

The Hashtown Tribune

A unified review of the many Hashing events in and around San Diego

Volume 1, Edition 4

April 19, 2013

The editing and journalistic staff of the Hashtown Tribune wishes to express its deepest regret at the loss of inspirational Hash Icon, **The Lady in Red**. For 25 years San Diego, and now the entire world, has been donning red dresses and running in your honor. You will be greatly missed. On On in the On After!

The History of the 99+ Beerchecks

By Deep Chocolate (with collaboration from Ben Dover)

As this year's infamous "party on trail" Hash approaches quickly, you might be wondering how it all started... how did **The Humpin' Hash** start an anal Hash of marking trail with over 99+ beerchecks? Whose brilliant idea was it? How the heck do the hares pull it off? As an infamous Humpin' saying goes, "We will teach you... and you will learn!"

Trail is marked by leaving beerchecks of three beers (usually hidden within brown paper bags and circled with flour) *every several feet*. The pack cannot move on from a beercheck until the beers are drunk—thus, the pack is kept together on trail and able to enjoy the "infamous party on trail"!

Humpin's 99+ Beerchecks Hash did not start out as a party on trail, or even as a Humpin' Hash event. The founding can be traced to a string of three scavenger hunt style trails held by various kennels between August 1998 and October 1999. The first of these trails was held August 15, 1998 by the **OCHHH** to honor **Staff Infection's** retirement from the USMC. Staff Infection was 45 at the time of his retirement, but to make the trail more interesting the hares decided on marking trail with 55 beerchecks, held in Laguna Hills. The hares of this first event were: Staff Infection, **A Tail of Two Titties**,



Achey Breaky Fart, and **Ben Dover**. Ben Dover's vague remembrances from that first trail include **Captain Jerk** falling down a six-foot water hole, but managing to save his beer by outstretching his arm.

A few months after the first scavenger hunt/beerchecks trail, the **Long Beach H3** hared a 69 Beerchecks Scavenger Hunt on December 6, 1998 in Whittier Narrows. Ben Dover, ass-isted by several co-hares, led trail and shenanigans. Then less than a year later, on October 30, 1999, the **Los Angeles H3** hosted a 99

Beerchecks Hash to celebrate Ben Dover's birthday. Ben Dover recalls, "It was Halloween weekend and the pack dressed in scary costumes. Then the pack got lost in El Sereno until **Darktanyon** with a keen sense of smell for beer found trail 400 yards away from the last beer check mark!"

After the 99+ Beerchecks trail, a few years... sad, dry years.... passed. Then on July 26, 2003 the Humpin' Hash welcomed the tradition of a party on trail Hash and hared the 103 Beerchecks Hash in Oceanside (Humpin' was still allowed there back then). The hares for Humpin's first hosting of the Beerchecks Hash included: Ben Dover, Achey Breaky Fart, **EZ**, **Scrotum**, **Satan**, and **Joey ButtaFuckYou**. Ben Dover says, "This was a brand new start and

Humpin' welcomed the beercheck Hash with open arms!"

From 2003 forward, Ben Dover has led the 99+ Beer Checks Hash with a debaucherous crew of co-hares. The event alternates between Humpin' territory and a little further north in LBH3 and OCHHH territories. Trail is generally kept to just a few miles, but shiggy is of course a tradition!

This year, we hares have some new tricks up our sleeves as we celebrate the 113 Beerchecks Hash to a Friday the 13th Theme

Editor's note: **Deep Chocolate**, most notably known as the Harriette who puts up with **Lacy Bitch Britches** on a daily basis, is the self-proclaimed Humpin' Hash Historian. She has organized multiple major Hash and Humpin' and Relay for Life events, and has written the first ever Humpin' Hash History book to commemorate its 1000th run in January 2012.

The Dawn of San Diego Hashing

By Anal Rose

It was a very different time back then. It was the year the first test tube baby was born, the first 5 cases of what was to be known as AIDS was reported, and MTV was first launched (and the "M" stood for "Music"!) You may have been trying to find the SDH3 website on your brand new 5150 IBM computer, but you would have to wait until Al Gore invented the internet several years later. Most importantly, it is also when **Jock** and his wife, **Mary Poppinz**, founded the great **San Diego Hash**.

