



HRCC NEWS

A.K.A "THE LETTER"

ISSUE 12.1 - JUNE 15, 2012

OF HOGS AND HURRICANES

Greetings Hogs! I must start off by saying that the 2011 HRCC season proved to be a stretch of total weirdness. We suffered through battles over our venues (both winter and summer) and we luckily survived the melee with the weather during the Trip. Sprinkle in a Bricker's-induced busted tooth, and a thrown out back or two. Add those to the fact that I'm still feeling a little guilty about not sending out a Letter last year. Well, no. Not really. Eh, yeah maybe a little bit... <sheepish grin>

"What venue battles?" you may wonder Hoggishly. Ah, it started out early in the year with the loss of one of our Winter Mini venues... the camp in Washington, NH. Through the joys of family politics and the retarded reasoning of certain folks in my clan, the camp was secretly sold off. It has since, in my opinion, been ruined by its new owners. They cut all the trees around

the house and destroyed it's seclusion. The Hogs who attended that Mini were actually the last people to stay there and enjoy the cabin on Highland Lake.

But the ones who were most disturbed by the sale of the camp and therefore the loss of some much-needed HRCC winter business turned out to be the ladies from the general store. They decided that without the Hogs there's just no point in a conventional life. So they closed their store and campground, sold all the bacon and joined a nunnery. That's what I heard, really. Now if we ever run into the daughter we have to call her Sister Little Not-Quite-Hotty.

But one good thing did arise from the uncertainty brought about by the loss of the camp. It inspired the first annual Hogsmas Party! A bunch of Hogs and their others converged on my house for a keg and a good time. Oh, and somehow a whole lot of hard

2012 TRIP DATES

Family Camping
Fri 8/17 - Wed 8/22

Administrative Day
Wed 8/22

Canoe Trip
Thu 8/23 - Sun 8/26

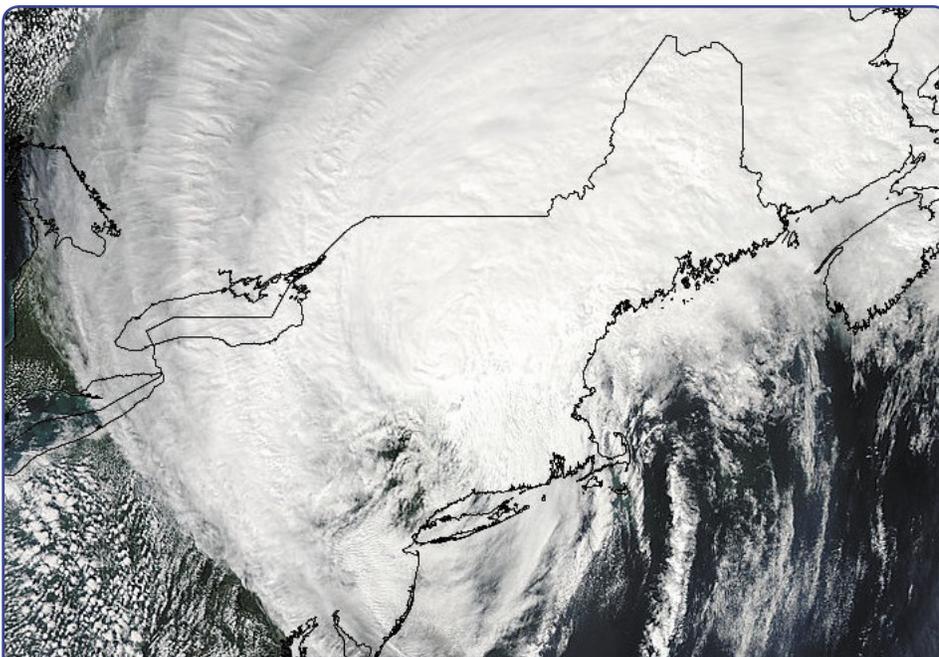
liquor appeared too. And Spodies. And blackouts. I gotta say, my house comes alive when the Hogs are here. It was the bright spot of my holiday season. Not the wet spot, but the bright spot. We will definitely be maintaining that new tradition. Maybe with a little less puke.

The other logistical oddity was realized when I was placing the reservations for this year. All is normal for the Trip days this time, but it seems that a wedding party has rented the entire Wilgus State Park for Family Camping weekend. Have no fear, with a little scrambling we've rectified the situation. We have leantos reserved at Ascutney (up the road from Wilgus) for Friday and Saturday night, and we'll be back at Wilgus Sunday. Anybody who needs specifics on this please don't hesitate to call me.

