

# **BROOKLYN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run #101 - Monday, January 27, 1997

Hare: John Cardinal O'Connor

Start: 7th Ave. at 8th St. On-In: Farrells - Prospect Park West / 16th St.

Scribe: Jerry Nelson

I am shortly coming up on my second anniversary at Christian Charities and it has been that many more months since I began seriously hashing. Strange how the two coincide in my mind. I have these powerful visions of people going through mock religious ceremonies and chants, with sincere smiles, women desperate in their depleted lives for serious sex, ceremonial toasts under the name of orthodoxy, and pounding hangovers. No, of course I can't be thinking of the Hash, these visions did not have quadruple British Daves. (Thank God with all my herb experiments I never tried smoking Yohimbe!)

And again, (another coincidence, or Jungian synchronicity?) the first write-up I do is about a run by an Irish American named John O'Connor. One hates to contemplate the similarities the two Johns might have! One thing for certain, I'm sure the elder John Cardinal O'Connor never set a Hash whose marks disappear in a well forecasted snow storm and had no chalk available for marking.

I knew it was ominous when we met in front of the Carriage House, and later in the Carriage House, and saw nothing of J.O'C. (J.C.?) until about twenty after seven when Keith went scouting for him. As I'm writing this almost before the next Brooklyn Hash begins, I don't remember all the details of the trail (I never do), but I remember early on of a bad check in Prospect Park, then finding the trail along the inside of the park wall, running me smack through cockle briars aimed at an often mentioned part of my anatomy. They of course stuck squarely on my tights.

After mindlessly zigzagging back and forth between 8th and 6th Avenues, it began snowing to the point where John's marks of red chalk and flour disappeared. Then, there was the last check, where we all gathered around and picked a direction, with Rebecca pounding the pavement furiously in her multi-colored elf-like outfit. And Janet went block by block, disappearing into the darkness, only to return with a disappointing look on her face. And the lone British virgin (not Rebecca), who later claimed he would come back for us no matter what, if he found the right mark. I should have never listened to him. Several virgins back in high school told me the same thing and I never saw them until I came back alone either.

Yoshi and I were left exhausted, alone, forlorn, and yes, finally called in, only to find out we had to run all the way to Farrells. FARRELLS, that old, inbred, beerbelly Bud bar whose only saving grace is that it is an old, inbred, beerbelly Bud bar. And at that point, much too far away! We ran fast and hard.

Thank heaven (there I go again), rather thank Thor, there were only a few locals in there, and they appeared to even work in "suit" type jobs in the city. Though large and round, they generally had friendly faces with neatly trimmed whiskers. Then their boyfriends came and met them.

Down downs were quick, songs even quicker, as John was afraid to arouse the wrath of the locals. But I pulled it off. After all, I'm not Joint Master of Brooklyn for nothing. I was flying solo though, as J.M. Crofty was still recovering from what appears to be an ancient medical malady of an imbalance of bodily humors (bodily fluids for those who never saw the old Steve

Martin portrayal of Theodoric of York Medieval Barber on SNL). Isn't there some young healthy hasher (preferably female) who can help J.M. Crofty with this.

All went well and quickly, with an old time ten dollar hash cash. It should be noted that former J.M. Keith Kanaga was talking on his new compact cellular phone during down downs. It's strange when a hasher in the 90's shows off his wealth by holding something smaller than what he held in the 80's. Quote of the night came from the archetypal Irish bartender, who, after Peter asked, "what kind of beer do you have?" responded with "only Bud on tap, what do ya' have?"

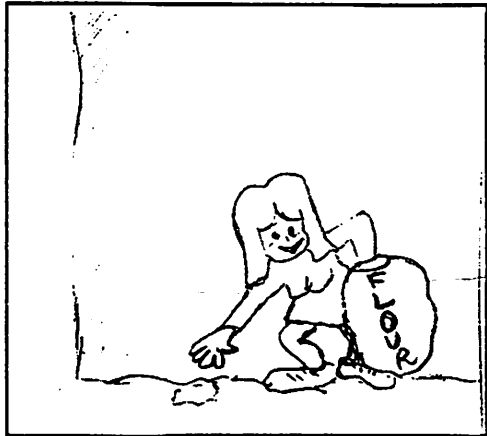
Note: J.O'C. is editing my scribbly printing, so no one but he and I will really know, was it J.M. Jer, or J.O'C. wanting it to sound like J.M. Jer, or J.M. Jer wanting it to look like J.O'C. wanted it to look like J.M. Jer actually said.....

