



# HRCC NEWS

A.K.A "THE LETTER"

ISSUE 08.1 - MAY 15, 2008

## HEY! YOU READY?

Guess what. No really...guess. No, we haven't bought a controlling share in Crocs Incorporated. No, the Rookies haven't moved to Guam after being abused twice in a row. Nooo, Vermont hasn't issued a restraining order against us. That was New Hampshire... and I don't really wanna think about it.

It's just about time to start gettin' ready for the Trip! Time to find the lost gear and pile it haphazardly in an inconvenient place where it can be looked upon longingly (and tripped over) until August. I can almost smell the wilderness already. Well, the little strip of trees between Route 5 and the river.

I am pleased to say that we're having another busy Hog season. Our winter outing has filled us with more chilly mountain memories. And our plans and preps for this year's Trip are shaking out nicely. So, let's get to it...

### 2007 TRIP RECAP

The Admin Day on Wednesday went very well, as usual. We figured out the weather and formulated our attack

strategy for the rest of the week, and then drank nine thousand beers. This was probably the reason for the mysterious disappearance of all my trip sheets. I sometimes get a little blurry on what things I should and should not throw in the fire. Stupid Fire Fucker nickname...

Faced with the potentially disastrous scenario of a Flotilla without a motor (ix-nay on the addles-pay) Deano and I, much to our chagrin, opted out of the Thursday golf tourney and set forth on the find-a-fuckin-motor mission. *<begin delusion> All the better for you golf-types... We had both been practicing for eleven months straight and we woulda kicked all your asses. <end delusion>* Thank gawd we're better at finding motors than we are at golf. Our reigning champion Paul Brosnihan should have nothing to fear from us this year either. Congratulations, Dolphinicus!

I think the rest of the Hogs will agree that no matter how many times we hit the China Moon Buffet it's always good. Sometimes better than others, but we just can't go wrong with a bunch of CMB oriental hospitality. I think they're

### 2008 TRIP DATES

**Administrative Day**

**Wed 8/20**

**Canoe Trip**

**Thu 8/21 - Sun 8/24**

getting used to us, though. This is the second year in a row that they haven't tried to hide our orange asses deep in the bowels of the storage room to the left of the kitchen. I just can't figure out what we're doing wrong.

Well, I really think we're on to something with our float schedule lately. We've been lucky with the weather and that's allowed us to float down to Jarvis on Friday and set up camp. And you know what the first river day means! Yep, you got it... Blown Bladder. And Brother Cafarelli tied that one up rather artistically indeed. And by artistically I mean "with a smudge of a different color". This begged the question, "What can brown do for you, Scott?"

In other nautical news, Deano can join Scott and Casey in the ranks of those Hogs that have ditched important things in the river. His wallet somehow found it's way overboard, but the losses have not yet been verified. Mostly cuz Dean won't tell me if he lost anything.

But the River always gives back. It seems that if you should come across a stranded fisherman and proceed to rescue him from a sandbar, his gratitude will be evident... in the form of a bag of alternative tobacco. That's right, we work for pot. No boat stranding is too small... just make sure the bag of weed isn't either. Ready! Heave!

Outstanding Fisherman was taken back from the maw of the Carnivorous Fresh Water Clam by Eric. For some reason I can't remember seeing him fish at all. Either I'm so used



**Exhibit A:** Crocodile, also known as "Croc". This ancient and dangerous species is native to Thailand. Probably not a good idea to bring these on the Hog River Canoe Trip.

to seeing him with his rod in his hand, or it was the nine thousand beers. Not exactly sure which...

On a low note... upon arriving on the island we were met with a rather sad sight. I was pissed off about it actually. As you know, we make a Herculean effort to not wreck the river or the island. And we arrived at our favorite bump in the river to a humongous pile of trash. We did a bit of tidying up, but it was still in evidence when we left. This angers me. I'm no tree hugger (I love a sharp chainsaw as much as the next guy) but this reflects badly on all of us who use the island. We will leave no trash, ours or otherwise, at the site this year.

