

LAND SHARK
EXCHANGING MONEY
FOR PESOS

MEXICO CITY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

host

DIA DE LA RAZA

October 10 - 13, 1986

A Houston & San Diego Perspective

with

ON SECS:

THAILAND JEFF
DEEP THROAT
WALLBANGER

From the Office
of Disinformation

MEXICO CITY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS DIA DE LA RAIZA OCTOBER 10-13, 1986

First of all, Roo and Deep Throat would like to thank Wall Banger, Heart-On, Mary Poppins, Hooker, Coach, Angelpig(pig), Party Animal, Shortcake, Zink-Q, Manhandler, On Dee, Aussie Jan, Q-Tip, Bareass(Charge D'Affairs-Australian Embassy), Breadcrumbs, Favella, Come Queen, Africa Queen, Go-go Dancer, Hash Harlot and a host of others who were the (sometimes) unwilling victims of our Landshark attacks.

THURSDAY- Mexico City H3 really outdid themselves to show approximately 50 out of town hashers a great time. We arrived on time Thursday night in what would prove to be the only bad weather of the weekend. Our Mexico City sponsors were assembled to greet us as we walked by a humongous Ministrie de Tourism "BIENVENIDOS HASHERS" banner. After gathering our trash and heading to the cars, we piled our way through the atrocious Mexico City traffic to our houses and eventually to the Lomas Linda Restaurant. Our hosts once again took over and ordered up the specialties of the house for our enjoyment. After a lengthy and filling dinner, we headed on over to Inferno's house for what would become a nightly ritual of drinking him out of house and home and generally trashing the place. We also got our first exposure to dancing at 7,500 feet. What fun!

FRIDAY- The next morning, we groggily assembled and headed downtown to do a little sightseeing. A stop at the anthropological museum gave us a lot of insight into the culture we would be running through for the next few days. We then met at the Funda de Refugio in the Zona Rosa for lunch and what is reputed to be the best margaritas in Mexico City. (You'll find no argument from me.) Hilarity reigned as Inferno ordered for the whole motley crew and once again treated us to a great variety of local foodstuffs. After lunch (which was about 2:30 PM), we headed home to change and get ready for our first MCH3 run. The trails were all done via dead hares. Despite this, we still managed to start chicly late due to the traffic, around 6:00 PM. All hashers were issued large, obnoxious, brass bells in order to keep track of one and other. Soon we were on-on through the traffic, winding our way through the town. The Ministry of Tourism thoughtfully supplied us with our own "Green Angel" which followed us through the streets with red lights flashing. Quite an impressive escort. Except for one particularly ugly uphill backtrack, the run led us through some very nice parks and neighborhoods. We had one beer check to round everyone up (where Sandpiper, Sugar Tits, Batta, and Party Animal finally caught up) and then it was on-in to the Sheraton Hotel where the on-on took place. A very classy joint. The beer was flowing freely and the munchies were abundant as we sang the usual fare of Hash songs. We then moved on to Anderson's -a local restaurant/bar- for the on-on-on. Here we ate, drank, sang, and generally acted obnoxious for several more hours. When we had damaged that place sufficiently, we went on-on-on-on to Inferno's to practice dancing into the wee hours of the night. Sugar Tits amused us all as he licked some spilled beer off of the floor.

SATURDAY- This morning we assembled back downtown at some ungodly early single-digit hour to board the buses and head out to the pyramids. Our hosts thoughtfully supplied us with several chests of frosty cervesas to chase away the previous night's demons. The run through the pyramids was indescribable. It was nice to get a brief respite from the ever present air pollution, but even that was not enough to ease the pain of climbing the stairs to the top of the pyramids with killer hangovers. Steep and narrow, but also prime landshark territory as a few unfortunates will testify to. Once again, our Green Angel was there with a much needed beer check to slake our thirst and raise our spirits. The local citizenry was mildly amused to watch us run around. The hit of the day turned out to be Mighty Mouse of Houston H3 fully decked in his costume. He was a mobile point of interest. The on-on was at Pyramid Charlie's where we took over the outside gardens. Once again, there were copious amounts of cervesas and food. The crowd

sang along with Retardo and Jose on banjo and guitar respectively. Your San Diego Hash House Harriers were clearly the class of the gathering when Mr Spock, Deep Throat, Roo, Rickshaw, and a strong anchor by Hooker humiliated a weak Houston H3 contingent in a boat race (beer chugging). There were no other challengers. Downs for first timers were particularly brutal. They have to chug the equivalent of three beers from a brass spittoon while being totally drenched by all of the other hashers. Definately not an easy rite for the faint-hearted.

