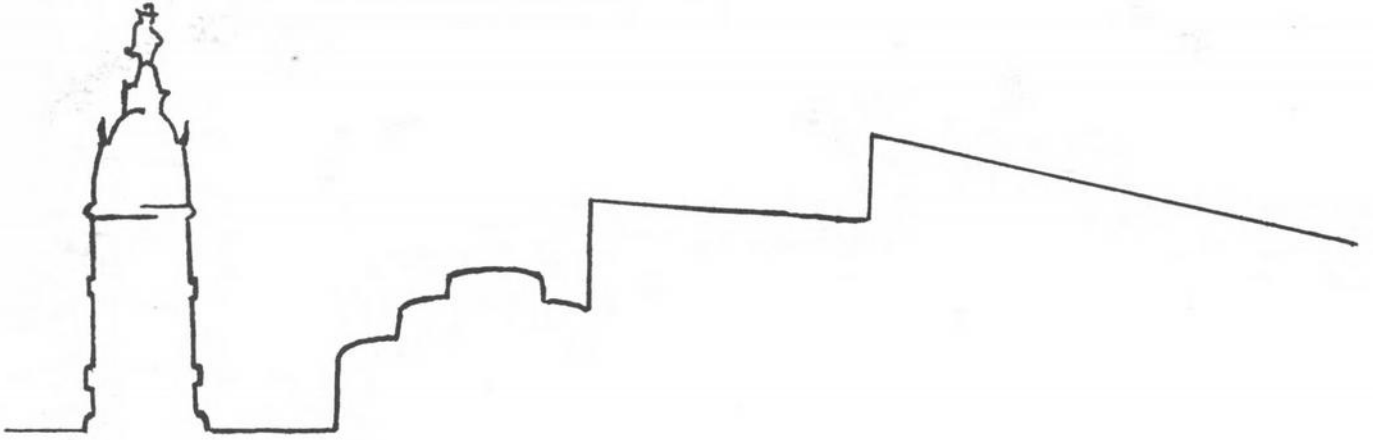


AMERICAS INTERHASH 187 ³³



INTERHASH '87 COMMITTEE

THE COMMITTEE

Chairman, Pain in the Ass, and Constant
Hard On: Bilbo
Beer Meister: Bob Z.
Transportation: Hareass Esq.
Licenses, Permits, Police Negotiations:
Vlad the Impaler
Hotel and Airlines Negotiations: Otey the Turk
Hospitality Suite Consultants: Spareribs and
Jackoff
Accounting and Procurement: Duke of Earle
Teeshirt Designs: Jean Stryker
Yearbook: Jean Stryker and Sleazy

THE RUNS

Friday Run: Bilbo, Vlad the Impaler, Bob Z.,
with Jack-Off
Saturday Run: Hareass, Fratman, Noah, Wild
Bill, Frodo
Sunday Run: Uncle Reesus and Darth
Manster
Monday: Mainline Muffy, Hot Legs, Party
Peg, 3B Lisa, MPRTLS, and Sleazy

Note: Special thanks to other Philly hashers
too numerous to mention.

SUMMARY BUDGET

CASH RECEIPTS:

Philadelphia HHH Hospitality Fund	11,760.00
Washington DC HHH Donations	705.00
Corporate Donations	10,253.44
Registration Fees	63,850.00
Tee Shirt Sales	4,554.60
Interest Earned	417.50

TOTAL CASH RECEIPTS

91,540.54

CASH DISBURSEMENTS:

Legal, Stationary, Postage	7,673.77
Hospitality Suite	1,357.65
Shirts, Bags, Mugs	23,471.30
Transportation	15,116.01
Apres/Down-Down	
Beer (104 kegs, 127 cases)	3,771.13
Food	28,472.73
Entertainment	4,703.62
Miscellaneous	2,259.45
Tents	5,310.00

TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS

92,135.12

DEFICIT AS OF MAY 1989

-595.12

Tee Shirt Sales

195.00

Tee Shirt Sales June 1989

205.00

DEFICIT AS OF JUNE 1989

-200.12

Yearbook: less advertising

500.00

DEFICIT AS OF JULY 1989

700.12*

*Does not include Atlanta InterHash '85 surplus.

