

May 27, 1986
Run Number 357

Official Hare: Jack Bridges
Support Hare: Greg Propps

Hash Quiz:

The 357th running of the HHHH was ?

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| a) Frustrating for Greg Propps. | c) Frustrating for Greg Propps. |
| b) Frustrating for Greg Propps. | d) All of the above. |

The answer is d. Monday afternoon, Greg went out and laid the trail. The rain washed it all away. Later that same afternoon, Greg laid the trail again. The rain washed it all away. About two hours before the run, Jack Bridges and I found him on Memorial Drive chasing cars and terrorizing pedestrians. We calmed him down and asked him to give it one more try. Keep in mind that Poison was in a surly mood. Now I think you Hashers understand why those checks were such a bitch, and why he ran you through some neighborhoods where being a honky (or gringo as the case may be) was a distinct cultural disadvantage. He had to take his frustrations out on somebody. Thankfully, Ralph was there to interpret for us (street people don't speak Hash), and for good measure, we had a huge ugly black dog with us (no I am not referring to Grace Jones).

The run was fairly eventful. In true Hash tradition, everybody screwed up at the very first check, ran blocks past the trail and then stumbled back onto it shortly thereafter, never knowing they had lost the trail in the first place. Geek set a personal and Hash record for most miles run following false trails (no, the Guinness Book of World Records does not recognize this event). The second check was named Propp's Revenge, and appropriately so, since everybody missed it totally. John Gammil, that leader of men, distinguished himself and earned the Hashit for the events that followed.

First, he led everybody down the railroad tracks for a half mile, overrunning the False trail mark by about 500 yards. The group returned and then spent the next 20 minutes following false trails. As the sun started to set on our weary group, I gave Gammil a clue as to the correct route. He proceeded to run down that trail and did not bother to let anyone else know. For these misdeeds, and for performance below and beyond the call of duty, John Gammil was awarded Hashit of the week. The last stretch of the run was through the aforementioned combat zone. As the skies and the neighborhoods grew increasingly dark, we pressed on to the conclusion. At one point, a local resident asked "Is you fokes los' or sumpfin" ? To which one of our group was heard to reply, "of course we're lost, do you think we'd come to this neighborhood on purpose" ? (or words to that effect).

The On-On was in a dingy mosquito-infested swamp of a park where the cheap beer flowed (some of it into people's mouths). Bill January earned a round of raspberries (not to mention consideration for Hashit next week) for bringing cattle feed disguised as nacho chips, and for not bringing any dip. Janet showed everybody the bruise on her derriere, which of course brought out the worst in all the Hash males. She did not help matters any by making it move up and down by contracting her gluteus maximus.

Several Hashers attended the Little Rock Hash and ran four days in a row. A good time was had by all. Attendees included Geek, Sylvia, John and Ralph. Unreliable reports will have you believe that Little Rock has hills.....and people.....and buildings. It was reported that Smegma's new Hash name is Pussy Tosser. One of these days John is going to figure out what you're really supposed to do with it. Won't he be surprised.

Charlie wants you all to be aware of a Hash extravaganza in Chicago the weekend of June 7th, including a 72 course meal. Details to follow, but keep this in mind. First, Charlie is a pilot and has promised to get free airline tickets for everybody who wants to go. The only catch is that he has to adopt you between now and then. As a pilot, Chas does not inspire confidence. He related to me at the On-On that when he was in training to be a pilot, he was informed by his instructors that pilots were expected to abstain from alcohol for eight hours before a flight. Chas raised his hand and asked if that rule extended to recreational drugs as well. I swear to you that this is the truth.

New Boots from two weeks ago: Sabin Portillo, Gary Beckman, Chris Steinke, and Lynn Loveland. Finally, there was a new boot, but I neglected to get his name. I feel like pond scum. Fortunately, Janet Henry called me and told me he is Tom Ledbetter. It should be noted that he did a passable down-down only to reveal that he is normally a wine-drinker. I apprised him of the fact that that was information he was better off not sharing with anybody. ON-ON.

WHP