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Weekly run information: 981-HASH



DALLAS MONSTER HASH

(WHY ARE THE HASHERS IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH SMIRKING ?)

It was a Hash.....It was a Monster Hash.....It was a Bash.....It was a Graveyard smash.....It was a Hash.....etc., etc.

It is Tuesday night, two days after the Monster Hash Weekend, and I still have dark circles under my eyes. And that's the least of my problems. Two days later I still blow a point oh-one-five on the Breathalyzer, I still have mud caked into my toenails and various other body parts, my ditty bag still smells of beer, there is still a huge pile of sweat-soaked running clothes in my closet, and will somebody please explain where that anatomically correct rubber duck came from ?

Friday night four of us rolled into Dallas in the biggest, whitest Pimpmobile this side of a Crack House, thus keeping alive a tradition dating back to Little Rock and Palm Springs at the very least. We never did figure out how to work the Microwave. At the Hotel we were met by Monk, looking for all the world like somebody up to no good and barely able to keep it a secret. The Harriete run was nearly upon us, and in no time at all, it was ON-ON, and we were, you know.....Hashing.

The Hares were Furball and McNuggets, and they led us a Merry chase through downtown Dallas. The pack all converged at the Farmer's Market near the Pumpkin Patch, and Pussy Tosser was awarded a squeaky toy for being the last one in. We all waited a while to see if the Great Pumpkin would arise to bring toys to all the good little children in the world, but after five minutes we all voted to piss on the Great Pumpkin if he ever showed up, and off we went in search of trail. Lucky thing the run wasn't around Christmas. Tinkerbell had one landing gear up and bellied out on takeoff, which was not the best timing in the world given that he was supposed to run The New York Marathon the following week.

By now it was dark, and your's truly wasn't feeling too well. Same for Digital Input. It might have been the beer, peanuts, nacho chips, Barbeque sandwiches, French Fries, Cokes, Hot Fudge Sundaes and Bubblegum we all ate on the way up, but that's just a guess. In any case, we were moving kinda slow, D.I. in particular. As a result, she won the award at the next check for being the last one in. It was a Dildo of rather modest proportions (at least by Houston standards), but it did have fresh batteries. She was required to carry it till the end of the run. However, she was approached by it's rightful owner, a Dallas Harriete who requested that it "be returned ASAP, because I've got plans for it, and by the way, don't worry, I cleaned it real good before the run."

As usual, Geek was nowhere to be seen for the entire run.

The run ended under an awning just a stone's throw from the ON-ON-ON at Fuddrucker's. The best Hash singing of the weekend commenced, with contributions from all quarters, especially Dinghy Loo, who contributed several new verses to Hash classics such as "Hairs of Her Dicky Diddle".

The keg was floated by about forty of us in no time flat, and it was on to Fuddrucker's. Once there, I learned a new trick. I won't bother explaining the mechanics of it here, but the result involves your beer exploding all over the restaurant. By the time this goes to press, there will already be several casualties in the Houston Hash.

Afterward, we all meandered outside to catch a DART ("Dis' Ain't Reality, Ted) bus back to the Hotel, where rumor has it the party continued. This pardner is ashamed to say that he went to bed.

DAY TWO

"TINKERBELL, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN SO MANY FAIRIES IN YOUR ENTIRE LIFE?"

Needless to say we were a strange looking lot attired as we were, some eighty or more strong, and definitely up to no good. The throng of Hashers gathered outside the Bradford Plaza at 3:00 p.m. Saturday afternoon, and assembled in a park behind the Hotel shortly thereafter. After brief instructions from the Hares Monk & Beaver Breath, dressed as "Master of Ceremonies" & "The Road Warrior" respectively, we were on our way. The trail was a twisted, perverted mess, and for a while, I thought I was in Austin. So I asked a Dallas Hasher what the difference was between the Austin and Dallas Hashes and he said "Oh, 'bout a hunnert miyuls." Sorry I asked.

We were On-On down to the tracks and across the expressway, right into a particularly seedy part of town, only to immediately double back in the direction we started out from. From there the run took us through various portions of down town. Needless to say, we were all quite a sight in our various Halloween regalia. The streets were alive with Hideous Monsters (Austin), Drag Queens (Dallas), and Celebrity Types (Houston).

