



Andy Emerson  
17 Woodland Road  
Maplewood, NJ 07040

## SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER: Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, 07078  
(O) 212 552-6854 (H) 201 467-4462  
JOINT MASTER (Interhash): Kent Fairfield, 32 Durand Road, Maplewood, 07040  
212 552-5341 201 762-8416  
JOINT MASTER(Special Events): Terry Savage, 171 Washington St., Bloomfield, 07003  
212 552-3839 201 748-4109  
ON-SEC: George Jurkovich, 9 South Beechcroft Rd, Short Hills, 07078  
212 973-2666 201 376-3677  
SCRIBE: Ian Hughes, 303 Mountain Av, Westfield, 07098  
212 546-5018 201 654-3060  
TRAIL MASTER: Mike Morrow, 316 Prospect, Cranford 07016  
201 276-0285  
HASH CASH: John Bashaw, 501 Orange Av, Cranford, 07016  
212 269-3100 201 276-4818  
HASH FLASH: Andy Emerson: HASH CHAPLAIN: Paul Horning; HASH HORN: Terry Savage

### NEXT RUN

Run Nr. 126: WESTCHESTER'S 8000th RUN

#### Note time:

Date/Time: Saturday, Sept 20, 1:00 p.m.

Location: North Salem, New York

Hare/Co-Hare: SOME WESTCHESTER WEENIE

#### Directions:

From New Jersey: Garden State Parkway to Tappan Zee Bridge; I-87/287 to Saw Mill River Turnpike (North) to I-684; I-684 to Exit 7 (Near Purdy), Route 116. Follow 116 to intersection of 124 (June Road). Run begins at St James Church, North Salem. If you get lost, call Paul Janis, (914) 271-4271.

#### Administrative Notes:

While drought restrictions have been eased, no water or lite beer will be served. Entry fee of \$7.00 includes goat curry and beverages -- and you get to sleep with the chief's daughter. For ten bucks, you can sleep with the chief.

### FUTURE RUNS

<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare/CoHare</u>	<u>Location</u>
127	Oct 4	GIL RUMMY	TBA
128	Oct 18	SHHH INTERHASH!!!	TEWKSBURY

Yes, it's the Dog Days of August again, and time for SUMMIT HHH's annual outing in exotic downtown Manhattan; time for the now infamous annual Manhattan fiasco - the fourth occasion that the we folded our tent and moved camp, crossed the Hudson and ventured into the territory of other HASH groups. Why do we do it? Merely to add to the profits of Chase Manhattan Bank. You see it works like this - Bankers normally go home at 5pm. In letting us use their health club facilities and their plaza as a venue for a 6 30pm start, they (Chase) succeeded in keeping 8 bankers working an extra hour - thru 6pm. Multiply those extra hours by the well known exorbitance of banking salaries and you can see why Chases' stock price went up 2 points on the Big Board that day.

Back to the exoticness of South Manhattan - a nightmare place for any HARE to set a trail, and a nightmare place for any HOUND to run. Why?

First. Nice clean white blobs of flour, so clear in the fields and so virginal on the country highways and byways, merely vanish into oblivion in the putridness of places like Chinatown and Little Italy. Here, flour is so easily confused with the white blobs of dried cement, bird shit, cannabiss, pastry dough, chewing gum, litter and chop suey remains. Even if clear of all these disguises, it gets trodden in, spat on, hosed down, parked over, and urinated on; dogs, cats, rats, urchins and probably Chinamen as well, eat it. Heat and humidity turns it brown, exhaust fumes and car oil turn it black. And even if it survives all this, the HOUNDS will quite simply look the way and miss it anyway.

Second. Tarmacadam and plenty of it. The last 6 blades of grass south of Central Park were long since pounded into extinction by The BIG APPLE Hash. And third. Its either north up the east side, turn left and then down the west side or else its vice versa. There aint much choice about it, unless you can either walk on water or you copy that celebrated duo of '83 and make it a Tri Borough effort. A DASH that will live long in SUMMIT's memory and is the reason why the suffix 'fiasco' has been added to our annual outing.

The celebrated duo is, of course, HORNBY PAWS (between love affairs - but see later) and THE COMMITTEE. The latter was recently described, in this journal as being "a trifle over weight". Lets just say, that if he is a boxer, he will have gone up, yet another weight division. Previously a front runner, now he languishes at the back. Oh, the temptations of the Big city and the motto is - "stay with SUMMIT". Both were here today, in company with a goodish number from the host HASH (which, whisper it, was both SUMMIT - Run number 123 - AND would you believe it, THE BIG APPLE as well - celebrating their 61st effort. To these, add a few Westchesters, a smattering of Rumsons, add a few other odds and sods and we had a good turn out.

Wall Street took its biggest battering yet, as 40 odd runners sought to determine whether FLOCK TERRIER was taking the East side or the West side route. With the stench of Sweet and Sour filling the air, the message went out. "Keep the World Trade Center on your left". Flied Lice gave way to Pizza, which in turn gave way to a lot of concrete which in turn gave BEAU BUMBLE sore feet. Fortunately, our Mystery HARE sore fit to lead the pack most of the way, and after 50 minutes on the button, we were back where we started.

McCanns are clearly not used to a sizeable clientele - after 8 pm anyway. And the lone barman obviously didn't appreciate that Chase's hospitality hadn't extended to anything above water, as a means of of replacing body fluid after exercise. It was with marked reluctance that he had to leave the other 3 customers and Channel 11 and the Yankees; in spite of the fact that they (The Yankees) were clearly out entertained by the Westchester Choir Boys et al. Jugs of amber fluid vanished at a rate that would guarantee Mr Budweiser a place in history, and Pizazz was engulfed in fractions of a second. The enginuity of the songs were outmatched only by the number of flysheets being dishd out, and a good time was had by all - except that is by the barman (who had to work), the 3 customers (who couldn't hear the Yankees) and the Yankees themselves (who lost - to the Brewers, who else!). The fourth Annual SUMMIT Manhattan Fiasco and the First Annual BIG APPLE Manhattan Fiasco failed to live up to its name - it wasn't.

At 10 o'clock, weary, stiff and slightly slurred, Hashers made tracks to catch their 8 30 trains. And CUPID was about to strike. Yes, HORNBY PAWS is in love again. As the Karitan line contingent were detaining in various parts of Union County; there came a husky voice across the train corridor from, what MUD HATTER would call, an extremely buxom wench. Its difficult to say how and when HORNBY PAWS was first attracted. It could have been the sheer volume of her; it could have been rainbow affect of her attire but, much more likely is the way she sucked at her can of Ballantine XXX with a straw. Whatever, her line of conversation clinched it. Recognizing our HASH CHAPLAIN as her long lost (sorry, I mean lost) step cousin, she proceeded to recount fond memories from their time in 9th grade. Your scribe can take a cue. He melted into the night leaving love to do take its course. HORNBY PAWS will not be seen for a while. ON ON

HASH TRASH Did you here about the French groom who was so exhausted by the elaborate wedding and reception that he fell asleep as soon as his feet hit the pillow.





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NEXT RUN NUMBER 127 OCTOBER 4 1986 The HARE is GIL RUMMY

TIME Our Hare has a somewhat mixed parentage - otherwise known as dual citizenship. A conflict of interest, morals, loyalty and conscious saw him make a somewhat unique request of SUMMIT HHH - a morning Kick off. Quite unable to acquiesce to anything RUMSON HHH want, we finally agreed (after a closed doors Committee meeting that lasted one whole lunch hour) to a 10:22 AM commencement. Arrive at 10:15? You will have to talk to Rumson; arrive at 10:30? You are too late. 10:22 has it. Yes I am serious- 10:22. This means you will rake leaves in a slightly inebriated state, confuse the wife because you will want supper at 3 pm and will be have to get out of bed early. 10:22 AM - I mean it.

PLACE South Amboy Train Station, which can be reached by either

- A) Taking a train from Newark (which in turn can be reached by taking a PATH Train) or  
B) Taking the Garden State Parkway and coming off at Exit 129. From there follow signs to road 9N 35 (If this is an unusual road number, please remember this is Rumson territory). Cross over the river and proceed to a traffic circle. Exit this most English of impediments three quarters of the way round, by taking the signs marked "South Amboy Business District". After this turn left at the first light onto "Broadway". The Train Station is somewhere on the left, behind The Landmark Tavern (one of the town's 44 Taverns, Im told. GIL RUMMY, with only our best interests at heart, tried them all to see which is the most suitable for the HASH) on the corner of Broadway and Davis Street

### FUTURE RUNS

128 SUMMIT HHH INTERHASH 1986 SATURDAY OCTOBER 18

DETAILS are briefly as follows. 11 00am Start at a point very close to Exit 17 along route 78 (Route 31). The cost will be \$15 which will include a Tshirt, much ale, food AND what I am told is a great country run in New Jersey's finest territory. The HARES are HORNY PAWS, -but relax - LOCOMORROW and FLOCK TERRIER are the CO HARES.

129 Nov 1 DEADBEAT DOBBIN (Alias Bill Coulter)

130 Nov 15 WOWIE HOWIE

131 Nov 29 CHI GUY

132 et al in sequia. LOCOMORROW is on the prowl. Might be in your best interest to volunteer first. If you dont, he will allocate you two runs instead - not just one

### WANTED A new HASH SCRIBE

Current HASH SCRIBE and his pen have both dried up - they have both reached that stage of life, when neither function effectively. As a consequence, they are both being shipped off to former Penal Colonies Down Under, to serve a suitable penance, hashing with kangaroos. Nothing whatsoever to do with the availability of FOSTERS in that part of the world. Seriously, my last run with SUMMIT HHH will be Interhash 86 on October 18 and while (to most people anyway) that is not serious (to me it is - I have enjoyed it), it does mean there is a need to find some other idiot to write this drivel each 2 weeks. Any volunteers? Rumour has it, that SYDNEY HHH love poorly marked marathons - a prerequisite as to why Bristol-Myers have seen fit to transfer me there (along with the above mentioned availability of FOSTERS).

RUN NUMBER 125 WAS DASHED IN TRUE STYLE ON SEPTEMBER 6 1986. THE HARES WERE ORAL MAVEN AND ZORBA AND THE TRAIL WENT THRU THE ARBORIAL DELIGHTS OF WESTFIELD

We live in a world where people have their views - and furthermore they express them. These views can be on sex, rather like the man who dropped his wallet in San Francisco, and because of his sexual views, kicked it all the way to Oakland before picking it up. These views can be on a sense of values, rather like Madame Marcos, who retorted to the world after the accusations of extravagance over the subject of her shoes - "World, be thankful I didn't buy the bags to match". These views can be on the way the SUMMIT HASH organizes its affairs - the non sexual variety, that is. There we were sitting on the back deck of Chez Oral Maven - enjoying the late summer sun, enjoying the comestibles and suds and furthermore enjoying the thought that the dentists chair was never like this - and what were we doing, we were expressing our views.

The subject under debate, was the trivial detail of the organization of Run Number 126, or was it 128? MUD HATTER felt it was 125. LOCOMORROW opted for 127. Whichever, INTERHASH time is around the corner and the thing needed some sorting out. Everyone debated, nobody paid the least attention and furthermore nothing was ever agreed to. (\*but see below) PAPOOSE couldn't care - as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he will determine profits in his own way, anyway. HORNY PAWS and LOCOMORROW couldn't care - they are the HARES TO BE and they call the shots, anyway. FLOCK TERRIER couldn't care - he had a sort of patriarchial look of concern about him, and his charges will listen to him, anyway. RUSHMORE couldn't care - he write what he wants, anyway. MUD HATTER couldn't care - "these young pups will learn", anyway. And most important of all, BISHOP HUMPER (JM(I)) couldn't care - its his show, anyway. The most vocal of them all - ZORBA - obviously could, but like his female household, no-one listened to him - anyway.

While all this beer swilling/pizza gorging/verbal discourse was to some the major reason we were there, there was however this other little item on the agenda as well - A HASH DASH. Inconvenient isn't it. Bothersome almost. But a sprightly affair it turned out to be. Like any visit to the dentist, its was never as bad as you had expected to be. Indeed it was quite the opposite.

Like its Cranford neighbor, Westfield is a superb Hashing suburb (are there any bad ones? ) and we followed a more than pleasant trail, laid of course in plaque. We crossed over a few cavities, the check - ups were good and we were drilled thru some nice woodland areas until we reached the dreaded root canal. Much against the advise of the local inhabitants the pack diligently followed the excreta strewn trail (wet feet and all) thru what would be more properly termed an alimentary canal- and then it was thru the back yards of The Westfield wealthy so fast, that they (the Westfield wealthy) had no time to see us, much less complain. ORAL MAVEN and ZORBA later joined by an injury ridden FLOCK TERRIER kept apace, mostly by automobile. Was it was Mrs ZORBA who claimed that Zorba is not quite as good as he once was, but he is as good -once - as he ever was?

And so to the best part of any visit to the Dentist - the mouthwash at the end. Of course when your friendly Dentist makes the flavor of his, MOLSONS and BUD, then so much the better. (And ORAL MAVEN later turned out to be the first Dentist who undercharges for services rendered). As discussed above the conversation was scintillating albeit indecisive. (And on this subject, Scribe has opened a find Bob Evans a Nom de Hash competition -secret prizes -all entries on the back of an envelope to SCRIBE).

And that was that - a goodly run. ON ON

PS\* The minor details were later discussed AND agreement was reached at a Committee style lunch held at an excellent Irish pub the other day. In essence all previous communiques on the subject of INTERHASH 86 should be ignored and revised AND final instructions are as overleaf. ON ON

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Saturday September 13 BEAU BUMBLE returns to his old stomping grounds.

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September 13 and 14 saw Princeton HASH (with typical erudite logic they are called SHHHH -work that one out) celebrate their century of HASHING With 2 runs -#100 (on the Saturday) and #105 (on the Sunday). Since they evidently count in fives they should be celebrating their 1000th run in approx 1990 and they should overtake Kuala Lumpur and their 2000 odd by 1995.

LOCOMORROW, RUSHMORE, FORESKIN and BEAU BUMBLE (returning to the old ALMA MATER) made the 60 odd minute trip and were well rewarded for their efforts. A fine run in fine territory. BEAU BUMBLE was all nostalgic as the trail sent us on a tour of the corridors of learning, that represents Princeton University. Clear of all this heady stuff, we were into the country and canals and roadies and poison Ivy.

It is interesting to see how other HASH groups use different styles of trails, SHHHH had more checks than Citibank on this run, none more than 50 -100 yards long. With all the fleet footed students about it left some of old men of SUMMIT a bit on the breathless side, but not too worry it was a great run.





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NEXT RUN: INTERHASH!! INTERHASH!! INTERHASH!!

### Run Nr. 128: THE TEWKSBURY TROMP

Note time:

Date/Time: Saturday, October 18, 11:00 a.m.

Location: Clinton, New Jersey

Hare/Co-Hare: HORNY PAWS/CAST OF THOUSANDS

### Directions:

From I-78 West, take Exit 17 (Clinton); initially, proceed North on Route 31, note Clinton Point Drive-In Theater on left, make cloverleaf U-Turn to get on 31 South, and park in the Park-And-Drive lot just south of the drive-in.

This is SHHH Annual Interhash Dash and Bash. All Summit Hashers should turn out to extend the hospitality for which we are famous. And it will only cost \$15., including a color-coordinated cut velour apres-Hash lounging outfit (he's lying), a chance at the Mercedes door prize (he's still lying) and a fabulous SHHH Tee Shirt (now he's not lying).