The Hash Bash that night was by far the high point of the week-end. There were well over 20 natives on hand to cook an incredible feast from scratch. The food was delicious and available in quantities far surpassing even our voracious appetites (Angelpig excepted). Among the delicacies offered were calves brain and corn fungus empanadas. Coupled with non-stop cervesas, Cuervo 1800 tequila, and sangrita; the group quickly whipped itself into a party frenzy. The dance floor was consistantly packed and everyone was getting into it. The awards ceremony gave us a welcome break. Among the many awards given out, notable one's were: Inferno - new MCH3 Hash Harlot (not bad for a mere man), Sugarcits - He-man of the Universe, Shortcake - Best Buns (she showed us how she got her Hash moniker), and Hooker - Best Chest (enough said). After it was all over, we danced until well after 3:00 AM when the only people left were a dozen of SDH3, Eject (LBH3), and a few of our MCH3 hosts. A really mah-velous performance by us. The other Hashes were conspicuous in their absence. The evening finally wound down as LT Angelpig - Sex Police (Oral Division) futilely attempted to stem the flow of various and sundry hashers into different rooms.

SUNDAY- Our last day of hashing. A rather ragged looking bunch of hashers assembled downtown for one last run. Hash note - many of MCH3's runs were marked in spray paint. It was a mercifully short one this time, but scenic none-the-less. There was a lot of walking this morning and the Green Angel was typically loaded down with various degrees of walking wounded. We finished in the plaza in front of the Presidential Palace. Our run once again included some great sights. The open air market and the Aztec ruins across from the cathedral were the high points. We actually had the MC police riding along with us stopping traffic at intersections. The on-on was at the rooftop restaurant of the Hotel Majestic across the plaza from the palace. The beers and camaraderie revived us all as morale was high. It was hard to say good-bye to all of our new found hashing buddies. Many of us salved our wounded spirits (and bodies) with a cleansing steambath/sauna/massage immediately after. Remaining hashers met back in the Zona Rosa for a final dinner and a little more dancing. SDH3 once again shone as we traded, and eventually overwhelmed, a group of Brits with our dirty ditties at the C'est Si Bonne Restaurant. Cudos to Hooker, Shortcake, and Angelpig(fish) as they performed Cock Robin in the street to the delight to all of the diners and many of the locals. A brief, half-hearted attempt was made at dancing, but most of us only lasted until about 2:30 AM before we crashed.

MONDAY- The departure and flight back were surprisingly uncomplicated and on time. The group was noticably subdued on the flight home. A small group of hard core hashers (Mr Spock, Manhandler, Africa Queen, and Deep Throat) made it to the La Jolla hash. Africa Queen shouldn't have tried. At last report, she was out of the hospital and recovering nicely.

PROLOGUE- If you missed this Hash tripYOU BLEW IT!!!! For only \$184.50 airfare and \$50.00 for the runs (no pun intended Spock), we had the time of our lives. Special thanks to all of MCH3 for their generosity and hospitality and to Coach who pulled all of the arrangements together.

Penned by Deep Throat (who got tired of trying to correct Deep Theroux)

Deep Throat,

Bun bus segregated over ' patting stuff'

10/11/86

DIA DE LA RAZA - Day 2

I wish I could say I woke up rested for today's run, but between Geek grunting, Kizer mumbling, and Ralph calling out for a candy bar (I think he was moaning "O'Henry"), sleep was something less than blissful.