# "HASHCAR" NIGHT AWARDS

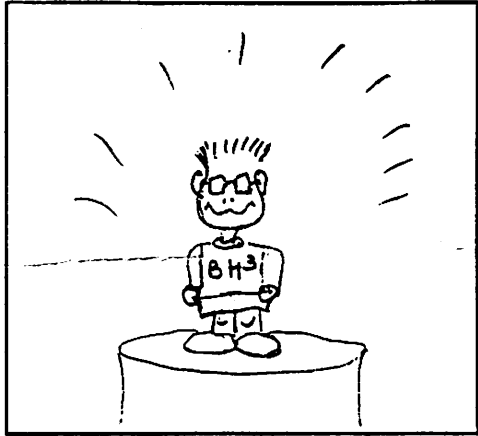
Brooklyn - Smith's Bar at 5th Ave & 9th Street on Monday, March 24th 1997

And the "Hashcar" Winners are ...

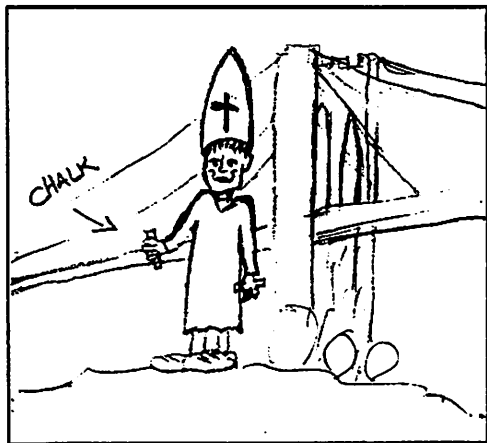
In the Category "Best Run":  
Alex "no checks"



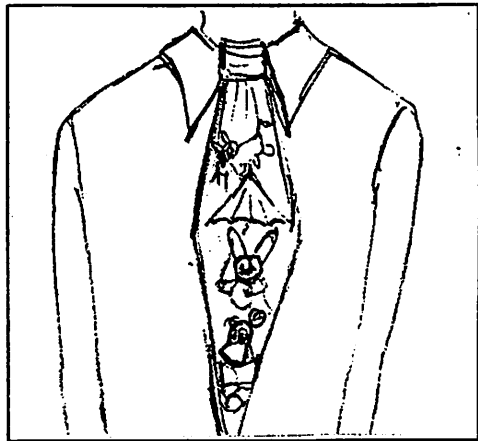
In the Category "Best JM":  
Jerry "Fluffy" Nelson



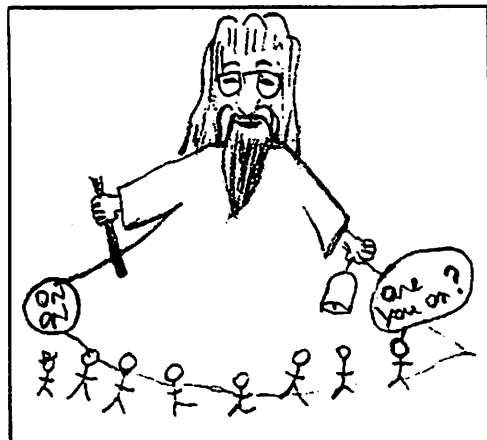
In the Category "Best Co-Hare":  
John "Bishop" O' Connor



In the Category "Best Civilian":  
Matt "Suppose to be the Co-hare"



In the Category "Honorary award":  
Keith "The Creator" Kanaga



In the Category "Best Scribe":  
Votre dévouée Ariane "Jugs" Juzen



In the Category "Original song": "The rest of the crowd" with: Why were they born so beautiful ?