### FUTURE RUNS

<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare/CoHare</u>	<u>Location</u>
129	Nov 1	DEADBEAT DOBBIN	?
130	Nov 15	MUD HATTER	Watchung
131	Nov 29	CHI GUY	Jockey Hollow
132	Dec 13	WOWIE HOWIE	?
133	Dec 28	LOCOMORROW	

### HASH TRASH

Castaway landed on a small island inhabited by a few primitive tribesmen who extended him every hospitality in order to make him comfortable. Everything was fine for a few weeks, but then he got the urge for female companionship -- or, more specifically, to get laid. As delicately as he could, he expressed his need to the tribesmen, who assured him that once a month they rowed over to a neighboring isle where they satisfied their sexual needs, and indeed, the upcoming weekend was the prescribed day, and indeed, he was welcome.

At dawn on the Saturday, the tribesmen began rowing out to sea in their log canoes, taking with them the castaway. As they approached the island, he saw only herds of sheep. When he inquired, his hosts assured him that indeed that was their means of meeting their sexual needs, and that as a courtesy, they would let him go first. The guy was non-plussed, but horny, so when the canoe touched ashore, he leapt from the craft, ran into the herd, and humped a nearby sheep. Feeling better, he returned to the canoe to find the others falling all over the ground, laughing. Naturally, he thought he'd been the butt of an elaborate practical joke.

When he asked angrily why they were laughing at him, and expressed his suspicion that he had been set up, the chief reassured him of their good intentions, but added, "But you took the ugliest one!!"

M. 11700  
2021

SPECIAL REPORT: Reading Hash's Interhash, 8/30/86 - A Totally Unbiased Account

It seems that Papoose, TwobuckTim and Flock Terrier - as gullible a trio of ripe steamers as you're likely to meet - recently had an itch for the sporting life and jumped at the Reading HHH invitation to help celebrate its 50th run. (Seemed only fair, as Summit had abused Reading's ranks at Princeton some time back.) Following a short two-hour hop into the hinterlands, they arrived at the appointed industrial park to join scores of like-minded (half-minded?) folk from assorted tri-state hashes and yes, Virginia, there is an official Rumson hat--much to Gil Rummy's surprise. Forewarned by a paucity of instructions, off they plodded for several minutes before climbing up an embankment and emerging on a railroad line (you missed a good'un, BUMBLE) where all were serenaded by "Take the A Train" blaring from a conveniently-placed ghetto blaster. Interests now peaked, they proceeded a furlong further to - whoa, Nelly! - a waiting train, replete with a steam locomotive, two rickety old Erie Lackawana carriages and a sign taped on the side proclaiming "HHH Express!" Most of the assembled of course had neglected to bring their commuter passes (bad planning there); tickets however were waived by the crew as they tooted - literally and figuratively - on up the line some 15 miles or so before detraining and resuming the run. Which meandered through thorny fields, a fair sized river (many became intimate with this veritable Styx, having to cross it a full five times in the course of the affair), the largest damn check in recent memory (could of plopped a Sikorsky on it), two claustrophobically-delightful culverts (one being a false trail which prompted a mutiny) and miles of various trails, shiggy, tricky hillsides, ankle-throwing rails and ties, etc. Some three - count 'em, three - hours later (discounting the hour or so RR leg that made two+ hours of running) the hashers sporadically emerged at a pavillion for the On-On...a well-catered affair of plentiful nosh, brew, etc. Event highlight: plentiful poison ivy (just ask PAPOOSE), wet shoes, rail and limo service, wrenched ankles and great shirts. Summit looks forward to reciprocating...on on!

RUN NUMBER 126    SEPTEMBER 20 1986    WESTCHESTER'S 250 TH RUN DOWN AT THE OLD GOAT FARM, WAY UP PURDY WAY.    NOT SURE WHO THE HARES WERE.

Exhausted by his year his office? Not a bit of it. Trail Master (I still prefer the old Asian title of MASTER OF THE HUNT) thought it would be a good idea to leave the Watchung, to leave the South Mountain Res., to leave Westfield, Cranford and other New Jersey high spots and cross the Rubicon to help Westchester celebrate their quarter thou. Its not that LOCOMORROW is getting lazy, its not that he's finding it tough to brow beat innocent newcomers or cajole over enthusiastic oldcomers into laying a trail, its just that he thought that we needed a change of scenery. The sort of change that would epitomise 'the Menopause of Hashing'.

Fall has got to be the best of seasons hasn't it? This and the promise of 156 miles of virgin horse trails, the promise of goat curry with real beer and the promise of poofter jackets at 10 bucks a shot, all succeeded in encouraging some 9 or 10 SUMMITTERS accross the Tappan Zee, together with a smattering their Harriettes and Horrors.

Westchester fame is widespread. Folks from many a State made the trip to North Salem. And there we were again, listening to tales of alphabet flour, with "c"s and short cuts. Seems The PAPOOSE system is spreading fast. Most were (in the words of PAPOOSE) "chicken". A quick trot around the trails (this time avoiding horse messages as opposed to those left by dogs) had them back at the cars any where between 30 and 60 minutes - depending on how old your kids were or how lame your female appendage was. The "eagles" (needless to say, SUMMIT participation was up close to 100%, following The PAPOOSE on the loose effort a few back) were put thru a 7 mile steeplechase, where size 14 horseshoes would have been more use than the old size 14 Nikes. Fantastic stuff. Obstacles varied from water hazards to horse jumps; from wild goats to wild stories. All were eventually gathered at the Goat Farm for a mute Westchester choir, a splendid curry repast (the curry was venison - not goat as advertised), Heavy beer (whatever the opposite to Lite beer is) and the most God awful shade of of Apres Hash clothing ever seen.





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### NEXT RUN

Run Nr. 131: HOLIDAY IN CLARK

#### Note time:

Date/Time: Saturday, November 29, 3:30 p.m.

Location: 'Neath the Spreading Shop-Rite Shopping Center Sign, Clark

Hare/Co-Hare: TWO-BUCK TIM/FLOCK TERRIER

#### Directions:

From Garden State Parkway (either direction) Exit #135, take Central Avenue toward Westfield. Keep sharp eye out on left for Shop-Rite parking lot, which, coincidentally, is near to the Shop-Rite store at the intersection of Central Avenue and Raritan Road. Park underneath the Shop-Rite sign. Seek hares. (If past experience is any guide, probably only one will show up.)

From Westfield, follow Central Avenue into Clark, keeping a sharp eye out for Shop-Rite parking lot (on right) at Raritan Road.

### FUTURE RUNS

<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare/CoHare</u>	<u>Location</u>
132	Dec 13	WOWIE HOWIE	?
133	Dec 28	LOCOMORROW	Urban Newark

There is so much news and information to convey at this point that it boggles the mind just to think about it. So boggling is it, that the sundry scribes and authors of the pieces are more boggled than usual, so they are spending even more time than usual to refine and enrich the subtle, delicate prose that has graced these pages in the past. As the On-Sec of the day, I ask you all to bear with me as these boggled souls become less boggled and more communicative.

Nor is there any Hash Trash. All that was offered for this edition are two scurrilous slurs on the legal profession, a pair of calumnies which ridicule the esquire trade and which, upon sober reflection, should not be repeated. So here goes. The first venal, libellous bit runs like this:

A definition of tragedy: a busful of lawyers that goes over a cliff -- with two seats vacant!

Shameful. Now the other slanderous bit:

Two chaps are in the gas station business together.. Chap 1 confesses that he envied Chap 2 for his apparent success with the ladies, a success that has largely evaded him (Chap 1). Chap 2 inquires, "Shouldn't be a problem for a nice chap like you; what do you tell the birds when they ask you what you do for a living?" Chap 1 replies, "I tell them I pump gas." "Ah, that'd be your problem then. You need something more glamorous. I normally tell 'em I'm a lawyer. That normally makes 'em soft and easy. Why not give it a try?"

"OK," says Chap 1. "Do it next chance I get."

Next chance happened later that week in a pub, when Chap 1 espied a lovely at the bar and thought to chat her up. As the conversation got under way, she asked what he did for a living. "I'm a lawyer," he said, at which she became rather more affectionate toward him and suggested they pop round to her flat for a more private drink.

Twenty minutes later, fully mounted and nearly at the point of ultimate conquest, Chap 1 began to laugh. "What's so funny?" she gasped between moans of ecstasy. "Well," he said, "I've been a lawyer for less than half an hour and already I'm screwing somebody."

Your scribe earnestly apologizes to his learned friends in the legal profession for these misguided views and hopes that his excluding these vile canards from the Hash Trash have reinforced their respect for his good judgment.

But actually, there is one item of Hash Trash:

#### HASH TRASH

Know why Yuppie ladies hate gang-bangs? It's all those damned thank-you notes!



NOTICE!!!

NOTICE!!!

NOTICE!!!

SPECIAL FIRST CALL FOR SPECIAL RATES ON THE SPECIAL SHHH SUBS (DUES) FOR 1987!!!

AVOID THE RUSH!! ACT NOW!! IT'S REALLY WORTH IT: INCREDIBLY DISTINGUISHED MEMBERSHIP!!!  
UNBELIEVABLY EXCITING ACTIVITIES!!! POWERFULLY MOVING AND UNACCOUNTABLY WITTY NEWSLETTERS,  
FEATURING SOME OF THE BEST WRITING AND THE DROLLEST STORIES IN WESTERN NORTH-CENTRAL GREATER  
NEWARK!!!

SPECIAL RATE FOR 1987: \$12.50 Per Half Year; SAVE BIG BUCKS BY PAYING FOR THE WHOLE YEAR AT  
THE SPECIAL DISCOUNT OF \$25.00 Per Full Year.

IF YOU ACT NOW, YOU CAN REDUCE THE POSSIBILITY OF HAVING TO LOOK AT ANY MORE OF THIS  
FUNDRAISING GARBAGE!!

SPECIAL ADDED INCENTIVE -- FREE!!! FREE!!! FREE!!! -- FLOCK TERRIER'S PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF AN  
EXTREMELY FORGETTABLE HASH IN HONOLULU!!! (OVERLEAF -- BUT NO FAIR PEEKING UNTIL YOU'VE PAID  
YOUR SUBS!!! FAIR'S FAIR.)

-----  
CHECK ALL THAT APPLY

\_\_\_\_ Yes, yes, yes! I want to continue to be part of the most exciting organization since  
Hadassah!!!

\_\_\_\_ Yes, yes, yes! I want to avoid the rush and be among the very first to pay my 1987 subs!!

\_\_\_\_ Yes, yes, yes! I want to glom ol' FLOCK TERRIER'S moving saga (overleaf, but I won't look  
until my check clears!!!)

\_\_\_\_ Yes, yes, yes! I want these stupid fundraising schticks to end!!!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Tel: Office: \_\_\_\_\_ Home: \_\_\_\_\_

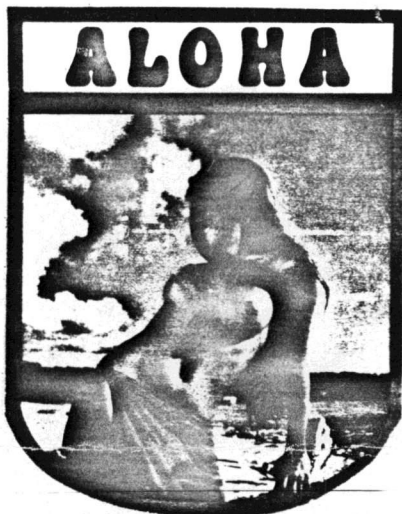
Make checks payable to Summit Hash House Harriers. Send to HASH CASH as shown below:

John Bashaw  
501 Orange Avenue  
Cranford, New Jersey 07016  
-----

AS A SPECIAL TREAT: A guest scribbler tells what he did on his vacation.

Terrier's Tales from the Tropics - Close Encounters with the Honolulu Hash

Faced with the bleak prospect of 2 weeks of free time recently, I decided a trip back to Honolulu might help while away the empty hours (the continent being out of the question--too cold, and London no good--don't speak the language). Upon arriving on 12/30, I called the Honolulu Hash hotline and learned of a January 1, 9 a.m. jaunt up Tantalus Drive (not a hash, warned the recording, but hashers were participating) to help exorcise the blue meanies from the previous eve's revelry. Talk about being nearly killed by the cure! I'd forgotten how damn long the trek was (having, in an earlier incarnation, occasionally parked on the Tantalus slopes to catch the submarine races): 5 miles up and 5 miles down through eucalyptus and bamboo groves and hairpin turns, past great views of the city and "Casa Zapatos"--Ferd and Emelda's new hideaway--and an assortment of stray pooches, dive bombing mynahs and other attractions. Thankfully, the local hashers provided a few roadies at the close of this marathon, thus making the shinsplints, trots and sunstroke almost worthwhile. A week later, things got really disorganized in the true hash sense with one of H4's biweekly extravagonzos in the Waialae-Kahala area. Forewarned by ominous hotline caveats (...lowest tides in 20,000 years...acres previously undefiled by hashers...a towel would be prudent) I expected a reef walk--wrong! The 25 or so hashers started at someone's home, headed across/under the area's one and only freeway and up a valley, down through a Japanese cemetery strewn with errant golfballs from an adjacent driving range, along a drainage canal or two and into a shopping mall where--oops, I was apprehended by a confused but considerably bigger-than-me foursome of Hawaiian rent-a-cops severely distressed by the cryptic chalk markings on the mall's carpets, sidewalks, etc. So here I was, trying to convince these bozos I was a naive tourist--gee, sorry bruddah, no ID, just passing through, heard about the run on the mainland, you understand (where's Jack Lord when you need him?)--while trying to wave off the remaining H4ers. The quartet's having no doubt figured out its kinda tough to convict a pathological liar with no evidence, we soon parted company in the spirit of Aloha (beat it, freaking haole!) and I tried to relocate the trail, by now being some distance behind the group. Eventually, picking together a chalk arrow or two in the darkness (oh yeah, they also use checks, false trails, "Singapore back checks" and other inventive glyphs), I stumbled across the Waialae golf course and back to the start where the on on was in progress. Remarkably similar to Summit's legendary practice, beer and pizza materialized whilst down downs for hash virgins and out-of-towners, limericks and general b.s. were liberally dispensed, as well as not-entirely welcome splashes in the pool for the unwary/unwilling. Another really ono touch was the aku (least I think it was aku) poki being passed around; for the uninitiated, that's raw tuna mixed with sea weed and soy sauce--great for grinding, ya had to be there. Responsibility for the evening's lunacy was nominally claimed by a foursome of long-time H4ers including Red Sox (the mysterious hotline dj); my thanks to them, the on on's Kiwi host and the rest including Connie, Bob, Kelly et al. Looking forward to talking story again at the Philly Americas Interhash on Labor Day--On On!







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(O) 212 552-6854 (H) 201 467-4462  
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212 552-5341 201 762-8416  
JOINT MASTER(Special Events): Terry Savage, 171 Washington St., Bloomfield, 07003  
212 552-3839 201 748-4109  
ON-SEC: George Jurkowich, 9 South Beechcroft Rd, Short Hills, 07078  
212 973-2666 201 376-3677  
SCRIBE: William Wordsworth, Westfield, 07098  
212 546-5018 201 654-3060  
TRAIL MASTER: Mike Morrow, 316 Prospect, Cranford 07016  
212 466-7981 201 276-0285  
HASH CASH: John Bashaw, 501 Orange Av, Cranford, 07016  
212 269-3100 201 276-4818  
HASH FLASH: Andy Emerson; HASH CHAPLAIN: Paul Horning; HASH HORN: Terry Savage

### NEXT RUN

Run Nr. 132: HOLIDAY IN CLARK

#### Note time:

Date/Time: Saturday, December 13, 3:18 p.m.