The Origins of the Americas InterHash

by Patchwork-Quilt

By August 1983 I had been hashing some three years with the San Jose H3 in Costa Rica, Central America. In those three years I had become a Hash fanatic, having risen to the 'dizzying' heights of Grand Master. I was very fortunate that my job enabled me to travel extensively throughout the Americas, but my enthusiasm for travel soon dwindled as I had to miss a Hash, or maybe even two, while I was away. I decided to see whether there were other Hashes 'out there' that I could run with during my trips. To this end I acquired an Interhash Directory (two years out-of-date!) from the Far East that listed three other Hashes in Latin America. I then tried to locate the groups in Chile and Peru, but both had apparently died out. Letters sent to some addresses in the USA came back marked "return to sender"!!! Finally, I tracked down a real, live Hash in Nassau, Bahamas and managed to run with them. During the on-on after the run, a Harriette proudly told me that the Hash had originated in the Bahamas and that as far as she knew there were no other groups like it!!

That was the last straw. I returned to San Jose and immediately began compiling the first InterAmericas Hash Directory. Every year dozens of "hardcore" Hashers were leaving Costa Rica and returning home or moving to other countries in Latin America never to run with the Hash again. This directory would be a good way to keep in touch and spread the 'good word' of Hashing. Hashers leaving would now either join an existing chapter or, hopefully, start a new one. It would also help me in my travels overseas to locate Hashes with fewer telephone calls and less "returned mail."

Through my Hash correspondence I heard about the Interhash in Sydney, Australia, and planned+ to attend until I checked out the airfare. Neither my sales territory nor my salary stretched as far as Australia! It was at this point that I began considering an Interhash-type event to be held in the Americas, especially for Hashers like myself who could not afford the trip to the Far East. This sort of event could pull together into a network all the chapters that lay scattered about the Americas from Chile to Canada. The general idea was a gathering of the Hash in the Americas every two years and at the World Interhash in alternate years, thus giving Hashers in the Far East a chance to visit the Americas. In order to promote the idea and to further my Hash 'networking' instincts, I began publishing the Interhashional News, which thanks to ASYNC and Mr. Spock, is still going strong today.

Slowly I gathered a collection of "good" names, addresses, and Hash contacts, and by February 1984, I was in touch with most of the exciting chapters: 35 in the USA and already 10 in Latin America thanks to San Jose's colonizing efforts. (In comparison, today, five years later, over 130 chapters are registered in the directory.) By this time, SJH3 packs were averaging 50 to 60 hounds with some 80 to 100 Hashers on the books. They had grown to a size where they could handle the first event. The great event that exists today is mainly due to the great efforts of Bill Barbee and the SJH3 mismanagement committee, without whom the first one would never have got off the ground.

The first InterAmericas was a full four-day event held on the 16-19th February 1984, and was attended by 75 visitors from 16 different chapters in 8 countries. With great local participation, numbers swelled to over 200 for the Sunday run, which took place at over 6,000 feet on the side of one of Costa Rica's volcanos in silvering mist and pine trees. This in contrast to the day before, when the gathering was ferried out to a lonely Pacific island in an old fishing boat. They drank thirteen cases of beer on the way to the run site, and on the third check the Hares accidentally set fire to the dry brush, sending most of the pack fleeing the flames by jumping off a cliff into the ocean like lemmings!

The most noticeable groups from the USA at that first event were Atlanta, Philadelphia, and Houston, the latter being the only Hash not yet to have hosted the event-- maybe in 1991? As most of you know, the second InterAmericas held in Atlanta, Georgia on August 30th through September 2nd, 1985, attracted over 250 Hashers from 7 countries and 22 states within the USA

In 1987 the event changed its' name to Americas Interhash and was hosted by Bilbo and his stalwart crew in Philadelphia. It attracted over twice the number of Hashers, and quite honestly, the event was beyond my wildest Hash dreams. San Diego surely has a hard act to follow. My only concern for the future of this great event is that we can keep up the high standards set by Philadelphia (which I know is being contrived by Apollo and Mr. Spock in San Diego). Finally, "Thank you" to all of you whose efforts have made this Hash event what it is today —the best in Hash quality worldwide — we've certainly put the Americas on the Hash map, which was my original intention.

ON-ON

FRIDAY NIGHT at the LIBERTY BELL



Ding dong, the witch is dead.
Follow the yellow brick road.

Bearing the marks of an arduous registration, body painting (**Disgusting** from Detroit and **Smoocher** from Houston), and the early On-Ons the night before and at the 24-hour Philadelphia HHH Hospitality Suite, hashers of every excess and obsession, every mode of dress and undress, and almost every continent gathered in the Old City for a taste of Philadelphia and Philly hashing.

