



# SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

SHHH, c/o Douglas Leavens, 10 Brookwood Road, South Orange, New Jersey 07079

## Office Bearers

Grand Master	Andrew Emerson	212 557 3535	201 763-1332
Joint Master- interhash	Leon Desbrow	212 552 6854	201 467 4462
Joint Master- events	George Kundrat	212 264 1610	201 757 3756
On Sec	Doug Leavens	212 552 3238	201 762 3856
Hash Cash	Henry Long	212 880 5060	201 763 3479
Hash Scribe	George Jurkowich	212 552 2165	201 376 3677
Hash Chaplain	Kevin Thomas	201 643 1220	
Hash Horn	Don Wheeler	212 487 6765	201 762 2128
Hash Flash	Guy Woodford	212 759 8631	201 665 2264
Hash Quack	Louis de Marino	201 379 1234	201 376 2275

## FUTURE RUNS

<u>NO</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>HARE/CO-HARE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>
60	17th March	Joe McGinity	Morristown Airport
61	31st March	George Kundrat	
62	14th April	?	
63	28th April	?	
64	12th May	George Jurkowich	
65	26th May	Ken McEwan	

NEXT RUN NUMBER 60

Date & Time: Saturday, March 17th 1984 at 3:30 PM

Gather at Morristown Airport

Hare/Co-Hare: Joe McGinity / Doug Leavens

**DIRECTIONS:** From Summit, take Morris Avenue West, turn right onto River Road to Kennedy Parkway. Turn left on South Orange Avenue and continue past Livingston Mall through Florham Park Center where name changes to Columbia Road. Airport is 2 miles beyond Florham Park. Turn right onto airport road. Park at first large building on left called airport Park, near fish pond.

## HASH NOTES

We need a Hare for the April 14th and 28th runs. Call the ON SEC if you are willing. Looking to the future, runs change to Monday nights June 4.

## HASH DASH #57

It was BLOODY BUTTERFLY to whom the task fell of creating that crucial moment in the history of SHHH Hashdom, the second AGM run, by describing a trail which would mark the changing of the guard of the Summit Hash leadership and the celebration of another successful year. In many ways, the happily unexpected contributed substantial weft and heft to the day, viz.: extraordinarily balmy weather, which enabled normal Hashmen to run in T-shirts, and BLOODY BUTTERFLY to run bare-chested; concerns of the PROD (Park Ranger On Duty) about the luminescent spray paint which "marks up my park"; the spiciness of illicit beer consumed in the Jockey Hollow Parking Lot. All these added up to an exceptionally fine afternoon.

The pack was surprisingly small, but this was compensated for by its inordinate stupidity, identifying and pursuing each and every false trail laid by the Hare, learning nothing from beginning to end. One cannot help but love such dumb animals. Uncharacteristically, this dash was accomplished in the prescribed time, a feat not often achieved by BLOODY BUTTERFLY but one much appreciated by other members of the pack.

The On-On was spectacular. Not only was the food ample and delicious; not only were there T-shirts for all; not only were we strong in numbers and heart; not only was there genuine comradery among the pack; but rather, there was also the involvement of all the customers in the establishment — comprising two components: (1) the two amiable and rotund chaps who expressed great interest in becoming members; and (2) the rest of the group — which, while utterly offended by our actions, could not help but be charmed by our insouciance. What an achievement! To offend all those people, and then to leave in a blaze of cheers and glory, is no mean achievement. Perhaps this is, indeed, our finest hour. The only explanation is a psychological one: these are people with Zumpada souls in non-Zumpada lives. Many of the normal waiter staff must have been pondering this philosophical conundrum, because they frequently had to be wakened from their reverie by an appropriate blast on the Hash Horn. (It was obvious that this was much appreciated throughout the restaurant.)

There were ample speeches of the appropriate kind. There were commendatory toasts. There were expository sallies. There were reckless rejoinders. There sober pronunciamientos. There were consumatory presentations of ridiculous chickens, of celebratory bed pans, quaint collages, and brazen briefs. Then of course, there was ZORBA, about which no further word will be herein writ. One can only commend the magnificence of one of our number, who shall remain unnamed, but who set the true tone of the event by appearing in proper black tie, formal white running shoes, the official Hash T-shirt, and a magnificent pith helmet. A breathtaking vision, worthy of the SHHH.

The On-On-On, was also a lavish affair. Prefaced by a thoroughly delightful tour of Newark and Irvington by what seemed to be something of a jubilant cortege, the pack wound its way from Don Pepe's to a magnificently sleezy establishment called, as I remember it, EL SLEAZO. Here, the ministrations of especially talented dancing ladies enabled the pack to reach new highs of self-awareness. This, in combination with ample supplies of seemly brew, provided a fitting capstone to an exquisite day.

P.S.

For the interest of those who enjoy specious literature, the following description of this self-same run washed ashore on the Jersey Coast and was delivered to your scribe as "an errant and arrogant counterfeit".

"Run #57 -- Ecological Rape of Hockey Jollow

"As BLOODY BUTTERFLY arose from the conjugal couch February 4, his benevolent smile concealed a cauldron of hostility and sado-erotic desire to pillage and destroy. His victims that day were to be the unwitting hounds of SH3, and the sacred flora and fauna at an historic shrine near Morristown, Hockey Jollow.

'Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind.  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
To war and HASH I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase  
The first foe in the field  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
The flour, spray paint, and shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As thou too shalt adore:  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not Hashing more.'



"BUTTERFLY had barely finished his labor of love by 3:30 p.m., when 12 unsuspecting hounds arrived in the damp, chill parking lot. Several hounds noted BUTTERFLY's bloody legs -- a bad omen. Quickly donning ceremonial "AGM RUN" T-shirts dispensed by BAA-BAA-LOU, they pounded along the out-trail, shattering the tranquility of Dolly Madison's Colonial Restoration Cottage and its occupants, including a self-professed Park Ranger, who decided to investigate.

"The pack was led down into the center of Hockey Jollow over a boring and long road run to check #1 at the "ARMY HUTS". Tedious check and false trail, plenty of mud, snow, checking and cursing led up-left over an icy wagon track marked with NON-BIODEGRADABLE RED SPRAY PAINT. Actually this could have been blood dripping from a wounded animal or hare, but MUD HATTER was accosted by the afore-mentioned self-professed Park Ranger and told to remove it from the ecological virginity of Hockey Jollow. In The Grand Manner, MUD HATTER deceived the A.M.S.P. Ranger by engaging him in small talk about the Queen Mother (well, I'm sure I heard the word "mother") until the pack was safely distant, then fled.

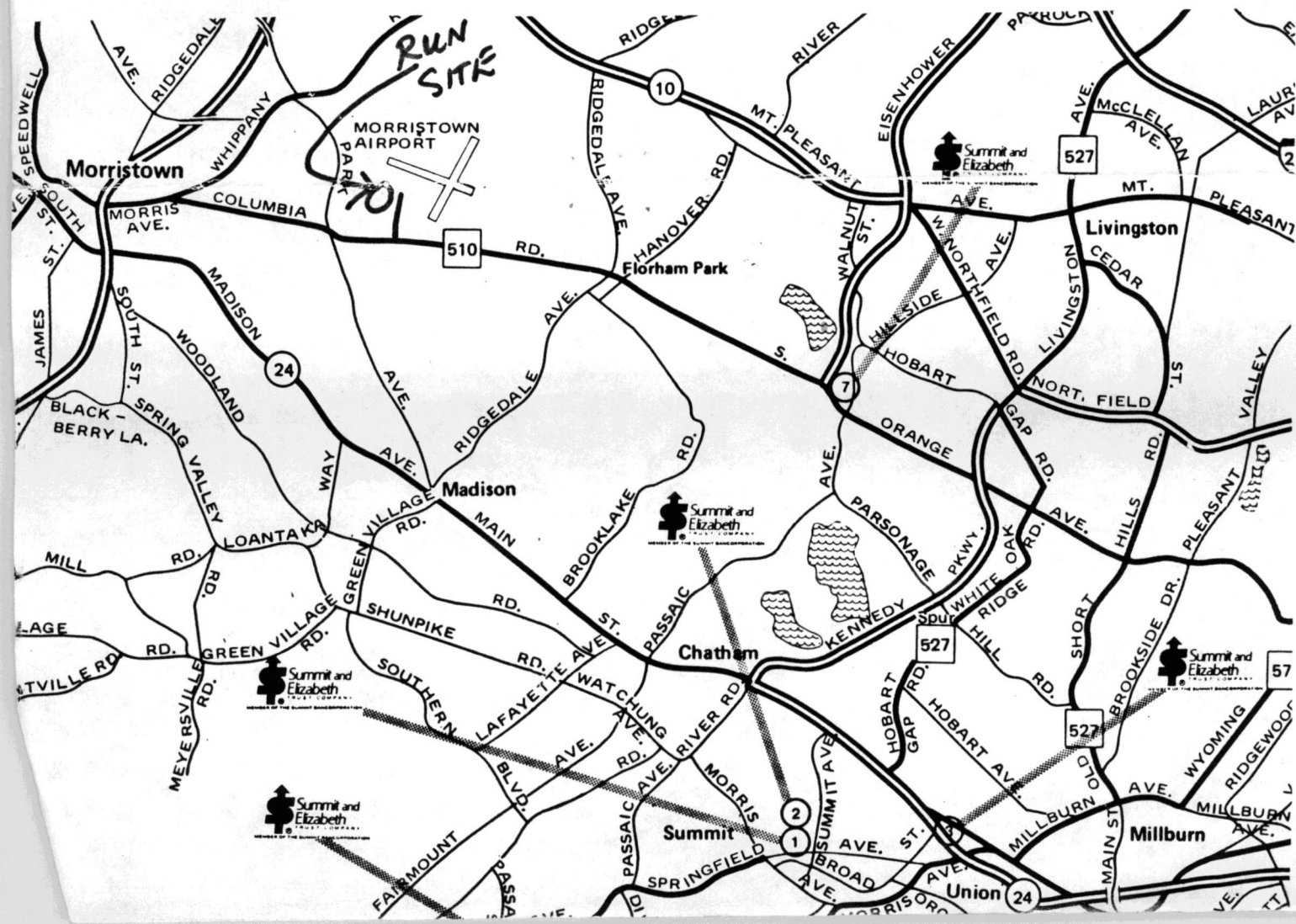
"By the third check each hound was thoroughly soaked and well scored by shiggy -- by the fourth, even the Hash Horn sounded spent, having been on the trail about an hour. At this point the pack crossed Grand Parade Road, which offered the cognoscenti a direct route on-home. Most of the pack spurned the opportunity, preferring death before dishonor. In either case it was two miles long, and 90% uphill.

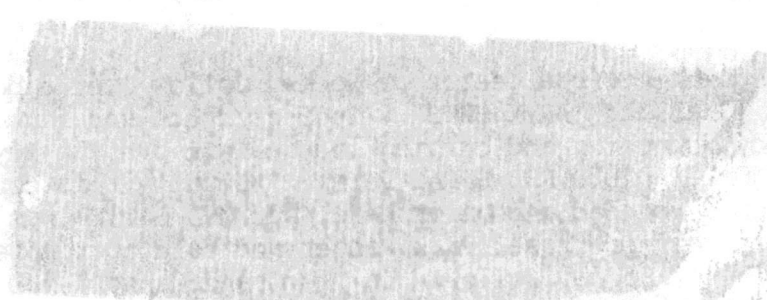
"Evaluation: Checks -- excellent; Shiggy -- adequate; Length -- a bit much; Overall -- tough. Proper warm-up for AGM."

Rather a curious piece of work, that.

#### HASH TRASH

1. It was Leeds to play Arsenal in the FA Cup final at Wembley - naturally a sell-out. One unfortunate Leeds supporter who hadn't got a ticket was approached by a ticket tout.  
"How much do you want for that ticket?"  
"Ten pounds" said the tout.  
"But that's outrageous", came the reply. "I can get a girl for that".  
"Perhaps", commented the tout, "but not with 45 minutes each way and a band at half time."
2. Despite George's reputation as the office Romeo, the new secretary was not impressed by his performance.  
"I don't think much of your organ," she said retrieving her panties from the IN tray.  
No?" replied George "well I didn't expect to play in the auditorium".









No. 7 Vol. IV

Date: 3/23//84

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FUTURE RUNS

<u>NO</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>HARE/CO-HARE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>
61	31st March	George Kandrat/ Paul Horning	Plainfield Train Station
62	14th April	?	
63	28th April	Gil Jackson	
64	12th May	George Jurkowich	
65	26th May	Ken McEwan	

NEXT RUN NUMBER 60

Date & Time: Saturday, March 31th 1984 at 3:30 PM

Gather at Plainfield Train Station

Hare/Co-Hare: George Kandrat / Paul Horning

DIRECTIONS: Route 22 West After passing Sears Department Store in Watchung proceed approximately 2 miles to Plainfield Overpass. Go under overpass, make a right and then bear right to go over the overpass. At stop sign make a left on Somerset Street and proceed through 5 traffic lights. After the 5th light (United Counties Bank on right) make the first left on to North Avenue which is immediately before the train trestle. Directions by Paul!

HASH NOTES

We need a Hare for the April 14th run. Call the ON SEC if you are willing.

THE FIRST GREAT INTER-AMERICAN INTER-HASH, COSTA RICA 1984

(Editors note: The following report, submitted by MUD HATTER and BEAU BUMBLE, is just as received from their initial interview upon return to United States, with no effort to translate those Spanish words and phrases which make their report so immediate, colorful and lively.)

*Costa Rica  
not up*

#### Overture:

Wow! The arrival is spectacular, getting off the plane two hours late and entering the magnificent terminal at San Jose, BEAU BUMBLE espying the San Jose HHH arrival booth and letting out a blast on his long naranja obscena, as the SHHH horn came to be known, to the great delight of all within earshot. Everywhere a cloud of welcoming information, papers, forms to be signed, T-shirts being torn from wrappings, general ugliness, men kissing men, the Hashmen wandering off in search of beer. Even at this early point, the whole thing looking a little dicey.

First Run: Arrive early, everything as expected, host brewery's security already up in arms, though the ceremonies are yet hours away: the barbecue shed has been set on fire, rules are being broken right and left. People arrive, self-proclaimed San Jose Hash Sphincter turns out to be amazingly prescient and credible fellow -- he was indeed a sphincter. Tall, blond bronzed god with megaphone stands on table -- definitely Aryan -- gives excruciatingly detailed, wholly irrelevant, and exceptionally redundant set of instructions for a basic early evening run. To no one's loss, no one is listening. Finally, shout of "On-On", pack off in cloud of dust and cacaphony of yelps and groans. Pretty standard stuff -- hills, coffee bean plantations, pasture full of cow pats (called by one female Hashman "dirty post cards"), uphill downhill uphill downhill, etc. (No wonder Master of San Jose Hash is called Giles Goat-Boy). Some Hashmen waylay passing station wagon, get free ride to top of the highest hill. Checks pretty basic, no false trails, paint used for trail markings is spread yards and yards and yards apart. LOOK OUT, HE'S GOT A GUN!! (Somewhat volatile armed guard unhappy about the pasture gate being left open -- pacified by impassioned discourse of local Hashman and presumably sealed with a kiss). Lope along roads and paths, and . . . WHAT'S THIS?! WHAT'S THIS?! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I DON'T BLEEDING BELIEVE IT! A MARKING ON THE GROUND THAT SAYS "SCB" WITH AN ARROW POINTING TO A PRESUMABLY SHORTER TRAIL! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, WON'T BELIEVE IT! LUDICROUS! Finish run along two miles of railroad track. Turn in for cerveza and bocas (snacks).

