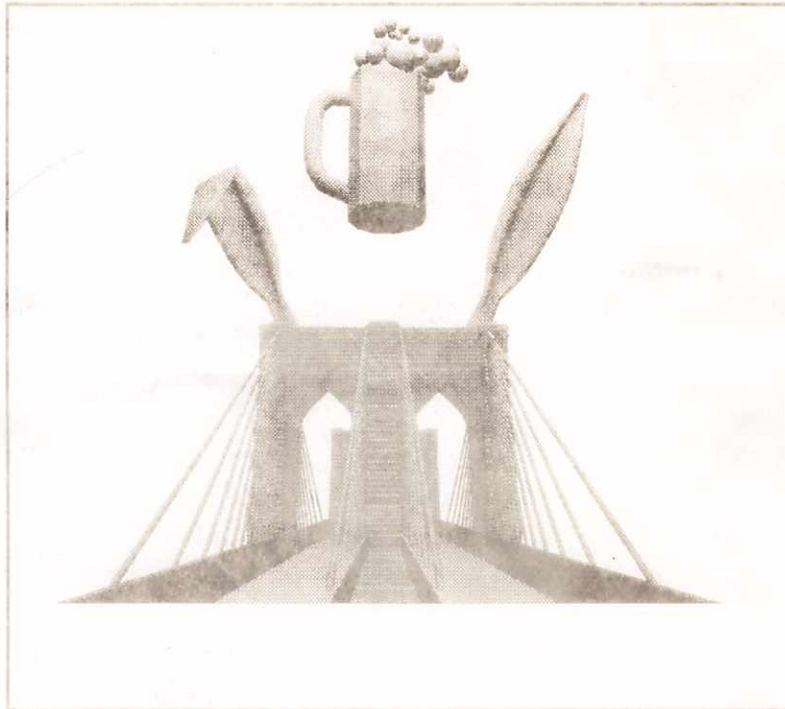
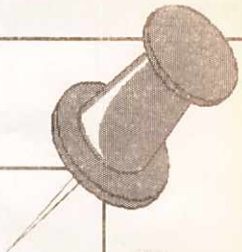


# Fax Cover Page

**SUBJECT:**

**YOUR BROOKLYN H3 WRITE-UP.**



**ON-ON.**

To: Jerry Nelson

From : David Croff

For Information Call: 212 898 9518

At: Objective Strategies, Inc.

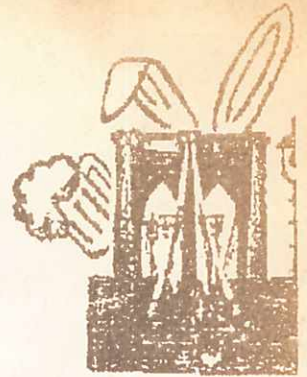
Pages: 10

My Fax Number : 212 898 9510

# BROOKLYN

## HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Founded May 10, 1993



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Hash Cash	Marie Wickham	☎ (212) 552-1253 (w)
Hare Raiser	Jeanne Williams	☎ (212) 889-2121 (w)
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INTERNET HOME PAGE: <http://users.aol.com/hashnyc/info.html>

**Call the HASH HOTLINE at 212 427-4692 (spells 212 HASH NYC) any time for the location of the next run, or for the "On In" location**

### Receding Hareline

November 4, Monday 7 pm (Run 105). Start: Plaza Hotel at 59<sup>th</sup> St. + 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue in Manhattan. Marathon Recovery Run  
Hare: Keith Kanaga.

### Instant Replay Run #101 - Sunday, September 8, 1996

Hare: Jerry Nelson

Start: Sheepshead Bay Stop on D, Q Trains On-In: Captain Walters.

Sheepshead Bay

Scribe: John O'Connor

It was all too perfect. The idea, as formulated in the overly active if not overly hairy head of Joint Master Jerry, was to entice the more adventurous few of the Manhattan horde out to the far reaches of Brooklyn for a sun filled afternoon hash by the shore. The location was JM Jerry's own home turf of Sheepshead Bay, or the "Brooklyn Riviera" as it is known internationally. This special Sunday edition was selected as a recovery date following the civilized, good-natured frivolity of the previous day, namely Byron-Brown's bachelor party. Yes it was to have been the perfect hash. That is until JM Jerry wound up with too much time on his hands and began rethinking the whole affair.

