Lugi** drank for being first-timers followed by **Sassy Lassie and Piss Break** drinking for completing another trip around the sun. Useless trivia was thrown out during which it was announced that on this day in 1781, Sir William Herschel Discovered Uranus followed by **FBT** letting the crowd discover Hisanas. Fortuitously, due to my location in the room, missed this particular viewing. However, it was duly pointed out that several days earlier while driving home, I was flashed by a nice set of tits followed by **FBT's** bare ass. That is not something you want to see doing 70 mph on the freeway.

Yours truly, as the evening's hare, was also rewarded. Hashit nominations went to **FBT** for not know he was drinking bad down-down beer and 4 more beers to **Rump Ranger al' la Chicken Poop**. However I did not write down who actually got the hashit. Oh well, if you think you can do better, you can be the next scribe.

Until the moon is full once again, **Glow Worm**

## The Worm Moon

Run # 342

Thursday, March 13, 2014

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Part 2:

\*\* Footnotes on Mt Nebo. As a carry over from my last run write up two moon's ago, Sherman Grable (the stairway guy and a staunch Methodist from Ohio) named 830 ft Mt Nebo after the biblical Mount Nebo, a 2,680 ft elevated ridge in Jordan, where Moses got a glimpse of the Promised Land. According to the final chapter of Deuteronomy, Moses ascended Mount Nebo to view the Land of Israel: "And Moses went up from the plains of Moab to Mount Nebo, the top of Pisgah, which is opposite Jericho". According to Christian tradition, Moses was buried on the mountain, although his place of burial is not specified. Some Islamic traditions also state the same although there is a grave of Moses located at Maqam El-Nabi Musa that lies 6.8 mi south of Jericho and 12 mi east of Jerusalem in the Judean wilderness. Scholars continue to dispute whether the mountain is the same as the one referred to in the Torah. According to the 2 Maccabees 2:4-7, the Prophet Jeremiah hid the tabernacle and the Ark of the Covenant in a cave on Nebo.

\*\* Planned attacks by Osama bin Laden in the millennium plots included bombing Mount Nebo on 1 January 2000. On March 20, 2000, Pope John Paul II visited the site during his pilgrimage to the Holy Land. During his visit he planted an olive tree beside the Byzantine chapel as a symbol of peace.

\*\* The remains of a church and monastery were discovered on the highest point of Nebo (Syagha) in 1933. The church was first constructed in the second half of the 4th century to commemorate the place of Moses' death. The design follows a typical basilica pattern. It was enlarged in the late fifth century and rebuilt in A.D. 597. It was first mentioned in an account of a pilgrimage made by a lady Aetheria in A.D. 394. Six tombs have been found hollowed from the natural rock beneath its mosaic-covered floor. In the modern chapel presbytery, built to protect the site and provide worship space, are remnants of mosaic floors from different periods. The earliest of these is a panel with a braided cross presently placed on the east end of the south wall.

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As promised, the alternate stairway photos:



### Peldaños del Cañón

Where you are: Pailon del Diablo, Ecuador

Where are they going? The steps descend to the bottom of one of the most famous waterfalls in South America. Along the way you may get lost in the fog and it is extremely slippery and steep. The lookout provides a dramatic view, accompanied with hummingbirds, gulls and other local birds.



### Stairs Elbe Sandstone Mountains

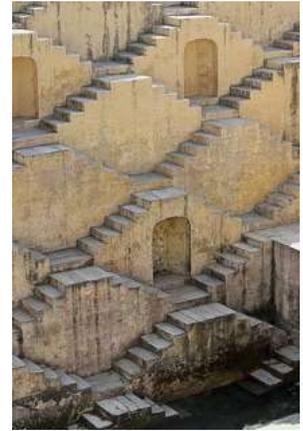
Where you are: Dresden, Germany. Where are they going? 194 meters above the Elbe River. They date from the 13th century and have been eroded by wind and water, but there are still being used daily by tourists. 487 steps were restored and expanded in the eighteenth century to facilitate transit.



### **El Pozo de Chand Baori**

Where you are: India

Where are they going? The decline of these steps leads to a huge pool, built in the tenth century to overcome the lack of rainfall in the region and store water for long periods. The structure has a total of 3,500 steps, and down to a depth of 30 meters.