First On-On: Too much to tell, initially quite decent, orderly. Then, somebody throws a beer, somebody else throws beer, somebody else throws beer, more thrown beer, slung beer, tossed beer, sloshed beer -- terrible, terrible waste! (True alcohol abuse). Triple A candidate (Aging Atlanta Adolescent) entertains crowd by quaffing a vaso of cerveza, and then dropping rear of his pantaloons to show his tortilla; unsatisfied, others pull down other side of pantaloons, exposing his frijoles; act is repeated many many times! More beer thrown, sloshed, tossed, heaved. Then the Hash birthday cake is lit, slight girl in bathing suit and white socks leaps out and jumps on the table takes off some clothes, some more clothes, then all clothes. Does extensive caramba followed by a most creative pinata. More buxom companion arrives, tries a few desultory dance steps, declines to disrobe, settles for semblance of rape, after which the real bargaining begins. No truth whatsoever to widespread rumor that BEAU BUMBLE disgraced himself by excessively silly acts and unrepeatable disclosures -- none at all; absolutely none. In fact, BUMBLE distinguished himself by placing a close second in the horn blowing contest, amazing and mystifying the natives with his mastery of the naranja obscena.

Second Run: On the buses entirely too early, two hours to the docks, onto this fat fishing boat, roar across the big bay at about 8 knots. Pack just getting warmed up with beer being thrown, chucked, pitched, slung, hurled and dissipated. Approach wild island, inhabited by crazy old recluse with nubile young muchacha. Splash ashore, see major fireworks demonstration (which might actually have been attack on Nicaragua). Then long hard climbing walk up crags, across cliffs, down rock faces into caves. Run punctuated by "gunfire" from simulated terroristas. Results: the damn island is set afire by the firecrackers; but nobody much concerned -- except possibly recluse who didn't know about it. Then back to beach, slosh aboard boat, drift over to another island for major volleyball competition which was washed out by rising tide.

Second On-On: Drink a few beers, eat a little patatas salad, lounge and snooze on the veranda, take a little swim, slosh back aboard the boat, head back for shore. Beer tossing now reaches epidemic proportions, too much to describe except for one vignette: female broad-type Hashman pours a botella of beer down man-type Hashman's drawers. He retaliates in kind: she is mortified and frosted at this riposta. (See what female Hashmen are like?) He explains the nature of Hash sportsmanship, punctuating his discourse with suitable expository and prescriptive gestures. Using only two very pithy words, he bids her adios. Beer still going everywhere, guys jumping off the deck, guys jumping off the bridge, guys jumping off the masts -- in general, very elegant yachting experience. Arrive back at the docks, back on the buses. Ten minutes later first pit stop, more beer, pass the ron, eat ice cream, back on the bus. By now, several horizontal and inert human figures. Everyone thoroughly satisfied with magnificent day.



Third Run: Survivors of tropical paradise (heads still spongy with sud skins virulently tinto) heave out of bed at a middling hour of morning. Voyage into the mountains above San Jose, above the coffee plantations, everything but the peaks themselves. Family picnic ground, set in huge trees, on steep sloping meadow; nearly two hundred men, women, children, family run to end all such. Run includes a regular laid-out "short cut" for the Nancy-Boys, and one even for "walkers" - and there were a few of with babes in arms who made it. (Those guys really looked great). Less said for regulars on he-man, macho Hash trail. Struggle up steep cow-m down terraced ex-coffee fields, into steep, deep jungle ravines. Hands necessary to keep from going straight to the bottom; some ravines at least feet deep. Passages on roads (never level); ubiquitous barbed-wire; too gullies. In return for suffering hardships, regulars are rewarded with occasional vistas of entire San Jose valley, mountains twenty miles away beyond, in sparkling clear air that you want to package and bring home.

Third On-On: At the end, yet another feast fit for the real Hash, plus cerveza, volleyball and just plain Hashing around. As before, illustrious naranja obscena made the rounds; all commented upon its mellifluous sour BEAU BUMBLE truly dizzy from his effort at the end. Memorable; really memorable.

Fourth Run: Everybody amazingly alert, this run is featuring "live hare" have 10 minute head start, and a big bag of farina. Up up up up up up up up up up -- follow that farina. Cunning and confusing check, pass coffee plantations cross two-foot-wide river. Poor little lady-type Hashman spr his ankle, fall-down-go-boom. Cries go out for Hash Quack. (See what w Hashmen are like?). Getting darker now, thrashing way through shiggy, w through area of local residencias back up to club.

Fourth On-On: Mexican dinner, and lots of cerveza. Certificates awarded, pictures taken, grudges patched, spillage reduced, Marimba band keeping everybody under control. Avid promises to do it again next year, someplace the USA eastern seaboard. Lots of departure blues as many who didn't reconfirm their flights found themselves bumped; everybody taken care of the end.

Conclusion: Great hosts, great terrain, great beer, great event! Excessive spillage, however. Tragic loss.

#### HASH TRASH

One night after their proprietor was asleep, the parts of the body were arguing about which had the toughest job. "I've really got it tough," bemoaned the feet. "He puts me in these smelly sneakers, makes me jog t I've got blisters...it's brutal!"

"You got nothing to complain about," maintained the stomach. "Last night got nothing but bourbon, pizza, and aspirin. It's a miracle I kept it together."

"Oh quit bitching, you two," moaned the penis. "Every night, I'm telling he sticks me in a dark tunnel and makes me do push-ups until I throw up."





T H E N E W P R O V I D E N C E 1 0 K

Sponsored by The New Providence Chamber of Commerce



When: Sunday - April 8, 1984

Race Director: Owen McDermott  
753-6778

Time: 12:30pm - 1 Mile Fun Run  
1:00pm - 10K

Information & Bill Combs  
Applications: 647-0107

Where: Lincoln Complex  
Academy Street  
New Providence, NJ

Finish By: Mogendorf Finish  
Line Systems

Entry Fees: \$2.00 - 1 Mile \$5.00 - 10K Pre-entry April 1, 1984 \$6.00 - 10K Post-entry

Awards: 1 Mile

Ribbons to all finishers  
Trophys to 1st Male & Female

10K

T-shirts to first 400  
Trophys to 1st in each age group  
Medals to 2nd & 3rd place  
Age groups: 5 year groups

NO DUPLICATE AWARDS

AMAZING FEET ROAD RACE ENTRY FORM

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

AGE on race day \_\_\_\_\_ SEX \_\_\_\_\_

T SHIRT SIZE circle one S M L XL

I will enter-check one - 10K 1 Mile \_\_\_\_\_

Please complete the above and mail, with check payable to Amazing Feet Running Club, to Bill Combs, 1771 Long Hill Road, Millington, NJ 07946.

"In consideration of acceptance of this entry, for myself, my heirs, of personal property, damage or bodily injury I may have against the Amazing Feet Running Club, the Town of New Providence, the New Providence Chamber of Commerce, their representatives, employees, members or volunteers which may occur or arise out of my participation in this event. I further state that I have trained for and am in proper physical condition to participate in this event. I agree to permit medical assistance to be provided to me if my participation in the race warrants it.

Signature of entrant or parent if under 18 \_\_\_\_\_







# NEW YORK RUNNING

## NEWS

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE NEW YORK ROAD RUNNERS CLUB • AMERICA'S LONGEST RUNNING PUBLICATION SINCE 1958  
FEBRUARY/MARCH  
\$1.50

**Cross-Country Crusaders**

An English colonial who lived in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia liked to indulge in wild and festive weekend pleasures. But to clear himself of his excesses he routinely scheduled a Monday run through the fields outside the city. Every run finished at a bar called the Hash House, where he rewarded himself by drinking several rounds of beer. He inter-

ested some friends to join him, and soon was born the Hash House Harriers. That was in 1938. Since that time, international travelers and businessmen have spread the Hash House message around the globe. No one's quite sure how the Hashers came to America, but for the Summit, N.J., Hash House Harriers, the tradition remains the same: only in the winter, they run on Saturdays. According to Hash scribe George Jurkovich of Short Hills, the HHH are "devoted to enjoyable but non-competitive running, discreet but colorful cheating and the proper drinking of beer."

There is an extensive hash vocabulary and code of ethics followed by the 50 members. "Our Hash is based on the old hares and hounds cross-country runs," said Jurkovich, who works for the Chase Manhattan Bank. "A few hours before our run, the hare lays out a five-mile course which should be challenging and entertaining. The hare uses flower petals to lay his trail. If it's through snow, he uses spray paint."

Each member has a nickname. Jurkovich, a club executive and news-letter editor, is known as the mud hatter. "I used to wear a hat for every run. Then when I was a hare I earned the name after I set a course over a dirt road in the rain." Guy Woodford is Chi-Guy, a Win-dy City transplant who is also master of the hash horn, "A great ugly plastic ornament that in every way symbolizes New Jersey," Jurkovich said.

The Hash House Harriers have been invited to other Hashes in Philadelphia and Washington, D.C., which just celebrated its 200th Hash run late last year. There will be an interhash in Costa Rica next year which some plan to at-



Andrew G. Emerson

17 Woodland Rd  
Maplewood  
NJ 07040





No. 8 Vol. IV

4/6/84

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FUTURE RUNS

<u>NO</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>HARE/CO-HARE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>
62	14th April	Andy Emerson	Great Falls of the Passiac
63	28th April	Gil Jackson	Watchung Reservation, Summit.
64	12th May	George Jurkowich	
65	26th May	Ken McEwan	

NEXT RUN NUMBER 61

Date & Time: Saturday, April 14th, 1984 at 3:30 PM

Gather at: Great Falls of the Passiac River, Paterson

DIRECTIONS: Garden State Parkway north. Shortly beyond Exit 154 (Route 3, east to N.Y.) bear to the left on fork marked for PATERSON Follow to the end (about four miles), where it hits city streets in Paterson. Continue straight ahead for a block or two. Turn left on Oliver St. or Market St. and go to Spruce St. (only a couple of short blocks). Go right on Spruce to top of hill. Turn right immediately after factory on right, before crossing bridge over the Passiac River; then immediately left into parking lot looking over the Falls.

The run starts and finishes at the Great Falls of the mighty Passiac river (well known to all Summit hashers), in historic, scenic Paterson, N.J. Yes - from the same master trail-blazer who has given you the ZOO-HOO to YOU-TOO in the South Mountain Reservation, the RIBBONS IN THE SNOW, the BALL AT THE MALL (Livingston, that is), and the BIG LAP AT THE WATER-GAP last fall. There will be natural wonders, outlooks and views of great beauty, quaint and historic urban excursions, and the usual lakes, trails, shiggy and a few other surprises. Don't miss it!





## HASH NOTES

Run 63 on Saturday April 28th will be a chance-of-a-life-time NEW BOOT RUN. This one's for all Hashers, weary and wan from the long winter and eager for a gentle spring outing, AND ESPECTALLY for all first timers who would like to try a run with the fun loving, and famous SHHH. Set in the convient and bucolic Watchung Reservation near Summit, the Hare has promised to keep your feet dry, avoid the road apples, and hold the distance most modest (40 minutes or so). Make a special effort to come, prove you are alive and demonstrate your sincerity by bringing that running friend you always speak of who would LOVE to try a HASH DASH!!

The Midland Run will be held on Sunday May 20th. As in prior years, the SHHH is planning to register en masse. The event is always well organized with a short kids run, a 5K run and the main 15K run. There will be clowns and music, fun and beer. Plan to bring the whole family. Details will be included in a future Hash Notes.

Rehash Run #59

Roads.....Roads..... Roads

The pack set off down the main road to the left. The first check was on a triangle of land between roads. Then we set off down another road back into Loantaka Brook reservation. Second check was a good one on the left but after that we returned to the car park from where we started. Again across the main road to continue along a tedious and uninteresting bike path which finally produced a check up to the right. The fourth check was relatively short and appeared to stump the pack. They moped around like miserable hounds rather than getting on with checking false trails ahead and to right - eventually someone checked to the left. The trail was on the road again. The trail lead to the edge of an bubbling brook but only one intrepid hasher followed through the icy water. The rest of the pack sighted the hare up on the hill and short cutted on the road. Then two hounds who should be nameless, having short cutted, decided to follow the trail backwards from the check arriving needless to say at the brook that they failed to cross previously-meeting the lone hound who crossed correctly on.

At this point the call of the on-on was heard from the hill top and the run continued on the road, with long stretches of flat suburban expanses. A token check was placed in the reservation but the onward path was to obvious for anyone to be phased.

The pack was a fair size totalling a dozen stalwart fellows. Some newcomers among them, who we will probably never see again, due to the length of the run.

The run had its moments and the false trails at the checks were good but we were lucky not to have lost a member to the traffic accident statistics. More than half the run appeared to have been set by car - resulting in the flour trail on the right with the traffic coming up behind us. The hare is not known as TWINKLE TOES for nothing - he was in a pristene state at the beginning and end. Where were the hills, the bracken, the skiggy and undergrowth that makes for a real Hash run - only those who checked found it.

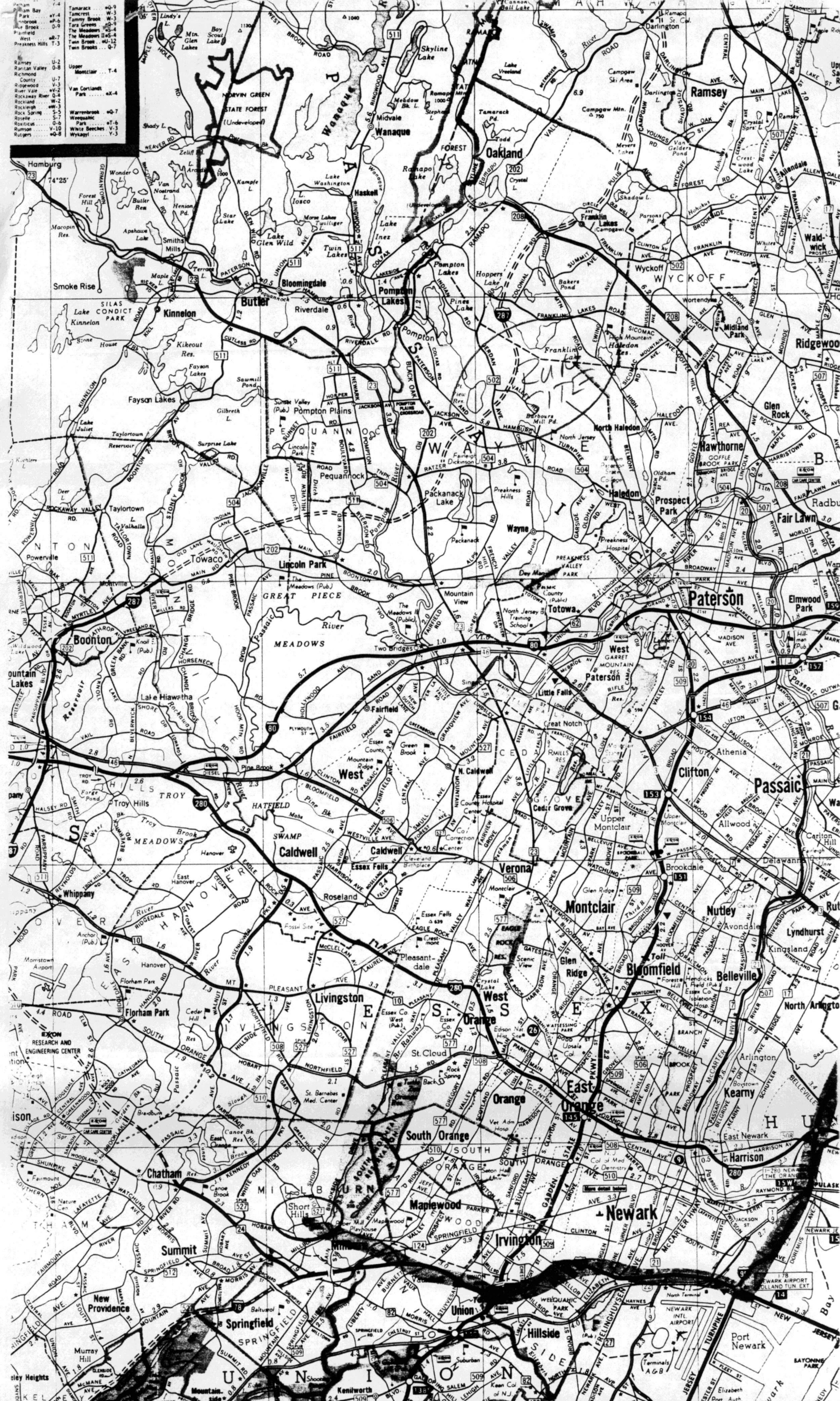
## HASH TRASH

The Yalie and the Harvard undergrads were at the grand Debutant Ball when the call of nature found them side by side at the urinals. Finishing the task, the urbane Crimson lad stepped to the sink and carefully washed his hands; the Yalie headed for the door. Quite astounded, the Cambridge student noted, "at Harvard we always wash our hands after urinating". To which the Yalie responded, "at Yale we don't piss on our fingers".





