

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



THE 2ND ANNUAL MANAGEMENT RUN

(Sponsored by the Committee For Decency in the Hash)

Date: Sept. 4th, 1990,

Run Number: 587 (O.K. Geek,
just fucking correct me and
get it over with,)

Location: Milbe Park

Hares: Letch, Muff Diver, Mr, Wizard & Linda P _____

First things first, You know things are getting just a "little" behind when you feel compelled to mention what year the run you're writing about was done, Still, I didn't feel any serious pressure until I was reading Choo-Choo's write up of the Scorpio Run and felt guilty when he started criticizing HOOTER for being tardy with his newsletters. Two observations here:

- First, how did it ever come about that Choo Choo, of all people, could make me feel guilty about anything ?
- Second, how the Hell did I ever manage to have anything in common with Bill January ?

Oh well.

My earliest recollection of this run (after I called Letch and he remembered for me) was one of the more creative sets of instructions for getting us to the beginning of the run, I've got to admit, it's been a while since anyone instructed us to cut through a parking lot as a short cut to get to the start of a run, But it's actually the essence of Hashing; direct, to-the-point, convenient and against the law,

Anyway, all Hashers in Hashdom assembled at the appointed hour, resplendant in their neckware and slightly perverted businessware, Some people took the whole proposition entirely outside the boundaries of good taste, Does anyone remember that hideous outfit Late Cummer was wearing ? Loud ? Man, the thing came with a graphic equalizer,

Well, we were off at the appointed hour, running as anything but a unit, Early on it became apparent that this was going to be one of those lemming runs, as whole squadrons of the Hash followed people who hadn't the slightest fucking idea where they were going, When we finally did find trail, it meandered through a number of neighborhoods most charitably described as "Not River Oaks".

Shortly into the run, the entire pack blew through a back-check on Cromwell and got way in the Hell off the trail, Letch, desparate to get the pack back on trail (but not wanting to violate the first rule of Hashing which **says**, "Fuck 'em, their on their own") meandered **up** to them and kinda/sorta got em back on trail after about a mile or so,

DESERVING HARE AVOIDS DOWN-DOWN WITH SHAME

Just prior to that, however, Cocker, Pussy Tosser, Hash Potato and Yours Truly were coming back off of a false trail, when we came across the aforementioned Letch, as he forlornly watched 97 people enthusiastically jogging into oblivion, Cocker, suspecting from Letch's actions that all was not going well, started pumping him for information, At first, Letch doggedly refused to divulge anything, But Sylvia kept after him until finally he admitted that, while he couldn't tell us which way to go to get on the true trail, that he also couldn't tell us that going down that particular street was necessarily the wrong way,

Off we went, short cutting the pack by about a mile, and happily descending on all the choicest Watermelon a good ten minutes before the Lesser Fortunate, After that, Pussy Tosser and I boldly jumped in the lead, turned right up the bayou and followed a false trail to just about Intercontinental Airport, Admitting defeat, I turned back in time to catch up with the very back of the pack, P.T. on the other hand, proudly taking a page out of Geek's book, kept on, and was not seen for the rest of the day,

The balance of the trail was an interesting mixture of neighborhoods and bayous, ending up at Melrose Park, I'm a little foggy on what transpired next, but as the pack relaxed in the park, Jake the Snake finally approached, DFL, and threw a Hissy, I mean a full-bore tantrum, about who-the-Hell-knows-what, it just stuck in my mind,

The food was great, Vast and seemingly inexhaustible quantities of fresh vegetables, fruit and other goodies, the perfect antidote to a brutal and highly toxic run no doubt, Food so good, that even _____ (fill in the blank) was momentarily distracted from his/her unceasing efforts to have sex with every man/woman in the Hash,

The Hares assumed the position for Down Downs, and had a beer forced down their gullets, I seem to recall that with Linda P _____, we didn't have to force it very much at all, Mr. Wizard and MuffDiver did choke on theirs a little bit, pretty much dispelling any myths about why they got their Hash names, Autumn brought Mr. Wrong a birthday cake, and of course we forced a beer down his gullet, Bricknose re-materialized for the first time in who knows how long, and we forced a beer down his gullet, too, At which point he remarked that he now remembered why he had stopped coming out, but welcome back anyway, BN, Several awards were given for costumes, etc, and all of those people had a beer forced down their gullet, Finally there came the variety of new boots, re-boots, visitors and slimebags, and we rounded the evening out by forcing a beer down all of their gullets as well,

The On On On adjourned to an Ice-House pretty near by, where there was dancing and cornbread, always a sure party hit, At the On On On, many things involving bodily fluids and topical ointments occurred, and I saw it all, In fact; you all know what I'm talking about, with the exception of Hooter Bill, You missed that part, didn't you, Hooter? You were so busy losing your wallet and keys, and then looking for your wallet and keys, that you totally missed the bodily fluids and topical ointment part,

Butt Wipe wimped out on Haring the Full Moon Run, **As** one caller so succinctly put it, "He must be trying to rack up them votes for Hasher of the Year," Oops, sorry, Now I'm flashing onto The Full Moon Run the following Friday, But hey, what do you expect when three months transpires before you get the darn newsletter written,

Besides, I've been so depressed about candidate Castrator becoming Governor Castrator that I'm off my feed, I was rooting for candidate Asshole,

On On,

Will He Peter