### **The Rock of Guatapé**

Where you are: Antioquia, Colombia

Where are they going? The rock is an authentic stone monolith 220 meters high. The steps are constructed of cement directly on the rock and closely follow the cleavage in the monolith. There are 702 steps to reach its peak.

### **The ladder Haiku**

Where you are: Oahu, Hawaii

Material: metal

Where are they going? On the small island of Oahu there is this tremendous journey of 3922 steps, climbing, across and down a hill of 850 meters. They were created to facilitate the installation of a satellite in 1942. Originally of wood, they were modernized in the '50s to metal, but since 1987 they have been closed to the public as too dangerous.



### **The Inca Trail**

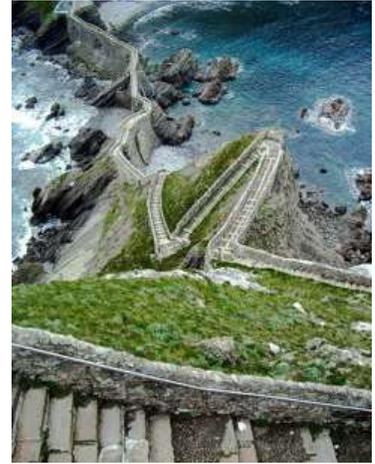
Where you are: Peru

Where are they going? An ancient trade route linking the city of Cuzco to Machu Pichu. For the rugged geography of the area, the Inca Trail has detours around and between hills and mountains. The result: miles and miles of stairs, in some cases very precarious, as shown in the famous floating staircases.

## Ladder Via Crucis

Where you are: Bermeo, Basque Country, Spain

Where are they going? This endless row of stairs are attached to the rock coast where a small church dating from the tenth century stands, and seems to be of Templar. To reach the hermitage of San Juan de Gaztelugatxe you have to climb 231 steps. There are gaps in the steps that are said to be the footsteps of St. John himself, each footstep has a different healing power. For example, you have to put your feet in them as a solution to cure corns; or you can leave hats, scarves or chapelas to cure a headache.



## Spiral staircase in the Taihang Mountains

Where you are: At the boundary between the provinces of Shanxi and Henan, China.

Where are they going? This spiral staircase of almost 100 meters have been installed recently in an attempt to attract thousands of tourists each year to the beautiful Tai Hang Mountains.

Before undertaking the ascent visitors are asked to sign forms to ensure they do not have heart or lung problems, and are under age 60. A slip off a narrow metal ladder can lead to heaven, as in a song by Led Zeppelin.

## Wayna Picchu

Where you are: Machu Picchu, Peru

Where are they going? Stairs carved into the rock that crown a climb of about 360 meters from Machu Picchu itself. In some sections, the ascent is complicated by narrow sections and small steps that are eroded. The rise time is calculated between one hour and 90 minutes. Only 400 tourists a day are allowed and access closes at 1:00PM, just in case.



A completely unbiased and 100% factual hash rag as told by Aughghgh

Full Moon H3 Run # 343 "Moon the Tax Man"

April 15, 2014

Hares: 32 Ring Circus, Skanky Doodle Handy, and High Twattage (my personal favorite)

Location: A dirty, dusty parking lot equidistant from Kristy's MVP and Discount Stripper Mart (also known as Aphrodite's Closet)

It was a cool tense evening as the pack gathered in anticipation for the upcoming hare lies. The pack (and FM Mismanagement) was small at first due to the complete lack of reading run start instructions thinking that the start was at the central post office, instead of reading SDH3.com, and Facebook event details. Hashers waiting at the start had to entertain themselves by blowing Fat Basque Turd's tiny bugle and listing to Brown Eye for the Gay Guy spout about how much he loved vaginas.

Eventually, more hashers and harriettes found their way to the actual start location just in time for hare lies. The hares for the evening were the lovely and talented 32 Ring Circus, the amazing and beautiful High Twattage, and the more-often-than-not naked Skanky Doodle Handy. Promises of a flat, short, well-marked trail with virgin shiggy and drink checks delighted the pack; all while being 100% tax free and truth free.

Hares Away! On time, and under budget (for once!)

The pack entertained themselves for the pre-requisite 14:69 by exchanging the tax strategies of craft brew deductions and the writing off of penicillin and tetanus shots (aka, the Hasher cocktail), Technu showers, and post trail paid "tick checks" by women of questionable reputation commonly found in the Midway district.