- Legend:
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No. 10 Vol. IV

5/4/84

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

SHHH, c/o Douglas Leavens, 10 Brookwood Road, South Orange, New Jersey 07079

Office Bearers

Grand Master	Andrew Emerson	212 557 3535	201 763 1332
Joint Master- interhash	Leon Desbrow	212 552 6854	201 467 4462
Joint Master-	George Kundrat	212 264 1610	201 757 3756
On Sec	Doug Leavens	212 552 3238	201 762 3856
Hash Cash	Henry Long	212 880 5060	201 763 3479
Hash Scribe	George Jurkowich	212 552 2165	201 376 3677
Hash Chaplain	Kevin Thomas	201 643 1220	
Hash Horn	Don Wheeler	212 487 6765	201 762 2128
Hash Flash	Guy Woodford	212 759 8631	201 665 2264
Hash Quack	Louis de Marino	201 379 1234	201 376 2275

FUTURE RUNS

<u>NO</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>HARE/CO-HARE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>
64	12th May	George Jurkowich	Livingston, St. Barnabas Medical Center
65	26th May	Ken McEwan	
66	4 June	?	First Monday Run
67	18 June	Ned Raynolds	

NEXT RUN NUMBER 64 "Mondo Trasho"

Date & Time: Saturday, May 12th, 1984 at 3:30 PM

Location: Livingston/Short Hills area - near St. Baranabas Medical Center

Gather at: End of Dogwood Road

DIRECTIONS: From the East or West: Take Northfield Road toward Old Short Hills Road; enter Dogwood Road, which is first street East of Old Short Hills Road; bear right at Dead End Sign. Park near Hare's black Olds.

From the South: Take Old Short Hills Road North to Northfield Road; right on Northfield Road, take first right (Dogwood Road). Bear right at Dead End sign. Park near Hare's black Olds.

NOTE: PLEASE DO NOT PARK BY FIRE HYDRANT.

HASH NOTES

The Midland 15K run is fast approaching...Far Hills, N.J., Sunday May 20th. It is a fun family outing. Last year we entered two teams (randomly chosen) and a good time was had by one and all. If you wish to run, or just come for the fun, please contact Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, New Jersey 07078 by May 10th.

Reminder: Runs will change to Monday evenings starting 4 June.

Many first time Hashers picked up membership forms at the "New Boot Run" in Watchung Reservation. Quickly send them in to the On Sec, with money. If you weren't there and want to keep getting these eagerly awaited bi-weekly Hash Notes and all the other benefits of membership, complete the attached form (sent to non-members only) and send it in to the On Sec forth with.

NOTICE-SPRING CLEANUP: In June, ALL persons on the mailing list for six (6) months who have not bestired themselves to take advantage of this magnificent opportunity shall be unceremoneously dropped from said list.

Our venerable Hash Scribe, no doubt in a moment of euphoria, has graced us with not one but two epistles of Hash Dashery...read ON-ON...

HASH DASH #60

17th March Morristown Airport

This was a day of "but not quites", in which aspirations were thwarted, expectations foreclosed, and dreams dashed by the heavy heel of false promises. Under the able and experienced hand of BROADWAY JOE, assisted by his faithful traveling companion, BOY DUG-DUG, a small but zealous pack formed at an industrial park hard against the Morris County Airport -- almost at the airport, but not quite. Prepared to undertake the dash with its customary elan, the pack initially awaited the arrival of the Hare and co-Hare, who finally did show up on the scene, roaring up the road in a crummy convertible, tires smoking and flour pouring from every rust hole, arriving on the scene -- almost on time, but not quite.

As the pack finally got moving, they found that initial markings were sketchy at best, and a great distance from the Hare's car -- almost up to Hash standards, but not quite. Nonetheless, much was promised as BROADWAY JOE led the pack not through wood and verdant swamp, but down roads and railroad tracks -- almost in keeping with true Hash spirit, but not quite. To make amends, BROADWAY JOE and BOY DUG-DUG led the pack through what was to be a colony of gorgeous young creatures, a nest of nubile nymphets, a veritable vale of voluptuousness, the redoubtable St. Elizabeth's Academy. However, having carefully chosen the winter break weekend for the run, the pack had to settle for another near miss by the Hares -- having almost provided wonderful wench country and wonderful country wenches, but not quite.

Continuing on through scenic but not extraordinarily challenging countryside, the Hares led the pack back to the start point, a little bedraggled -- and almost satisfied, but not quite. From there, it was but a skip and a jump to that now infamous On-On site, The Last Stop. Here, in the absence of pitchers and pizzas, the pack "made do" with bottled brews, and imported pizza -- which arrived almost on time, but not quite. Comradery was high however, and the pack benevolent as the On-On ended with an attitude almost approaching forgiveness and good will -- but not quite.

HASH DASH #62

14th April Great Falls of the Passaic

It was a triumph of lunacy over adversity. It was a climb to unnecessary heights. It was one hell of a soggy run. Prospects were indeed bleak as the Hashers assembled in a torrential rainstorm, in sight of the pounding Great Falls of the Passaic River. As the rain pelted down, several Hashers forsook the dryness of their cars to wander about, hypnotized by the flotsam and jetsam that swirled beneath the rain-fed falls. BEAU BUMBLE, the hare, was on the verge of calling off the proceedings, and substituting an unearned early commencement of the ON-ON. Then miraculously, the downpour eased, and the dash was on.

The setting of the course by BEAU BUMBLE bespoke the innocent fiendishness of a truly diabolical, yet childlike, mind. Trouble was, the rains had faded the flour markings to a point where BEAU BUMBLE had to point out the checks and lead the way to the true trail.

The gallop to the first check was straightforward enough, except for a drop over a six-foot concrete wall. The second leg included an exhausting clamber up an almost sheer precipice -- almost certainly inspired by BEAU BUMBLE's Costa Rican escapades. But the lunatic band reached the objective in good fettle. In clear weather the view from the summit would have been magnificent -- World Trade towers and all. As it was, the lofty perch afforded an unmatched -- not to say superfluous -- vista of downtown Paterson.

The remainder of the dash was sprinkled with surprises, as promised. It was a run of contrasts -- stream crossings, rock climbs, shifts from scenic ponds and woodland glades to specters of industrial decay, sudden appearances of backyards with livestock in tether.



There was also an SHHH bonus: Two female harriers from an area running club -- BLACK SATIN and YELLOW BIRD -- joined the skin-soaked crew, and admirably fell into the hashing spirit. A male member of the club who accompanied them was at first reluctant to brave the harsh conditions, but quickly changed his mind after a few whispered words from the Grand Master.

An uneasy moment occurred when an unnamed member of the loony-tick fringe lost his footing on a stretch of blacktop and lay motionless for a few long seconds. Nearby Hashers reported hearing the word "whiplash", but suspected -- correctly as it turned out -- that he was simply looking for an unscheduled "check break". This was made evident when he bounced to his feet and was back on the trail.

The ON-ON was welcome, to say the least, its pleasure heightened by the hardship that had gone before. Most of the establishmentarian Hashers -- a cloddish lot, unschooled in the social graces -- kept to themselves at one side of the bar, chattering about sports scores and such, ignoring their new guests. Can you blame the guests for leaving early? (But then, who ever accused a Hasher of having even a semblance of social elan?)

#### NOTES FROM THE JOINT MASTER-EVENTS

Two upcoming races which might be of interest to Hashers. I think "The President's Cup Nite Race" has potential for an excellent run.

ON-ON  
THE COMMITTEE

#### THE PRESIDENT'S CUP NITE RACE

\*This race will be the New Jersey Athletics Congress Men's Championship\*

Date/Time: Thursday, June 28, 1984 9:30PM  
Place: Millburn, N.J.  
Distance: 5000 meters  
Fee: \$5.00 before June 25; \$6.00 - June 26-27; \$10.00 - June 28.  
Contact: THE SNEAKER FACTORY, Box 150, Millburn, N.J. 201-376-6094

#### THE FIRST ANNUAL TOWN PUB SUNSET CLASSIC

\*Benefit special needs students at Bloomfields Forest Glen School\*

Date/Time: Tuesday, July 3, 1984 7:00PM  
Place: Foley Field off JFK Parkway, Bloomfield, N.J.  
Distance: 5 mile foot race and 1 mile run for fun  
Fee: \$6.00 before June 26; \$8.00 post Entry  
Contact: TOM FLEMING'S RUNNING ROOM, 629 Bloomfield Ave, Bloomfield, N.J. 07003 201-743-3819

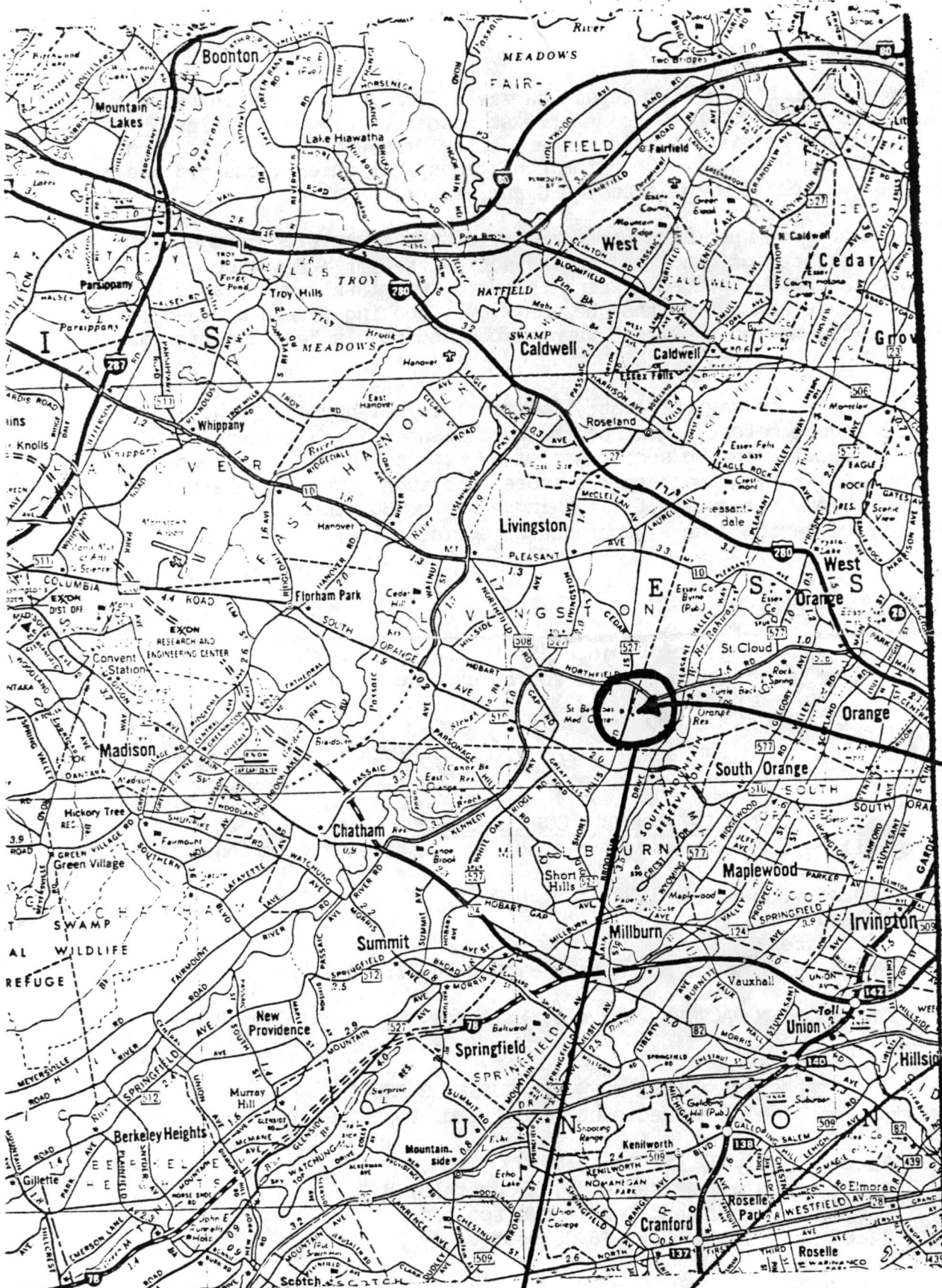
#### HASH TRASH

Yeh, Yeh the first of May.  
Outdoor screwing begins today!!

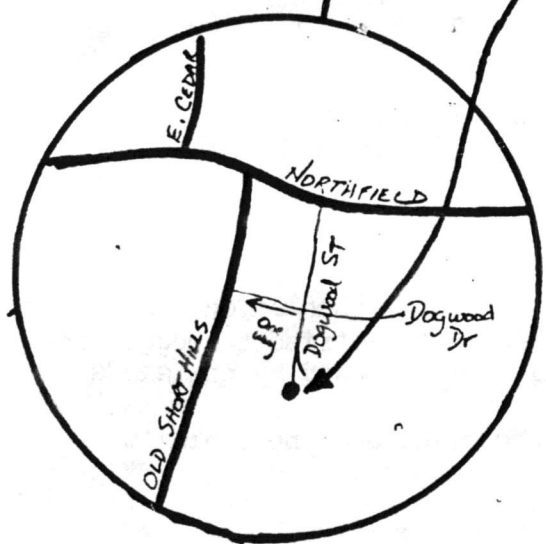
On-On Song to: Tourali...

Oh, the sexual life of a camel is stranger than anyone thinks;  
For one night in the heat of the dessert he tried to bugger the Sphinx.  
Now, the Sphinx's posterior orifice was blocked by the sands  
of the Nile  
Which accounts for the hump on the camel and the Sphinx's  
inscrutable smile.





