



**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 929  
Sunday, March 10, 2002  
Hare: David Byron-Brown  
On In: Collins Bar  
Scribe: Heather Malloy

Passover is approaching like a snorting locomotive. The joyous weeklong holiday is preceded by the considerably less joyous process of throwing away every food item in the kitchen, and temporarily selling everything else. (A gentleman on Long Island actually lost his cookie factory this way, but that is a different story). Once the week itself arrives, we look forward to replacing every conceivable carbohydrate with a form of semi-digestible cardboard, and contemplating the plagues that visited the Egyptians when they tried to foil the Hebrews' quest for freedom. The whole thing is reminiscent of Dave's trails.

Not that the Hudson ran with blood or anything like that. Instead, it is because DB2's trailsetting sagas bring to mind the historic Exodus, with its trials, tribulations, an egotistical Pharaoh, tourists, wandering lost in the desert for forty years, and ultimately, redemption. Dave's last New York City run was set in the scorching desert heat of a drought-ridden Manhattan summer, to which we were exiled for seven miles of abominably marked and confusing trail, with no way to part the seas of Fourth of July tourist hordes. Then, after epidemic harassment and down-downs, Dave saw the error of his ways and set another trail, hoping

for forgiveness. Alas, he didn't give up his bizarre penchant for crossing vast oceans of tourists, but now I am getting ahead of the story.

Dave gathered us opposite the Port Authority bus terminal, just steps from Show World. The inauspicious start location, in combination with Dave's ominous "watch out for the tourists" warning, 90 mph winds, and the homeless guy panhandling loudly over the chalk talk, immediately struck fear into our collective hearts. Were these signs that we'd spend yet another seven miles wandering in the wasteland, our only salvation being the hash hotline? When we got to the first check, outside of Bryant Park, our fears were nearly confirmed. The lazier among us were stuck there for a solid ten minutes, until Andrew loudly announced that he was going to cheat, and ran off. By luck and some sort of Jungian collective thinking, the rest of us managed to find trail heading north and into Rock Center, where we found the next check. Without even having to do any extra running, we found trail continuing north through a ticker-tape parade, then up past the convention-friendly Sheraton midtown, and on to a check at Columbus Circle. By then, some kind soul had started putting down pack marks, so even if we had no idea that the theme of the trail was out-of-towner magnets, we would have eventually found our way past the Lincoln Center construction site, the Antiques Show at the piers, and down to the Javits Center. By this time, the pack had mostly regrouped. We dodged the back side of the Port Authority, and ran up through Restaurant Row. We were all getting tired, and just on the verge of cranky, when lo and behold, the promised land was in front of us in the guise of Collins Bar, which was amazingly devoid of any natives. A good thing, too, as the bar was not exactly spacious, but was just the right side for a winter pack on a frigid day, and in such close quarters one never knows who might choose to blow themselves up later in the evening.

Dave even put out plenty of water before demanding hash cash, but his redemption was not exactly complete enough to inspire him to pick a bar that has pitchers. Well, sin defines the human condition, I suppose. As is redeeming oneself for immediate gain, which explains the number of times that Dave repeated various quotes extolling the general lack of horribleness exhibited vis a vis his trail. (Another interesting parallel to the Passover tale: Pharaohs who wouldn't consider peeling their own grapes sentenced slaves to hauling rocks the size of my apartment into pyramids; Dave, who would never consider running more than three miles, is lauded for getting us in under six.) Just as we were settling into our first beers, the pizza arrived. This was such a surprise that everyone actually got through the Monks before diving in.

Having food in our stomachs was not such a wonderful thing when it was time for down-downs, however, as JM Long made a really tasteless display of a 'used' condom to prove his virility on the heels of the wrapped condom incident of a few weeks prior. Fortunately, the condom, and Dave, were quickly dispensed with in favor of the more tasteful Peter. First up was DB2, who drank for not forcing us to suffer unduly. Next up were Scott and yet another Dave, who were the first in who actually ran the whole trail without cheating. Then we had visitor Sarah from the UK, virgin Caren, who tried to hide, and then had trouble figuring out how to drink. Andrew drank not for cheating, but for sporting a hickey the size of Arkansas. Returning visitor Steve got a down-down for flashing the bar. Pat and (insert guy whose name I've forgotten here) drank out of their shiny new shoes. Beyond that, I have no idea what happened other than Kansas losing because I had to run home to throw away food. On out.

## The Receding HareLine

Date	Name of Run, Start Location and Start Time	Hare
Mon, Mar 18 7 pm	<b>Brooklyn H3 Run 245</b> <b>Start:</b> Corner of Grand and Bushwick <b>Subway:</b> Grand Street stop on L	Roy Gilbert
Sun, Mar 24 3 pm	<b>New York City H3 Run 931</b> <b>Start &amp; Subway:</b> tbd	The Body
Mon, Mar 25 7 pm	<b>Queens H3 Run ??</b> <b>Start &amp; Subway:</b> tbd	tbd
Wed, Mar 27 7 pm	<b>NAWW H3 Run 72</b> <b>Start:</b> Corner of Franklin & Varick <b>Subway:</b> Franklin St. stop on the 1,2	Cree and Jeanne Marie Kelly
Fri, Mar 29 7:15 pm <b>TIME CHANGE</b>	<b>Greater Gotham Full Moon H3</b> <b>Start and Subway:</b> Astor Place stop on the 6 Quoth the hare, "We're starting at Astor Place because that is where the last trail (Crazy Bob's) ended!"	The Body
Sun, Mar 31 3 pm	<b>New York City H3 Run 932</b> <b>Start &amp; Subway:</b> tbd	tbd