Jerry, being an expert on the human psyche, somehow worked his way to the conclusion that he had made things too easy. A sun filled afternoon of running, beer and the beach had been promised to anyone in exchange for taking a pleasant train ride through Brooklyn. The reward was far too great for the meager effort involved. Suspicious hashers would survey the proposal and inevitably reach the conclusion that there must be a catch.



Jerry was on to this and endeavored to remain one step ahead of the pack (at least until the running began). The hamster wheels in Jerry's head were churning furiously as he schemed to make the day a little more difficult for the wary hashers so that their effort would more reasonably justify their reward. After all, reward without commensurate effort is a hollow experience rivaled only by drinking Bud Light after a hash.

Now Jerry is a "regular" in nearly every saloon in this city that falls below a certain standard and as such, he has extensive contacts in the underworld, not to mention an extensive bar tab. Therefore it only took one phone call for Jerry to arrange for the trains to be rerouted for the day. But this was only the beginning of the struggles to follow. Jerry's supplications to the weather gods would turn this hash into a monumental struggle for survival, or at least for beer.

It started innocently enough. Wendy, Janet and Hare Jerry standing aimlessly on a street corner. Numerous trains came and went without a stir until a contingent of hashers arrived en masse from Manhattan on what amounted to the "hash express." They had survived the mild discomfort of the train rerouting and were in good cheer. Their troubles however, had only just begun. There was the hint of rain in the air but no one was particularly alarmed. With the promise of a beer check ringing in their ears, Jerry sent them off with the barely restrained glee of an upper east side parent sending a child off to summer camp. Jerry would show these bastards what a real struggle was all about. They weren't out ten minutes when it hit. The big one.

The water came hard and fast. Heaven's clogged toilet had been plunged and the hashers were caught in the flush. The deluge would continue for the duration of the run. Sheepshead Bay would be subject to flooding of Biblical proportions. Hashers arriving by a later train would find no trace of a trail as the streets had already been washed clean. Laird was unable even to leave the station because of the flooding and turned back to Manhattan in disgust. Early radio reports of hashers being struck by lightning and swept away by the waters proved to be only slightly exaggerated. The search for flour and chalk was abandoned as the hashers struggled to remain afloat. Oh the humanity!

Where was Jerry during all this you might ask. He was safe and dry and being chauffeured around the trail. The beer was purchased for a beer check that would never happen. Some low chuckling was heard from our hare as he gazed upon what the heavens had wrought. These hashers would struggle all right. But ... had he gone too far?

What a burden a conscience can be. Doubt led to worry as Jerry searched the trail in vain for any sign of a hasher. Seemingly under every canopy were tired poor huddled masses seeking shelter but, nowhere a familiar face. Meanwhile the pitiful hashers were yearning for a beer and dry clothes. They would find the On In, either by miracle or calling the hotline, and stagger into Captain Walters. They had struggled mightily and they would be rewarded.



The hashers had survived the subway and the flood. They survived the washout of the promised beer check. They had remained above water and dodged the lightning bolts. Their souls had been cleansed and they arrived at the On In in a cheerful state. They did not seek to string up Jerry. He had put them through the wringer and the struggle had made them stronger. Now they would truly appreciate a beer.

And beer there was. Lots of it. Jerry supplied a few towels and Captain Walter's back room was transformed into a cabana. Several hashers walked around draped in towels as if they had just stepped out of the shower. Other strange sights were seen. Vince was caught with his pants down by a local as he was drying his hair under the hand dryer buck naked. Lisa shocked the assembly as she revealed that she actually has shoulder length hair. Individual tales of hair-raising lightning bolts and other near death experiences were told.

Jerry then declared an end to the On-In and led those who were still thirsty away from the bar and down to Manhattan Beach for continued frivolity. The rain had stopped by this time. The aforementioned beer check beer was finally drunk. Peter felt the urge to strip and dive into the surf. Geoff felt the urge to relieve himself in the ocean. Drunkenness ensued and the police had to finally come by and break up this jovial On On In. Yet, it was not over.