RUN SITE





No. 12 Vol. IV

6/1/84

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

SHHH, c/o Douglas Leavens, 10 Brookwood Road, South Orange, New Jersey 07079

Office Bearers

Grand Master	Andrew Emerson	212 309-6655	201 763-1332
Joint Master- interhash	Leon Desbrow	212 552-6854	201 467-4462
Joint Master-	George Kundrat	212 264-1610	201 757-3756
On Sec	Doug Leavens	212 552-3238	201 762-3856
Hash Cash	Henry Long	212 880-5060	201 763-3479
Hash Scribe	George Jurkovich	212 552-2165	201 376-3677
Hash Chaplain	Kevin Thomas	201 643-1220	201 762-0435
Hash Horn	Don Wheeler	212 759-5714	201 762-7720
Hash Flash	Guy Woodford	212 759-8631	201 665-2264
Hash Quack	Louis de Marino	201 379-1234	201 376-2275

FUTURE RUNS

<u>NO</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>HARE/CO-HARE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>
66	11 June	Kevin Thomas	South Mountain Reservation
67	25 June	Ned Raynolds	Mills Reservation, Montclair
68	4 July	Don Wheeler/ Richard Ennis	Lewis-Morris Park, Morristown
69	9 July	Steve Nolas	

NEXT RUN NUMBER 66

Date & Time: Monday, June 11th, 1984 at 7:30 PM (NOTE DATE CHANGE)

Location: South Mountain Reservation, South Orange

Gather at: Deer Paddock Parking Lot on Bear Lane

DIRECTIONS: Follow South Orange Avenue, East to top of "snake turn hill", or West just past Gunnings. Turn onto Crest Drive. Proceed to Bear Lane, turn right and park in old Deer Paddock lot.

HASH NOTES

Due to a celestial miscalculation, the Monday night runs will begin on Monday, June 11, NOT June 4 which will already be past by the time you read these NOTES. Runs will continue at two week intervals. Mark your calendars accordingly!

\*\*\*Special July 4th Family Run and Picnic.\*\*\*

In his second annual effort, promised to be less organized than the last, the Hash Horn will mount a unique run-swim-drink-eat event at Lewis-Morris County Park, Morristown. Plan to bring the family. Run will start at 11:30 AM.

R E M I N D E R S:     o     Send in your SHHH Membership forms to the On Sec, address shown at top of notes.



(The following paean of praise is offered by Mud Hatter, in unity with the Hare and Hash Scribe. Any resemblance to the actual event is purely coincidental - Ed.)

Once in a blue moon, a Hare sets a run so perfect, so worthy of emulation, so closely adherent to Hash principles and traditions, that it is worthy of special note. This dash was one such. The pack knew something special was afoot when they got proper instructions to the start point, and were expected to undertake the trail without the benefit of the Hare's amplifying or self-excusing exclamations beforehand. Indeed, in the true Hash tradition, the Hare was not present. Borneo rules pertaining, the pack recognized the trail beginning at the Hare's car, and launched itself, ten strong, into the unknown territories beyond. For the first time in it seems like ages, the Hare was not on the trail to shepherd the pack, to provide subtle little hints at the checks, and to cackle and chortle in an attitude of superiority at the craven suffering of the pack. Rather, the pack was on its own! Picking up a stray young man enroute, the pack followed the well marked trail in a series of loops centering on St. Barnabas Hospital.

The trail was a balanced one of woodland, shiggy (with sufficient briers to leave wounds guaranteed to last for the remainder of the spring season), open fields, suburban byways, and spontaneous junk yard. There were false trails in profusion, some of which even fooled some slower-witted members of the pack. A substitute Hash Horn was present to provide appropriate signals and encouragement, and the pack managed its task with aplomb.

There is a rumor that the Hare was seen near one of the last legs of the trail. THIS RUMOR IS FALSE! Someone who looked like the Hare may indeed have been seen in the vicinity, but the Hare has solemnly assured your earnest Scribe that he spent the bulk of the afternoon tending his orchids in the greenhouse behind his home. Enough said about that.

The pack closed at the start point in almost exactly one hour's time; the lead runners were in in about 58 minutes, and the TECs within an hour and five minutes. The Hare arrived on the scene promptly as the pack closed, and provided a cool libation for all in attendance.

The On-On was held at Merrigan's, a truly Irish place -- which fact could readily be discerned from the inscrutable pizza which was served. It is only regrettable that one of the junior Masters failed once again to bring the celebratory bed pan, with the result that the Down-Downs were somewhat anticlimactic.

All in all, a model day. Future Hares take note.

#### INTER-HASH EVENTS

The following appeared in the Asbury Park Press.

Annual HHH Beer-Bike Run - same place, same time, no T's or fees - be there!

Billed as the Last Great Annual Beer-Bike Marathon, Saturday, June 16, 1984, Seabright to Belmar departs Seabright Municipal Parking Lot, 11:00 AM, the event is sponsored by Rumson Hash. Stops for refreshments at Donavans Reef, Red Barn, Happy Pickle, Deal Pub, P.J. Maloney's, Norwood Inn and Key Largo.

New York Hash celebrates 150th Run, Saturday, June 23, 1:15 PM, at Bob Brown's residence, Journey's End Road, Croton-on-Hudson, New York. Call Leon Desbrow, Doug Leavens, or Paul Janis, On Sec, NY HHH (914) 271-4241, for details. Cost \$7.00.

#### HASH TRASH

#### THE HORSE'S MOUTH

Sally, a buxon young deb, had been out riding all morning and when she brought the horse back to the stable, it was tired out and lathered with sweat. As she dismounted the groom remarked:

"E looks just about done in."

"You'd be tired too," replied Sally, "if you'd been between my legs for as long as the horse has."

# Ad indicates revival of beer-bike marathon

SEA BRIGHT — Some traditions die with a bang, others trickle into oblivion. Sometimes a local favorite will sneak back, as one did yesterday, two years after law enforcers said "enough."

The Beer Bike Marathon was an annual event for bicyclists that began at Donovan's Reef bar, here, and wound its way South, usually to a Belmar bar. The idea was to ride to a pre-selected bar, have a drink, then ride to another and do it again. Some years there were stops almost every mile.

At first, riders had to sign in at each stop to give the appearance they were in some kind of race. In time, most people forgot about that because no one at the last stop tallied the results. More likely there was a numbered sign-in sheet to show where riders finished.

The marathon always began at noon on the second Saturday in June. The marathon was begun about 10 years ago, but Donovan's, the sponsor, canceled it two years ago because police and Edward Bowler, Donovan's owner, agreed it had gotten out of hand.

Bowler said yesterday the reason was that 2,000 to 3,000 riders showed up and blocked streets, snarled traffic and injured themselves. A few got into trouble, himself included.

The situation became so unruly he was fined in municipal court, he said. He said he could not recall the amount of the fine or when he went to court, but the experience was enough to end the tradition.

It was fun in the beginning, Bowler said. There were 300 to 400 riders and few incidents. But word of mouth spread the news as far as Connecticut, and the number of participants swelled to almost 10 times that, he said.

According to several people who participated in the last sponsored event, dozens of riders pedaled through Shore communities, beer glasses or bottles in hand, got into or caused accidents and ignored traffic safety. There were some injuries, one veteran said.

The event also had evolved into a race among trained racers. They were followed by fast tourers, with casual riders straggling behind. Riders started at noon. Some finished after dark.

Police along the way said they were not told the riders were coming. In Long Branch, for instance, officers set up temporary controls on Ocean Avenue to guide riders onto Joline Avenue. One patrolman, watching so many beer-drinking cyclists clogging traffic, said he planned to talk to someone about it.

The group was so large at one stop, a tavern in Long Branch's West End section, police were forced to close one lane of Second Avenue because cyclists and their bikes simply took it over.

Police all along the route, which varied between 15 and 19 miles long, reported similar experiences.

On Friday, there was an advertisement on the front page of The Asbury Park Press. It said:

Annual H.H.H. Beer Bike Run  
Same place, same time. No T's or fees. Be there.

Clam Hut, Highlands, 872-0909  
Twin Lobster Special Today, \$12.95.

Club Spanky - Drink Free until 1 a.m.  
On Courtyard. Sat. Bystander. 229-8233.

Peabody's at the Dunes. Happy Hour.  
Free buffet & bar drinks. 24 price. 223-0707.

Pete's Bar and Grill, 892-3382  
Dining til 11/Dancing. DJ Kurt 10 o'clock P.M. & Sat.

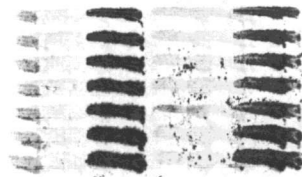
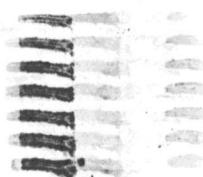






Andrew G. Emerson

17 Woodland Rd  
Maplewood  
NJ 07040





No. 13 Vol. IV

6/15/84

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

SHHH, c/o Douglas Leavens, 10 Brookwood Road, South Orange, New Jersey 07079

Office Bearers

Grand Master	Andrew Emerson	212 309-6655	201 763-1332
Joint Master- Interhash	Leon Desbrow	212 552-6854	201 467-4462
Joint Master- Events	George Kundrat	212 264-1610	201 757-3756
On Sec	Doug Leavens	212 552-3238	201 752-3856
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Hash Flash	Guy Woodford	212 759-8631	201 665-2264
Hash Quack	Louis de Marino	201 379-1234	201 376-2275

FUTURE RUNS

<u>NO</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>HARE/CO-HARE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>
67	25 June	Ned Raynolds	Mills Reservation, Montclair
68	4 July	Don Wheeler/ Richard Ennis	Lewis-Morris Park, Morristown
69	9 July	Steve Nolas	
70	23 July	Volunteer!!!	
71	6 August	Lee Carlson	Central Park, New York

NEXT RUN NUMBER 67

Date & Time: Monday, June 25th, 1984 at 7:30 PM

Location: Mills Reservation, Montclair

Gather at: Parking lot along reservoir. This will be the first time the grubby feet of the Hash Men will defile this idyllic virgin woodland. What an opportunity!

DIRECTIONS: Travel North on the Garden State Parkway to Route 3. Go West (avoid Route 46). Turn left at Valley Road, proceed 1/2 mile south to Normal Avenue (Montclair State College). Turn right on Normal Avenue to the top of Mills Reservation and continue 1/4 mile further into hairpin where you turn right along the access road between the reservoir and the woods. Parking lot is 1/3 mile. Look for Hare's old gray Buick YKB 321.

HASH NOTES

\*\*\*Special July 4th Family Run and Picnic.\*\*\*

In his second annual effort, promised to be less organized than the last, the Hash Horn will mount a unique run-swim-drink-eat event at Lewis-Morris County Park, Morristown. Plan to bring the family. Run will start at 11:30 AM.

RE M I N D E R S: ● Send in your SHHH Membership forms to the On Sec, address shown at top of notes today.

● This is the last mailing to non-members on the Hash Notes List for six months or more who have not indicated a desire to continue receiving every two weeks this valuable and amusing missal. Speak now.....or forever after hold your piece!

HASH DASH #65:

NOTES ON A LAD'S FIRST TIME  
26TH MAY - MILLBURN STATION

Still stunned, the lad pondered the import of the Grand Master's midnight edict. "Opportunity knocks, and greatness awaits," the voice in the receiver had boomed; "it has fallen upon you to preserve the roots of western culture and insure peace in our time. You must lead the scattered tribe to the First Mountain!"

Perplexed by the sheer enormity of the task, the Hare-elect consulted his spiritual mentor, Baba Ramadama. "Oh wizened wise one," he cried, "how may I find the True Path, and bring honor to this miserable self and the unwashed multitudes?" "Steady, trembling tyro," replied the Sage, fumbling with his topknot. "Seek your center. Embrace the muddied plain, the trusting hillock and shiggy -- all will be revealed." "But Master," queried the lad, "how will I be certain the path is the right one? Are there no paradigms for this ritual?" "Nyet, nimrod," shot back the tiring mystic. "Each must discover his own way. And remember," he cautioned, "keep it simple, bonehead."

These inspiring words foremost in his thoughts, the novice embarked on his task the following Saturday. And a marvelous day it was, with the mercury floating in the steamy mid-80's. Intermittently loping and limping along (he wasn't known as "rubber ankles" for nothing), he meandered upon scenic manure-strewn footpaths, then bushwhacked through the shiggy of South Mountain, leaving a wake of Betty Crocker's Best in anticipation of a joyful chorus of "Checking," "On Flour," "On-On," ad nauseum. The Hare worked steadily upward to the paved ridge crest, then blazed down through unspoiled sylvan splendor to what promised to be a rousing final stretch and glorious "apres sweat" at Bunny's. But it was not to be, for at the appointed hour, our hero (having hidden himself in a nearby thicket) spied a veritable dearth of Hounds -- four hearty souls had arrived, braving the heat, three-day weekend and uncertainty of a neophyte trailblazer. Hashers tried and true, the Gang of Four rose to the occasion, followed the path laid before them and assaulted the ridge, before making a beeline down through Locust Grove to the train station. (Apparently a Harrier or two had more than a passing familiarity with the local terrain. There will be no further mention of the checkpoints and other challenges missed due to this creative approach.) Re-convening in the lot around the Hare's Rent-A-Wreck, the cheery quartet swapped snake stories and eagerly praised the hare's judiciously-applied markings ("Not enough flour, with only four guys hunting at the check points") and persistence ("Too goddamn long"). Alas, with numerous labors before them ("Gotta dress the cat's boils,..."), the happy throng agreed to dispense with the customary On-On and save their pennies for a future outing. Truly a memorable outing for all concerned, if not total vindication for the newly-christened pathlayer.

"FLOCK TERRIER"

ADDENDUM:

20TH MAY - MIDLAND RUN

The spirit of non-competitiveness was outstandingly exemplified by the Summit Hash recently in its innovative approach to the Midland Run. Under the canny aegis of their leader pro tem and our esteemed Joint Master, BLOODY BUTTERFLY, an SHHH entourage of some nine (count them) nine members proceeded to the event, ready for some serious 15-K action. Upon arrival, the group -- so ready to compete among themselves and against others -- were brought up sharply by the subtle teaching of the Master. For it was he who collected all the checks, entry forms and other competitive folderol, and sent them to the (dare I say it?) race organizers -- insuring that the whole package was dispatched too late to be accepted as valid individual or team entries. So the SHHH crew ran sans folderol -- as banditos -- demonstrating their unity in contempt for competitive Hashing. A timely lesson for us all. Thank you, Joint Master.

"SCRIBE"

HASH TRASH

This fellow married a virgin and wanted to go to special pains to make sure her sexual inexperience wasn't to be a cause of any tension or trouble. He explained that he didn't ever want her to feel pressured into having sex with him, but wanted it to come of her own free will. "In fact, darling," he said to her tenderly, "I think we should set up a little system in code to make all this as simple as possible. Here's how it'll work: when you want to have sex, pull my penis once; when you don't to have sex, pull my penis a hundred times."

What's the difference between "ooh" and "aah"?

About three inches.