From the Liberty Bell, Bilbo and co-hares Vlad the Impaler and Bob Z. gave the On-On to a Borneo start at Independence Hall. Down the cobblestoned streets of Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin, where Betsy Ross sandbagged colonists, through Head House Square, and on to Penns Landing before

heading for the EL, where 650 sweaty bodies redefined incidental body contact.

Endless rounds of "Why are we waiting?" and a few stops later, the pack found itself in West Philadelphia, Powelton Village, birthplace of MOVE.



Hashers in training. Looks like they're on the right track. Dead dog anyone?

Throw Sandpiper from the train.



PHILLY FIRSTS

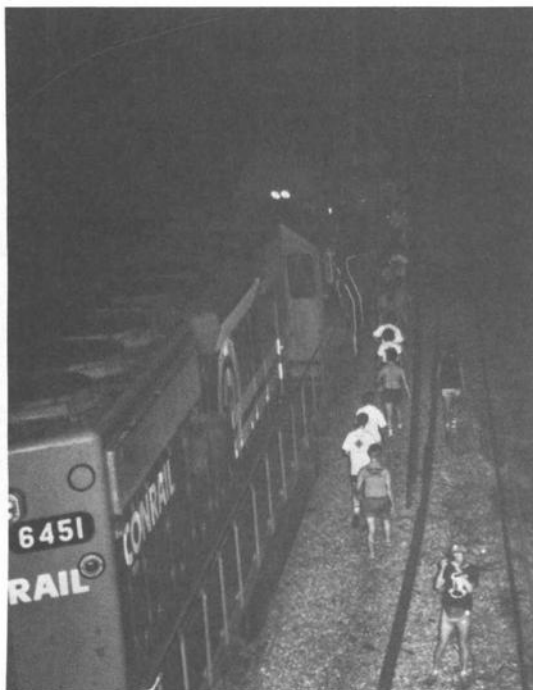
TIM "MAGIC" HUGHES--First hasher to show up in Philadelphia. Leading the preregistration On-On Thursday night at the Society Hill Hotel.

Bobby Reid--First registered.

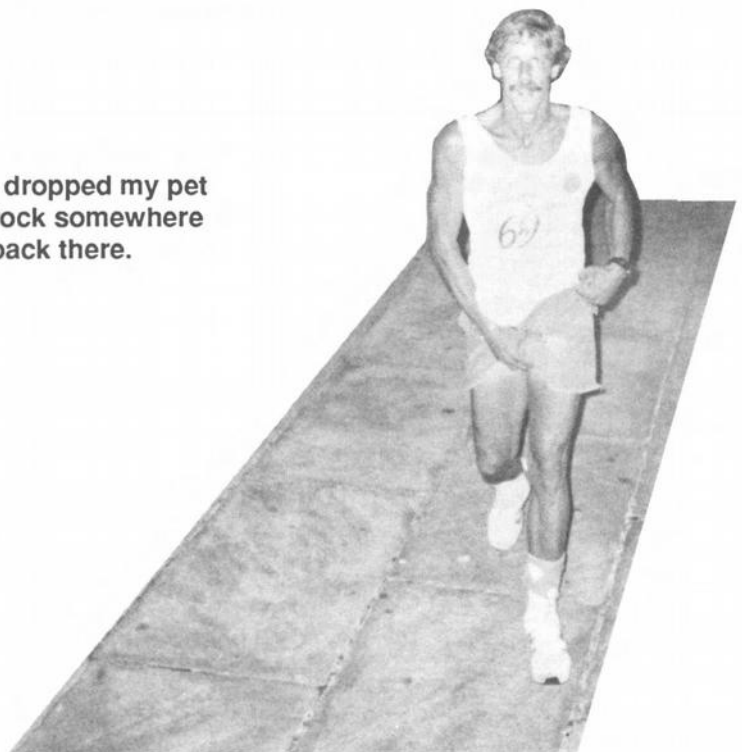
Hash Harlot--First boob shot of the weekend.

Standard Waiver--Widely imitated and duplicated, the iron-clad Hash waiver was conceived in Phila. to protect the Americas InterHash from hashers' loved ones who do not share their enthusiasm for the Hash.

Philly's Banger flexes his "muscle" in Rocky XXIII.



I dropped my pet rock somewhere back there.





The Black Hole

From Powelton Village, the pack made its way through Fairmount Park via the Philadelphia Zoo. When Hashers thought they had finally left the endless pavement, little did they know that it was for the tracks and dead dog hor d'oeuvres. Long a trademark of Philly hashing, this particular black hole had in common with its first ancestor the fact that it contained a live train track. A Conrail train, stopped by **Bilbo**, guided the hounds back out of the ground.

