

RUMSON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

SUMMIT  
HASH  
H STON

On-Sec: Mike Fahay  
Chaplain: Gary Stover  
Hash Cash: Kent Sabin  
Race Coordinator: Geoff Sadwith  
Medical Director: Francis Love

Run No. 133: November 29, 1980--Inaugural Run of the Summit Hash

Hares On Ice: December 6--Schildge  
December 13--Steve Stover

Rehash of Run No. 132--One always approaches a new hare's first run with apprehension. When the new hare is Jim "Go-Go" Wright (the young guy with the red beard and glasses) (Yeah, I thought he was John (Jack) Ried (Reed) for 3 months, too) there is cause for concern. The guy is spaced out on Coco-Ribe, but with the veteran hare Bob Reid at his side, all went well. After a quick loop through a flooded cesspool we headed into the woods where we have run many times before. Even star hashers like Kanaga were impressed at the complex trails that were laid through what had been thought to be an overused area. The beer stop at the last check was a classy touch.

~~DI~~ Summit Hash Inaugural Run--There is a mood of well-founded dread in the Rumson Hash at the prospect of another New Jersey Hash. All of the signs suggest that the new Hash will be an embarrassment to Rumson and will undo the reputation that we have so carefully nurtured. A couple of the charter members have paid us a visit, and both were clearly winners in the "duller than Muller" competition. One had the impression that they were on leave from their regiments, where they spent their nights singing naughty songs and throwing glasses into the fireplace. And Summit of all places. It makes Rumson look like the shanty towns of Sao Paulo. Tweeds, wasps, and all the guys are named Biff (you know--Muffy's husband). There are no bars worthy of the name, and worst of all, they all know Kanaga and like him!

You don't tug on Superman's cape, you don't pull the mask off the old Lone Ranger, and you don't mess around with Chemical Mike.

Someone's ass is in deep yogurt. The total bill for the truck hijacking is now \$791, which is the on-sec's take-home for a month. His insurance company, Mutual of Laurence Harbor, has denied his claim because of a loophole in his policy called the Hash Exclusion Rider. If I were the guy who stole the truck, I would be scared shitless. Kind of makes "Who shot J. R." pale into insignificance. Suspects are: Jackson--hates Chemical for murdering little birds. Kanaga--has been known to steal trucks before. Muller--heard muttering "Kill the pinko bastard" Alberts--angry because Mike made fun of his book.

Holiday Party--December 14, John Barleycorn's.

Bad news from the planning committee. Steve Stover's tape machine is broken. On short notice, it was impossible to find a good band. They are all booked up for the holiday season. We tried the penis-less pianist, Clyde Oberfast and his magical ocarina, the Dempsey accordian duo, and the Red Band Presbyterian bell-ringers; all booked up for months. But all is not lost--Tim McLoone heard of our dilemma

and begged Gary Stover to be allowed to perform at our party. His band has been unemployed since the Preppies went back to Choate, and they are facing the prospects of the holiday season being filled with poverty and despair. Our Chaplain, in a moment of weakness, employed them at a rate of \$100, which is \$65 over their normal fee. The terms of the contract are attached.



"You're a good wife, Bernice."