Location: Seeley's Pond, Watchung Reservation, Scotch Plains

Hare: WOWIE HOWIE!

#### Directions:

From east: Head west on Route 22; look for blue and white sign on right for Bonnie Burn Road. Take it. Go 100 yards to light; turn right on New Providence Road. Go 1 mor mile to light at junction of Sky Top Drive. Turn into parking lot.

From west: Head east on Route 22. East of the Blue Star shopping center, take any right turn into Scotch Plains. Make left on Mountain Avenue, left on Park and cross over Route 22. At light, go straight ahead on New Providence Road for about a mile to next light (junction of Sky Top Road). Find parking lot entrance and park.

From Summit: Once again, from behind Overlook Hospital on Morris Tpke, turn down Ghenside (Rte 527) to end. Right on Sky Top Road to parking lot.

### FUTURE RUNS

<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare/CoHare</u>	<u>Location</u>
133	Dec 28	LOCOMORROW	Weequahic Park, Hillside

## DASH 132: HORSESHIT HEAVEN

It is uncanny how MUD HATTER can take the ordinary and convert it to the truly celestial -- or was it bestial? Anyway, this was another one of those Watchung sissy runs: weather less than filthy, more than a pound of flour used, not three times as much uphill as down, and a total length under three hours and fourteen miles.

A decent dozen joined at the new Watchung stables, and after a decent interval to allow THE COMMITTEE to arrive brazenly late (only to leave even more brazenly early from mid-Dash), the pack took up the trail under the able leadership of LIFER (figure it out guys; he's the hitherto unnamed Hasher who together with COME-A-CRAPPER -- who earned his nom-du-Hash at Locust Grove years before -- ran afoul of Millburn's finest at that self-same Locust Grove, and who had the damn-fool idea of taking on BEAU BUMBLE as counsel).

Prancing through pony-poo and mare-mush, the pack tumbled down to Surprise Lake, then up, up, up through conventional Watchung shiggy, and on into a nice little park and down again to the same Surprise Lake. What wit, what style, what creativity has this Hare! A pleasant stumble through the well-tended gardens of the Trailside Nature Museum (Today's Feature Program: Bugs You Can Love and Flies You Can Eat) and it was up, up and away toward The Ol' Firetower, and then On-Home through the foal flop for some pretty classy roadies.

The On-On was a Flynn's spectacular: crappy beer, but a loving and respectful clientele who appreciate the finer things -- like Hashers. Super, super pizza, but again -- no AN-chuh-vees

Talk about boring.

---

## HASH TRASH

Definition of an Irish gay: A man who prefers women to whiskey.



Andy Emerson  
17 Woodland Road  
Maplewood, NJ 07040

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SCRIBE: Percy Bysse Shelley Av, Westfield, 07098  
212 546-5018 201 654-3060  
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201 276-0285  
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### NEXT RUN

Run Nr. 133: WEEQUAHIC ROMP

#### Note time:

Date/Time: Saturday, December 27, 3:13 p.m.

Location: Weequahic Park, Godforsaken Hillside, New Jersey

Hare: LOCOMORROW

#### Directions:



From east: Head west on Route 22; exit at Frelinghuysen Avenue, turn right, follow Frelinghuysen Av into Weequahic Park. Look for loony Hare.  
From west: Head east on Route 22. exit at Frelinghuysen Avenue, turn left, follow Frelinghuysen Av into Weequahic Park. Look for loony Hare.  
OR: see attached map and figure it out for yourself.

RUN SITE

### FUTURE RUNS

<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare/CoHare</u>	<u>Location</u>
133.5	Jan 1 (Hangover Run)	Mystery Cast	Tamaquis Park, Westfield

Directions to Hangover Run (11:30 am New Year's Day): From Westfield Center, cross under RR bridge, follow Rte 28 (South Avenue) right to Rahway Avenue --not far. Hang quick left, follow Rahway Av for about 2 miles, make a right on Lambert's Mill Rd for about a mile, enter Tamaquis Park, park, seek out Hash group somewhere near starting line of a more organized Westfield event (we're not participating in the competitive part). PROPER HASH ATTIRE A MUST!!! For more infor, contact TRAILMASTER LOCOMORROW

134	Jan 10	LIFER	?
135	Jan 24	CHI GUY	?
136	Feb 7	Volunteer?	?
137	Feb 21	Volunteer?	?
138	Mar 7:	BLOODY BUTTERFLY	?

N.B. Mar 7 is the Annual General AGM Meeting Meeting Run, which features a spectacular trail, followed by a quick shower at respective lairs, followed by a tremendous bunfight and knees-up at Don Pepe's in Newark, at which event proper elections will be held to install new leaders. Plan on it!!



## HOLIDAY IN CLARK: A VIEW FROM THE ANALYST'S COUCH

Hare: Two-Buck Tim (Romulus); Co-Hare: Flock Terrier (Uncle Remus)

It is not generally appreciated how much the setting of a Hash trail gets into the psyche of the hares, nor is it widely understood how much is revealed about the psychological condition and development of the hare by the trail chosen.

Take this trail in Clark, for example. It might be called the Toulouse Trail, because it had such short legs -- and is that so surprising, given that it was set by Two-Buck Tim, who has probably had it up to here with the "Tiny Tim" appellation, and who therefore has this "height" thing. Freud would have had a field day with this human pack of neurotic symptoms, who made each leg of the dash shorter than the one before until at the end, they were only a tenth or a fifteenth of the typical length of a Hash leg.

It is hard to fathom the concept of a Hare setting a trail, monitoring the progress of the pack, and then joining with the pack after the Hash in the company of a mother-figure. While this might not be a Hash first, it is certainly aberrant behavior, as was the Hare's insistence on remaining in his vehicle, where womblike protection from the world could be assured. Is this an indicator that he is a mother-trucker?? And all the while he was in this womb-substitute, he kept bringing up the subject of needing new shocks!! Is this a silent cry for help in the form of shock treatment?

Then take the fact that the trail took the pack through some of the slag heaps -- the excreta -- of industrial New Jersey. A real anal complex there, particularly since Uranus was on the ascendancy in that period.

And the part of the trail that led to a rail yard, where the pack had to pass directly under a train coupling -- coupling right in broad daylight!! My God, had these two Co-Hares been shaken (not stirred) at a tender age by observation of coupling elsewhere, and were they working out their Jungian pathologies on their Hash companions? Grim, brothers, grim. And did you notice that they did not pass the pack through any tunnels? What were they avoiding? (This is particularly an issue since they took the pack through so many areas where upright, erect smokestacks dominated the skyline. A real superego mess, if I'm any judge.)

At the end of the run, the two Hares seemed to take exceptional delight -- despite clear knowledge of the risks -- of exposing roadies immediately adjacent to a main public road (a site they had particularly chosen for its visibility to passersby!). This form of exhibitionism is of increasing interest to Adlerians everywhere, but to find it in the heart of Hashdom gives one pause. Perhaps many pauses.

And then there was the oral bit. Not one, not two, but three dentist types on the run, solicited by the Hare or Co-Hare for who knows what deep-throated (oops, I mean deep-seated) reason. But at a point where truly exceptional oral performance would have been appropriate -- that is to say, the ON-ON -- they produced not pizza, but some ersatz cardboard stuff which defied ultimate satisfaction. I say, send these sick kids to camp!

Isn't it time for the SHHH to have a SHHHrink?

---

## HASH TRASH

Wispy fellow goes into a tough waterfront bar, orders (in a delicate voice) "a Scotch whiskey, please, with one ice cube," and begins to sip his wee drinkie. Big, tough, merchant-seaman hombre at the end of the bar mocks the wisp, jeers him, sashays around with limp wrist on hip, teases and prods.

Wispy fellow, blushing and uncomfortable after several minutes of this treatment, says to the bartender, "OK, give me a Scotch whiskey, only this time make it two ice cubes." Bartender says, "What's with you, wanting exactly two ice cubes this time?"

"See that big, insensitive brute down there?", says the wispy patron. "I'm going to put one ice cube in each side of my mouth and cold-cock the bastard."



Andy Emerson  
17 Woodland Road  
Maplewood, NJ 07040

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212 676-5072 201 748-4109  
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212 973-2666 201 376-3677  
SCRIBE: Anne Morrow Lindberg Westfield, 07098  
212 546-50 201 654-  
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### NEXT RUN

Run Nr. 135: RUMSON'S REVENGE

RUMSON 450th RUN -- OR SO THEY SAY

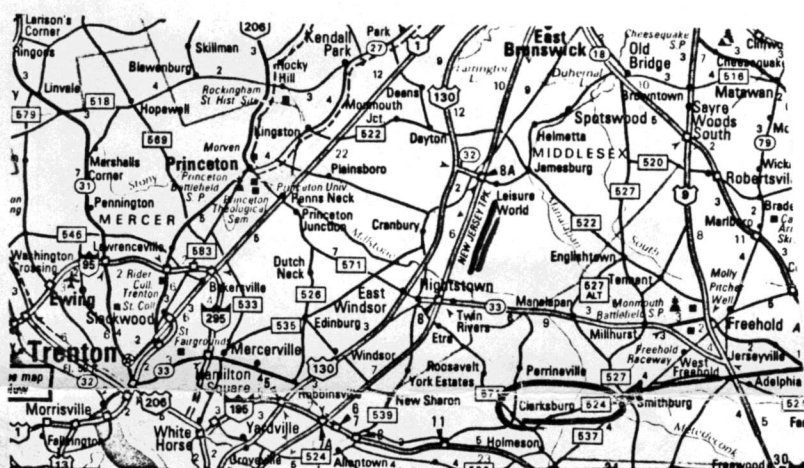
Date/Time: Saturday, January 10, 10:00 a.m.  
Location: Clarksbury Inn, Clarksburg, New Jersey  
Hare: John Sheehan, Rumson Animal House.

### Directions:

From everywhere: Jersey Turnpike South to Exit 7A (marked for Great Adventure, which might be a clue); East on I-95 to Exit 11, (marked Imlaystown).

Exit to stop sign; turn left. Proceed to next stop sign, at Route 524. Right on Rte 524 to Clarksburg Inn. Phone #: (609) 259-2558.

OR: see attached map and figure it out for yourself.



## RUN SITE

Fee: \$10, covers beer, food, T-Shirt.  
Got to be the bargain of the year.!

CONTACT JOINT MASTER (Interhash) for transportation.

### FUTURE RUNS

Nr.	Date	Hare/CoHare	Location
136	Jan 24	CHI GUY	?
137	Feb 7	LIFER	Drew U, Madison
138	Feb 21	Volunteer?	?
139	Mar 7:	BLOODY BUTTERFLY	?

N.B. Mar 7 is the Annual General AGM Meeting Meeting Run, which features a spectacular trail, followed by a quick shower at respective lairs, followed by a tremendous bunfight and knees-up at Don Pepe's in Newark, at which event proper elections will be held to install new leaders. Plan on it!!

## WOWIE'S WATCHUNG WOBBLE

Midst the snowclad (well, partially clad) Watchung hills, WOWIE HOWIE launched a worthy pack of wastrels from the familiar carpark at Seely's Pond into the deep reaches of Nature. A brazen pack, enriched by the presence of two "newbies," one of which was a male of the male persuasion and the other a male of the female persuasion.

The area was not unfamiliar to the old hands, but what with the shiggy and all, and the somewhat rocky creek crossings, it provided a proper Hash atmosphere. There was some suspicion voiced, however, that the second half of the Dash was set not by the Hare but by some mysterious co-hare, who remained anonymous, but this was not confirmed. Indeed, the second half of the run, characterized by snowy escarpment (requiring major hand-over-hand slithering upward) and well-marked riding/hiking trail (requiring firm leg musculature, glistening thighs, the antic flash of seductive ankle ....oh, sorry, began to fantasize there..) anyway the latter half of the run had the pack running rather well.

The entire dash took just over an hour, and was about to be rewarded with proper roadies when it was noticed that the local gendarmes had spread-eagled some local youths and were doing a pretty thorough search of their firm, young bodies, glistening thighs, flashing seductive ankles...oh, sorry again; having a little trouble keeping my mind on the main thoughts... Anyway, the cops were frisking the frisky teenagers (dope? alcohol? halitosis? who could tell?), so we ~~fergoed~~, ~~forgone~~, ~~forget~~ -- OK, skipped -- the roadies and proceeded with patriotic fervor to Flynn's where proper brew and acceptable pizza topped off a rippin' good day.

They like us at Flynn's. Welcome our lunacy. Permit us the use of their superior private accommodations. Comment favorably on our demeanor. Encourage imported pizza. Keep prices reasonable. Even buy the odd pitcher. First rate, actually.

P.S. Sure hope that male of the female persuasion comes out for another Dash.

---

## HASH TRASH

Fellow with a good track record in the one-night-stand trade goes into a singles bar, tries with notable lack of success to pick up a foxy redhead near the end of the bar. She cuts him, and sits down at a nearby table with a pimply, homely geek in a plaid shirt.

He makes another pass at a buxom blond with "Take Me" printed on her tight T-shirt, but she gives him a brushoff and joins the geek and the redhead at the table.

Five minutes later, the geek is walking out the door with the two gorgeous chicks.

"I don't understand it," says the lounge Lothario to the bartender. "I've got everything he hasn't got -- but he pulls in the chicks and I strike out. How come?"

"Dunno," said the bartender. "He ain't much to look at, and he ain't much for conversation. He just sits at that table night after night, lickin' his eyebrows."





Andy Emerson  
17 Woodland Road  
Maplewood, NJ 07040

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### HASH #136 - Lifer's Lament, aka The Madison Magical Mystery Tour

This was billed originally as Lifer's Cherry Herring, seeing how 'twas the lad's first time out, or so he claimed. If so, what of the previous outing under LOCOMORROW'S tutelage at Knee-quake park a fortnight earlier? Didn't those painful memories ring home? What of his learning curve? Read on...

We gathered at the Tilghman parking lot upon the majestic lawns of Drew U, fairly bursting with anticipation, flatus, etc., and sped off at the designated hour in hot pursuit of markings. Some minutes later, BLOODY BUTTERFLY, while frolicing in the woods, spied some strange white scrapings and the chase was on, for about two minutes, for the trail brought us around the front of the campus and stopped. After a ten or so minute interlude, our esteemed Grand Master's keen hooter eventually smelled more of the white stuff and we resumed the search, only to quickly hit a check and another lengthy search before finding the trail again. This hit-or-miss scenario continued, more or less, for the rest of the run through Madison's tony shopping district, railroad station, suburban cul-de-sacs (nice touch there; the hare got lucky) and finally back on to the campus playing fields where a prominent marking well in sight of the parking lot led a few of us mercifully on home. Except, the hare claimed we missed the final leg of his hash. Which, following extensive consultation with the local historical society, leads your faithful scribe to offer the following as possible explanations for the run's fitful nature:

Excuse #1: The quaint village of Madison (although seldom acknowledged by local realtors) lies on a powerful magnetic fault, thought to be the nexus of mysterious mini-clashes of high and low pressure fronts from which appear small yet incredibly potent blasts of wind. These staccato siroccos no doubt swept away most of the hare's trail.

