



HOUSTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run No. 426

October 4, 1987

Location: Bumfuck S.E. Houston

Hare: Max "What's a false trail" Triola

Houston: 50

New Boots: 3 (Susan King, Cyrille Levington, Kemberly Warren)

Transfer-in Boots: 2 (Tom Edinborough - Jakarta, Indonesia)
(Sondra Caster - Austin, TX, U.S.A.)

Having dodged this illustrious honor? of newsletter/run write-up authorship for many months, our beloved ON SEC - "Tammy Faye" finally cornered me and shamed me into total submission (with respect to this blinking write-up, that is!). Consequently, and much to y'all's dismay (as you will come to find out), yours truly, Dave - yet to be officially named - Marstiller, gets this weekly H4 (un)honor of scratching out yet another piece of HASH TRASH!

Having been duly chosen by the peckerhead ON SEC (all verbal and/or otherwise abuse should be pointed in his direction for railroading me into this unworthy, unglamorous and unrewarding job!), I turned to him for suggestions from his invaluable experience as our worthy scribe. Bloody great idea that was as "Ms. Faye" suggests "Will-He-Peter's" Generic Newsletter for a format. After obtaining a copy from the "fill-in the blanks" write-up author himself, I arrived at the following conclusions:

1. The choices in the generic newsletter were extremely complimentary compared to the terminology which should (and will!) describe "Madd Max's" less than pathetic attempt at setting yet another "falsie-less" hash trail!!
2. The events of the day were far more spectacular and worthy of a valiant attempt at journalistic adventure and inventive genius than the "no-brainer" version of Hash Trash.
3. Even with my feeble, Shiner-impaired brain, I could undoubtedly (no reviews please) be a bit more creative than Mr. Smith's "roll-your-own-newsletter"!

Therefore, after a more than ample waste of space (ie: Introduction) and without further ado (ie: Bullshit), the following is my humble Front Running Bastard (F.R.B.) recall of Run No. 426.....

"THE ULTIMATE HASH PIMP"

Those of us, that have managed to return to the Hash after experiencing? "Madd Max's" previous trail abortions (ie: We were talked out of strangling him to death, thereby avoiding lengthy prison sentences), knew what we should expect. All of us (including new boots that have been with us since "Choo-choo" and "Generic Rock Star's" Live Hare Swamp Fiasco Run on September 28th), should have taken Max's write-up of that run to heart and stayed home. Having been forewarned by Max himself, and I quote "I...headed for the house so I could plan my first annual Toxic Wasteland Hash in the bowels of Houston's Ship Channel to show everybody just how to really fuck up a run" (Amen!), we are somewhat to blame for having shown up. On the other hand, having a short memory (among other things - I hear you tacky lot saying), I was willing to give the rugby-impaired mind of our hare another chance. Unfortunately, Max held true to form and hit his prophecy on the head! OUCH!

We gathered, as promised; in "the bowels of Houston's Ship Channel" - the only other claim to fame for the area is that it is the home of an infrequent abuser of the Hash, another "Big O" lady - Dee Brown; for another Sunday afternoon of fun and frolic in the fall ~~pollution~~ sun! Right on time (ie: 20-25 minutes late), our non-chalant hare advised us that the trail was simple (why didn't that surprise me?), laid in flour, and contained NO, count 'em - zero, false trails. The only thing missing was the START banner and the chronomix timer as the 2nd Annual "Madd Max" 8 km Fun (translates to BORING in Hash terms) Run was off and running to the sound of ON-ON (rather than the starters' gun-which it turns out would have been more appropriate!).

The "race" carried on as expected with F.R.B.'s "Glassblower", Jakarta Tom, a fairly new boot (was his name Allen??), "Scum Puppy", myself and assorted other long forgotten "speedsters" (ie: found the trail after the first check rather directly!) setting the "pace". As announced, the trail was straight forward, boring, and without a single confusing check (at least the hare remembered checks!). Consequently the majority of the run was uneventful, even though the territory was a "Déjà Vu - type" rerun of the excellent July 1985 "Hold Your Breath And Run for Your Life" run hared by none other than "Masterchugger", myself, and "I like to do it on the kitchen table" Bruce Buchholz.

