

Grand Masters: Geek, Great Kahuna  
Joint Masters: Licks His Own  
Blue Balls  
Hash Cash: Pure Sex  
Double Team  
On-See: Generic Butt Wipe  
Religious Advisor: Generic Rock Star  
Hashl ine: 957-HASH

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RUN:564 (6/4/90) HARES: Pussy Tosser/Jail Bait/Gnarly  
Wench/Sarah (?)  
The (pick one) 1) "wherthafukarwe?m run  
2) "We don't need no fuckin- trail." run  
3) "Does anyone remember what flour looks like?"  
run  
4) John Gammill Classic

The perpetrators of this alleged run (half marathon, downtown death march, muggy Montrose endurance rally: call it what you will) assembled the innocent victims at Fonde Recreation Center on or about 7:00 p.m. on the eve of 6/4/90. --

The live hares left promptly at 7:15 (that-s damn prompt on hash time) and the naive pack of approx 100 began to attempt to try to undertake to follow the alleged trail into downtown. Now not being mathematicians we hounds failed to notice the algebraic regressive tendencies of the hares. From the start it should have been obvious that their intention was to break the pack of 100 down into 2 packs of 50, then down into 4 packs of 25, and so on and so on and so on; until at the end we were running in 25 packs of 4. This is not as bad as it seems however as most of the time there seemed to be 25 trails going pretty much any direction so it wasn-t real hard to think you were on trail and everybody got to be a FRB for 15 minutes (an old Andy Warhol concept I believe; God rest his hole soul).

Actually the downtown portion of the run was pretty good with checks going in 5 or 6 directions and parallel-falses that kept everyone together and moving along. It wasn-t until we got into the neighborhoods south of downtown that all hell broke loose. It was at this point that checks went in all directions to falses or the trails just ran out altogether. If this had happened only once it might be forgiveable but after the third time the cry of "KILL THE HARES" was raised by the packs of 4 from all over south downtown. Again I will try to say something polite like it was nice we each had our own separate hash trail laid for us and didn't have to deal with more than 3 or 4 other hashers at any given time.

Finally after a little over an hour we reached the I-59 and Smith Street intersection to find a water check ably manned (womanned?) by Gnarly Wench and Sarah. They were lounging in lawn chairs and serving up water which was at that special temperature just short of raising blisters on your tongue (I hate it when that happens) to the.. first 25 or so hashers who stumbled upon them. The rest of the pack was served up genuine looks of concern by these "angels of mercy" (Lounge Lizards) and offered a general direction to proceed and reliable assurances that we were over halfway through. Now after an hour of running and no water their gestures of sympathy certainly made us feel better (as I'm sure it did everyone there) and ready to tackle the second half of hell.

I would like to describe the second half of the trail to you; as I imagine 90% of the hash would; but after the first 10 minutes we never saw flour again until the on-on.

ON-ON GOING ON-S:

Now being middle of the pack runners it was a 'hash first to see two hard core hashers like Dickhead and Pineapple "slink" out of one van with about 12 others at the ON-ON. When quizzed about the dastardly auto hashing incident Dickhead replied "I'm tired, old, and I had too much sex over the weekend." We didn't figure the sex had much to do with it as he didn't use his hands to run. PApple admitted to "just wanting to ride in the back of a van with Dickhead" and mumbled something about Christian love. An interesting and probably not well knowtid-bit about P9Apple; he was actually employed atonetime-for years-before deciding to let one less fortunate have his job while he pursued careers in joint master and professional student.

The beer ran out quickly and we on-on-on-d at Chicago Pizza where Lube Job was seen throwing money at the manager: for good service and prompt attention no doubt.

There are two things to be said here: 1) In all fairness P.T. and J.B. were asked to advise G.W. and S. on their run and in the spirit of helping out agreed to assist. However, their advisory role turned out to be more than giving a few pointers and into actually laying the majority of the trail Monday when the other two hares didn't show up at the appointed time. 2) Again in the spirit of trying to say something positive about the run-"Nobody died!"

InHashing . . .

Numbzit

Faulty Equipment

**NEW** BOOTS: Terri James/Roger Cutler/ Robbie Fitterman/Mike/Martin Kapacz/Randy Wothke/Jack Westmoreland/Paul Saunders.