**RUN SITE**





Andrew G. Emerson

17 Woodland Rd  
Maplewood  
NJ 07040





No. 14 Vol. IV

6/29/84

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

SHHH, c/o Douglas Leavens, 10 Brookwood Road, South Orange, New Jersey 07079

Office Bearers

Grand Master	Andrew Emerson	212 309-6655	201 763-1332
Joint Master- Interhash	Leon Desbrow	212 552-6854	201 467-4462
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FUTURE RUNS

<u>NO</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>HARE/CO-HARE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>
68	4 July	Don Wheeler/ Richard Ennis	Lewis-Morris Park, Morristown
69	9 July	Steve Nolas	
70	23 July	Volunteer!!!	
71	6 August	Lee Carlson	Central Park, New York

NEXT RUN NUMBER 68

Date & Time: Wednesday, July 4th, 1984 at 11:30 AM

Location: Lewis Morris Park, Morristown

Gather at: Sunrise Lake

DIRECTIONS: Go to square in the center of Morristown via Route 24 or Columbia Turnpike. Go West on Route 24, approximately 3-1/2 miles. Turn left at entrance to Lewis Morris Park. Take first right at sign for "Sunrise Lake" into parking lot.

HASH NOTES

\*\*\*Special July 4th Family Run and Picnic.\*\*\*

In his second annual effort, promised to be less organized than the last, the Hash Horn will mount a unique run-swim-drink-eat event at Lewis-Morris County Park, Morristown. Plan to bring the family. Run will start at 11:30 AM.

In a blaze of generosity and fellowship, the Hare has arranged a special brief run in the Hash tradition for children and other less-running grown-up persons. Naturally, there will be an (extra-?) ordinary romp for the more vigorous among us, i.e. a little bit of something for everybody.

RE M I N D E R

- Send in your SHHH Membership forms to the On Sec, address shown at top of notes today.



JUNE 25, MILLS RESERVATION

What a pleasant evening, beginning with a lovely bucolic setting (not previously despoiled by Hashers) and a healthy contingent of a dozen or so redoubtable Hashpersons (plus one raw recruit). After waiting a bit for stragglers (following some discussion of a tricky hairpin turn on the way to the site) and a Wrong-Way Corrigan or two's starting off along the return route, the merry band took to the woods. NED's status as a relatively nouveau Hare was betrayed by the numerous and obvious false trails. The pack, in its overwhelming spirit of encouragement and comradery, blindly pursued every bloody last one to its terminus in order to make the Hare feel useful. A reasonably well-marked path led the pack upward to a dramatic overlook, replete with a glorious vista of Newark and other natural wonders. Led by the distant exhortations of THE COMMITTEE, well in the lead, we plodded downward and--only to later learn--completely missed the markings for an entire loop within the Hare's course. Still, the trail was not without its interesting elements, including a couple lounging in "joint" session on a ledge below the ridge (engaged in a "hash" of an entirely different sort) and what was quite possibly the world's largest dog, or perhaps a four-legged "wookie," staring menacingly along the trail. To the Hare's credit, check points (when marked) were challenging without requiring the services of a clairvoyant, and markings in general were plentiful. Some grousing was overheard, regarding the rather sustained stretches spent on public crushed-gravel paths, and a certain harrier's uncanny knack for "staying on scent" and remaining ahead of the maddening crowd. Still, this reporter sensed that, despite the absence of an inspiring naranja obsena, the crowd had a good time. Also of note were one worldly hasher's escapades in Beijing and other Hash-friendly locales, and the dispensing of light beer (can Moussy be far behind?) following the run. Thereafter, the group adjourned to Tierney's (a veritable historic landmark, we're told -- which is about as raunchy as we can find in "Mawnt-clair-r-r") for the On-On, accompanied with the usual tubs of suds, scintillating banter and comestibles. Kudos to the Hare.

## FLOCK TERRIER

HASH TRASH

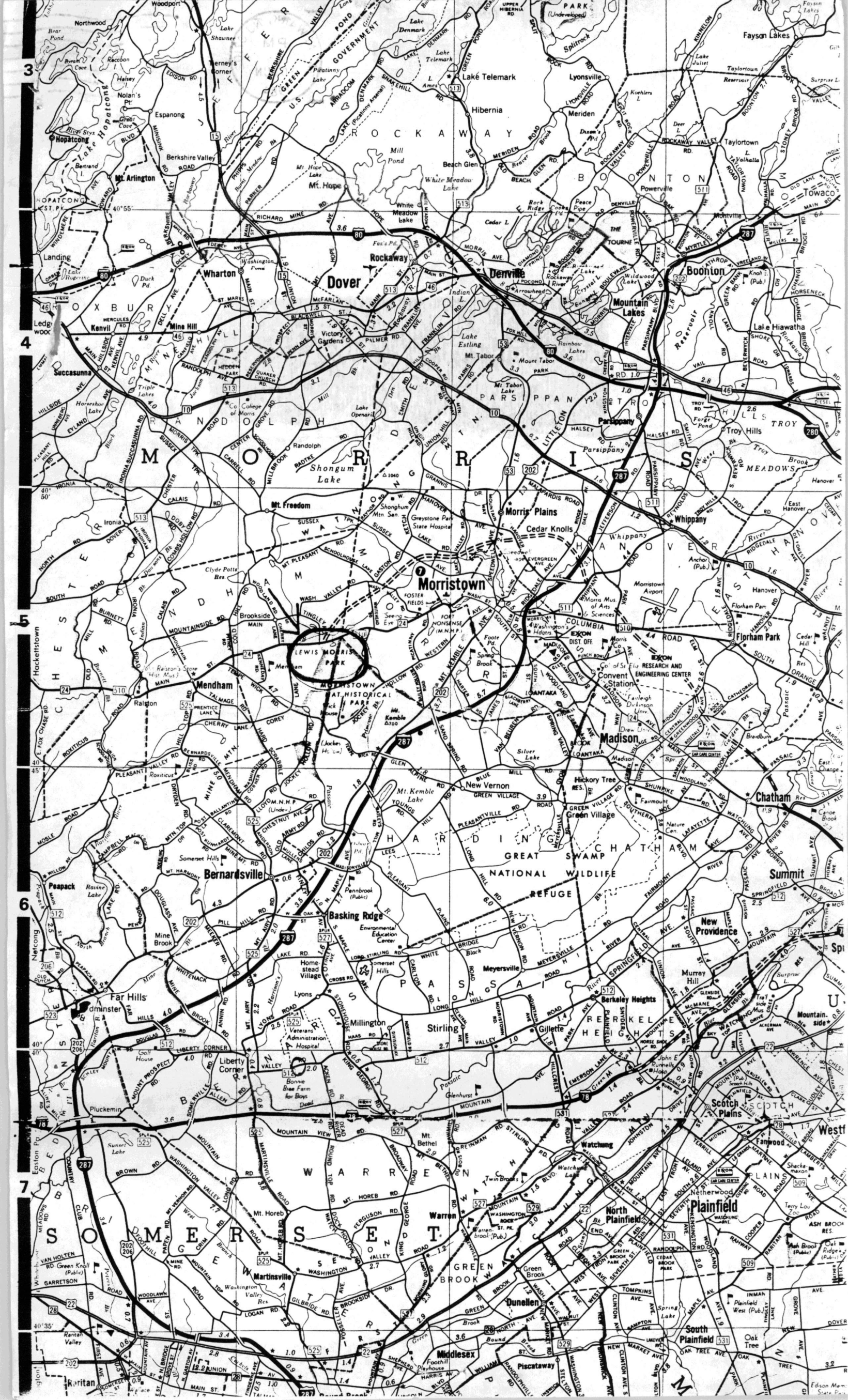
There's this really shy guy who never leaves his room. Although he's desperately lonely for any sort of companionship, he's terribly self-conscious about the fact that he has a wooden eye, and even though it's not very noticeable he doesn't want to expose himself to ridicule. Finally his best friend says, "Look, if you ever want to do anything with your life you've simply got to get out and about. Come with me to the prom on Saturday."

With the greatest reluctance he agrees, and Saturday night finds him sitting on the bleachers in the high school gym while his friend dances away, until he notices a woman on the other side of the room. She beautiful -- in fact she has a harelip -- and he screws up his courage to approach her.

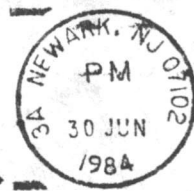
"Would you like to dance?" he asks.

Her face lighting up, she cries, "Would I? Would I?"

"Harelip! Harelip! he shouts back.







Thomas H. Gallauder







No. 15 Vol. IV

7/13/84

SHHH, c/o Douglas Leavens, SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS  
10 Brookwood Road, South Orange, New Jersey 07079

Office Bearers

Grand Master	Andrew Emerson	212 309-6655	201 763-1332
Joint Master- Interhash	Leon Desbrow	212 552-6854	201 467-4462
Joint Master- Events	George Kundrat	212 264-1610	201 757-3756
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Hash Horn	Don Wheeler	212 759-5714	201 762-7720
Hash Flash	Guy Woodford	212 759-8631	201 665-2264
Hash Quack	Louis de Marino	201 379-1234	201 376-2275

FUTURE RUNS

<u>NO</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>HARE/CO-HARE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>
70	23 July	Paul Horning & George Kundrat	Lower Manhattan Run Chase Manhattan Plaza
71	6 August	Lee Carlson	Central Park, New York
72	20 August	Tony Jenkins	New Providence
73	3 September	Volunteer??	
74	15 September	Guy Woodford	First Saturday Fall Run!!
75	29 September	Bill Irwin	Saturday

NEXT RUN NUMBER 70

This is it - the event of the summer that you have waited for!!  
Continuing the SHHH Summer Fun Run series, our very own dynamic duo,  
affectionately known as Horney Paws and The Committee, will stage a  
reprise of their now famous and popular "LOWER MANHATTAN RUN". We  
have extracted a commitment that the run will NOT exceed one hour.  
Arrangements have been made with Chase for lockers and showers.

Date & Time: Monday, July 23rd, 1984 at 7:00 PM  
NOTE EARLIER STARTING TIME!!!

Location: Lower Manhattan Run, New York City

Gather at: One Chase Manhattan Plaza, under the big white and  
black sculpture known as the Trees.

DIRECTIONS: Chase Plaza is located one block north of Wall  
Street and immediately south of the Federal Reserve  
Bank between Nassau and Willian Streets.



## HASH NOTES

Run 71:

The next run on August 6th will be an invitational event with the new York Athletic Club. The run will begin in Central Park and end at the 79th Street Boat Basin for a floating ON-ON. All Hashers in the New York area are welcomed.

R E M I N D E R S:        o        Send in your SHHH Membership forms to the On Sec,  
-----                                address shown at top of notes today.

News Dept. - Old time Summit Hashers will fondly remember Neil Peters, aka NATURE BOY, who has since moved to Vancouver, B.C., Canada. Word comes that Neil is actively running half marathons and generally making the best of a good life. All our best wishes to Neil and family!!

HASH DASH #66                    11 June, 1984    South Mountain Reservation

In every sense, it was a traditional Hash Dash: it was a Monday evening, the scene was washed by the soft watercolors of summer twilight, and a dozen sweaty Hashers were assembled in a local park -- spitting, cursing, telling lies and pretending to be adequate.

The Hare, FRONT FOUR, had set a particularly sentimental run -- his last with the SHHH prior to moving on from his job as a government buzzard inspector to a more lucrative career as a private enterprise egg candler and chicken plucker. Excelsior, excelsior. The move must have been important, for this is the first time on record that FRONT FOUR was mentally aware of how embarrassing his behavior is, and how much more couth he has to take aboard to be acceptable in polite society. But should he take on that couth, he will be unacceptable fodder for that cloddish clan, the Rumson Hash, on whose horizon he will soon be looming.

The dozen or so mad dogs who turned out on this warmish evening, made short work of the trail which was in most respects up to standard. (The employment of a false trail at the start is contrary to Borneo rules, but is marginally within the spirit of the game). Despite the perfectly adequate trail markings, there were complaints about them from the pack, more a reflection of collective inertia and unimaginativeness than of any failing on the Hare's part. The usual suspects were lined up for this run, including a new boot in the company of GIL RUMMY. BEN HURTLE (but no OL' YELLER), THE COMMITTEE, HORNY PAWS, BEAU BUMBLE, MUD HATTER, WILD AND CRAZY GUY, and others -- including, for a brief and shining moment, ONE WELL DONE (FRANK), who was discovered out jogging, and doing so on his own, and not with the SHHH! Shame, sir, shame!

The trail took the pack over hallowed South Mountain ground, near the regular overlooks, through a bit of shiggy, and on long suburban street straightaways. Though not especially challenging, the trail led inexorably back to a point near the start where the Hare successfully "clued" the pack off the trail in the completely wrong direction -- another masterstroke in the battle against creeping shepherdism, which now seems somewhat under control.

The On-On was at Bunny's, unimaginative but adequate -- and good value for a bunch of cheapskates like the SHHH pack. Regrettably, however, FRONT FOUR opted out of the On-On, muttering something about sobriety, family values, one's body as a temple, and the like. This Absent Hare concept must be nipped in the bud immediately!

### HASH TRASH

Two nude marble statues - one a young girl, the other a young boy - stood a few feet away from each other in the park for nearly a century. One day the heavens above opened and a voice boomed out, "Statues. You've done your duty for the last hundred years. As a reward, I'm going to let you come alive for one hour."

A thunderbolt came down from heaven and the statues came to life. With looks of incredible lust, they rushed hand in hand to the bushes. For 55 minutes there came the sounds of grunting and groaning and thrashing. Finally, the voice boomed again, "Statues, you have five minutes left."

The boy turned to the girl and asked, "Do you want to do it one more time?"

"Yes," she replied, "but this time you hold the pigeon and I'll shit on it."



N3



Andrew G. Emerson  
17 Woodland Rd  
Maplewood  
NJ 07040



No. 15 Vol. IV

7/27/84

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10 Brookwood Road, South Orange, New Jersey 07079

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FUTURE RUNS

<u>NO</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>HARE/CO-HARE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>
71	6 August	Lee Carlson	Central Park, New York
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73	3 September	Volunteer??	Labor Day Family Run???
74	15 September	Guy Woodford	First Saturday Fall Run!!
75	29 September	???	Saturday
76	13 October	Bill Irwin	Saturday

NEXT RUN NUMBER 71: This will be an invitational event with the New York Athletic Club. The run will begin in Central Park and end at the West 79th Street Boat Basin for a floating ON-ON. All Hashers in the New York area are welcomed.

Date & Time: Monday, 6th August 1984, 7:00 PM. NOTE PROMPT START TIME!! COME EARLY!!!

Location: Central Park, West Side, New York City near Tavern On The Green Restaurant, 67th Street and Central Park West.

Gather at: Marathon finish line, Park inner roadway to immediate east of Tavern On The Green.

DIRECTIONS: Option 1: change at the West 79th Street Boat Basin, Dock D, Slip 1, Julie Simon's boat and proceed to starting point on foot or by cab. Free parking available at Boat Basin, under traffic circle at entrance to Boat Basin end of West 79th St. Look for flour trail from traffic circle to the parking lot and thense to boat.

Option 2: come to starting point and leave clothes, etc. in Hare's pink model T Ford with 3 spoked wheels.

HASH NOTES

R E M I N D E R: o Send in your SHHH Membership forms to the On Sec, address shown at top of notes today. DUES are payable direct to the Hash Cash, Henry Long, 30 Madison Ave., Maplewood, N.J. 07040.