Speaking of chainsaws, we used the shit out of ours. Broke it, actually. Twice. The Rookies did a glorious job of collecting firewood and the result was a Hog Fire that probably deserves that title. It's been a long time since a real Hog Fire and last year was the closest in recent memory. And congratulations go to John Meagher for winning the Rookie of the Year nod. It was some tough competition between the new three. Hmmmm, I don't think we should bring any new Rookies this time just so we can have those guys again. <evil laugh>

Ah, can't forget about the drunken guys with guns. The paintball tourney went off without a hitch... until the final game. Dean, Casey, Steve, and John upset the champions and came away with the title. But there was a bit of a controversy over the tempo of the final game. Um, there wasn't any tempo. A whole lot of hiding in the bushes went on, and not much shooting. The previous champs didn't seem too pleased about that, but a win's a win. I think I smell a bitter battle brewing for this time.

On the vegetable acceleration front, the HogTek spud cannon worked rather well. But I also brought two smaller versions with a simplified injector design. This method sucked. While I had envisioned three cannons blazing away, the injector proved unreliable. Fuck that injector. You had to pay too much attention while using it or it leaked. After all, manual dexterity and number of beers are inversely proportional. So I'm gonna bring those cannons again

this time, but with a nice can of ether for the old bango. And another something interesting, too. Deano and I are prototyping an all aluminum HogTek.

Continuing our recent history of visitors to the island, we were briefly joined by a rather odd pair of fisherman on Saturday. They hung around camp during most of the paintball tourney, and under the canopy for the worst of the rain. They were nice enough so we offered them steaks for dinner. But alas, it would seem that they brought all the meat they'd be needing that night. "I wish I knew how to quit you." <shiver>

Speaking of gay, Tim wore Crocs. He did, however, more than redeem himself by letting them be burned in a most spectacular fashion. They burn really well. And having the burning narrated by none other than Christopher Walken was nothing less than special. What Would Christopher Walken Do? Probably tell you to break out that "pot in your pocket", then get the hell out of his face... you're crowding him. Tim's Christopher Walken is Hog gold, I tell ya.

As the rain wound down Saturday, we sat under canopy number two enjoying Cuban stogies and shooting the shit. I realized that my legs were being eaten alive by the bugs. But as I reached down and mashed one of the little bastards, I realized that there was altogether too much skeeter there. What the hell? To my surprise, my legs were sporting a bunch of slugs. And they

were dining on me. Evidently there is a such thing as land leeches. By Sunday we were finding them everywhere... but they didn't seem very hungry anymore. Go figure, but I'm bringing a pound of Morton's this time (that's salt for you cooking-impaired types).

That night yielded up one of those things that I have patiently waited for years to enjoy. Something about the combination of that blazing Hog fire and the proper level of self-medication had the trio of Chris, Joel, and Casey treating us to music. Now we've had great music with us before but this was, without question, the finest jam that we've had on the Trip to date. The guitars and drum filled the Northern tip of Jarvis with a sonic satisfaction that left most of us speechless. Great job guys, and thanks. Please don't forget the instruments this time, now that you've gone and spoiled us and all. Unless you're evil, of course.

Sunday brought us to breakdown and late Spodies. We did the Jarvis to Ashland Ferry Landing shuttle and loadout without too much trouble. All you have to do is make the flotilla look like a garbage scow... just one big floating mountain of crap with orange things dangling off of it, being gently pushed along by a two horse motor.

The combination of Eric's boat, the Avon, and the trailer are nothing to be sneezed at. I have to say again that the U-Haul trailer made the loadout aspect of the trip a lot easier. But the



**Exhibit B:** Footwear, also known as "Crocs." This properly-colored variant is native to Provincetown. Also probably not a good idea to bring these on the Hog River Canoe Trip.

## SOME CLARIFICATION FOR THE ARTICLES

Those Hogs who attended the mini-trip this winter are aware that there has been much consideration over the past couple of years about how the mini-trips affect seniority. They are also privvy to the news that this item has finally been resolved and formalized in the Articles with the addition of Article 7 and a number of other wording changes. As always, you can (and should) read, know, love, and fornicate with the Articles. They're available on the website.

Primarily affected are Article 7, Rules 3 and 4, and By-Laws 1 and 2. In a nutshell, the Articles now specify that our traditional Annual Trip will be the primary metric for seniority in the Club. Mini-trips will also be tracked, but seniority will depend on actual Annual Trips attended.

