

Grand -Masters: Geek, Great Kahuna
Joint Masters: Master Chugger
Bayou Beaver
Swamp Rat
Hash Cash: Head Czech
Get Lucky
On-Set: Silent Dick
Religious Advisor: Hairy Palms
Hashline: 957-HASH

P.O. Box 601351
Houston, Texas 77219-1351



The Cocker-Tosser Anniversary Run

Run #557, May 14, 1990: Hash Nominations

Hares: Cocker, Pussy Tosser

One year ago, these two longtime companions made it legal in a lovely ceremony at the White Oak Pavilion, so this was their anniversary run. Its quality of harestyle reflects the couple's long experience in hashing,

We started at behind the Luby's off South Poison Oak. The trail took us past the pretty landscaped pond and under the corner of Loop 610 into a jungle, mosquito-infested, greenbriar-infested, poison-ivy-infested patch of a former park. We had to go single file through the fence at the other end, with the chewed-upon pack yelling, "Let's go! Let's go!" We came out on the concreted Braes Bayou, where a check led us back south through a neighborhood and onto a power line right-of-way until we crossed back under Loop 610* One of the signs of workmanship on this trail was the fact that the hares didn't get us crossed up with the Full Moon trail laid through the same area the previous Friday+

Instead we turned southwest until we crossed West Bellfort and into another neighborhood, where Pussy Tosser was waiting with a water check. This was yet another sign of good harestyle, providing a water check,

Then we got railroaded for a short stretch. The trail went over a fence and onto the power line right-of-way, continuing south onto a big, open field. Pussy Tosser said later that his car had gotten stuck in that field while he was scouting the trail and it took him three hours to get out. From the mud puddles we ran through, I can believe it*

We broke out onto a street at Texas Iron Works and came to a BEER NEAR check at South Post Oak. The on-home was two blocks away behind a beer joint just off South Main. The run was just the right length for a Monday night run, a third sign of good harestyle,

The happy hare couple did their anniversary down-downs. We had a large number of new boots--seven. Trail Boss and O'Shit did birthdowns. But, the main business of the evening was Hash Nominations.

The hash always has trouble with this, because it's tough to get any order out of a half-drunk crowd gathered in the dark in an open field. People try to make jokes out of it and refuse to shut up, even though this is a serious matter which directly affects how much fun the hash will be during the next year*

Above all, what we need in Mismanagement is willing people+ Unwilling workers neglect their 'jobs, and when they do, resentment builds UP around them. They will feel overburdened with responsibilities they never committed to, while the people around them will wonder why they're doing their .jobs so poorly+

After diligence, Mismanagers should be cool-headed, conciliatory and patient with each other. In each of the last three years, at least one Mismanager has angrily walked out on meetings called to plan our anniversary celebrations. I don't know whether this represents a failure to lead or a failure to follow, but our goals are more likely to be achieved if we elect people who coolly keep their minds on the group goal instead of angrily pursuing their own goals,

Experience is the last qualification for Mismanagement+ It is less important than the candidate's attitude toward the .job and other Mismanagers* Don't vote for anybody you consider a goof-off or a hothead, no matter how long he or she has been hashing.

IN THE MISGUIDED OPINION @F THE EDITOR

This is the 50th and last newsletter I shall write in my year as On-Sec. I have met these goals:

First, to ensure that every run over the course of the year was reported in a newsletter. I wanted every hare to get the recognition his efforts were due, even if it was a Full Moon run* All of the newsletters I wrote myself were printed and delivered within a week of the run: none of that six-weeks-later nonsense. so I can justifiably claim to have been your All-Time On-Time On-Sec.

Second, to produce an interesting newsletter, with attention-getting features. That's why I wrote the notorious Nuptial Notes. Honest, folks, I only wrote ^{about} people either engaged or on the brink, but the way some people tell it, I was the Hashional Enquirer.

Since a picture is worth a thousand words, I took over three hundred photographs this year and gave away many copies* I documented live action wherever possible. In Waukesha I nearly got killed by two hashers who didn't want their live action photographed, but a good reporter isn't afraid of a little risk.

Part of the risk was libel from the marginally literate "Unfaithful Scribe". I recognize his motive as envy, so I pity rather than resent his ignorance and sexual insecurity* If he overcame his shame enough to identify himself, the Hash might start a subscription to send him to adult-

literacy class and the Masters & Johnson clinic.

Some of you have read my romance novel, Love's Savage On-On and my anthology of hash poetry, Verse & Worse. I had letterhead, business cards, and address labels printed, I corresponded with other hashes and did the mailout for the 555th. I kept and still keep a computer file of runs, run dates, and hares, for historical purposes. Copies of newsletters, Hash-Trash, business cards or the Hare.WK1 file are available on request. All of the newsletters I wrote are saved on a standard-density diskette, available for copying,

Our Mismanagement this year accomplished many things and made no serious mistakes. I am proud to have worked in such a group. I strove for a perfect record as On-Sec and came very close+. I only regret having done the job imperfectly*. Now I yield the pen to the next On-Sec with the wish that he or she will have an even better record in office than mine+.

Your former scribe,

Silent Dick



Visitors from Waukesha
leave town after the
Houston 555. See you at
the '91 Interamerica