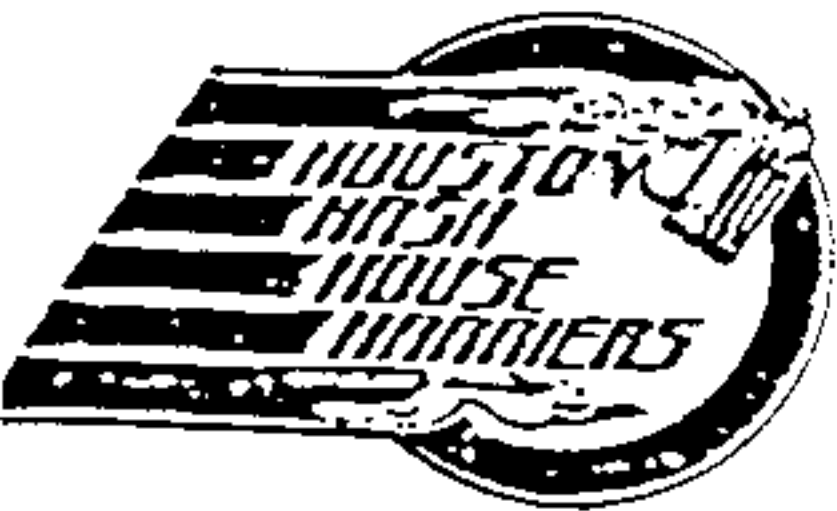


# The Houston Hash House Harriers



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 861-0419

POOPERBOWL RUN

or

Barry & Melissa Give Good Check

Run Number 392

Hare: Barry (Dr. Pocket Rocket) Jarvis\*

Hariett: Melissa (Rug Burn) Wilson

Date: 1-25-87

Location: A deserted  
shopping mall.

Guest On-Sec: Will He Peter

Question: You are in the uneviable position of having to organize an event that competes with the sporting and media event of the year. What do you do? Do you reschedule? Do you face it head-on? Do you wring your hands and hope for the best? Those were the questions that NFL commissioners were asking themselves when they learned that they had scheduled their championship game for the same day and time as The Houston Hash House Harriers First Annual Pooperbowl.

Pete Rozelle was up in arms. John Madden was beside himself (no mean feat). The usually unflappable Brent Musberger was in a snit. The Democrats blamed Ronald Reagan and convened a Congressional Committee to investigate any possible connection to the Iran/Contra Arms Scandal. What to do? It can finally be revealed that the NFL wisely decided to move the kickoff up two hours so as not to compete with the Pooperbowl. And with the Hash event acting as a lead-in on network T.V., it's ratings were a lock. Just in case you care at all, New York won 39-20. Disclaimer:

Any resemblance between the Denver Broncos and a professional football team was purely coincidental. The Poofs.

The Hounds assembled at a deserted shopping mall (is there any other kind in Houston?) in the Northwest section of town. The Hares handed out orange and blue whistles, reflecting the Hound's loyalty in the upcoming Superbowl game. In a stunning example of collective wrong-headedness, all of the orange whistles were chosen first. After some straight forward yet confusing instructions from the Hares, we were off on our merry chase, blowing our whistles, yelling ON-ON, interrupting traffic and in general getting in our own way.

cont.

\*(Disclaimer: This is not as yet a sanctioned or baptized Hash Name. Neither the HHHH or it's agents or designees takes any legal responsibility for possible copyright or trademark infringement until after aforementioned Hasher has had a pint forced down his throat).

After 10 minutes we were on a trail. It turned out to be a 400 yard false, for which there was much grumbling and cursing. Doubling back, the pack searched in vain for the trail for another 15 minutes. Hound Abuse ! Call the ASPCA ! Talk about a bunch of whipped dogs. After nearly a half hour, we finally found the trail. There were numerous checks, false trails, and back checks, and every hound happily and stupidly ran every one. The trail itself was officially only five miles long. I personally ran eleven miles, five of it in skunk bushes.

There was one particular check with a back-check where the pack loitered for a good fifteen minutes before we stumbled onto the trail going through the aforementioned skunk bushes. The irony of that check was that a) all we had to do to pick up the trail was to go around the thicket and run up the parking lot of the adjacent apartment complex, and b) the hares were gleefully viewing the whole sorry lot of us from across the bayou. Melissa later confided that I had actually walked to within yards of her and Doc Rocket at one point. Now the sound of creaking bed springs I heard in the bushes makes sense.

After that obstacle was overcome, the pace picked up as the Hounds smelled beer. The last back check took us past a dead-end side street that was so obviously the ON-ON that only a pack of veteran Hashers could miss it as thoroughly as we did. But, we doubled back up down the way we had come, and that, along with a few hoisted beer cans as beacons to guide us proved sufficient to lead us to our reward (now re-read the last sentence carefully to see if it made any more sense than the first time).

The festivities were soon in full swing, with the stragglers forced to run a gauntlet of beer before they were allowed to warm themselves. Stan (The Man) Timmer was crowned by the Hares as the Super-Pooper. The ceremony consisted of anointing Stan with a shiggy-like substance, and crowning him with toilet paper. He was then seated in a custom-made throne fashioned like a portable toilet. Stan revealed why he is called "The Man" by dropping his drawers before alighting his throne. Rug-Burns and Doc Pock Rock then elaborated on the reasons The Man had received this auspicious award. Unfortunately for Stan, the entire sordid ritual was captured on film by Robert (I Left The Lens Cap On) Brickhouse.

With the sun sinking as low as the Broncos spirits, we all repaired to Pinocchios for the Superbowl, such as it was. It should be noted here that Melissa won two of the quarters on the football pool, and isn't that rich, guys ? Here's a girl that couldn't tell a personal foul from a backfield in motion (at least as those terms apply to football), and she wins two quarters. Stan was wheeled in on his throne, and there he remained all night, having the convenience of washroom facilities built into his chair.

New Boots were Tom and Jerry (no, not that Tom and Jerry), Laurie, Leslie, and a couple to be named later (they disappeared during the run). Welcome folks, and on behalf of the HHHH, I'm sorry.

The evening ended with several of the Hard Core at Mike Vee's house for home-made Vegetable Soup (recipe in next week's newsletter) and tapes on the Vomit Comet run.

ON-ON.

WHP.