

X		X		X		X		X
X		X		X		X		X
X		X		X		X		X
X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
X		X		X		X		X
X		X		X		X		X
X		X		X		X		X

Name: North Yukon Hash Run

Number: 351

Hares: Mark Feighner, Paul Cunningham

Attendees: 24

Location: Myers Park, Cypress Creek

On-On-On: Cliffs

Well, it's appropriate somehow that the Houston Hash House is, like the State of Texas, entering a new era with our 351st run. As we enter our Tetrasesquicentennial, the Hash Tradition, like the State of Texas, flourishes (even if we did lack the presence of Gov. White, or Mayor Whitemire, or LeRoy Brown.....or anybody of any importance).

The start of the run was uneventful. Apparently somebody raised the question just before the start if perhaps we shouldn't wait a little bit longer in case some people forgot to turn their clocks back. Greg Propps was heard to reply that we were all adults, and that he didn't believe that was necessary. Shortly after the run began, Pete Smith and Rick Masterson showed up late because they had forgotten to set their clocks back.

The trail markings were characterized by generous daubs of flour. Obviously, the hares do not subscribe to the John Gammil school of flour marks the size of Khaddafi's balls, which as most physicists know, is the smallest measurable particle in the universe, somewhat smaller than a quark or other such sub-atomic particles. The trail itself was a fast one, meandering through suburbia and backwoods, with a blessed water check coming after just 35 minutes. At one point, the Run crossed a bridge where a woman was busy throwing all of her children off the bridge into the Bayou. Several Hashers were heard to say that it never pays to interfere in another family's affairs, and with a hearty "On-On", we continued. Somebody complained of a dearth of false trails, but then, somebody's always bitching about something. What made this notable was that it was not Bill January.

Bill January, by the way, broke his foot over the weekend. He claims he was not drunk, he claims he was not grabbing ass, that he just fell. Not uncoincidentally, January was the Hashit for the week. Is the Hashit bad luck? The normally eloquent January was at a loss for words at the On-On, probably because he was too busy sucking the beer down like there was no tomorrow. Rumor has it that he was attempting to enhance the affect of the Percodan he had managed to con out of his doctor. Bill made a good case for his need for this powerful drug by telling his doctor, and I'm quoting now, that his "foot hurt". Way to go, Bill.

Sylvia claims to have seen tons of rabbits, but we shall have to take her word for this since: a) nobody else saw any rabbits, because b) every time she would see one she would shriek RABBIT and scare it away. Seeing rabbits on a Hash Run is supposedly good luck, so thank you Sylvia, for fucking it up for everybody else.....

This run marked the reappearance of Andrew and Nikki after an absence of several weeks. Somebody remarked that the Hash Hymning had languished a bit in their absence. However, The Hashers more than compensated for this by telling numerous tasteless jokes about Aussies and Scotch people. Now that they are back, we may feel a bit inhibited about telling those jokes in the future.....Naaaaaaahhh.

The On-On was a resounding success (not a difficult feat since the only pre-requisite for a successful On-On is cold beer). Co-Hares Mark and Paul had managed the whole affair with machine-like precision, except that they forgot to arrange an On-On-On. Down-Downs next week for that one guys, or crab-walk all the way through Montrose. The choice is yours. New Boot Tim was introduced to the group, and to the Hash Custom of down-downs. Janet, (his own sister) introduced him to the Hash and was forced to down-down with him to keep him company. That will teach you, Janet. Oh, the Down-down was a tie.

Rick Masterson and Melissa Wilson were awarded the co-hashit because they came in about a quickie behind the rest of the group. If either of them comes down with Pinky Winky, I guess we can assume that the Hashit is, in fact, bad luck. While we were all convinced there was some reasonable explanation for their tardiness, that did not prevent us from exercising some coarse humor at their expense. At last report, they were debating whether to both wear the Hashit simultaneously for the entire week, whether they should simply swap it back and forth, or if, perhaps, they should cut it apart and wear three turds each.

This was the last of the Sunday runs for a while. Greg Propps has an empty calendar for Hares, so sign up soon for your Monday run.

Also, per Poison Propps, Hash Erections are coming up May 21st. So, for those of you with a longing for Pubic Office, start your campaigns early.