

# 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

## THE S & M RUN

Run Number 397

Hares: Sharon (Digital Input) Wagner  
Mary (M & M) Myers

Date: 2-22-87

Location: El Mercado  
Del Sol

Guest On-Sec: Will He Peter

This run developed by accident. Sharon and Mary decided on where to start the run first, which is how we ended up at El Mercado del Sol. The question of the day then became "Where do a bunch of Anglos run in safety around this neighborhood?". The answer is of course "They don't, they drive." Thus it was that the aforementioned Harriets and I (for moral support) came to be driving through some of the seedier neighborhoods of Houston in pursuit of resting places for little piles of flour.

This activity of course inspired the curious, and not always Christian attention of the local residents. The comments were various. "Whuh do fuh yo doin', pun dem li'l pails a' shit on mah coib?", or "Wuffos you runnin' thu dis' neighbuhood, is you los'?", or "Hey doll, you want a date? You want a toot? You want to go with me somewhere? How do you like my Chevy?" (followed by kissing noises). And if you think that was bad, you should have heard what the locals were saying to Sharon and Mary.

Nevertheless, we survived the laying of the trail, and the pack assembled more or less on time. A group of 45 were soon on the scent of false trails galore. It was a scream to see the group drift in the general direction of some eager beaver Hasher shouting "On On", only to drift away in another direction upon being informed that it was a false trail. The movement of the group looked like a herd of cattle stampeded by gunfire, as they bounced from one false trail to another. Later, Geek instructed us on one of the subtleties of Hashing. "Always get the group going, and save the false trails for later." (I think Geek was presuming that the girls would have used them all up early on, and he wouldn't have any to get lost on later). But as it turned out, there were false trails aplenty ahead, providing many a challenge to our intrepid group.

Travelling in packs was strongly suggested, since this maximized our opportunities to repel the attacks of the now restless natives. M & M and Digital Input asked if I would sweep, to insure that no Hashers got lost or too far removed from the rest of the runners. Of course I volunteered. When I asked if there were any other instructions, Sharon replied, "If you see muggers, act like your hurt and draw them away from the group." With these reassuring words ringing in my ears, I was off after the Pack. Was that a switchblade I heard?

The Pack was not daunted by the numerous false trails. The trail started off across from the Mall, paralleled Navigation for about a half mile, down a trestle, then dove behind a row of concrete elevators. From there it crossed an overpass, and down another trestle to a Woman/Water check located at "Hare" street. A couple of local dudes tried to trade a six-pack of Colt 45 for Lori Pellegrino, but the deal fell through when it became apparent that they had no intentions of returning her in time for the On-On. Soon the Pack was off down Hare street, breathing a collective sigh of relief when they finally got to the Warehouse district. Another Woman Check was promptly ignored (The 18th Edition of the Hash Dictionary includes eighty seven different words to describe "beer". The word "chivalry" is not in this dictionary). Eva (the Tail End Charlie) grumped at Clint for not keeping her better informed as to the movements of the group, but soon forgave him. After the last Woman Check, it was a short jog across a bridge across the bayou to Allen's Landing for the On-On.

Singing and other Hash rituals commenced. There was an assortment of delectations, and things to eat, too. Good grub, ladies. Mary Myers was named, appropriately enough, at her own run. Numerous suggestions were tossed out for consideration, and then promptly tossed out. These included "Virgin Mary", "Bloody Mary", "Safe Sex" and Jack Bridge's perennial favorite "Slime Slot". The variety of names seemed to suggest confusion on the part of Hashers as to their perception of Mary's sexual activity, or lack thereof. I mean, she's either "Virgin Mary" (never had no sex), "Safe Sex" (had some sex but always insisted on results of recent blood test), or "Bloody Mary" (promiscuous as Hell), but she couldn't possibly be all three. In the end, the group agreed almost unanimously on "M & M" because, as Max Triola put it, "She melts in your mouth, not in your hand". Everybody in the Hash was ecstatic since this was a very clever and subtle Hash name, and cleverness and subtlety are usually in chronic short supply at the Hash. Needless to say, Mary was blushing the entire time (and you thought they didn't make red M & M's anymore).

The On-On-On was at La Carafe, and yours truly feels like a Hashit for giving everybody the wrong directions (it's Captain Naked's fault). Hopefully all you who were looking found it, because the party that followed was a doozy. We occupied the upstairs of the 120 year old building and raised some particular Hell. Mike Vee ran into some old college friends, and the Hash entertained them with our repertoire. They joined in, and will join us next week. Some Urban Animals even ventured upstairs and were well received, even if it is a well known fact that roller skates cause AIDS.

The New Boots once again had an interesting bunch of names:

- Ann Welsch (On whom ?)
- Terry Peek (aboo)
- Tina May (or may not)
- Sheila Manuel (then again, she may automatic)
- Joe Hunt (sorry Joe, your name's too damn regular)
- Al Thelwell (that endths thwell)

Good sports, one and all, made of sturdy, Hash-like stuff.

NOTES OF INTEREST ON THE 400TH

Your Hash Mismanagement would like to remind all you slackards that the deadline for the 400th (April 10,11 and 12) draws near. So far, we've got more out of towners signed up than HHHHers (a paltry 40 in total). Sign now, and sign often. See your Hash Cash, Sylvia Spanihel. If you want to volunteer to do a skit, sing a song, or in general make a fool of yourself, contact yours truly. I think you should be aware that about a dozen of your fellow Hashers have already volunteered to humiliate themselves, so why should you be any different ? The whole thing is being recorded on videotape. If you have any illusions about a career in politics, do not volunteer to entertain. It will be used against you.

NOTES OF INTEREST ON THE INTERAMERICAS

Labor Day Weekend (Sept. 4, 5, 6 and 7). The Hash hotel is the Hershey, with a room rate of 55.00 per. Make your reservation now, and specify if you want to share a room with anybody else. They will allow as many people as we want in each room (Sure they will). The number for reservations is 215-893-1600.

On-On.

WHP