

JANUARY 31, 1988

Run

THE THIRD ANNUAL POOPER BOWL RUN

THE BEGINNING

The run commenced in an area of Houston commonly known as the Northwest side, where the "Reverend" occasionally works. On Hempstead Highway at the now closed down Bingo Hall, AKA about ten other names and I recall one being known as the Orbit! I was running late, not for the Hash, because the Hash never starts on time. This run was to begin at 1:30 p.m.. but it is absolutely impossible to get 100 assholes to do anything on time. I was immediately accosted by Cocker, she took a dollar from me for the Super Bowl pool. I then ventured to Sharon Wagnor and she also took more money from me. While paying Hash cash, I began hearing bits and pieces of gossip for later use, unfortunately some of it was old, and the rest useless, (i.e., who is doing who, who would like to do who, who Duke is doing, Who cares?) The usual handouts were available, announcements and other miscellaneous bullshit were made for any interested party. Hooter also passed out ties from his closet to all persons who would wear one. I received the lovely black one with lots of fags on the front. Finally it was. . .ON-ON.

The Trail

The impressive beginnings of 100 active jocks and jockettes gave a blue and white HPD car something to do on a Sunday afternoon. Over hill, over dale, woods, streets and ditches to the first false trail; reversing the 100 and finally an ON ON was heard and we were off. This was a Dolomite* run, that means, shiggy, toilet paper, dogs, sleazy back entrances of buildings, houses that would be torn-down in the fifth ward, obstacles, and the kind of neighborhood where Ward and June Cleaver would not live. Leo's runs have a tendency to make you (especially Scum Puppy) appreciate who you are, and where you live. While crossing a drainage ditch near the beginning, Daisy Mae, (Terri Clarke) not only lost her shoe, but broke her thumb. Several people got a dose of poison ivy* and poison oak*. Although, I really enjoyed the house located on the corner of (? ? ? street). We are talking swimming pool with fighting cock, a plastic creche, almost life size of Mary, Joseph and Jesus. This guy really did have a house right out of Town and Country. This was also 1/10th of a mile from the water check. I ran into Digital input, Mark (this guy needs a name), and VEE. We encountered Gary (Whoredog) Lambert. There is a possibility that I could have interpreted this conversation wrong, sometimes do call a spade a shovel. Gary was talking to three young black kids, and he was either a) propositioning them b) stating a fact c) bitching. I heard these immortal words, "I'm too old, too fat and too tired." Down the nice friendly neighborhood people were observing the group and pointing out the fact that

"I be way behind". Reaching the Baptist church I ran into a couple of brothers of the gospel, they also mentioned that I "be way behind". I did my damndest to short cut, but I never follow Geek and Captian Naked. I arrived at the site of the ON ON and there was still beer left, lots and lots of beer. And best of all Jack Bridge came in last.

THE ON-ON

The trail ended suspiciously close to the beginning of the run, at warehouse neighborhood with absolutely no guards. A beautiful Sunday afternoon. Mega-tons of beer, drinking water, showers and bathrooms were available. Another first class on-on spot. (Speaking of Spot, more on her later). The down-downs for new boots, Leo, DFL's and others were performed. Since I have absolutely no idea who the new boots were, the hash welcomes all of you. The annual pooper bowl award was handed down from Stan (Scum Puppy) Timmer, (I really think that his name should be changed, he reminds me a a cuddly little white teddy bear), to Barbara Brooks, AKA NUMBS IT. This was an original pooper bowl, meaning white industrial porcelain, seat attached with large turd floating in bowl. She graciously accepted this award and the down-down with it. Unfortunately, the pot cracked, broke and made a hell of a mess on the road. The last thing I saw was Vega loading the pot into his van. If it was me, I would have left that piece of shit on the road. But not Barbara; Barbara and Michelle even carted that damn thing to Numbs Its house. (They had to have been very drunk). Since everyone knows what happened after that, I would bet that the Numbs Its 4th Annual Pooper Bowl Revenge will be a hashing event. Be there, January XX, 1989. The crowd of 100 plus returned to the autos. Did any of you take the time to read the sign? (see attached if you did not) Leo has started a new business, I do not know if he has made a profit, but I sure he has had offers, and hopefully some quality meat will be floating around the Hash.

