

# The Houston Hash House Harriers



GRAND MASTERS: KIT MCGNETT  
PETE GERNERT  
JOINT MASTERS: 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 867-0419

## Hash Elves Major Mischief Run

Run Number 376, (HHH # 62)  
Hares: Leo McAuley (Peter Built)  
Jeff Wallace ( )

10-6-86  
Location: 149/Grant  
World Famous Gerland  
Supermarket Parking Lot

Guest On-Sec: Will He Peter

This run, to my knowledge, did not have a name. What will we call it? Casting about for inspiration, I thought about the personalities of the hares, and the way they looked as they came smirking out of the woods Sunday afternoon, and the type of run it turned out to be, and it hit me: We are in for some Major Mischief. Any run involving Jeff Wallace is bound to be mischievous. Any thing involving Leo McAuley is bound to be mischievous. Who in the world ever allowed those two to be Co-hares? Then I remembered that Bill January and Jack Bridge are our Joint Masters, and that answered that question.

Jeff had revealed the day before that they he and Leo had already used twenty pounds of flour and were only half done. That was my other clue that we were in trouble. That much flour can only mean one thing: Checks. Back Checks. False Trails. Lots of 'em. But after the Hares emerged from the woods Sunday afternoon just before the start of the run, we discovered what they had done with all that flour. They were wearing it. Flour from head to toe. Looking like refugees from the Keebler Cookie Tree. Oh Well, boys will be boys.

Leo delivered instructions in something resembling English from the back of the pickup, and the pack was off in hot pursuit of whatever flour had accidentally managed to hit the ground. We started down a side street, but this was not to last for long. We soon plunged into underbrush, bayous, major thoroughfares, feeder roads, swamps, alleys and private property. Early on we encountered a dead skunk covered with flour. Nice touch, guys. Rumor has it that a farmer tried to arrest Bricknose for trespassing. Way to go, Brick. In Colorado he stampeded cattle. Now he's trampling crops.

At times the vegetation was so dense it felt like we were on "Mutual of Omahas Wild Kingdom". You could almost hear Marlin Perkins in the background lisping (from the comfort of his easy chair), "Here our intrepid exthplorers are attempting to negotiate a sthream chock full of water moccathins. The thurrounding woodths are infethted with rabid monkeyths and other dangerouth fauna." Up yours, Marlin. I'll give you dangerous fauna, you old sissy.

Most of us embarked on a huge false trail directly after the water check, where Choo-Choo had an opportunity to do his Rambo gig, wallowing around in the bayou, pursuing a trail that did not exist. The cry of "Bob Wor, Bob Wor" was heard most of the day (Why do Texans talk that way?), as we encountered that particular obstacle on four occasions. At one point we fjorded a stream via a slippery log. Only Mark Janzer fell into the "sthream chock full of water moccathins". It is worth noting that nobody lifted a finger to help him.

After 12 miles or so we straggled, gratefully, into Jeff's back yard for a dip in the pool (nobody took their shoes off), beer (of course), and some excellent Mexican Food. Terry was re-named from Go-Diver to Daisy Mae (Why, I have no idea. I thought sexually exploitive names were the rule for lady Hashers). Grand Master Kit Mognett (Great Kahuna) showed up, and led everybody in song. Now I know why he and Pete Gernert never show up at the same time. There wouldn't be any room for anybody else. Mighty Mouse and Wallbanger got overheated during a rendition of "Old MacDonald" and had to be thrown into the pool (by yours truly) to get them unstuck (eeyi, eeyi, oh). Shortly thereafter, the music started and Digital Input got up on her bicycle. Within seconds about 10 others joined in and we boogeyed till our feet hurt.

Bill January once again illustrated why he is "Joint" Master. Hashers at the On-On had the opportunity to view B.J. putting his to use both on film and in the flesh. After a re-view of the 350th video (directed by Dan Meazell, produced by Dan Meazell, edited by Dan Meazell, production assistant, gaffer, best boy, Dan Meazell), January once again succumbed to the urge, threw his shorts up on the roof and proceeded to.....how else to put it ?.....screw Jeff's house. Bill, Bill, Bill. I guess some people are destined to go through life exposing their shortcomings. Apparently, Choo-Choo, Rugburns and Daisy Mae got into the spirit of things and were "fleshing" each other on the way home. Ralph relayed this incident to me and mentioned how difficult it was to drive with one eye on the road and one eye on the hanky panky.

#### Notes of interest:

-Welcome back Carol McAuley after a prolonged absence. I don't recall you being rebooted. Oh well, there's always next week.

-The next "Hash House Harriers" run is Saturday, Oct. 18th at 3:00 p.m. Mighty Mouse will be providing details.

-The new boots were Ed Rostron, Allison Pennell, Marcie Yardis, Kaye Meyer, Sam Linerick and Rod Stee. Down-Downs were done in admirable fashion. Some of the girls complained about the size of the beers being no challenge. Silly girls, we can fix that. Welcome aboard to all of you crazy people.

-Drummer, Wallbanger, Mighty Mouse, Keezer, Duke of Earl, Sunnie, Geek, Balut, Bricknose, and Jeff Wallace (Jeff Wallace?) are going to Mexico City this weekend. Bon Voyage. Bastards. Sure, go.....have a good time. Don't even think about THOSE YOU HAVE LEFT BEHIND. Just remember, Aeromexico has never paid off on their Frequent Flyer program. Just kidding. Hasta Luego, Caiman. Ralph, you can tell all the Gringos what that means.

WHP