HASH DASH # 69: 9th July 1984

"THE ELIZABETHAN RUMP"

A MIDSUMMER'S HASH NIGHT

Dramatis Personae:

FOOL	A fool
ZORBA	A Hare
HORNY PAWS	A Co-Hare and a Charlatan, sir
UNCLE CHARLEY	An innkeeper and dance lover
BOY DUG-DUG	An enthusiast
COMMITTEE	A sensitive participant
CHI GUY	An English prince
BUNNY, SHARON and	Three avid and gorgeous
CHANTELLE	devotees of Terpsichore
PACK	A pack

SCENE 1: An asphalt parking lot in a verdant suburban park in Elizabeth, NJ.  
Enter ZORBA and HORNY PAWS, perspiring.

ZORBA: Near one full pound of flour have I spent  
To mark this cursed course, this treed travail,  
And which my fellow Hashers, glory bent,  
Shall challenge keenly but to no avail.  
A pox, a plague upon them.

HORNY PAWS: Say no more,  
Hare neophyte. Cease these too boastful cries  
And reckon well the mettle of that corps  
Which now approaches, fire-eyed and wise.

[The PACK approaches, noisily]

PACK: Rhubarb, rhubarb.

ZORBA: On, on!, good fellows all, my noble friends!  
I welcome you and your comradely ends.

PACK (all) O bloody Hell! What dump is this you chose  
In which to sully our Hash boots and name?  
There is no mud, no quicksand, for our toes,  
No briars, poison oak. Hast thou no shame?  
There's naught but grass.

ZORBA: 'Tis true, but you will find  
Upon this sward a fulsome lot of trials  
Worth all the zeal of "only half a mind."  
I pray thee savor well the waiting miles.

[Worriedly, aside]

'Zounds, marry and alack, methinks they'll tear  
My limbs apart from flagrant lack of flour.  
'Tis sure they will forgive not this poor Hare.  
Who faces what may be his final hour.

[The Pack ambles off, accompanied by boyish cries of  
still-skeptical glee and a mean plastic trumpet.]



SCENE 2: Ten minutes later, upon yet another park lawn, the Pack is searching for any hint of flour -- much less an actual trail.

PACK: Those weenie beggars, those accursed fools!  
They have the minds of asses; nay, but half!  
What fools they be, those Hare-brains crude and cruel,  
Who make this course a sham. It is to laugh!

FOOL: I warn thee all, beware the ethnic snip  
Addressed 'gainst those who are by birth made fools.

PACK: A thousand pardons, 'twas but slip of lip  
Occasioned by frustration that the rules  
Of Hashdom and good custom have been bent  
To breaking point by knaves who spare the flour  
To puff this trifling run into an hour.

[Frustrated, the pack moves off toward another spot of flour on another nearby lawn.]

SCENE 3: Back at the start a mere twenty-eight minutes from the first call of On-on. Assembled are the pack and the two Hares, who paw the ground nervously. "Roadies" have just been handed 'round in a snivelling attempt to buy the Pack's favor.

PACK: This was a joke, a mockery, a jape  
Against all that we Hashmen hold most dear.  
Prepare your portal for a swatch of crepe,  
For your consignment into Hell is near!

ZORBA and But stay! Provide us with but one more chance  
HORNY PAWS To fix this fractured outing with our wits;  
(in unison) The On-on we have set provides a dance  
Which features brazen bums and tempting tits.

[Exeunt all, with alarum -- and hope.]

SCENE 4: Outside a tavern, near and drear, a place called Uncle Charley's. The place has a reputation, according to local savants, as a strip-joint -- not for what happens on stage, but for what happens in the parking lot. The Pack is assembled outside a mouldering entrance, over which is spread a broad bunting. On it is inscribed: Welcome Summit Hash House Harriers. Mouths are agape. After a brief period of hushed wonder, they utter tearful cheers of joy and cries of exultation. Exhausted, they go inside.

SCENE 5: Inside that selfsame tavern, gloomy, but with well-lighted stage in the center and a monstrous TV set.

PACK: Rhubarb, rhubarb.

ZORBA: What say you now, my fellows? Belly up  
To these rear tables. I will send for food  
And jugs of lager for your arid cup,  
Assured that you will find the findings good.

[Loudly]

Mine host! mine Uncle Charley!

UNCLE C: Hold your tongue!  
Think you the only party hereabout  
That you can practice with your withered lung  
To capture my attention with a shout.  
  
Wait your slow turn.

ZORBA: [Obsequiously] Of course, my Uncle dear,  
I understand and take your proper point  
That beer comes only with a patient wait  
And pizza -- well, 'til time is out of joint.

UNCLE C: You have it right, you clods, you sweaty churls.  
You'll get your pizza -- but keep off the girls.

[CHI GUY, an English prince, separates himself from the group at the rear tables and takes a prominent seat at the bar. BUNNY, a maidenly danseuse, is writhing on the grimy stage, and doing nameless things with various fixtures set thereon.]

ZORBA: 'Tis love that glistens eye and trembles hand  
(watching Of that stout Hashman leering at yon bar.  
CHI GUY) He loves her -- yea, he lusts to join her band.  
She notices him not; (she is a star).

CHI GUY: I pray thee, let me come to know thee more  
(pleading, Lest in remoteness do you build my Hell.  
sobbing) Let us together find Life through that door.

BUNNY: Buzz off, you vagrant; save that for Chantelle.  
You're more her style, more craven than enrapt.

CHI GUY: Od's blood! In my heart love for thee is fact  
(in tears) (In other organs, too, are thy charms trapped).

UNCLE C: Oh, knock it off, you're messing up her act!

[Enters here SHARON, a second danseuse, who begins shinnying up and down a fire-pole affair onstage, in all manner of fascinating contortion.]

BOY DUG-DUG: Oh, my, yes...that is, um, to say, oh, gosh,  
(bemused) I mean, like, wow! that is a something thing.  
Ahem, I really, that is, um, ahem,  
This is -- oh, my -- oh, jeepers, ding-a-ling.

[CHANTELLE, the third maiden danseuse, joins onstage, steps down to the barman's pit and does amazingly acrobatic things involving the various bar accoutrements, accepting respectfully tendered monetary tokens of esteem and affection from the drooling company at the bar -- which they offer by tucking them in various straps and flaps of her trifling costume.]

COMMITTEE: Do you, my dear, make change? I've just a five.  
My adoration otherwise extends  
Beyond all measure.

CHANTELLE: What's this jive?  
This Hasher's like the others, never spends  
Enough to keep a lady's heart afire.  
Forsooth, his quaking voice and breathing deep  
Doth signal that he's captive of desire.  
His tipping, though, doth lull my lust to sleep.

UNCLE C: That's it you mangy Hashmen, 'tis enough.  
You've had your sign, your pizza and your beer.  
You've seen the ladies near enough to buff  
Pull up your jocks and hie thee hence from here!

[The PACK exits, merrily, glassy-eyed, fulfilled.]

FINIS

## HASH TRASH

Two guys are walking across the street when they run into a mutual friend, and they comment on how prosperous-looking he is. It turns out he has every reason to be: he's got an eighty-foot yacht, a beautiful wife, a private jet plane, and a million dollars in the bank.

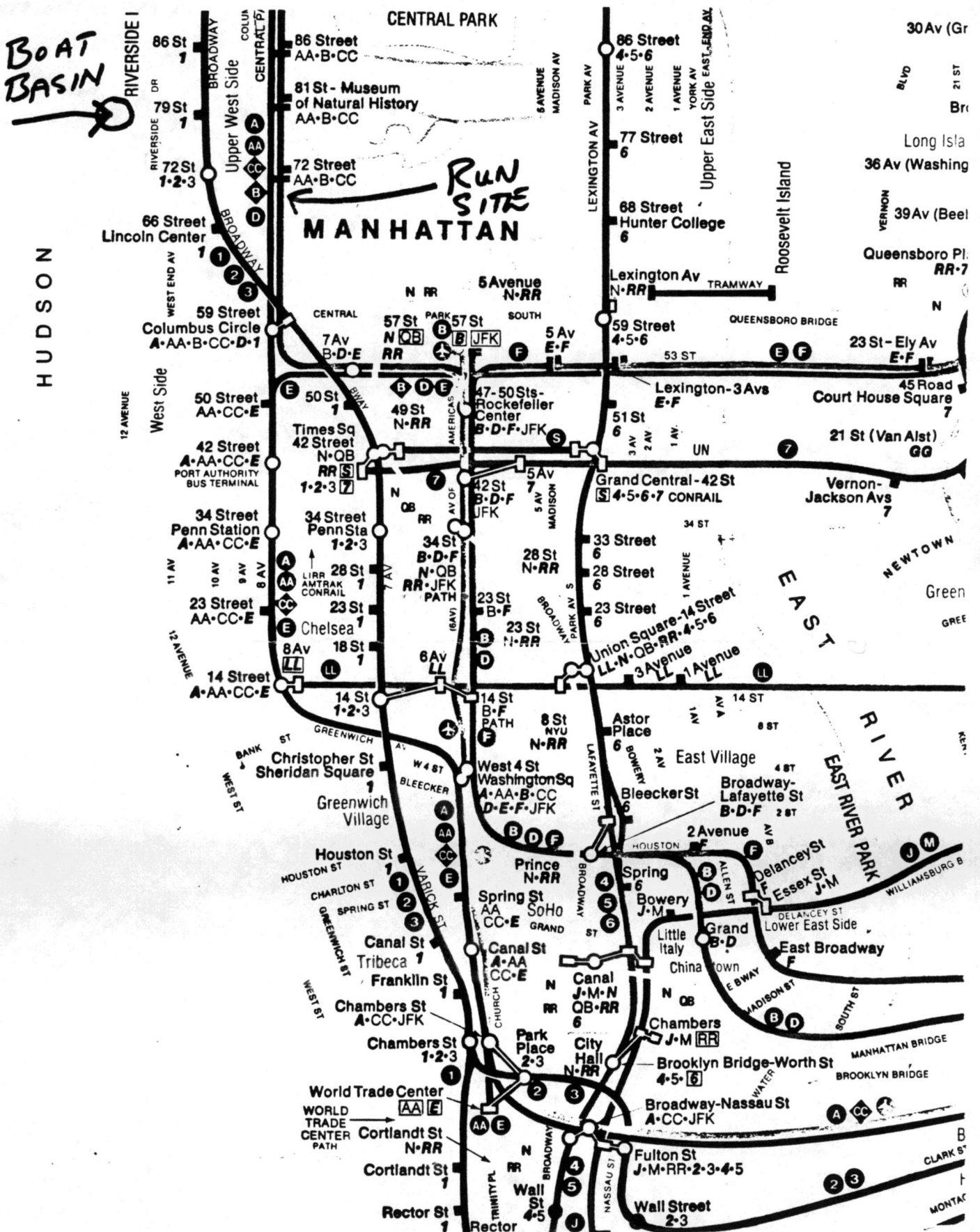
You can imagine their surprise when they run into him two weeks later, dressed in rags and shuffling along dejectedly. They press the sad story out of him. Apparently, he loaned the yacht to a friend who ran it aground and wrecked it, and he had no insurance.

"So?" say the two guys. It's only a boat."

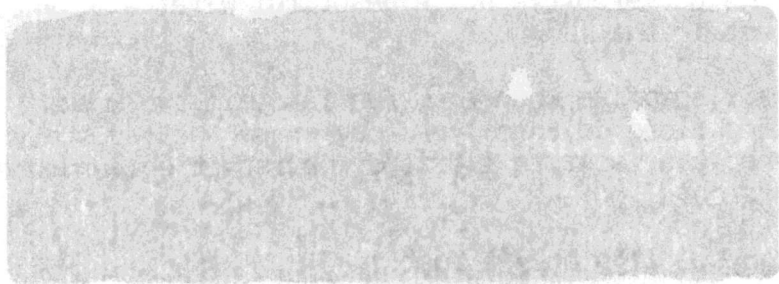
"Yes, but I didn't have any insurance on the jet either, and it was destroyed in a fire at the airstrip."

"Hey, take heart," say his friends, "at least you've still got your lovely wife and your bank balance."

"Not so fast, fellas," says the poor guy. "My wife ditched me for another guy and her lawyer took me for every cent I had. I'll tell you, if I've learned one thing from all of this, here's what it is: If it flies, floats, or fucks, lease it." ON-ON!!!







84



No. 16 Vol. IV

8/13/84

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

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FUTURE RUNS

<u>NO</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>HARE/CO-HARE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>
72	20 August	Tony Jenkins	Murray Hill Train Station, New Providence
73	8 September	Andy Emerson	South Mountain Arena, W. Org.
	NOTE CHANGE IN DATE - FIRST SATURDAY RUN, 4:00 PM		
74	15 September	Guy Woodford	?
75	29 September	???	Saturday
76	13 October	Bill Irwin	Saturday

NEXT RUN NUMBER 72:

Date & Time:

Monday, 20th August 1984, 7:00 PM  
NOTE PROMPT START TIME!! COME EARLY!!!

Location:

New Providence

Gather at:

The Murray Hill Train Station

DIRECTIONS:

Go West on Springfield Avenue into New Providence (pass The New Providence Shopping Mall on left). Go to traffic light (Arco Gas Station is on the right). Turn left at Arco onto South Street. Go South approx. 3/4's of a mile. Just after going under railroad tracks, take second right turn into railroad station to far end of parking lot.

HASH NOTES

RE M I N D E R: o

Send in your SHHH Membership forms to the On Sec, address shown at top of notes today. DUES are payable direct to the Hash Cash, Henry Long, 30 Madison Ave., Maplewood, N.J. 07040.

## HASH DASH #70 (The Perfect Manhattan)

Let's review the record: this may be the only Hash Dash in history to have simultaneously ignited wars of honor in the barrio, Tong wars in Chinatown, and Mafioso wars in Little Italy -- while the runners themselves were oblivious to what was going on. This may also be the only Hash Dash in history in which the pack had the opportunity -- enroute -- to quaff a brew and meet a wench purporting to be Miss Nassau (Street, I believe), and described by one out-of-it Hasher as Miss Nausea.

But, I digress.

The Second Annual Manhattan and Environs Fiasco began with a light pack, including one demure but unbemused damsel, with a number of downtown denizens unaccountably Missing in Action. Joint Master BLOODY BUTTERFLY claims to have been running at the same time, but unaccountably started late and headed off in the direction of scenic Battery Park. (Why anyone as experienced as BUTTERFLY should expect this Hash to head for attractive countryside has not been adequately explained.)

Led, and somewhat shepherded, by THE COMMITTEE, who himself was supported by FLOCK TERRIER and HORNY PAWS, the pack meandered through some of the meanest streets in town, and received as comprehensive a tour of New York's finest garbage as can be conceived.

The trail was marked with yellow (symbolic?) chalk -- or at least it was marked in parts with yellow chalk. Some say there were parts of the trail not marked at all! It led the pack from the pristine vastnesses of Chase Manhattan Plaza, westward to the roiling sewers of Broadway, back East through the South Street Seaport and Fulton Fish Market, and then on north in zig-zag and random fashion through the offal and refuse heaps of the East Side Barrio apartment projects, Chinatown, Little Italy and Delancey Street.

At one point where the trail petered out especially badly, a real pathfinder in the pack, one ORAL MAVEN, offered to lead the pack on a shortcut which he had discovered while looking for the on-trail. The pack, nothing if not blindly credulous, believed ORAL MAVEN, and followed full of hope and confidence. After a half mile or so of mindless meandering, someone actually did pick up what might have passed for a trail, and the pack resumed its desperate trek.

