

Jerry “ROTTENKOK” Kottenbrock

PSHHH Run #1 - Run #902

10 June 1935 - 2 August 2014

Words from the PSHHH Hashers:

Half Ast Eddie: Jerry was a very friendly, happy hasher. I never heard him say anything that was negative towards the hash or hashers. We laid many runs together with him getting the beer for many and then supporting me by laying most of the back checks. He especially loved laying the downhill parts through some of the worst shiggy and over the steepest hills in Kent. He was always in a talk mode with the hashers. He knew their jobs, their family history and what was important in their lives. He truly cared about others. He lived for his wife and kids and especially doted on his grand kids. Every day he saw them taking them to school, their events, and was always with his wife buying them their needs. They must not have liked black socks because about twice a year he would dump a pack of six on me to wear.

Rottenkok (#4) ran the first run of the PSHHH with Wrong Way John Moe (#1), Groper Bill Goelzer (#2) and Cripple John Witsoe (#3). He attended Run # 901, and was at the Happy Hour with us the following Thursday at the Dog and Pony, my last sight of him. He went with FC and A\$\$ma to the Spokane Bare Buns Run where they were joined by Bunny Phu Phu and had a great time there. He was a hasher of the most adventurous kind and attended many of the hash camp outs! He attended 622 PSHHH Runs and hared 46 PSHHH Runs. He was Joint Grand Master, Religious Advisor, and generally OUR OLD GUY!

I picked him up for a lot of runs and he left his car at Eagle’s Nest for a lot of runs. His wife always greeted me with a smile and outgoing howdy Eddie. I will now have to use a GPS or a detailed map to find a run start. He knew the area so well. We hardly ever went the way of the run flyer. He always knew how to miss the traffic. He visited Eagle’s Nest many times outside of hash days, usually bringing a six pack, where we downed a few and we explored the estate and the area around talking hash, golf, kids, his time in the Marines and yard work. We also talked politics and stories about hashers. He was forever finding fault with my Boeing Engineering and Naval Officer background. Like all techs and chiefs he loved trying to rub it in the best he could.

When I started hashing he was not drinking beer. His down-downs were a COKE. An awful punishment! Try it someday yourself. Fortunately over the years he was weaned by us back to the golden fluids. Like me he was not a snob about the type of beer. Our favorite beer was the NEXT ONE and our preferred brand was “FREE”. He was a renowned runner, having completed many marathons up till his sixties and did many organized runs. Hashers tell me he used to train other runners also. When he started to slow down he was walking the trail to the Beer Check. How he found some of them always amazed us.

His most famous memorable happenings were his run in with the Bird Lady of Fort Dent and getting twice banned from the raunchiest bar in Georgetown and acting as a traffic director in busy intersections of Seattle. Squawking his bicycle clown horn at the birds and reaching out to a bar maid to save himself from a fall were totally unplanned t left us all n good cheer. To all of us it was incredulously unfair for him to be accused of anything malicious but we always agreed when down-downs were awarded for his crimes. He loved talking hash to the civilians we met while laying runs, even the red necks who threatened us, the cops who questioned our motives, and the neighbors who wanted to know why we were marking their houses with white powder.

He loved getting in the circle and saying his piece. Many times we kidded him most about his extreme age compared to the rest of us. The standard question was “What was it like back when he invented dirt?” He always greeted the bimbos, who ignorantly and nervously showed up at our All Male run, with true respect and a sincere welcome. Unlike the lecherous old guys or the peacock young guys who usually surrounded these wayward ladies.

I am really missing him and will always treasure the good times we shared with the PSHHH.

Anal Intruder II: I know Rottenkok was in the Marine Corps back when dinosaurs walked the earth, but I always identified with him as a fellow Marine, greeting him at each run with a "Semper Fi, Jarhead!" We were generations apart in the Corps. Me with the Corps that lives with high tech jets, and Jerry with the Corps that was all about a rifle. Still, always a bond between brother Marines. And always runners, always. We all have lives beyond the Corps, but the Corps always stays with us. So to that, I'd like to offer the following to our departed brother and fellow Marine:

You can keep your Army Khaki,
You can keep your Navy Blue.
I have the world's best fighting man,
To introduce to you.

His Uniform is different,
The best you've ever seen.
The Germans call him "Devil Dog,"
His real name is "Marine."

He was born on Parris Island,
The place where God Forgot.
The sand is eighteen inches deep,
The sun is blazing hot.

He gets up every morning,
Before the rising sun.
He'll run a hundred miles and more,
Before the day is done.

He's deadly with a rifle,
A bayonet made of steel.
He took the warrior's calling card,
He's mastered how to kill.

