BROOKLYN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING CINCO DE MAYO, 1997

HARE: JERRY NELSON START: CLARK ST. SUBWAY STATION, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS ON-IN: SPARKY'S ALE HOUSE, CARROLL GARDENS

(CAN YOU SAY 18 DEERS ON TAPPININE WIND

Ah, the AGM. The annual event wherein the hash populace anoints a new cadre of elected leaders to the throne. They came from far and wide to celebrate the induction of, well, no one was quite sure who. But, no worry, surely the more dedicated runners drinkers had united to discuss the criteria that would elect the rulers who would take us all safely one year closer to the new millenia. Surely, weeks were spent over the best pints our hash cash could buy, debating who among us was most worthy, who showed the most leaderly qualities, who could be trusted to carry on the requirements of the various offices. Surely.

So, I was filled with no small amount of worry when Jerry pulled me aside just before the start to announce that there had been among the ranks a general coup. Well, actually, it wasn't too tough since most of the ranks haven't shown up, regularly or otherwise, for the last few months. So, this was Jerry's gentle way of saying I had been stripped of all my titles and deeds accorded to me as the, albeit thoroughly ineffectual, On-Sec (though he still wanted me to help him out with On-Sec type things wherever possible). But the tremors were felt far and wide, for I quickly found out that Jerry had not only firmly implanted himself as High-and-Mighty-Ruler-and-Master-of-all-Hash-Lands-from-the-northernmost-boundaries-of-Williamsburg-to-the-far-reaches-of-Canarsie, but he had denounced the entire aristocracy formerly known as the officers of the Brooklyn hash, with the exception of John "Archbishop" O'Connor, who was decreed something to the effect of Pawn-and-Henpeck-to-the-Mighty-One.

So, there you have it. But, as we were to find out later, the standards that Sole Master Jerry Nelson had in store for us were to be respected and though we may be ruled by the fist, the fist sets a good trail and supplies ample quantities of excellent beer, so I hereupon quit my griping.

The only problem was that the hashers were in a bit of a daze from the start by the, albeit as-yet-unconfirmed, perception of what had become of the Brooklyn hash hierarchy. And the announcement from their new leader that the checks would be marked with the names of one of the 18 beers on tap at the On-In didn't help much (was this some kind of cruel punishment, getting us all to run farther, faster, with thoughts of all that good beer at the end filling our minds; how does one decide between 18 quality brews; and did that mean there would be 18 checks?). From the start at Clark and Henry streets, they first ran down Henry, then into each other about a minute later when they'd lost the trail (already!), then back up Henry. Seems that Vince had taken the news particularly hard and he was still contemplating what the changes from up above might mean (or how on earth he'd be able to decide between 18 kinds of beer) when he decided he'd had about enough of this running under a dictator and decided to see

what would happen if he slammed his face into the concrete at considerable speed. Now, Vince, it's really not all that bad (as for SM JN, well, how miserable could Fuzzy Lockerman make our lives? He'd make us memorize the important stats of every bar that ever served a proper pint in all of Brooklyn, and then the other boroughs? Regulation fuzzy pink running tights for everyone?). A few of us huddled around him and tried to persuade him to just give life under SM JN a try and we shuffled him off to spend some quality time with his new master and see if they couldn't find some common ground. And we continued on our somewhat unsure way...

The rest of the run was fraught with fear. SM JN sent us off towards the Brooklyn Bridge to that up-and-coming area known as DUMBO, then up into Vinegar Hill (always a nice area to pop into-maybe he wasn't leading us off into our own Guyana, the Heaven's Gate of Hashing), back through the projects towards the start, back through some of MetroTech, back into the Heights, eventually to the Promenade (where a few of us got completely fucked by a miscreant with colored chalk; they ought to outlaw the stuff to anyone not laying or following a sanctioned trail leading to a bar!), some more mayhem ensued on the trail that then led us under the BQE to the foothills of Atlantic Ave., past a perfectly good bar, then through what is coming to be known as Carroll Gardens West towards Red Hook, then sharp East past the entry to the tunnel and up into southern Carroll Gardens. And just when we really thought we'd had enough, we arrived at the On-In and the afore-promised 18 beers on tap. I describe this running around in a glossed over, yet surprisingly detailed, manner just to give those of you who weren't there some sense of what SM JN had in store for us—has in store for us all. We ran through one heck of a lot of downtown Brooklyn, in terms of both scope and variety, not to mention sheer distance. We were going to get to know Brooklyn the way Jerry knows Brooklyn even if it killed us.

Well, once the first pint was filled it was agreed that, so far, life under the Supreme One and his sidekick was pretty darn good. There had not been quite 18 checks, though close, and Jerry had made the painful mistake of misspelling, among other brew names, Guinness (which is why most people just use an X to mark a check, it's harder to misspell). So, two down-downs for him. And because it was the fifth of May, otherwise known in Mexico as Cinco de Mayo, and not needing any more excuse, the Archbishop pulled out a bottle of tequila to show that his contribution to this regime would not be inconsequential. And, as if that wasn't enough, he even contributed a box of Krispy Kreme donuts to wash down the burritos we were all graciously provided upon paying the taxes levied upon us (a sizable \$20). At some point, it was suggested that a key player in the former Brooklyn Hash leadership ought to be called at home and publicly humiliated for missing this event, and so someone got Crofty on the line and we all gave him a transborough down-down. His absence was not complete, however, since the new leadership had decided to print up shirts devoted to the memory of what was to be his last run (at least as an officer of the Brooklyn Hash), but he one-upped them by not bothering to show (the shirts sported a new, rather decent design, but were unfortunate enough to have sleeves...).

So, we ate, we drank, we drank, a bunch of people left and we drank some more, played some pool, tried a couple of other taps, killed the bottle of tequila, and I don't remember much of anything else except that I was still drunk at work the next day. That's putting some distance into a hash! Maybe this particular dictatorship won't be so bad...