

# BROOKLYN

## HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Founded May 10, 1993

### JOINT MASTERS

David Croft (H) 212 650-9525

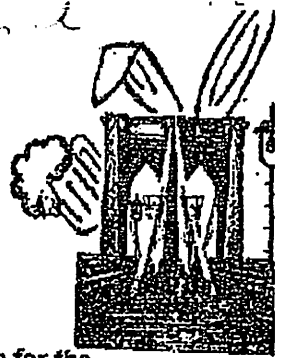
Keith Kanaga (H) 212 348-7739

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### ON SEC

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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 Harelaine

Jan 30, Monday, 7 pm (Run 53) - Union St. and 7th Ave. Take the N or R train to the Union stop, then walk east 3 blocks to 7th. Or take the D or Q train to the 7th Ave stop and walk south on 7th six blocks to Union. You can also take the 2 or 3 to Grand Army Plaza and walk south four blocks on 8th Ave, and turn west one block on Union. You can also kick Gweye Lehr Moh in the ass for making this so complicated, plus you can thank him for his terrific investment idea about going long the peso.

Hare: Gweye Lehr Moh

Feb 13, Monday, 7 pm (Run 54) - Volunteer Needed

Feb 20, Monday, (Run 55) - President's Day; a 3 pm run; Volunteer Needed

Feb 27, Monday, 7 pm (Run 55) - Volunteer Needed

### Instant Replay Run 51. Hare: Jonathan: Bar. Captain Walt's

Sometimes it takes a little extra time to compose one's thoughts after a run. Intervening events sometimes have an effect, particularly if they are particularly nasty, occur in Bayside, Queens, and involve gifted felons with strange last names. I have since stopped waking in the middle of the night, screaming out, "No, Byron-Brown, no! Canada's too far! I haven't my passport!" Well, at least most nights.

Jonathan, on the other hand, compiled a totally different run. The assembly area was the dank and frigid area reserved for armed robberies at the Coney Island stop. Those of us lured by the brilliant sunshine and the promise of Nathan's Famous hot dogs at the on-on met, exchanged sour looks, and cursed. The "briefing" was clear, concise, and wrong. We headed out of the crime zone, turned left, looked left at the next intersection, and voila! Nothing. Nada. Zip. Kosong. No flour, no chalk. Heavy checking by

Hardy and Laird, heavy breathing by the rest. Finally, JM Croft spied the trail across the street and the pack fled in earnest.

The genius of this particular effort by Jonathan was that all the screwups came at the beginning of the run, as opposed to evenly distributed throughout. DB2, please note. The remainder of this Coney Island ramble was quite pleasant, and quite competently set. Good scenery along the boardwalk, checks with good purpose, and a bridge over water to Cap'n Walt's with the obligatory better beer. There followed several hours of keen analysis on what "left" means, and was there flour at the first left ("Yes there was." "No, there wasn't."), all accompanied by lots of Bass to get to the bottom of it. A successful hash.

#### Instant Replay Run 50. Hares: The Joint Masters; Bar, Carriage House

Only slightly less venerated than the Masters of the Universe, the Joint Masters once again demonstrated the sartorial and hashing prowess which has contributed to their fame. In spite of the early determination of certain eagles not to follow the eagle trail, of Jerry not to run at all, and of Wolfie the Wonder Dog to elude recapture at all costs, the ample yet concise trail provided 33 minutes of hashing excellence. Even Janeway muttered barely coherent congratulations on his early, and heartily applauded, exit.

But wait, there's more. The Carriage House, home to the short bartender who thinks we're too precious for words, once again proved that a \$20 tip creates instant memory loss when it comes to counting pitchers. The throng of forty drank its way through the keg of Bass. Not to worry, we switched to Anchor Steam after a brief flirtation with Liberty Ale (too sweet, not enough bite). We soon ran out of Steam, and moved on to Killian's Red, which lasted the rest of the evening, at least until 10:30 pm.

One of several high points, in addition to the excellent cuisine, involved that intrepid antipodean, Black Hole. It went something like this. A Joint Master, trying to keep Wolfie from gnawing at his ankles, gave the mutt an Entenman's cookie, those delicious chocolate chip jobs which were served for dessert at the on-on. Wolfie snaffled the cookie up in his mouth, then turned it over with his tongue several times, savoring every delicious morsel. This same tongue moments earlier had been investigating dead rats in the park and licking its prick while sitting on the sawdust-covered floor. Having coated the cookie with soy bean breath and saliva, Wolfie spat the cookie out. Faster than a hasher falling off a bar stool, two harriettes seized the cookie. Tidying up, perhaps?

To appreciate what happened next, it helps to understand that Black Hole has enunciated a certain philosophy of life, a guiding principle, a moral

compass by which he steers. "If you slobber on enough women, one of them is bound to take you up on it." The success of this philosophy is best evaluated by noting that he is the only hasher in the greater metropolitan area who complains of T.S.B., or toxic sperm buildup. Come to think of it, he has been looking a little bloated lately.