And the little gem is... Sue managed to get a cabin rented before the wedding took the rest of Wilgus. That means we have an HRCC foothold in a wedding! <evil laugh> Wonder which sites the bridesmaids are staying in. Mmmm, bridesmaaaaaaids.

THE FLOAT-DOWN

The Trip last time began with eighteen Hogs, including two Rookies. Now, it didn't end with eighteen



Hurricane Irene. This satellite photo shows Hurricane Irene as she attempts, in vain, to overcome the combined might and will of the Hog River Canoe Club. Frustrated by the failed effort, she promptly stomped her feet and laid waste to everybody else's stuff.

Hogs and two Rookies. One Rookie was hauled away on Saturday by an overbearing girlfriend, and two veterans ran away from the hurricane like little Family Camping girls. He he, sorry guys... couldn't resist. Aaron actually had to leave to respond to hurricane damage, but not before we got the chance to abuse his girl a bit. I still don't quite know what she thought of us. Dave and Terry really did flee in terror on Saturday night. Like Sponsor, like Rookie, I guess. <shaking head in disappointment>

myself crossing my legs and gritting my teeth as my eyeballs turned a light shade of yellow. But I was saved from the peeing man trophy and an eighteen beer fine when, for some reason, the Rookies were ordered out to push. Who ordered that, anyways? Phew! Oh well, no Blown Bladder that time!

One of the interesting attractions along the Hartland leg of the river is this nutty-crunchy camp that sits along the river just behind the Harpoon brewery. Many Hogs may know that there is a

papers and the Ranger alike was how the hurricane was due to hit hard Saturday afternoon. So the decision was made to remain at Wilgus for the day and occupy ourselves with the tournaments and stuff like that. Which didn't suck, mind you. But it just wasn't floating on the river. In retrospect again, the weather turned out not to actually hit until late Saturday evening. We could have easily made a float that day. Doh! But the advantage was that we broke down camp as much as we could in preparation for the possibility that we may have to leave.

That evening as the two Hogs-of-lesser-fortitude were planning their escape, Eric the Ranger came down to tell us that the Park was being closed for the hurricane. Beh. Hurricane Schmurricane. We were able to convince him that we had a deal with the storm gods for protection (or was it that we were all too wrecked to drive? Yeah, that.) and he let us stay despite the closing.

Saturday night Hurricane Irene began cutting a huge gash across Vermont (were you wondering where I was gonna work that in? he he). And boy did it turn out to be gash-tastic. At camp we got dumped on and, contrary to our huge orange egos, the decision was made that we would leave camp Sunday morning to try to beat the worst of it. But this posed a significant problem. We can't miss a Spodie! So in order to keep the tradition alive we partook of half-Spodies Sunday morning, then we went up to the diner in Windsor for breakfast.

FAMOUS QUOTE:

< CLICK > < SHAKING HEAD >

And the moral of the story is...

"Never let Paul talk to your girl on the phone. Ever."

But we started with eighteen anyways, and Thursday began a handful of tournaments including golf, bocce, and polish horseshoes. By the time the tourneys were over Paul B. had successfully reclaimed the golf championship from Nate. Casey and I decisively thwomped all bocce comers with a bit of last-minute sniping, and Dave and Scott proved superior at the flicking-of-the-wrist... or is it the catching-of-the-toss? Now that I think about it, maybe I don't wanna do that contest this year.

Ever get that urge to try something a bit new? We did too. On Thursday night we convoyed to a new Chinese buffet restaurant. Yeah yeah. New would be going Indian or French, but we'll settle for slightly different New Hampshire Chinese. The food at the place next to Wally World (nope, can't remember the name) turned out to be somewhat better than at our old haunt. There's a pretty good chance we'll go again this time, so long we don't get a hankerin' fer Bubba's House of Curry.

That brings us up to Friday... River Day! Woo hoo! Betwixt the rocks at Hartland rapids we lashed like the pre-hurricane wind, put on a Spodie glow and floated south. This began the Blown Bladder contest, and soon I found

field with a bunch of huge wooden men standing in it. Well, we pulled out to visit like we often do, and while we were there this truck comes bombing down into the field. Turns out it was the caretaker who was supposed to be kicking us out. But upon seeing our motley crew he decided it was best to just say hi and keep an eye on us. He actually followed us until we were safely (he he) back on the river. Are 18 staggering orange guys all with a natural propensity to encircle the intruder that intimidating?

The original idea on Friday was to float the long float all the way down to Wilgus. But by the time we got to Cornish landing the decision was made to pull out and shuttle back. In retrospect we probably should have sucked it up and continued downriver because, as it turns out, Friday would turn out to be the only river day for us. Doh.

