



The Mis-Management:

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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 925
Sunday, February 10, 2002
Hare: Fluffy Locker Man
On In: O'Healy's
Scribe: Heather Malloy

If one were to take a poll of how many hashers escaped from the bathtub and ran from the house yelling "look at me, I'm naked" in the course of their respective childhoods, I would be willing to bet that statistics would show a solid majority had engaged in such behavior. I have never seen a group of adults so eager to get naked in public, without even a remote possibility of getting some action linked to the public disrobing. (In fact, even were nookie a far-off but attainable dream, the sight of some of our lot's nakedness would be enough to cause a rude awakening. More on this topic later.) Such a character anomaly is the only possible reason I can come up with to explain why we schlepped via A train to an S train to a parking lot in Far Rockaway on a beautiful Saturday, for the privilege of taking off our clothing and jumping into the ocean in February.

To make sure they would be good and toasted prior to the bracing dip in the Atlantic, a pre-pack gathered at the Reade St. Pub prior to the Brooklyn-Queens traverse. Four of us missed the pub AND the train, and

arrived thirty minutes late, putting us fifteen minutes behind the pack. Lucky for us, the hare and hashmobiler The Cardinal waited around for the train, took our bags, and sent us on our way. Despite the wind and the outer outer outer borough location, the sun warmed things up nicely, and made the journey through dilapidated beach bungalows and the water treatment plant that much more pleasant. The extra fifteen minutes worked in our favor, as most of the checks were already marked, allowing us to enjoy the water view and the sunshine. Well, three of us seemed to enjoy ourselves. Daniel, on the other hand, was bound and determined to commit suicide-by-car before the swim stop, and dashed in front of every fast moving vehicle in the vicinity. After two checks and about two miles of twisty turny running, the Pub stop started to work in our favor, too. Slowly but surely, we overtook various huffers and puffers, whose hobbling by alcohol served to keep the pack together nicely. One more mile and a very easy check later, we wound between Communist style apartment blocks, back up onto the boardwalk, and on-in to the beach stop.

After retrieving our bags from the car, and enjoying a fortifying nip from various bottles of whisky, tequila, vodka, spiked hot cocoa etc., we headed down the beach for the big strip. A shocking number of people, after noting how balmy the weather was in comparison to the year before, displayed very pale and occasionally hairy beer bellies and dashed into the water. And right back out. And into clothes in about a nanosecond. An especially impressive display of clothes changing without the benefit of a bathroom was exhibited by Sarah, who managed to first put on a bikini top over a sports bra, remove the sports bra, go for a swim in a very scanty two piece, then put the sports bra back on over the bikini top, remove the bikini top, and get dressed. All while serving drinks from a thermos. Just when we thought the whole thing was over, Cree led a charge back into the surf, where he stayed until others were goaded into a third trip, and finally Fluffy joined the fray. Then we really thought the whole thing was done, (standing there watching this nonsense was enough to bring on a bout of hypothermia), when Slow To Blow appeared sprinting down the boardwalk in cycling togs, which he ripped off as soon as he hit the sand, and dove into the water. Most of the pack was already heading toward the on-on-in at this point, so I can't comment on whether or not S2B's beer belly is as impressive or, er, fluffy as Fluffy's.

O'Healy's was smelly. I mean REALLY smelly. Smelly to the point that every single person who opened the door shouted, "God, this place STINKS". Which, as Christine pointed out, certainly helped to endear us to the locals who had obviously been parked at the bar since 1962. To quell the bitching, and to liquor Fluffy up enough to get him to feed us, "Too" Long started the down-downs right away. Fluffy and The Cardinal got the first, followed by PAB bag sherpa Tiger's Woody, who claimed that her stitches kept her from an ocean frolic. Next up was DB2, who, via obnoxious e-mail, sought to replace Manhattanite snobbery with his own Park Slopesque snootiness. Cree got the polar bear award, though he had trouble letting go of his frozen bits long enough to finish a beer. A multiple orgasm award [Ed: an exceedingly contrived way of saying "multiple dips in the ocean", DAVE] went to Bob, Andrew, Crofty and Head Up Ass. Sarah got the swimsuit award. Visitors TT Boy and Love Handles got one each. S2B drank for driving all the way to Far Rockaway, only to leave early to go to the NYRRC Club Night gala. Finally, Bob got AOTW for chalking everyone's ass. By this time, Fluffy had caved in to demands for food, but it was already nearly 6:00, and S2B was headed back to the city, so off I went to make a 1 1/2 hour journey back to Manhattan, only to turn around and head back to another Godforsaken outer borough. No wonder I am a Manhattan snob. On out.

Super Bore Hash

Scribe: The scribe has asked to remain anonymous, and just gave the nom-de-plume "Punk Ass Bitch" as a byline.

According to the New York Times, the Super Bowl is known for dreadful excesses. And, if you've ever run Ed Lynch's trails, the same could be said for them as well. Indeed, the hash Super Bowl weekend could well be a study in dreadful excesses.

