apparently if I google "summit NJ crazy lady that lives on Stanley Ave" it brings me right to hashnj.com

Tickets -- what search engine would have you used ? sounded liike you and the Flour Witch has some discussion on this.

-----Original Message-----

From: mark achenbach markachen@yahoo.com [shhh] <shhh@yahoogroups.com>

To: shhh <shhh@yahoogroups.com>

Sent: Thu, May 15, 2014 12:40 pm

Subject: [shhh] Write up - SH3 (1586) SFMH3 (170)

HASH #1586 / FM HASH #170

Hares: Tickets & Splice Girl

Date: May 12, 2014, 7:00 PM

Location: Stanley Park, Summit, NJ

Weather: Present

Theme: "This is going to be obnoxious!"

Pack: Anal, Auto Erotica, Cereal Killer, Comfy Hole, Dogmeat, GI, Great Sex, Greg Hairy Ass, Hand Job / Weiner Reiser, Jersey Asshole, Just Allison, Just Laurie, Just Steve, LSD, Loogie, Lumber Jackoff, Massengil, No Genitals, Pedal File, Pink Pussycat, Platty Pussy, Pussy Destroyer, Rear End Wrangler, Screams for Cock, Semper Feline, Seoul Brudda, Suck Em Up, Twat, Whore Shack

On-in only: S'assy L'assy, Son of Seoul

At the scheduled time, the above Hashers assembled at the designated place. It was a leisurely gathering, with folks sipping the Hare's world-renowned 'trunk bear', rubbing down with LSD's self-prepared repellants, and reminiscing about the "flour witch" who by now must be deceased, perhaps crushed by an avalanche of soup cans in her living room.

As the gettin'-goin' time approached, Tickets excused himself to prepare for chalk talk, announcing "this if going to be the most obnoxious chalk talk - ever!!!" His glee was palpable.

A 30-yard stroll from the picnic table to the parking lot revealed 20-lbs of flour, spread over a 20 by 30 foot area, with every conceivable mark. This trail would feature:

Checks, Marks, Arrows, Dick Checks, Tit Checks, Hairy Butthole Checks, Falses, View Checks, Beer Nears, Eagles, Chickens, and Super Checks.

As if the enormity of the chalk talk markings, and the confused rambling of Tickets wasn't enough, No Gen took it upon herself to interrupt throughout, in that boisterous, neighboring drunk man at baseball game shouting in your ear attempting to get the attention of the beer man 3 sections away, manner that she utilizes pretty much in all situations. The interruptions only added to the packs confusion and discontent. The only option was to flee the chalk talk and find some trail.

Trail marks were spaced, well, inconsistently. At times, there were 12 marks within 30 feet. Other time, you could go 1/4 mile before finding any indication that you were 'on'. But perhaps, the Hares were evil geniuses, as this marking cadence resulting in the vast majority of the pack staying mostly together. One outlier was Massengil, who appears to have started an new kennel, WTFIMH3. The Where The Fuck Is Massengil Hash House Harriers first trail wound all around Stanley Park, sticking to the streets, and never intersecting with its neighbors of the SH3 or SFMH3. They enjoyed a pack of 1.

Trail itself was quite lovely. River crossings, beds of poison ivy, a often-enough traversed hiking trail that allowed for some running. Quite good, actually. Eventually, the packed arrived at the Beer Check, in the shadow of a power line pylon. Next to a bed of poison ivy.

Near the end of the Beer Check, Tickets announced that In Trail was simply the Out Trail in reverse. You obnoxious m-fer! Actually it was fine. Particularly for those the hooked up with a local (Platty, Seoul, et al), who knew a paved return route that was maybe a mile, and featured activated sprinklers for rising.

Circle was commenced by SEU in the shadows created by Jersey's Birch Log.

Hares - Splice, Tickets

Non-Runner -

Visitor - Greg Hairy Ass

Bday/Anniversay - CK (Marriage)

DFL - Auto

FM Virgin - Just Laurie

As Splice was being brought to drink for something, the Chatham police arrived... apparently, the Flour Witch lives. And called the cops. Circle Interuptis. On-on to the Office - good night ladies!

"'WHAT'S THAT YOU'VE GOT ON YOUR HEAD?'

SAID THE WITCH."

THERE was a woman who lived near Cheadle, who went to the mill one day to get a bag of flour for baking, and as she came back she met an old witch. "Good day," said the witch. "Good day," said the woman again. "What's that you've got on your head?" said the witch. "It's flour I'm taking home for my baking," said the woman. "It isn't flour, it's manure," said the witch. "It's sound flour!" said the woman; "I've fetched it straight from the mill, and I'm going to bake with it as soon as ever I get home." "It's nothing at all but a bag of manure," said the witch, and off she went.

Now the woman knew very well that it was flour she had in her bag, but this made her feel so uncomfortable, that as soon as the witch was out of sight, she put down the bag off her head and opened it and looked in. And there, sure enough, it was not flour at all, nothing but manure! Well she thought, as she had carried it so far, she might as well carry it all the way, so she took it up again, and went home and set it down by the pig-sty. In the evening her husband came home.

"Whatever have you put that bag of flour down by the pig-sty for?" he said, as soon as he came into the house. "Oh," said she, "that's not flour, that's only a bag of manure." "Nonsense!" said he, "what are you talking of? I tell you it's flour. Why, it's sheeding [spilling] all over the place!" So they went to look, and there actually it was flour again the same as at first; and they took it into the house, and very glad the woman was to get it back. And that was the only thing the witch was ever known to turn [transform] back again. She turnee a many things but never a one ack again but that.