



HRCC NEWS

A.K.A "THE LETTER"

ISSUE 09.1 - JUNE 1, 2009

THANK YOU, PLEASE

OK, OK. Let's get something straight right off the paddle here. I have hunks of the '08 Trip that I don't remember. <gasp!> While this may seem to be normal fare for some, it is really unusual for me. Grey areas, yes. Missing areas, no. Under whiskey's loving embrace, I seem to be able to have functional blackouts. I know, I'm goddamned weird. Good weird, though.

The point is, I maybe sorta might have forgotten some really cool stuff that happened. If I have, please lemme know. Just don't wait until there's whiskey. So here goes the replay from my somewhat damaged memory banks...

The last Trip turned out to be rather different in a few respects. I mean besides my blackouts. The first being that we dusted off a couple old-school Hogs and dragged them along for the ride. Paul Ducharme and Dave Sheppard made the journey up from Florida to attend. That made eighteen Hogs and two Rookies. Between them

they have six stars and Paulie's a Senior Exec. Lemme tell ya, it was awesome having these two guys back in the fold. And from what I hear, Dave is planning on making a habit of us again. I certainly hope so.

Unfortunately, that same can't be said for Paulie. He was the first Hog to attend in a wheelchair, but it doesn't look as if he'll attempt it again. Stupid health. It's often heard around the fire that "You'll be pushing me to the Trip in my wheelchair!" And now we have. And we only had to bring him to the hospital once. I want to thank everyone who gave Paulie a hand. He truly appreciates it, and that's exactly how Hogs should treat each other. I can only hope that someHog will push my lame ass to Vermont when the time comes.

The other atypical thing was that we didn't travel down the river to stay on Jarvis Island. <second gasp!> The usual Friday float South to setup the island was foregone for a less stressful float from

2009 TRIP DATES

Family Camping
Fri 8/21 - Wed 8/26

Administrative Day
Wed 8/26

Canoe Trip
Thu 8/27 - Sun 8/30

the covered bridge back to Wilgus. We then stayed at Wilgus. Less stressful, yes. But it became clear that we really enjoy being irresponsible at the island! No big fire. No paintball tourney. No fireworks. No cannonry. No chaingang of strippers dressed up like Milla Jovovich from The Fifth Element. Oh wait, that was something else. My bad.

But if we had an award for "Best Traumatization of a Local" it would have gone to Deano on Friday morning. Deano was "overseeing" the assembly of the flotilla from atop the big metal retaining wall at Cornish Landing. He sauntered to the edge of the platform and found himself directly overlooking this nice lady. She looked up. See, Deano likes to wear a kilt sometimes... the right way, if you know what I mean. She turned away so fast I think I actually heard the whiplash. I can't tell you if she was traumatized or impressed. Priceless.

Bocce, bocce, jungle rules bocce. I only refereed, but man was that friggin' fun! One of the best parts was using Tyszka's tent as an obstacle. Went something like this... Bounce. "Guys, I'm up! I'm up!" Snoring. Bounce. "Guys, I'm up!" Snoring. The tournament was never finished, but you better believe I'm bringing the set again this time.

Due to a communications breakdown (translation: Shh! Don't tell anybody!), the golf tourney ended up



Offering to the Beer God. Captured in this image is a rarely seem glimpse of solemnly offered beers being lifted by the Beer God from the hands of devout worshippers. Or it could have been a round of an upright beer can tossing contest. Either way...

being unofficial. Paul came down off the mountain victorious over Eric in an early Saturday morning round. Hopefully we'll fill a couple more carts this year. You know, so we'll have a greater chance of pissing off pompous course members.

So, how many Hogs does it take to not fix a boat? Well, it takes two to drive it from Florida to New Jersey. Three to drive it from Jersey to Vermont. Another two to four to look at it really funny and poke it with screw drivers. Then throw in a grizzled old floating local for good measure. Voila! At least we got to use it for a little while before it went belly up. I'm starting to think that none of us are very nautical.

Without any pomp and circumstance (just a little Black Betty), the office of Spodie Master was conveyed

off lemme say that I realize that some of you might not have been privvy to this gathering, and I'm sorry. <hanging head in shame> It was rather impromptu and I have not as yet worked out all of the kinks in our notification network. Snail-mail seems like the only reliable way of getting it done, but it's expensive. I would really like to get total email saturation, but I think that's a pipe dream. It will not be this lax in the future. Promise. No, really... stop looking at me like that...

Anyhoo, we had seven Hogs in attendance. And we were almost successful in dropping that number to six on Friday night. See, Joel is really easy to break. A lake crossing contest turned into what is probably the most painful man vs. ice incident I've ever seen. After a stiff shove from Eric, Joel transformed

being the wrong kind of hardwood for a strip joint.

