

BROOKLYN

HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Founded May 10, 1993

JOINT MASTERS

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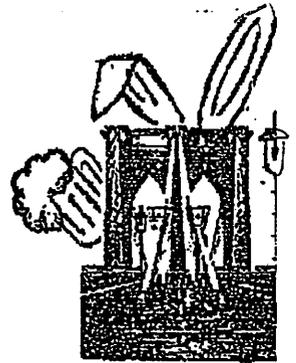
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ON SEC

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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 Hareline

Feb 20, Monday, 3 pm (Run 55) - President's Day; a 3 pm run; Fort Hamilton Parkway stop on the F line

Hare: Jerry CoHare: Jeanne

Feb. 27, Monday, 7 pm (Run 55) - location tbd

Hare: Maria Wickham

Mar 13, Monday, 7 pm (Run 56) - Volunteer Needed

Instant Replay, Run 54 The writeup of this truly classic run has been attached, unedited, unexpurgated, in all its refulgent glory, directly from the word processor of the Hash Hack, David Byron-Brown.

I was there, and I can attest to the fact that it all happened exactly the way he says it did. I think he may have left out a thing or two, such as the really witty tale about the Frenchman in the backyard, that Marie's dog is a Scottie. and that four stars is the highest rating, but he got just about everything else except ringworm.

Brooklyn 54 Hare: JM Kanaga Start: Atlantic + Flatbush On-In: O'Keefe's @ Court + Joralemon

Brooklyn is an uncomplicated Hash. Not for them the mega-event in a loud disco-type bar, with hundreds of 22-year-olds and groups of visitors with "Bitch" in their names, nor for them the nine-mile trails through razor wire so beloved of the Westchester sadists (see NYC write-ups *passim*). Indeed not, just a small, but lively group of mostly regulars taking advantage of the opportunity to do actual damage to their extremities by running for an hour in well-sub-zero temperatures through some of the more economically challenged areas of New York City.

Thanks are due to the Hare, JM Kanaga, normally not shy in writing up his own efforts, for ceding the pen to yours truly, who volunteered in a haze of euphoria at his own stunning performance on the trail. I arrived at Atlantic Avenue station to find a group of ill-dressed individuals huddled together in a stairwell, trying vainly to protect themselves from the cold; as I reached into my pocket for some spare change, they revealed themselves as the pack, engaged in an uncommon but ultimately wise bout of self-preservation. The only person not to benefit from this decision was Giselle, veteran NYC Hasher but Brooklyn virgin, who, it later emerged, spent a full half-hour wandering the neighboring streets in a fruitless search for the start, which she had thought to be at the non-existent 'Ampstead Place.

The pack stayed together for about five minutes, until the second check in Fort Greene Park. Our hare explained to us later that this jewel of the NY Parks' system was perfectly safe in freezing cold in the dead of winter after dark, its dangerous time being the height of summer with hundreds of marauding miscreants pushing strollers. This did not mollify the pack, who spent a good twenty minutes wandering aimlessly in the pitch black, with our only company being the kind of dog prevented by court order from being outside during daylight. I cannot complain, however, since this was the start of my moment of glory: I wandered back out on to Flatbush, reckoning that it was only a matter of time before the trail came back across; indeed, after about a mile, it did. This gave me a head start, on which I capitalized to solve all remaining checks and arrive at the On-In a full five minutes ahead of the others. There were those who claimed that they had glimpsed me in the distance yelling "On-On", but had written this off as a frost-inspired mirage. More fools they.

On-In was at O'Keefe's, much used in the early Brooklyn days but recently bypassed. Keith did the Republican thing, displaying a complete misunderstanding of how the lower orders relate to money, and managed, for those who did not have supper waiting for them at home, to bump Hash Cash up to \$16. He entertained us with explanations of the checks which were actually more incomprehensible than the checks themselves, but we continued to nod politely out of respect. Marie described receiving an offer of a ride from a concerned lady who thought that her cries of "On-On!" were plaintive wails after a lost dog. Presumably, "are you?" is, in similar vein, to be interpreted as a commercial for a new abortion pill. Schnipper presented his proposals for the reorganization of the subway system, and was warmly received by all.

In due course, the conversation turned to the following weekend's New York 750th activities. Various excuses were offered by those who are unlikely to turn up, ranging from visiting parents to fear of various key participants in the proceedings. JM Croft, having started out the evening a complete non-player ("I'm really into my long weekend runs; I don't want to disrupt the schedule"), became more of a convert with each passing beer: "Maybe I'll take the train back in the evening" led to "Oh well, Scott, if you have room in your car early Sunday morning". As I left, I swear I heard him saying "as long as I make it back to the City by summer..."

Finally, in the Brooklyn tradition of mentioning everybody present, there was Jerry and Jeannie, welcome Brooklyn regulars, and there was Jonathan.