In all due respect to the hare, there was ONE interesting bit on the trail in which we strode loosely up a freeway on ramp or median or something related to the Loop or Hwy 225. Being delirious from the non-stop sprinting to this point, I had no fucking idea where we were, but knew by this time that there would be some pissed-off tail-enders/walkers at the ON-ON. After a tad more exciting? Southeast Houston scenery, including the Goodyear plant and that lovely fragrance - emitting bayou (name thereof conveniently forgotten), we cruised into Mildew (Milborn, or whatever the blinking name is!) Park. Much to our expectations, we had beat the hare there, and had to guess that we were at the ON-HOME (he hadn't quite got to that point and had stopped laying the trail on the Highway shoulder). This is when we learned that our now infamous hare had also "not quite" made it to the previously announced water stop, due un-doubtedly to rugby-inflicted brain damage incurred that morning (remember it takes leather balls, not brains to play Rugby).

Slowly the Pack regrouped in the shade of the Park, thanks to our hare (even though "Cocker" and assorted sun-worshipping hashers preferred the open sunny areas on this crisp October day). Once again, and still true to form, our part European hare (could this be his problem?- he thinks everyone likes warm beer?) served a thirsty group of hounds piss-warm beer (Now why didn't this surprise me either?). Not only was the beer luke warm (at best), but two or three twelve packs were wasted on the purchase of two plastic buckets (which were doing fuck-all to cool off the eagerly waited beer). These were subsequently and "generously?" donated to the H4 (and "not so" generously received by "Glassblower"!) by Mr. "Warm and Inadequate Supplies of Beer" Triola. The buckets did however provide a most amusing venue for the well-primed "Scum Puppy" as he did a most admirable job of bobbing for the last tin of beer.

After various excuses for the lack of cold beer, such as:

1. too many hounds were late and I had to wait on them to get started,
2. I don't drink beer,
3. I plum forgot Sgt. Carter,
4. I am a piss-poor hare;

a last minute run for more warm beer by "Madd Max" ; and the applicable/mandatory (see the following Hash Trash) down-downs, the H4 Hash Naming Committee swung into high gear. Little Miss Nancy (no one seems to know her last name), bound and determined to be called something cute, was promptly reminded that one does not pick their own hash name (only their hash nose!). After cries from the peanut gallery (aka: obnoxious warm beer-filled Hashers), and a shout of Ms. Mousse from some bearded asshole, a thunderous cry of "Minnie Mousse" confirmed the Harriette's new name. An attempt at performing the celebratory down-down provided the Hash with an event never previously witnessed with naked eyes. "Minnie Mousse" poured the remaining beer on her head, thoroughly drenching and messing up the never before misplaced hairs on her wee little head!

In yet another delirious naming session, Eric-of Rounders fame-Danheim (alias "Keep your hands off "Masterchugger's" boyfriend!") is pushed to center stage. Unbeknownst to most hashers; this "quitar strummin' hasher" has been feeling inadequate, unfulfilled and left out; having waited s-o-o-o long? for a hash name. Again the bearded one slobbers some inaudible "Schafer-induced" jibberish and the unrelenting group decides on "Twang Wang" as H4's favorite "Gulf Coast Twang" guitarist's hash name. Another unfinished (alcohol abused) down-down and we're off to the ON-ON-ON and the highlight of the evening at Pappataco's on I-45.

With the typical Hash fare and beverages available and readily consumed (without the complaints of the Galloping Hash Gourmets), our unsuspecting group settled into ringside seats for the ultimate of all Hash pimps - the Classic butt-fucking of none other than Mr. Toe Sucker himself - "Scum Puppy" !!! Having been informed of the ensuing spectacle at a previous hash, I made sure that no one departed before showtime and I got myself a front row vantage point for the taking of copious newsletter notes.

