

2ND ANNUAL
COLORADO InvaHASHional

August 30 - September 1, 1986

A Houston Perspective

with

ON SECS:

MYSTERY BREATH
PUSSY TOSSER
WILL HE PETER
WALLBANGER

Let's talk trash

very intent on catching us. Fortunately, we descended the opposite side of the ridge through all kinds of nasty shiggy before they could spot us again and once back at the park (mind you this is a one mile up and down detour) we marked the On-In with a smiling six foot high rabbit face.

But it was so quiet now in and around the park that we began to wonder what was really going on since all the hounds seemed to have vanished and by this time it was pretty late. Even Big Bird had vanished. Piper and I ran back to the courthouse only to discover all the cars were gone. Mulling this over we almost went back to the park to see if we'd missed everyone while trying to escape the SCBs. Before we could start back Pam showed up in her little blue Honda to tell us that everyone had "Gone to the end, where it was supposed to end, for breakfast." Much screaming from Pussy Tosser immediatly ensued. Poor Floppy had to listen to loud ranting and ravings all the way to Polly's house (where the run was "supposed to end"). When we arrived an outraged and disgusted Pussy Tosser verbally abused the entire overfed Hash and lambasted the Hosts and Hostesses for doing such a dastardly thing to the Hares. With diplomacy unequalled Choirboy and Dr. Blood assimilated this unsolicited editorial through Mimosa laden senses and sorted the whole thing out, to wit; seems no one told the Hares where the On-Home was supposed to be although everone really did make a stab at running the trail just the same.

Oh well, I had a lot of fun screaming about it and even managed to get a half bottle of champagne all to myself for sulking so well. Going back to the park to round-up the missing, Dr. Doubleknit got yelled at some more by P.T. for being too damn determined to find trail where there was none. He and Erection Master should get Hash accolades for being such excellent hounds. As for Geek, he got no breakfast, no champagne and no credit for shortcutting so everthing worked out right in the world after all.

For those of you who didn't go to Steamboat this year you missed an excellent weekend. If you go to Steamboat in '88 I guarantee you it will be a fun time. Big Bird and Pied Piper and I may even lay the same trail again so that everybody can run it this time. Why Not? On-On!!!

Thanks to all those people in Boulder, Denver, and Steamboat for making this such a fun weekend. Special thanks to Floppy, Choirboy, Dr. Blood, Lugnuts, Polly and supporting Hashers for all the many things they did to make this happen. On and On !!!

Special note: the 1987 Colorado Invihashional will be held in Philidelphia over the Labor Day Weekend, 1987 in conjunction with IntraHash '87. See everybody there !!!

Well, two weeks after the run I, Mystery Breath, get the assignment to write the newsletter for the Friday night run in Boulder! My instructions are simple: treat all rumors as fact, lie outrageously in the presence of women, and drink all the beer you can before it runs out...in other words be your usual Hasher self and no one will notice the omission of fact.

George typically lays pretty good runs and this run was no exception to the general rule. This run was also typically-George-long and we could have quit twice without missing the additional exercise. At first it looked as if he was going to keep it short. Just a figure eight around the park and then to the ON-ON-ON. Somehow though, George and his co-hare must have gotten "figure 8" and "figure eight miles" mixed up. Anybody who was there is saying to themselves, "Boy that's right!", but I'm getting ahead of myself.

Lugnuts got us to the park in Boulder early so we had time to check out the layout of the surrounding ridges and make bets on which ones George would send us up (we were all winners). We also had time to check out the creek and throw rocks at the mountain trout which were lazy and overfed from getting caught and tossed back in the creek all summer as per the strange release ordinance of the city of Boulder. Presently other Hashers began appearing. Mudpecker and Esteban, Relief, Penny Loafer, Amazon, Porcupine, Pied Piper, Hash Harlot, Half-Life, tons of Houston people, Boulder people, Denver people, Etc. Soon the park was filled with noisy Hashers saying, "hello" and, "how the are fuck you?" to one another.

