



**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*

Sunday, April 21, 2002  
Hares: Michael Bahamonde and Diane  
On In: The Westside Brewery  
Scribe: Heather Malloy

Usually, work on a Sunday is a bad, bad thing. Especially as my line of work never involves sailing or golf lessons. On this particular Sunday, however, I pranced merrily off to Queens to meet with a client, more than happy to skip the trail. Having done an in-depth review of trails past, I have come to the conclusion that Mike, despite a decade-long reign as trailmaster, essentially has two trails that he sets over and over. The snail shell, either inside-out (set with Feinsod the day after the Brooklyn Half a few years ago) or outside-in (set with Christine for her virgin NYC haring effort), and the daisy (set with Jennifer Fust in June of 99 and with Melanie in July of 00). The elaborate patterning of these trails requires at least seven miles of running, not counting the parts that one spends retracing trail already run, and getting lost. Diane, though nominally co-hare, would be

guaranteed to get off scot-free, due to the massive number of people who already had it in for Mike for previous offenses.

When I got to the on-in via M79 bus, Mike and Diane were still alive, and the pack had made it safely in, so at first, I didn't think the trail was all that bad. Perhaps it was the inside out snail shell, which has abundant opportunities to cross back to the start by accident, and thus stumble across the on-in location, of course once again by accident. Or, perhaps the pack mistook the daisy's final petal for its second or third, and wound up at the on-in after just three or four miles. As it turns out, the trail was awful, but in a way that managed to benefit the pack. Apparently, no one figured out what the trail was supposed to look like at all, as it was sufficiently screwed up that they all ran one small section of the trail several times in a row, and then gave up. Probably almost as wise of a choice as not bothering to run the trail at all.

To counter the brisk 64 degree day, the bar staff had laid a roaring fire in the back room, which cunningly guaranteed an unquenchable thirst among the pack. They were also cunningly charging a fortune for beer. In the five minute window between the arrival of the pack and the drying out of hash cash, JM Too Long managed to hand out a few down-downs. Mike and Diane drank for their little section of trail, which no one seems to have come close to solving. There was some controversy surrounding first in, as Cree has been displaced from his position as FRB extraordinaire by American Dave #6, though the poor bastard can't seem to admit it to himself. So as not to make Cree feel any worse, Too Long disguised the bunny ears as goat ears with some lame-o story and gave them to American Dave #6. Virgins Jennifer and some other guy were called up. Robbie got one for being a visitor. Crofty got a prodigal son down-down for ditching his parents in favor of running the trail. Roy was indicted for trail sabotage vis-à-vis "v" shaped pack marks. Cree, instead of drinking for first in, drank for dropping his phone in the urinal. Later, he drank again for losing an arm-wrestling, thumb-wrestling, jello-wrestling tournament to Aussie Sarah.

And then... that was pretty much it. Down downs used up the beer allotment, and the festivities abruptly ended. Before 6, no less! We could only hope that a better trail and more beer awaited us on the vaunted Last Sunday Run of the Year by Gods of Hashing Hardman and Laird. On out.

NYCH3 Run 936

Sunday, April 28, 2002

Last Sunday Run of the Year by Gods of Hashing Hardman and Laird

Hares: Not Gods of Hashing Hardman and Laird; instead, Alice Harrison and Geoff  
"Steamer" Baldwin

On In: Cannon's

Scribe: Heather Malloy

Last year, after the dust-up that ensued when Ewa made the near-fatal mistake of scheduling hares other than Laird and Hardman to set the final Sunday run of the year, you'd think that she'd be sure to put them on the schedule for this year. In this case, for

once, you'd be right. For the first time ever, Ewa was not responsible for this particular fuck up, Hardman was. After a multi-month snit brought on by Ewa's oversight last spring, Dave informed her that he would be unavailable to set or even run this spring's final Sunday trail when she groveled and begged for his haring prowess for the coveted spot. So imagine all of our collective surprise when we see Geoff and Alice haring the trail, and Hardman running it.

