

BROOKLYN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

"TO RUN & TO DRINK FINE ALE IS TO LIVE"

RUN #132 MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1997

START: FLATBUSH AVE. AND ATLANTIC AVE

ON IN: SPARKY'S ALE HOUSE (481 COURT ST. @ NELSON ST.)

HARES: JON "NYCH3 WORST RUN OF THE YEAR LOCK" GLANVILLE & HEDGEHOG

SCRIBE: YOSHI OZAKI

Scene: My Office.

As I pause from typing on my keyboard, I look up glasses slightly crooked across my nose. The remains of half a dozen cups of coffee, including a half-filled cup of cold black oily fluid lies on my desk. Mounds of printouts are everywhere. Several destroy diskettes lie about the floor near my garbage bin.

"The eigenvalue spectrum fall off isn't indicative of the importance of the higher dimensional parameters in the dynamical system, damn it!!", I mutter?

I glance out of the window. It looks cold. Cold, windy, a generally dreadful evening. Do I really want to go to the hash? It's gonna be freezing and windy if it doesn't sleet. Yuck.

But, I'll go. I'm better than those namby-pamby sunshine runners (note; better in the sense of mindless stupidity than in anything else e.g. mile time, distance, etc?). Yeah... That's right, you heard me. Yeah! I'm gonna go. So it's freezing outside, and it looks like it's gonna rain if not sleet and snow.

Yeah! So maybe only two other lunatics might show up. Yeah!

Hmm? Let's see. Before I go, let me just check on the web site who the hare is.

WAIT!!!! OHHHHHhhh SSshhhhhiiiiTTTTT!!!!!!!

What????? Jon's the hare?????

Forget it!!! I'm goin' home...

The last time Jon set a trail (we have video evidence, unfortunately), I distinctly remember seeing him at the on-in and greeting him with the term, "DEADMEAT."

Think of it this way

- 1) It's freezing cold
- 2) It's really windy to boot
- 3) I have to go from the Upper Eastside to Atlantic and Flatbush
- 4) I know I'm not getting home until midnight (if I'm lucky)
- 5) Most importantly Jon (WRotYL) is setting the trail.

Note to reader:

5.a) He knows as much about Brooklyn as the Pope (Opps, Sorry John)

5.b) The last time he reeked carnage on us all, it was in his own stinkin' neighborhood. Now in foreign territory!!!! AAAAAHHHHHHHHhh!!! The horror. Oh, the horror. One can only imagine the carnage that would be seen on a run like this.

The only reason that I could think would be a good reason for going:

- 1) The down-downs are better in Brooklyn.

So naturally, I went....

Arriving at the start, I found the usual suspects, Hiz eminence, Fluffy Lockerman, Roy, Ewa, Paul, Steve, Lesley, Peter, and Janet. (OK, For all you

unhappy people that didn't get written in, all I can say is tough, I'm working from memory of almost two weeks ago).

Initially many of us were huddled in the entrance of the subway/LIRR station because of the inclement weather, but eventually ended up starting from the front of the Williamsburg Bank Building. Soon the hares arrived, Jon and Hedgehog, both looked, well, not warm. (Note to readers; the next segment may or may not be totally correct. OK, probably not correct). Not living in Brooklyn, I can't be totally sure where we were, further I actually don't remember tremendously large amounts of the run, however, as scribe, I will do the utmost to make things up for everything I can't remember).

From the start we went toward Fort Greene Park. And to my absolute amazement, WE HAD MARKS!!!! The trail didn't just die out in the middle of nowhere with half a billion different directions to go in the dark!!!! Wow!!!! After going up a little hill we reached the top which had some sort of strange stone obelisk or something on the top of it. We had a great view of lower Manhattan. Looks like the hare has been doing his homework. I was gaining confidence that we might actually have a decent trail!!!! Down some steps, we went further toward the Brooklyn Naval Yard hitting some small park (Commodore Barry Park or something). Bored of making us run more or less North, the cunning hares sent us southwest toward Cobble Hill. Some rather nice bits running here. Finally showing that he got tired of turning, the hares took us straight down Court Street for a loong time 'til we hit one of our favorite on-in spots. Sparky's Ale House.

