

# BROOKLYN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

"FIRST ANNUAL BROOKLYN-QUEENS INTERHASH BASH BY THE BEACH"

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1997

BROOKLYN RUN #126

HARES: JM FLUFFY NELSON AND JM CARDINAL O'CONNOR

START: SHEEPSHEAD BAY STOP/D TRAIN

ON IN: PLUM BEACH, BROOKLYN

SCRIBE: JOYCE SALTALAMACHIA

## Act I

The Scene: Any beer-soaked, dark, dingy, slightly dangerous bar in Brooklyn—take your pick.

The Cast: Fluffy Lockerman Nelson and Cardinal O'Connor

Nelson—"Let's face it: the borough of Brooklyn is hashed out. We keep running the same routes over and over. We need to find a way to *keep* running the same places but have the hashers *think* they are different. It's just like in the advertizing business—sell the same product with a different name. Laird will appreciate it. Let's invent a Brooklyn-Queens Interhash, have it on a Saturday, and say Idaho Sue is one of the co-organizers. Hashers are a pretty stupid group. They won't notice that we're taking them over the same trails recently covered by Ross, Vince and Aleks, not to mention yours truly on a number of occasions. So what do you think?"

O'Connor—"Huh?"

## Act II

At the Sheepshead Bay stop in Brooklyn a good-sized group had assembled, proving that you *can* fool all of the people all of the time. (*Scribe note: where does the name Sheepshead Bay come from, anyway? I have always heard that it is from the shape of the bay, but it sure doesn't look that way on a map.*) Along with the same familiar faces in the pack were a number of visitors as well as one virgin, a tall fellow named Frank. The real identity of tall Frank would be revealed later. Hares Nelson and O'Connor arrived by car close to 3:30, causing the pack to wonder just how far away was this on in with music, swimming and barbeque, as the flyer had proclaimed? Also, where was the promised Idaho Sue? "Oh, she's playing in a volleyball tournament but may drop by later," said Nelson. And if this was an interhash, why wasn't there anyone from Queens around? Grumbling about truth-in-advertizing was heard.

The pack was duly dispatched and proceeded around the usual nondescript, faintly sinister Brooklyn streets. At the first check, the pack discovered the words "sea bass" inside the circle. Hare Nelson had alluded to some type of a nautical theme, but, knowing his well-publicized aversion to theme runs, we thought we had misunderstood. But no, every check on the trail was named after a local fish, for no apparent reason except to try to fool us into thinking that there was something special going on. Thankfully the fish theme did not extend any farther than the checks. The trail then led away from the seamier area of Sheepshead Bay (*Scribe note: the shape is actually more like a swordfish*), which would, the next day, be the site of what the newspapers coyly termed "an execution-style" shooting of a policeman. There are no allegations that hashers were involved. We next sped through an area of determined middle-class respectability until we reached the beach. At the beach we regrouped as the trail sent us over several blocks worth of broken concrete chunks. Gingerly climbing over the chunks, I

averted my eyes from the assorted needles, used condoms, and other human detritus nestled in the cracks while I tried to remember the date of my last tetanus booster shot. Leaving the concrete shiggy, we headed onto Manhattan Beach, which afforded us with a dazzling array of scorched and oiled human flesh in all its paunchy, cellulite glory. Vince, spotting one particularly robust female in an extremely small green bikini, was heard to remark that having sex with her would be like riding the Coney Island roller coaster, proving again that hashers really **do** have a romantic, sensitive side. Leaving the beach and heading back to the bay we were joined (oh, alright, passed) by latecomers Ed, Rick, and Ariane. The trail then went around the bay, over the footbridge, and back around the bay the other way (deja vu all over again). It continued past more houses, over a freeway, and finally along a beach bikepath to the end. The last check was labeled "flake," referring either to a type of fish or the trail itself. A faint-looking Steve the Brit stated that there had seemed like an awful lot of running involved.

### Act III

The on in was on the beach in an area protected by dunes and lots of evil-looking trash. Several civilians had shown up, including one very pregnant lady who had auto hashed from the start. In spite of the wide expanse of beach available, everyone seemed to be huddled close together, probably because, to paraphrase bankrobber Willie Sutton, that's where the beer was. The hares had provided every type of Saranac in existence; wheat, summer, black and tan, you name it. What they hadn't provided was *enough* of it, since the pack emptied out the ice chests in short order. Hare O'Connor saved the day (and his ass) by bringing in reinforcements before the group could get too surly. Paul had been commandeered ...er, had volunteered to do the barbequing, which seemed to involve balancing very long chicken kabobs on very short hibachi grills. Famished hashers devoured every bit of food in sight, and one visitor was even spotted spreading Thai hot sauce on his finger. (The rest of us decided to give him a very wide berth..)

Down downs were given by the hares to the hares. Visitors from Philadelphia and Atlanta were recognized. Basil was given a down down for losing Mary on the trail and apparently not even noticing that she never turned up at all. Mary, if you are reading this, he was **really** worried. Virgin tall Frank was revealed to be Eva's husband, leaving us to speculate that perhaps Santa Clause, the tooth fairy and the Loch Ness Monster truly existed as well. The visitors decided that it was their mission to educate us on what a real hash is like, failing to appreciate the reality that we don't much care what other hashes do. Nonetheless, the visitors proceeded to regale us with a series of vaguely smutty, quasi-offensive "traditional hash songs" while the New Yorkers looked bored and stared into their beers. This hilarity was brought short by the second no-beer crisis of the day, as well as the sunset and the lock-down of the beach bathrooms.

Most of the group then proceeded back to Sheepshead Bay and old standby Cap'n Walter's. From here on things are extremely cloudy. Pitchers were bought. Was there food too? Hard to tell at this point. Everyone seemed to have a good time and no execution-style slayings occurred.

So thanks, Brooklyn JMs. Even if we were lured to the outer borough on false pretenses, it was a good day, and next time we'll learn to read the fine print.