The wet drunken crowd procured more beer and proceeded to the On On On In which was held in Jerry's bachelor pad, or "lair" as it is known to the local girls. More drinking ensued. There was much commotion over Jerry's full length fishing leggings. The younger hashers in the group were perplexed by the sight of flat black vinyl disks which were used to produce music. As is often the case in instances like these, someone felt compelled to rearrange Jerry's medicine cabinet. The beer finally ran out and the rabble left Jerry's apartment. It was no surprise that some of them ran into trouble with the law again on the way home. Geoff sought to placate the men in blue with some old British words of advice which were somehow taken to be offensive instead. In the drunken melee that followed Margot threatened to open a cop's skull with her bottle but thought better of it when she realized it wasn't empty. She then demonstrated her gracious nature and volunteered to accept a summons on behalf of the entire group.

The fun finally ended as the train rumbled back toward Manhattan. Jerry was left unexpectedly with an apartment that was even filthier than when the day began but, he could take pride in his efforts. He had hared a hash that was already becoming legendary and in doing so, had imparted to the hashers a lesson they could carry with them for the rest of their hashing lives.

Or something.



Instant Replay Run #102 - Monday, September 23, 1996  
Annual Downtown Fiasco - Joint Run With Summit H3  
Hares: Soul Brudda and Breaststroke.  
Start: Chase Manhattan Plaza @ Pine St. + William St. in Manhattan  
On-In: Phebe's  
Scribe: Guillermo Metz

Let me just preface by reaffirming, nay establishing, my knowledge that there is a hash God, and, at least concerning the taking of notes for a hash write-up, he/she/it is, as that most sans-talent actor Keanu would say, most heinously unmerciful. In my tenure as scribe I have had notes destroyed by spilled beer, lost, mysteriously erased from my computer, and now the latest set are floating down the East River, having been blown there by a no-doubt God-willed hearty wind just moments after I finished scribing them. I am not making this up. Thus, the following is from re-recollection.

It was Summit's shindig but, at least nominally, split with Brooklyn (which Alice took a little too literally, but more on that later), so here's your BH3 write-up. My impressions, my view of the bottom line, what really went on here folks is they did it again. Summit snewed us. You should have seen them counting their money at the end of the night. \$15 hash cash and the NYC/Brooklyn contingency cut out mighty early, leaving them with quite a stash. Normally I would not comment on this, but you should have seen the glee with which our money was being shuffled through at night's end. They were veritably dancing on it, swilling their beers, smoking their stogies!

To their credit, the hares, Soul Brudda and Breaststroke, did treat us to a pleasant run (not much of a fiasco, but another theme run, actually, though it may not have been intentional, but more on that later too) and even a good selection of vittles and some decent brew at the end. So, enough kvetching, and on to the event... Our brothers (aka bruddas) from out West started the annual non-fiasco the now-customary Chase Plaza (traditional downtown Manhattan version, not the newer Brooklyn one). A small gathering gathered under a thickening sky, but it was mostly an idle threat and we were only slightly sprinkled upon. Now, as for the themes of the run, the first hint we had was at the start, in the vicinity of both a huge Picasso sculpture and a movie set, apparently filming some sort of cop thing starring a bomb in a delivery truck, but don't worry, a security guard detected it and cleared the area just in time and everything ended happily (wouldn't it be a more outlandish/entertaining plot if the guard spotted it, and in clearing the area, it went off, killing one person, injuring a few, then killing another, a reporter perhaps, who had a heart attack running to the scene of the action; and then the sub-plot could go on for months wherein the FBI haunts the guard day and night not charging him with anything but extremely suspicious of him and generally accusing him, along with most of the media, of setting it there himself and getting there just in time to save the multitudes: pathological grandstanding! But no one would believe that plot...). But we hashers suspected little concerning themes and headed off as directed to the hash mobile. Five steps later we all lost sight of our hare and feared for the run itself if he couldn't even safely lead us to the hash mobile, but calls of On-On soon put us on course. After dumping our baggage we headed en masse towards the Seaport and the first of many, many checks.