Pack Away! Late, and over-budget (as usual)

The pack followed flour down Midway past Discount Stripper Mart to the first check, located just outside Pacer's strip club. Half the pack checked for marks in the strip club.....and were never seen again. I can only assume they found the eagle trail.

The remaining pack found trail on Wing St, down Madrid Avenue across an empty parking lot and ran right by a parked SDPD cruiser. San Diego's finest apparently had more important things to do than question a pack of questionable looking hoodlums jumping a fence and blatantly trespassing into someone's back yard. They must have had really good donuts, or they were conducting personal interviews with the above mentioned women of questionable reputation.

The pack rejoined and climbed some of the more damnable hills of Pt. Loma up, up, left, up, right, left, up right, select start (+30 beers!) then across another backyard and into the canyon. A bit of shaggy and a good hill later we emerged from the canyon mostly tick free and thirsty. Zigging and zagging through Pt. Loma we spotted the most welcome BN! Down a treacherously steep drainage ditch 32 Ring Circus and Skanky Doodle Handy waited with two coolers of icy cold Sierra Nevada and PBR! Hooray for beer!

After the glorious and much needed beer check, the pack descended like a hoard of drunken libertarians on tax day through liberty station. After some tea was thrown into the bay to protest tax day

(Author's note: This may not have actually happened as the author had just downed a bottle of cough syrup chased with a couple of Sierra Nevadas to help pass the time) the pack found the optional beer stop, Desi's Bar on Lytton St. More delicious beers and watermelon vodka drinks were consumed and there was much rejoicing.

Trail continued zigging and zagging to the Midway main post office dodging the lines of last minute filers and crying with Chicken Poop's work mates' long night ahead. It was discovered that one of our hares, Skanky Doodle Handy actually ran trail, with his completed tax return. That's multi-tasking! I feel sorry for whoever had to handle that tax return after beer, flour, and whatever else may be on it after 32 Ring and Skanky are alone for more than 30 seconds.

After witnessing the central post office shit-show, the pack continued to the on-in Christy's MVP. Many more beers and delicious food followed as down downs were commenced. The pack had since grown in size to include BORT, who ran the trail backwards, and Nookie Monster who ran BORT's credit card backwards and forwards while BORT ran trail. Chicken Poop wore the hash-shit of dishonor and MAY have launched a pun or hundred during circle. Glow Worm and Fat Basque Turd entertained and delighted with 100% true hash crimes. The hares were called up. It was generally agreed that they we'd all rather drink a beer than run their shitty trail.

Other events surely occurred, but the cough syrup was really kicking in at this point. So unless there really were rainbow ponies and midgets riding on tricycles, my memory is less than reliable. May the Hash go in Peace was called.

## The Flower Moon

Run # 344

Thursday, May 15, 2014

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Way back in the depths of my memory, could it be, yes it is, a small glimmer of a memory of the trail. Yes, it is coming into focus now....

A group of 14 hashers gathered in the parking lot of a fitness center located just south of the Del Mar race track. After a while, the hares came the pre-run brief and off they went.

The trail headed east long the south side of the lagoon then turned south to go up the canyon which runs about halfway between I-5 and PCH. Two thirds the way up the canyon, the trail turned south to a beer check. The trail looped around the neighborhood for a bit and then head down through the state park on the south side of Del Mar. Seems that **Hawkeye** loves to tempt the park rangers. However, the pack all managed to arrive at the on-in, Sam's Pizza on Sorrento Valley Road.

Oops, there goes that glimmer of memory, but thanks to notes, here are the down-downs.

**Hawkeye** for being afraid to run with a flower bag

**Bruce** for a drinking problem

**Captain Hook** for multiple issues: Having his hash closet arranged by hash, color, and sleeve length. Also, for knowing what a smoot is and for the ability to fit three people in Smart Car.

FYI, a smoot is 67 inches. Armed with that information, it was determined the trail was 3173.3 smoots long. I prefer the traditional method of measuring a hash trail. A hash trail consists of four hash miles. What is a hash mile, you ask? A hash mile is 1/4th of a hash trail. Got it?

**Fat Basque Turd** drank for giving a bad pre-run brief and for knowing the two hookers in the canyon (it was written down so it must be true). He also ordered pizza for **In Cum Snatch** but ate it all before she had a chance to.