And when he gets to Heaven
St. Peter he will tell,
One more Marine reporting sir,
I've served my time in Hell.

So listen all you young girls,
To what I have to say:
Go find yourself a young Marine,
To love you every day.

He'll hug you and he'll kiss you,
And treat you like a queen.
There is no better fighting man:
THE UNITED STATES MARINE!

Semper Fi,

Anal Intruder, USMC

Short Cummings: I was pretty shocked. I knew him from the runs only but what a great guy. It was so sudden, sadly.

Dick In A Box: The news brought tears to many of our eyes and I am so glad we were able to share stories and memories with ASSma and FC, who made the trek to run trail with us and to bring us the sad news.

Buffalo Hunter: He will be missed. Life is precious. Enjoy every day.

Fish: I'm glad that I saw Rottenkok for the 900th Run; we will miss you!

DJO: Wherever Rottenkok is, let's hope there is no Stout, Bird-Watching women in Comfortable Shoes, with a hatred of clown-horns and a mean right hook. On-ON Rottenkok. You are Gone but not Forgotten.

Gallopín': Before the start of yesterday's run, F.C. delivered the sad news that our good friend Jerry "Rottonkok" Kottenbrock passed away suddenly last Saturday of an apparent heart attack. There was no information on any funeral arrangements. Rottonkok ran the inaugural run of the Puget Sound Hash back in 1981 and remained active until his passing. He will certainly be missed. On-On Rottonkok, your place in the circle will always be there.

Dim Sum: And what about the two balls he likes to have dangling above his hair. Definitely will miss him.

Shit Head: Wonder what his wife will do with the little horn?

Uncle Fukka: ON ON Rottonkok, on true trail with no pants on.

FC: I ran ("hashed" that is) with Jerry for 31 years. A flood of memories has washed over me during the past week. On Monday July 28th; Jerry, Roger, & I returned to Renton from a long weekend in NE Washington. We enjoyed the hot sunshine, cold beers, & forested mountain trails. I shook Jerry's hand, then he headed for home. Five days later, he headed to his first home and is now "On-On" forever on trail! We miss you Jerry - save some frosty ones for us!!

Josh "DiaB" Johnson: I'm eager to attend Jerry's service on Friday and will, no doubt, be amazed by the number of amazing people that were a part of his life. "On-on" to Jerry, may he forever run amok like the child-at-heart he was!

- **Mrs. One Bun:** It was always nice to see Jerry drive up to the house for a visit. We are so sad we won't have those visits and fun conversations anymore. We will always miss Jerry. Thoughts and Prayers are with Jerry's family.

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Loan Shark: Jerry & Harpo - I am unsure of the date. I am sure of the location.

This incident occurred soon after I had started to hash with the Puget Sound HHH. It was a Saturday morning run. We were in the vicinity of St Mark's and Volunteer Park. I came up a flight of stairs and rounded a corner to a three-way stop. There was Rottonkok with that bike horn he carried. He honked at me, to warn me of the blind corner and the possibility of cars. At that moment several cars pulled to the intersection. In the best tradition of Harpo Marx, Rottonkok directed traffic, using only hand signals and his bike horn. To my amazement all of the drivers followed his directions. More cars came to the intersection, and he continued this amazing mime.

- He looked at me several times, and never said a word to me. What I remember most of that incident is the same thing I remember most of Rottonkok; it is his smile. His smile had this notion of pure joy, with a touch of mischief. As if to say, "ain't this great"
- To me, Jerry always epitomized the essence of the pure joy of running and hashing. I will never forget him and his smile.

Marlatt Funeral Home Obituary:

Jerry Simon Kottenbrock was born on June 10th, 1935 in North Dakota. He passed away peacefully on Aug. 2nd, 2014, at his home in Kent WA. Jerry was a loving and devoted husband and father, a grandfather, great grandfather and father in-law, a brother, an uncle and a great friend to all who got to know him. Jerry grew up in Seattle, graduated from Franklin H.S., served in the Marine Corps and enjoyed his retirement after a 47 year career as an employee at Boeing. He was a wonderful family man, an ardent Husky fan, and a great cheerleader at his grandkids' sporting events. In early years, he ran several marathons and stayed busy keeping fit. He was a devoted Dawgfan, and loved going to football games both at home and away. He enjoyed fraternizing and socializing with his men's running group, and spent countless hours with family and friends playing golf. His kind heart, willingness to chat, share a few laughs or good times, were just a few of the things we will always remember. Jerry will be greatly missed by all who knew him, but we know he is watching us from Heaven. Rest in peace Papa - we will always love you.

Please feel free to wear Husky football attire to our memorial service for Jerry, or you can dress casually and comfortably. Jerry would like it to be simple and joyful.