It all began, innocently enough, with a party at Ewa's aerie to celebrate Danny and Marj's recent nuptials. Beer and wine were available in abundance. Beer and wine were consumed in abundance. Various and sundry skills were displayed in abundance. Most eye-catching of all, at least as far as Crofty was concerned, was a visiting hasher-cum-Harriette-Boy-Toy's ability to quaff his down-down. What's that

you say? Down down's at a party? Yes. And by now you should be beginning to understand the problem of running the next day. And why the usual scribes did not author this screed.

You see, Christine claimed to hate football in general, and the Super Bowl in particular, with the white-hot intensity of a thousand burning suns (much the way many feel about New Jersey, but that's for another day). Heather claimed that a batch of bad sushi felled her, but those of us who observed her in leather pants at Ewa's were speculating on whether something else had caught her fancy on Sunday afternoon (and Saturday evening, and . . . you get the picture). Indeed, with very few exceptions, anybody who went to the party did not do the hash. One of the few exceptions, Crofty, was reduced to drinking Coca-Cola at the on-in and left long before the game ended. And so it was that the JM collared this Punk Ass Bitch at the on-in to sum up Sunday's festivities.

Trail started at the 116 and Broadway stop on the 1. For those who are interested in such things, do not take the 2 or 3 to get there, or you will find yourself taking a short bus ride and a long jog/walk up a steep hill to complete your journey (not that we have any personal knowledge of pulling such a stoopid stunt or anything).

The trail proceeded directly to Riverside Park to a check that was promptly solved headed north. The pack proceeded around Grant's Tomb (For a little entertainment, ask Slow to Blow who's buried there. We're not sure which is funnier, his answer, or the expression on his face.), around a park and then east on 120th to a check at Morningside Park. Cree found true trail in the park and heading north.

The pack-shattering check (and if Ed's involved in setting trail, we all know there has to be at least one impossible check) was placed on 119th and Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd. While rumor has it that the trail jogged a wee bit north and into Marcus Garvey Park, this Punk Ass Bitch cannot confirm that information. What we do know is that the trail then proceeded to travel south through every single housing project in Spanish Harlem and the Upper Upper East Side. We also encountered the single biggest pack mark ever set in hash history. The spine of the arrow was at least 8 feet, and the sides of the arrow were over 6 feet, and it was set by Cree. Whether he was compensating for something much, much smaller we leave it to others to learn.

At 96th Street, trail turned east and onto the East River Promenade (or the Bobby Wagner Walk for New York City nerds who need to know such things). The trail went around the newly liberated Gracie Mansion and straight to Mecca—er, we mean Tricia Hoffman's love nest—er, we mean apartment.

Flying solo, Dave (Too) Long conducted the down-downs. In addition to Lunch, Trisha, as host, and Marie, as provider of food, were also called. The latter was apparently brought up to see what it is like for her to actually drink a down down since casting a beer to the floor of Tricia's apartment did not seem to be a viable option. For those who weren't there, just picture Ewa doing a down down in super slow motion and with a facial expression much like the people we later saw on Fear Factor eating a buffalo's testicle.

Virgins Cheryl, Kim, and Dave drank. Cheryl, it was later learned after further investigation (okay, hitting on might be more accurate), is actually a veteran hasher with a hash name (Lipstick, for those who care about such things). Next, the shoe theme took over. Ginny, for having her shoe—and lower leg—being displayed in Runner's World; June, for not only wearing new shoes, but also for jumping in a mud puddle in mid-trail to disguise the fact (she then won AOTW for multiple false denials and attempts to cast blame elsewhere); and, virgin Kim, also for new shoes. Tom, Diane, and Sticky did a down down for shortcutting the start at the direction of the hare, but then ignoring his request to wait for the pack at 120th (and then blowing through the next check without marking it). Finally, Slow to Blow did a down down for forcing Sarah to re-mark an allegedly incorrectly drawn pack mark.

Following the down downs, a whooshing sound signified hashers eating. Later, there was some sort of football game that seemed to occupy the attention of many. It was said that the game was exciting, and that a team from New England won it with some sort of good play near the end of the game. We leave it to others to learn the truth.

The Receding HareLine

Date	Name of Run, Start Location and Start Time	Hare
Mon, Feb 18 7 pm	Brooklyn H3 Run 243 Start & Subway: Bergen St stop on F.	Alice Harrison
Sun, Feb 24 3 pm	New York City H3 Run 927 Start & Subway: tbd	Jesse & Scooter
Mon, Feb 25 7 pm	Queens H3 Start & Subway: tbd	tbd
Wed, Feb 27 7 pm	NAWW H3 Run 70 Start & Subway: tbd	Slow to Blow
Fri, Mar 1 7:30 pm	Greater Gotham Full Moon H3 Start: Madison Square Park, under the Seward Statue Subway: 23 rd St. stop on the N, R, 6	Crazy Bob
Sun, Mar 3 3 pm	NYCH3 Run 928 Start & Subway: tbd	Aussie Sarah and Polish Andrew