**Glow Worm** may or may not have drank for something as his name showed up but no reason was given

Sometime during the down-downs, first timers **Bobby, Cole, Matt, Bruce, Low Profile and Vaseline Queen** drank.

Hares: **In Cum Snatch and Hawkeye**

**Fat Basque Turd** almost got the hashit because he gave **Hawkeye** as a gift to **ICS**, but it went to **Easy Going** for multiple hash crimes including complaining about drinking free beer at the On-In instead of buying it there.

**The Strawberry Moon**  
**Run # 345**  
**Thursday, June 12, 2014**

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The run start was in the Sports Arena area of San Diego at the Target parking lot. This Full Moon Hash was combined with The Black Shirts Run and was the kick off to the 2014 Red Dress Weekend. The pack was about 75 strong and included large contingents from both Tuscon, AZ and Portland, OR. The Black Shirts were in charge of pretty much everything so I just kind of went along for the ride as a FMH3 observer.

Checks and arrows were embellished for this event. So, shortly after hare lies (4 mile trail with four drink checks), the pack was off!

Trail began by J-Walking across Sports Arena Blvd. over to and around another shopping center with access to Kurtz St. Passing Les Girls we turned left down Rosecrans to Pacific Highway where we went North to the San Diego River Bike Trail and then East to the first drink check adjacent to the bike trail. Here, Jello shooter sized plastic cups were filled half way up with cinnamon flavored Fireball Whiskey.

Trail soon took us South on Morena Blvd. and over to Presidio Park and another drink check combined with ice riding on a steep grassy hill. The drink was Gatorade combined with vodka. The ice riding consisted of sitting on a large block of ice and riding downhill on the grass for as long as one could. Both numerous hashers and harriettes gave it a try.

Then, trail meandered down to Old Town State Park where another drink check was found. Drink check #3 consisted of, again, Fireball Whiskey shots.

From this point, the pack headed back toward the rail road tracks and then South on Pacific Highway to the pedestrian bridge in front of SPAWAR. On this bridge my first encounter with a newly rising full moon was had, as well as drink check # 4 combined with both a boob check and a dick check. The drink was a strawberry flavored cum-cock-tion. Hashers hung out here for a while if for no other reason but to take advantage of all the action garnered from the boob and dick check.

The last leg of train was in the form of a quick jaunt over to Midway and then back towards the run start. Trail ended at the Shakedown Bar on Midway, very close to the run start location. Here, the pack was greeted with an array of food items freshly prepared by Dogfish but beer was at you own expense.

The small bar was packed with black shirted hashers and but a few mere mortal customers who found humor in the antics of their newly found friends. It took a long while, but down downs were finally started at the far end of the bar where a little stage existed. This is where The Black Shirts had set up their musical instruments for the concert following down downs.

Black Shirts conducted all down downs save for a lone gorilla down down by Chicken Poop (to Keyless Entry for trying to hitch a ride on the back of a bicycle ridden by a stoned transient on the bike path). All visitor and virgins received a down down. One newly engaged hashing couple from Portland were recognized with several down downs. Of course the hares and anybody involved with the trail or food / drink chugged accordingly.

Just a few long minutes after down downs had concluded, The Black Shirts commenced with the promised musical extravaganza. The music consisted of mostly loud and raucous heavy metal melodies with sounds which I interpreted to be lyrics to accompany the music. By this time it was 10 PM on a weeknight (Thursday to be exact), so I departed after a couple of songs. And that's the way it was to the best of my wreck-collection.

On on, Chicken Poop

The Moon Amtrak Moon aka The Buck Moon  
Run # 346  
Saturday, July 10, 2014

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## **The Sturgeon Moon**

**Run # 347**

**Sunday, August 10, 2014**

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It was a warm and humid San Diego Summer day here in Rancho Penasquitos. The hash assembled at the Stater Brothers grocery store parking lot on Carmel Mountain Road.

As only Humpin' Hash had preceded FMH3 on this day, a good size crowd was expected. The hare, Haley's Cock It, even ran the Humpin' trail just to recruit liver strong hashers over to the Full Moon. Sadly, the pack consisted only of Sit Stay Squirt and her dog Mia, Easy Going and Chicken Poop.

At 6:45 Haley was off laying trail with the pack following only a few minutes later. We started by going around the back of the shopping center and then under Hwy 56 to a large apartment complex. Whoa, shiggy and darn lots of it abutted the apartments. We happily indulged in it's thistle covered glory all the way to the first beer check at an unknown (to the scribe) park on the edge of a residential development.

