

# The Houston Hash House Harriers



GRAND MASTERS: KIT MOGNETT  
PETE GERNERT  
JOINT MASTERS: JACK BRIDGE  
BILL JANUARY  
ON SEC: JANET HENRY  
HASH CASH: SYLVIA SPANIEL  
RELIGIOUS ADVISOR: STEVE GARDNER

RUNNING AROUND HOUSTON SINCE 1979  
RUNNING AROUND THE WORLD SINCE 1938



Weekly Run Location: 861-0419

## THE HASH PRIOR TO THE HASH AND THE RETURN OF THE POOPER CHAIR

Live Co-hares: POCKET ROCKET and NEXT WEEK/SCUM PUPPY (who is definitely turning schizoid with multi-hash names.)

UNBELIEVABLE!!! Friday nite's 399th live hare run and everything possible is going wrong. I have a flat tire on the Gulf Freeway, my co-hare is stranded at an airport in St. Louis, its 45 minutes till the hounds are turned loose and I haven't even thought of a course yet, the beer arrives very late and very warm, and 215 unexpected out-of-town hashers decide to surprise us (including 86 new boots, 41 Zulu warriors with blow guns, 11 blind deaf-mutes, 23 Nazi Klansmen, and a couple of suspected P.L.O. terrorists.) At least that's what they appear to be--you see, the aspirins I borrowed from my weird neighbor have turned out to be mind-boggling LSD, the sky has turned into a huge lava lamp, and .....whew, what a nightmare!!!! I've got to stop eating Circle K bean burritos and cold pepperoni pizza before bed.

After some waking up from that dream on Thursday, I began to realize that the honor of being a big-weekend live hare also carries some apprehension--I needn't have worried.

First of all, POCKET ROCKET has insights into all aspects of haring. I felt much better after hearing his descriptions of the San Diego H3 technique, the Reverse Double-Back Blowjob, the Cross Loop Buttfuck, the Rainbow Bridging Maneuver, and the Extended Butterfly Grope. He also is knowledgeable about non-sexual matters such as how to lay a trail.

Second, the Houston H3 support group (from drivers to band members) is so fucking outstanding that I probably could've pulled this off under the influence of LSD or any other heinous chemical.

Third, we followed the LBH3's lead of starting this weekend party early by tapping the keg prior to our departure to give everyone a nice foamy stomach to contend with.

Fourth, we knew that ten checks, an outstanding backcheck, and a 5-block false trail would slow down even this formidable pack (especially in an area no one had hashed before.)

And, even though we did get caught sprinting toward the On Home, we had strategically placed the beer truck prior to this

point and had only a very sloshed, amiable group to contend with. We showered our hounds with our down-down beers to show our thanks.

Later, Cyndi (BADASS CRIPPLE BITCH) (or as Bevo would say, "BCB") was presented with an honorary award. Yes, boys and girls, Friday's hash was also Super Pooper Bowl II. A tear (or some other sticky substance) ran down the cheeks of RUG BURN and POCKET ROCKET (the originators of the idea), and myself (the initial recipient) as BADASS assumed her rightful place upon the wooden throne on wheels. I mean, I now know what last year's Miss America feels like. Anyone who has no idea what the fuck I'm referring to here should contact BADASS for first-hand information.

The reigning Poop Queen then led the parade over to the OnOnOn, which became such an exciting event that HPD and TABC personnel both briefly attended. (They probably heard that Lee Brown was there, and assumed it was Lee Brown-the head cop, and not Lee Brown-THE REVEREND.) Anyway, they left and we stayed.

Upon reaching the bewitching hour, we continued OnOnOn to Two Pesos, where restaurant management got pissy, the Houston H3 harriettes got wet panties at the thought of sharing bedspace with visiting hashers, and the rest of us got vocal. Most prominent among this harmonizing group were DEEP THROAT, BEACH BUM, PUSSY TOSSER, SUTEKI BUNS, and too many others to mention. Many civilians appeared offended, repulsed, and even freaked--which isn't surprising. After all, the poor bastards had no idea that Dooms Day was approaching rapidly!!!

OnOnOnOn into the night, a few of the hardcore meandered over to THE REVEREND's villa for some late night and early morning vintage car viewing and celestial body-worshiping. DEEP THROAT and DRIP DRY were too engrossed in lapping each other's tonsils to pay attention to the rest of the nudity and Lawrence Welk's bubbles, which totally engulfed erect nipples. Others spotted in the crowd were NORMA JEAN, CAPTAIN NAKED and that hostess with the mostest, RUG BURN. What a way to begin the Dooms Day celebration!!!

...and then there was Saturday

on on till NEXT WEEK



"Hallelujah! I'm a born-again drunk!"