THE ON-ON-ON

Karol, the meat was great! I know that Leo told you 50 people would probably be at the On-On and I'm sure you planned for 75. Sorry about the miscalcuation, but is was absolutely terrific and I for one as well as a whole bunch of others really appreciated the work you put into this event. Hasher's generally will trash out just about any place they have been too. This was no exception. Triple kegs were set up at various locations and

This is the last page

triple TV's to watch the Super Bowl game. Spot really was the perfect hostess, she cleaned up after everyone. I was excited about this game due to the fact that Denver had so much media exposure. Washington stomped the piss out of those boys. Just shows what real men are like. The results of the winnings for the pool, were Sylvia, 1st quarter, Brooks second quarter, 3rd quarter?, and Sylvia again. To add insult to that, she left early, and called back to make sure that no one would take her \$12.50. Bodies were all over Leo and Karol's house. People trying to pick up one another, trying to get rid of one another and just trying. Did anyone get lucky? Please share this with the hash, we would all like to know. A familiar face showed up out front and he and ??? went roller skating down the street. I think Norma Jeane and John Holmes know this guy. Hash Flash, (AKA Generic Butt Wipe) was his usual self, trying to get crotch shots and numerous other photos. People were having too much fun. Harry's bird had a great time, it was fun to see him enjoy the hash. After the game and the rest of the food had been devoured, people began drifting off. It was about 11:30 when I finally left.

The ON-ON-ON-ON

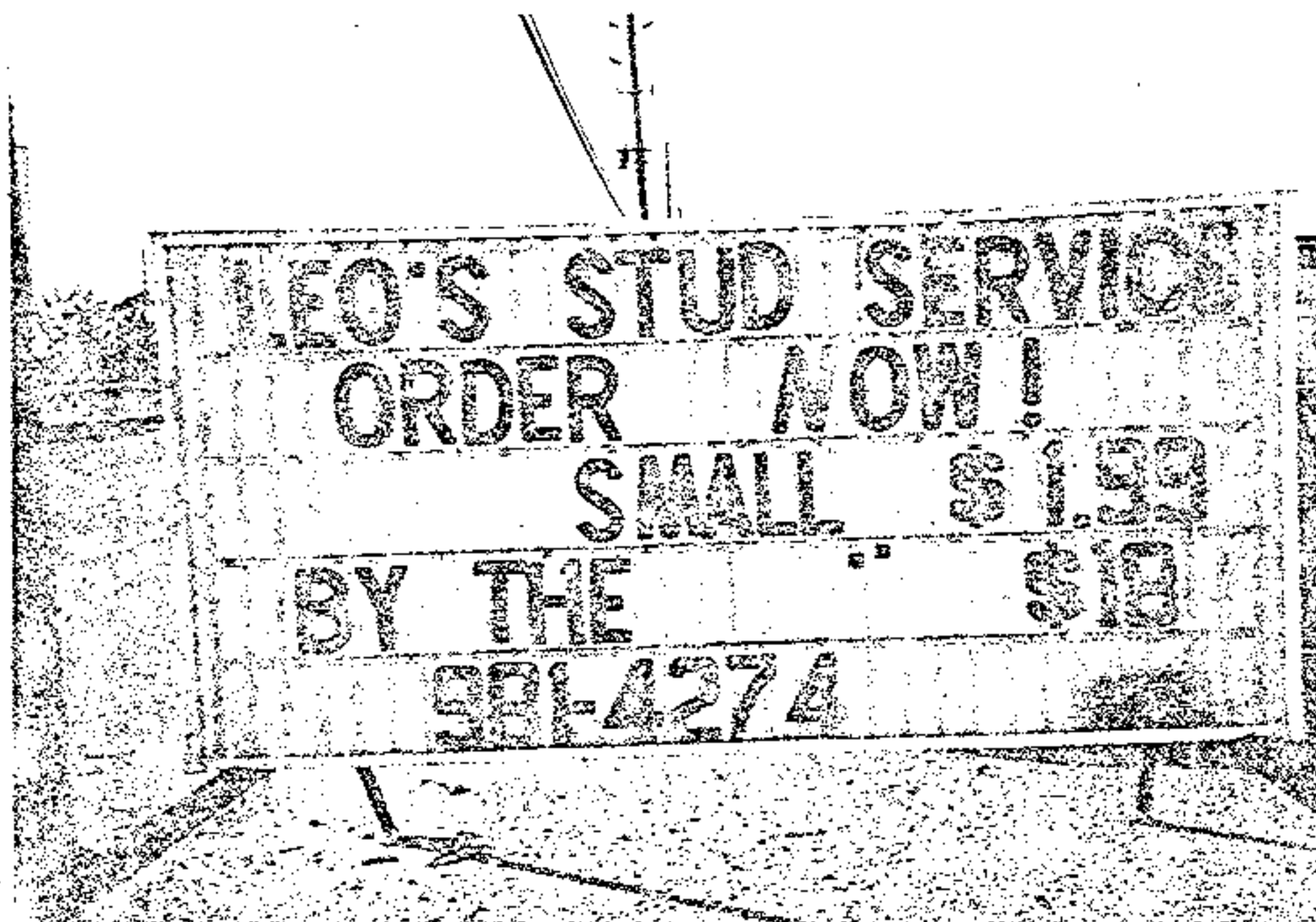
Heard it through the grapevine that a small select group ended up at the Redi-Room in the Heights. I heard from another source they all had "Too much fun". About 2:30 p.m., I heard the front door open, giggles, and two voices. Norma Jeane told me that I probably had too much to drink.

