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Red Deer Hash House Harriers  
Established In 1997

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“Never Let the Truth or Libel Laws  
Stand in the Way of a Good Story”

# DEER DROPPINGS

Run# 887 – March 3<sup>rd</sup> 2016

Hare(s) : Dripping Wet Gap & Pole Her Express

Location: Parkland Mall East Parking Lot

Prelube: Mr Mikes

On On: Murph's Pub

Scribe: Mustang Sally

As I sit here reflecting on my day of helping the blind see and the deaf hear, I realize that it is Wednesday, and the next edition of deer droppings is due. Then it hits me I am scribe whoops! Best get to it. I'm a bit rusty here goes.

As I was out for my evening stroll minus safe who was playing poker I noticed a group of individuals loitering in the east parkland mall parking lot. Concerned for the neighborhood, I wondered who they were? Football fans, Trump supporters or perhaps HASHERS. As I got closer I realized that it was HASHERS and a fair number too.

As I got even closer I heard a surprised shout "its Mustang she hasn't been eaten by bears". And was warmly welcomed by both familiar and unfamiliar faces.

Circle up was called and **Chips A Whore** called the hares into the circle. **Dirty Pole** was supposed to hare but had been called away so **Pole Her Express** stepped in as walking hare (This would turn problematic later) and **Drippy** was running hare. I almost forgot we did have a virgin (thought they were extinct) who **Pole Her** and **Drippy** were showing trail markings to. Don't know why there was none on trail but I digress.

Markings were made and we were off the runners bounding off while we walkers proceeded at a more sedate pace. We wandered the Pines following our hare who took us on a very scenic route. During our walk **Blowin Ho's** was showing off pictures of his bone to whoever would look and got quite a few takers. **Pole Her** and **Cheap** were on traction duty letting us all know when the going got wet. **Wet Denim**, **Cum See** and I appreciated the warnings.

We continued through the cut line and down the hill toward the bridge (alas no trooooooll). We then met up with the runners and went back up the hill quickly. The familiar call of On On was behind us as we attempted to play a literal game of Frogger on 65 street. Score frogs 20 cars 0.

We then climbed up the hill and through the moguls. Then we found the hash hold which was within spitting distance of the circle up (this is an improvement from the 20 mile On Ins I remember). Swill and tamtams were served then On In.

The RA called us back to the circle the virgin was swilled, the hares were cheered, **Sir Mobey** was entered into the old far quarts club and **Cum Honor** was toasted for being almost 18 (his words). I was also birthday ed not sure why but thanks. Others were punished, some for falling some for using obscene language the M word amongst others. Others were punished for showing pictures of their bone. And others for just being there. Announcements were made and the location of the On On was given.

All in all a great run if I have left out a few names please forgive me. Speaking of names we have four nameless HASHERS who need some.

On On  
Your humble and rusty scribe

**Mustang Sally**

## UpCuming Run

Run # 888 – March 17<sup>th</sup> – Crazy 8's Run

Hare(s) : Chips a Whore

Location: Tennis Club parking Lot on 43 St,  
across from Kinex Arena

Prelube: Murph's Pub

On On: Mr Mikes