Easily decipherable with only a few options, as opposed to the endless possibilities presented to Summit hashers in the depths of the woods they are accustomed to on-trail led back towards Water St., past Pearl St., right past last week's On In at the Gold St. Bar (fortunately, strong rains had washed all old marks away), past Beekman/New York Downtown Hospital to a check near City Hall. The group regrouped and did a whole lot of standing around whilst Alice began her long solo journey to Brooklyn via the bridge. I'll vouch, there was one mark leading up to the bridge, but whereas the rest of us few checking turned back after poking around a bit on the bridge, Alice bravely ventured the two miles to the other side just to make sure. So, she was not heard from again for a very long time. The trail was eventually found heading not up but under the bridge (a tip-off was the hashmobile parked there with a hare and Kanaga inside, jollily amused by our confusion) to another check at what should just be known as Check Corner since no hash can resist putting a check at what is actually known as Confucius Plaza, that corner where all streets change names, the confluence of East Broadway, Bowery, Park Row, St. James Place, Doyers, Division, Pell, and a mess of other streets. This one had us flummoxed for a while but someone got us going in the right direction eventually, along Park Row, behind the US District Court House and some more running around downtown and checking until we found ourselves far over on the west side to Stuyvesant High School and a piss-break/check. This one got the pack to scale some walls, climb a fence, and led one hasher to remark, with genuine concern, "watch out for yourselves on that wall", with the unspoken understanding that the hares sure as hell weren't going to watch out for us. All this activity downtown actually didn't take too long, but it was still downright cruel to lead us through a series of checks in Tribeca and across Canal, and right past those perfectly good On-Ins on Spring St., McGoverns, Ear Inn, Emerald Pub, to another check at Hudson that led us through Spring St to Soho. And here, there was another film being filmed (no doubt another cop movie looking at the downing of a large airplane, hypothesizing about a missile shot from a Soho rooftop by stylish Lebanese) and the trail led up towards NYU and another large Picasso sculpture (2 movies, 2 Picassos? An intentional connection?). Yet another check at Mercer (ay caramba, so many checks! Or should I say oy vey! Were the hares trying to say something on this, the eve after Yom Kippur, the Jewish day of reflection and penance? Plenty of chances to stop and reflect along the trail?). Here, I got screwed and was one of the last in when finally the trail led us to Phebe's.

Then all hell broke loose, rules out the window, and things just got plain weird. Roy, seemingly powered by a higher power on the trail, flying to the head of the pack at every turn, fished out a fresh package of sushi from his bag and began chowing down (has the regular diet of raw fish made him speedier or is it that he can't wait to get at the sushi-snack? This led not to a down-down but to a discussion of whether wasabi kills parasites that may be found in sushi. Hmm.). It was discovered that not a single virgin was in the house to do a down-down, there were no fools wearing new shoes, and the only visitor was from Guam by way of Midwood, Brooklyn (welcome, Annabelle). And thus down-downs were kept to a minimum. Here, and in explanation to Annabelle, I must comment on the NYC-area hashes as compared to others around the world. We run, we go to a bar, we drink, eat, socialize and sing a couple of songs. As Annabelle pointed out, shocked and stunned that "that's it", we do not go in for giving every single hasher present a down-down for some trumped-up reason. No weekly prizes for most cuts and bruises received on the run, for the two runners found together alone even by



accident on the trail, for the most egregious error, the ugliest running garb, the most tardy to the start, nor for what one hash-group's write-up simply calls "doing the dreaded R word"(a little help here?). I am not saying this is good or bad, just explaining to new boots or visitors who may read this. Except, as I have previously pointed out in another write-up, we do not and hopefully will never do the Makarena, and hopefully will not start the custom some hashes have of passing along a skanky t-shirt to a new hasher every week, to be worn on the run, passed along ceremoniously with a dumping of beer over the new wearer's head (beer abuse!), never to be washed (why, I ask you?).

Back to the On-In: The menu for the evening included basically anything on the menu, from burgers to club sandwiches to potato skins(leading to scenes of the waiter coming out with burgers, trying to re-find the hasher who'd ordered each one, with hashers helping out, such that cries of "peppercorn, who's got the peppercorn burger" were answered by a chorus of "peppercorn?!?" and echoes of "club on white bread, toasted", "whole wheat", "ketchup here", "potato skins", and "what the hell is that?" It was pointed out that it's not common knowledge that Michael and Wendy are an "item", so don't tell anyone. The Summit and Rumson boys lit up their stogies (started by Foreskin, who can certainly be considered a Brooklyn regular as well). And, eventually, unable to locate any marks after faithfully checking out the usual haunts in Brooklyn, Alice came in. Just in time to see a large group of hashers off. And the Summit boys joyously sang verses of "Good night ladies" each time another hasher headed home, immediately calling for another few pitchers of Red Lion or Bad Dog or Blushing Feline Beast Brew or whatever latest "microbrewed" alterna-beer we were downing. Until next year, Summit, On-On.