Excuse #2: Not the host of the New Jersey Shakespeare Festival for no good reason, the assorted shaded glens and dells of Drew's campus are inhabited by numerous faeries and similar wispy creatures. One or more of these carbo-craving Calibans surely pinched most of Lifer's carefully-crafted course.

Truly, this run was long on excuses and short on flour. All that having been said, the hare performed two tasks admirably: roadies were to be found with considerably greater ease and abundance (which was certainly not the case 2 weeks later, but more on that in the next rehash) and the choice of accomodations for the On-On was swell, once we assured the innkeeper that we'd buy the pizza from his brother's place. Fortified with plenty of suds, pies and spiced cuttlefish (yum!) those assembled quickly (if temporarily) forgot their woes and slung the stuff with Summit's customary reckless abandon. On-On!

NEXT RUN

Run Nr. 138: THE VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE, JERSEY-STYLE

Date/Time: Saturday, February 14, 3:30 p.m.  
Location: The Old Stables, Watchung Reservation  
Hare/Co-Hare: CHI GUY

Directions:

From Summit: Position oneself on Morris Avenue, behind Overlook Hospital, on the southerly side of Summit village. At the junction of Morris with Glenside Avenue, near the Hospital, turn onto Glenside (Rt 527), keeping right at the immediate fork, and not left, which seems to beckon one toward Mountainside and Rt 22. By staying to the right, you will remain on Glenside. Do so for a mile or so, at which point you will come upon the old stables site. Look for Hare, attack dogs, police, and other landmarks.

FUTURE RUNS

<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare/CoHare</u>	<u>Location</u>
139	Feb 28	PTOMAINÉ	?
140	Mar 14:	BLOODY BUTTERFLY	The Manor, West Orange

N.B. Mar 14 is the Annual General AGM Meeting Meeting Run, which features a spectacular trail, followed by a quick shower at respective lairs, followed by a tremendous bunfight and knees-up at Don Pepe's in Newark, at which event proper elections will be held to install new leaders. Plan on it!!

NOTICE!!!

NOTICE!!!

NOTICE!!!

SPECIAL SECOND CALL FOR SPECIAL RATES ON THE SPECIAL SHHH SUBS (DUES) FOR 1987!!!

THE POPULARITY OF THE FUNDRAISING EFFORT IN THE LAST HASH TRASH HAS ENCOURAGED THE MANAGEMENT TO EXTEND THIS EXCITING OFFER!!! DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME!!!  
SPECIAL RATE FOR 1987: \$12.50 Per Half Year; SAVE BIG BUCKS BY PAYING FOR THE WHOLE YEAR AT THE SPECIAL DISCOUNT OF \$25.00 Per Full Year.

-----  
FILL IN DE BLANKS -- OR ELSE

\_\_\_\_ Yes, yes, yes! I want to avoid the rush and be among the very first to pay my 1987 subs!!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Tel: \_\_\_\_\_ Office: \_\_\_\_\_ Home: \_\_\_\_\_

Make checks payable to Summit Hash House Harriers. Send to HASH CASH:  
John Bashaw, 501 Orange Avenue, Cranford, New Jersey 07016

-----  
HASH TRASH

Lowezy was telling Amanda about her honeymoon with her new husband, Leroy:

"Well, it was somethin'! Just after we lef' the reception we stopped the car and had a performance. Then as soon as we got inside the motel we had another performance. Then we had a performance in the shower, and two more performances on the bed before we went to sleep. Then in the mawnin' we had another performance and then a dress rehearsal."

Amanda was curious: "What you mean, 'dress rehearsal', girl?"

"You know," said Lowezy, "a dress rehearsal -- jes' like a performance only nobody comes."

A Poem

Edna caused a commotion at Mass  
by wearing a hat on her ass  
and she found that it stayed  
even when she got laid  
now, you've got to admit - that's class!



Andy Emerson  
17 Woodland Road  
Maplewood, NJ 07040

# SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

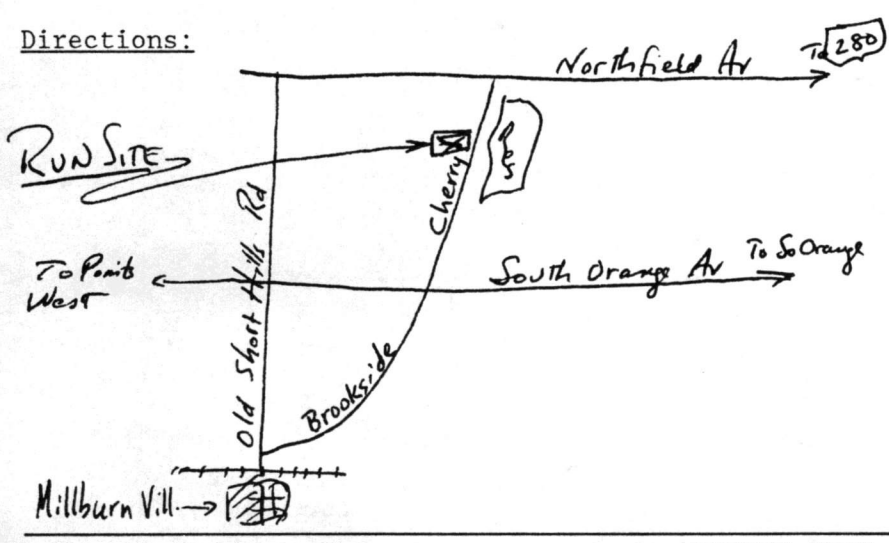
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- SCRIBE: Thomas Hardly Westfield, 07098  
212 546-50 201 654-
- TRAIL MASTER: Mike Morrow, 316 Prospect, Cranford 07016  
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## NEXT RUN

Run Nr. 137: SOUTH MOUNTAIN RE-RE-REVISITED (AGAIN), PART VII

Date/Time: Saturday, January 31, 3:30 p.m.  
Location: South Mountain Reservation  
Hare/Co-Hare: BEAU BUMBLE/FRIAR YUCK

### Directions:



From everywhere: The run begins in the parking lot across the street from the reservoir superintendent's house (conveniently enough, near the reservoir) on Brookside Road/Cherry Lane which runs generally northward out of Millburn between Northfield Road (Rte 508) and South Mountain Avenue (Rte 510), both of which run east-west. See sketch map attached.

## FUTURE RUNS

Nr.	Date	Hare/CoHare	Location
138	Feb 14	CHI GUY	Old Watchung Stables
139	Feb 28	PTOMAINE	?
140	Mar 14:	BLOODY BUTTERFLY	The Manor, West Orange

N.B. Mar 14 is the Annual General AGM Meeting Meeting Run, which features a spectacular trail, followed by a quick shower at respective lairs, followed by a tremendous bunfight and knees-up at Don Pepe's in Newark, at which event proper elections will be held to install new leaders. Plan on it!!



INTERHASH - Coming a cropper in Clarksburg or Rumson's 450th

setting - boondocks of New Jersey somewhere near Great Adventure but presumably in Clarksburg.

The meeting point was at this wonderful old tavern appropriately called The Clarksburg Inn; even the travel instructions were simple. I was really beginning to wonder how Rumson was pulling this off, obviously the owners of this establishment were desperate for business and had no idea what they were getting themselves into. The whole start was very unlike Rumson, nice place, easy instructions, and there were even women around (more on that later)! The turnout for SHHH, Rumson, and Philadelphia was quite impressive as it looked to be around 40 or 50 hashers. But wait, it was raining and cold so we all knew we had the right place. Oh yeah, some of the running outfits were pretty good and colorful. The first prize has to go to the three guys who showed up in robes and shower caps and ran the whole way with 'em on.

One of the most amazing parts of the run was the prompt start. Let's get serious, we're talking about the Rumson organization whose members judge time by the number of roadies consumed. Well needless to say, with a fairly prompt start just about every SHHH was still sitting around pulling (stroking for some) on various appendages and also trying to take off various extra pieces of clothing (most claim that LOCOMORROW was the most laggard since he was still trying to remember where he had really set the trails at Weequahic Park).

So off we went in a cold steady rain and the SHHH were the last in line - it was great! Considering the problems the hare had in laying the trail it was pretty good but generally too easy to follow. You see, Rumson has this policy of no false trails soooooo ..... what you see is what you get. There were a variety of checks along the way but they invariably were backchecks and the boredom set in. To relieve the wet and the boredom of backchecks and a sloppy trail many hashers took up positions behind the variety of female hashers just so they could experience the sights, sounds, and smells of those rubbing cheeks, heaving breathing, and sweating flesh. All of these gentlemen of dubious character reported euphoric feelings not common on a Rumson hash.

On with the run. If anyone took time to look around during the run (and risk falling and breaking your ass or lacerating other unmentionables) you found an interesting terrain and set of trails. The hare really gets some cudos for his imagination in taking us around the lake (all we needed was more water) and through horse trails which left all of those brave enough to keep running with horseshit stains halfway up to their ass and black as night. The brave Phila. group thought there were going to be smart and cut the run short after some wet and rugged going so they never experienced the lake innovation or the full measure of horseshit. Don't worry though, they got what they deserved as on the shortcut they thought they found the frozen body of water gave way and trapped several of 'em for a few minutes. Isn't mother nature great!

Well, one and all finished in record wet time and everyone repaired to the back building (The Bunkhouse) of the Inn. Whatever anyone says or thinks about the run, the on-on was a great success in the Rumson tradition. Somehow they have this talent for finding quaint taverns which seem to revel in our rowdy behavior. Next time we see

them let's all give 'em a congratulatory mooning. Finally, it seemed that more Rumson hashers didn't run than did and when someone asked about verifying this as there 450th run they were physically accosted and told about some fire or other act of god which destroyed historical records. Who knows and who cares; it was a great time.

HASH TRASH

#### Low Calorie Chicken Cake

1 Tender Chicken	1 Banana
2 Legs	2 Nuts
2 Breasts	1 Cherry

Take tender chicken in your arms. Take two handfulls of breasts and hold gently. Take two legs, spread apart and drop in banana. Stir until good and hot. Increase motion until banana creams, cherry pops, and nuts explode. If cake rises, leave town.



David Cary  
Canfield Road  
Convent Station, NJ  
07961

## SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

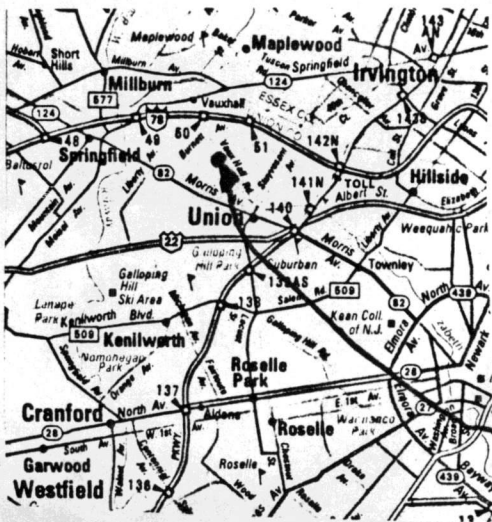
GRAND MASTER: Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, 07078  
(O) 212 552-1623 (H) 201 467-4462  
JOINT MASTER (Interhash): Kent Fairfield, 32 Durand Road, Maplewood, 07040  
212 552-5341 201 762-8416  
JOINT MASTER(Special Events): Terry Savage, 171 Washington St., Bloomfield, 07003  
212 676-5072 201 748-4109  
ON-SEC: George Jurkowich, 9 South Beechcroft Rd, Short Hills, 07078  
212 973-2666 201 376-3677  
SCRIBE: Breath Harte Westfield, 07098  
212 546-50 201 654-  
TRAIL MASTER: Mike Morrow, 316 Prospect, Cranford 07016  
212 466-7981 201 276-0285  
HASH CASH: John Bashaw, 501 Orange Av, Cranford, 07016  
212 269-3100 201 276-4818  
HASH FLASH: Andy Emerson; HASH CHAPLAIN: Paul Horning; HASH HORN: Terry Savage

### NEXT RUN

Run Nr. 139: THE TEMPLE OF BEER LITURGY

Date/Time: Saturday, February 28. 3:30 p.m.  
Location: Biertuempfel (pronounced Beer-Temple) Park, Union  
Hare/Co-Hare: PTOMAINE

### Directions:



Bierteuempfel Park is on Vauxhall Road in Union, between Millburn Avenue (east of Millburn) and Morris Avenue (Rte 82). It is strongly recommended that you take one of these two approaches, proceeding either south from Millburn Avenue at the Veterinary Hospital/Synagogue corner, or else take Morris Avenue (Rte 82) to Stuyvesant Avenue, proceeding north on Stuyvesant for a bit, then left on Vauxhall. The attached map may be of some small convenience.

Run Site

### FUTURE RUNS

Nr.	Date	Hare/CoHare	Location
140	Mar 14:	BISHOP HUMPER	???
141	Mar 28	BLOODY BUTTERFLY	The Manor, West Orange

N.B. THANK GOD OUR LEADERSHIP CAME TO THEIR SENSES!!! The Annual General AGM Meeting Meeting Run, hitherto scheduled for the Ides of March (Mar 14), has appropriately been rescheduled for a more salubrious time, March 28. That was a near thing indeed!! The AGM event features a spectacular trail, followed by a quick shower at respective lairs, followed by a tremendous bunfight and knees-up at Don Pepe's in Newark, at which event authentic reports of finances, strategic plans, contingency plans, and technological developments in the SHHH are introduced, discussed ad nauseam and summarily hooted down, and at which proper elections will be held to install new leaders. Perhaps there will even be an auction of hallowed SHHH memorabilia. Plan on being there!!

142	April 11	FLOCK TERRIER	??
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HASH DASH # 137: BEAU BUMBLES AGAIN, IMPLICATING AN INNOCENT CLERIC

Neither cold, nor snow, nor wet was sufficient to keep away a passionate pack from a re-introduction to the Greater South Mountain Reservation, but the same cold, snow and wet was sufficient to deter the immortal Beau Bumble from appearing at his own Dash. There was a rumor about that he had set the trail, and another, stronger one that he had done so from his car -- which was highly unlikely for a portion of the trail, but perhaps that was the part set by Co-Hare FRIAR YUCK.

The trail from the parking lot did not so much begin as be begun by an impatient pack which found the going very tough through the 8" snow, only to find a dab of spray paint on a distant snowbank on a cleared road uphill, which took the pack the better part of a mile before a check. At the check, where several couples were reviewing their investment portfolios in idling cars, one keen-eyed harrier noticed a spray mark at a nearby road junction, which was indeed the trail and which took the pack to a long uphill trek on a sledding slope to the trail systems of South Mountain, including the famous overpass which has passed into storied myth in the annals of SHHHdom.

The end of the trail was a practically endless On-Home on the highway, giving once again the clue that this was an automotively-set Dash. Back at the startpoint, breathless and aching in their respective groins from the wrenching of snow-running, the pack sought their well deserved roadies -- WHICH WERE NOT FORTHCOMING!!! NONE!!! NONE!!! NOT ONE!!! That Bumble is impossible! Then, get this -- there was no On-On laid On-On by the Hare! It took the collective wisdom and creativity of the pack to determine that O'Reilly's was achievable, so the pack repaired thereto for a few beers. O'Reilly's was magnificent. They gave the pack the use of the O'Reilly Bar Mitzvah and Irish Wake Catering Hall in the rear, which suited us fine. The Co-Hare, one frazzled FRIAR YUCK did manage to extract his digit from its orifice and get the pack some magnificent pizza, which did all that was needed to make the day a success. (Next time, FRIAR, get luckier with your choice of Hare!)