With this background in mind, consider that these two objects of B.H.'s attentions, cooing and billing, deposited the Wolfie-processed cookie into B.H.'s beer, and suggested that he eat it, which he did. Ever courteous, The Hole commented on the complementary nature of cookies and beer, especially a cookie with such unique flavor and character, a certain earthy quality. Similar attempts were made by our two friends with other hashers, even encouraging some to ingest dog biscuits. Black Hole ultimately excused himself and was not seen again that evening.

Meanwhile Dave Hardy sold 50th run shirts right and left. Due to a counting error these shirts had been on hand for about a year. However Dave demonstrated a little Yankee ingenuity and created a another collectors' item.

The on-on ran on-on, the pack dwindled, while JM Croft lead a small band of desperate drinkers in an attempt to finish off the Killian Red. It was a valiant attempt, setting us back \$60, but in the end even Basil suggested things had gone on long enough and offered to drive the foursome back to Manhattan.

As Basil's sleek, American built sports car pulled away from the curb, a huge white canine with running shoes on his rear paws and a large "B" on its side snapped at the tires and howled.

#### Instant Replay Run 52, Hare: DB2: Bar, Dockers

Knocking off an hour from his last effort, Byron-Brown set a 30 minute run which attracted a mob of ten runners and sightseers. He ultimately created a vast sigh of relief from the pack, who were convinced that heading south meant we were attempting a Verrazano Bridge crossing against traffic. But first DB2's trail had a good loop at the beginning of the run, taking us up on the Brooklyn Bridge then back down to Cadman Plaza. This gave the pack a clear view of the start at one of the fourteen High St. subway exits, and a clear view of Scott Schnipper changing into his running attire. Jane Kenyon stood nearby, holding his clothes and giggling. A professional journalist to the core, Scott shouted to the ten sweaty runners, "Where's the trail?" This should hearten all of you who feared that there were no aggressive questioners left in the press corps.

A good ramble to the promenade, picking up Jeanne on her roller blades. She'd gotten out at the third High St. subway exit and couldn't find the start, so she found the finish and started rollerblading the trail backwards to find us. Lucky thing, too, as the patented DB2 marking system insured that no turn went unnoticed. "Every turn a check," commented JM Croft.

The pack's arrival at Dockers presented several pleasant surprises. Joe Landy, for one, who started after everyone but who finished in front. Jane was there, still giggling, accompanied by the other Jeanne, Jeanne Stanford. Jeanne has been out of action since she dropped that carton of Rolling Rock on her ankle, but she's making progress and is purchasing Amstel Light just in case she drops her beer again.

Given everyone's state from the previous day, the tone of the on-on was jovial yet restrained. The simple chicken wings were a good snack after the haute cuisine of the 50th. Still a few problems getting the beer right. Starting out with Sam Adams was good, but switching to some new brand was not. The ultimate compromise of Bass for the same price sorted things out. DB2 never did work out that two pitchers of Bass creates half the trips to the bar, so we had a good time yelling "Beer!" every time he sat down. He was pretty good natured, though, since we weren't at his house, the weather was fifty degrees, and he won't have to set another one of these things for a few weeks. Come to think it, that's no small comfort. Say "Hi!" to Allison for us, and thanks for getting these two runs over with.

<b>BROOKLYN HASH CASH</b>			
17-Jan-95			
<b>RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES</b>			
<b>RECEIPTS</b>			
11/4/94	Balance forward from August 2, 1994		\$395.50
10/24/94	Hash cash		\$10.00
11/7/94	Hash cash, post marathon		\$20.00
11/21/94	Hash cash, Laird run		\$35.00
12/5/94	Hash cash, Jeanne and On Sec		\$24.00
12/5/94	Dave Hardy, \$10 shirt profit, \$8 Aug 1 run		\$18.00
12/19/94	Hash Cash, JM Croft and Scott		\$10.00
1/16/95	Dave Hardy, 50th Run shirt sales		\$30.00
1/16/95	Hash cash, DB2 run		\$10.00
<b>TOTAL RECEIPTS</b>			\$552.50
<b>EXPENDITURES</b>			
11/4/94	Balance forward from August 2, 1994		\$176.85
1/15/95	50th Run subsidy		\$60.00
<b>TOTAL EXPENDITURES</b>			\$236.85
<b>TOTAL RECEIPTS LESS EXPENDITURES</b>			\$315.65
<b>BALANCE SHEET</b>			
<b>ASSETS</b>			
	Cash		\$315.65
	Other		\$0.00
<b>TOTAL ASSETS</b>			\$315.65
<b>LIABILITIES</b>			
	A/P, On Sec		\$1.45
	Other		\$0.00
<b>TOTAL LIABILITIES</b>			\$1.45
<b>NET WORTH</b>			
<b>TOTAL NET WORTH</b>			\$314.20