JULY 22th, 2020

DEER DROPPINGS



Official Newspaper of the 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"

Run #9- July 9^{th,} 2020 Hare(s): Broken Boner

Location: SPCA
Prelube: parking lot
On On: the same

Scribe: Cum See my Box (better late

than never)

In the 7th month 8 hashers met on the 9th day for socially appropriate fun and frivolity.

Not quite 7 people on the 7th day in the 7th month but still numerological significant! There are also several planetary conjunctions going on right now so maybe it's just fate.

Hashing is not really about supporting the ancient god of beer, though it sometimes seems so.

It's really about celebrating the great numbers in our lives and the way they line up.

For instance, we have special runs for:

- August Augustus Caesar run
- May 4th Star Wars run
- 22nd of any month TuTu run
- Mar 17th St Patrick's Day run
- Sept 19th Pirates run
- Jan 1st New Year's run

When you look at it, there is a whole world theme going on so it just proves how international and racially diversified hashing is. Or maybe it's the universal love of beer Or is it because the theme of running while, during and after drinking originated in pagan times from people stealing someone else's beer? And aren't hashers elemental people who act like pagans when they get together? FYI – a few of the many deities of alcohol:

• Goibhniu – Celtic blacksmith who

- brewed the Beer of Immortality
- Ninkasi goddess of beer from ancient Sumeria
- Dionysus (Greek) or Bacchus (Roman) god of grape harvest, winemaking, and ritual madness
- Mbaba Mwana Waresa Zulu goddess of fertility, rainbow, agriculture and beer
- Tezcatzontecati Aztec god of drunkenness and fertility

Anyways, we circled up, **Broken Boner** was the hare so there were lots of groans about long runs to Blackfalds or Bentley. RA **Slippery When Wet** didn't confuse anyone with going the wrong way around the circle this time (it happens a lot).

Runners were Boner, Crash Test Rummy, Slippery, TNT, Curb Crawler and Mobey

Walkers were Don't Know Dick and Cum See My Box
They ran in the bushes and up and down a couple of
hills. DKD and I meandered the same route with less
diversions, more mosquitoes and all of the swill. We
stopped on a hillside with lots of flowers and waited
quite a while for the runners to show up. We enjoyed
a pleasant evening with no rain until of course, it
stormed and we all scattered.

On On, CumSee