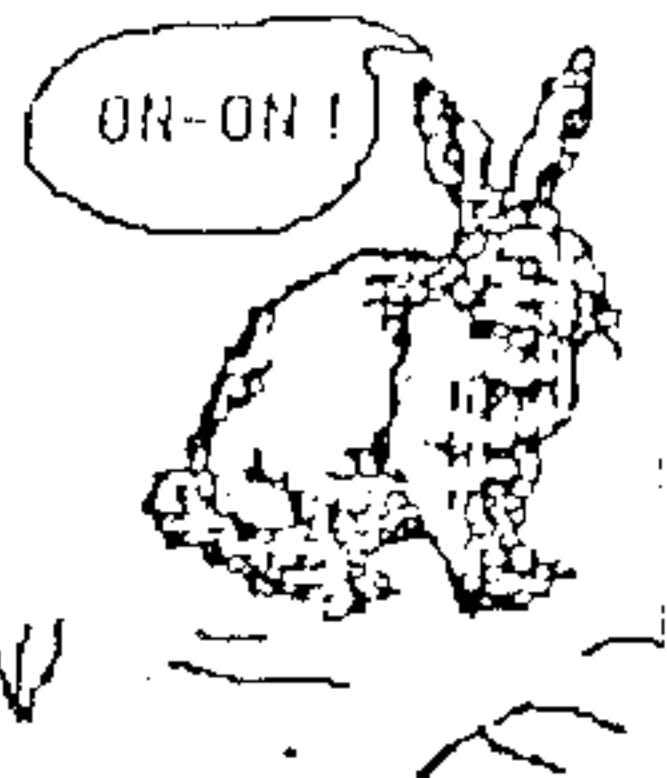
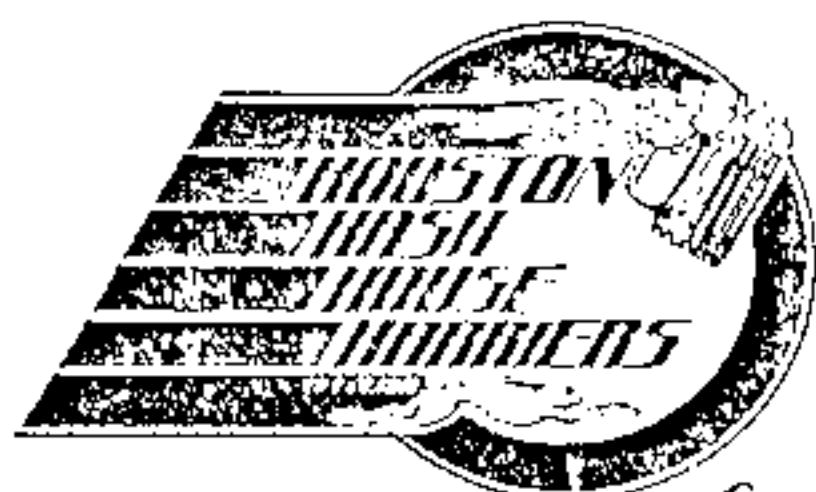


# The Houston Hash House Harriers

FOUNDED in 1979

PERMANENT ADDRESS: P. O. BOX 601351, HOUSTON, TX 77260

	(W)	(H)
GRAND MASTERS:	KIT MOGNETT	356-1905
	PETE GERNERT	353-8597 556-9465
JOINT MASTERS:	GREG PROPPS	781-1374
	JACQUE PHILLION	461-5440
ON-SEC:	RICHARD MOUTON	247-6482 523-7027
HASH CASH:	LYDIA WESTBROOK	654-0877 660-0136
RELIGIOUS ADVISOR:	ANDREW BAKONYI	436-5000 556-8434
YEARBOOK:	SYLVIA SPANTHEL	621-0220 789-5429
	BARBARA REDMON	665-5665 777-4952
HASH PR:	JIM WEITZEL	895-0999
HASH FLASH:	JILL HAITHWAITE	751-8381 660-0311



FOR WEEKLY RUN LOCATION  
CALL 781-1374

Guest on-sec  
Peterbilt

3-29-86

Run # 347 Hares: Balut and Le'Missa;

The pack assembled in the shadows of The Pearl Harbor Run near I-10 & John Ralston Rd. We started off in a N.E. direction along Hunting Bayou. A check took us away from the bayou and into the big thicket. At this point Charley The Flyer sprained his ankle. Fortunately The Good Dr. Maxwell was on hand to sew him up and tell him to return to go. This delay caused the pack to split into 2 groups. But after a little bit of jungle running we reassembled at the beer check in the middle of Herman Brown Park. At this time Balut The Hare spoke: "Go ye masses and seek out the grail with the golden nectar beyond the great shiggies. With this bit of guidance under our belts we charged forward into the land that time forgot. While running along the bayou again, we were confronted by a monstrous 12 foot viper with 6 inch fangs spitting out his venomous insults at us. Wanting not to anger this worthless creature of the swamps we proceeded to explain to him that we were a band of Jolly Hashers out for an afternoon stroll in his environment and we were looking for something to kill. We also related to him the tale of the ostrich and the snake. Upon hearing this he filled his asshole with his head and proceeded to loop the loop into oblivion. Any way we were again on-on along the bayou again and then through some real nice thick hashy shit until we finally reached the civilized portion of the run. A small stretch of pavement at the intersection of Oates Rd. and Wallisville. We met Balut again and he pointed the way down a long stretch of grass, weeds, stickers, and ditches. He also randomly placed hundreds of swarms of gnats for us to inhale. Eventually after a couple more checks we were on-home. (A 50 ft. swim or a 3 mile ride from the cars. IT soon became obvious to everyone that Le'Missa was missing. Apparently she was still waiting at the beer check for us to show up even though she had no beer to share with us. Fortunately for her The Four Horsemen Of The Apocolypse came to her rescue. They later appeared at the on-on and shared their mounts with some of the ladies, (perhaps hoping that the favor would be returned.) Other happenings of note ; Sylvia was awarded the official Bunny Bonnet T-Shirt for having the most tasteless bonnet which proves once again that you don't need taste to have bad taste. Also there were some HashNames given out. I don't remember what they were or who got them.

We on-on-on'd to Dirties on Durham. When we arrived there the management threatened to serve us if we'd leave. We called his bluff. Gradually the night turned into a classic H4 affair. There was ample screaming, yelling, cussing, singing, pinky-winking, mooning, and Tribal dancing which at times resembled Tribal War. We even met a couple of depraved madmen, one of whom obviously was carrying Jimmy Carter Disease. We allowed him to lust after Lois as long as him and his sidekick kept us supplied with counterfeit free drink coupons. At some time during the course of the evening yours truly left the proceedings and checked into the Ranger Motel which on this night was located in Dirties parking lot. Apparently some of the (subhumans by now) hadn't had enough and carried on into the wee hours at the place of the Great Bridge?

WHAT A RUN! WHAT A NIGHT! AND WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED?

The next day Smegma and Cocker invited whomever was homeless or destitute or just plain hungry and thirsty for a little get together in the house that Wobbie built. Unbelievably, we actually played some table games in which the unfried portion of our brains had to be used. Crisco introduced us to a game that was obviously invented for the Hash. It was a game where we were encouraged to scream "Where's mine?" and "You'll get yours you bastard." Also The Great Bridge went about trying to impress a new female in the group by reverting back to his roots and dining in a tree. But the real star of the afternoon was the great vittles provided by our hosts. Thanks Crock and Smeg and all the other providers. I'll be back next year with a group of Contra Refugees ON\_ON!