With our lung's still reeling from our first smog run the day before, the hashers gathered in front of the Sheraton at 9:00 A.M. to board the buses to the pyramids. The three buses were designated for sleepers, talkers, and singers/drinkers. Guess which one Houston piled into? Three beers and 45 minutes later, we assembled at the gate to the ruins. The hares, Jose (my name eez) Jimenez and his girlfriend, had arranged a performance with some local types to sing ballads to us. Unfortunately, the alcohol had set in with everyone, and we decided it would be more fun to string them up by their feet from a 30ft. pole. We left them screaming Aztec curses at us and headed into the ruins.

On through the gift shop to our first "Iranian" up the temple steps, then back down to Main Street Azteca for a jog past a garden, and around the Temple of the Sun. A female victim of exhaustion was found halfway up surrounded by onlookers. Thanks to the excellant command of the pre-1300 A.D. Aztec language enjoyed by Mighty Mouse and myself, we convinced the young maiden that the mouth to mouth and heart massage would appear more professional if she would quit giggling! On up to the top for group pics with the Mexico City banner, and an even slower descent to the bottom. (One gets the feeling that the architects of these stairs had never heard of alcohol!)

By now the altitude was taking its toll, and most of us straggled into what we thought was the On-Home! After a couple of quick beers, they gave us the good news..... on back into the ruins to the ultimate "Iranian" up the Temple of the Moon where we interviewed hasher after hasher looking for the proverbial virgin to sacrifice. Harlet kept volunteering but rumor had it that she had given it away in grade school! On down the Avenue of the Dead (no shit!) and out of the ruins to a restaurant for the On-On!!! 4 grams of food per person, and we belched our way through the down-downs. Houston's attempt at the "boat trip" failed miserably as the Duke of Earl's beer kept exiting through his nose!

We boarded the buses for home and a shower, then met at 8:39P.M. for the PARTY!! I have never seen so many hashers in clothes. Clean ones at that! Incredible grub, strong Tekillya and beer, and the dance floor was smoking. The award ceremony honored various degenerates in the crowd. Our own Mighty Mouse received the " Most Enthusiastic Hasher" award, and to everyone's delight, he flew up on stage to receive it! The much touted "Fuck Up" award went to none other then Bill January, who gave an incredibly articulate acceptance speech. Our hats go off and our pants go down to the Duke of Earl for his self-deprecating attempt to win the "Best Buns" award. (How old is that guy, anyway?) The festivities were wrapped up around 2:00 A.M?and we all headed for home and our own beds. (Or so I thought.) Ralph and Janet.....Do you still respect me?????????????????????????????