NOTICE!!!

NOTICE!!!

NOTICE!!!

SPECIAL THIRD CALL FOR SPECIAL RATES ON THE SPECIAL SHHH SUBS (DUES) FOR 1987!!!

THE POPULARITY OF THE FUNDRAISING EFFORT IN THE LAST HASH TRASH HAS ENCOURAGED THE MANAGEMENT TO EXTEND THIS EXCITING OFFER!!! DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME!!!  
SPECIAL RATE FOR 1987: \$12.50 Per Half Year; SAVE BIG BUCKS BY PAYING FOR THE WHOLE YEAR AT THE SPECIAL DISCOUNT OF \$25.00 Per Full Year.

-----  
FILL IN DE BLANKS -- OR ELSE

\_\_\_\_ Yes, yes, yes! I want to avoid having my knees broken and be among the very last to pay my 1987 subs!!!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Tel: Office: \_\_\_\_\_ Home: \_\_\_\_\_

Make checks payable to Summit Hash House Harriers. Send to HASH CASH:  
John Bashaw, 501 Orange Avenue, Cranford, New Jersey 07016

-----  
HASH TRASH

Your esteemed On-Sec got quite a chuckle out of this ribaldry, noted on the wall near a urinal in Berlin:

Eine reizende Dame aus Hessen  
war auf schmackhafte Speisen versessen.  
Sie flog nach Berlin  
und reist gern wieder hin,  
denn sie genoss dort ein herrliches Essen.

(Those krauts just slay me!!)





David Cary  
Canfield Road  
Convent Station, NJ  
07961

## SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER: Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, 07078  
(O) 212 552-1623 (H) 201 467-4462  
JOINT MASTER (Interhash): Kent Fairfield, 32 Durand Road, Maplewood, 07040  
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212 676-5072 201 748-4109  
ON-SEC: George Jurkovich, 9 South Beechcroft Rd, Short Hills, 07078  
212 973-2666 201 376-3677  
SCRIBE: Marcel Proost Westfield, 07098  
212 546-50 201 654-  
TRAIL MASTER: Mike Morrow, 316 Prospect, Cranford 07016  
212 466-7981 201 276-0285  
HASH CASH: John Bashaw, 501 Orange Av, Cranford, 07016  
212 269-3100 201 276-4818  
HASH FLASH: Andy Emerson; HASH CHAPLAIN: Paul Horning; HASH HORN: Terry Savage

### NEXT RUN

Run Nr. 140: SOMETHING CONVENT-IONAL

Date/Time: Saturday, March 14, 3:30 p.m.

Location: Convent Station

Hare/Co-Hare: BISHOP HUMPER/MALIBU

### Directions:

Run begins at Rod's Roadhouse, Rte 24, Convent Station. Rod's is attached to the big white elephant of hotel adjacent to the Convent (RR) Station, and not far (conincidentally) from the St Elizabeth Convent itself. From wherever you are, find Rte 24. Heading west from Madison, Rod's is on the right hand side at the Convent Station traffic light; heading East from Morristown, it's on the left. When you pull in to the restaurant parking lot, hang a quick left unless you're attired for the valet parking which is offered under the portcochere (which is Hash-talk for carport).

### FUTURE RUNS

Nr.	Date	Hare/CoHare	Location
141	Mar 28	BLOODY BUTTERFLY	The Manor, West Orange

N.B. THANK GOD OUR LEADERSHIP CAME TO THEIR SENSES!!! The Annual General AGM Meeting Meeting Run, hitherto scheduled for the Ides of March (Mar 14), has appropriately been rescheduled for a more salubrious time, March 28. That was a near thing indeed!! The AGM event features a spectacular trail, followed by a quick shower at respective lairs, followed by a tremendous bunfight and knees-up at Don Pepe's in Newark, at which event authentic reports of finances, strategic plans, contingency plans, and technological developments in the SHHH are introduced, discussed ad nauseam and summarily hooted down, and at which proper elections will be held to install new leaders. Perhaps there will even be an auction of hallowed SHHH memorabilia. Plan on being there!!

142	April 11	FLOCK TERRIER	??
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### AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL NOTE: THE L.A. HASH

From Tony Jenkins, the Margaret Mead of Hashdom, on a primitive California tribe of Hashers:

"Went for a run with the LA Hash on Saturday. The first BEER CHECK was no more than 150 yards from the start. Three beers and maybe 2-1/2 miles later, the run finished on the central divideer of San Vincente Blvd. The On-On was at a low bar where they specialize in little known American brews -- I can recommend Nevada draft Pale Ale. A lot of the Hashers had heard of Rumson Hash, but no one know of Summit. Good value run." (Editor's note: action is being taken now to help L.A. disengage its digit from its derriere.)

HASH DASH # 138: LITTLE EVA ON THE ICE FLOE, OR, "DO YOU KNOW THOSE ICE CUBES WITH THE HOLES IN THE MIDDLE?" "KNOW THEM, HELL, I MARRIED ONE!!!"

Somewhere beyond the place where the sun meets the moon, there exists the Happy Running Ground, a runner's ideal of pleasant surroundings, of felicitous appearances of beguiling bowers and breezy hilltops, transporting the enchanted jogger beyond the effort of his locomotion, beyond the tribulations of daily life, beyond the very visual images that enter his brain, into that never-never land of pure delight and athletic pleasure, emotions that once experienced in this fashion leave one with a transcendental feeling of oneness with the self and with nature, and an intense urge to repeat the experience -- not to mention the joy of tapping a kidney alfresco in the nearest shrubbery. (Editor's Note: This could well be the prizewinner in the Annual Hash James Joyce Find-the-End-Of-This-Sentence Competition, a highlight of our annual calendar.)

When we are promised a run in such a place, or at least a place that comes as close to the ideal as Jockey Hollow, by a hare of experience who has at least the reputation for providing superb runs on every continent of the world, we get our hopes up -- just a little. Well...more than just a little. And when the run turns out to be set in the Watchung Reservation, that aging whore whom every Hasher has frequently had, one tends to reflect not on what was or what is, but of what might have been. There were woods, of course, but they were our old woods, trampled from virginity once again by the Hare's well-worn Size 13 tennies, making the paint provided only a fresh reminder of remote alternatives.

The trail did pass onto some city streets, nice and long and hard and slick, as so many Harriets prefer it, but that's a different bedtime story. But the road led to more road and the dimished paint led to even more diminished paint (though, to be fair, there was some thought bruited about that CHI GUY was using Rio Rules in honor of Mardi Gras. FLOCK TERRIER got good and lost, evidently a consequence of his recent nose job. Others aboard included the Hash twins still on the Most-Wanted list in Millburn, COME-A-CRAPPER and LIFER, PTOMAIN (limping a belching like a true Hasher the whole way), BEAU BUMBLE (late as usual), LOCOMORROW (up to his ankles in horseshit as usual) HORNY PAWS (who almost didn't make it, but who claims he usually makes it) and a couple of non-English speaking Brits and a non-English speaking dog. And oh, yes, PAPOOSE, still dunning folks for money for the sheer honor of being part of this repetitive fiasco.

A highlight was Little Eva bit: Hashers on the ice-floe -- or at least on the frozen pond. One could just hear the hounds at our heels. The On-Home began on a roughed-up horse trail, but inexplicably bounded across plowed snow onto another road.

All's well that ends well, and this Dash ended well because the pack had togetherness and comederie and all that kind of crap at Flynn's, pushing back a few brews on empty stomachs.

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HASH TRASH

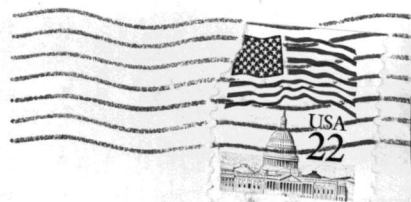
The amount of interest in the classical limerick published here several editions ago has been phenomenal, to say the least. Today, your esteemed On-Sec is pleased to provide another translation of this worthy work, for which boundless gratitude, and no cash, is offered:

The Original

Eine reizende Dame aus Hessen  
war auf schmackhafte Speisen versessen.  
Sie flog nach Berlin  
und reist gern wieder hin,  
denn sie genoss dort ein herrliches Essen.

The Free Translation (Second Wind)

A reasonable Hessian laydie  
Was having sex with a schmuck of a spy.  
She flogged his Berlin  
When he tried to get in,  
To see if he'd lick her vag-y.



David Cary  
Canfield Road  
Convent Station, NJ  
07961

## SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

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(O) 212 552-1623 (H) 201 467-4462  
JOINT MASTER (Interhash): Kent Fairfield, 32 Durand Road, Maplewood, 07040  
212 552-5341 201 762-8416  
JOINT MASTER(Special Events): Terry Savage, 171 Washington St., Bloomfield, 07003  
212 676-5072 201 748-4109  
ON-SEC: George Jurkowich, 9 South Beechcroft Rd, Short Hills, 07078  
212 973-2666 201 376-3677  
SCRIBE: James Feelmor Groupie Westfield, 07098  
212 546-50 201 654-  
TRAIL MASTER: Mike Morrow, 316 Prospect, Cranford 07016  
212 466-7181 201 276-0285  
HASH CASH: John Bashaw, 501 Orange Av, Cranford, 07016  
212 269-3100 201 276-4818  
HASH FLASH: Andy Emerson; HASH CHAPLAIN: Paul Horning; HASH HORN: Terry Savage

### NEXT RUN

Run Nr. 141: THE ANNUAL GENERAL AGM MEETING MEETING DASH!!!

Date/Time: Saturday, March 28, 4:00 p.m.  
Location: The Manor, West Orange  
Hare/Co-Hare: BLOODY BUTTERFLY

### Directions:



Run begins at The Manor, a preposterous catering establishment on Prospect Avenue, West Orange. From most SHHH residential points, get onto Northfield Ave (Rte 508), which runs from Livingston nearly to Orange. Heading west on Northfield, pass by the little hamlet (shopping center) of St. Cloud, climb the hill ahead of you, and turn left at the peak of the hill onto Prospect Ave. There is a "trucks must exit" kind of sign at this turn. (If you head downhill, you will come to Hwy 280, klutz). This is Prospect Avenue. Continue on it for several miles, until you pass a golf course on your left, and immediately thereafter, The Manor. If you're coming from the East, e.g., NYC, take the NJ Turnpike to 15W (Hwy 280), take exit 10, marked Northfield Avenue, turn left at the light at the exit ramp and proceed to the top of the hill, at which point, turn right on Prospect and follow directions above.

It is advisable to eschew the valet parking.

For the On-On, the Annual General AGM Meeting Meeting proper, the pack will reconvene at Don Pepe's, McCarter Hwy, Newark. PROPER HASH ATTIRE IS ESSENTIAL. Directions to Don Pepe's: Take Rte 24/78 east toward the sunrise, follow signs for Rte 21 and Downtown Newark (very last exit before NJ Turnpike toll booth). Take Rte 21 (McCarter Hwy) into the Heart of Newark, pass Gateway Plaza (a Hilton) and the Penn RR Sta one block to your right, and directly ahead, clearly marked is Don Pepe's.

### FUTURE RUNS

Nr.	Date	Hare/CoHare	Location
142	April 11	FLOCK TERRIER	??



## HASHING AT THE BEER-TEMPLE

or

(PTOMAINÉ's trials / BEAU BUMBLE'S bungling)

This was PTOMAINÉ's virgin set and only the SHHH were violated. You see, this run was beset by all sorts of difficulties right from the start; the directions to the parking lot were completely bollixed. Instead of simply telling everyone to park behind a nearby school these idiots merely tell us to get to a park and leave out one piece of mildly important info. - the name of the street on which the park sits. The hare (a hairless virgin) takes full blame for that mess. Well, everyone who got there finally arrived (that's the kind of logic that pervaded the whole run) and the ones that did not can simply claim they were lost. We lost half the group on the run anyway, so what the heck!

All of us suspected trouble when LOCOMORROW found half a bag of flour in a nearby trash can. Well, the run eventually got started in true SHHH form and it clearly became evident that if BEAU BUMBLE had not borrowed that extra cup of flour from his wife the run would never have been completed. Clearly, PTOMAINÉ got the short end of the stick on this learning experience as amnesia took over both hare and co-hare and made them forget all manner and form of the necessary spacing of flour. We started out alright but, as soon as we hit the railroad tracks their whole damn plan went awry and the SHHH were the victims. Some were swearing that if not for the snow the whole group would not have spotted more than a couple of dozen white specks. If you get the idea that finding and staying on the trail was a challenge then you may go to the head of the class.

With MALIBU generally leading the pack, the trail (when we could find it) was fairly well designed and ingenious with its use of bridges and underpasses. The hares definitely get a kudo for "the check around the fire hydrant" trick, especially since just about everyone went right by it under full steam. The best tricks (or blunders in this case) go to BEAU BUMBLE for his ingenious set of his now infamous arrows. Somehow the whole group went past about five of his arrows which, so he claims, were set completely out in the open. It was amazing how many of them seemed to be laid on snow or placed in an underpass which was quite dark. That BEAU BUMBLE was quite the sneaky little bastard on this day, not the sort of thing a virgin hare needs to learn. However, the coup-de-grace was when the hares had to call the whole group back into the cemetery just to find a check. You see, the arrow which was so "conspicuously" set had a car parked on top of it. The whole run was like that; it seems the hares just couldn't get a break.

The inevitable finally happened, the group was split up when the trail disappeared. The wild part is that each section eventually found the trail, albeit in very different places, and nobody was lost. One other major surprise was the existence of roadies at the end of the run, despite the presence of BEAU BUMBLE as a co-hare. After LIFER's diligent checking of the local signing (but definitely not because of it) the all clear was given and the guzzling commenced.

On-on to the on-on at the Liberty Tavern, boy did the hare bail himself out on this one. This wayward watering hole, with little more than a tile floor and a bar, was just the dive for the SHHH's parched throats. FLOCK TERRIER finally made some use of his association with the Westchester HHH by providing us with some new songs - it was flipping well about time. One final note; we were all deeply dismayed to hear of MUD HATTER's misfortune with a broken arm, but, one and all were incredibly offended by his unkept promise of a down-down at the on-on. Tak, tak, tak - there is simply no excuse.

## HASH TRASH

### It Pays To Advertise

A lady about seven months pregnant got on a bus and sat down. She noticed the man opposite her smiling. She indignantly moved. This time the smile changed to a grin. She moved again. The man seemed more amused. When she moved the fourth time the man burst out laughing; she complained to the conductor and had the man arrested. When the case came to court, the judge asked the man if he had anything to say, and he replied: Well your Honor, it was like this. When the lady got on the bus, I couldn't help noticing her condition. She sat down under a sign which read "The Gold Twins are Coming" and I had to smile. Then she got up and moved under a sign which read "Sloan's Liniment Will Reduce the Swelling". When she placed herself under the sign reading "William's Big Stick Did The Trick" I could hardly control myself. And when she moved the fourth time and sat under a sign which read "Goodyear Rubber Could Have Prevented the Accident" I had to laugh aloud.

