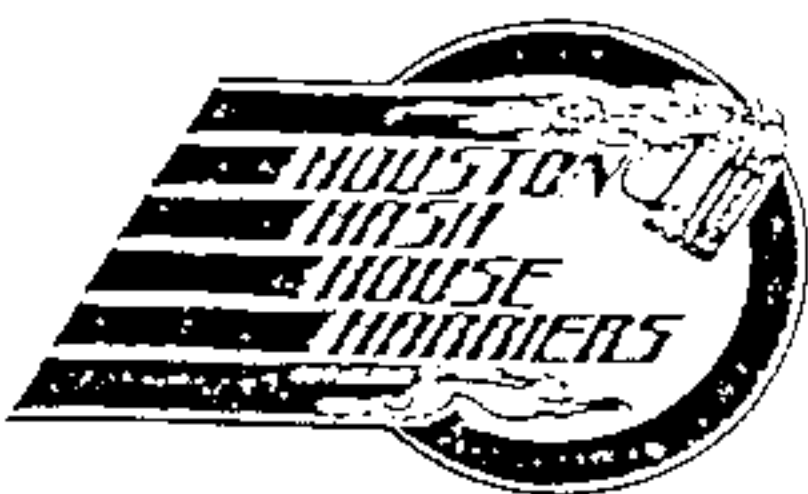


The Houston Hash House Harriers



GRAND MASTERS: KIT MOGNETT
JOINT MASTERS: PETE GERNERT
JACK BRIDGE
BILL JANUARY
ON SEC: JANET HENRY
HASH CASH: SYLVIA SPANIEL
RELIGIOUS ADVISOR: STEVE GARDNER

RUNNING AROUND HOUSTON SINCE 1979
RUNNING AROUND THE WORLD SINCE 1938

FOR MONDAY RUN LOCATION CALL 861-0419



Grand Masters Ultimate Short-cut Run

Run number: 366

Hares: Pete Gernert (Himalaya)
Kit Mognett (Great Kahuna)

Date: 7-28-86

Location: Memorial/Eldridge

Guest On-sec: Pete "Will He Peter" Smith

Well, it's not every day that the Hash trail is laid by two of the hoary old men of Hash yesteryear, but this past run was. (My English teacher told me it was bad form to end a sentence with a passive verb, but then, he was a fag). Anyway, these two heavyweights combined their wisdom, knowledge, and considerable bulk to bring forth the "Grand Masters Ultimate Short-cut Run."

It was billed, and rightfully so, as a high-sock run. That reminds me of something: Why is it that every time we have a high socker, Gregg Propps wears no socks? (Gregg explained that it is in the best Hash tradition to exercise and enjoy yourself at the same time, and I couldn't argue with that). Jack Bridges got up and gave instructions on the run, and you could barely see Big Pete's lips move as Jack talked. Then Big Pete got up, told everybody to ignore what Jack had just said and explained the entire run in nineteen words. I believe his exact words were, "Very simple, follow flour. No flour, no trail. See X, look for flour. Run out of flour, drink beer." This brevity was much appreciated since we had many new boots, and several of them spoke little or no English.

Our ranks were swollen by 13 new boots. They all looked like normal people, but as a group have the strangest assortment of names I have ever seen:

Randy Protti
Stan Timmer
Debra Fields
Darryl Montgomery
Orlando Lobo

Mike Vee
Roger Boke
Karl Wolf
Wayne Barta

Becky Vogt
Bill Vogt (no relation)
John Erb
Jane Roehrig

I mean, it sounds as if they all changed their names at the immigration office to improve their chances of getting into the country.

cont.

Big Pete offered a huge hint about the run. "All you tail-enders who don't want to do the entire run, see me at the water check." Now, what does that indicate to you? Right. That the actual end of the run is near the water check. Do you think the significance of this would be lost on your average hound? You're damn right. Nobody heeded his words, even the sharp legal mind of Bill January overlooked this important clue. Of course, Bill was too busy passing out his business cards to the new boots to pay serious attention to the instructions.

The run itself covered a variety of terrain, running through hill and dale, field and stream, heat and humidity, fire and water, flora and fauna, brambles and bushes, you get the idea. The water check consisted of two small bottles of tap water, thoughtfully warmed to room temperature (more than adequate considering that we had about 60 runners and it was 100 degrees outside). I know I appreciated my ounce. Norma Jean assumed that anything doled out in such small quantities must be a controlled substance of some kind and was seen trying to snort her's. Way to go Norma Jean.

However, I'm sure that there was method to the Hares' madness since the On-Home was at a huge pool connected to an apartment complex. The cold beer and pool were much more appreciated since we hadn't indulged in any life-sustaining fluids up to that time. The New Boots did their Down-Downs, and this reporter has it on good authority that one of them did it with a cup of water. I know, I know, I share your outrage and resentment over the flaunting of sacred traditions. But this neophyte had an excuse. Are you ready for this? She claimed she was "allergic to alcohol" (That's Yuppiespeak for "I'm a cheap drunk"). But we won't mention any names, will we DEBRA FIELDS?

Sharon Wagner reports that a number of Hashers in our group of foreign origin (e.g.-Nicki) were overheard using terms like "bunches" (pigtails) and "cooler" (going for a swim). Hey listen y'all, if you're fixin' to live here you have to speak English.

The On-On-On was at a restaraunt that shall remain nameless because I drank too much beer (and chlorinated water) at poolside and can't remember. It was reported that a good time was had by all, and I guess I'll take your word for that.

Andrew and Nicky would like it to be known that the following items were in a paper bag at Leo's run two weeks ago, and please keep your eyes peeled for them (in other words, which of you depraved bastards stole this stuff?):

- Two large towels. One orange one, one brown one (and one with a bit of down on, and the hairs of her Nicki.....never mind).
- Two bathing suits. One bikini, one men's suit.

For those of you who want a T-shirt for the 369th run, please place your order with Jack Bridges ASAP. Eight bucks each. If you want to have a good laugh at Jack's expense, make your check payable to "The Duke of Earl".

On-On.

WHP