Here, 2/3 of the pack waited for Easy Going to catch up before proceeding further.

Next, we traversed the older, but hidden, residential neighborhood for a while, solving a couple of checks and going through a motel and a gas station before crossing Interstate 15 (toward Poway) on Rancho Penasquitos Blvd.

From here we soon connected with the paved bike path that takes you down to the old bridge under the current Interstate 15 bridge between Mercy Rd. and Poway Rd. exits (known to some old timers as Knot's Landing). After crossing the bridge, a check put us searching for trail in the canyon toward the West. Here, we descended into a beautiful green valley with ponds, lush vegetation (including poison oak). It felt as though we were running way up in the mountains East of San Diego.

Soon we happened by the second beer check at (the only) water crossing on trail. Trying to avoid the water, Easy Going slipped on a rock and fell into the brush jettisoning her sun glasses. A few hundred yards later we were back on pavement. Trail would continue on city streets all the way back to the run start and then across the street to Pitchers for the On In. On this stretch, we got our first glimpse of the magnificent full moon rising to the East. Trail was calculated to be around 6 miles long by the hare.

Down downs were fun but a bit lengthy when you consider the size of the the pack. Chicken Poop ran circle as Glow Worm called in sick for this run. Chicken Poop and Easy Going drank for running "untied." Haley and Easy Going chugged for blood on trail. Easy Going got another down down for taking her time to reach the first beer check.

Haley eased a glass of suds down for running 3 trails this day for a total of over 15 miles. Hash Shit nominations went to Fat Basque Turd (in absentia) for not showing up with the chicken hat, and Haley's Cock It for coming in last on his own trail. Haley easily won and donned the Chicken Little Beanie. On on, Chicken Poop



## The Hunter's Moon

Run # 349

Thursday, October 6, 2014

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It was a beautiful Thursday evening just after the total lunar eclipse as we gathered at Rock & Roll Sushi in Carlsbad to celebrate the 28th anniversary of the world's Original, often imitated but never equaled, Full Moon Hash. A nice crowd made the trek up north. Hares **Deep Throat and Ass Transit** were off on trail after the usual lies. The trail went behind the buildings through parking lots until it dropped down into the canyon. After a bit it bounced back up and followed along behind the industrial park buildings. Then it went down a short section of road and into one of Carlsbad's well-maintained city trails. Eventually this led back out to a main road and to a gigantic do-loop to gather the back in at the beer check. **AT** had a nice selection of seasonal beers. Another do-loop for the eagles where they rejoined the turkeys and crossed Palomar Airport Road and through the back of another industrial park. Eventually the trail passed by a veterinarian office which Bailey would become intimately acquainted with a few weeks later. Back out onto Palomar Airport Road and on in.

The pack enjoyed the great sushi and numerous craft beers as we filled the outdoor patio. We were greeted by a number of hashers who passed on the trail and began celebrating early.

**Glow Worm** led off with the hashit demo down down.

**Chicken Poop** for expecting something other than sushi to eat (duh)

**Deep Throat** for his new aging meth dealer haircut

Birthdays for your **United States Navy, Cap'n Jerk and Drug'em and Plug'em**

**Glow Worm** as the outgoing GM

**Deep Throat** for being the only one present who was at the first Full Moon run

**Fat Basque Turd** drank as he accepted the mantle as incoming GM

**Ass Transit** for her 16th year as an anniversary hare

**Mike Dicks** was named **Just Dicks**

**Cheese Between My Knees** for avoiding the bar wire fence but not warning **Fat Basque Turd**

**Just Dicks** for his bus, trolley, coaster, bus and walk to get to the hash

First timers **Just Dicks and Kevin**

**Ass Transit** for not wanting to take Tylenol because it damages your liver as she downed her third beer

**Just Dicks** got renamed to **Just Dicks for All**

Our host **Perry** for letting us cum back again

The hares, **Deep and Ass Transit** for a fabulous trail and on on

Can't figure out who got hashit. *(I can't either, but I think that it did not pass. -Glow)*