As is always the case, special circumstances are expected (Shit Happens, after all) and those things will be considered on a case-by-case basis. I know that this outcome might not be what everyHog prefers, but such central issues are exactly the reason why Article 4 and the SEC exist.

toughest and most time-consuming part of it is still the shuttling of the gear to and from the island. Nate and I have been knocking around some novel ideas that might prove useful with that problem. Stay tuned...

Once the gear was packed and the Flotilla was empty, we drifted on down to Black River Landing. Ahhh, there's nothing like a good float. And it wasn't even raining this time! The small canopy served well in it's newly discovered role as Avon cover and sail. I think we'll have to keep doing that. Unless it's really windy. Yeah, a canopy-wrapped metal bar to the back of the skull might suck just a little bit.

One of the always interesting things to me is the "civilian" reaction to us. Now I don't think that we're all that freaky looking. But evidently everyone else we come across does. Priceless are the blank stares when a pile of orange carries an Avon assault boat up the boat ramp at Black River Landing. There is hushed whispering. There are steps backward. Occasionally the tense and rhetorical "Hi guys". People just don't get us. And that's just the way it should be...

### WINTER MINI-TRIP RUNDOWN

Brother Paul has hosted another great winter outing. Most of us arrived Friday afternoon to the delightful sight of a plowed driveway. Dean was especially pleased, as he wouldn't have to nearly die this time. Some of the cars

stayed down the mountain, but we just ferried Hogs in the trucks. The shuttle method worked out very well.

Deano traded his near-death experience to Scott, who almost froze to death by passing out on the porch. He's lucky we were keeping a headcount and he was rescued before he became the first Hogsicle. At least Dean can remember his near-death experience.

At risk of further aggravating his undertones of megalomania, I have to point out that Deano finally won a game of Chest against Paul. And speaking of chests, many of us noticed that Paul was sporting an ornate medal on his ski pants strap. When asked he said that he got the medal in Nam, but Mark quickly reasoned that Paul actually got it in NAM-BLA. And then the beating commenced, leaving Mark with months of rehab.

As if that wasn't enough already, it came to light that Mark may not like maple syrup (one should avoid saying this in Vermont) or spaghetti. For these offenses he was tentatively dubbed "Commie Fucker". And if all of that isn't enough of a burden... Mark also snores like Jabba the Hutt with a lisp. eeeesh.

Paul was once again a great provider of victuals. On top of a humongous pot of stew, he also cooked up a great pile of burgers on Saturday night. They were awesomely prepared with a local burger rub called "Dan's". Shit, now I'm hungry again. The rest of our food was had at the local joint down the hill where we discovered that they've

decided to bolt the tables to the floor. Heh, hope they weren't thinking that would stop us from raiding the place.

The Spodies were thematically constructed not only with our old standby Tawny Port, but also with Mountain Burgundy. How appropriate. It was nice to see the crispy head on the Spodies, but they seemed a bit tame. I think I'm just finally getting used them after all these years. Gotta work on that.

We didn't do too much damage, unless you count Eric crashing a snowmobile or me smashing a picture. Oh wait, we did damage Joel a little too. See, he had a keen interest in learning jujutsu and hapkido grappling techniques the hard way. Over and over. And over. Rinse and repeat.

Oh, wait. We did do a bit of damage to one of the trees, too. Not too much, only a little. We hadda put the Christopher Walken potato cannon target on something! Amazing how he just keeps smiling in the face of such a starchy onslaught. My hero.

We finished up with two and a half hours of "Let the gayification begin!" We diligently replaced all the strange frilly hippie decorations, and made sure there weren't any errant feathers stuck in the only fake Christmas tree in the entire state of Vermont. We've come to the conclusion that Paul's mom truly belongs in Vermont...in the Clarity Cabin. Don't ask... just remember that all good things come with a free windchime.

And, to the joy of Paul's front bumper, the weekend was exceptionally free of lesbians. Wait a minute... is that a good thing or a bad thing? Eh.

So, to summarize the weekend... we had a universally great time while communing with nature and although we had a few smashing incidents we still managed to leave the place spic-n-span. How's that for a quadruple inside joke?