Steve also had a good second outing as Spodie Master. He handled it all with ease, and we were very happy with the outcome. Well, happy when it comes to Spodies is an odd thing. It always seems somehow wrong to be happy about Spodies. You know it's right when your stomach does that little flip-flop thing. You know, right before the puking.

We were saved in the provisions department by the little store up the road. I didn't think it was gonna be open, but it was. The shopkeep even delivered food to us. She wouldn't stay and drink with us <evil grin> but she delivered. She had everything we needed to survive a harsh almost-spring in the woods. And Deano kindly repaid her by laying waste to the bathroom in the store. There just ain't enough Glade spray in the great state of New Hampshire.

The weekend's activities consisted of beer, whiskey, pissing on the ice, beer, upright can tossing contest, whiskey, shooting at shit, beer, beer and whiskey. Whiskey and snow go really well together. Oddly, I remember everything this time. Huh.

Our other passtime I like to fondly call "Meeting the Neighbors". Dave next door offered us anything we might need (short of his fake-boobied wife) and he ended up giving us all of his leftover beer. What exactly is leftover beer anyway? And JC across the street did a great job of entertaining us Saturday night. He cooked us food, gave us beer, and was an all-around good guy. He even let us in the house... with his (not-quite-so-fake-boobied) wife. Yeah, she didn't look nervous at all when JC passed out in the chair. Really, she wasn't shaking or cowering or anything. She was just cold. <nodding enthusiastically>

OTHER NITTY GRITTY (as opposed to gritty kitty, which just hurts):

We were very happy to grant two Survival Awards at the '08 business meeting. Dave Sheppard earned his 10 Trip Star and Tim Tyszka made his 5 Trip Star. Congratulations guys, and may

FAMOUS QUOTE:

"I realized on this Trip that my life is worth living."

-- A Wise Hog. Truer words have never been spoken.

from Deano to Steve Anderson. He performed his new task with all the care and attention it deserves. This was evidenced by the fact that he crafted Spodies that he almost couldn't handle himself, but also an NA Spodie for Paulie that was truly a horror to behold. Crispy little floaty things. <shiver> Said a proud Deano, "It's a special day when student surpasses teacher." That grumbling noise in the background is just Mark.

We did get our Jarvis fix on Sunday when we made the float from Wilgus to the island, then to the Ashland Ferry landing. We put on a breathtaking display of daytime fireworks (wha? where?), and we had a good meal of sandwiches as we watched Scott tackling Rookies and throwing dead fish. I have no idea why he was so fixated on that stinky fish. Any ideas? Anybody?

BABY IT'S COLD OUTSIDE...

On the headwaters of pristine Highland Lake, amidst the snow-kissed hills of Washington, New Hampshire there was a winter mini-trip. Now first-

into what can only be described as a sack of 22 oz. framing hammers. Wham! Little did he know, all that pain and agony that he troopered through for the rest of the weekend was, in fact, a separated shoulder. Gotta hand it to his perseverance... or his numbness.

Joel seems to be starting a pattern with his injuries. And I noticed another, too. We have serious issues with winter fires. Some Hogs will remember Deano having a bitch of a time getting the fire started on our first winter outing in Vermont. Well, we sorta revisited that this time. The stove in the cabin really sucks. And by that I mean sucks big donkey dick. We just couldn't figure out where the heat was. There was definitely fire, just no heat. erg. It took until just about departure time for the place to be warm. Not toasty, mind you... just a marginal sort of warmth.

Speaking of the fire, Steve is really good at getting wood. He and Eric delivered it to me in the parking lot of the strip club. You should have seen the looks we got as we loaded from one truck to the other. Something about it

many more stars grace your hat.

Rookie of the year ended up going to an Executive committee vote because the two Rookies had worked so damned hard. But in the end, John Conway took it for his utter refusal to "fiddle-fuck around". As for other contest awards, Eric continued his multi winning streak with the Fishing trophy and the Chest trophy. Stupidity seemed to be lacking so there was no Running Dummy. However there was a prematurely dribbling John Meagher and his Blown Bladder title. At least he payed up!

Riding proudly atop the Hogs were the new hats. I think everybody likes them. For those who don't have the new lid, all you gotta do is show up and I'll get one in your hands.

More refinements on the meals loadout will happen this year. One of these years we're gonna have a mean, efficient kitchen again... reminiscent of a certain meadow and a Roy. I know it's a lofty goal, but I'm gonna try.

We didn't rent a trailer last time because we had the extra truck up from Florida. Please keep in mind that we are still looking for a cheap trailer in the 5x8 class. I don't know as of yet if we are going to rent the Uhaul this year, but I want to. It makes things so much easier to load out.

The dues this year will remain the same at a hundred bucks. We ended last time in the hole by \$15.50, and we've already spent for this year. I don't forsee any large expenses this time, but you never can tell. Shit Happens, right? We should be in a good financial position this year and it may parlay into something interesting. We'll discuss our options as the Trip gets a bit closer.

