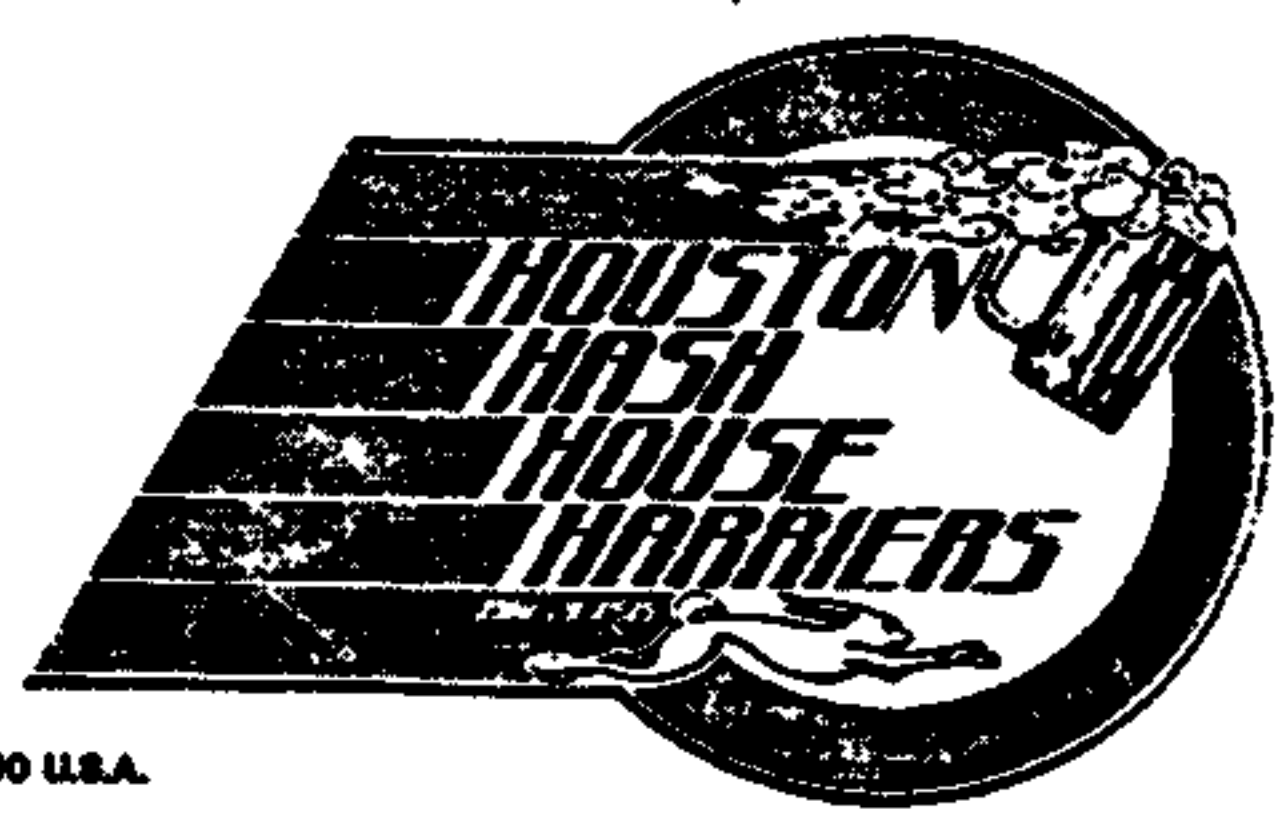


Grand Masters: KIT MOGNETT / PETE GERNERT
Joint Masters: JANA McBEE / RICH VEGA

On-Sec: JOHN GRISWOLD
Hash Cash: MARY MYERS
Religious Advisor: MIKE VOWELL

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RUN NO.408 CLINT JOHNSON & TOMI RAPPLEYEA

6-1-87

THE RUN True to form and following my normal mode of operation (procrastination), I have waited until the last possible minute to write last weeks trash. The Hares should take great comfort in this, realizing that my memory of past atrocities fades quickly in the weekends revelry.

I had intended to shred them to ribbons over last Monday nights so-called trail. However as we all know time and a few brews can heal all wounds.

As the crowd milled about bank parking lot, the newly erected officers made a futile attempt at pre-run organization. Mary (Myers) looked as though she was attempting to bring some class to the office of hash cash, as she was decked-out in a soiffy white dress and green socks. Little did we know the true reason for her attire.

It was a very slow start as the hounds milled about like a herd of pregnant hippos. On-On was called in the direction of Westheimer and we were off to play in the traffic, what fun!! A moment of indiscretion was considered by several hounds as we passed a truly amply endowed blonde, who was hanging!!! from a doorway on Westheimer. Diversions aside, we then headed north into the bowels of Montrose. Only to find the first of many dubious checks. Now our fine hares assure me that the true trail was almost always to the right from their checks. I will have to take their word on that as the duck and I were soon lost. Breaking up into many small groups the pack looked everywhere for trail. At one point we discovered an arrow and thought we were finally ON, but Noooo!!! We wandered around for three to four blocks in all directions and finally cut the trail behind us. It seems that our randy hares were prone to turning corners without marks or checks.

A few zig's and zag's later and I lost track of where we were. I know we crossed US-59, and I know the hare had to tell us where the trail should have been twice, because it wasn't there. All in all, quite a confusing trail.

One of the high points of the trail was when we were all lost at a double check next to Dominique de Menil's new art museum. Although the museum was not open yet we all had a good long look at the outside and through the windows, as no one could find the trail for quite some time.

We passed by Bell park and were reminded of several shaftings which began there. On-on past Grif's to Lovett blvd. and the On-Home.

THE ON-ON Many interesting things occurred at the ON-ON, down-downs were done for the hares and the new boots, and a very special champagne down-down for newly wedds Barry and Mary (M&M) Jarvis.

By the by, The Drummer was so plastered after the afternoon wedding that he passed out at home and completely missed the run.

Berry don't think that you can get away with our new hash cash that easy. You still owe us a bachelor party.

After we had successfully trashed the checkerboard deli and the beer had run out completely a motion was made to ON-ON-ON at Grif's.

THE ON-ON-ON

I wasn't there I've been told that the hash was even too wild for Grif, and that he just went home shaking his head. For more details don't ask.

Keezer the Sleezer

