

## PORKY PORKY, LOOK WHO'S 40!

Welcome, everyHog, to a very different-looking Letter. This new format is the end result of a decade of intensive graphic design, culminating in the visual orgasm that you see before you. Either that, or I was working on the Letter during a thunderstorm and lost not only the template and copy, but the damned software too! Zeus can suck my balls.

Anyway, seeing as I had to rewrite (mind you much more shabbily and blandly than the first time) I figured I'd throw up the new name, The Flotilla, for you to see in print. A much better layout is intended for the near future, but not necessarily guaranteed. Hope you like the name... if not, see Zeus above.

Very special greetings to all the Hogs on this 40<sup>th</sup> year of HRCC flotilla bliss. I think it's fair to say that when the Founders started this venerable mess back in '74 they really had no idea that it would last this long, or be so important to it's active members. We have some good stuff planned for this milestone Trip, but more details on that later. First, let's get caught up on the news up to this point.

### 2012 TRIP

How 'bout that weather, huh? It seems like Mother Nature wasn't feeling nearly as feisty as she was back in '11. I think she just plain knows that there ain't nuthin' she can throw at us that we can't handle. <whispering under hand> Nice and sunny was way better than Hurricane Irene. I think it should be like that again this time.

We put in below Hartland with 18 Hogs on Friday and had a great ride down to Cornish Landing. We seem to really like this float lately. Does anybody want to start this leg with a little tubing through the rapids this time? Perhaps we can find somebody that works in a truck factory to get us some inner tubes. You know, just throw 'em in on top of that nice new canoe trailer. <grin>

I have a whole bunch of question marks next to Mike B's name in the Blown Bladder column for that day. I'm thinking it was his win. But this brings me to a disturbing trend that has taken hold of the Blown Bladder contest. It's a technique perfected by a nameless Hog <cough>Twist<cough> that makes winning this contest practically impossible. On second thought, I'm not telling. Figure it out on your own!

The glorious weather also gave us the opportunity to spend Saturday working our way through a whole bunch of tourney brackets. Saturday added chest, bocce, polish horseshoes, and poker to Thursday's golf tournament. I can't seem to remember who won anything, probly because none of the winners was, well, me. he he. Only kidding, check out the tourney recap in the other column (if I can get this piece of shit editor to do a friggin' column).

Sunday we made the run from Wilgus down to Ashley Ferry Landing. And I must say that it was a very happy ending to our float. For an endeavor that typically takes quite a bit of time and fragmented effort, the load out and stowing of the gear went especially smoothly, <cont on page 2>

## 2013 TRIP DATES

**Family Camping**  
**Fri 8/16 – Wed 8/21**

**Administrative Day**  
**Wed 8/21**

**HRCC Canoe Trip**  
**Thu 8/22 – Sun 8/25**

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## TOURNAMENT RECAP

**Blown Bladder**  
Mike Brown (????)

**Chest**  
John Maher

**Bocce**  
Kyle Doyle, Chris Oliphant

**Polish Horshoes**  
John Maher, Paul Brosnihan

**Poker**  
Scott Cafarelli

**Golf**  
Eric Anderson

There were no other tournament or award recipients. Kinda hard to have a Rookie of the Year without Rookies. And, once again, we were miserably lacking for a Running Dummy. I'm wondering... how can we have such grand inebriation without producing any sort of Running Dummy??? eeesh.

*" Every time I'm banging a hooker  
I just think to myself  
'Magic Johnson is still alive...'"*

<from page 1> even working around those pesky locals. It almost seemed as if we were channeling that infamous Roman Hog Porcius Maximus who famously wrote, "When pulling out, it is best done at the proper moment, executed quickly, and with none of the load left behind to enrich the enemy."

Deano took the opportunity to be the Kitchen Master, and despite the Great Bacon Debate (crispy, meaty, or burnt) he did a great job making sure it ran well. James, however, found his responsibilities as our new Rookie Master to be uncharacteristically easy to handle. That's the thing about having no Rookies. And need I even say that SMX was in fine form with the crafting of the Purple Death? Shhhhhocker!

I would like to give a hearty congratulations to James for achieving his 5 Year Survival Award. I am pretty damned sure this is the first of many such stars that will adorn Brother James' hat. Oh wait, I think he lost his hat... will adorn his t-shirt!

## BUSINESS & 40<sup>th</sup> TRIP

Most of the annual Business Meeting was spent talking about things that we might like to do at the 40<sup>th</sup> Trip this year. We reiterated that dues for 2013 would hold at \$120, with the possibility that they may go back down. That will be discussed again at the end of this Trip.

We have arranged a few things for the 40<sup>th</sup>. The Ascutney Market will be catering our Saturday night dinner. It will be a big pulled pork spread with all the sides and dessert. I know we were talking about roasting a whole pig, but that turned out to be just too expensive and a whole shit load of work.

Another thing that got a rather serious mention was the Rookie situation for the 40<sup>th</sup>. We know that Hogs typically put a ton of thought into the people they consider for the Trip, but we wanted to set the highest possible standard for this year. Please exercise an inordinate amount of discretion with any Rookie choices this time. Put simply, Rookies really don't deserve to celebrate our past with us.

The other thing that I can think of is we talked about reverting at least one of the Spodies to the original recipe (translation: ingredients). I don't think this will be too difficult. How hard is it to get Budweiser and burgundy? Methinks Spodie Master X is up to the task.

That's pretty much the big stuff from the Trip

proper. Unfortunately I was unable to host a Hogsmas party last year. Sorry. I really like those. And we had much trouble finding a venue for any sort of Winter Mini. But we did have a Spring Mini!

## SPRING MINI

Nine Hogs enjoyed a great Spring Mini, and for the first time ever we had it at our bestest place... Wilgus. And Ranger Eric was confused. See, we snuck the reservation in under Deano's name to avoid freaking him out ahead of time.

While we usually do quite a bit of site improvement at the Group Area, we did none of it this time. With no kitchen and only the small canopy, we survived the beautiful weather with little effort. As a matter of fact, we didn't want to leave at checkout time so we stayed around in the day area for another bunch of hours. It was wicked pissa.

The restaurants of the region, however, are probably pretty sick of the pile of stinky Hogs. Especially the Chinese joint (shit, can't think of the name). You see, we have a Hog who is fresh back from a few months in China... and he put a bunch of effort into getting the hostess (translation: madame) to take us seriously. Evidently a herd of drunken orange pork cannot be taken seriously. Oh well. Unless Nate forgets his Mandarin we'll just try again!

## FAMILY CAMPING AND SHIT I FORGOT

Family Camping is continuing to be a very successful preamble to the Trip. Last year we added a couple of babies to the mix. Should be interesting this time, they're both mobile now and coming again. And it looks like we'll be gathering up even more people and small people (no, Scott, not midgets).

Unlike last year, FC will be completely at Wilgus this time. Being up on the mountain was kinda neat but I, for one, just like setting up the one time! Yeah yeah, I'm such a go-getter.

As usual, Family Camping is pay for what you use. And Dave, please tell Gail that she absolutely must come... because I have no clue how to do the accounting for Family Camping. :-)

As for the shit I forgot... well, I forgot it. So, bring everybody you like to Family Camping and then throw them out so we can celebrate our 40<sup>th</sup>.

And I will surely... **SEE YOU ON THE RIVER!**