CASE DISMISSED



David Cary  
Canfield Road  
Convent Station, NJ  
07961

## SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER	Terry Savage	171 Washington St, Bloomfield 07003	(H) 748-4109	(O) 212-676-5072
JOINT MASTER (Spec Evts)	John Bashaw	501 Orange Avenue, Cranford 07016	276-0285	212-269-3100
JOINT MASTER (Interhash)	Paul Horning	PO Box 511, Westfield 07091	232-0896	201-232-0896
ON-SEC	George Jurkowich	9 So. Beechcroft Rd, Short Hills 07078	376-3677	212-973-2666
SCRIBEMASTER	Robert Evans	208 E. Elizabeth Av, Apt 2-E, Linden 07036	486-4165	212-466-7538
TRAILMASTER	Lou Kiernan	37 Mountain Av, Summit 07901	277-4127	201-738-9600
HASH CASH	Mike Morrow	316 Prospect, Cranford 07016	276-0285	212-466-7985
HASH FLASH	Joe DeMaio	705 Boulevard, Westfield 07090	789-3462	201-654-6030
HASH CHAPLAIN	John Stout	27 Warren Road, Maplewood 07040		
HASH HORN	Andy Emerson	17 Woodland Rd, Maplewood 07040	763-1332	201-763-1332
HASH SHHHRINK	Jim Ruschmann	1670 Burnet Av, Union 07083	851-0799	201-851-0799

### NEXT RUN

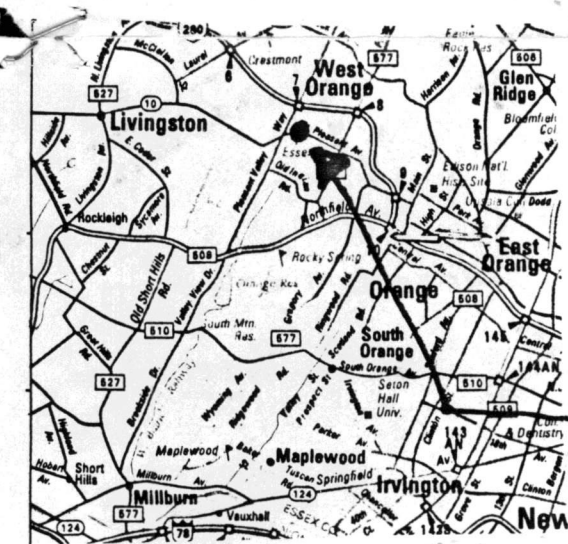
Run Nr. 142: THE NEW GRAND MASTER'S DE-FLOWERING DASH

Date/Time: Saturday, April 11, 4:00 p.m.

Location: The Metropolitan Plant Exchange, West Orange

Hare/Co-Hare: FLOCK TERRIER

### Directions:



Run begins at The Metropolitan Plant Exchange, at the intersection of Route 10 and Pleasant Valley Way. From Millburn, proceed North on Main Street (perpendicular to Millburn Avenue and Essex Street); cross under the RR tracks, make a right at the light onto Brookside Drive, which becomes Valley View Way, and then Pleasant Valley Way. At the intersection of Route 10, look to your right front for the Metropolitan Plant exchange.

Run Site

### FUTURE RUNS

Nr.	Date	Hare/CoHare	Location
143	April 25	??	??

N.B.: The 1987 Americas Interhash and Philly Hash's 500th will take place in Philly on Labor Day weekend, beginning with a run at 6:30 Friday evening (from the Liberty Bell in Independence Park), and ending with a run sometime in the daylight on Monday, with beer, running and beer in between. Over a thousand Hashers are expected from all over the Americas and other parts of the world, so it will be important (1) for SHHH to have its act together, and (2) to get hotel, youth hostel or campground reservations in ASAP. Yes, you should attend for all or part of the weekend. Yes, you should let the Joint Master (Interhash) know of your good intentions. And yes, you should do so now!! Call Bashaw! Call Bashaw! Call Bashaw!

HASH DASH RE-HASH: DASH #140. "GET THEE TO A NUNNERY"

MALIBU, it was, apparently supported by the good BISHOP HUMPER, who assembled the pack at Rod's Roadhouse (or was it Road's Rod-House?) -- anyway, there, near Convent Station, on a fine Saturday afternoon. Good turnout, looking for fair afternoon's romp.

The pack took off in a general direction suggested by the Co-Hares (we were to learn the reason for this unprecedented coaching effort later, as the trail doubled back near the start-point). There was a little shiggy, not much, but hell, this is suburbia. Then onto the infamous Erie Lackamotive tracks, but the planning was faulty: nobody came anywhere close to being smashed by a silent electric train. Then through suburban fastnesses, across some gentleman farmer's lightly fenced woodland, and up and down the few hills of that place until Loantaka park offered its greenswards.

The park was ideal for the day's adventures, but there were no adventures. So the pack, less a few SCB's, followed the trail on back through the suburban brush to the pleasures of New Jersey macadam, and Route 24 to the startpoint. It was a pleasure to be back, for where else can one go and be looked down upon by the valet parking attendants.

After a brief period of roadies and reflection, the pack repaired to JR's. Now here's the rub. The Hares provided hero sandwiches instead of the proverbial and customary pizza. Your scribe believes there are two implications here that must be considered. First, is this to be the beginning of a gourmet war at Hashes, with nachos and dip at the next run to be followed by a pate de compagne and an insouciant Beaujolais nouveau at the one after? And then what, cold roast quail with plum sauce and warm grapes? One shudders! The second implication is that JR's is the place where the take-in service is usually catered by JR's brudda', Vinnie. Since we have by-passed Vinnie in this hero sandwich transaction, can there be a contract out on SHHHers? I'd counsel caution in future, mes amis.

---

HASH TRASH

Farm-boy went to a bar after the farmer's market closed, spied a good looking lady. They had a few words, a drink, and then he asked her if she'd like to go to a motel with him.

"Okay," she said, "but you ought to know that I'm on my menstrual cycle."

"No problem," said the farm-boy, "I'll just follow you in my pickup."

There was a young woman of Chester,  
Who said to the man who undressed her,  
"I think you will find,  
That it's better behind,  
As the front is beginning to fester."

There was a young man of Coblenz,  
The size of whose balls was immense,  
One day playing soccer,  
He sprung his left knocker,  
And kicked it right over the fence.

There was a young woman of Croft,  
Who played with herself in a loft,  
Having reasoned that candles,  
Could never cause scandals,  
Besides which they did not go soft.

---

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---





Mr. David Cary  
Canfield Road  
Convent Station, N.J.  
07961

## SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER	Terry Savage	171 Washington St, Bloomfield 07003	(H) 748-4109	(O) 212-676-5072
JOINT MASTER (Spec Evts)	John Bashaw	501 Orange Avenue, Cranford 07016	276-0285	212-269-3100
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HASH SHHHRINK	Jim Ruschmann	1670 Burnet Av, Union 07083	851-0799	201-851-0799

### NEXT RUN

#### Run Nr. 143: TRAILMASTER'S MODEL DASH

Date/Time: Saturday, April 25, 4:00 p.m.

Location: Stanley Park, Summit

Hare: Our very own Trailmaster, COME-A-CRAPPER

#### Directions:

Run begins at Stanley Park, which is just down the road a piece from Flynn's on River Road. From vicinity of Overlook Hospital, Summit, proceed along Morris Avenue to its end at River Road (vicinity Ciba-Geigy); left on River Road, left again after crossing Passaic River. Pass by Flynn's on right, continue about 0.3 miles, peer left for signs of Hare's car.

From Short Hills Mall, follow signs to Summit, which puts you on River Road. Continue past Ciba-Geigy on left, make first left after crossing Passaic River, continue as described above.

### FUTURE RUNS

<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare/CoHare</u>	<u>Location</u>
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THIS IS THE NEW BOOT RUN; BRING OUT ALL THOSE POTENTIAL HASHERS!!

144	May 9, 1987	LOCOMORROW/COME-A-CRAPPER	Watchung
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Directions: Take Glenside Road, Route 527, (runs parallel with I-78) from vicinity of Overlook Hospital. Pass the Old Watchung Stables, continue past turnoff for Surprise Lake, go another 0.5 miles or so and look to the left for startpoint. Run begins at 4:00 p.m.

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### The Dash

A fine day, a dimwitted pack of reasonable size, including a panoply of honored guest Hashers from surrounding regions, a dazzling startpoint from the very tasteful, understated elegance of The Manor, a skilled and resourceful Hare, a few visiting Hashers who bobbled nicely under their hard-earned Hash T-shirts, a friendly coming-together of two groups which had gathered at somewhat different start-points -- in all, an amalgam of all those elements which make for a superb Hash afternoon. Notably absent were a couple of members who had apparently been taken with the vapors, and who spent the afternoon reclining in blissful repose and watching some stupid basketball game or other on the boob tube. (No class at all, actually).

But wait: it was the Hare himself, BLOODY BUTTERFLY, at what potentially might have been his finest hour who opened the proceedings by an obscure announcement regarding where the flour had not been properly strewn, requiring some initial shepherding of the pack to the initial trail. Actually, once begun, the trail was properly marked, but it looked dicey there for a while.

The trail oriented on Eagle Rock Park, a little-trod greenspace near Montclair. The path included a bit of shiggy, but not an overwhelming amount, a bit of rough hill country, a golf course with early Spring duffers, whose games were highly enriched by the presence of a couple of score of crazed Hashers stomping across the fairways.

Uncharacteristically, the AGM Dash wound up in about an hour, allowing sufficient time for a quick roadie and a dash back to the showers in preparation for...

### The AGM Meeting Meeting

...which was not held at The Manor (much as they would have loved to have us), but at Don Pepe's (which depends upon our annual fiesta for their coveted three-rosette rating). Don Pepe is a slow learner, but a learner: this year, he finally found an upstairs room, accessible only by rheumatic elevator or exterior rope ladder. And there he put us. Along with two other superior parties: one which initially appeared to be a somewhat bizarre wedding rehearsal party (dizzy bride-type person, a collection of proto-felons and meta-miscreants, and a pair of dazed-looking parents, head in hands; and the other which appeared to be the senior ladies' sewing circle of the Mt. Pisgah Fundamental Gospel Tells-It-Like-It-Is Solemn Truth Church, replete with a dozen or so senior ladies and one ~~dark~~ looking minister-type, head in hands.

Well, it turned out that the wedding party wasn't a wedding party, but a "let's all see Yolanda off to her new career in the Air Force" (we can call her Wild Blue Yolanda), and the sewing circle was actually a choir (which joined in on the SHHH's fabulous "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" number, until they began to decode it.) Anyway, they both enjoyed us, and we them, and no one thought much about throwing the others out -- except for one of our own group who had in mind to throw BEAU BUMBLE out (but that's another story, and your scribe simply cannot stomach the possibility of another denial/disclaimer/rebuttal from that prolific source).

It was heartening to note that the essential idea of appropriate dress was grasped by many of the members present, with only a few who appeared to have been raised in culturally-deprived backgrounds and therefore not familiar with the subtleties of after-six attire and accoutrement.

There was heartening unanimity at the results of this year's Extremely Secret Ballot, the results of which appear on the masthead of this newsletter. Those who ran for office but failed to be elected took the loss in good spirits, pledging amity and unity (not to mention randity and fecundity) for the good of the group as a whole. In general, we can only be proud of the statesmanlike campaigns run by all.

Dinner was incredible (beyond belief?), the wines beyond description (unspeakable?), the singing ethereal (unearthly?), the T-shirt auction highly spirited (drunken?), and the speeches uplifting (at least my dinner seemed to be on its way up). The annual report and associated published materials were well received, though FLOCK TERRIER insists that the four-color registration was slightly imperfect.

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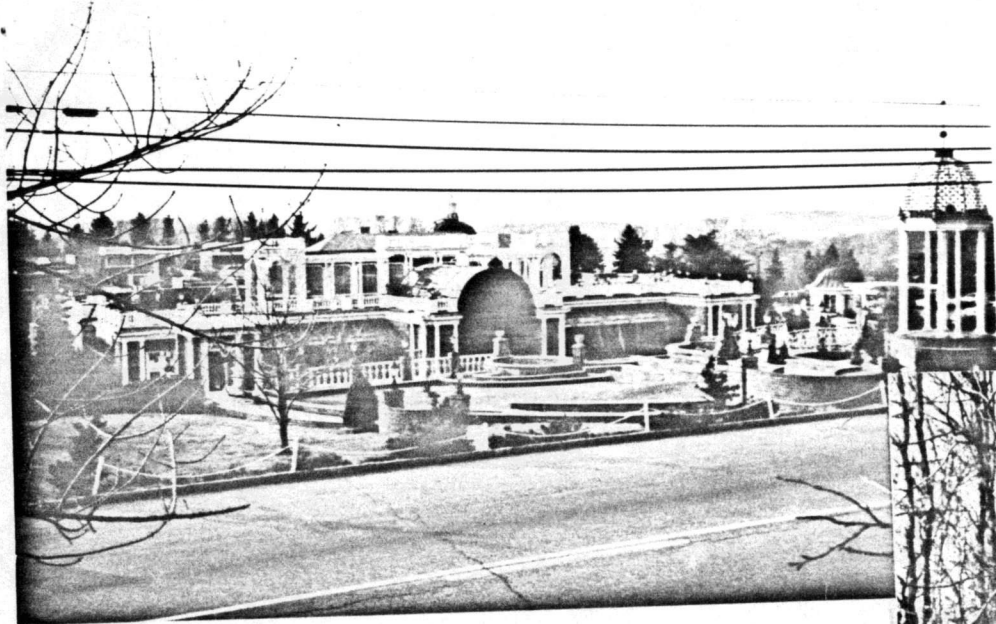
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---



(Left)  
Hash Clubhouse



(Below)  
Outgoing Grand Master gives  
posture instruction.



(Below)  
Pack gives full attention to Hare's instructions.



(Right)  
Pack heading in six or seven  
directions simultaneously.



(Left)  
Throngs turned out to admire  
and encourage the pack.





(Left)

They loved us! Well, they didn't actually love us, but they probably wanted to.

(Below)

The groaning board -- and most of the groaning came from this overstuffed group.



(Above)

Tell just one off-color story and some of these prudes begin to take offense.



(Above)

The vanguard of fashion (ca. 1957).



(Left)

The new Grand Master concludes a transaction. Details not available.

(Right)

Somebody told her it was a glass slipper, and she went for it!



MORE! MORE! HE CRIED

### THE AGM AT DON PEPÉ'S

Well it finally finally happened. The anticipation for this event was so great many expected to arrive at this flower of Newark and see the SHHH out front producing a group mooning. But alas, we arrived to find only the wonderful smell of great food, a crowded parking lot, and no showing of the derrieres. It was sort of unnerving to find that the SHHH could have this much class. As we entered this establishment it became evident that the management had instructed their employees to shuttle all hashers up to our third floor room as quickly as possible. No sooner did the front door close than we were escorted to the appropriate elevator and given no time to infiltrate and bring general degradation to the dining room and other waiting patrons. Despite these minor disappointments, one and all made it up to our room in good spirits. Correction: not everyone made it - the Westchester HHH was never represented at the dinner in spite of attending the run. When most headed for the showers the WHHH shouted some unprintables about some rule of having the on-on immediately after the run. They went off to find a watering hole; they must have found one and drowned in it since they never made it to the AGM.

On the third floor, events really started to move and it was a damn fine sight to see the NYHHH and the Rumson HHH with so many in attendance. The two other groups that shared the room had no idea what kind of a show they were about to see but they turned out to be great sports. By general consent, the best hash attire was sported about by (in no particular order) MUD HATTER, SEOUL BRUDDA, FLOCK TERRIER, LIFER, and PAPOOSE. While everybody's dress was of dubious quality the dress of the above individuals was especially so. The general ruckus brought on by all parties made for a very interesting night.

