

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



Weekly Run Location: 861-0419

HASH 402
(FOR THOSE OF YOU THAT COUNT IT WAS 400 + 3)

HARES: The famous singing duo, Rodney P. Allen (yes, he did do the Burger King commercials as a small black boy!) and Christopher P. Davin (no relation to the shipping family that founded the Davinport).

Well done sports fans and Nancy! This was at least the best Hash since the Full Moon Hash (held somewhere between 401 and 402)! The Geek flew in all the way from Los Angeles, where he had been holding a week long debauchery marathon, just special for this run. As we will emphasize later in this chronicle, he probably would have made out better in L.A.

The Hash started punctually at something around 7:23 pm at the Allen's Landing parking lot with a crowd estimated to be about 60 (40 Hashers and about 20 bearded individuals of unknown sex that were dressed in brown and grey shirts and pants, sneakers and carrying small brown paper bags. Cappy PMS, the local historian of ill repute, recalled them to be a defunct (but growing) group of former Hash House Harrier. This wise man further recollected that this is similar to purgatory for Catholics, this is what happens to you if you miss the trail and can't find either the on on or the cars.)

Regardless of that bit of worthless trivia (better remember it for the Trivia Quiz at the end of the paper!). The Hashers got started after a warm welcome to the three new boots Peggy P. Rogers (yes, Dale's older sister), and the identical twins Dan P. McQuillen and Marty P. Brown. (You can tell the twins apart because Dan has a terry headband surgically attached to his scalp - his mom did it so she could tell them apart herself.) Quickly, the brown baggers fell behind with Geek, PMS, Rugburn, and Norma Jean. (Geek was tired out from the week of debauchery, PMS was sure that one of the brown baggers had saved his life in the jungles of Malaysia, Rugburn was trying to find someone to help her with her turn at Hare, and I am not sure what Norma Jean was up to?)

For those of you that weren't at the Hash, and Geek, it went something

like this: Left, Right, Left, Right, 180 Right, Down, this part I get fuzzy on since I didn't take the down, Right, Left, Back, Long, Right, Dark, and this is where the new boot Marty (the one without the headband, remember) turned into the Darker where some of us felt he might be too light! There was a water/beer check at about 35 minutes, to our great pleasure - thanks Hares.

The remainder of the run was similar to the first, but the smells varied from Heavenly to Dumpsterly. The aroma of the Vietnamese restaurants gave Cocker such a bad case of the craves that Pussy Tosser was worried he might be forced to make her an honest woman, as they say, not that we should worry about the Hash Cash, but as my old friend Jim Bakker might say "Who knows how far you can trust these unholy weaker beings."

The on Home was in a small park (or was it an active grave yard) just south of downtown. A well chosen spot, it was "special" as we church women say. To my approval there was water, soda pop, canned brew and the ever popular Satan's Soda on tap. To quote the Pineapple to the ever lovely Nancy, "Oh, I see you are drinking a pop, that is excellent... it leaves more beer for me." The feeling was one I am sure is extended to all of the rest of you, feel free to drink something else, the keg will float just fine without you.

Geek we missed you at the on on, but I guess the brown bag Hash was more than generous with you. As a matter of fact, there were those among our group that suggested you would never run anyway if the booze was available before the Hash.

Izzod evidently stayed behind with the Geek, but do to the limited budget of the BB Hashers, and Geek's greater size and strength, Izzod was forced to seek out our on Home for a drink.

Norma Jean brought up the rear. And like little Bo Peep, she had her entourage in tow. I could think of worse places to run! By the way, the Hash Cash would like to mention that if you come in after the Hash has started just slip your \$3 in the front of Tossers shorts. Tosser says that it is best you carry a \$5 bill and bob for change.

Without Geek to lead the religious ceremonies, we were led by the very able and lovely Miss Cocker. There were the ritual slayings, virginal sacrifices and some lovely down downs, too. The Hares swilled that golden bliss like chicken drinking rain water. Miss Peggy, (I'm not suggesting any names here, am I?) and the Twins easily quaffed down their meager brews and begged to be hosed with the keg. Unfortunately, the keg was near to floating and we had more to cum.

The always popular and sexy Cyndi (can't this girl spell?) Hlavenka was renamed Sweet Ass, (I never did understand sweet as what?). The oversexed and orally fixated Miss Barbour was given the Nom de Hash of Tweeter Twat, (has something to do with a trick she does for intimate friends). And last, but certainly not least, the one that the Duke finds the most irresistible, Jeffrey P. Qualls. Jeffrey was a controversial pick. A man of many talents, but one passion, he was finally given the name of Porker Queen.

I think it appropriate to mention here that I am worried about some

strange tendencies exhibited by Wallbanger at the on on. Does anyone else notice her necrophilia tendencies? Eh, Pineapple? Did you see she kept mistaking the excavations at the park for graves and throwing herself into the holes. Fortunately, the excavations were shallow. Could it be she sleeps in a coffin? Pineapple's van does somewhat resemble the cities meat wagons.

Peter Built owes us a down down to go with his new name Dolomite. I think this goes with the story about the Aussie and two slices of bread making a sandwich. Or is that too far out? You be the judge.

Thoroughly satiated the Hash went separate ways. Some went home, some went to eat Vietnamese food, some went to eat Vietnamese food in the hopes it would induce a miscarriage, some even went to the on on on at Timothys Bar and Used Car Lot.

I am assured that at the on on on there was good Christian drinking and nothing that Jimmy Bakker and I would disapprove of.

Otherwise, I guess it was a rather uneventful evening.

Here's hoping you all use
good Christian make up,

Tammy Faye

P.S.- Duke's surprise birthday bash deserves a news letter in itself, so I shall only say that Duke should turn 50 more often, or the White Witch should be in charge of Hash provisions - a witch for a quatermaster. A fine party, a fine, fine party.