Hey, whose idea was it to try out that new bar on Friday night? I made the mistake of wearing my kilt in to shoot some pool. It was cool at first with everybody asking about it and who we were and all. But not so much when the local thicker-than-averages start trying to figger out what's under it. Where is Scott when you really need him?

From Friday night and into Saturday morning all we heard from the

FAMOUS QUOTE:

"Put out your Tiki Torch, and get off the island."

As it turns out, our departure timetable turned out to be right down to the wire. We made it out right before Route 91 was closed at Greenfield. The bridges at White River did not fare well. As it was, two of our vehicles drove into a fallen tree on Route 5. The branches were in the air and we couldn't see it 'till the last second. I still have the dents and messed up antenna.

IT'S ONLY BUSINESS

The Business Meeting was uncharacteristically held on Saturday. Unusual timing aside, this was an important meeting as meetings go. Not only did we discuss the usual items, but also the upcoming 40th Anniversary Trip in 2013. Most notably, we talked about events and things that we would like to do on that Trip. And how to pay for it all. This worked out to be an assessment for last year's attendees of \$10 (to repair the 25hp motor), and Dues for this year and the 40th to be raised to \$120. We will *most likely* lower the dues back to one hundred dollars following the anniversary Trip.

We tasked Deano with designing a pig roaster rig. I have already reserved us a pig to be skewered on that rig. Mmmmm, poooooork. We also discussed what would be involved in the proper hiding of kegs at Wilgus. Other items that were kicked around included strippers, and midgets, and anniversary hats and shirts. Well most of that stuff was talked about, at any rate.

Last year the Club also recognized a huge number of survival awards. Ten Year Survival Stars were awarded to Scott Cafarelli, Nate Lare, Dean Merchant, and Mike Brown. Congratulations and welcome to the Executive Committee!

FAMOUS QUOTE:

“Don't kill the hooker. She's already dead on the inside.”

My Rookie Dean pinned me with my Twenty Year Survival Star (yeah, I think I'll stick around for a bit longer).

But by far the most prestigious award granted to date in the Hog River Canoe Club was awarded to Dave Occhialini. I was honored to pin him with his Forty Year Survival Star. May we all follow in his dedication, and may we all never catch up to him!

I was also proud to award, by unanimous decision, the Mark Williams



The Camp at Highland Lake - Washington, NH. Last visited by the Hog River Canoe Club in early 2011, this place no longer exists. It was sold so quickly that not even this canoe made it out alive. Nor did any of the trees that can be seen in this photo. A true tragedy, as it could have been saved for HRCC use if anybody had known it was being sold. Remember the comfy chair by the stove? I went and stole it. It will have a new home in my library.

Memorial Rookie of the Year Award to Chris Cassell. And I must say that I wasn't at all swayed by the fact that he somehow psychically knew every time my beer was running low and he teleported in front of me with another. Nope, not at all. And Nate didn't win ten years ago because he brought a 300 gallon cooler full of meat, either. <grin>

Oh, and can we keep the Rookie ball sack flicking (and corresponding revenge) to a minimum this time. If yer gonna nut somebody, at least do it with the mini nerf dart cannon... just sayin'!

We do have one rather serious item to talk about. We still have three members who have not paid their dues for last year. This has never happened before, at least during my tenure as President. What this causes, in effect, is the negation all of the assessments and dues mods (and more) that we've put in place to fund the 40th.

In this Club, EVERYONE PAYS whether that be by dollars or by barter. The outstanding dues and assessments MUST be paid. We will not allow anyone to participate this year in either Family Camping or HRCC Trip if they do not clear their debt to the Club first. It would

really suck to show up this year already owing \$220. Some assessments from last year need to be taken care of as well. I will contact people who are carrying a balance shortly so we can figure out how to resolve what is probably just a matter of Hogs forgetting to take care of it...

Damn, I feel dirty scolding Hogs. Please remember, arrangements can always be made. We really do value your service to the Club. But the arrangement does have to actually be made.

Boobies boobies boobies boobies! There, did that cut the tension? How 'bout this? A guy pulls into a gash station and asks for a tune-up...

GentleHogs, it was a pleasure finding out that we are mightier than any hurricane Mother Nature can visit upon us. It will be just a couple more months and we will again be floating aimlessly southward with 9000 beers (and kilts), tearing Rookies asunder, and making Eric the Ranger wish he was an investment banker. <evil grin>

See you on the river...

Andy

FAMILY CAMPING THRIVES!

I have to admit, I never thought Family Camping would take off the way it has. I figured it would plateau and then we'd just have a nice time with it. But it is growing every year and will continue that trend this year too. How cool is that?