As soon as the beer began to flow, the flow dried up. Ya see, the management of this flower of Newark took a couple of hours to get the idea that we needed a heavy dose of several cases at a time. After the sacrificing of several waiters and patrons was threatened they woke up and most of the thirsts were finally quenched. With a mighty wet whistle, BEAU BUMBLE went off on many a crude tune and made everyone proud (as he tried to get off on other things he got a wet ass). Joining in the getting wet routine was MALIBOO (notice the new spelling since the Convent Station run) with his rendition of Alouette. The whole evening went on like this but the capper was definitely when a female from one of the other groups actually requested us to sing Alouette to her, so she got the full load - so to speak - with MALIBOO and PAPOOSE leading everyone in their own special way.



(Right)  
 Leadership is an ineffable  
 something, hard to define exactly,  
 but I know it when I see it.



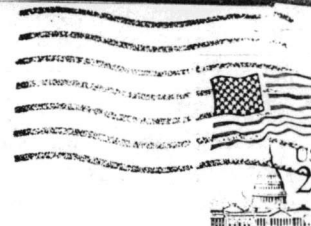
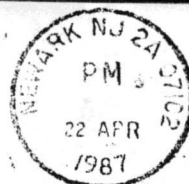
(Left)  
 Wild Blue Yolanda wins the  
 dry T-shirt contest, hands down.



(Left)  
 No slave to fashion, SEOUL  
 BRUDDA cuts a wide swath.







Mr. Andrew G. Emerson  
17 Woodland Road  
Maplewood, N.J. 07040

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Nr.	Date	Hare/CoHare	Location
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144	May 9, 1987	LOCOMORROW/COME-A-CRAPPER	Watchung
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27 Result  
762-6184

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### NEXT RUN

144 May 9, 1987

LOCOMORROW/COME-A-CRAPPER

Watchung

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### FUTURE RUNS

<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare/CoHare</u>	<u>Location</u>
145	May 23, 1987	Noobody knows...	

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On-Sec's Editorial Note (This is not the official writeup): This trail was the new Grand Master's folly. FLOCK TERRIER assembled a pack at the Little Shop of Horrors flower stand in West Orange. He appeared to be still bleeding from "shiggy", which is to say he was being eaten by ravenous plants. Shades of Mr. Mushkin!! TERRIER THEN took them on a course so debasing, so bizarre, so incomprehensible that even now the Scribe continues to strive over the text of his full and truthful account. We are all hopeful he will work through it. His analyst and astrologer have hopes that he will pull through in time for the next newsletter. In the meantime, let's all sing along:

"SUD-DEN-LY SAV-AGE...."

HASH TRASH

There was a young fellow named Babitt,  
Who could screw nine times like a rabbit,  
But a girl from Lahore,  
Could do it twice more,  
Which was just enough extra to crab it.

There was a young idler named Blood,  
Made a fortune performing at stud,  
With a fifteen-inch peter,  
A double-beat metre,  
And a load like the Biblical Flood.

There once was a Duchess of Bruges,  
Whose cunt was incredibly huge,  
Said the King to this dame,  
As he thunderously came,  
"Mon Dieu! Apres moi, le deluge!"

Sir Reginald Basington Bart,  
Went to a masked ball as a fart,  
He had painted his face,  
Like a more private place,  
And his voice made the dowagers start.

There was a young fellow named Brewster,  
Who said to his wife as he goosed her,  
"It used to be grand,  
But just look at my hand,  
You ain't wiping as clean as you used 'ter."

There was a young man of Bengal,  
Who went to a fancy dress ball,  
Just for a stunt,  
He dressed up as a cunt,  
And was fucked by a dog in the hall.

There was a young trucker named Briard,  
Who had a young whore that he hired,  
To fuck when not trucking,  
But trucking plus fucking,  
Got him so fucking tired he got fired.

## RUN #144 - THE NEW BOOT RUN

The hare for this outing was LOCOMORROW and COME-A-CRAPPER was gracious enough to avail himself as the co-hare. This run was held at the familiar Watchung Reservation, just south of Surprise Lake. The meager crowd (not nearly enough new boots) assembled at the appointed time only to find our beleaguered trailmaster down and out for the count with a badly twisted ankle. Turns out that he twisted it about 3/8's of the way through the set and then performed an acrobatic feat that left his ankle in the all but ruined condition. True to his mission, LOCOMORROW left COME-A-CRAPPER where he fell so that the trail could be finished on time. Our embarrassed trailmaster gallantly hobbled (can that really be done?) back to the start point and provided baby-sitting services for a set of new boots.

With the start of the run, HORNY PAWS went in the wrong direction at break-neck speed as was not seen again until the very end of the run. For HORNY PAWS this was a major boner, probably the first one he has had in months. The trail, which the group found quickly and HORNY PAWS much later, was very well marked and covered an excellent variety of terrain. The hares deserve strong kudos for a well laid plan, and by now we all know that I do not give them out easily. Deserving special note was the rock climb about half way through the run; it went straight up and was pretty narrow - everyone knew that LOCOMORROW had his handwriting all over this part of the trail. Except for some thick shiggy, the other notable events on the trail was the interrupting of the love-making of about a dozen couples. It was about this time that the calls of on-on were heard to be changed to hard-on, and the woods would never be the same. Oh yeah, the change of the call is credited to the new boots, one of the O'Donnell brothers in fact - more on them later. With the assistance of the ever vigilant BEAU BUMBLE, FLOCK TERRIER, and PAPOOSE we all made it safely back to the roadies.

The roadies were quite an experience too as many of us thought we were experiencing another Locust Grove incident where LIFER earned his name and COME-A-CRAPPER was almost accosted by the local fuzz. YA see, this time another cop arrived while the general mob and pestilence were downing the roadies; there were hashers running in every direction. LIFER started heading for the woods swearing they wouldn't catch him alive this time and COME-A-CRAPPER lost his car keys in the comotion to put thing out of sight. The cop was very cool which was fortunate considering BEAU BUMBLE's now infamous defense record. On to Flynn's.

The on-on was quite the event. The O'Donnell brothers provided us with some singing which should be a challenge for even the choir boys of Westchester to match. There were some massive down-downs performed, but none was more impressive than that done by FRIAR YUCK; he held up the honor of the entire SHHH by downing a beer with two raw eggs - YUCK!

---

### HASH TRASH

- Q. How come there are no blind sky-divers?  
A. It scares the shit out of their dog.



REGISTRATION FORM

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ HASH NICKNAME \_\_\_\_\_  
MAILING ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
HOME PHONE (     ) \_\_\_\_\_ BUSINESS PHONE (     ) \_\_\_\_\_  
HASH AFFILIATION \_\_\_\_\_

FOR INFORMATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY:

T-SHIRT SIZE \_\_\_\_\_ REGISTERED AT THE HERSHEY HOTEL? not used

PLEASE CIRCLE DAYS OF INTENDED PARTICIPATION:    FRI.   SAT.   SUN.   MON.

Registration Fee       \$100.00 US    On or before August 1, 1987  
                             \$125.00 US    August 1 to August 15, 1987  
Registration after August 15, 1987 will be accepted only if sufficient  
space is available (at \$125.00 US). Make check payable to "AMERICAS  
INTERHASH 87 LTD" and return with this form to:  
Americas Interhash 87 Ltd.  
21 South Fifth Street, Suite 730  
Philadelphia, PA 19106 (USA)

GENERAL RELEASE

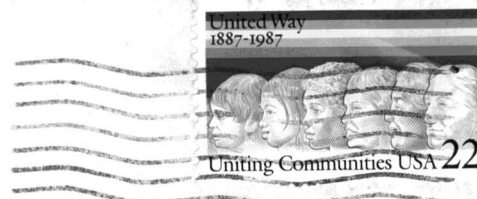
The undersigned (for himself, his agents, executors, heirs, assigns and administrators), for and in consideration of the right to participate, and/or actual participation, in Americas Interhash 87 Ltd., and all activities connected thereto, in the Metropolitan Philadelphia area during September 1987, and with intent to be legally bound, does hereby remise, release and forever discharge, and agree and covenant not to sue: (1) Americas Interhash 87 Ltd., its officers, directors, shareholders, members and agents, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns; (2) the Philadelphia Hash House Harriers and each of its individual members and/or agents; (3) Any municipality in which a running event takes place; and (4) any and all other persons, firms, corporations, sponsors, institutions, conservancies, associations, both known and unknown, whether herein named or referred to or not. This release pertains to all, and all manner of suits or claims whatsoever, directly or indirectly arising from participation in Americas Interhash 87 and all activities connected therewith, including, but not limited to, runs, associated social events, and transportation both to and from. The undersigned expressly acknowledges that certain risks and dangers are attendant to participation of "hashing events" and the undersigned specifically assumes the risk of such participation and expressly releases and waives all claims against any parties having anything to do with sponsoring or promoting the same.

hereunto set my hand and seal this \_\_\_\_\_ IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have  
day of \_\_\_\_\_, 1987.

\_\_\_\_\_  
SIGNATURE

PLEASE NOTE - RELEASE MUST BE SIGNED FOR REGISTRATION





Dave Cary  
Canfield Rd.  
Convent Sta., N.J. 07961

## SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER	Terry Savage	171 Washington St, Bloomfield 07003	(H) 748-4109	(O) 212-676-5072
JOINT MASTER (Spec Evts)	John Bashaw	501 Orange Avenue, Cranford 07016	276-0285	212-269-3100
JOINT MASTER (Interhash)	Paul Horning	PO Box 511, Westfield 07091	232-0896	201-232-0896
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HASH SHHHRINK	Jim Ruschmann	1670 Burnet Av, Union 07083	851-0799	201-851-0799

ATTENTION...ATTENTION...ATTENTION!

### FIRST SPRING EVENING RUN

Run Nr. 145: HASH HORN'S FOLLY

Date/Time: Monday, May 18, 7:00 p.m. sharp  
Location: Millburn Train Station  
Hare: BEAU BUMBLE (ugh!)

Directions: Meet in station parking lot, across from Locust Grove, South Mountain Reservation. (Site of the recent "beer bust" after which the hare-to-be rendered his now-legendary legal services.) At intersection of Glen Avenue and Lackawanna Place (or so we're told).

### FUTURE RUNS

Run Nr. 146 Beats us - talk to COME A CRAPPER.  
Run Nr. 147 Ditto

Saturday, May 30, 1:00 p.m.: Westchester H3's 300th Run Blow-out  
Like, be there or be square, ya know? Check out PAPOOSE for details, man.

Ode to the new GM

who is this new GM ya all have presumed  
to have been picked and given us such a hex?  
he's a crude sort of bloke, that's assumed,  
but, nobody's sure of what he does for sex.

ya see, he's got two dogs and a wife at home  
and he lives in a largely unfinished house.  
the mutts are always covered in jel and foam  
and he says its great as he puts on a blouse.

the whines from his place create such a thunder,  
and the new GM claims he loves each and every hound.  
by him they were all reared, of that we do not wonder;  
for he constantly delights in each doggie style found.

his sweet wife probably screams for some attention  
as he regales of his tails and the virtues of dog hair.  
she reads and offers virtually every situation,  
but he's been with the doggies so he doesn't care.

he loves to run for fun, or so he does claim,  
and he comes in a car saying "doggies for hire".  
when we cannot find his trail he says we are lame  
and then sings about dogs' assholes and "FIRE!"

is this just another normal runner harangued,  
or is this a simple hash house harrier?  
neither really, this one's totally deranged,  
but the nomme he goes by is FLOCK TERRIER.

-LIFER

## RUN NR. 142:

### MUDDLING AT THE METROPOLITAN

Oh the rites of spring and this was FLOCK TERRIER'S first set as our new GM, and he did his damndest to prove himself as the grandly misinformed. Ya see, the run was pretty much up to standards but the directions were working their way to a respectable level of disgrace. Oh, do not get us wrong, everyone who made it got there and the location of the meeting place was accurately described since the Metropolitan Plant Exchange is where the directions said it would be. No problem right? Wrong!! The idiot giving the directions (totally the responsibility of the hare) must have been muscle bound between the ears since they suggested we take the road through the South Mountain Reservation. Nice scenic route but the flipping road was closed. While waiting for the laggards to arrive, some of us took in the sights and smells of this botanic establishment, as well as the flesh walking in and out of the place. It is amazing how great those bodies looked with shorts, practically nothing for a top, and carrying a small tree which points right up their chest to their mouth. The symbolism was so obvious that ZORBA and HORNY PAWS had to be restrained from mutilating several plants.

After all of this excitement, we all got off in our own way ..... you know, by finding the trail and getting to the first check not 200 yards away. I must say, FLOCK TERRIER really had a good time watching us try and figure out where the trail picked up after each check - the words sneaky prick, among others, do come to mind. Some of the real highlights: the checking around route 280 (every 3 seconds you had to check for cars) only to find a back check up a 45 degree hill for what seemed like at least a quarter mile or more - it was a nice touch; or, how about the check at the top of the hill that sent us into the thick shiggy - nobody went unscathed; or, how about the run on the cliff over route 280 - one slip and it was good night sweet baby - that eventually went down and then we had to take our life in our hands crossing the road; or, how about the trip through the water pipe - the new GM was on a roll and it was almost too much to bear; or, how about the end when we were made to risk life and limb running route 10 back to home - after seeing the dead animals on the road the need to hug the curbing was clear, lest we add a few dead hashers to the list.

It was great to see some new blood in the group for a change. The new folks do not have appellations yet (start getting creative everyone) but we do hope to see them again as they exhibited all the traits of true hashers. In other words, they caught on to short-cutting, drinking, and singing real quick. Most everyone made it to the on-on, which was held at some tavern on Eisenhower Parkway, and the mandatory down-downs were performed.

### HASH TRASH - fact is funnier(stranger?) than fiction.

The excerpts below come from our collective readings of area publications. We readily admit that given the collective IQ of the SHHH the readings are few.

- at a recent funeral for a well known, and well respected, member of the community, the minister went to the pulpit and started his eulogy as follows "all that remains is the shell, the nut is gone...".

- in some comments on the fact that the market has moved so high and on the recent cocaine arrests (and scandal?) on Wall Street: "Last week's arrests were part of an investigation that has been going on for three or four years, in which narcotics agents posed as investment bankers. Actually, the assignment proved a piece of cake for the agents, since all they had to do was act dumb and render favorable fairness opinions."

### FUTURE RUNS

1st June #146 ZORBA  
15th June #147 Murphy/Martinelli  
29th June #148 SEOUL BRUDDA





## RUN #143 - the now infamous ONE POUND RUN

This was the time that COME-A-CRAPPER pretty much came a cropper. Ya see, this was his inaugural set as trailmaster - which is a real misnomer since the trail looked like he was a jack(off?) of all trades and the master of none. Oh, the trials (or trails in this case) and tribulations of leadership. The whole and basic issue here is no flour; even the bloody hare lost the trail and took several minutes to find it. Do not misunderstand, the trail was set on the lovely (barf!) Passiac River and started at the parking lot in Stanley Park. The lot was easy to find but forget about the trail. Even those sneaky SCB veterans, LOCOMORROW, PAPOOSE, AND SEOUL BRUDDA, had infinite amounts of trouble finding any flour. The real levity was provided by ZORBA since it was from all of his complaining that this run really earned its name. Ya see, it was not that there was no flour it was just that it would occur about every 25 to 50 yards, and then some. At least that is what it seemed like, it was probably worse and the hangovers gave COME-A-CRAPPER the benefit of the doubt. I know that to be the case with me.