Jock started Hashing in 1978 with the Taipei H3 (Taiwan), an all men's Hash that met on Saturdays. C.S. (mortal name abbreviated to protect the guilty) invited him along when he was found dodging traffic trying to get his daily run in. "My first run with TH3 was a 7 or 8 mile ball buster, all on the highways (streets) of Taipei in 96 degrees humidity with a swim across a cess-pool canal at the end", recalls Jock. "I was hot and tired and pissed and didn't even realize that we had been running for almost 2 hours because I was intent on following trail". He



on May 4, 2013. Your "Camp Crystal Lake" counselors will lead you on trail, through the woods, water and shiggy, and hopefully everyone makes it to the end... though watch out, because Jason Vorhees is suspected to be lurking around still with his hockey mask and machete. So come join us and see if you're Humper enough to handle the infamous party on trail! #=>

claims to have calmed down when the Down-Downs started and he got a few beers into him.

The Taipei H3 managed to found several local athletics clubs, including soccer, softball, rugby, cricket, darts, and also organized and ran the first marathon ever run on Taiwan. Jock was named dubiously because he participated in as many events as he could, "changing from one dirty jock into another. I was lucky to have been named just Jock!"

He and Mary Poppinz went on to found the mighty **Okinawa Hash** in 1979 (with Poppinz shouldering much of the MMG responsibilities, not to leave out bringing beer, peanuts and Fresca). The OHHH is steeped in fierce and proud tradition and is a major branch on the Hashing Family Tree. Second only to the mother Hash in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia and rivaled only by Singapore, the traditions and standards of OHHH can be seen all over the world.

For instance, Jock invited women to the Hash. The Hashes at that time were primarily men's only, and Jock was a

“marked man” for quite some time by many who didn’t like the change. Think on that for a moment. Before Jock, most Hashes *frowned upon* women joining a Hash! In a nutshell: *There were no Harriettes!*

The Hash that is most closely related to OHHH here in San Diego by way of traditions and style is the **Humpin’ Hash**, by way of the **Over the Hump Hash** in Quantico, Virginia, both founded by **Sex Cadet**. Sex Cadet first discovered Hashing in Okinawa ten years after Okinawa Hash was founded, and carried the traditions to both Virginia and California thanks to the U.S. Military. Next closely related Hash in San Diego is the **Half-Assed Hash**, finding it’s way indirectly from Okinawa via Guam and La Maddalena, Italy in much the same way as Humpin’.

The next year Jock retired from the Navy and came back to the States, where he quickly got bored.

“There was small 50 member Hash in La Jolla, but they pre-laid their trails and didn’t blow whistles; and you had to be invited to run with them. That really pissed me off. So, then and there, I decided to start a Live Hare/Whistling Blowing Hash. Since that time, the SDHHH and LJHHH have enjoyed joint runs” On Valentine’s Day, 1981, Jock and Poppinz gathered seven half-minds (to include a Biochemist, a Navy Seal, and a clown with a boa constrictor draped around its neck) at the fountain in Balboa Park and ran the inaugural run of the San Diego Hash House Harriers. It took a few months to reach its break-even point, but it has been going strong ever since.

“I set most of the first 7 trails and then we did the next 7 trails in reverse, before people got the idea of Hashing and a Hare Line was established” Initially trails were laid on Saturdays. It took a while to settle in on the set Friday and every-other-Sunday routine you now have come to know. The first

Friday trail was hared by Jock and ended at MCRD’s Officer’s Club.

Jock landed a post-military job in Southern Los Angeles, which took him from San Diego, but he could not sit still. He founded the **Long Beach Hash** in 1985.

For all of his Hash successes, he has one main pet peeve of which your humbled narrator whole-heartedly agrees with and feels is appropriate to share. No one. Not the GM nor the RA, nor the grizzled old coot who “was Hashing with this Hash before you were a twinkle in yer daddy’s eye”, nor the loud-mouthed Humper in the front of the pack that seemingly tries to take over the circle at every Hash. No one *owns* the Hash. Nope, not even the founder.

“No one person can determine or direct the way a Hash is going to develop. Hashes are like children who, despite their parents’ attempts, turn into their own entities, with their own personalities; for better or worse” The proof can be seen over the years as three separate Hashes started by the same wanker with the same ideals can turn out so fundamentally different today. “Okinawa is not San Diego, and San Diego is not Long Beach. All have developed in different directions”. As well they should.

