



# HRCC NEWS

A.K.A "THE LETTER"

ISSUE 07.2 - MAY 1, 2007

## BETTER MAKE IT A DOUBLE

Greetings once again, Fellow Hogs, and welcome to a double-issue of the LETTER. I am happy to report that I have a shit-load of stuff to fill these pages with. Not only are there two Trips to report on, but they were two outstanding Trips at that. So without further adieu I'll try to shoehorn a double shot of Hoggishness into this here LETTER. Here goes...

### 2006 RECAP

Wow, where to start this recap. I suppose I should start right where we did. We had a great turnout on Wednesday to start planning our locations. All-in-all, fifteen Hogs with one Rookie took part. The weather looked like it was going to be pretty good for the rest of the week so we decided that we'd head to the island on Friday.

Wilgus has yet another new Ranger, called Eric. Once we managed to get past his obligatory "I'm the new gun in town, so you guys better not fuck with me, or I'll put you in a world of hurt" posturing crap, he seemed to be a pretty cool guy. Nothing like a good 'ole alpha male marking out his territory. At least after he was done pissing on our shoes he left us alone.

We made a quick trip up to Hartland Rapids so that some of the Hogs who've never been there could see it. The rapids were really high.. higher than I've ever seen them before. You could have ridden a tube straight through some spots that usually don't have any water. Too bad we had no watercraft with us at the time, rescuing a Hog from certain death might have been fun.

That left us with Thursday to hold the golf tourney. I dunno why I even

### 2007 TRIP DATES

**Administrative Day**

**Wed 8/22**

**Canoe Trip**

**Thu 8/23 - Sun 8/26**

bother. I suck so bad that I think I had more Mulligans than legit shots. Maybe someday I'll get as good as our new champion Paul, but I'm not holding my breath. I was, however, pretty damned good at golf cart polo. Maybe we should play the whole game from cart-back? You think the locals would mind?

Later on that evening we ventured out to do the traditional buffet thing. Off to the China Moon Buffet we went. Now we usually get ushered into the far reaches of the back room, but this time they allowed us into the general population. Risky... very risky. We got some iffy looks from the locals as we kept the chinamen scurrying to replenish the food, but we realized that all it really takes to keep the locals in line is Paul looking at them and proclaiming loudly, "Now touch my balls!" Quite effective.

After getting motivated and Spodied on Friday (in that order) we floated from Wilgus down to the Island, where we remained through Saturday. Setting up on the Island turned out to be much easier because of... drum roll please... Eric's boat! Shuttling the stuff to the island went much quicker and cleaner with the large loads we could take on the boat. Many many thanks to Eric for handling such large loads. Wait, that's... nevermind. Anyway, it worked out so well that the Florida Contingent has since purchased another boat to bring. We should be well-endowed with watercraft this time... now all we need is a pair of jet skis... anyone... anyone... <smile>



**Bellow Falls Before The Disaster.** Pictured above is Bellows Falls before the great contamination disaster of August 2006. Shortly after this picture was taken the dam, sluice, power station and surrounding town were utterly destroyed by a mysterious and virulent toxic agent that was borne down the river from the North. Investigators are flummoxed as to the origin of the contamination, as initial anonymous tips referring vaguely to "Showers" lead to a dead end. For disaster relief, please call 1-888-PAU-LSAS extension 5.

The new boats come none too soon, because we realized that the Avon is having issues. On top of Moose's motor shitting the bed, the hull has become considerably leaky and the cells seemed to go soft faster than normal. We spent some time locating the hull breaches and we've also acquired a new 12 volt high pressure compressor (thanks, Pup) to bring the cells closer to full pressure, which makes them perform much better. I hope to have the hull patched and ready to go as soon as the warm weather gets here.

**FAMOUS QUOTE:**

*"Yeah, but with a dolphin you have that blow hole. That's nice."*

-- Dolphin Fucker, as he gained the title.

As usual, the float on Friday yielded us our Blown Bladder winner. This time the lucky pisser is...Tim Tyszka! It's always a blast to watch a Spodie work it's way through the Hog flotilla. Clamped legs and bitten lips mixed with autistic swaying. We really are masochists. By the way Tim, you still owe your fine.