Still yacking, we started out in many different directions---all on trail and all wrong. The H4, having benefit of superior information (a superb view of the outbound trail from Lugnut's truck on the way in) set the pack on the right route and we were off and up into the foothills. Much rapid huffing and puffing later we found ourselves high above the park and the city of Boulder enjoying a beautiful view of the mountains and the vanishing sun. Choirboy struck up a vertical false trail, which I couldn't resist either, while the rest of the pack scampered down the ridge like lint being sucked into a vacume cleaner. By the time we got back to the park the warm hearted pack had disappeared. I had no idea where they were but I made plans to short-cut anyway. Short-cuts in Colorado are accomplished by going straight up or straight down. Guess which way you usually have to go.... Fortunately, about the time I thought I was going to need new lung-liners the front runners came wheezing up as I neared the last crest. Suddenly I found myself sharing the lead with Fuzzy Nuts from Atlanta. We found a check on top of a sharp ridge that looked like a miniature continental divide. I for one was hoping that this wasn't an air sucking backcheck.

Fuzzy Nuts vanished like a frog in a Cuisinart down the opposite side while Erektion Master and Dirt Dog tried checking the wrong way again. I thought hard about checking into the great void that lay directly ahead but decided if God wanted me to run that way he would have already told me (by mail) so I followed Fuzzy Nuts down a winding sliding trail to the base of the mountain---running hard not to stay in front but to avoid being crushed by the bodies I could hear falling and snowballing behind me. At the base of the mountain was a road, a check, and confusion. Somebody got us untangled and going again and we ran back into town through the open air mall of Boulder interrupting street acts and artists with our running, yelling and hollering. Pieder Piper lead most of the way and had the advantage of surprise working in his favor. The rest of us had to contend with the aroused populace which responded in a variety of ways to our thundering presence. My sincere apologies to the juggler whose act I ran right through. I'm (snicker) sorry.

Finally, we left all that and found the On-Home sign under a culvert and began the mile long run-in (Thanks George). By now it was way past total darkness and in true Hash fashion the only light in the park was one lone flashlight the Hares had borrowed after it got too dark to see how to hook up the keg. Hashers streamed in for a long time, beer was drunk, people became drunk, songs were sung, down downs were downed, perverted conversations became louder, the Hash crashed a sorority party and ran off all the girls, women, ladies, sluts, and slimedogs (it was dark) with a flatulance punctuated rendition of the Engineer's Song.

More beer was consumed, Father Abraham was sung, Hash love songs were sung (especially by Pussy Tossers), socially disruptable goings-on went on, and somehow we all wound up at the best Thai Restarant in the world for truly excellent food. To show our thanks to the staff (that stayed late to cook and clean up for us) "Swing Low" was sung atop our dining tables which were still covered in dishes. This salute emptied the kitchen of all the help, who were totally astonished, especially since they spoke no English. That done (and happy, drunk, and stupid) we all went home to Hash again the next day. ON-ON !!! M.B.

COLORADO INVIHASHIONAL

Day: Saturday, Aug. 30th, 1986

Hares: Dr. Blood and a Hare-who-shall-remain-nameless

Location: Steamboat Springs

Guest On-Sec: Will-he Peter

(WALDO, OR WAS IT
WALLY ?!)

Saturday was the first "official" Hash run of the Colorado Invihashional weekend (although that term has little meaning with regards to Hashing in general). Many of us were well recovered from our first run in Colorado's rarified air the night before, despite Choirboy's (Glenn Allison) assurance that we would be "heaving our guts after two blocks." The day began with a rendezvous at Choirboy's for breakfast, and a chance to kibitz and renew old acquaintances from other Hashes. There were representatives from Atlanta (including Burnt Meat, Fuzzy Nuts, Dr. Doubleknit, Erection Master and a couple others), Los Angeles (Hash Harlot), Little Rock (Esteban, Mudpecker), Chicago (Amazon), Great Falls, VA, Boston (Relief), Los Alamos, NM (Half-life), Long Beach, CA (Pied Piper), and of course Houston.