On the dark horizon

**PHILLY
WELCOMES
THE HASH
HOUSE
HARRIERS**

in flashing lights atop the Philadelphia Electric Building.

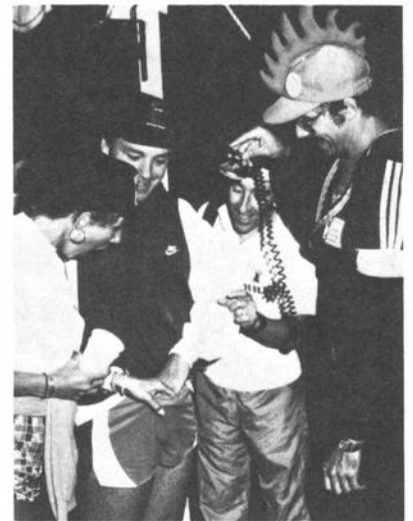
Any volunteers to give this poor guy a blow job? No, not you, Patchwork.



We love Mandongo, oh yes we do-oo.



That's disgusting! Tastes great! Less filling!



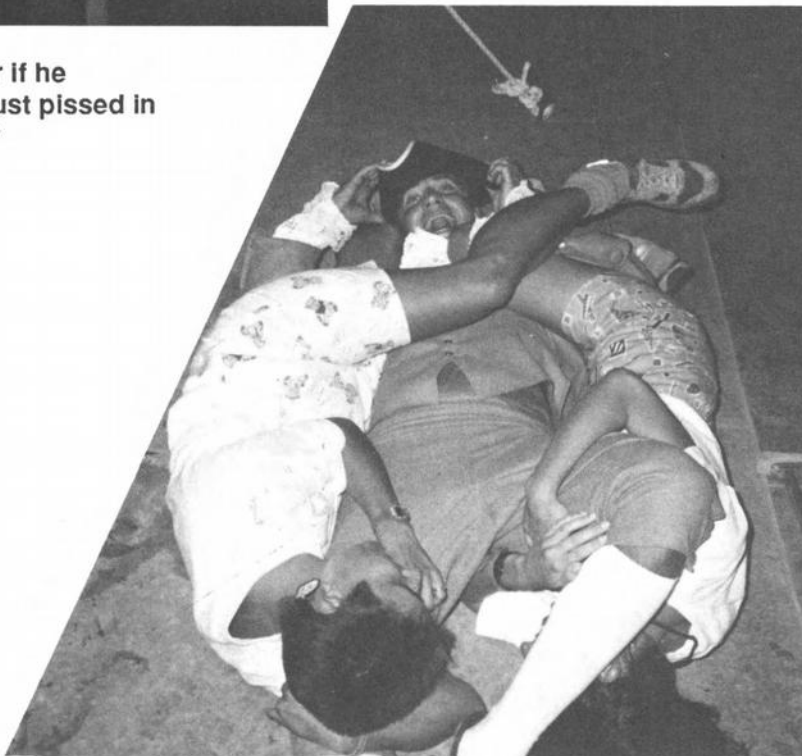
Oh, my God! He's a woman!



I wonder if he knows I just pissed in the horn?



Lets take it one step at a time.



I need two more for this end!

Can I stay in your room?
Share your bed? Marry
your daughter?

ON-IN

ON THE ART MUSEUM STEPS

Except for Rocky himself, nobody knows like a hasher the excitement waiting at the top of the Art Museum steps. Under the big top, hashers were greeted by beer trucks bearing Rolling Rock, soft pretzels, hoagies, cheese-steaks, water ice (no Tasty-Kakes), and Rumpelmints peppermint schnapps.

Like putting the animals in charge of the Ark, the felines of Cheetah were put in charge of taming the pack. The entertainment stopping only while a couple of the Old Heads congratulated each other for starting the Hash and keeping it going.



SATURDAY VALLEY FORGE HISTORICAL PARK



As it seems to be with society in general, the Philly Hash has more lawyers than it really needs. The Philly Hash attorneys, **Hareass, Fratman, Noah, Wild Bill, and Frodo**, were given two main jobs in connection with the Interhash: develop the waiver on the registration form, in which they invested over 200 manhours (calculated because they thought they were going to bill it) and then plan Saturday's four runs to end simultaneously at the same place, in which they invested about 20 manhours (they thought this would satisfy the year's requirement for pro bono work). Now, if you had any lingering doubt as to which group has totally fucked our society, you're probably a politician.

