



GREATER GOTHAM FULL MOON HASH

THE BODY'S "DO CRAZY BOB'S HASH OVER" SLOPPY SECONDS HASH



Information about this and other fine Metro area hashes can be found on 212-HASH-NYC as well as <http://www.hashhouseharriers.com>

ON ON

THE TRUTH

ON ON

All the gossip that's fit to read on a boring drunken 2 a.m. subway ride home.



JM's :Scot Gleason and Danny Choriki



Hash Cash : Christine Hinz



and Rick Chann



On-Sex: Punk Ass Bitch



HareRaisers: Tiger's woody



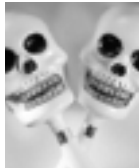
and Mudbone



Choir/beer Miester: Fluffy



Trail Master:Hugh The" Fahkaru



Hares: The Body



Scribe: Lynn wolff



Sergeant At Arms: Crazy Bob

START
Astor Place

ON-IN
19th hole

HASH WORDS OF WISDOM

WHEN IN DOUBT,
FRONT TO BACK!!!

FIRST TIME RE-HASH SCRIBE COMPARES HASHERS TO 5-YEAR OLDS!!

In my tried and true style of procrastination, I have waited practically a month to write this. I am a novice Hash scribe and most have told me just to make stuff up if I don't remember. But, I am more a New York Times than an Enquirer kind of girl. So, just the facts, ma'am. Here is what I recall.

This trail was set in an effort to right a wrong from the previous Full Moon Hash. For those who had followed (I use that term lightly) Crazy Bob's trail the month before, Crofty's trail was meant to finally give you a sense of completion.

The trail began at that funky intersection where Crazy Bob had placed a confounding check that baffled almost every hasher, causing most to miss the beer check and just run at random, finally opting to head back to the start because the hash phone line wasn't working.

(Wow - that was a long sentence that I'm not going to edit.)

To close the circle on this whole Full Moon déjà vu, the on-in was the same as Crazy Bob's - The 19th Hole.

The only other notable thing I remember is the incredibly huge, yellow-ish gold full moon that night.

Very beautiful. When running along the river, I felt like I was in a scene from the movie Moonstruck.

Who had to drink? Getting right down to the Down-Downs:

The hare: Dave "the body" Croft

Invalids who just came for the drinkin': the most obvious was Aussie Sarah in neck brace along with Michael, Tiger's Woody and Roy.

For going way off trail: Mickey Mouth and Christine who began reciting Robert Frost poetry before doing her down-down.

For not being a team

player: Owen

For announcing that someone put a dirty sexual comic strip into his bag and trying to get the "supposed" culprit to admit it to everyone: Slow to Blow

For his birthday: Andrew Scott conducted the down-downs. For a reason I can't

remember now, everyone believed whole-heartedly that Scott should do a down-down. It got fairly rowdy and the song of the masses "Scott Stinks, Scott Drinks" overtook the bar. Finally, after Mickey Mouth and Christine threw a beer at Scott, he acquiesced and drank. This quieted everyone down and I do believe that he threw some beer back at Mickey Mouth. Anyone, reading this paragraph out of context would think I'm writing about a kindergarten class - silly rhyming songs, you hit me so I hit you. But, really, adults drinking heavily are close in

behavior to a group of 5-year olds.

I have nothing else to add. So, as a bit of inspiration to our HOPS members, I will just include this article that was forwarded to me. And for anyone unhappy in their work, just remember - it could always get worse.



Photographic proof that hashers are not capable of the higher motor skills needed to throw beers at each other.

Zoo sperm bank worker Binatang bin Goncang wins "Worst Job in Singapore"

Wildlife Reserves Singapore (WRS), which runs the Singapore Zoo, has set up a bank of sperm and animal tissue in order to help preserve species.

The thankless task of collecting the sperm falls to Mr. Binatang, starting his rounds at 4 a.m. "We start so early in the morning because a lot of the animals have 'morning glory' when they wake up, and it's easier to collect the sperm.

Wearing rubber gloves and carrying a cooler box filled with ice and tupperware, Mr. Binatang, 25, told us that he'd just graduated from Singapore Polytechnic with a diploma in life sciences. He liked nature and

animals, and thought that the Singapore Zoo would be

the perfect place to work.