Soon after that the philosophical conversations began. Much discussion was lent to the relative merits and drawbacks of various "alternative lifestyles". By that I mean falcon fucking, dolphin fucking, dog fucking, and just about everything else fucking. It was really quite illuminating. This was such a popular exercise that it seems that all the Hogs are gradually gaining "fucker names". I've been dubbed Fire Fucker (do I lust after the Hog fires that much?). Anybody guess what Scott's moniker is? You got it... Fatty Fucker, or in Latin *Fattius Fuckerus*. Keep 'em coming guys.

As we floated there was another odd thing, too. On a couple stretches of the river we were buzzed by planes. They were flying along the river well below the 500 hundred foot deck. It was interesting to see, and it brought back years-old memories of what we thought was a drug operation on one of the islands. In our paranoia we pictured smugglers flying downriver to drop their

cargo where local thugs would pick it up and distribute it to a well-armed network of dealers who then sell it (at a reasonable markup) to all those crack cattle that we keep seeing at the Top Hat. What? That was only in MY head? Stupid hemp. That or I just watch too damn many movies.

By virtue of being sequestered on the island through Saturday, the supply of potatoes diminished much more quickly than the desire to launch them hither and yon. Enter Eric's ingenuity. He figured out that the root balls of the island's native ferns shot quite nicely out of the SpudChucker. We also figured out that if you jam a light stick through the middle you get a really cool tracer round. Add a fresh Rookie to fetch said light stick after each shot and you have all the makings of some great night spud gunning. This year I think we should try combining night spud gunning with some aerial fireworks...

Probably the most bizarre sight of the weekend came on Saturday in the form of a small leather-clad-fake-Indian-man and his entourage. "Shaved Ass Running Water", his wife "Swollen Buffalo" and their young son "Will-Be-Broken" took an odd interest in our club, especially the potato cannon. I truly have never before been approached by a white guy in full Native American garb, and it was all I could do keep from belly-laughing out loud. The worst of it all was when they promised to come back that night and spend some time with us. Thank gawd that didn't happen. <insert fat chick on the island joke here>.

From our comfy spot at the head of the island we held the remaining tournaments. <said quickly and in a very low, very annoyed voice> nate,eric and i were defeated by the new paintball champions dave, chris, josh and tim. yaaay for the new champs. ooops, i forgot about the trophies, damn, gotta remember that. oh, wait i need an extra one 'cuz that team had an extra person... nothing like having the special forces AND the extra guy, i always say. Seriously, though, congratulations guys. You kicked our asses. The trophy order has been put in and I'll have them for you this time around. But I've been practicing to take it back!

The poker tourney ended with Nate Lare reigning supreme. Good job

on the Hog bluffing, Nate. The poker tourney also capped off the quality Running Dummy win by Mike Brown. Not only did he eliminate his own paintball team earlier in the day, but he nearly eliminated Mark during the poker tourney with a firework. It's not often that the Running Dummy amasses his points so incrementally. Great determination and a quality win, Mike!

Nate also snagged the Best Fisherman trophy in a most unique way. See, he was the only one to catch a water creature. "Don't you mean fish?" Ummmm, no. See Nate's big catch of the weekend was the rare and carnivorous man-eating beast known only as "fresh water clam". And the damned thing wouldn't let go of the hook, either.

We seem to be having a pattern over the last couple years of rain on Sunday. We packed up in the morning, and by the time we were ready to pull out there was a pretty steady light rain. Hogs became cold, but after Spodies on the landing and trash bags with holes we all voted to continue on to Black River landing. This is a stretch of the river that we've not floated on lately and the old-schoolers were very pleased that we did. Some Hogs had never before seen the oft-mentioned "meadow", site of the infamous seven-cord Hog fire.

**AND ANOTHER:**

*"But Daddy... I don't want to go back to the motel room. It hurts."*

-- Will-Be-Broken to Shaved Ass Running Water upon leaving the island.

Might I also say that Steve is just about the best drunken electronics tech I've ever seen. Although his attempts to make the radio work in the rain were unsuccessful, he employed techniques that were truly amazing. I never knew that beer poured into the unit made CDs play, or that water can be driven out of electronics with sharp overhand blows. His skills must have taken years to master...

