

# BROOKLYN

## HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Founded May 10, 1993



Joint Masters	David Croft	☎ (212) 650-9525 (h)
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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, or for the "On In" location**

### Receding Hareline

October 7, Monday 7 pm (Run 103). Start: Jay St./Borough Hall stop on the A, C or F train.  
Hare: Guillermo Metz.

October 21, Monday 7 pm (Run 104). Start: 7<sup>th</sup> Avenue stop on the D or Q train.  
Hare: John O'Connor.

### ***What we have here is a failure to communicate.***

The recent absence of Brooklyn Hash communication is explained by the fact that JM Croft has discovered he has to do some real work and make some real money otherwise, as a resident alien and not a citizen, he may be deported under the new immigration laws. Either that or he has been a lazy bastard. Anyway, he will try to reestablish normal communications.

### Instant Replay, Run 100, August 17, 1996

Start: Atlantic Avenue. On-In: Stubs at Clark and Hicks St.

Hare: JM Croft and JM Nelson

Scribe: On Sec Guillermo Metz

Hundredth runs, like birthdays, are bitter-sweet occasions. They come only once in the lifetime of a specific hash organization; they mark a certain level of maturity of said hash; yet they also remind the members just how long they've been at it, week after every-other-week. True, it's not like Hong Kong's eighty-five-thousandth run or anything, but it does mark an important milestone.

However, this was more like a birthday from the middle ages, where the parents trepidatiously waited until the kidlet passed the age of five or so to declare the child publicly lest some

disease or mishap carry it off -- the Brooklyn centennial marked a certain level of achievement, an understanding that this thing may be around to stay, having survived so far. And so the mood was basically festive, at least for those who enjoy rather than feel compelled to partake of a hash every other week, at the least.

The run, the first part of the general excuse of most hashes (the others being group drinking and, for some, mildly bawdy group singing), set off from near the Williamsburg Bank building at the confluence of Atlantic and Flatbush streets, at the foothills of some future monolithic mall thing that's some pathetic attempt at improving the area. A large crowd had gathered when I showed up, many already sporting the latest in BH3 wear, and we were soon off, southerly, down 4th Ave. and quickly into the Slope for the first check. Confusion reigned, as usual, and folks who hadn't seen each other in a while were able to catch up, in both senses of the word, the true purpose of a check, the On-In being a not-altogether-good place or time since chatting interferes with drinking and singing mildly bawdy songs.

In all, there were a few checks thereafter, which the pack was led to along a well-marked trail that wound into Carroll Gardens and Boerum Hill before heading into Brooklyn Heights, with a pleasant tour along the esplanade before ending up at Stubs (no apostrophe!?). Much of the pack was led astray at the last check, assuming no run could actually go along the esplanade, that being way too obvious; reverse psychology is not something we often credit our hares with (any hares, not just these two recently appointed JMs), but Guiley did or was otherwise wise to their little game and headed on trail straight away. The rest of the pack drifted in slowly. And then Jeanne, seen at the start piloting the hash mobile in spiffy civilian duds, was seen racing off in search of hopelessly lost members of the flock, ever the BH3 hashmom. Or so we thought. Until she broke down upon interrogation and informed us about being in training for some hockey tryouts. Has this been officially sanctioned by the BH3?

The birthday celebrations then formally commenced, with down-downs for the co-hares and a considerable number of virgins and visitors. That is, down-downs for the virgins and visitors as well, not virgins and visitors for the co-hares, despite their pleadings. Of the co-hares, that is. Anyway, included among the visitors were a group from Devon, England, and the estimable JM of what we seem to recall was Mozambique, whom Baldwin had met on home turf only a few weeks before but had then gotten too pissed to remember.

Many shirts with an original design by Marie Wickham, officially sanctioned at a drunken meeting of the officers only a couple of weeks prior, were sold. Noticeably absent was Marie (in protest because grey was chosen over periwinkle?). Things were going well until something happened which your scribe finds very disturbing. Along with the drinking and mildly bawdy singing, which was minimal, there was an attempt made by someone who shall remain nameless to start the group in a group rendering of... the Makarena. Fortunately for all, Official Hash Dancer Eileen stopped him, for it has been reported that once the Makarena starts, it infects quickly and without mercy. (However, heart in the knowledge that the spell-checker on my computer does not recognize Makarena, offering up macaroni instead.) Yes, well, he was drawn and quartered, and we shan't be hearing any such requests from him for a while. A group like Rumson, on celebrating some milestone of their own, may someday be

known as that hash which had the most people doing the Makarena at one time, naked no doubt, but God help us, the Brooklyn HHH shall remain one of the last Makarena-free zones. Just 'cause it's a birthday-like celebration in an outer borough....

Happy Birthday BH3. On-On.