Now re-enter (from a quick parking lot toe painting session) our pimp-OR, the recent new boot Barbara Konvicjzeka (affectionately referred to as Barbara Brooks for all you horny bastards with ulterior motives!). This mild mannered librarian (ie: research assistant) made "Scum Puppy's" day by offering her "not-so-virgin" toes to him for dessert.

After wrapping one leg around the back of the chair (don't you HashERs wonder what other tricks she can do with those legs?) so that "S.P." (oblivious to what was going on - per usual!) was forced to perform his specialty on the "prepared" set of toes.

Stan, in his usual burlesque manner, proceeded to entertain us with the strip-tease unveiling of Ms. Konvicjzeka's toes. The initial taste brought an undetectable grimace to the "Pup's" face, but not wanting to embarrass his gracious hostess, he continued at a frenzied pace. After a rousing performance and xylophone-like (back and forth repeatedly, ya know?) grand finale, the pimpEE finally admitted to Barbara having "some rancid toes".

A well deserved standing ovation by the assembled drunks was received by "Scum Puppy" with cries of "she's got medicine on her toes!" and "what the fuck did you do to me?". As Stan proceeded to stagger outdoors, spitting and sputtering and all but puking his recently consumed Taco Slop meal, it was revealed that "S.P." had truly been set-up as Barbara had covered her toes with "Thumb". For those of you that were not childhood thumbsuckers (though some of you have resorted to this in adulthood), "Thumb" is an extremely foul-tasting liquid which is meant to keep you from sucking your thumb - or in "Scum Puppy's" case - from sucking Hasherette's toes!!!

A Hash name was definitely earned on this night, and as it should be, a spontaneous Hash naming session was undertaken. As "S.P." no longer had any feeling in his lips and had a non-functioning tongue, he was unable to assist in the naming process. He instead could only mutter un-decipherable, unpronounceable and unspellable bullshit (what else is new, you ask?). Consequently the majority ruled and Barbara was appropriately named "Numbs It"!!! Having now been informed of his pimping, the "Pup" proceeded to piss and moan with numbed lips and tongue until I could take no more. I floundered out onto Houston's highways for yet another episode of "Catch Me Drunk If You Can H.P.D." Upon exiting Mr. Pappas' um-teenth excuse to make too much money, I do believe I heard Stan mumble something about "Pay-backs are hell!" Beware Ms. "Numbs-It" for many hashes to cum!

In a recent follow-up interview with the pimpOR, Ms. Konvicjzeka (aka: Brooks, alias "Numbs It") confessed that the act performed by "Scum Puppy" was "truly orgasmic" and that her toes were numb until the following Tuesday (Is the "Pup" that good or is "Thumb" that potent??)! The rest of the evening is left up to y'all's imagination or drunken recall - if you stayed later that the "Mr. Turn Into A Pumpkin" author of this load of rubbish. All applause and praise is directed to Ms. "Numbs It" for pulling off "The Ultimate Hash Pimp" and any condolences or hilarious laughter to (you bloody chump!) the "Puppy of Scum"!!

Welcome to our new boots - Susan, Cyrelle and Kemberly [with an "e"] - and to transfers into H4 - Tom (5 years hashing with the Jakarta H3 who brings to us a novel new hashing idea - cigarette smoking) and Sondra [with an "o"] (a former Austin Harriette who was looking quite good in her tights and new figure!). Also, thanks to Dee Brown for transferring her membership to social status (guess she's graduated from running and sweating with us!) and for joining us at the ON-ON-ON with her guest (though not quite new boot status) Rhonda Rosstein (aka: Ross).

In other un-related Hash news (Trash):

- An eleventh commandment has been proposed and sent to Rome for approval by the Reverend Lee Brown - "Thou Shalt Own a Convertible".
- A number of Hashers were overheard to say that so and so were a "Hash Couple". If anyone can define this term (it is not defined in the International Hash Handbook), please advise the Religious Adviser so that he might be prepared to perform any rituals and/or ceremonies that may be called for.
- Did the "Crippled Bitch" (aka: "Sweet Ass") find an alternative indoor sport to partake in while "Heart Throb Rob" was chasing snow bunnies in the wilderness of Alaska??
- Can anyone identify the long lost hasher pictured below (No. 37 in your programs but No. 1 in your hearts!)?? Rumor has it that he has chosen his marriage over hashing (if anyone can possibly imagine that!) Maybe he should follow the "Sleazer's" lead!