"I never thought I'd be giving an orang-utan a hand job every morning," he said somewhat ruefully.

"And he is the worst, he expects to be kissed first." As we approached the orang-utan enclosure, we saw the Zoo's most famous resident lying casually on his back, hands behind his head, and sporting a huge erection.

Applying the massage oil onto his gloves, he lingered outside the enclosure before entering and knelt before the orange beast. About 2 minutes' worth of squelching noises could be heard before Mr. Binatang emerged again.

Next the tiger enclosure, the big cats were sprawled

lazily on the grass verge, in a somewhat half-hearted manner as he put on a fresh set of gloves and entered the enclosure. "Here, kitty, kitty, kitty..." Moments later, he emerged with several tupperware full of viscous fluid.

"Isn't it dangerous?" we asked.

Mr. Binatang was silent for a while.

"They know I'm not there as an enemy," he finally said, a glazed, far-away look in his eyes.

Worked his way round the zoo, finished his rounds at 3 pm in the afternoon. Carrying out his duties with the tapirs, the rhinoceros, giraffe and the gorillas, amongst others.

"Each animal is different," he said, removing his gloves, now speckled with traces of polar bear spunk.

"The chimpanzees always want to be hugged afterwards. The elephant is the most tricky because of the size of its thing... sometimes I have to use both my arms to tug on it."

"As you can expect it's really affecting my sex life. I can't help it. Each time my wife initiates sex, these ejaculating hippos keep floating through my mind."

How long will he stay - difficult to know - but deputy assistant director Lai Jee Seow thinks it is important to continue.

"It's because the animals have gotten too used to Binatang coming over every morning to pull them off," said "Many of them now can't be bothered to engage in real sex."



Young Goncang learning as a youth that you should always warm your hands first.

THE FULL MOON HASH HYMNAL

Here's to Brother Hasher

Here's to brother hasher, brother hasher, brother hasher
Here's to brother hasher may he chug-a-lug.
He's happy, he's jolly,
He's fucked up by golly
So here's to brother hasher may he chug-a-lug

Drink it down down ...

Horse's Ass

(let's assume the person's name is "Joe Blow")

Joooooooo Blow,
Joooooooo Blow,
Joooooooo Blow is a Horse's Ass
He's the meanest,
Sucks the biggest penis
Joooooooo Blow is a Horse's Ass

Ever since he found it,
All he does is pound it,
Joooooooo Blow is a Horse's Ass

Drink it down down ...

Consider Yourself

Consider yourself, On-In
Consider yourself, One of the Harriers
We've taken to you
So strong
Its true, we're, going to get along.
Drink it down down ...

Hashstones

(Tune: The Flintstones)
Hashers, meet the Hashers,
They're the biggest drunks in history.
From the hash of Gotham,
They're the leaders in debauchery.
Half minds, trailing shiggy through the years.
Watch them, as they down a lot of beers.
(Continuing the melody . . .)
Down down, down down down down,

Her Right Tit

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)
Her right tit hangs down to her belly.
Her left tit hangs down to her knee.
If her right tit exceeded her left tit,
She'd get lots of weenie from me.
(Continuing the melody . . .)
Down down, down down, drinking it down down, down
down, down down

His One Skin

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)
His one skin hangs down to his two skin.
His two skin hangs down to his three.
His three skin hangs down to his four skin.
His foreskin hangs down to his knee.
Roll back!
Roll back!
Oh roll back his foreskin for me (for me!)
Roll back!
(Oh) Roll back!
Roll back his foreskin for me
Drink it down...

He Outta Be Publicly Pissed On

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)
He ought to be publically pissed on,
He ought to be publicly shot (bang-bang),
He ought to be tied to a urinal,
And left there to fester and rot (rot, rot)
Drink it down ,down ,down ,down

Whip It Out at the Ball Game

Whip it out at the 'ball' game,
Wave it around at the crowd,
Dip it in warm beer and Crackerjacks,
I don't care if you give it a whack,
'Cause it's beat your meat at the ball game
If you don't cum it's a shame,
'Cause it's one, two, you're covered in goo,
Its three four, all over the floor,
and it's five six , it usually sticks,
and seven eight a guy just can't wait
At the old 'ball' game