All of the lawyers' runs were variations on a common theme, all punctuated with cornfields, river crossings, poison ivy, and landmarks from Washington's encampment.



Watch out for the one-eyed water weasel!

Woodstock revisited. This hashing is a real trip.



MISS INTERHASH CONTESTANTS

- **WildSex**, Miss Atlanta, the neighborhood librarian.

- **Lydia**, Miss Houston

- **Hash Harlot**, Miss Philly, Chicago, San Francisco, presented the first boob shot.

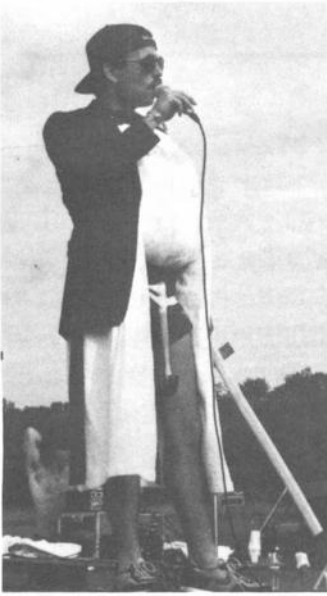
- **Miss Costa Rica**, HHHOOOOOTTTTT!

- **Miss Scotland**, with substantial mammary mass.

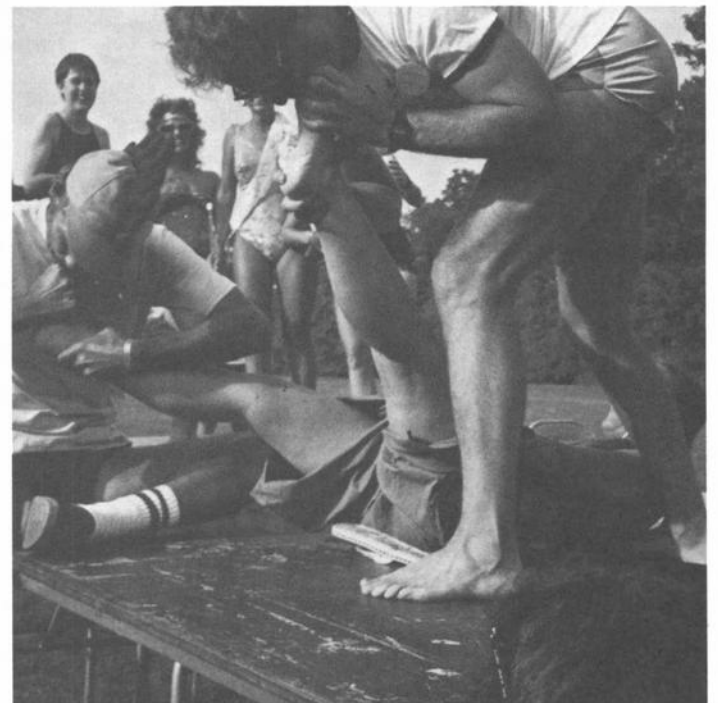
- **Hooker**, Miss Long Beach, with Christmas on one thigh and NewYears on the other, she invited everybody to visit her between the holidays.

- **Slam Dunk**, whose baton drop, bend over, cheek spread, On-On began its first of many repeated performances.

- **Miss San Francisco**, all the excitement left her bushed, . . . and the winner.



Feet in mouth disease.