And just in case you're wondering... Jarvis Island is most assuredly back in the mix this year. It's nice, on occasion, to have a year off from the move, but it's also really cool to claim all the island territory from shore to shore as our own.

Buuuuu ahh ahh ahh ahh ahhhhhhh!

See you on the river...

Andy

PATIENT ZERO

AP BOSTON - A joint report released today by the CDC, NCIS, CSI and CTU seemingly debunks many widely-held conceptions regarding the origins of the current H1N1 (or "Swine") influenza pandemic that has been spreading rapidly in recent months. An inter-agency taskforce formed by the four government agencies has located whom they believe to be Patient Zero of this latest international outbreak. Surprisingly, he was not located in Mexico.

The revelation comes after weeks of intensive investigation. CDC spokesman Aristoteles Amadopolus said yesterday, "This thing was a fucking bitch to track down. There were just so many lame-ass reports to check out that we were dicking around all over the damned country. Honestly, I'm surprised we actually found him. Needles and haystacks, you know?"

The breakthrough came when agents stumbled across barnyard footage of young Sven Medelvensson visiting his uncle's farm. Upon witnessing young Sven's interactions with the hogs (see image below) it was immediately apparent to the agents that the boy was the crossover point from swine to human.

Researchers believe that Sven subsequently infected his uncle, Giuseppe Pallino. Days later Mr. Pallino passed the virus to between thirteen and twenty-nine exotic dancers during a bachelor party at the Magic Lantern gentleman's club in rural Palmer, Massachusetts. All but seven of the entertainers have been found and treated for that infection and several others.

Doctors say that Sven never exhibited any symptoms, but that Giuseppe required a brief hospitalization. Anti-viral medications were used to knock down the H1N1 virus, which incidentally also cleared up the scumpox in his anus.

The joint taskforce is no longer looking into Sven's comments that his uncle could often be found in the barn "playing funny games" with the hogs. They remain confident that the boy is indeed the actual crossover point.

Authorities continue to recommend that persons with flu-like symptoms or alternative pork-based barnyard habits be tested immediately for H1N1; especially if they've recently been to Palmer and their junk itches.



Probable H1N1 Infection. Image drawn from security footage of young Sven Medelvensson and his uncle's hogs. The boy apparently enjoys the taste of second-hand pig-slop. Sven's uncle claims it tastes far better than any baby food from a jar.

HRCC FAMILY CAMPING

The rebirth of Family Camping, whilst a bit sparsely attended, turned out to be a very worthy endeavor. I had a blast and I think everybody who was there will say the same thing! Seven people and a Cali attended Family Camping at various times during the days leading up to the '08 HRCC Trip.

And might I say that I was duly impressed when Christina rode in on her motorcycle. Very nice...

We did some interesting things, but mostly we stuck to just fishing and hiking around. Some of that was due to people's schedules. This time it looks like more people are planning on staying for the whole time, so we'll be able to do a bunch more of the fun stuff in the area. I think we should try and bring everybody to the Cornish Fair this year. It starts Friday. Pig wrestling, anyone?

At one point the Hogs were jonesing for a float so we made a flotilla and took everybody out on the

river... in the rain... that turned into a thunderstorm fourteen seconds after we shoved off. But we persevered. Dammit, we were gonna make it to that bridge! The local boaters thought we were crazy. Wait, we are crazy. I think Joey and Cali had the most fun.

And did anyone realize how entertaining fart putty could be? Huh. Flatulence in a little plastic tub, just add fingers. I guess the old adage still holds as true as ever...

Fart = Funny.

I think we should let Deano keep his unofficial job as breakfast chef. He did a great job of seasoning everything with a bit of maple syrup and bacon grease. mmmmm... And Shannon learned all about camp-style cleaning. Yep, stuff actually does come clean in cold water!

Eric the Ranger was nice enough to let us take over the Group Area early, and he even gave us credit for our other sites. I'm starting to like

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him more and more. He's proving to be really easy to get along with.

So, as you might have gathered, the plan is to continue Hog River Family Camping this year. I have secured a leanto for Friday and Saturday night, and the Group Area from Sunday straight through the actual Trip. By the time I finally decided to bite the bullet and book the Group Area another group had snagged it for Saturday night. Doh! If all goes well this year, I will book the Group Area for Family Camping at the same time that I book it for the HRCC Trip.

The dates for Family Camping this year are Friday, August 21st through Wednesday, August 26th. You might notice that Wednesday is also scheduled as the HRCC Admin Day. This is still the case but it will also serve as the final full day for any remaining Family Campers.

If you'd like to attend FC this year, the only thing you have to do is make arrangements for Friday and Saturday nights. I have one leanto site that has some room to pitch. At last glance there were still sites and leantos available to fit anybody's needs. Sunday onward is all set for the Group Area. Costs will be divvied accordingly. So gather up all your HRCC-disqualified significant others and haul 'em to Wilgus!

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