I had a lot of fun at FC last year, except for the hours spent trying to fix that tooth that I busted at Bricker's. Careful with that rice, by the way. Oh yeah, the kitchen at camp blowing down twice probly wasn't a highlight either. But hey, we handled it.

The waterfall was roaring and the kids (even little Leighton) had a blast climbing it and making dams at the top. We climbed that bad boy twice. A bunch of us went to Bromley to ride the alpine slide and the ziplines too. And some others did the Mount Ascutney climb. Damn, missed that one last time. Nate even rode his mountain bike all the way down Ascutney and back to Wilgus. I can still smell the brakes from here. he he

And in the evenings Chris kept things in the right mood with his guitars and the micro cube. That thing still amazes me. But I think he and Olivia will both agree that the coolest thing was the "Oh, Shit!" game... and the best thing about the "Oh, Shit!" game was... can I get a drum roll, please... The Ace of Spades! I laughed so much it hurt.

I realize that recap was sorta brief, but that's because I have a bunch of info to pass along for FC this year. You may have read at the beginning of the Letter that Wilgus is not available for our use for the first two nights of FC. A wedding party rented the entire State Park for the weekend.

That said, we have leantos reserved at Ascutney (just up the road from Wilgus) for Friday and Saturday nights, and we'll be back at Wilgus on Sunday afternoon. We actually have

more sites reserved at Ascutney than we usually do at Wilgus. So it won't be a problem to lodge people. Gimme a call if you need more info on that.

Once again... we will not be at Wilgus for Friday and Saturday nights of Family Camping. We will be up the road at Ascutney Mountain, another very nearby VT State Park. The sites that will serve as our hub at Ascutney are White Birch, Cherry, and Cedar. There are maps online at the VT State Park website. Google it.

Just to refresh your memories, the way Family Camping works is that the cost of the site and any group meals that we do is divvied up amongst attendees. You basically pay for the portion you use. The firm rule is this... the HREC fund will not be left with any outstanding FC expenses. And Gail does a superlative job of keeping the accounting dead on.

Events during Family Camping tend to include more of the touristy-type stuff like the Cornish Fair (August

CHECKS, COMMENTS & CONFIRMATIONS:

HOG RIVER CANOE CLUB

c/o Andrew Occhialini

119 Brintnal Drive

Rutland, MA 01543

508-886-7107

andy@hogrivercanooclub.org

www.hogrivercanooclub.org

17, 18, 19 this year!) and Quechee Gorge / VT Raptor Center. I'm planning on going to Bromley with Joey again this year to do the zipline from the summit to the lodge. Climbing the waterfall and floating on the river are also perennial favorites.

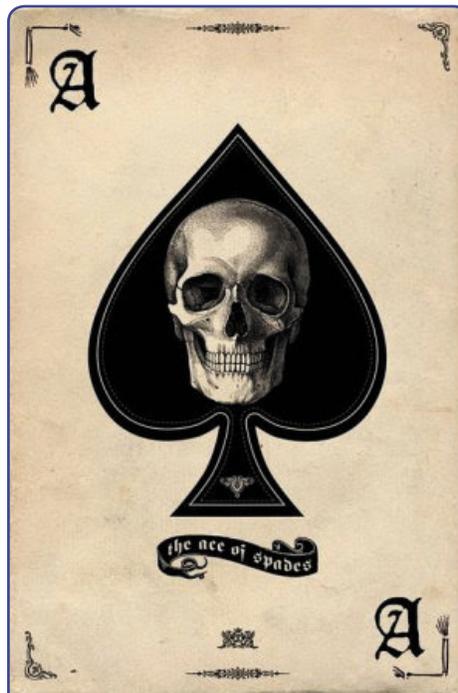
And don't forget the hike on Ascutney Mountain... always awesome, especially if the hang-gliders are flying. There are actually a ton of hikes around if that's what you like to do.

I'm sure the girls will want to head to Woodstock for some shopping, and we usually end up checking out the local restaurants for a couple nights of dinner and drinks.

There are always plenty of things to do if the weather is less than favorable, too. Breweries, Glass Blowing, breweries, breweries...

Last I looked there were still other sites available at both Ascutney and Wilgus in addition to the sites we have already reserved. So if you are interested in attending Family Camping this year please let me know so we can figger out the sites.

As always, feel free to book your own site if that's what you'd like. This is the route you'll have to go if you will be bringing a camper of any kind. We can't park campers in the Group Area at Wilgus.



The Ace Of Spades somehow became the most fun card to get whilst playing Oh, Shit!

COME ON! BRING EVERYBODY!