On the way back south, again in meandering and irregular fashion, the pack was led past City Hall and its heaps of rotting corruption (which some say were the employees therein) and then diagonally across to the western end of that grim and fateful edifice which symbolizes the darkest hours of SHHH history, The Brooklyn Bridge, scene of the year before's great disaster.

Now picture this: the pack approaches the subterranean entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, and finds not merely a yellow chalk (ugh!) trail marking, but a taunting bit of graffitum as well, something like "This way, fools -- ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" Do you get the picture? Well figure this: some of those clowns, veterans of last year's fiasco, and already nearly an hour into this Dash, actually began to ascend the steps to the bridge! Talk about thick! Talk about half a mind; these fellows don't have half a mind shared amongst 'em!

Anyway, when the weird willies who started up the bridge steps were restrained by cooler heads, the pack reemerged from its subway caverns onto Nassau street, and headed for home, a direct dash interrupted only by a quick brew at a dive said to house Miss Nassau (Nausea) already mentioned above.

After a prolonged interval for showering, the pack proceeded to one of the seediest McAnn's in Manhattan for pitchers of brew and brought-in pizza to top off the night with a display of non-class activity that should characterize all Hash activities. The entertainment comprised one spaced-out wall painter stringing tape around the joint, leaping from booth to banquette, from corner to counter, from table to griddle to floor. Well done, Entertainment Committee!

Final evaluation: the one thing that must be said about this run is that it did not repeat all of last year's gross blunders.



As Sec'y to the Faithful Scribe I know a bit of Hashing.

But nothing could prepare me for my first run, which was smashing!  
We started out, a motley crew, with running, searching, calling.

But as the run progressed, you see, it really was appalling!  
With yells of "Rhubarb", "On-On", "Check", we put on quite a show.

And such a scene while running through the East Side Barrio!  
Through catcalls and most vicious dogs we sped (?) towards Chinatown  
Along the marks of yellow chalk the Hares themselves laid down.

(Those lovely Hares, they carried beers to see us through the trail.  
I asked if they would carry me, of course, to no avail.)

And so we plodded ever on, through Little Italy,

Then on out to Delancey Street where we could almost see  
The Brooklyn Bridge. Oh not, not that. It struck fear in our hearts.

We scrambled in a subway hole and out through other parts.

Yes, this year we were to be spared that fond remembered treat.

Which was instead replaced by a short trip down Nassau Street.

The showers, boys! (How unHashlike!) and then to the On-On.

We drank, we ate, we talked, we laughed, and when it all was gone

We grudgingly picked up our bags and headed for the train

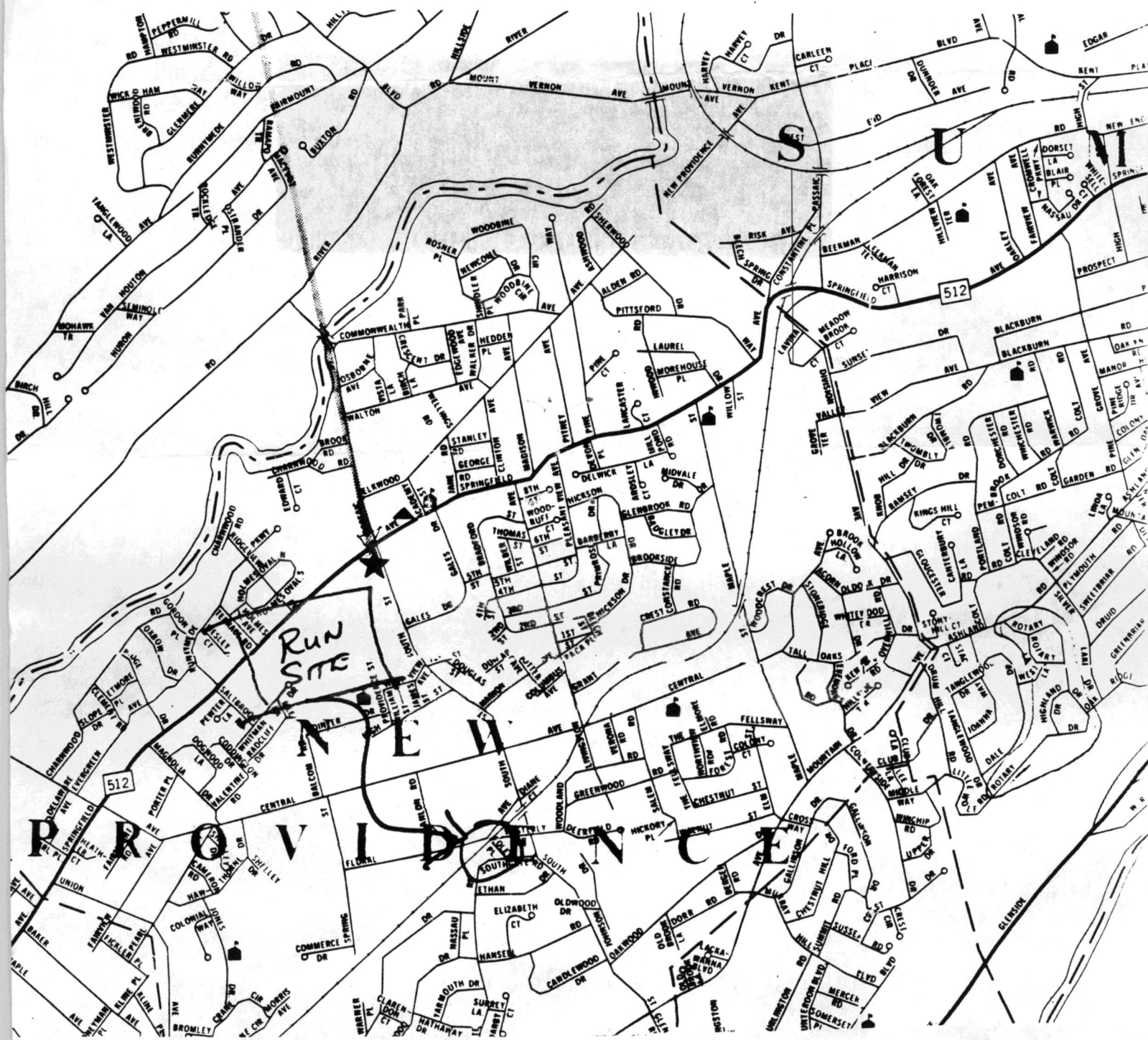
With plans to meet in Central Park when we would Hash again.

Demure, highly amused damsel

### HASH TRASH

The ocean liner started to sink, endangering its cargo of thousands of  
passengers, including Jimmy Carter, Richard Nixon, and John Kennedy.

"Women and children first," shouted Carter. "Oh, fuck the women and  
children!" retorted Nixon. Kennedy replied, "Gee, do you think we have time?"





Andrew G. Emerson

17 Woodland Rd  
Maplewood  
NJ 07040



No. 17 Vol. IV

8/28/84

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

SHHH, c/o Douglas Leavens, 10 Brookwood Road, South Orange, New Jersey 07079

Office Bearers

Grand Master	Andrew Emerson	212 309-6655	201 763-1332
Joint Master- Interhash	Leon Desbrow	212 552-6854	201 467-4462
Joint Master- Events	George Kundrat	212 264-1610	201 757-3756
On Sec	Doug Leavens	212 552-3238	201 762-3856
Hash Cash	Henry Long	212 880-5060	201 763-3479
Hash Scribe	George Jurkowich	212 552-2165	201 376-3677
Hash Chaplain	Kevin Thomas	201 643-1220	201 762-0435
Hash Horn	Don Wheeler	212 759-5714	201 762-7720
Hash Flash	Guy Woodford	212 759-8631	201 665-2264
Hash Quack	Louis de Marino	201 379-1234	201 376-2275

FUTURE RUNS

NO	DATE	HARE/CO-HARE	LOCATION
73	8 September	Andy Emerson	South Mountain Arena, W. Org.
	*****NOTE CHANGE IN DATE - FIRST SATURDAY RUN, 4:00 PM*****		
74	15 September	Guy Woodford	?
75	29 September	???	Saturday
76	13 October	Bill Irwin	Saturday

NEXT RUN NUMBER 73:

Date & Time: Saturday, 8th September 1984, 4:00 PM  
NOTE PROMPT START TIME!! COME EARLY!!!

Location: West Orange

Gather at: South Mountain Arena

DIRECTIONS: (A) From Ulan Bator, Mongolia: Travel East by Yak Caravan to Port Arthur, drift South along the Asian landmass to Korea, hang a left and continue till you get to the U.S. West Coast. Travel East again by Greyhound to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, shoot an azimuth of 47 deg. 15 min. and proceed for 173 miles. Then follow directions in (C) below.

(B) From Coral Gables, Florida: Take the Inland Waterway North to Chesapeake Bay, catch Piedmont Flight #53 from Newport News to Newark, then Bus #70 to Short Hills Mall. Then follow directions in (C) below.

(C) Read the bloody map for crying out loud. Sheesh!

HASH NOTES

RE M I N D E R: o Send in your SHHH Membership forms to the On Sec,  
----- address shown at top of notes today. DUES are payable  
direct to the Hash Cash, Henry Long, 30 Madison Ave.,  
Maplewood, N.J. 07040.



## HASH DASH #71 ("The Drydock")

Building on the cooling ashes of the incredibly successful second annual Lower Manhattan and Broader Environs Dash of two weeks prior, virgin Hare DIET PLENTY -- assisted by the Grand Master himself, BEAU BUMBLE -- set out an appropriately stylish run, beginning with double-parking and disrobing in the Tavern-on-the-Green parking lot. It was a sizeable pack, comprising a substantial number of SHHH regulars, several rowdies from the New York Hash at Croton, one or two well scrubbed types who claimed to be starting a Manhattan Hash, a bit of better dressed riff-raff from the New York Athletic Club, and a couple of stray wenches, one of whom turned out to be host for the On-On.

There was some consternation at the outset. It appears that the Hare, while setting the dash, lost his car keys, his bearings, his cool, and much of his hair. As a result, we are told, some of the exemplary refinements of the original run design were sacrificed to expediency, so that the damned run could actually be set by the time the pack assembled.

Approximately on time, the pack lurched uncertainly from the Tavern to points generally north. Enroute, there were several places at which the trail simply didn't exist. Nonetheless, the Hare and Co-Hare brazened it out and the pack muddled through somehow. Along the way, the Pack had an opportunity to view at close hand the newly restored Belvedere Castle (to the amazement and consternation of several Park Rangers looking like urbanite Smokey the Bears); a remarkable number of sweet looking young fellows, apparently waiting for Godot; 4,216 (by actual count) intensely serious joggers mindlessly circling the reservoir; and a few glassy-eyed drunks, dopers, musicians, meditators, securities traders, tax attorneys and other denizens of the lower strata of Gotham's caste system strewn about the landscape in various states of blissful repose.

Circling counterclockwise around the reservoir for thirty or forty minutes (or so it seemed), the pack emerged onto Central Park West. After an extended period of staring at each other's navels, the pack split up into little Hasher packets and made haste by a variety of routes for the announced site of the On-On: the 79th Street Boat Basin.

The houseboat site for the On-On was most satisfactory. However, the sight of 40 or 50 Hashers hanging off a houseboat gave rise to what must have been the first citation issued for visual pollution of the Hudson River. This could set Westway back years. It is alleged that a visiting Hasher, suffering from extreme thirst (see below) actually jumped into the basin to quench his thirst.

Up to the start of the On-On, most of the Hare's admittedly venial sins had been forgiven. The day was lovely; the trail was lovely; the lovelies were lovely; everything was lovely. At the On-On, however, it took exactly 4 minutes and 37 seconds for the real beer to be completely consumed, leaving only Lite and some thoroughly discredited diet soft drinks. Though amazed that the pack should have consumed nearly one full can of beer per Hasher, the Hare rushed off and within merely hours had returned with what was reported to be two more six packs (some say only one), only to rush off again to return with another six pack and a half. It appears that the primary rule, the underlying thesis, the ultimate philosophy, the most central law of Hashdom had been violated: THOU SHALT NOT RUN OUT OF BEER! There is much to commend in the Hare's valiant efforts to aright the situation. However, it is universally agreed that such untoward shortages should never have occurred and must never, never, never happen again.

In the true spirit of Hash comraderie, songs were sung (badly), jokes told (badly), and pizza and beer devoured (badly) and then upchucked (repeatedly). All in all, a properly bawdy and seedy urban marine outing.

## HASH TRASH

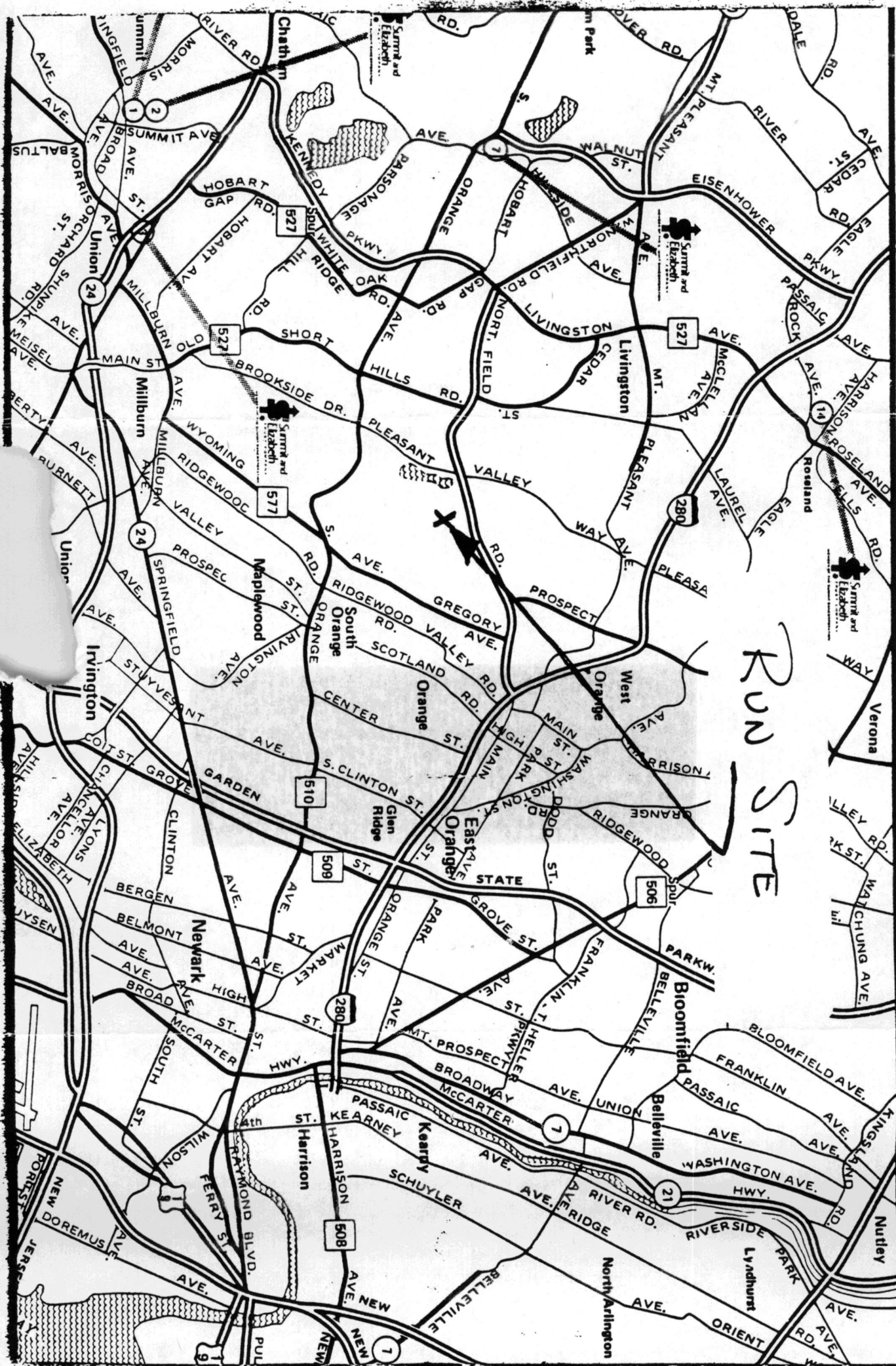
The man waited anxiously in the doctor's office for over a half hour. Finally, the physician came in and told the man he had good news and bad news.