ON_CN

Thailand

MEXICO CITY
OCTOBER 10, 1986

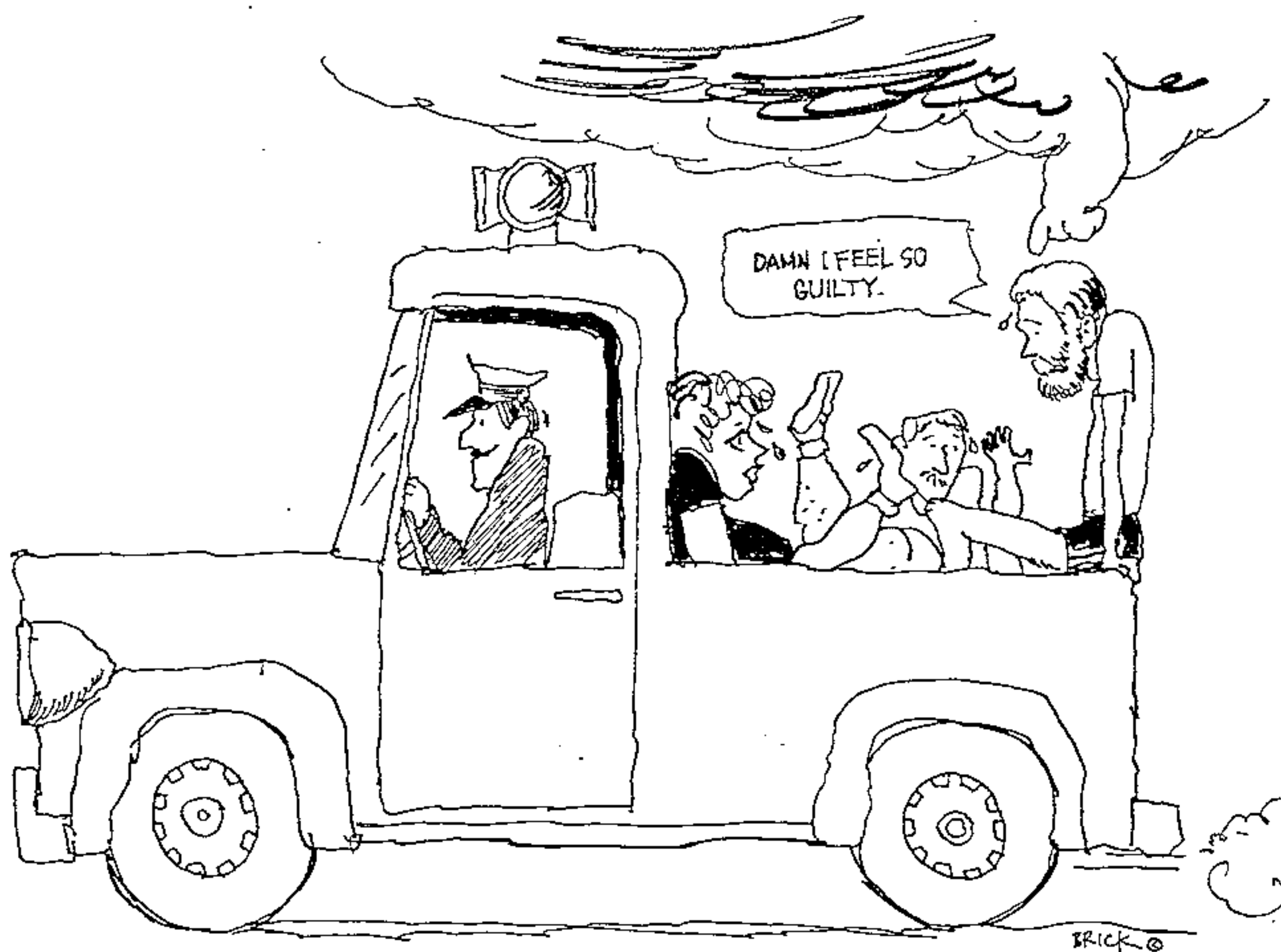
It was almost five and me, MIGHTY MOUSE & THAILAND were 35 smoggy miles away from the run. But never fear...MIGHTY MOUSE teletransported us to the Angel of Independence just in time. "Llegamos." And the party began! There was huggin & neckin & humpin goin on--as we greeted old friends...MANHANDLER, & MUDPECKER, HARLOT & PERVERT; then made some new ones...ROACH & SUGAR TITS, DEEP THROAT & MARY POPPINS, SHORT CAKE, WRONG WAY, MR. SPOCK & of course our host Steve "COHARE" Case. And so we began, in search of confetti & red painted circles, with goat bells round our necks to assure our safety--since our audial sense was working better than the visual. One hundred and twenty air sucking fools, running down brick sidewalks & dodging cars & other such debri. Right before a beer check, the infamous SANDPIPER appeared & was well recieved with hugs & kisses. And you can imagine what happened when it was the ladies turn!! The run was monitored along the way by the Green Brigade on wheels--a place of temporary refuge for any wimps. A trail thru Chapultepec Park was welcome scenery, where we encountered our first Iranian back check up a steep & winding hill where the military, complete with machine guns, were stationed inside a fortress--one wrong move and we were dead rabbit meat! Then back to the streets where the smells ranged from rancid to reeking...sorry Mexico H3--we love you, we just can't breathe here. On-Home to the 3rd floor of the Isabel Maria Sheraton with down-downs that began with the beginning of the song & beer was sprayed more than consumed. There was plenty of beer rain for DR. MIKEY's "Singin in the Rain"; and Rubin & his banjo trio entertained us with rock n roll songs.