Sparky's Ale House, originally found by Roy and Marie while scouting out another trail last year has become a fixture of the Brooklyn Hash. Banquets, coronations, consecrations, and AGM's have been held here. I have sent various non-hashing friends of mine to this establishment as well. With God (and Jerry) only knows how many taps, I have never left this establishment unhappy (or sober for that matter). The beer of the evening seemed to be Old Speckled Hen. However, with an abundance of taps it was quite clear to me that I would not be able to try them all before leaving. Down-downs were efficiently conducted by Messrs. Eminence and Lockerman, we scarfed down the traditional food of the gods (Oops, sorry John there's only supposed to be one God right?), pizza. Oh wait there's Aleks, who of course ran the trail.

All in all a very fine time, beer, pizza, beer, and maybe a bit more beer. I think the hare learned an important lesson, when people are pissed at you for setting a really crappy trail just set another one that ends at Sparky's. Oh yeah, and he's not allowed to set a trail with Arian. I eventually made it home by about 1 AM or so. But it was worth it. Fine trail, fine beer, lots of fun, and the rehabilitated reputation of Jon Glanville. Nicely done.

Note to reader;

1) My office has no windows.

BROOKLYN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

"BROOKLYN, IT'S THE WATER"

RUN #133 MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1997

START: BEDFORD AVE STOP / L - TRAIN

ON IN: THE RIGHT BANK

HARES: JM JERRY NELSON & LISA UNGAR

SCRIBE: JOHN O'CONNOR

Do you believe in the prognosticating power of omens? What does it mean when the entire pack arrives by subway and is then reluctant to go above ground to begin the trail? After all, New Yorkers don't generally spend any more time down in the subways than they have to unless they have negotiated a unique rent-free lease agreement with the city or they are drunk and passed out. Was something ominous about to happen if we all went above ground? Had Pierre somehow gotten hold of another car and attempted to drive to the start? Or was it simply that it was cold as hell outside and the wind was making it difficult to stand upright? We would soon find out.

Lisa & Jerry soon rooted out the wary pack. Lisa was on loan from her duties as Joint Master of our neighboring hash across the river as a result of her not actually hashing there anymore. Jerry has been on loan to Brooklyn from somewhere in the midwest since prohibition was repealed. Together they were determined to provide a hashing tour of the abandoned warehouses and factories of bucolic Williamsburg. And this they would do. So after delaying Lisa & Jerry with idle chitchat for as long as we could, we reluctantly climbed the stairs and set out into the cold darkness as Ewa asked Jerry the odd but pertinent question of whether the on in was actually marked. Marked indeed, Ewa.

At this writing, I don't actually remember much about the trail. It was dark. It was cold. It was windy. There were many abandoned buildings around. There weren't many other humans out that night. We went by the Brooklyn Brewery. We ran through areas any self respecting hasher wouldn't be caught dead in alone but, no one seemed to mind. Finally we ran by the famous Peter Luger's, purveyor of tantalizing cuts of bloody raw beef bigger than Jerry's head. (Has anyone ever actually eaten there when they weren't on an expense account? Does anyone know anyone who is not Italian who has actually eaten there? Can even Vince afford to eat there with his wads of extra hashcash?) After that we ran toward the Williamsburg Bridge, turned a corner and found ourselves at a never before used on in, The Right Bank. Very clever name, eh? Well, this is Brooklyn.

The publican was quite pleased to see us and he did his best to provide a pleasant homestyle environment in spite of the local drunks careening around the joint. He literally shoveled steaming mounds of food at us all night long washed down by Guinness, Brooklyn and other transparent beer-like fluids favored by Hardy. There were wings. There were onion rings. There were fries. There were jalapeno peppers. All of them deep fried in a lusty batter of fortified pig fat and served in huge vats which served as feeding troughs for the starving assembly. Ah, the culinary delicacies of the hash diet served in portions ample enough to clog and aorta. It was good.

The rest of the evening was very chummy. Assorted foreigners (Ewa, Arian, Pierre, Roy, Little John, among others) gathered at a round table for what appeared to be some kind of half-assed forum of some sort in various languages. We finally deduced that they were deciding on whether to index the euro somehow to Ewa's changing hair color. Although spirited, the forum was unable to reach a consensus, so it appears we will have to wait to hear more on this later.

All in all, it was a job well done by Lisa & Jerry and special praise is due for finding a new on in bar. Next time, how about takeout from Peter Luger's?