



**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 928  
Sunday, March 3, 2002  
Hares: Aussie Sarah and Polish Andrew  
On-In: Eighty 1 Nine (?)  
Scribe: Heather Malloy

Ah, Australia Day. It brings to mind visions of.... Uhhhh..... surfing? Kangaroos? Blonde people dancing to "Waltzing Matilda"? Prime Ministers being eaten by sharks? Wildly poisonous insects/snakes/seashells? Is Australia actually a nation, or a protectorate, or a commonwealth member, or just a less soggy version of the Isle of Man, or what? Fortunately, our own resident sheila (aka Australian female to the uninitiated), was on hand to reminisce at length about the footloose and fancy free Australia Days of her youth. Or at least to warble out the Australian National Anthem in a shockingly good Ewa impersonation, but fortunately that was much later and we'd all had a few beers by then.

When the hares arrived at the horsey statue near the Plaza for the start, we were very surprised to hear that this would be a "Polish run". On Australia Day! Some dead Aussie patriot/freedom fighter (I'll bet you can't name one within the next thirty seconds) is rolling over in his or her grave. In any event, I have no idea what a Polish run is, because I wasn't listening. I was too busy trying to figure out from where six virgins had appeared on an overcast Sunday in March.

So, armed with no information whatsoever, I trotted off with the pack into the park. Which, as it turned out, was fine, as a “Polish” check was exactly the same as a regular check, but with a V inside the circle rather than an X. So, freed from actually having to think or something equally as dreadful, I kind of moseyed along through the trail in cruise control. Which is to say that I really don’t remember any part of the trail prior to a big circle jerk at Cherokee Place. Once we got to the check, trail was found leading over the pedestrian bridge to the river. Halfway across, I lost all motivation to run along the highway, turned around, and ran up York on the assumption that the trail had to come back eventually. When the hordes of virgins started looking to me for guidance, I made the mistake of responding, helpfully shouting, “Don’t follow me, I am NOT on trail”, an example of good samaritanship that naturally did not go unpunished. Janeway was way ahead of me, anyway, and Sticky was inspired to follow along, too. When the trail crossed back over in the upper eighties, it was just in time for me to meet up with the pack on trail heading west, then a hairpin turn around the block back east.

Finally, we arrived at the on-in, in the Manhattan equivalent of Maine. Except that Maine may actually be more subway accessible. The hares had done an excellent job of keeping the pack together, and everyone arrived within minutes of each other. Most, anyway. Burke ran in from a completely random direction, having taken a shortcut through Westchester or something. The bar was quiet and empty, though it managed to be colder indoors than out. Abandoning the Polish thing, Sarah and Andrew had set out a sampling of the wide and rich variety of traditional Australian foods served on Australia day, namely Vegemite, Chicos and Fairy Bread. [Note: Fairy Bread is that gross squashy white bread spread with butter, sugar, and bizarre colored sprinkle thingies. Vegemite is actually more disgusting.] Predictably, every single Brit helped him or herself to a serving of Vegemite, only to loudly proclaim its inferiority to Marmite. Thankfully, non-controversial pizza had been ordered. But first there were down-downs. Aussie Sarah and Polish Andrew did one for their trail, which Sarah followed by a rendition of aforementioned anthem. Roy earned a special wombat hat for first in, plus an extra for failing to call false in his haste to get to the on-in. [Note 2: a wombat is an animal that looks a lot like a squarish hairy pig.] The huge crowd of virgins drank without throwing up or throwing their beers on anyone, which is a lot better than I can say for a few old timers. Neil got one for checking off run #2 in his quest for 1000 hashes. Burke was singled out for actually having run 1000 hashes, but still having no idea what he was doing. Janeway, Sticky and I all drank for flagrant shortcutting. And finally, Sticky got AOTW for putting down arrows without the pointy part in dark green chalk. (A case of desperation on “Too” Long’s part, if you ask me).

And after that.... Nothing interesting happened. It figures, two weeks ago, when everyone who showed up seemed to get lucky, I was off doing laundry or something. Oh, well, at least there was the Vegemite. On out.

### The Receding HareLine

Date	Name of Run, Start Location and Start Time	Hare
Mon, Mar 11 7 pm	<b>Queens H3</b> Start & Subway: Broadway stop on the N,W	The Body
Mon, Mar 11 7 pm	<b>New York (Westchester) H3</b> Start: Port Chester, Shipwreck	First person to arrive
Wed, Mar 13 7 pm	<b>New Amsterdam Winter Wednesday H3, Run 71</b> Start: New York Public Library steps Subway: 5 <sup>th</sup> Ave stop on 7	Stacie “Let’s do it in Greenpoint” Carr and Danny “I wanna run in the Bronx” Choriki
Fri, Mar 15 7 pm	<b>Long Island H3</b> Start: Valley Stream LIRR Station, North of Sunrise Hwy, near Franklin Street. Green dress and flashlight mandatory. St. Paddy’s Day Run	TT Boy and Love Handles
Sun, Mar 17 3 pm	<b>New York City H3 Run 930</b> St. Paddy’s Day Annual Pog Mo Thoin Run Start and Subway: tbd	Basil Ashmore and the Cardinal

VOTE HERE	<b>***** Exercise your rights!*****</b> If you think NYCH3 needs a hare raiser, check box at right and throw at Peter	