The four hour drive was a thrill for me as I was assigned to drive with Half-life, who put to rest for all time misconceptions regarding the supposed driving skills of Germans. In fact, rumor has it that Walter will become the first naturalized American deported for traffic violations. We arrived on time though, unloaded and proceeded almost immediately to the starting point of the Saturday Hash at the foot of a mountain.

The run turned out to be a real endurance test, lasting two hours and by unofficial estimates covering almost nine miles. The Houston Hash was equal to the task, and in fact one HHHH'er or another lead the pack for most of the run. We covered an incredible variety of terrain. Up mountains, down mountains, across mountains. We scared up a deer, and Choo-choo tried to leap on it Rambo-style, with a knife in his teeth. January tried to sneak up behind it, but with considerably less violent intentions. At one point, the trail ran parallel to some high-voltage power lines, hissing and crackling in a most ominous fashion. The noise was really quite incredible. In addition to which, clouds were boiling in the sky like a scene out of Poltergeist. As we stopped for a water check, there was a loud report, almost like a gun shot, and the hissing noises from the power lines ceased. In the complete silence that followed, we all stopped in our tracks, waiting for the world to end. It didn't, so we continued on.

The rarified mountain air had little effect on our sturdy hounds, with the exception that it made Digital Input's voice sound a little higher than usual (if in fact such a thing is possible). Your's truly, in totally uncharacteristic fashion, found the trail at three successive checks and led the way for a length of time. Near the end, two individuals (one of 'em was Bricknose, I'm pretty sure) attempted an SCB maneuver across an open field to the On-Home at Bear Pole Ranch. The only obstacle was the herd of approximately 200 head of cattle grazing peacefully on the grassy plain. The two SCB's, oblivious of the herd and such dangers as a jealous bull or a pissed off rancher, ran right through the herd and, you guessed it, stampeded the cattle. Those of us content to run the trail were treated to the sights and sounds of 200 head of cattle thundering across the grassy plain, raising particular hell about the intrusion.

At the On-On, the beer flowed and Down-Downs were done for any and every reason that could be thought of. First the Hares, then the Grand Masters (or in Hash Harlot's case, Grand Matress), then the Hash Shit, then another nominee for Hash Shit, then all out of towners (which was almost everyone there), then new boots, and on and on. Shortly thereafter, there was a spirited game of Izzy Dizzy. The two teams were captained by Dr. Blood and Choirboy. Dr. Blood distinguished himself for what followed. Leading his team off, he downed his beer, ran for the bat, did two rotations, and proceeded to throw up all over the bat, providing his teammates with a considerable handicap. He was motionless for about ten seconds, then fell to the ground unconscious in slow motion, and there he remained for almost the rest of the game. As the game drew to a close, he raised his head from the soggy ground, saw that his team was behind, and with a cry of "Blood, Blood, Blood" hurtled himself across the field and tackled the opposing teams last runner, securing victory for his side.

The feasting, drinking and singing followed long into the night, with a first rate spread being provided by our hosts. Pussy Tosser and Cocker performed "Barnacle Bill the Sailor" and "The Italian Love Song" for the crowd, and were very well received. For the seventeenth Hash in a row, Mighty Mouse (Ralph Lopez) won the Adnan Khashoghi look-alike contest, as well as the Louie DePalma look-alike contest, the King Faisal look-alike contest, and the Ayatollah Khomeini look-alike contest.

Several Hash Names were given over the weekend, and in the best Hash tradition, were born of events during the Saturday Hash. Choo-Choo, as an example, was given that name because on the up-hill grades he was a Huffin' and a Puffin'. However, he was also nominated for Facefuck, supposedly because, at one point, he fell on his face and said "Fuck". Melissa ended up with the name Rugburns, because of the numerous small lacerations on her knees, sustained, no doubt, during the Run. Another Hasher was christened "Penny Loafer" because he had the audacity to run home and change into a preppy outfit immediately after the run.