PS, if for whatever reason anyone wants to get in touch with the Rumson H3 (the self-anointed Hells Angels of Hashing), they can be reached at (908) 219-0301.

Run #: 103, Monday October 7th, 1996

Hare : Guillermo Metz

Start : Jay Street/Borough Hall

On-In : Freddie's, just off Flatbush

Scribe: Yoshi Ozaki

Title: Hash Light (A third less calories than your regular hash) or say "CHEESE!!!!"

I shouldn't be writing this. I really shouldn't. What do I know about Brooklyn? Have I ever done a write up? NNNOOOO!!! Yet some how I get myself into these things. I'm not ready do to this yet. I'm still in shock! (Pause) It is with heavy hand and heart that I approach my keyboard to describe the horror that took place in the pastoral confines of the fine outer borough known to many has "Brooklyn."

When I first moved to New York City from a sleepy little town set in the foot hills of Mount Tsukuba in a small country in Asia known mostly for, small cars that flatten like pancakes when you crash into them, eating raw marine life, and annoying tourists with cameras, looking



over a map of our fair city of New York, I thought to myself, "Why would I ever want to go to Brooklyn?" Little did I ever realize that at least one of the answers to this question would turn out to be "Budweiser & Cheese."

Whenever I go to a hash in Brooklyn, I always think to myself, "Self, what sort of an adventure are you going to have today in the wild outer borough?" Invariably, I am never disappointed. Unlike Manhattan hashes where I at least have a clue to where I am even in the WORST of times, Brooklyn, is another story. While I think I can say that I know Manhattan like the back of my hand (not that I know my hand that well, mind you), I think I can say that I know Brooklyn, like... like I know the Pope's Appendix (Damn, I'm going to Hell for that one). Although having lived in NYC for a fair number of years, I can count with my fingers (when I'm sober) the number of times that I have been to Brooklyn. Which of course means (at least for me) that sometimes getting to Brooklyn in it's own right, can be a bit of an adventure. I remember one particular incident where I got the start at a healthy 7:40 pm. Even WITH the On-In written down at the start, I still had NO clue where to go. Needless to say, Brooklyn and I have had at times a strained relationship.

Anyway, with Hardy, Kanaga, Gilbert and Hoffman (sounds like a law firm) as the FRBs, off we go after placing our bags in a old Chevy Caprice which looked like it had seen better days (from a car service which also looked like it had seen better days). Although confident that Guillermo had chosen a fine upstanding car service, I couldn't help picturing my bag and all of my belonging in it, taking a long trip to some little back room to be divided among miscreants. Although considering that all I had in there was research papers that I was not too keen on reading, that might not have been a bad thing. Since it has been getting dark rather early during these fine days of Autumn, the hare decided to make sure that the turns were clearly visible to people blind as a bat (myself included!!!!) by making HUGE arrows out of flour. And I mean HUGE!!! Like the Dom DeLuise of hash marks! I had to admit I liked them. Unfortunately, they very quickly died out. I guess the Guiliiani's flour police gave him a ticket or something. I learned later that while setting the trail, some fine upstanding Brooklynite stopped the hare and interrogated him, "Is that rat poison your spreading'?" Naturally failing to notice that Guillermo was basically covered in the white assumed lethal powder. With the trail going across the off-ramp of the Brooklyn Bridge with lots of cars speeding off it (Is Guillermo's trying lower the number of Brooklyn hashers?), we had a very convenient rest stop for the lazier members of the hash. Just as we thought "Oh, dear, we'll never get across alive with all of these speeding cars!" Mike to the rescue!!! (Insert blaring trumpet sound with heroic theme here!) Deciding that he wanted to be just like Curtis, Mike brought a whistle. Apparently Curtis runs with a whistle. Actually, I didn't know that Curtis ran with a whistle. Well I guess he can run with whatever he damn well pleases now can't he. Anyway, pretending to be some really strange undercover cop in running shorts, Mike bravely raises his arm, blows on his shiny whistle and stops all traffic. My hero!!! For the rest of the run we were in such awe. Roy, on a tear as usual motors passed all of us. "Roy, are you sure your not running the marathon?"