- In case you have not had the chance to bone up on your hash terms, rules, knowledge, history, etc.; the following are excerpts from the International Hash Handbook - "For Members Only: Hash 87 " which could (and in some cases should) be applied to hashing in Houston:

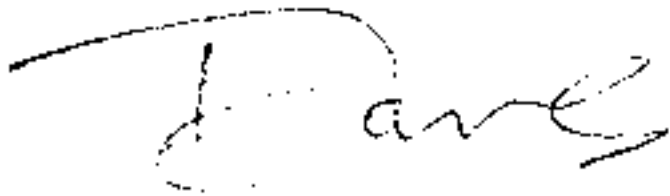
- * The basic idea of the Hash is a non-competitive run through the local countryside in order to encourage a thirst for beer that should already exist. Aggressive running is totally banned.
- * A few of the Hash Commandments according to Medan, Indonesia but which should be remembered in H4:
 "NO POOFTERS! No touching up! (or down) or poofy dress or lipstick except on foreskin!"
- * Intelligence is neither required nor appreciated....! Thinking is not allowed on the run. Short-cutting is allowed, being caught short-cutting is a serious offense.
- * Silent Running (or as we know it - Geek Running) = failure to call "at an appropriate high decibel level." Penalty is a down-down with shame. [Down-down with shame is one taken on the knees!].
- * At more or less regular intervals, every Hasher is asked to set a run. Since being a Hare is a great honor, refusals are neither expected nor accepted.
- * Government Health Warning: Hashing can seriously damage your liver.
- * An abbreviated glossary of hash terms is hereby presented for our recent new boots and for our "experienced?" hashers that have destroyed too many brain cells over the past few years:

- DOWN-DOWN - The act of consuming a full tankard of beer in one go. If you do not get it down in one go, or you can't finish it, you can fulfill your obligation by pouring the remainder over your head. To be asked to do a DOWN-DOWN is a HASH HONOR!
- HARRIETTE - Harrier with a modified chassis and bodywork, but similar fuel consumption.
- HASH SONG - Leads the singing. Is possessed of a pair of leather lungs, an incredible repertoire and an insatiable thirst. Ability to sing is not obligatory.

- SCB - Often has a weight problem, never calls ON,
 never leaves ON-ON until last beer is gone
 and always goes to the ON-ON-ON.
- FRB - Always calls loudly up to the first check.
 Never calls after the first check, because he
 is under the delusion that it is a race.
 Always looking for short-cuts which save 5
 yards.

In concluding this marathon bordeom exercise, remember to never allow yourself to get talked into this bloody job unless you have four hours to kill in JFK airport in New York plus a seven hour plane flight plus three weeks in the Middle East in which to compose your masterpiece (ie: long-winded piece of Hash Trash). All comments and criticisms should be saved until the next time I go out of town so that I won't have to hear them! Meanwhile, hang loose and remember to think twice if some "innocent" harriette offers you a specific foot for the ceremonial toe sucking. ON-ON.

CHEERS,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Dave". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name "DAVE".

DAVE

DWM/wsg

Making a hash of others' enjoyment

THIS is an open letter to the "gentlemen" who belong to a certain group of Hash House Harriers. I am informed that there are five or six of these groups, and so far we have managed to eliminate all but two of the groups from involvement in the incident to which I will refer.

However, the names of three of those involved are known to me, and if necessary I'm sure the group or groups concerned can be identified quite easily.

I refer, gentlemen, to your "gathering" in the "Lamma Hilton."

To say that you added to the enjoyment of Thursday evening, June 5 would be exaggeration to the nth degree. In fact I think I would be correct in saying that you drove most people away from restaurant that evening much earlier than they would otherwise have gone.

Upon our departure there were only three tables occupied — all three by the group of Hash House Harriers who had been "hashing" in the area that evening. The rest of the customers had fled.

