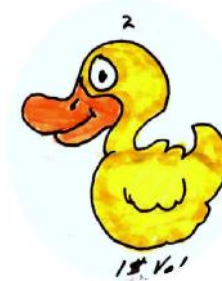


GROPER

Groper Bill Goelzer was a truly dedicated and beloved hasher of world renowned fame. He especially loved the people of the Puget Sound Hash House Harriers and supported all its traditions. Groper assisted Wrong Way John Moe in establishing the PSHHH. He and John were from the Tehran Hash House Harriers and with the help of Cripple John Witsoe, Rottenkok Jerry Kottenbrock, Congo Bye Hall and four others started the PSHHH at a Bellevue site. He was always interested in his fellow hashers. He inspected my progress in building Eagle's Nest at every piss-up. He gave me a metal smoke hood for the fire pit of the Gazebo. It looked like a space shuttle launch vehicle in my yard for many years. He liked laying runs around South Hill and always had the beer check in the hardest to get to point around the hill, usually down in the bowels of the creeks and valleys, amongst the logs, mud and brush. His favorite Lucky Duck runs were always looked forward to each year. Finding the little yellow rubber duck was a real fun adventure for most of us. I think Thumper found it the most frequently. The Lucky Duck XXIII Run also showed us all what it means to have a supporting and mostly understanding lady behind you. Shirley invited us into her house, yard, and hot tub, fed us, and gave us a great venue to remember one of our own.

One of my finest memories of Groper was the look on his face when we ALL held up plastic bagged copies of the color printed Lucky Duck certificates and demanded our promised dollar refund.



He loved to put decals on bimbo hasher's inner thighs with his wet hoppy tongue. They always giggled and from what I saw they never expressed any feeling of sexual discontent or harassment. It should be noted that he went home to his room alone every night while at the Interhash.

He was a very resourceful handyman as shown by his arc welding of the Centurion Medal to the side of his Faithful Hound Mug and the long urinal trough in the back of his yard shed. His potato gun never failed to amaze. Finding sheets of cardboard he initiated a crowd of hashers sliding down the wet hill grass on a rainy afternoon Interhash piss-up event in Philadelphia on the King's Ranch near Valley Forge. He injured and reinjured his shoulder. While recovering from a staph infection evidently encountered during the efforts to fix his latest injury, he suffered a final heart attack in the hospital. I last saw him at my birthday run 16 April. He seemed very healthy and cheerful. Others saw him at the Cinco de Mayo run. It was really unexpected by us all. Most of us will be attending his services tomorrow afternoon.

NOTES FROM SHIRLEY: HOLY COW - I'M FINDING MORE BOXES OF SHIRTS. AND STUFF. HELLO, ALL, I GOT A BUNCH OF STURDY BOXES AT THE POOL PLACE TODAY. LET ME KNOW, AND THEN I'LL SPREAD STUFF OUT SO YOU ALL CAN SEE IT AND SORT IT YOURSELVES. THANKS FOR THE HELP. HELLO, ALL, I'VE TRIED TO SORT THROUGH SOME THINGS, BUT IT'S A BIT OVERWHELMING JUST YET. HE HAD A LOT OF STUFF - EVEN HIS ENGRAVED MUG FROM INTERHASH '78 IN HONG KONG. I REMEMBER JOANN MOE HOLDING HER HANDS OVER HER KIDS' EARS, BEER DRIPPING OFF THE CEILINGS OF THE CHARTERED HK FERRIES, AND A HASHER PLAYING A HARMONICA OUT OF HIS BARE BUM, PLUS A LOT MORE. I WILL CERTAINLY DONATE GROPER'S STUFF TO THE HASH GROUPS WHEN I'M READY. GROPER WOULD HAVE WANTED ME TO GIVE THINGS AWAY. ALSO, YOU WANT TO HAVE FUN IN WINTER PARK - NOT HAUL BOXES OF STUFF AROUND. HOPE YOU WILL HAVE HAD A GREAT WEEKEND. HELLO, HALF'AST EDDIE, WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN ANY OF BILL'S OLD HASH BOOKS? THEY GO BACK TO 1975! JUST THOUGHT I'D ASK. CHEERS, SHIRLEY

When he passed to the Grand Hasher all his hash shirts and paraphernalia were retrieved from last minute Goodwill demise. The treasures were later presented at the Winter Park Interhash. Everyone there had nothing but good words for him and they all wanted to have a share of his stuff to take home with them.

He was always helping his friends. His church received a lot of support even though they claimed ignorance of his hashing ways. Once while entertaining the local news reporter with his hashing buddies he actually made the Tacoma Tribune to the surprise of his pew mates. What does Groper mean, Bill?

He liked to take pictures and have pictures taken with the bimbos. To his wife's dismay she was once told not to ever get film developed again at Kmart! He even once led a bunch of us nude around the stage in a raucous line dance across the stage at the Interhash. So funny but oh so Groper like. And who could ever forget Groper pounding his arms together like a seal to get a beer tossed to him. Catching it with his forehead was so unexpected and hilarious. It is frequently acted out at many of our circles.

We miss him a lot at the PSHHH. The many stories I can remember here have hardly touched upon on their numbers, but I hope they show spirit and love of Groper as we all knew him. We are all looking forward to seeing you again on a heavenly hash run with the Grand Hasher of the PSHHH.

From the Fifteen Year book titled "The History of the Puget Sound Hash House Harriers"

Profile of a Hasher:

Bill GROPER Goelzer

Bill GROPER Goelzer is one of the founding members. It cannot be told how he earned his hash name, but the guy has hands that put pick pockets to shame and brings mothers to tears.

Groper is like the old bull on the hill! He wants to run all the runs PSHHH, the other Puget Sound region hashes, Interhash, Americas Hash, etc. and his secret used to be "if you stay out front long enough you're bound to get back to the beer first." Now its "lay back in the pack, short cut the run, get back first, drink the beer, steal a good set of car keys, bring a new footprint and visit the guy's wife while he's enjoying his first hashing experience."

Caution New Footprints: This guy is crafty, quick and bears watching. If he did half the things to women he claims he would have to be double jointed, and have a back-up liver.



Bill is a Boeing type who has travelled extensively, lived in foreign countries, has kids, and is married to one of the best piss-up cooks in the Puget Sound region. His hobby of wine making has kept the hash above the run of the mill wino fare for many a run.

A few data and remarks collected by the Historian:

Sponsored by Wrong Way Moe, last run #758, hashed in 397 runs, hared 47 runs, sponsored 23 New Foot Prints

Dandy Dick: What can you say about Groper that has not already been said. True friend, buddy and always ready to lead you down a bad trail. Groper has taken the trail that we must all follow at some time. We try to delay it, but it is going to happen regardless of what we do. Delay it for as long as possible to have more time with "significant other", kids, grand kids, etc. All we can hope for is that there will be a big bunch of fellow Hashers there to help yell the way to the end and the beer which awaits. Will miss him.

Dim Sum: What the hell! One day, I run with him catching up on life and his traditional jokes and a few weeks later, I turn around and he is just gone, I mean GONE! Got the following latest details from Where's: As of now, the funeral is this Thursday. I am currently in Italy and won't be there on Thursday for the funeral or any hash related events you might plan, but Yes, I will definitely be there in spirit with all of you, wankers! We gonna miss you Groper! You lucky duck with your potato gun and recycled jokes! On On to above and beyond

DJO: On-ON Groper. Your place in the circle will always be there.