

Ray Kizer Birthday Run

Run date: 6-28-87
Hare: Ray (Keezer) Kizer

Location: Best Products,
somewhere on Houston's
southwest side.

You have to admit, you have to be an egotistical bastard to name a run after yourself, but in Ray's defense, let me just say that this is true. Just kidding, Keez. However, by some happy coincidence he did just happen to volunteer to be hare for the run that coincided with his birthday, leaving us no choice but to call this the "Ray Kizer Birthday Run". Just don't expect it to be an annual event, buddy.

Still, this run had a number of excellent qualities about it. First, it did not violate the First Commandment of Hashing, which reads: "A Hash Run may be long, a Hash run may be shitty, a Hash run may be poorly marked; but it may not be all three." To the relief of all of us strung out Big Hashers, this run was a welcome respite from the grueling affairs of recent months. On a brutally hot day, this run was short, well marked, and only moderately shitty. Keez managed to get us down into the dense bayou underbrush, where the temperature was a good 10 to 15 degrees cooler than average, and kept us there for most of the run.

Like Deja Vu, we emerged at a gazebo that looked very familiar. I remarked to Jack Bridge, "It feels like I've been here in a previous existence." Bridge replied, "you did, twit, with the big Hash." What made this conversation all the more amazing was that Bridge wasn't even there. The OM-OM was a spirited affair (which is to say we drank alcohol). There were 23 "little" Hashers in attendance, and we sounded like fifty. Marnette volunteered for a down down on general principles, and of course, we accomodated her. Kaye did a down down with a wine cooler, flouting Hash tradition, whatever that is. She should have taken Digital Input's advice to do it with beer, but then again a wine cooler could substitute for Mousse. When it dries, it's real stiff to hold your set longer, and awfully sticky (handy when trolling for Hashers).

The new boots were Marianne Dunn and Mike Gomez. Our Re-boot was Jack Keys. We adjourned to Ray and Jane's palatial house just up the road, for a feast and "The Dart Tournament Of The Universe." The other festivities included sweating on the Kizer's furniture and french kissing their German Shepherd dog. As the shadows grew longer, we all assembled for an impromptu joke telling session. The unofficial winner was Clint's retelling of a true anecdote regarding W.C. Fields (note: I have since heard Clint tell that joke two more times, and each time he has fucked it up. He was sober on both occasions).

Other Notable Events: Jane Kizer did not run. She begged off because she had poison ivy, claiming Ray gave it to her. She would not show us the lesions. You are allowed to draw from that inference whatever conclusions your sick little minds want to.

In summary, a good trail, well-marked, not a marathon, great scenery, a little water and mud (as usual), a little blood, sweat and cheer, (and beer). Marianne D., Mike G. and Jack Key picked a good time to come to the H3.

The next run is on Sunday, July 12th. The Hare is Clint Johnson, and the meeting place is the Fonde recreation area downtown.

On On.

Will He Peter
Digital Input