

The Houston Hash House Harriers



GRAND MASTERS: KIT MOGNETT
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 861-C419

JANGLE BALLS RUN

Run Number 385

Hares: Jack (Duke of Earl) Bridge
Bill (Drummer) January

Date: 12-6-86

Location: Somewhere in N.W. Houston,
and Zack's Shack.

Guest On-Sec: Will He Peter

Disclaimer

The Houston Hash House Harriers is a non-profit organization. The resemblance of any Hasher to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Membership in this organization is not available to the officers, employees, relatives or friends of any Houston Hash House Harrier. No purchase necessary. The Houston Hash is an equal opportunity employer, and is void where prohibited.

Last Saturday was the first ever running of the HHHH Jangle Balls Run. Your Jointmasters, J.B. and B.J., worked to produce one of the more outrageous of Hashes this year. In an organization where success is measured in terms of outrage, this run was an unqualified success.

The run was allegedly "live hare". This term as we all know has little significance, since the hares usually wimp out and make it impossible to catch them in the first place (this is strange to me since the punishment for being caught is disrobement, which in the Hash is a desirable state). However, the pack smelled blood on this one (probably from Captain PMS), and were optimistic about their chances of bagging live game. Jack was off first (he always is), with January following close behind. B.J. looked worriedly at his watch several times before departure, mumbling to himself. One Hasher reported that he was heard to say, over and over again, "Oh dear, I'm going to be late for Alice's party." Several unreliable eyewitnesses claim to have seen Bill disappear down a rabbit's hole. In the best media tradition, we will now treat this report as fact.

At the designated time all 70 hounds were off in hot pursuit. We were quickly on the trail, and with the sheer number of Hashers quickly overcame the false trails. It is of interest to note that while there was basically no trail to shortcut, Geek tried anyway. The run led us through every natural obstacle imaginable, including mud, bushes, brambles, vines, rivers, pickers and yes, Poison Oak. For those of you who are not familiar with this condition, it is caused by all those vines hanging from trees you got tangled in, and is the reason why you have all those open itching sores all over your body. On behalf of the group, I'd like to thank Bill and Jack for running us through that shit, and extend our sincerest wishes that you both contracted Poison Oak on your private parts.

The run turned out to be short in length. At one point near the end we ran across a note in the sand that indicated that the Hares had been there just minutes before. Jim Weitzel (Is Odd) got so excited that he actually started howling. Other people got so excited that they started howling too. We were off in fierce and bloodthirsty pursuit for the next 500 yards of the run when Bridge hove into view! We hove after him, foam on our lips and the taste of blood in our mouths. To our amazement, he did not run away, as panicky Hares are supposed to,

but calmly leaning against the coolers, continued to sip on a beer. Sip on a beer ? Surely the run was not over ? But over it was, a short 40 minutes, and don't call me Shirley.

It was a stirring sight to see Kit Mognett (Great Kahuna) thundering into the On-On, just ahead of Bob Brickhouse, who was camouflaging himself with a bush out of embarrassment. The Pack quickly gathered, drinking beer and providing a convenient landing zone for weary mosquitoes looking for a place to bite exposed skin just in case the Poison Oak or Red Ants had missed something. Geek materialized from the opposite direction, covered, and I meant covered, in nettles. Anybody who made fun of him for short-cutting was given a nettlesome bear-hug by the large and slightly irritated Hasher.

Then it was On-On-On to Zack's Shack for the On-On-On. There was a photo retrospective of the past year on the patio, and the Hounds gathered to laugh at their exploits and spill beer on the pictures. The entertainment was provided by "Right On Red", and they absolutely blew us away with their renditions of 60's and 70's Rock music classics. After the first set, your Joint Masters handed out awards to last year's Hash mismanagement. The awards included tasteful statues and certificates of appreciation to all those who so skillfully steered the Good Ship Houston Hash in 1985-1986:

Gregg (Poison) Propps and Jacquie (P.I.B.) Phillion were Joint Masters, her tremulous hands upon the ship's wheel, his bloodshot eye guiding us with uncanny accuracy towards the iceberg dead ahead.

Lydia (Master Chugger) Westbrook was Hash Cash, and in this capacity she was responsible for misappropriating funds and bribing traffic cops on Hash Runs.

Richard (Mother Goose) Moulton as On-Sec was responsible for all the lies disseminated about the Hash and Hashers for the past year. It was appropriate somehow that Mother Goose should have the responsibility for weaving these fairy tales.

Andrew (Father Abraham) Bakonyi as Religious Advisor presided over all ceremonies and Ritual Sacrifices. His singular accomplishment during his tenure was to provoke Pope John Paul into proclaiming, on his recent visit to the United States, that all Hashers everywhere were going to Hell. Thanks a lot, Father Abraham.

This ceremony was followed by Hash Awards presented by Yours Truly and Sharon Wagner (Digital Input) in various categories:

- Miss Congeniality was Jana McBee (Glass Blower).
- Miss Impetuosity was Gregg Propps (Poison), hands down.
- Most Photogenic by a landslide was Dayna Waughtel (Norma Jean).
- First Runner Up, John Gammil (Pussy Tosser).
- Miss Personality, Ralph Lopez (Mighty Mouse).
- Best Run goes to Earl Meazell (Balut) and Melissa Wilson (Rugburns).
- Worst Run for to Terri Clarke (Go Diver), Chris Steinke (Choo Choo).
- The Best On-On of the year goes to Mike Vee, Roger Boak, and Stan Timmer.
- The Chronic Alcohol Abuser for 1986, Ray Kizer (Keezer).
- Short Cutting Bastard for 1986 was Steve Gardiner (Geek).
- Hasher of the Year, Leo McAuey (Peterbilt).

New Boots included Chris Davin and Rodney Allen. Welcome Mates, but we have to warn you, you saw us on our best behavior.

Outa-Towners.

These intrepid souls, who travel to foreign Hashes in pursuit of god-knows-what included Rob Holden (San Antonio), Bob & Jan Vernon (Dallas), and several Austintatious Hashers; Doug Taylor, Rebecca Anderson, Chas Knickerbocker, and Tad Nichols. Tad was handing out Raccoon peckerbones, very rare and much sought after in Hash circles for it's ability to enhance sexual potency. This is much in demand by Hash Males who mostly talk a good game, according to several Hash Females I have spoken to on the subject.

After the awards, Bill January got up and delivered a hilarious speech, not a word of which anybody could understand. Shortly thereafter, B.J. complained of numbness in his arms and was led to the beer keg for revival. Turns out that he had been standing in a pool of beer while gripping the microphone. The Proprietor of Zack's Shack announced that his wife had twins that very night, and 47 male Hashers immediately protested their innocence, all being able to account for their whereabouts on the night of conception, not to mention the shortage of Raccoon peckerbone last spring.

Needless to say, a good time was had by all, but then, Hashers are easily amused.

On-On.

WHP.