Nominations for the quote of the week ended up as a dead heat between Floppy (Denver) and Mighty Mouse (our very own). Floppy was heard to say, in describing her condition after an extended drinking binge, "I was so sick, I puked up stomach lining" (I will never understand Coloradans preoccupation with puking. They are either talking about puking, threatening to puke, or actually puking. Good Hashers all.) Ralph was nominated for his remark to Amazon, a woman who, you might guess from her name, is very tall and.....shall we say, robust? At the On-On, Ralph was heard to say (in her presence) "What I like best about Amazon is that it would take me all day to make love to her." That remark was appropriate, given that he had already spent the day climbing mountains.

One final note. Numerous Down-downs were done in the YVHHH official Hash Shit receptacle, a toilet plunger. Our hosts reassured us that this was a sacred vessel, kept antiseptically clean. While they may in fact have been telling the truth, it wasn't until later that anybody noticed that the plunger was tinted blue.

On-On.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 31, 1986
STEAMBOAT SPRINGS, COLORADO
HARES: FLOPPY & CHOIR BOY

Who's that tapping at my door for Chrissakes...it's 6:30 AM! "Open the door, you dirty old whores" said WILL HE PETER, waking up hashers according to Houston time. Two hours later, groups of drowsy-eyed hashers wandered into town for coffee & breakfast--that is most went for coffee. At the El Rancho, just about run time, the HARLOT, MUDPECKER, MIGHTY MOUSE, IZOD, GEEK & LUG NUTS, were ordering round three of Bloody Mary's. As the rest of us were leaving the ranch, a disheveled LUG NUTS drove up with the MOUSE & HARLOT gasping for air in the back of the Suburban (a GEEK reaction from two plates of huevos rancheros). The Burban group led the way into the Springs as PUSSY TOSSEr lowered the cable to enter & yelled back to a non-hashing car full of women libbers to "do it yourself".

The trail started up the stairs and to the left down one side of the mountain stream to a check. FUZZY NUTS, BIRDMAN & PIED PIPER climbed a sheer cliff to a false trail at the top of a rock. ON ON along the river another mile or so to another check. ESTEBAN ran naked down a false trail--pursued by a few horny hikers in the area. The real trail led across the stream on stepping stones. HOOTER kept inquiring & nagging as to why we were going this way or that & where was the flour & who was ON. IZOD explained he was just on the rag, MR. PMS--"he has the worst parts of both sexes." From then on the trail was up, through trees & mulch & rocks; up the side of a steep mountain; one slip & you were dead ground meat--5,000 feet below! Zig-zagging on up to a wide trail to a check. On left to the true trail & right to a scenic overlook--a false trail but worth seeing. On left down an easy path & back across the stream where BRICKNOSE a.k.a. NOSE DIVE took a knuckle dive and back to Hot Springs to watch DR. BLOOD impersonate a male stripper. On the walk ON-HOME with FLOPPY, I got some good trash--would you believe the CHOIR BOY & FLOPPY might tie the knot by next INVAHASHIONAL. But first, they will try out living in sin.

Bartender LUG NUTS mixed stale & good beer & a wonderful lasagne lunch was prepared by DUSTY (I think). RAGBAG stole HARLOT's horn instead of her heart; while most hashers departed for the Springs, HALF-LIFE & DR. DOUBLE KNIT discussed their respective Yuppie child & IZOD interjected thoughts on lean cuisine & Polo cologne.

Down at the Springs, the Hares--FLOPPY & CHOIR BOY--did down downs; beer was flowing & singing & splash aerobics; CHOIR BOY transformed into land shark in search of GHETTO BLASTER (WIMP's wife, sexily clad in a 'Me Tarzan, You Jane' suit). Hash names to CHOO CHOO, HALF-LIFE & son PENNEY LOAFER; RUG BURN & renamed BURNT MEAT to CHARRED MEAT; and LADY GO-DIVER. MIGHTY MOUSE de-braed the above mentioned & presented his prizes to MUDSLINGER, to satisfy his innermost desire for a temporary sex change. Attired in lavender locks, & a RUG BURN bra with beer cups for

tits, he was instantly attacked & caressed by the HARLOT! Her next victim was CHOO CHOO, with the hash shit mounted on his back--oooooh! what a plunger! HOOTER discovered gold on his harefoot & gold diggers FLOPPY & WALLBANGER sucked the precious ore from his toes--never before has HOOTER felt such ecstasy!

