

Saturday, July 5th
Austin Hash Weekend
Guest On-Sec: Will-he-peter

Location: Camp Swift
Hares: Austin Hash

Dawn broke gently across Camp Swift. Birds chirped, chipmunks scurried, and a Diamondback was seen trying to swallow an unidentified Hasher whole. Huddled in our trailers, most of us rested comfortably after an entire night in hand-to-hand combat with red ants. The accommodations proved to be less than, well, how would you put it in a word.....they sucked. These trailers were so bad that the U.S. government wouldn't even make the Marielitos stay there (in case you've been, say, off-planet for a while, the Marielitos are the scum of Cuba's jails, which Fidel Castro, a close friend of Jesse Jackson's, was kind enough to inflict on us during the Mariel boatlift of 1979). So you get the picture. The stillness of the morning was broken by a shriek of "Gup you laze ass hose, iz semaclok awree an iz time a gup." That was Geekspeak for "rise and shine, everybody."

After a Houston Hash breakfast of eggs, sausage, toast and condiments (they also had salt, pepper and catsup), every man in the camp left to do a man-thing, the ceremonial "Lifting Of The Japanese Pickup Out Of The Mud Up To It's Axles" ritual, which apparently has great significance to the Austin Hashers. Not wanting to offend local religious customs, we all participated with the exception of Max Triola the Infidel. Doug Taylor of the Austin Hash generously provided the truck and found a particularly deep mud hole in which to perform this ritual. The actual incantations went something like this:

"O.K. Doug, now go back and get the goddamn keys."
"No, no, I need that fucking log over here."
"If you jack it up that high, it's going to fall on Ray."
"Who wants a beer?"
"Put that fucking thing here, and that fucking thing there."
"What is this attached to my leg, is this a leech? Somebody tell me if this is a leech."
"Hold still, January, I'll burn him off with my cigarette."
"Would you guys quit fucking around and push?"
"Jack it up a little higher will you? Propps has his head stuck in the wheelwell."
"Why don't we just pick the fucking thing up and carry it?"
"We can't. The suck factor of the mud is about ten times the weight of the truck."
"You just made that bullshit up, didn't you?"
"Push."
"Pull."

And with that the truck was free. I can't speak for the rest of the HHHH, but I was moved.

After that it was back to camp and prepare for the run. Mighty Mouse was brilliantly robed in his orange and yellow jump suit. The start of the run was in front of a rendering plant, the temperature was approx. 95, and across the way was the sound of babboons voicing their disaffection with being used in cancer experiments. Amidst this charming setting, we were on our way.

The trail led through hill and dale under the blazing sun. Several Hashers were seen trying to suck the moisture out of some kerosene-soaked rags along the side of the road. Shortly before the water check, it is rumored that several of the front runners disrobed and ran a mile in the buff. Since this cannot be confirmed, we shall, in the great Hash tradition, treat this rumor as fact. The Austinites had fashioned a particularly fiendish course in length, heat and dust. The run ended at the North Beach of Bastrop lake, where the waters are warmed to a comfortable 106 degrees by the local nuclear power plant. By this time Ralph looked like a huge double dip of half melted orange and lemon sherbet. The On-On was interrupted by sporadic toe-sucking but was otherwise a peaceful affair. Dinner that night was Dallas provided Mexican food. Very tasty, particularly the golf ball in the chili. Nice touch, Dallas.

The highlight of the evening was the introduction of the rebuttal to the Engineer's Song by the gals. Careful, ladies. You might just propel the Hash treatment of women into the twentieth century (the early twentieth century, granted). Ray Kizer was heard to mumble, "This is a fine state of affairs, next thing you know, they'll want to vote and enjoy sex."

The Houston Hash presented a sponge cake to the Austin Hashers just as our way of saying thanks. Their attempts to cut and eat the cake were rendered just short of hysterically funny by virtue of the fact that the sponge cake was in fact made of real sponges. Troopers that they were, the Austin Hashers gamely chewed and licked the frosting off the sponges. What nobody bothered to tell them was that those same sponges had been used to wash bird-shit off of Sharon Wagner's car earlier in the day at Leo and Carol McAuleys house. But to quote Leo, "hey, we rinsed them off first." Hats off to the McAuleys for one of the better gags in Hash memory.