At Black River we held the business meeting in the drizzle. Nate

## AGAIN WITH THE FUCKING GOVERNMENT

OK, so you know how the last few years we've had to apply for a group use "permit" at Wilgus? Well maybe you didn't, but we've been jumping through these hoops for the last few years to get permission to use our old standby area at Wilgus. I'm annoyed to announce that we've caught a snag this year.

Along came March and I realized that nobody had contacted me about the reservation. So I called to find out what was going on. Our reservation had been put on hold because another group also wanted Saturday night... and we'd been bumped. How nice. The guy on the phone (the same one I talk to every year) was actually pissed off about it. Anyway, he booked us for Wednesday through Saturday morning.

To which I say, "Stercus Accidit". Unless the weather is totally fucked up we won't need it anyways. And if it is fucked up we'll just grab something else, set up the canopy, and keep Hoggin'. It's just another item to bring up on Admin Day for discussion and further assessment.

and Deano were given their five-trip stars. Johnny and Brett received their tens, and I my fifteen. But the top of the survival heap goes, by far, to Dave Occhialini who received his seventh star. That's 35 trips and quite a unique accomplishment. Thanks very much, guys, for your continuing Hoggitude.

Now, we do not award Rookie of the Year by default. At the beginning of the Trip we were a little conscious of the fact that there was only one Rookie and were going to have to wait until next year for a Rookie award. But by the time the Trip was over there was no qualm at all with giving the award to Josh Burns. He performed like a great Rookie of the Year should and he earned it well. Congratulations to a great new Hog.

So chock up another great trip for 2006. I guess we must be doing something right! I can't think of a better bunch of goofs to be stuck on an island with. Truly refreshing, I must say. But wait! There's more!

### FAMOUS FIRST

Skip ahead to bleakest winter, when Paul Brosnihan has the bright idea that it might be a fun to get stuck on a mountain instead of an island. He pleasantly surprised us all with an offer of a Hog mini-trip to his cabin in Vermont. A date was set in February and off went nine of us to the great white north... minutes after a blizzard... and I mean really white.

We arrived Friday evening on the mountain in Rochester to witness a plow truck having it's ass totally handed to it by three feet of snow. There was no fucking way this guy was gonna be plowing that road. "No problem!" said we, and off we went into the wilderness on foot, loaded out for a good time.

Scott lead the way and about thirteen feet beyond the plow drift I started to realize we were having problems. Somebody said we hadda go a half-mile. Oh <sucking wind> shit. Well, we're committed now so we might as well keep going, and going, and going. Are we there yet? Are we there yet?

About half way we nearly lost Deano. That is not a joke. He literally keeled over (amongst other things) whilst pulling a sled of gear. I thought we were going to have our first fatality, but it turns out Deano isn't that easy to get rid of. Variations of "We're gonna die" echoed off the hillside. We rested, Deano got himself together and we pushed on... disaster narrowly averted. Phew.

We finally arrived at the cabin and set Deano to building the fire. 'Cept we had no axe so he literally whittled us a fire in the fireplace... which was promptly snuffed out by snow in the chimney. Twice. But he persevered and we finally had warmth, sort of.

Late Friday night the remainder of nine Hogs scrambled into the cabin. The last was Nate, and the masochistic march through the snow had split his pants from his ankles to his junk. By the

way Nate, we should make a flag out of those pants if you still have them. Living proof of the near-death experience that is a Hog trip.

For some mysterious reason it was staying damned cold in the cabin. It wasn't until morning that we realized that the previous occupants had left all the windows and skylights open. I didn't know you were allowed to curse your mother like that, Paul.

In the morning we hiked back out to the trucks (much easier with the path established) for a late Spodie and breakfast in town. We picked up some groceries and then Deano pre-made Sunday's Spodies in Gatorade bottles. It was just plain torture to have to carry your own Spodie back to the cabin. I sorta liked the sadism of it <smile>.