Jock’s storied history is based in many of the same loves that we have today. He loves a chase, and he loves learning the hidden world behind the freeways and buildings (and rice paddies, and bamboo forests). Jock loves solving trail and snaring the hare, or fooling the pack and laying a successful trail undetected. He loves whistles and believes they should always be used, and he loves camaraderie at the beerchecks and circle. He likes the raunchy Hash songs (though he lovingly refers to them as rugby songs, as if we haven’t stolen them all by now). And most of all, he loves beer. ➡

This edition of Hashtown Tribune generously brought to you by:



Looking for a little change? call Micro (714) 553-9975

Important Shit!

By Anal Rose

Ok, ok. So it looks like this endeavor can only be completed when I have enough info to write about, enough submitted articles (thank you, Deep Chocolate!) and enough time to sit down and do it. I've missed some important shit along the way, as well as my fair share of Hashes. Here's some of the important shit since our last edition. Here we go...

Let's see. Let's start with the fact that San Diego has a brand new Kennel! **Fat Basque Turd** and **Hop, Skip and a Fuck** founded the Stumblefoot Hash, which ran its inaugural trail on April 4th. This Hash intends on running on the first Thursday of every month, so prepare your livers!

Returnees and Farewells. **Fuzzless Peach** blessed us with her unannounced return, at the same Humpin' Hash that **Dirt Napper** very ceremoniously left us for Guam. Hopefully by now he has managed to wash off his Open Season. Also returning safely from Afghanistan, much to the delight of the Hashtown Tribune, is **Drug 'em & Plug 'em** and **Who Put the Cum in My Ass**. Welcome home, and don't go back!

We've had a slew of virgins, such as **J. Rob B.**, **J. Victor**, **J. Leslie** and **J. Jeannette** (some of which have already been named!) but I could not keep track of them all. The weather's getting warmer, folks! Welcome those virgins who will be your future mismanagement!

Namings! We had several namings in March and April, and here are just some of them! The Green Flash Hash named J. Antonio **Lisbian**. I think we went easy on 'im, Wankers! The San Diego Hash's brand-new mismanagement named J. Beth C. **3 inches of Irish Guilt**, much to the delight of her Irish husband. Also that night, J. Jay was Gorilla named, **Which Hole** for his exposed sexploits on a golf course. Mind if we play through? The North County Hash had the honor of naming J Marco, son of **Tight Chicken**, is now **Cheetoh**. Also, J. Trish is named **Boston Pee Party**, together named with J. Jessica, who is now **Sugar Snatch**. J. Paul rose to the new heights of **Mutton Honey**. The Stumblefoot Hash's co-founder and owner

of the Stumblefoot Brewery, J. Bill, was ceremoniously named **Hop, Skip and a Fuck** at the inaugural Hash. The Humpin' Hash named J. Jeanette, **Eat Dick, Cocksucker**, proving they truly can make anything worse.

People just can't get enough birthdays. It seems Hashers want to have one every damn year. Not mentioned in the February edition, **Mexican Humping Bean** celebrated another year! In March we drink for **Dairy Queen, Turd Bird, Flabio, Lacathalon, Missionary Impossible, Shocka by Proxy, Ass Transit, EZ Payout, Down Set Dyke, BORT, C Fuck Run, Slides it in Easy, Me So Carnie, Wonderschlong, Cream La Queefa, 9" Turkey, Crunchwrap My Cream, Shane, Asian Orange, Dildo Abuse** and **3" of Irish Guilt**. But was that good enough? NO! In April we have even more birthdays! **Full of Shit (FoS), Cuntil Floss, Splatterpussy, Lacy Bitch Britches, Flotation Devices, Dandel in Distress, Menorah Whorah, Arctic Rim Job, BMW, Daddy's Sloppy Seconds, Snoop Pussy Pussy, Dribble, Tiki Tits, Eskimo Pie, and O Brother Where Fart Thou**. There was clearly a lot of coitus in the late summer. Tip a beer for ALL these wankers and tell them Hashy Birthday the next time you see them.

Last but far from least, very special congratulations to **Do It Myself** and **Spongebob Squaredick**, who celebrate the birth of Baby **Reese** on April 4th. Reese put up quite a struggle, getting a little lost on trail but finally arrived 18 hours later, clocking in at 7 lbs, 15 oz. On On, Reese!



Didn't see your naming, your visiting friend, or your birthday in this edition? Demand that your MMG designate a contact with the Hashtown Tribune! Or better yet, volunteer to represent it yourself! Don't let me miss your Hasher's Important Shit. Pass this kind of stuff to **Anal Rose** at nudetuna@gmail.com ➡