

Another GREAT HASH weekend...

2ND ANNUAL Tammy Fay Streaming Mascara / Betty Ford Rehab Rehash

Miracles come in all sizes and shapes. Obviously, the Rodeway Inn welcoming the Hash back qualifies as a major miracle. Hashers began "streaming" into the Rodeway Friday afternoon, only to find Eject, Shokunashi and African Queen already on the Oblivion Express. While this author only arrived on Saturday morning, it was rumored three kegs of beer had been consumed on Friday evening in Honor of the Lop-Sided First Lady. For whatever reason, Eject's hangover didn't arrive until Sunday morning (Another Miracle?)

Beautiful clear skys (skies?) greeted us Saturday morning hashers, along with warm sunshine, beer aplenty, and a host of hashers surrounding the pool. Registration was conducted swiftly and uneventfully, and well over 180 hashers eventually showed up. There were t-shirts, long beach pink running shorts to order, shoe laces in white and UFO (Ungodly Fluorescent Orange) and LA Hashathon clothing to be had.

A dozen Denver hashers were there, as well as hashers from Dallas (Call Girl) and seven other states. Houston was there, South Bay & SF, as well as OC, LB, LJ, and SD.

Tanning their torsos were Short Spot, Meter, PullOut, Elsie, Whack, Thumper (Thumb Her?) and Six Bits. In from a sixty mile bike ride comes flasher, always the ladies favorite. Of course Poke and Bumps are there, and Carolyn from LJ has the hot new swimsuit. Lady Di & Sasquatch, Manhandler and the man she handles are abt and about.

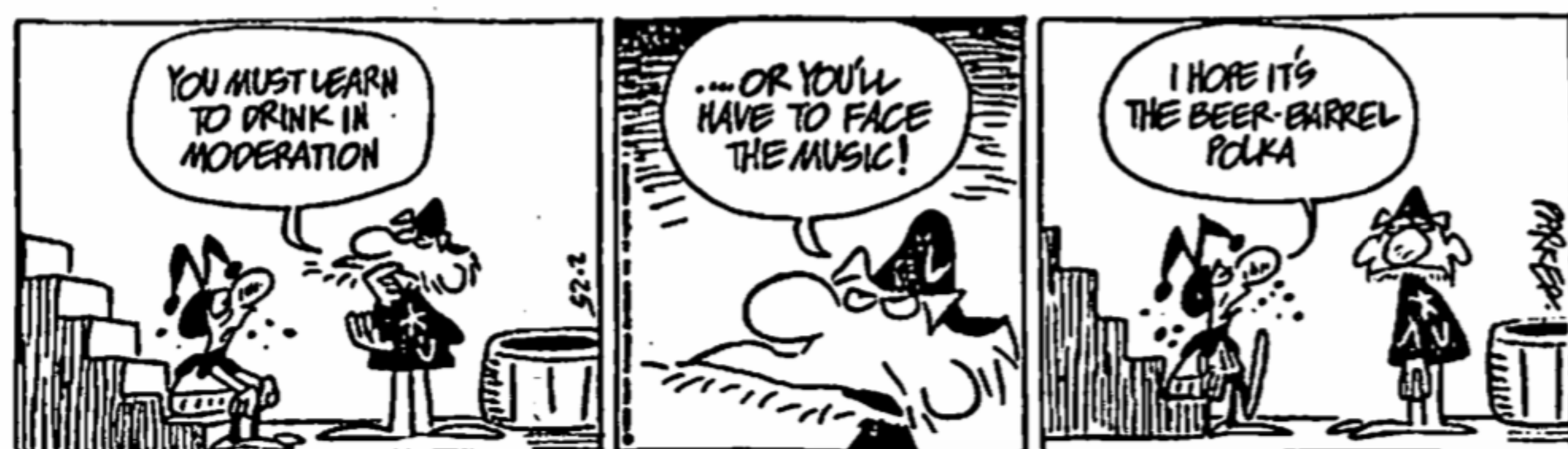
Temperature at the peak is rumored to be a brisk 21 degrees, and one unusually generous hasher offers discount tram coupons to hashers at the top of the mountain. And the hashers keep rolling int.

Wow Mom! and Red Hand-job and GOGO and LuftSwine from OC keep the SDH3's attention with xerotica, the lusting after new women displayed by the male species.

Suddenly, its time. Make-up goes on! The crowd assembles in the parking lot. Non-hashers at the hotel wonder what is going on. Inaudible speeches are given by Jimmy, Tammy, Ronnie & Tricky Dick Nixon. The horns sound. A B-van is sought and found. And they're off! Its across the street, through the other hotel, down the street, here, there everywhere, 3 checks in 3 miles - down the main drag - Palm Boulevard into the shopping mall - flour in the ashtrays, then up, up, up the rocks to a beautiful vantage and beer check, overlooking the city. The hash is allowed to re-form, coagulate, whatever, then down, down, down - whats that! A naked, buxom hashett? Wow, Mom! Talk about how to stop a 200 person pack in mid-stride. Peter Meter goes down, and everyone stops to look. Unfortunately her bodyguards - well, whatever.

The eagle/turkey turnoff leads hashers to a sock-clad hasher on the eagle trail, and the turkeys into a sucker loop an easy half mile in length. The eagles climb yet another mountain, then all stumble past the Rodeway for another mile to the beer van. Blood is everywhere from the barbed wire fence the eagles cleared. Tetnaus, anyone?

Some walked, some crawled, some autohashed back to the hotel Jacuzzi, for a few rounds of Singing in the Rain". Dinner was spaghetti & lasagna, followed by The Oprah Winfrey interviews of seven or ten Tammy Faye look-alikes. Deep Throat takes it easily. Miracles occur, such as The Reverend Jimmy's miraculous healing of a non-orgasmic hashette, and poorly endowed hasher. Finally, the tables are cleared and grade B sound system goes on for a bit of dancing. Whack leads a contingent on a pub-crawl, only another mile or so down the road, with Smoocher & the interesting residents of room 319. (Where, incidentally a 34C bra is found ownerless in the morning) The evening ends again in the Jacuzzi, and many tracks criss-cross the rooms throughout the night.



SUNDAY MORNING Ejects hangover arrives, and he chases his breakfast around the plate without much mouth action. Hashers crawl back to their own rooms, and Ricks cafe serves mucho coffee. Virile is one of the first to breakfast, and they just keep coming. After Saturdays 8 mile Bataan death march, hashers are debating (and we know, they're all Master De-bators) the wisdom of subjecting themselves, their ankles, and knees to more mileage. But hey, we finished. Aspirin and Motrin are popular down-downs. Its out to Rancho Mirage. Straight down that road to Betty Ford Center. Gotta be a good short-cut, right? Its warm, warm, hot out here in the desert, and after learning that the Nordstroms dummies were molested, drowned, and defrocked, its ON-ON. I don't know where we ran, but we ran. Killer poodles were everywhere, and it seems every other house is for sale. The culverts provided great short-cutting action, as did the pickup truck (first) and motorcycle (second) No-Brains auto. hased in. (Seems like a pretty bright fellow to me) Road Apples & SandPiper ran like the wind. Speaking of wind, a lot seemed to get broken at the Saturday night dinner. Short cakes dynamic duo Kim & Strawberry are there, and beer/water checks are mucho appreciated in this desert. Its across the driving range, through the trailer park, and on-up a steep canyon just shy of the Ritz-Carlton. ON On's and down downs for every conceivable hasher, ahsh crime, and new shoes. The sun is baking, and so are the hashers. And its ON-ON to San Diego, after a great weekend.

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