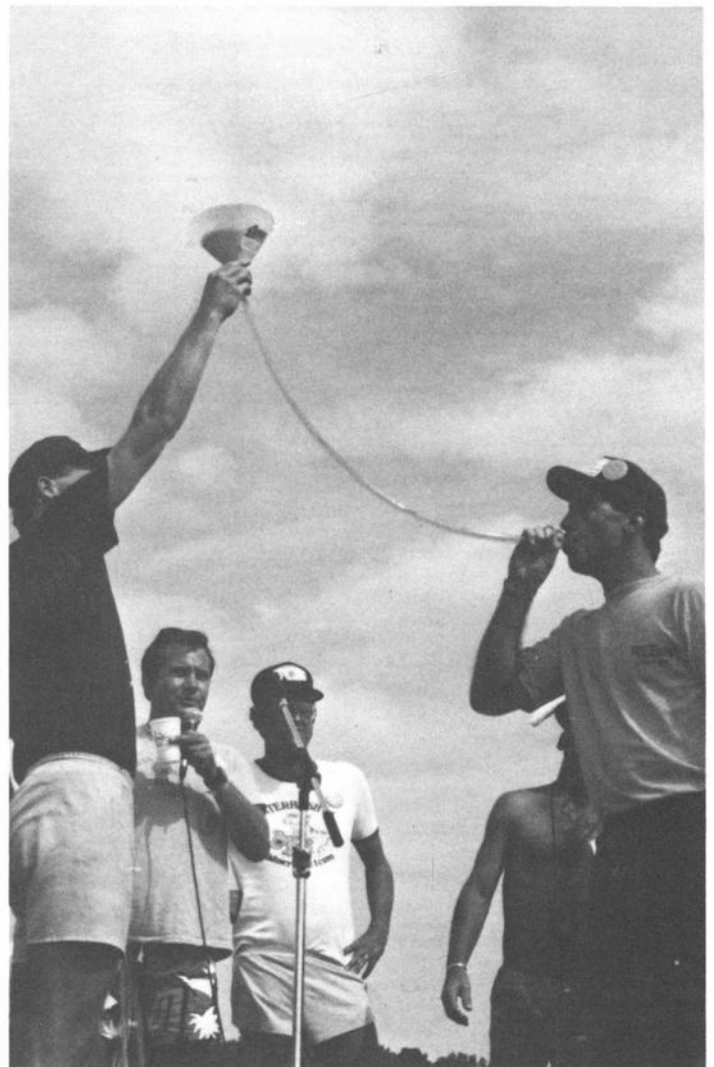
Will you shove this up my butt, honey?



Could you turn around please, miss?

Run Highlights

- Watching hashers from every city in California take off their fancy running shoes to avoid getting them wet.
- **Slam Dunk** trying to bribe a hare (and office of court) for a short cut.
- California hashers complaining about rude hashers (probably Rumson) letting low branches snap back in their faces. Imagine that, a rude hasher!
- The introduction of **Pennsylvania Petunias** to the stinging legs of hashers worldwide.



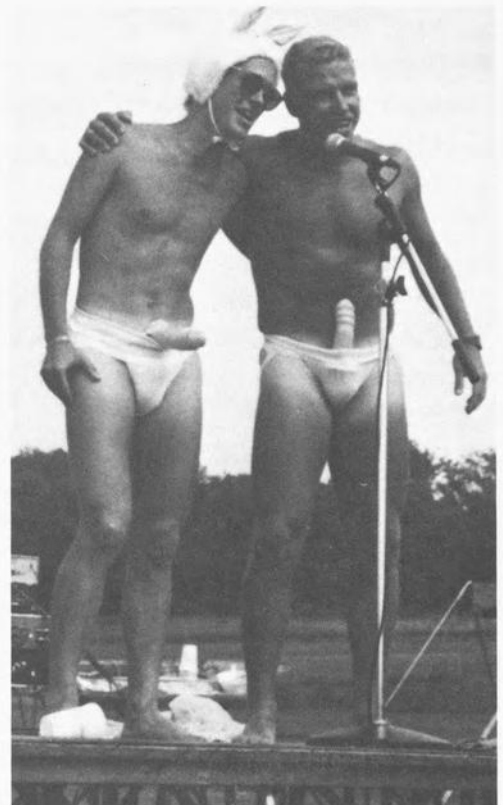
Suck swallow, suck swallow.

Apres Highlights

• **Phunnel Masters:** Reading's **Weenis Supremis**, San Diego's **Sandpiper**, DC's **Wee Willie**, Pittsburgh's **Chef Tell** (and he promptly lost it), Rumson's **Bobby Reid** (somebody get that guy a nickname), and the Original Philly **Hash Harlot** (since hashing in Chicago and San Francisco).

- Miss Interhash **Toe Suck**, by Philly's **Manster** and Reading's **Bad Semen**
- **Samurai GrandMaster**
- Los Estaneros--Giles (aka **Patchwork**) and the boys gave a hearty song.
- **Fancypants**, jealous of the bimbo's prowess
- **Mr. Spock's** condom cure for the headache.

Yo, Spock, wrong head!
What an airhead.



Two straps, two dicks,
or two hashers?

SUNDAY DOWN at the FARM



Following services in the Reading suite with Reverend **Dogbreath** (or after one more time banging the half-brains out of a fellow hasher picked up the night before), the wearying hounds made their way to the lobby and the buses. Little Rock Grandmaster, **Garageman**, was still there in fine form with his bucket of Rolling Rock cans and his bull horn, the hotel management seemingly powerless to stop him.