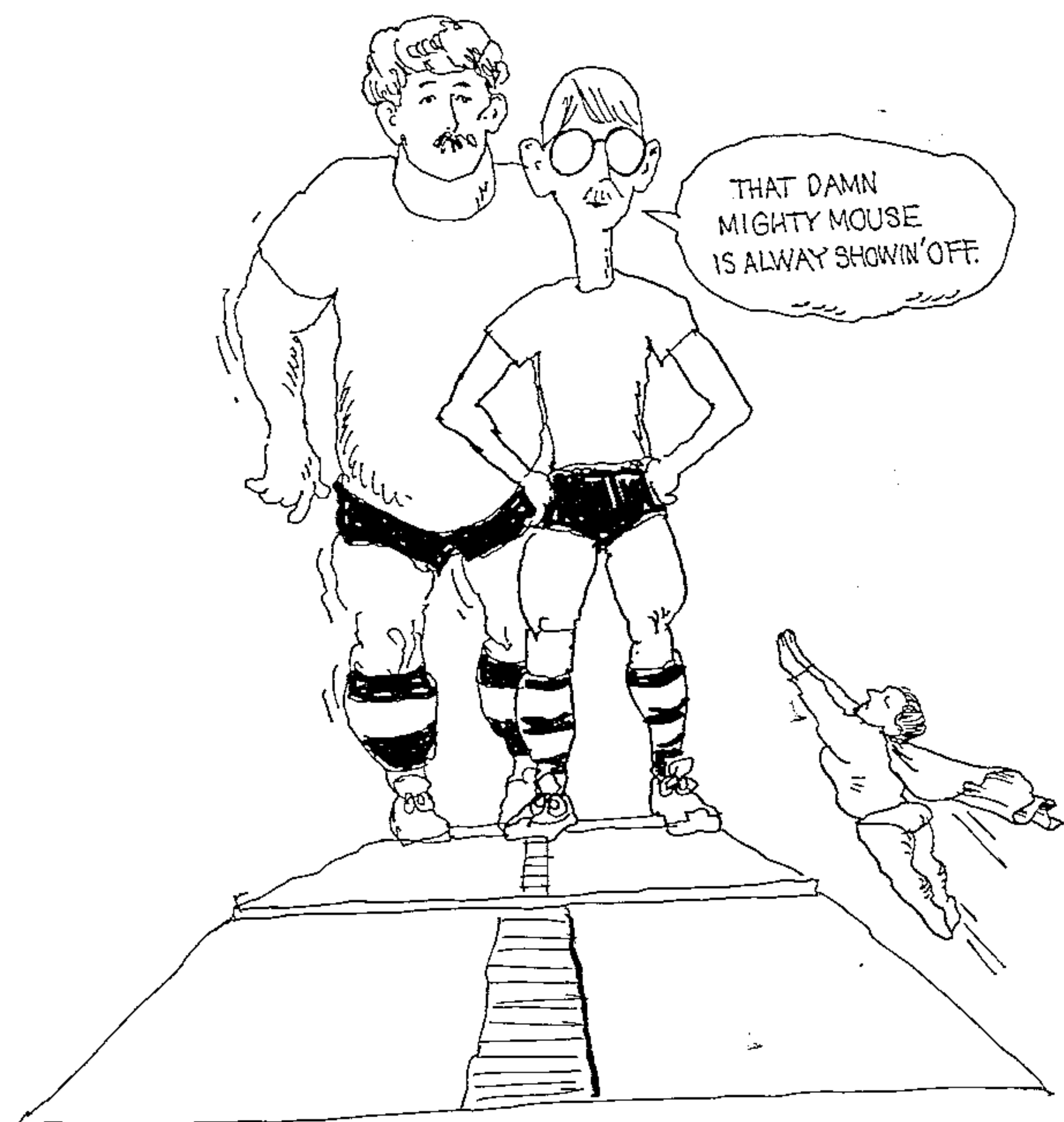
ON ON ON...at Andersons, where we sang & danced while a quietly subdued GEEK celebrated Yom Kippur wearing HARLOT panties on his head (in Geekspeak, beanie sounds like pantie!) And we danced on chairs and some I don't remember. Then On Home to our respective quarters. Myself and four men; well, three men, one groaning GEEK; maybe two men, a fully clothed Betrothed, & a groaning GEEK; or was it one man, a snoring MOUSE, a fully clothed Betrothed, & a groaning GEEK. All on one couch!