Paul expertly cooked up the burgers for Saturday night, and then we had a loose set of tourneys in both the poker and chest varieties. "What's chest?" you ask... well, Paul asked the same question whilst luring Deano into total checkmate oblivion. I shall have to tell my people of this new scam...and, oh yeah, Paul won poker too. The guy was unstoppable on the gaming front.

Sunday morning brought us out onto the porch for a sunshine-drenched over/under contest on how many Hogs would fail to hold down their Spodie. Lemme say that pre-mixed Spodies are... are... sorry, blocked it out. The line was at three and the over bet took it at four. 'Nuff said on that one... ick.

We held a short business meeting at which we awarded to Eric Anderson his 5 trip service star. Congratulations Eric. And although Paul kicked ass at the games and Joel was the Rookie again, there were no official awards for those. Can't even skip a trip and be safe, can ya Joel? <evil grin>

We tried to make it in time for breakfast in town, but by the time we got to the trucks the mountain had taken on that warm fuzzy Spodie glow. We were easily distracted by the concept of a back sliding contest... you know, see how far you can slide on your back. I think Mark won, but I'm not entirely sure. And Deano did not win, but gets the award for highest leap and largest head

contusion with minor concussion.

Needless to say, we didn't make breakfast. So we had lunch instead! And they gave us the wrong waitress, dammit! Do they get mad when you tip the waitress that didn't actually wait on you? Eh, whatever.

Before we wound down the mini-trip we figured that we'd make a stop at a place that Paul had been talking about, D's Dawg House. So we did... via the front end of a pink-haired lesbian's Suzuki. See, the driveway at D's was insane slippery and Eric got stuck too. So whattawe do? Go on in and figure out that pink-haired lesbians like Jack Daniel's. She was actually really cool about it. I think... you'll have to ask Paul about it.

And that (with a D's Dawg and a Bud) concluded the mini-trip.

**BUSINESS NOTES**

As for housekeeping, there are only a few items to note. The first is that we are going to hold the dues at \$75 this year. We spent no money for the mini-trip other than using up some of the Spodie materials that were left over (or

aging, as we prefer to say). We ended last year with about \$135 in the till and more than all of that has been spent in prep for this year. We have a good number of expenses prior to the August trip like trophies and Avon repairs, not to mention the Wilgus reservation. So please get your dues in as soon as you can. It really helps a lot.

We've decided that we are going to forgo buying sandwiches this year. Doing that is really a pain in the ass when we're on the island, not to mention expensive. We are going to build our own lunches this time by pre-buying all the sandwich crap we need on Wednesday or Thursday. Oh shit, that means we're actually going to have to use the Admin day for adminning! Doh!

Along those same lines, we've prepared just about everything we need for breakfast on Friday into a Friday breakfast box. That way we can have everything packed and ready to head to the island on Friday without having to screw around breaking down the kitchen afterwards. It should make Friday considerably easier, and maybe allow us to get down to and set up the island even earlier. We'll see...

**CHECKS, CONFIRMATIONS AND COMMENTS TO:**

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While tinkering with the boxes after last year's trip we also did quite a bit of consolidating of the club gear. We went through just about everything and got rid of a bunch of items that we haven't been using. Do we really need six coffee pots or a couple busted lanterns? Naw, I didn't think so either. The gear pile is now leaner and meaner, and that means less large loads for Eric to handle. I think he'll like that, don't you?

You might have noticed that earlier in the letter I referred to the service awards in terms of trips and not years. Because of the multiple trip scenario this season, years just isn't accurate anymore. Actually, it never was accurate. When the HRCC was young there were multiple trips each year, and they did count toward seniority. Now we've come full-circle again, and we have need of an adjustment. We'll discuss this again in August, but what it really means is that I now hafta fuck with the HRCC database to track people's seniority correctly. Stupid computers, who came up with them anyway?

That's all folks! Now I think I'll start fiddling with a few more ideas for August... when I can climb into the back of a canoe, gently drift down the river surrounded by good music, great company and something like...

\* nine \* thousand \* beers \*

See you on the river...

*Andy*



Ahhhhhh, Sunday Morning on a mountain in Vermont... in the winter... with Spodies. Don't look too hard at the snow. And whatever you do, don't eat it.