All that toe-sucking must've done me in...all of a sudden I was riding in the Burban, and then falling out of the Burban...and next I was hugging a porcelain Buddha and wishing I was dead ground up meat!

But...the stories I heard the next day...

While dining in Steamboat that evening, IZOD, in his futile quest to impress AMAZON, led his comrades in a hymn before the meal (something about his sister's cat's asshole?) Everyone returned to the Bear Pole except HARLOT & MUDPECKER--continuing to party til the bars closed & even the free Topsy Taxis were no longer running. With a six pack for the road, they wandered about town, looking for home & maybe hours later, who knows, ended home in a state beyond inebriation--leaving two beers down the road for the next day!

Back at the ranch... IZOD, having developed a serious case of PC (pelvic congestion), joined the boys in a game of volleyball. Later the boys moved to the the dining hall for more serious feats of strength--a sledge hammer and small hammer attachments held in the hand in an effort to touch the protrusion on their faces! And no one won. In another contest to test flexibility (using an oddly shaped bottle?), ERECTION MASTER emerged the winner!!

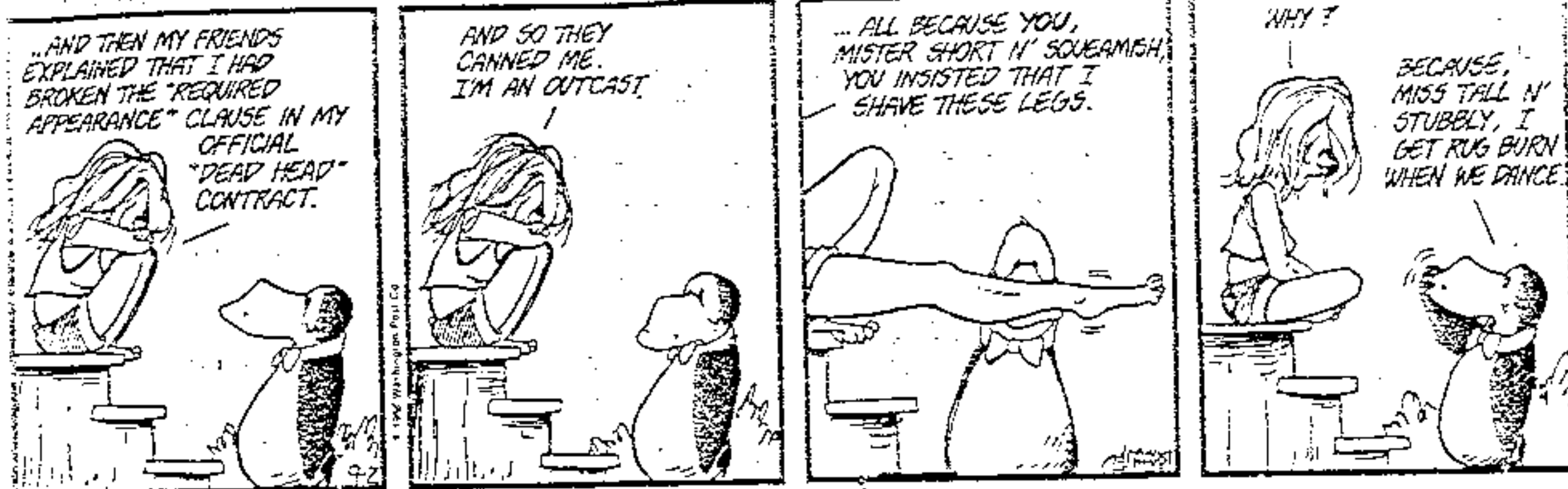
Special thanks to DR. BLOOD for going out of his way to haul nine hashers to the airport--and the flower boy thanks him for not pissing on his flowers! And a special thanks to the HASH GOD for getting us there alive--considering we consumed seven bottles of champagne, sixteen beers, and three bottles of California Cooler, while MIGHTY MOUSE led us in hash aerobics; WILL HE PETER & DIGITAL IN PUT discoed in the front seat; and IZOD licked champagne from AMAZON's gazongas. DIRT DOG said he got some great pictures of some mountains.