Hares **Manster** (body of a man and brains of a hamster) and **Uncle Reesus** (aka **Bagwhan**), founder of the Reading H3, had been up early re-marking the rain-soaked trails. Soon the packs were off through some of the greatest hashing terrain in the eastern U.S. Woods, farms (and farm animals), streams, and open fields, to the accompaniment of one talented Hash Horn's rendition of "The hills are alive with the sound of hashing." With medical precision, the runs merged on the apres location from opposite directions.

Time: 81 minutes

Casualties: A bee sting for Philly's **3B Lisa** (3B as in Bleached Blonde Bimbo) and one ankle injury.

Traditional "dragon draining" ceremony.





Have you seen
a keg?
A leg?

The essence of Sunday's apres was best captured in the sentimental favorites lead by **Buster Hymen and the Penetrators** and followed by **Doug Clark and the Hot Nuts**, roast hog and steer flesh, mud slides, a nude beach, and on-stage oral sex by Malaysian hasher **Chow Chee Bai** and some unknown hound.

Hash Harlot lead the Chicago H3 to the hill above the nude beach to spell out Fuck Off using fifty people and two crutches. The crowd at the tent responded with a group moon, to which the Fuck Off crowd answered with another group moon, ad infinitum as the two groups continued to move closer and closer together.

Marlboro Man (aka the beer truck guy) raised a few beers with **Goulash**, who took him to new heights, initiating him into hashing. She must have been good because he showed up for the rest of the weekend and even volunteered his registration fee.

Philly hashers **Buckbo** and **Clyde the Glyde** donned body (trash) bags (to reduce friction) and started off the mud slide. San Diego's **Sandpiper** and Pittsburgh's **Beat It**, refreshed from their romp at the nude beach, tried the slide naked.

Don't forget, floss after every meal!



Ok, on the count of three everyone look really stupid.



MONDAY DOWN AND DIRTY with the BIMBOS

Monday morning brought the difficult task of waking the near-dead, notably, Philly's **Vlad**, who would soon show that his tank was far from empty.

The last bus ride was to the Tinicum Environmental Preserve. **Hotleg's** late summer tan and golden hair was enough to make you think you were in Malibu, were it not for the smell of the nearby landfill.

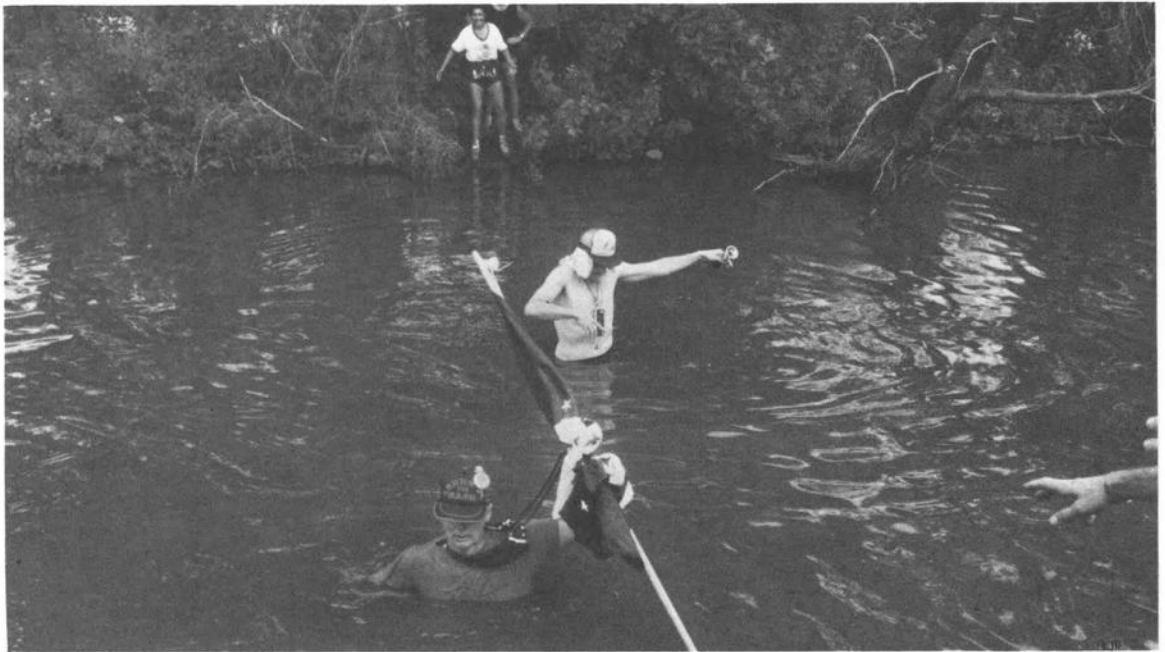


Anybody here
seen Moses?