"Give me the bad news first," the man said.

"The bad news is that you have leukemia. You've only got three months to live."

"That's terrible!" the man exclaimed. He took a moment to collect his thoughts, then asked, "What's the good news?"

The doctor replied, "I've just fucked your wife, and I think we'll be very happy together after you've gone."





E2

Andrew G. Emerson

17 Woodland Rd  
Maplewood  
NJ 07040

to Mr.  
of Mr.





No. 18 Vol. IV

9/10/84

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

SHHH, c/o Andy Emerson, 17 Woodland Road, Maplewood, New Jersey 07040

Office Bearers

Grand Master	Andrew Emerson	212 309-6655	201 763-1332
Joint Master- Interhash	Leon Desbrow	212 552-6854	201 467-4462
Joint Master- Events	George Kundrat	212 264-1610	201 757-3756
On Sec - pro tem	Kent Fairfield	212 552-4846	201 762-8416
Hash Cash	Henry Long	212 880-5060	201 763-3479
Hash Scribe	George Jurkovich	212 552-2165	201 376-3677
Hash Chaplain	Kevin Thomas	201 643-1220	201 762-0435
Hash Horn	Don Wheeler	212 759-5714	201 762-7720
Hash Flash	Guy Woodford	212 303-1215	201 665-2264
Hash Quack	Louis de Marino	201 379-1234	201 376-2275

FUTURE RUNS

<u>NO</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>HARE/CO-HARE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>
74	15 September	Guy Woodford	Jockey Hollow, Morristown
75	29 September	Paul Horning	Asbury
76	13 October	Bill Irwin	Saturday
77	27 October	Volunteer Needed!!!	Saturday
78	10 November	(tentative) Hosting of Great Regional Interhash	Area of Raritan Canal/ Princeton

NEXT RUN NUMBER 74:

Date & Time: Saturday, 15th September 1984, 4:00 PM

NOTE: Only one week after previous run  
(the Post-Labor Day Mountain Climb)

Guy Woodford guarantees a good, woodsy run  
-- no longer than 50 minutes

Location: Jockey Hollow, Morristown

Gather at: Visitor's Center, Morristown National Historical Park

DIRECTIONS: From Summit, take Morris Avenue in a North Westerly direction and at River Road continue towards Madison taking first Watchung Avenue and then Shunpike Road. At the Hickory Tree intersection turn left into Green Village Road following signs for Green Village. Road becomes Spring Valley Road for a short distance. Watch carefully for left turn on the second intersection after the SUNOCO gas station and follow signs for Rt. 202 and New Vernon. Continue straight on Glen Alpine Road across Interstate 287 coming into Tempe Wick Road. Watch for signs on right to Jockey Hollow and follow road up to Visitor's Center car park.

## HASH DASH #72 ("The Skimpy Wimpy")

20 August - Murray Hill Train Station, New Providence

Some Hash Dashes, because of their sweep, intensity and classic overtones, can be referred to as epics; others, shorter, but formal, clear and fully defined, can be thought of as sonnets; still others, because of their quirks and lightheartedness, can be referred to as having limerick form. This Hash Dash, owing to its abstract and exotic markings, brevity of notation, and ephemeral character can only be referred to as "haiku". In a mere seventeen syllables, using barely one-quarter inch of soft white chalk and about a quarter pound of medium gray flour, the Hare, who shall henceforth be known as HAIKU, laid an extensive trail through the environs of Murray Hill and New Providence, heavily stressing middle-class suburban streets.

One could not help but overhear the grumbling on, and at the end of, the dash regarding the unique markings used upon the course. In your earnest scribe's unbiased view, the directions given to the startpoint gave fair warning that markings were going to be other-than-standard, to put it as charitably as possible. The Arco was Citgo, the Shopping Center was strictly lower case, and if there was actually a Hill in Murray Hill, it was smothered by progress. To defend himself against the post hoc grumbling, the Hare, unaccountably attired in Pierre Cardin slacks and a Polo shirt, kept waving about a sheaf of papers which he referred to as "the rules", and which he ostensibly followed to the letter. Clearly, these were not the rules of Borneo; perhaps they were the rules of Sumatra, or of Auckland, or of Xanadu. On the Hare's behalf, however, it should be noted that although the markings were somewhat out of character for the SHHH, they were consistent throughout; it was only the general thickness of the pack, especially those lamebrain leaders who could not for one moment believe that they might just possibly be in error, that repeatedly led the pack along lengthy trails unmarked in any way at all! While such an extended blunder might be explicable on the first false trail which was not terminated by the normal perpendicular line, one can scarcely believe that that same group of pack leaders would be deceived by the same device again and again and again and again. Sounds a little like the old saw: "He seduced me that night, your honor. And then the next. And again the next, and the next after that." Even half a mind should learn from beating its head against the wall that perhaps, to reduce the pain, it should refrain from doing so. Thus, while the markings were atypical, the pack should not have allowed itself to become so simply deceived so bloody often, and thus there is very little of which to complain.

Let it be noted, however, that the Hare tended his pack from a glossy nine-seater station wagon, accompanied by a ravishing blonde -- hardly the stuff of great Hashdom. Some have alleged that the station wagon is the method by which he marked the trail, since so much of it took the pack over suburban streets. It also apparent that the Hare sized up the pack -- exceptionally strong at nearly two dozen participants -- and began from the very first leg to suggest the most indefensible of short cuts, with the result that only one or two of the pack, (your earnest scribe included) actually accomplished the entire run. The remainder of the pack, hereinafter referred to as "wimps", accepted one or another of the readily proffered shortcuts to arrive back at the start point in something just over an hour. One estimates that the entire course took about an hour and fifteen minutes, somewhat long for a Monday evening, but pleasant enough.

The On-On took place at Keller's. The SHHH's prior experience there had been that it is a somewhat staid joint populated by somewhat blase and preppy suburbanites waiting for their spinach-and-goat-cheese quiche to cool. However, time seems to have mellowed the place, such that only a few of the weaker sex present were offended by the appearance of twenty-some grubby, sweaty Hashers, and only one or two of these fair flowers actually fainted. The same cannot be said for the women.

Apparently expecting a big downturn in the business cycle, Keller's had on hand a grand total of exactly two pitchers, and perhaps a dozen suitable beer glasses. Thus, many Hashers were compelled to dip their little shot glasses into the pitchers and consume their brew in short, sharp shocks as one would schnapps. Keller's also provided a new taste treat, aged pizza, which was allowed to fester in the kitchen nigh onto an hour before it was popped into the oven and then delivered to the tables -- where it was devoured in about a minute and thirty seconds.



A certain amount of singing took place, including one short and zesty number very capably led by MUD HATTER, which led to his being required (unjustifiably, cooler heads would argue) to drink a Down-Down draught. In the ZUMPADA rendition that followed, there were enough Down-Downs to keep the two pitchers actively cycling from bar to tables and back to bar. All in all, a most satisfactory haiku.

HONORABLE SCRIBE

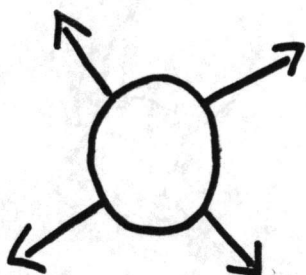
#### ADDENDUM

Enough, Enough I say! What has happened to the brotherly spirit of Hashing that our founding fathers passed on us? Those grand Hashmen would be stirring in their graves if they knew how the rules have changed - those burried in Murray Hill would be shaking. Ah, it started so innocently; in 1982, Mud Hatter had announced that "Borneo rules" applied to the Newark Hash. Mind you, the closest Mud Hatter has ever been to Borneo is Cleveland, Ohio. It was with great trepidation that the SHHH followed Mud Hatter's cleverly laid trail. However, as the pack later discovered, a "Borneo rule" is cited most frequently after an error in the trail has been discovered. More on this below. Then, in the summer of 1984, the SHHH experienced invisible Hashing, that's right-a trail with no markings. Laid by none other than "Half-a bag" Horney Paws and a madman known as Zorba, who performs 200 push-ups after every On-On, this Hash was a classic non-event. The Hares' continuous markings for the first 50 yards belied the lack of flour for the rest of the trail. Now, if one were to combine the Hashing skills evinced in the above mentioned Hashes and the tranquil surroundings of Murray Hill, only one result is possible!

#### A VIEW FROM THE BACK

At 6:15 pm The Committee and his Hashing companion, Mike, purloined an automobile from NY-NJ Port Authority and sped through tunnels; highways and backyards en route to Murray Hill. Upon arriving at 7:15 pm The Committee and Mike met Beau Bumble anz a new commer and began the Hash, well behind the rest of the pack. The first 10 minutes of the trail was perfect, clear markings, pleasant scenery and cool temperature. This soon changed when the pack arrived at the first check. This unconventional marking (see below) resemble either a diagram of a four-organed male species or an indian tribal marking. While others would be nonpulsed by such an obsticle, this group moved on. Through warehouse parking lots, nursery schools and suburbanites' well groomed backyards the pack transversed, until a familiar cry of "Are You" was heard. It seems the original Harriers - after trying to follow chalk markings barely visible from three feet - separated in search of the trail and became lost. Now, some 12 strong, the newly merged group headed up a steep incline toward Springfield Avenue. There the group met a few dazed and confused Hashers obediently following Chi-Guy (is that redundant?). After a brief exchange of greetings Chi-Guy begun shouting directions in attempt to unify the pack. At last we were one! Well at least for 3 blocks anyway; then it began evident that Chi-Guy hadn't the bloodiest idea where he was headed. Soon it was everyman for himself ... the pack split up quickly, and most headed in the direction of a fading train whistle. The others fatuously ran north toward Morristown. Within 30 minutes the weary group arrived at the antiquated, two line train station cursing the bloody Hare and searching for beer - neither were present. It appears the Hare, who had the insight not to run, had driven off with a visiting Harriette (13 years old) to pick up (1) the SHHH's guidelines for setting a Hash; and (2) a few cans of beer. When the Hare finally returned, he began reciting some rubbish on proper check points in attempt to defend the trail. Such oratory efforts were wasted. Instead, the Hare should of nonchalantly stated "Borneo rules" applied and laid the issue to rest.

At the On-On the SHHH was recognized quickly by the bar manager and given prompt service. The Harriers sang a few of the old favorites, told off color Geraldine Ferraro jokes, and, of course, drank beer. At last the summer Hashes are over.



THE COMMITTEE



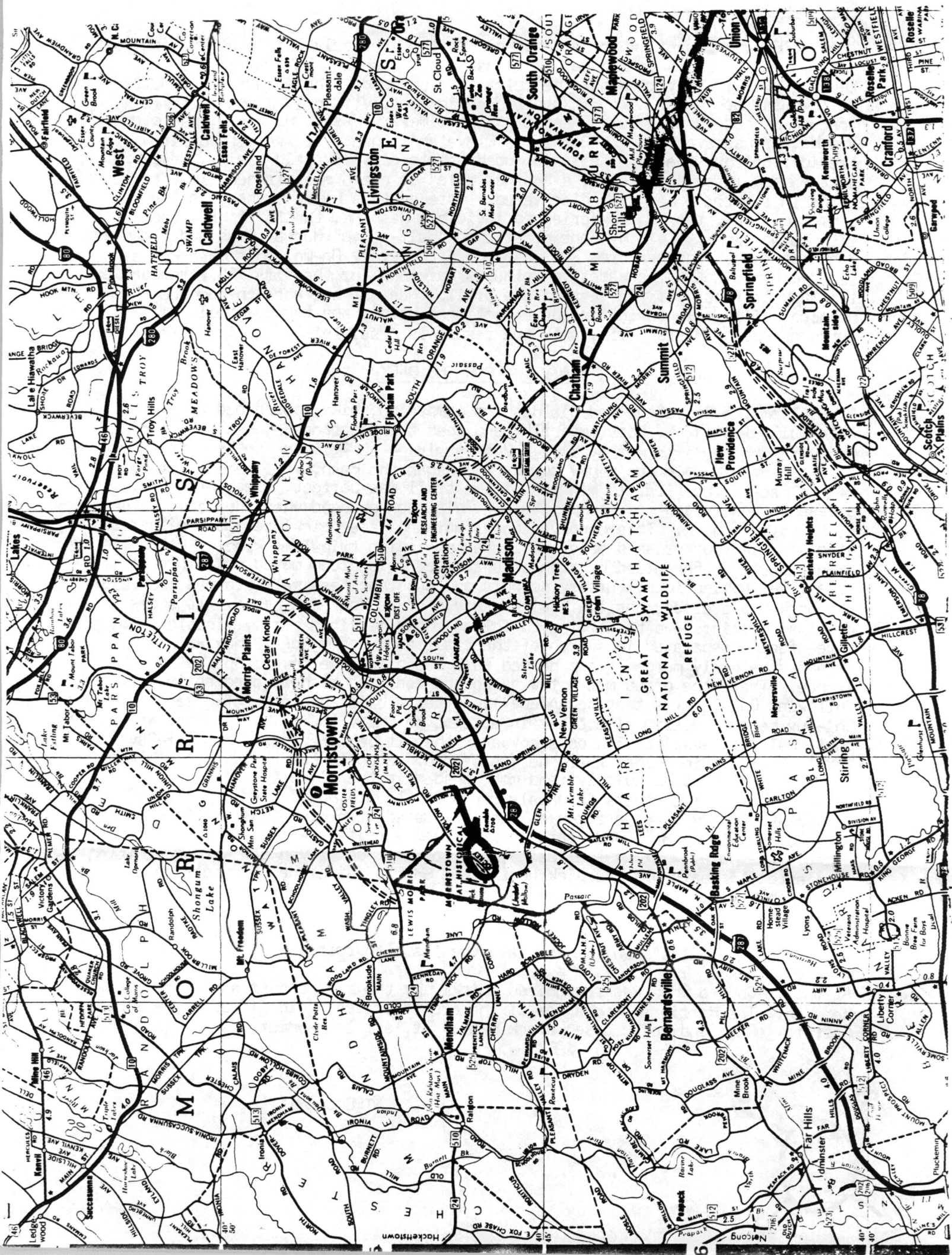
HASH TRASH

The man woke up in the hospital after the terrible car crash. His doctor was at his bedside, and the man asked anxiously, "What happened to me?"

"Well," the doctor said, "I've got some bad news and some good news. The bad news is that both your legs are gone."

"My God!" the man cried. "What could possibly be good after that?"

"The good news is that those pesky corns of yours are completely gone."





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