Noise is one thing, but vulgarity and plain bad manners are not acceptable, firecrackers are dangerous and punishable by prosecution in the area, and you were responsible for setting off three in the course of the evening, mostly aimed at two young ladies occupying another rowdy table.

Your "piece de resistance" however was, in my opinion, most vulgar and totally lacking in respect for either the local people looking on or for those people who had merely come to Lamma to spend a pleasant evening with friends.

Taking down both sets of pants so that your bare essentials were visible to the public was not called for — and I for one would ask your organisation for a public apology addressed not only to me, and to those others present, but also to the proprietors of the restaurant.

What makes it all the more unforgivable is that your average age must have been over 30, and your intelligence level must have been quite high to have included a banker, an employee of the PSA and a headmaster of a school in Kowloon among your number.

Moreover, as most of you must have been family men, would you have felt comfortable had your wife and/or children walked into the restaurant as you were performing? I think not.

It has been suggested that your behaviour was caused perhaps by consuming too much alcohol. Since, in this case, some of your number arrived five to 10 minutes after our party had sat at table, and since we didn't manage to become incapable of intelligent thought or action in the time we were there, I am of the opinion that all of this was done while you were also "of sound mind and judgment."

All the more reprehensible — would you not agree?

"Gentlemen" harriers, those involved have not admitted their guilt though several other harrier groups were very quick to say that they were not involved.

I assume that this reaction is to be expected, since someone, has now dared to say that you cannot behave in such a way and expect to come off scot free.

I sum up by saying that, in my opinion, you are the most vulgar, rude and disrespectful group of men (I should say "gang" of men) with whom it has ever been my misfortune to share a restaurant.

I hope this letter shames you into at least apologising, anonymously if you must, for your behaviour — and perhaps it may also have the effect of making you respect the customs and taboos of these islands to which you do not belong by right. It really is a case of "when in Rome..."

My last point is this: What you as a group do in private is entirely your own affair, but please do not ask the public to tolerate this kind of behaviour. It is an insult to us all.

DISGUSTED

* This could easily have said "Houston Post" XX Anyday 19XX.

ON - ON

the REPLIES

Hashers not all bad

IT has been more than a week now since my colleagues on the committee of the South Side Hash House Harriers (S2H3) offered to apologise to "Disgusted" should she write openly. Unfortunately S2H3 still do not have a name and address to which to write, which is a shame, as it was intended to make a donation to a charity of her choice as a token of appeasement.

As the Ladies and Northern New Territories Hashes rightly pointed out, most Hashers take part in charitable events, and S2H3 are no exception, although we do prefer to hide our light under a bushel lest anyone gain the impression that we are really a big gang of softies at heart.

In the next 12 months we will be taking part in the Sedan Chair Race, the Rickshaw Derby, the Santa Hash and various full and half marathons in which some of our runners compete for charity.

So, if Disgusted would like to nominate a charity we will donate the proceeds from a suitable event accordingly.

Northern New Territories' offer to Disgusted to join them in a run has been noted, and S2H3 would like to extend a similar invitation, but being gentlemen we would never dream of asking a lady to inconvenience herself by travelling to a remote rendezvous.

No, we are quite willing to meet outside her own front door, if she will only tell us where it is, on any Thursday evening, but she will have to bring her own beer.

GUS GOFORICA

Admissions incriminate

Gentlemen, if you are so righteous and unrepentant, I suggest that you examine Section 118 of the Crimes Ordinance.

According to Disgusted, three of your members (no pun intended), and according to yourselves, "half a dozen braggarts," have breached this ordinance and are liable to a fine of \$1,000 and imprisonment for six months.

Perhaps the police would be interested in interviewing Messrs Hickman, Boughton and Coutts, to identify the three persons known to Disgusted and the other three known only to the Hash leaders.

While I do not agree that all headmasters, bankers and PSA personnel are unintelligent, it would appear that Hash leaders are.

You have admitted, on their behalf, offences committed by your pack, and laid open the way to prosecution (On, On).

It would seem that the return of "Sheep-shagger" to his native homeland was most timely.

J. SMITH