### BUSINESS END OF THE HOG

Well, this is the somewhat less entertaining but very much more informative portion of The Letter. So, let's get down to brass tacks.

I'd like to take a moment to recognize Mark Curtin's 15th and Paul

Brosnihan's 5th Trip Survival Awards. All is right now that I've managed to actually give them their stars. Congrats, guys.

The Wilgus reservation is all set for us this year. The powers-that-be have seen fit to not fuck with us this time. <much rejoicing> I have our papers in-hand (well, in the briefcase under the pamphlet for the the Magic Lantern), so we can't be bumped like we were last year. We are confirmed for Wednesday night through Saturday night.

Financial note here. We're fucking broke. Forgot to include the trailer rental in the semi-final figures last business meeting. Please pay your goddamned dues. To those Hogs who already have... why, thank you most porcinely!



"What? Oh, yeah. I'm Christopher Walken, and I approve this message. But it needs more cow bell. A lot more cow bell. I mean, really, can you ever have enough cow bell?"

Due to the fact that we have had to assess in excess of the dues for the past few years (\$15 this time), there is going to be a dues increase beginning this year. Unfortunately, even our illustrious group has been affected by the rising cost of, well, everything. Club dues are now set at \$100. Discount for HRCC tattoos as well as pics of naked girlfriends still apply. Mighty nice discount applies for pics of Hog tattoos on girlfriends in places that require nakedness to be viewed.

Speaking of boxes, we will continue to use a U-Haul trailer this year. If anyone knows a source of a cheap 5 x 8 box trailer, please let me know. Even a 4 x

8 would probably work, but it'd be tight. The cost analysis of buying a brand new trailer versus renting the U-Haul doesn't pay back for like 20 years, so we rent for now unless we can find a real bargain in the aftermarket somewhere.

We are replacing the main canopy this year. This is a logistical decision, as we need to be in control of all of our equipment. We really don't want to have to sit in the rain if somebody gets a hair across their ass. And tarps... are just not the canopy. Eric puts a bunch of work into having his boat available and this will make his task a bit easier by not having to fetch the canopy for us. The cost of the canopy is significant, and I'm not sure yet whether it will become a club expense or remain a private investment. We'll see how the books pan out after the Trip. **Canopy Update: The new canopy parts have arrived! Just one quick trip to the fence store across town for some pipe and we're golden.**

Along those same lines, last year we bought a small two-horsepower motor for the back of the Avon. It worked very well for us, pushing our double-vented asses nicely into the wind. I haven't had a chance to figure out why it leaks gas when it's tipped up (fyi, Mark leaks gas when he's tipped up too). With any luck the motor will serve us for a good many years to come.

And as a final bit of Lettery goodness, Paul Brosnihan has made the Club a very generous offer. He will pay two hundred dollars to the Club for any successful mortgage referred to him by a Club Member. One hundred dollars of that will be credited to the referring Member's dues and the remaining hundred will go into the general fund. So if you know anyone that needs a mortgage, send 'em to Paul and it'll help us along. Thanks again to Paul for all the generosity that he shows to the Hog River Canoe Club. Bravo!

Ok folks, move along... nothing more to see here... no... really... get outta here you fuckers.

**See you on the river...**

*Andy*

**CHECKS, CONFIRMATIONS AND COMMENTS TO:**

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**REBIRTH OF FAMILY CAMP?**

For many years in the history of the HRCC, there was a sort of a pre-game show each year. It was a unique mixture of Hogs and family members and otherwise desirable folk who would normally be unqualified to attend the Trip. And it was called Family Camping.

Gathered together at Wilgus on the weekend before the Trip were the spouses and young spawn of Hogs, siblings, friends and just about anybody who could appreciate camping and exploring the touristy side of the area. It was really fun, and a bunch of those young Family Campers eventually even grew up to become Hogs <awwwwww, isn't that special?>.

I am happy to report that interest in reviving Family Camping is once again on the rise. I have heard from a number of Hogs that they would be like to attend with their whoevers. So, here is how...

This year will be very free-form. Any Hogs interested should call Wilgus and make arrangements for their own site (info is on the website). Then we can all just gather up at a convenient site once we're there and have some fun.

Please let me know if you're planning on attending or if you have any questions. And ask Steve about wrestling pigs at Family Camping...