Hey Guillermo, Chicken/Eagle split? You didn't tell us about any stinking' Chicken/Eagle split. Being the big time runners that we are, we OF COURSE chose the Eagle. run down the



block... On right...run down the block... On right... again...run down the block... On right... again...Hey wait a minute! We're right where the C/E split started.... Yes for the less awake members of the crowd, the Eagle was a spectacular loop around a small block with fencing and barbed wire all around as a kind reminder to all of us that scaling fences to gain access to other people's property is impolite. What lovely scenery, not that there was a lot of light to see anything. I love Brooklyn under sodium lights. Nice one Guillermo. To quote Wendy, "I loved that Eagle!"

Further and further we traveled through the NIGHT (My, it gets dark early) till we reach a nice little check near the Brooklyn Naval Yard. Ok, I know I am not a Brooklynite (I admit it). Living in Manhattan for several years there are a lot of things I don't know about this fine outer borough. My question is this, "Jeanne, why were you running though the Naval Yards of our fine American Armed Forces? Do you work for them or something?" I still can't figure out why they didn't shoot you for trespassing. Or is there something we don't know about you. Running around and about through some lovely neighborhoods along buildings with boarded up windows. Hmm, there must be a hurricane coming or something. Ahh, at last the ON-IN. Oh by the way, has anybody seen FRB Keith? With high hopes and with dreams of Ale, and Stout we entered the bar knowing that as the "Better Beer Hash" we will not be disappointed. What we ended up with was a 1/4 keg of Budweiser. Not to quote Marlin Brando from Apocalypse Now, but "Oh, the horror..." Hmm... The Better Beer Hash? Also, I guess Guillermo knew that I was turning over a new leaf and becoming a vegetarian, with the evening meal being: (Wait for it),

### CHEESE HOAGIES!!!!

Yes, Cheese hoagies! An exciting and new way to get indigestion. Well, those of you who always complain about eating pizza all the time and want something different, you should have come to THIS RUN! Guillermo being a patriotic sort, made sure that this eloquent banquet consisted of primarily American cheese, although there was also hint of some foreign (Swiss) cheese as well. Damn foreigners!!! Ok, so it had lettuce and tomato as well. Vegetarian Curtis, who was alas not present would have been so happy! Using his expertise of diplomacy gained while at the United Nations, Geoffrey quickly tried to pacify the riotous crowd with nothing less than ANCHOVIES. I never knew one was supposed to bring their own tins of food to On-Ins. How about artichoke hearts? "Hey Guillermo can we get a little more CHEESE here?" Roy, of course being prepared as usual had some damn fangled Japanese pickled stuff with rice. Yuck!!! Hey Roy, can I steal a couple of pickled...

Of course punishment of not sharing any of his pickled stuff (Yuck), he is being forced to spend time with the in-laws in (pause here) DISNEYLAND!!! "Hey Roy! Now that you work for OUP what are you going to do?" "I'm not going to the Interhash, I'm going to Disneyland!" May the ghost of Walt Disney make you wear one of those silly hats with big round ears on it. Actually he'd probably just find a way to sue you. Of course, some people know how to have a good time regardless. Despite the set back of the better beer hash to Budweiser and cheese, Jerry being a real big cheese fan had several hoagies. Janet was spotted drinking straight out of a pitcher! Things that make you go hmmm...



Turning up late Keith. (you made it!). And turning up late also, Jenny. With a red Brooklyn hash singlet, and an even redder face. I never figure out why her face was all red. But Dave Croft made her do down-downs for it anyway. I have to give kudos to the fine upstanding members of the hash who showed up after running a 20 miler the day before (Alice, John, Jerry all you other lot) take a bow. Our surprise civilian: the now blissfully married DB2.

General consensus was that although hash cash was 10\$ (a princely sum), it would be impossible to recoup the amount in Budweiser. Of course the MOST embarrassing fact was that we were UNABLE to kill 1/4 a keg of beer. Geoffery kept turning off the T.V. to see if we were watching the football game. We kept making him turn it back on. Visitor (Brian?) told us about his fortune from a Chinese restaurant. Being the Choirmaster for NYCH3 Geoffery led the troops in song. Unfortunately the troops who would have responded in kind, didn't know any of the songs. So it ended up being Geoffery, and Mike with a few others to keeping our spirits with a few tunes.

All in all, despite the set back of Budweiser, it was a nice run, with good marks and a fun on-overall. I think the Better Beer Hash will survive.

"Hey Guillermo can we get a little more CHEESE here?"

Disclaimer: Anything that doesn't sound true probably isn't.