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*Call (212) HASH-NYC to find the locations and start times of upcoming Hashes (NYC, Brooklyn, Queens, Full Moon)*

*Call (212) HASH-NYC (an hour after the start) if you get lost during a Hash and a voice will tell you the On-In location*

NYCH3 Run 920

Sunday, January 6, 2002

Hares: Fireman Bob, Wet & Sticky

On In: The Village Idiot

Scribe: Heather Malloy

Certain things in life are constants. One is that the hash goes on, whether or not one is there. Another is that despite the self-fulfilling prophecy of layoffs during a threatened or actual recession, companies will panic at the first sign of potential reduced profits, and put as many people out of work as possible, as quickly as possible, thus guaranteeing that the recession will occur, and will last longer than expected as consumer and personal capital spending disappear regionally, virtually overnight. (OK, this doesn't have anything to do with anything, except that the layoff team has set up shop in the conference room directly across the hall from my office, and I am sitting here trying to be witty while contemplating doom.) Anyway, to the writeup.

We gathered in front of the Village nursing home to commemorate Lunch's birthday, possibly his last fully ambulatory one before having to don Depends prior to setting out for a not-too-taxing stroll around the block. Ultramarathons? Ha! Try marathon games of Pinochle.

After warning us about a saggy balls check and having us schlep our bags a block or two to the hashmobile, Fireman Bob and W&S set us off on trail to the west. We meandered scenically around the west village for about two miles, running over to the west side highway and back east to Minetta Square with a few very easy checks thrown in. This proved to be a substantial problem for me, as I have been injured since October and haven't been able to run. (Just in case anyone actually noticed that I was missing.) One of the many unpleasant side effects of such a long layoff has been a reduction in speed that may result in my being mistaken for Alice as I struggled mightily to not get left behind, and thus become lost. After the pleasant diddling around, we looped over to Union Square, and the promised saggy balls check. Rather than something thoroughly tasteless, which would have been more than expected from Bob and W&S, we found Tiger's Woody holding tins of chocolate rum balls, kindly provided by Bob's girlfriend. Their significance in conjunction with Lunch's birthday escapes me, except that we associate him with all things of varied edibility. After the snack, we set off to find trail on the north side of the square. After discovering that what Lesley thought were hashers turned out to be random poorly dressed civilians, we eventually found marks heading over to Irving Place, where they promptly vanished. We ran further east, thinking it picked up on the way to Gramercy or Rutherford, ran back to the last mark, then ran back and boxed Union Square. Still nothing. So, assuming the on-in was either Flannery's or the Idiot, we just ran west on 14<sup>th</sup>, screaming "No!" in response to the plaintive "Are You?"s that seemed to dog our every step. Along the way, we picked up a few panicked stragglers, who were worried because the hares had not bothered to set the hotline, and one of them had to leave the on-in by five to get to the airport. We assured them that the hares were not creative enough to get us quite that lost, and led the charge to the Idiot. Fortunately, Roy was hanging around outside, because the hares could also not be bothered to chalk "On In" on the sidewalk.

Once everyone was in and finished complaining about the days-old smoke and chronic bad service, our reunited JMs gathered us for down-downs. First up were the hares, Bob and W&S. Roy got virtual ears for first in. Stacey, the rum-ball lackey, was called up for a really egregiously ugly hat. John and Debbie, who visited briefly from their new home in Brigadoon, did a joint down-down for getting engaged. Roark did one for getting divorced as a cautionary tale. W&S was punished for gate crashing. Hardman, Lunch, and the Cardinal did a joint birthday down-down. DB2 was busted for (hold your breath) racing instead of hashing. And finally, Crofty got AOTW for getting into a fight at the Cardinal's birthday party. With that, on out.

## The Receding HareLine

Date	Name of Run, Start Location and Start Time	Hare
<b>Mon, Jan 14</b> <b>7 pm</b>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Queens H3 Run ??</b></p> <p><b>Start:</b> Above and 45 Rd/Court Sq on the 7 and the Court Sq on the 6 are nearby</p> <p><b>Subway:</b> 23<sup>rd</sup>/Ely Avenue on the E and F</p> <p>Ed note: I don't understand the above either, but copied it directly from the website, so go bitch at Danny</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Scot Gleason</b></p>
<b>Wed, Jan 16</b> <b>7 pm</b>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>New Amsterdam Winter Wednesday H3 Run 67</b></p> <p><b>Start &amp; Subway:</b> Bleecker St. stop on the 6</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>John "The Cardinal" O'Connor</b></p>
<b>Sun, Jan 20</b> <b>3 pm</b>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>NYCH3 Run 922</b></p> <p><b>Start &amp; Subway:</b> TBD</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Shena &amp; Marylin</b></p>
<b>Mon, Jan 21</b> <b>7 pm</b>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Brooklyn H3 Run 241</b></p> <p><b>Start &amp; Subway:</b> TBD</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>John "The Cardinal" O'Connor</b></p>
<b>Fri, Jan 25</b> <b>7:30 pm</b>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Greater Gotham Full Moon H3</b></p> <p><b>Start and Subway:</b> TBD</p> <p>4<sup>th</sup> Annual Flashlight Hash!          (Yes, Matilda, bring a flashlight)</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Devo</b></p>
<b>Sun, Jan 27</b> <b>3 pm</b>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>NYCH3 Run 923</b></p> <p><b>Start &amp; Subway:</b> TBD</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>British Andrew &amp; Alice Harrison</b></p>