YOURS TRULY,

WALLBANGER

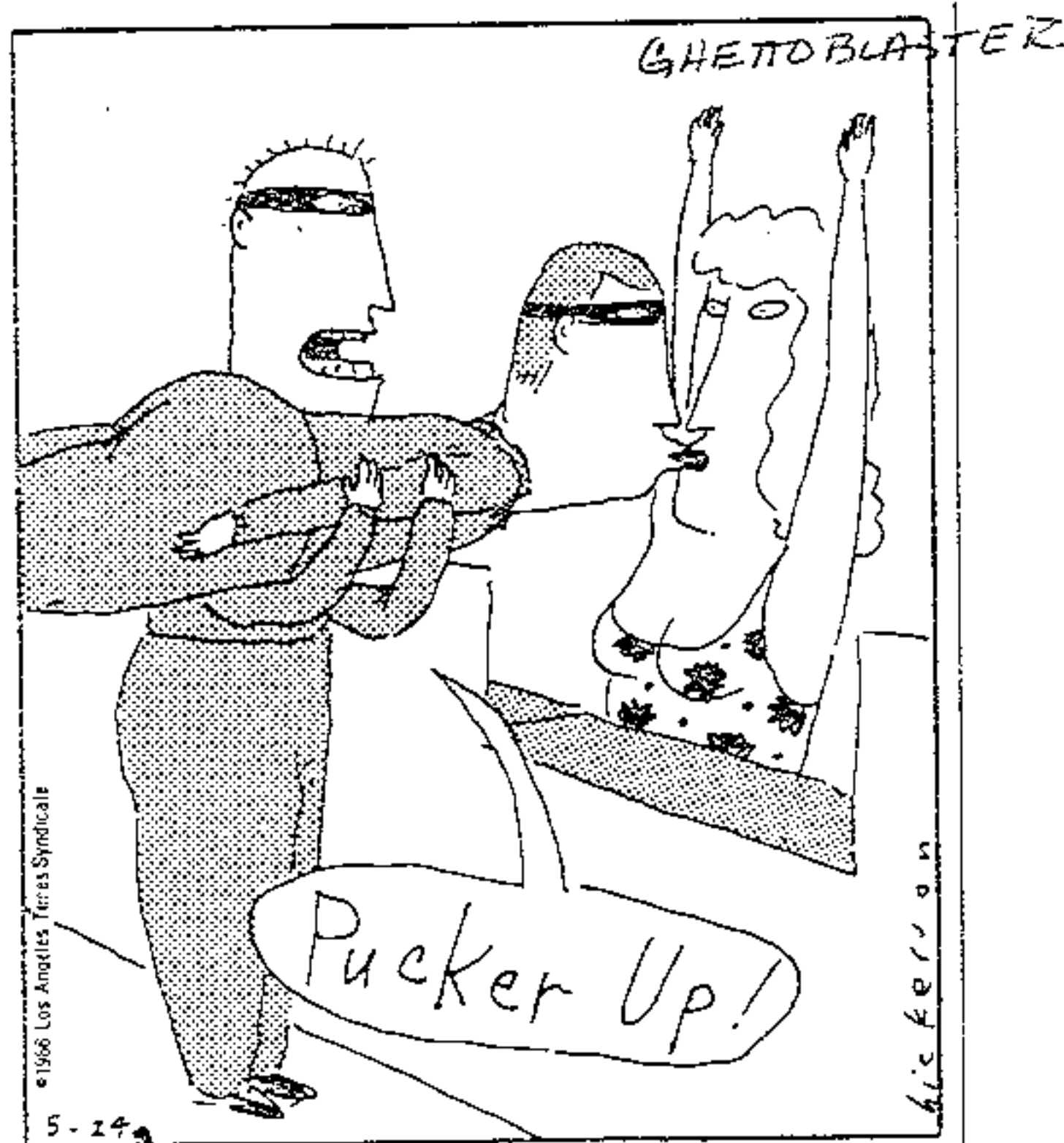
HASH COUNTY

STARRING:
RUG BURN
CHAPPED MEAT

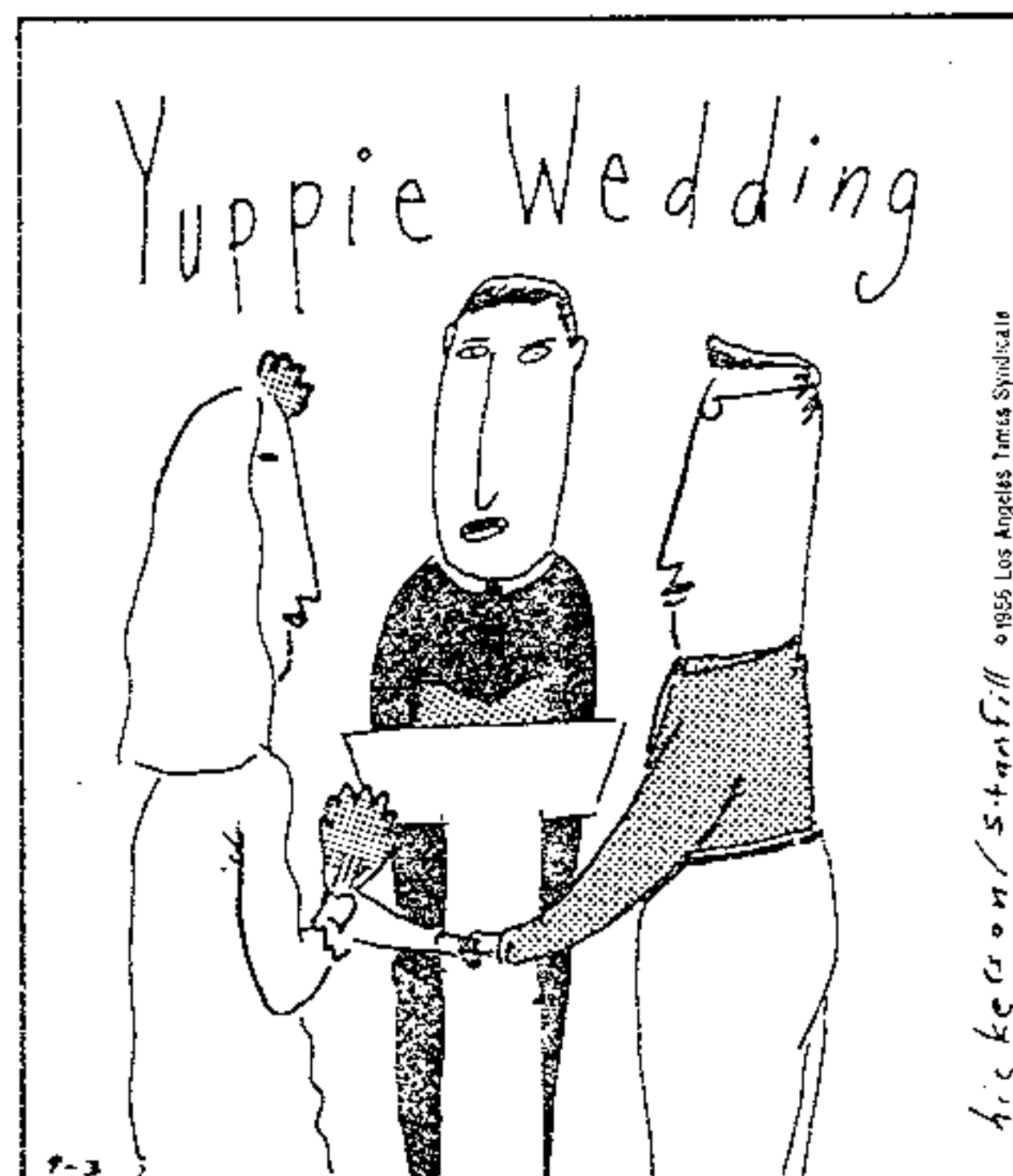


ROCK AND ROLL

LAND SHARK



A Crime of Passion.



"Do you, Izor..lease this woman, Muffy...with an option to buy?"

Yonday's Run in the City of Steamboat.....

"Lasta night I stavda home and masterbated...." maybe too much. Monday morning, the last day of the Hash Weekend in Steamboat. Big Bird and Pied Piper and I rose early to go into town to lay trail. After stealing pancake mix from the ranch kitchen to mark trail we discussed our strategy. Big Bird repeated our instructions for Piper's benefit, "Well, we're supposed to lay a trail thru town going through lots of streets and backyards...and it's supposed to start at city hall." With that simple description we decided to make it an interesting run by using all the marks we knew to mark the trail. The town is so small that we figured 30 or 40 false trails and backchecks within 40 square blocks wouldn't be too much since there are only two directions that any trail could take in a town laid out in a narrow vally along I-40.