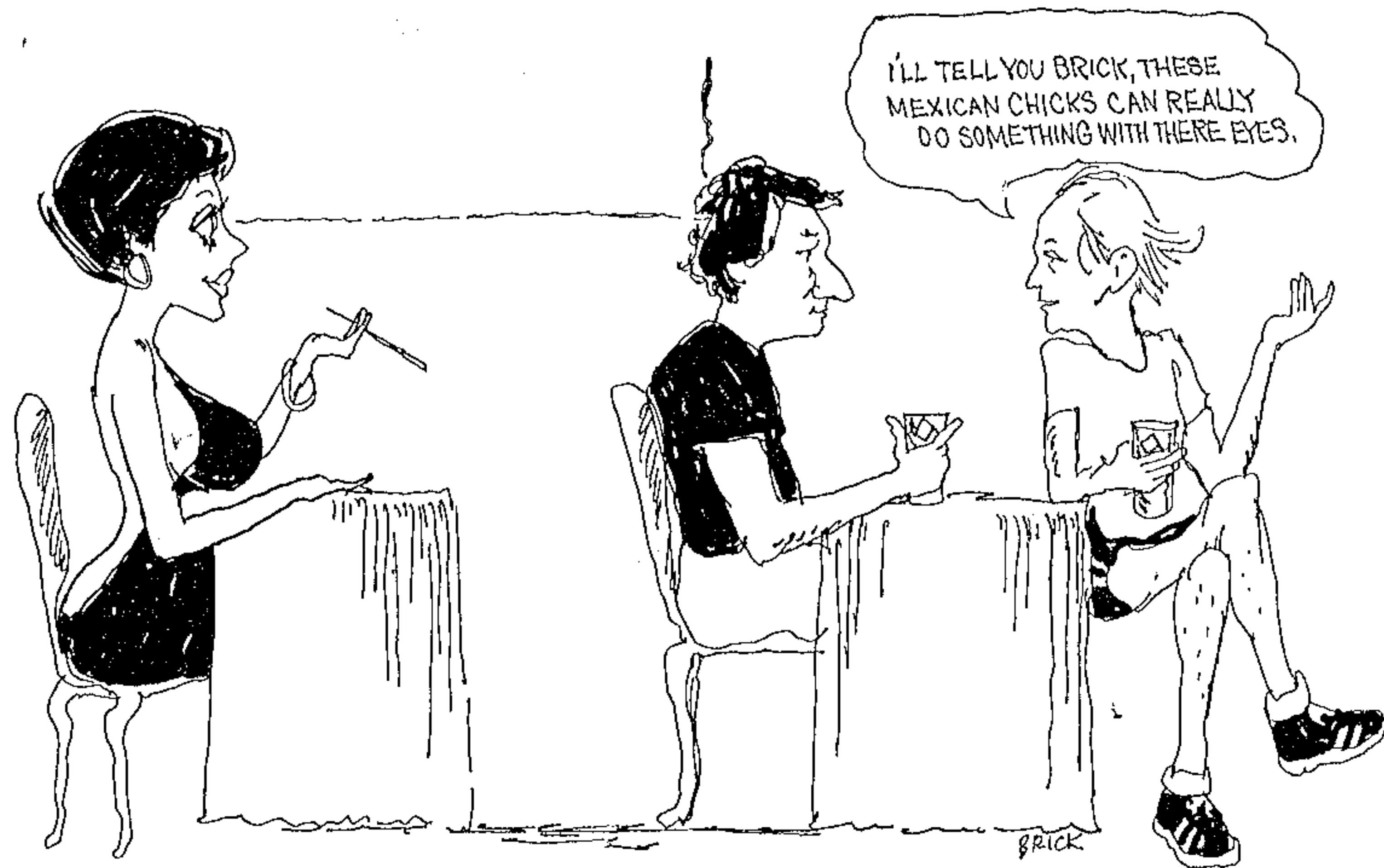
Yours truly,

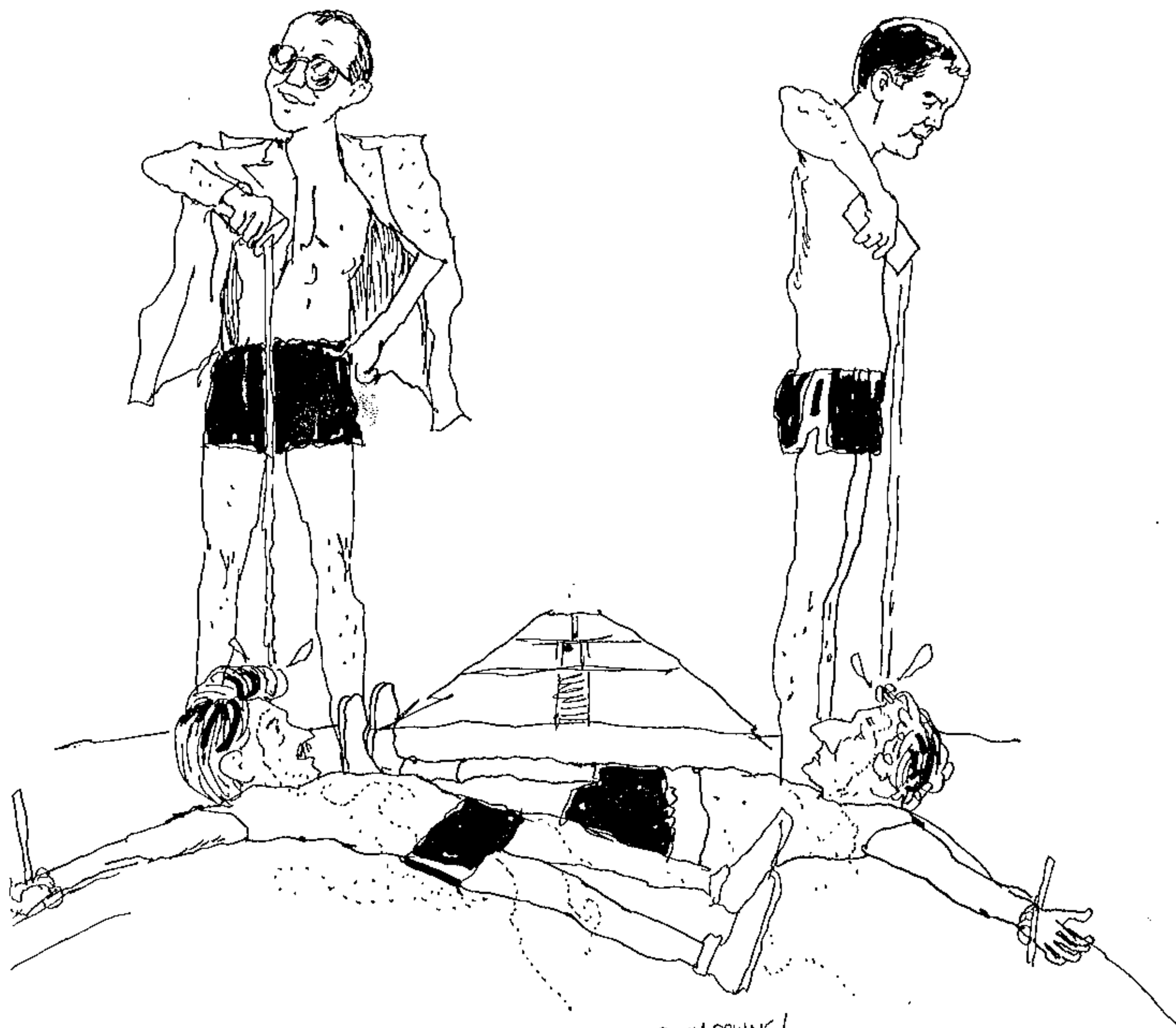
WALLBANGER

Mary Poppins









BOY! THESE GUYS HAVE STRANGE DOWN DOWNS!

guy