Your faithful scribe, **Deep Throat**

## The Beaver Moon

Run # 350

Wednesday, November 5, 2014

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The moon was once again in it's prime of cycle, and it brought out all the weirdos, thirty five of them to be exact. This was the 350th running of this mess of a kennel, and tonight they would live up to that reputation. Hares were: Captain Jerk, Mommy's Dirty Dildo, And C3P On Myself. The runstart was announced to be at "Besta-Wan Big House" in the Carl-slob Mall at 6:30. Well two out of three ain't bad, the lead hare, Captain Jerk, was "delayed" for twenty minutes due to canine issues. In fact, Captain attempted to lay trail with the mutt in tow, but that effort was shortly "ditched". Hare lies had to be delivered over a wall from the street into the Restaurant patio because pooch kept pulling CJ in several directions. With such a late late start, the pack was becoming unruly and didn't wait for the full time before setting out after the hares, giving them only nine minutes lead. The head start didn't do us much good, the first few hundred yards of trail were up a steep slope and back down a sheer canyon, for a do-loop to almost right back at start.



We were led for about five miles through several easements, drainage swales, and even a few back yards I think. There was lots of up and down hills, but the net vertical change was less than 1 meter. This undulation was briefly interrupted three times by drink checks. Two were manned by GI Ho, a surprise hare, and one by CJ and MDD. All had choice selections of beverages. The only notable event on trail was Fat Basque Turd's incident involving penetration with a pine cone. According to Intercourse With a Horse Of Course, there was no blood though, much to his dismay.

The more exciting things happened off-trail. A couple of half-minds, thought they could anticipate the hares' actions, and a few proceeded to head straight for CJ's and Ass Transit's houses. They were met with prominently marked "YBF"s. A few others, decided against the first bout of shiggy and just "went for a nice walk". Chicken Poop FRB'd into the first beercheck, only two minutes after the hares, but was never seen again. He didn't show up at the On-In. No one seem to notice, or care.

The On-In seemed to like us. They treated us well and even put up a special down-down table for us to hold our numerous pitchers of beer. No fizzy yellow shit here, IPA and Pale Ales. They did have to stay late for us, since we had a late start, and the trail took so long to complete. The bulk of the pack came in right at closing time. Since we were in the patio, they let us stay an extra hour while they cleaned and closed the dining room. Thier patience wore out though somewhere around ten fifteen when we were given the " Get the fuck out" order.

Down Down were short but relatively lively. Mr. Spock was officially recognized as our Founder and now Co-GM. Manhandler was recognized for being the real brains behind it all. Though it was pointed out that Spock was wise to have her wear her "Thunder Coat", and it was suggested that one might work for CJ's dog too. (Google "Thunder Coat", if you have to ask...). Mommy's Dirty Dildo was roasted for renaming our last months pleeb "Just Dick For All" at the subsequent Humpin' Hash. Sit Stay Squirt was seen puking on trail, further lending credence to the idea that Haley's Cockit "still has it". Gotta Go Number Three was called up to explain to the pack why her pee smells like mac'n'cheese, and just how she came to discover this fact. Some guests and a few virgins were toasted. And ultimately, Hashshit was assigned to Intercourse With a Horse Of Course, for declaring to Fat Basque Turd "You don't know about hashing", implying he was the expert.

Fat Basque Turd

Wars fought, Parties crashed, Women ravished, Advice given.

## **The Cold Moon**

**Run # 351**

**Thursday, December 4, 2014**

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The moon was once again full and a group of hardy souls braved the trip to San Marcos to join with the Stumblefoot Hash for an evening of hashing, eating and drinking. At least that is what I thought went on. You see, I wasn't there and the notes for the evening disappeared along with the Full Moon haberdashery out of FBT's car after he returned home from all of the hashing, eating and drinking.

So here goes. The hare started out of the correct or incorrect time and headed off into the shiggy or not. After a mile or two or three, there was a beer check or maybe again, there wasn't. Another dozen miles or so, or was it a dozen yards or so, the pack stumbled upon another beer check or once again, maybe not.

The pack, or at least most of them, arrived back at the start to partake in all of the goodies that were laid out, or not as it may be, until down-down began.

So and so drank for the hashit demo.

Someone else drank for some crime or the other.

Repeat.

Repeat.

Repeat.

Repeat.

The hare or hares were called up to drink for a s-h-l-t-t-y t-r-a-l-l.

Some announcements were made or not.

Someone got hashit, or not.

All in all, it was a great evening and I wish that I could have been there.

Your scribe,

Someone that was not there, or maybe he was.