Plans made we took off in multiple directions to lay false trails, backchecks, loops, etc., ad nauseum around the courthouse. Just about the time we decided that we ought to get on with laying the rest of the trail Hounds began arriving to start at the hastily announced 9am start time. We hadn't planned to live-hare the run, but then we hadn't planned much anyway, so we simply displayed all the marks that would be used on the the run on the courthouse sidewalk and made plans to get away in Big Bird's Rabbit-Car to mark the rest after the start.

Mother Sylvia lead Hash Aerobics to get the pack warmed up while many non-Hashers gathered to enjoy the roadside entertainment. Despite the outlandish goings on no one interrupted or attempted to subdue us. After a bit of waiting some of the Hounds began complaining about the early start time while others complained about having to wait. Floppy said we ought to wait until the Yampa Vally Hash got there since the original start time was 9:30am and someone else asked, "Yeah, where is that guy anyway...?" Seizing the excuse to stall and gain time the Hares piled into the VW Rabbit and rushed to mark more trail and lay the watercheck. In my haste I fell into the larger water check and returned to the start soaking wet. Marks defined, the hounds immediatly started off on the correct trail apparently oblivious to all the falsies and backchecks we had planned for them to run. We hares flew to the front of the pack to lay flour. We were almost caught by Izzod when he bellowed, "On-On!" just a few hundred feet behind us. Luckily, the cries and whistles of the pack covered our astonished, "Oh, Shit!, Oh, Fuck!, and Oh, Holy Hell!" as we threw ourselves and our pancake mix into the Hare-car and screamed up the hill tossing flour out the fucking window.

Crisis passed we Hares seperated again leaving Big Bird to cut across backyards laying trail while Piper and I marked roads and intersections to the watercheck high atop the ridge behind the Mountain College Campus. Finally, we got a chance to rest and await the arrival of the pack before marking the last leg of the trail to Steamboat Springs Park. Time passed and it grows quieter in Steamboat as the sun rose higher. Occassionally, we thought we heard the pack coming but the sounds never got louder. Piper and I left Big Bird to man the Rabbit-Car and climbed back up the last hill to check things out. Once up there we heard "ON-ON!" below us as a half dozen SCBers ran into the park blocking our escape from the pack that should be coming the other way. Caught in plain sight Piper and I scampered up the next hill and over the ridge past our water check to evade the fast approaching SCBers who were