Magnolia

*Dolomite: n: a type of sedimentary rock similar to limestone but rich in magnesium carbonate, sometimes a reservoir rock for petroleum. I always knew Leo was full of hot oil!

*Poison Ivy: n: a climbing plant related to sumac that has shiny 3-parted leaves and may irritate the skin of one who touches it.

*Poison Oak: n: any of several plants closely related to poison ivy and with similar properties. Usually grows around oak trees.



HASH FASHION - POOPER BOWL CLASSIC

Let it be known that more class is starting to show up in the way this Hash is dressing recently. To begin with, did you see the tie that Magnolia Thunder Pussy showed up with at the Pooper Bowl Run? It was splendid. It was magnificent! The garment was reputed to have been formerly owned by Hooter Bill, but it was undoubtedly too classy for him. The tie was a chocolatey brown, 100% acetate, garment with people engaged in intercourse. Social intercourse. That is what hashing is all about, isn't it. MT Pussy looked sexy with intercourse ongoing on her chest.

Others that have really wowed the sartorial satyrs were the Rev and Dolomite. Dolomite, normally - no, no, there is nothing normal about him. He usually dresses to kill. But on the day of the Christmas party, Dolomite appeared dressed in long underwear and Carol's house coat. Carol thought that this was a good sign that she was in for a new sexy robe for Christmas.

The Rev. What can one say about this clothes horse. Lately as the weather has turned a bit to the cooler side of the thermometer, the Hash has started to turn out in a rainbow of sexy tight running breaches. What does the Reverend wear. The well dressed chic are wearing blankets! I think it is a Indian theme or something.

- Keep it up Hashers. It is infinitely more fun to look good than to be good!

Uptight and insight!

Tamee Fai

THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR

The party ended early,
Twas only half past nine,
And by some stroke of bloody good luck,
Her room was next to mine.
And so like Christopher Columbus,
I started to explore,
And took up my position by
The keyhole in the door.

Chorus: Oh! Key hole, Key hole, Key hole,
 Key hole in the door,
 I took up my position by
 the key hole in the door.

She sat down by the fireside,
Her lily white tits to warm,
With only a nylon shimy on,
To hide her naked form.
If only she would take it off,
What man could ask for more,
By God! I saw her take it off through,
The key hole in the door.

Repeat Chorus

With soft and trembling fingers,
I opened up the door,
With soft and trembling footsteps,
I crossed the bedroom floor.
And so that no other man,
Could see what I had seen before,
I stuffed that nylon shimy up,
The key hole in the door.

Repeat Chorus

That night I slept in rapture,
And something else besides,
Upon her glorious bosoms,
Had many a glorious ride,
That morning when I woke up,
My prick was awful sore,
I felt as though I'd stuffed it up,
The key hole in the door.