Shortly into the run, Norma Jean's garters started to ride up on her, making her voice even higher than usual. I guess I should explain that she was dressed (and I use that term lightly) in a corset, garter belt, stockings and high-heeled sneakers. It caused quite a stir amongst the Dallas Hashers. It was no big deal for us Houstonians, though, since this is NJ's typical attire for happy hour on Friday nights. Lagging behind, she finally got into the chase car, only to get out a bit later, and, well.....we lost her. After a photo opportunity, the rest of the pack forged on, with some nifty open field running through a grid of water spouts in a large mall. I seem to recall Suzanne Joiner taking a spout of water right up the old shorts. No complaints, however, and she did make mention of the fact that after that experience, Hashers kind of paled by comparison. The trail then did a substantial turn through a warehouse district, ending up at the On-On (or Apres, as the Dallas Hash calls it).

The Apres was at a huge warehouse, with a stage, seating and dance floor artfully arranged by the Dallas Hash. A feast of pasta, salad and of course beer, followed, with dancing and entertainment shortly thereafter. The details of the evening are a bit fuzzy, but certain events do stand out. Rather than go into any agonizing detail, I'm just going to list the events of note. If you were there, you'll remember. If you weren't, just use your imagination:

-Unknown Dallas Hasher doing sixty-nine with a life size rubber doll on the dance floor. Later, we played football with her (the rubber doll, that is).

-A Police Helicopter overhead, with various Hashers running outside to see it.....various obscene gestures when we thought they couldn't see us.....embarrassed Hashers when the police cruiser rolled up.

- Monk as as David Letterman and Humper (or Thumper) as Paul Schaffer.
- Dallas Hash skit on the legendary "Sledge-O-Matic."
- We found Norma Jean.
- Dr. Ruth did a reprise, with Mighty Mouse stoned to the gills on stage.
- Italian Love Song and Barnacle Bill from Pussy Tosser & Cocker.
- Monster Rap from the DHHH.
- Ralph hoisted Rhonda on his shoulders, her legs still touched the ground. Ralph isn't that short, but Rhonda's legs are that long.
- Hairy Palms, Alias and Beaver Breath doing production-line toe sucking in Room 510 after the Party.

DAY THREE

"IF YOU THINK OUR RUNS ARE TOUGH, WAIT UNTIL THE FORT WORTH HASH GETS A HOLD OF YOU"

I can summarize this run in six words: John Gammil is a short cutting Poofdah bastard. Make that seven words. The trail Sunday was even more fiendish than the Monster Hash on Saturday, with more twists than Bill January's colon. Pussy Tosser short cut about three miles. How dare he exercise good judgement and intuition on a Hash? Doesn't that fly in the face of some kind of tradition? In any case, we spent most of the run down in the Bayou, crossing the Bayou, running parallel to the Bayou, and running through Shiggy and brambles around the Bayou.

Towards the end of the run, we had the option of covering the last stretch by swimming the Bayou or crossing a bridge. Several Hash Poofdahs elected to cross the bridge, including PT, Geek, Keezer, and Suzanne. The manly men (or dumb asses, depending on how you look at it) who swam the Bayou included yours truly, Hairy Palms, and Mighty Mouse. Non running Poofs included Digital Input, Norma Jean, Hey Buddy, Jane Kizer, and Cocker. Excuses ranged from Menstrual Cramps to Pregnancy.

Here is a Re-Hash of the events of note at the Sunday ON-ON:

- At the start of the On-On, within sight of a prison, assorted Hashers do a Twenty-one Bun Salute.
- Lesbian cop shows up fifteen minutes later and she is not happy.
- Monk reasons with the Lesbian Cop.
- Police Sergeant shows up.
- Monk reasons with the Lesbian and the Sergeant.
- Sergeant says he's concerned about Hash activity contributing to the delinquency of a minor (Little Lee).
- Monk attempts levity, reassuring Lesbian and Sergeant "Officers, that is my child, and I can assure you that she was corrupted long before this."
- Cops are not amused, and Monk is pretty sure he has said the wrong thing. Sergeant starts to frig his nightstick.
- Lee asks the cops if they are going to take her daddy to jail.
- The Garbage Man gets his horn stolen, and even Little Lee conspires with certain Hashers who shall remain nameless. The Horn has been subsequently reduced to components no bigger than a thumbnail, and these are being mailed to Hashes all over the country.

NOTE:

Sorry for the lack of Dallas Hash Names. For the record, I called Mighty Mouse, Cocker, Geek and Digital, and they couldn't remember certain ones either. Thanks guys, you were a big help.

Thanks to the Dallas Hash for a great time. I haven't had this much fun per cubic inch since the Doomsday Run. A great time was had by all.

ON-ON. Will He Peter.