What pick-up line did he use?

Right! Trash
your body. Save
the flag!



TOXIC WASTE CROSSING

For the first five minutes, the bimbos' trail followed pretty foot paths, but it didn't last. Soon the flour led the hounds into mud, muck, goo, and other substances so nasty the hares yelling On-On from the other side wore waders. In the heat, the vile substance caked onto legs and clothing.



What the fuck is going on here!?



As usual, the Philly bimbos provide deep, wet, experiences in the bush.



It doesn't get any better than this!
Except maybe next year in San Diego.

Brunch at the Yacht Club

Bimbos being bimbos, there would be no roast hog meat served. Hashers were treated to Bloody Mary's, clams on the half shell, and all the civilities at the Corinthian Yacht Club.

Muddy hashing gear was soon off, and muddy bodies soon rinsed clean of the swamp in the Olympic size pool. **BZ** started off the skinny dipping.

Philly bimbos **Hotlegs, Muffy, Mandongo's Portable Love Road Trip Love Slave, Joanie the Czech,** and the **Bucket Sisters** entertained with "Bimbos, Don't Let your Babies Grow up to be Hashers" followed by a male stripper, hired because the male hashers showed so little initiative. After a bimbo down-down relay, San Diego won a fellatio competition using a large chocolate penis.

"I Survived" teeshirts in hand, hashing shoes and socks abandoned (about 50 pairs were left near the pool), InterHash wound to a close in waves as buses shuttled spent hashers to the airport. Philly hashers, of course, retired to the Hospitality Suite at the Hershey, which would not officially close until Tuesday. **ON-ON**



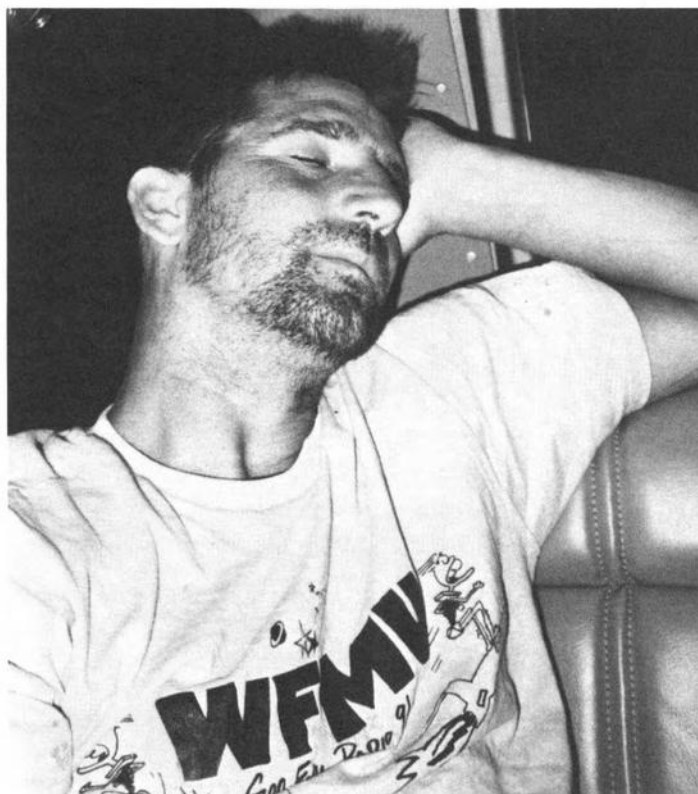
Somebody get this guy a cockring!



Duke, Vlad the Impaler, Bilbo:
The Half-Brain Trust.

**PHILADELPHIA HOSPITALITY SUITE:
NEVER RUNS OUT OF BEER!**

Many attendees may have taken for granted the smooth, 24-hour, functioning of the Philly Hospitality Suite. We salute the unwavering dedication and attention to detail of none other than Philly's **Spareribs**, whose motto "Whatever It Takes" became a rallying cry for the weekend. **Spareribs** managed to keep the PHS running well into Tuesday!



Spareribs hisself.



That's not the real Mary Popins, It's a blow-up doll. Rumson could never get that close to a real live bimbo.

ON-ON to San Diego!

