

BROOKLYN

HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

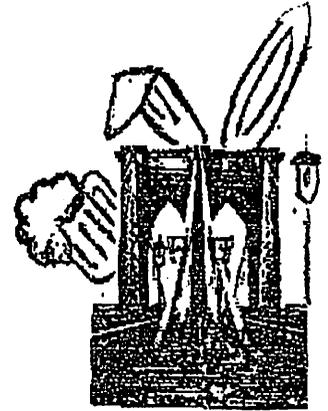
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JOINT MASTERS

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Call the HASH HOTLINE at 212 427-4692 (spells 212 HASH NYC) any time for the location of the next run

Receding Hareline

Feb 27, Monday, 7 pm (Run 55) - Trinity Church, Broadway and Wall St in lower Manhattan. Beware the Bridge.

Hare: Marie Wickham

Mar 13, Monday, 7 pm (Run 56) - Volunteer Needed

Instant Replay. Run 55: Hare, Jerry, CoHare, Jeanne; Bar, Ansonia's Behind, 13th St & 8th Ave

Taking the F train to the Fort Ham Parkway stop is like taking Amtrak to Nashville; it stops everywhere, the character of the riders changes several times during the journey, and when you get to your final destination you're so glad to get off that you no longer care that it's some place you don't even want to go. Upon arrival I bolted up the nearest exit stairs. That is to say, I walked a considerable distance with the crowd before out could get out of the subterranean cavern. Above ground I discovered Maria and The Virgin Roy discussing the meaning of the Hares' chalky message on the ground. The conspicuous absence of street signs made their directions difficult to execute, but third time lucky. We spied the pack four blocks away and hustled to the start, the thumping of our On-On Attire bags distracting us from the inevitable question, "Why not start at the subway stop?". Upon questioning the Hares we discovered that the question had no answer, and indeed the question had never entered their minds (sic).

After this very inauspicious start, the pack was sent off over the overpass (pedestrian flyover to the 5 British Daves) in a westerly direction, to execute a rather large semicircle which ended three or so blocks to the south of our start. This maneuver entailed several checks, many false trails, and the mistaken notion that we were going gravestone tipping in Greenwood Cemetery.

Marie Wickham, next week's hare, picked up the on trail after an inaccurate report of a false trail to the east of the check. When she picked it up, the pack was nowhere near her, so we had to catch up with her at the next check in Prospect Park at Park Circle. From there the trail went inside the western perimeter road, then out the park at Windsor Terrace, while

Jonathan went on ahead in the Park, unfortunately for him. Past Farrell's Bar and Restaurant (clearly false advertising, unless you consider grilled Bud, roast Bud, baked Bud, chicken fry Bud, toasted Bud, range fed Bud, Kobe Bud, Bud with bleu cheese, or some other Bud preparation a complete menu) for the second time in as many weeks, and on in to the Ansonia Behind within 45 minutes.

There the Hares spoke of a short British guy who'd arrived at the start shortly after the pack's departure, but who looked quite speedy. There was some comment about the fact that he lacked the usual suave, sophisticated good looks of the typical Brit. This puzzled us all, creating intense speculation on his identity. John Major? Prince Charles? Surely not Fergie. No, of course not, she'd have had a bigger bag. With this intellectual activity diverting us all, Hare Jeanne leaped into her Gremlin hatchback and sped off to Staten Island (or was it Yonkers) to fetch special pizza for the pack.

In the meantime our intrepid late starting Brit, Baby Jan, arrived.

"What, ho, Jan."

"What ho, indeed!."

"I say, Jan, how was the trail?"

"Jolly good, what? Reminds me of the old boys run at school. Smashing."

"Any cockups, old boy?"

"None at all, old bean, simply splendid."

These Brits really know how to have a good time.

So everyone got in, including a couple of civilians. Hardy called Byron-Brown on the phone, got some muddled story about DB2 going to the Westchester 750th, sitting in the same chair for hours practicing his frequent flier technique, and quaffing too many brews to count. For some mysterious reason, Byron-Brown developed an unusual ailment, symptoms of which included loss of vision, nausea, short term memory loss, extreme lethargy the next morning, and a vicious hiding by Al Wan El, his Arabic helpmate, who was pissed at the postponement (again) of the promised Valentine's Day celebration due to this recurring illness. Full marks to DB2, though. He somehow struggled out of his sickbed and joined JM Croft in the early evening for a stout or two. Good man, what?

As JM Croft was contemplating his return to civilization around 8:30 pm, Matt Fludgate huffed into the bar.

JM Croft, attempting humour: "Just finish the run, Matt?"

Matt, deadly serious: "Yes, I got to the start a little late, around 7:20, but I decided to run it anyway. Those pack marks really helped."

Some hours later they left. Good On-On. Let's go there again.