While this was probably a worse sign than seeing "Mike Bahamonde" listed as hare, I really didn't have a good excuse, or even a poor excuse, to miss the trail this week, even though it was raining. Rather than skip the run, I dawdled around until 2:45, then got on an express that deposited me at 125<sup>th</sup> Street. Whoops. By the time I caught a local back downtown, the pack was already in the park. Geoff and Alice waved some blue toilet paper at me, which had ostensibly been used to set the trail, and sent me off towards the Harlem Meer. The park was eerily quiet, and shrouded in mist. I could hear some forlorn "are you"s from my left, but no other voices, birds, or dogs barking. After a few minutes, the "are you"s faded away. I picked up the pace, hoping to meet the pack near the Conservatory Gardens. Once there, I didn't see anyone. I ran back around the Meer, and suddenly, the Cardinal fell out of a tree. In reality, I think he climbed down a rock, but it LOOKED like he fell out of a tree. In any event, he didn't know where the trail was, either. Turning back to the Conservatory Gardens, Trish, Head Up Ass, and Burke all popped up with "are you"s, then headed off in opposing directions, not finding trail in any of them. Finally, someone found a check under a scaffold on Fifth Avenue, but no trail. We ran up and down, and around several blocks, but there was not one scrap of blue toilet paper to be found. Perhaps this had something to do with the fact that toilet paper dissolves in water, and it had been raining all day. Duh. As a last resort, a smallish pack boxed the entire north side of the park, but still found nothing. Lynne and an unsuspecting visitor stopped at the nearest pay phone, and Jason and I ran back to the start, with another visitor in tow. Once there, we were relieved to see Cannon's on the sidewalk, which was a short five blocks away.

Lynne and visitor 1 had beat us there, and Burke showed up shortly after we did. Then it was a long twenty minutes before the rest of the pack trickled in. Hardman was first of the second wave, and announced that he'd only made it because "Too" Long called in. (You know that when Hardman readily admits to calling in that you've fucked up, big-time.) By the time Roy steamed in, Baldwin and Alice were pretty resigned to multiple down-downs, and ordered pizza quickly to sop up the alcohol.

JM "Too" Long didn't bother to write down the offenses, and I can't possibly be expected to remember all of them. But I feel pretty confident in saying that Geoff and Alice each did one for their toilet bowl trail, and that Hardman got the plunger for his snit followed by supposed absence followed by mysterious appearance. Oh, the visitors drank too. After that, most of the ten people that had recovered sufficiently from Wet Connection's birthday hash bash to run the trail made a desultory attempt at eating pizza and drinking beer. But it wasn't long before everyone left, probably to go home and hydrate in preparation for the upcoming AGM weekend. On out.

## ***The Receding HareLine***

Date	Name of Run, Start Location and Start Time	Hare
Sun, May 5 3 pm	<b>Queens H3 Takes Back the Colonies</b> <b>Start &amp; Subway: 23<sup>rd</sup> St./Ely Avenue on the E, V</b>	<b>English Andrew and Walkabout</b>
Wed, May 8 7 pm	<b>New York City H3 Run 938</b> <b>NYC AGM Recovery Run</b> <b>Start: 14<sup>th</sup> St. and 7<sup>th</sup> Ave.</b> <b>Subway: 14<sup>th</sup> St. stop on the 1,2,3</b>	<b>Incoming JMs</b>
Sun, May 12 3 pm	<b>New Amsterdam Summer Sunday H3 Run 56</b> <b>Start: Take the 2:30 Staten Island Ferry. Staten Island Borough Hall will be right in front of you, meet on the steps.</b>	<b>Paul, Ewa and Roy</b>
Mon, May 13 7 pm	<b>Brooklyn H3 Run 248</b> <b>Start &amp; Subway: tbd</b>	<b>Michael Bahamonde</b>
Wed, May 15 7 pm	<b>New York City H3 Run 938</b> <b>Start and Subway: tbd</b>	<b>Basil and Slow to Blow</b>