It was a good thing the course was a predictable one; up the river, over the river, down the river, over the river, back to the parking lot. Even with this predictability, FLOCK TERRIER (who arrived very late) found and ran half the course and then gave up, quite justifiably this time, and then came back to the now infamous parking lot. The shame of this was his missing the good parts of the trail, yes there really were some. In the middle of 75 degree heat the hare found the one place in the county with snow, a glacier in fact. The county dumps all of its snow removal into the Passiac and we ran right through it, damn exciting. Right near the glacier we also found a dead racoon just abuzz with flies. For you literary types the flashbacks from the "Lord of the Flies" and the renowned pigs head came fast and furious. For those with no literary background, forget it and just suffice it to say that the carcass was in an advanced state of decay. It is obvious to all that ZORBA had to be restrained from having lunch.

The on-on was held at Flynn's just up the road. We had a raucous affair where the hare did his mandatory hundred down-downs for the number of times the trail was lost. Just watching that made for a good time. At the end of this bout we warned the bartender we would return in two weeks, whereupon he promised to have the place padlocked before we got there.

### HASH TRASH

A gay guy walked into an Italian meat store and waited to be served. When he got to the counter the conversation went as follows.

butcher: may I help you?

G.G.: yes, I would like the largest pepperoni you have hanging on the wall.

butcher: fine (butcher turns around and gets the pepperoni)

shall I slice it up for you?

G.G.: now look here fella, do you think my asshole looks like a flipping piggy-bank.

Q. Why did the athlete molest the eight year old girl?

A. He wanted to score before the first period.

### HEALTH HINTS FOR HASHERS

As Dr. Ruth says, "safe sex" is in order for us children of the 80s. So remember to always keep a few of these in your wallet...

**Generic  
Rubbers**

**For  
Cheap Fuckers**



David Cary  
6 Canfield Rd.  
Convent Station, N.J. 07961

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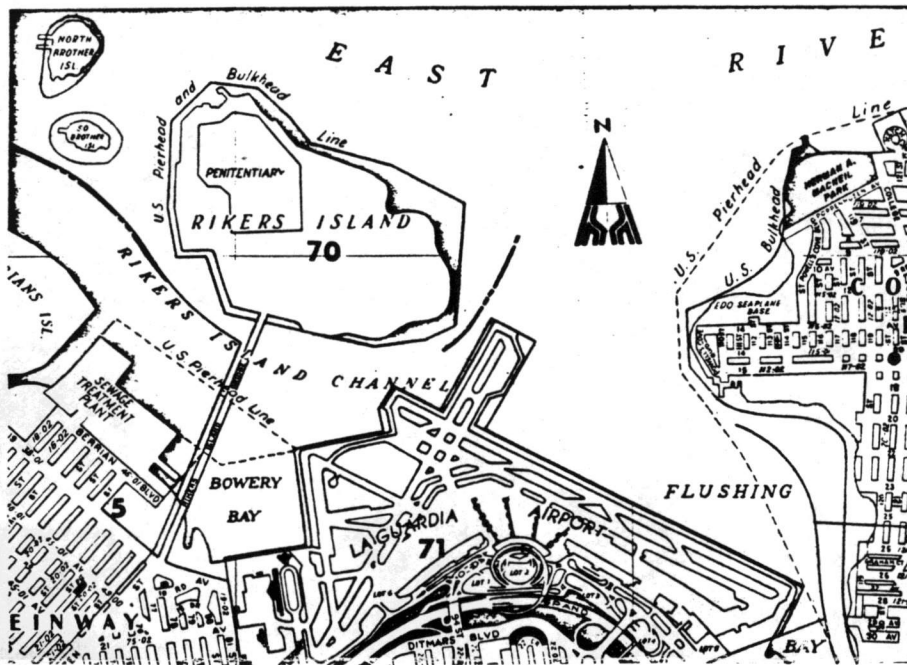
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### Run Nr. 147: MURPHY'S FLAW

Date/Time: Monday, May 15, 7:00 p.m. sharp  
Location: Summit Train Station  
Hare: Joltin' Joe Murphy (nom pending)

Directions: Go to Summit. At train station, look for parking lot on Broad Street, on south side of RR tracks. Find hare's green wagon. Good luck.



(This is a test. Repeat...this is only a test. Do not follow this map. We're just testing to see if anyone reads this, or just looks at the pretty pictures. If you're really stuck for directions, call Trailmaster - and Summit resident - Kiernan at the phone #s above.)

### FUTURE RUNS

Nr.	Date	Hare(s)	Location
148	Mon., June 29	Seoul Brudda	TBA
149	Sat., July 11	Gil Rummy/ Come A Crapper	South Amboy (?)

(Note: this will be a weekend joint debacle with Rumson H3)



No real surprises to report on this one. The inaugural summer Monday eve run attracted a quickly-soaked octet at the Milburn Train Station, ready to make the ultimate leap of faith and follow BEAU BUMBLE's live hare trail. Armed with the memories of recent BB screw-ups, expectations were low and soon realized. Actually, on the plus side your scribe is pleased to report: some folks obviously missed the hare's name on the flyer and showed up; there was a new face or two (probably won't see 'em again); and the hare put a fair amount of variety in the run. The graveyard and quarry were nice touches, especially the fence. On the down side: no...and we mean no...checks; and too flippin' long (1 hr. 15 min. for SCB's; 1 hr. 35 min. for most; almost 2 hrs. for LOCOMORROW and probably now ex-buddy). Other noteworthy elements included the requisite RR tracks, a for-sure toxic creek, a stretch along Route 78 (lots more fun now that there are cars on it) and a humungous detour taken by several ripe suckers when one hasher (formerly know as Joe Murphy) yelled, "No, not that way - I know a quicker way back to the train station." Except he meant the wrong station, and couldn't even find that one but instead led those dumb enough to listen (ahem, we all make mistakes) off on an even more prolonged trek...thus earning himself the epithet GOOSE CHASE. No doubt anticipating a warm reception, the hare managed to proffer ample roadies for a change but kept reputation intact by botching up the On-On, having not bothered to check if O'Reilly's was open on Monday nights. Which it wasn't. So we fixed the bastard and crashed at his nearby pad, drinking all his booze, emptying the frig and no doubt grossing out his helpmate in the process. On-On!

TIPS ON SETTING A RUN  
(or, how to confuse and abuse your fellow-hashers)

A lot of folks have funny ideas about how to set a run. And every year or so some hopeless optimist pens a few notes for these pages on how to do it right. Naturally, given the usual learning curve of most hashers - \_\_\_\_\_ - it usually nets zero improvement. So, let's be honest with ourselves and, in the interests of keeping the SHHH as small a band of like-minded idiots as possible, try the following:

Announcements: Give the on-sec a good 2, maybe 3 days before your run before you let him know the run site and time. This encourages a lot of frantic Saturday morning phone calls which, as NJ Bell shareholders, we encourage.

Directions: Be as vague as possible; say right when you mean left turn; tell 'em three traffic lights when its actually four, and so on. You don't want everyone making your run which may result in a large, unmanageable crowd.

Trail: Avoid variety like shiggy, fields, water hazards, turnpikes, etc.; many hashers have accounting backgrounds and thrive on routine. Also stay away from checks - these disorient folks. Instead, try for endless stretches of paved roads or sidewalks. This allows the pack to really string out, so hashers can get into their mantras, work on travel plans or resumes, or maybe even learn a new language. Seek the proverbial "foolish consistency" and you'll not be disappointed.

Markings: Flour is o.k., but you know what they say about "more than a headful..." Since so much of it is imported these days anyway, do your part for the trade deficit by using it every hundred yards or so, whether you need it or not. Its best not to seem overanxious, so hide the stuff, too, like behind trees, under rocks or in streams where someone's got to be damn lucky (or part bloodhound) to find it. Don't be afraid of getting artistic, either. Who says checks have to be round...or false trails marked with a solid line? Some hares get real creative from time to time and use paper, chalk, center-folds, condoms and stuff and that's fine, too, but just make sure nobody can locate it. After all, hashers hash mostly to bitch and moan and its your job to provoke them.

Length: Some "experienced" types will try to tell you 45 minutes to an hour is just right. Wrong. What's the matter with a quick 20 minutes - which gets you to the suds all the sooner? And who can honestly say he hasn't enjoyed an invigorating 1-1/2 hour hashathon now and then - which makes the suds taste all the better? All you have to do is leave out the rekkly part - only religious fanatics do that stuff a week or so before setting a run. Plan to give yourself a good half-hour before run time, and actually show up 10 minutes till the start. Then, take that borrowed cup of flour and let'er rip!

Roadies: If you really feel compelled to supply a few bottles of brew at the on-home, that's your hang-up. But be a sport: make sure its light (Gablinger's is a favorite). Also, remember that some folks are watching their weight, so a six-pack ought to fill the bill.

The On-On: Anyplace with valet service is a plus. Make sure they take Dinners or Carte Blanche, just in case. Since not too many hashers fancy pizza, try quiche or Szechuan. Once again, beer's not that important but you might want to have one or two ready for the occasional rabblrouser. Finally, don't bother checking to see if the place will be open on the day of your run; they seldom close, particularly on Monday evenings.

The last hint - be sure you have a co-hare...its always his fault!



Whoo baby! What a turnout for this run; we must have had about 20-25 hashers. The count was very confused since any member of the SHHH has trouble counting unassisted beyond their toes. Anyway, the big time SEOUL BRUDDA gave us quite a pleasant run on this one (yeah, like taking a dump in the woods!). Much of the running took us through the woods (but where was grandma?). The trails covered with pine needles were enjoyable and easy on the feet and the beauty of the habitat of the squirrels made up for the lack of terrain. No lack of excitement though. At one check, near a polluted stream, we found two bow hunting fishermen on a closed bridge. Nothing too serious; they simply had arrows loaded onto their bows and at the ready and they sported that special gleam in their eyes (resembled the vacant stare of the reputed zombies lurking in the parks) and the look of blood thirsty son-of-sams over the rest of their faces. With all of this sensory stimulation what action do the SHHH take? Do they run for cover? Screw that! This is the SHHH and we are looking for the trail (after all we are at a check), and no self-respecting SCB would pass on a chance to gain an edge on the pack. You got it. Seeing that these inhabitants of the Summit bayou were comrades-in-arms to the cause of hashing, we asked them where the flour was. Much to our surprise they knew, so we were off once again (some would say we were off when we talked to these denizens of the dark, deep, dank, dreary, dense (get the idea?) forests of Summit - a rare find indeed).

Meanwhile, ORAL MAVEN was burning up some serious speed, but true to a well laid trail (but, where were the women) - oh, it was a well laid trail - poor typing will get you every time - he kept going off in the wrong direction on every single check and was sucked into virtually every trick SEOUL BRUDDA thought up. Besides a little cursing, which is never allowed to soil the writings of this particular scribe, ORAL MAVEN persevered with speed and perseverance to lead the pack once again. He always found the wrong way to go, but who cares since obviously nobody noticed.

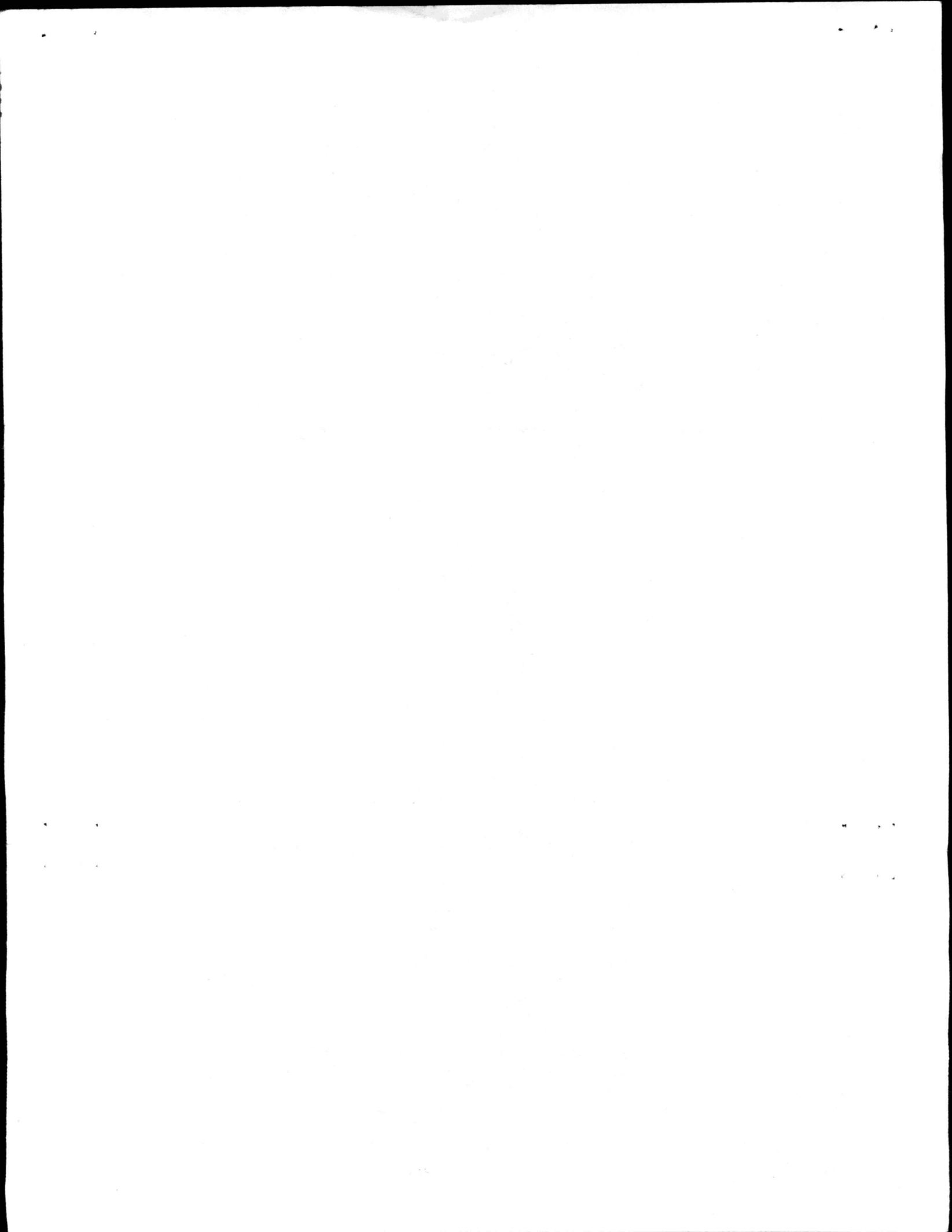
BLOODY BUTTERFLY and LIFER were seen running together and were overheard plotting strategy for their July 15 debacle in Manhattan. We'll see how that went in a couple of newsletters. However, even though this will be read after July 15, this author is willing to bet that those two did not set a decent false trail. By the way, LIFER is on the mat for this one; judging from his last set at Drew U. most of the SHHH will be happy to simply find the trail.

PAPOOSE brought presents for LIFER and COME-A-CRAPPER: insulated wraps to go around their roadies and thereby help them avoid further persecution from the local constabulary. Even at \$1 each PAPOOSE should have a rough time collecting his fees. Those two are such deadbeats that it would be easier to have Haiti promise to pay off all of the Latin American debt to the World Bank. Good Luck PAPOOSE!

FRIAR YUCK was living up to his reputation as something of a rabbit. On several occasions the pack thought he was lost, but then he would suddenly appear from the woods and underbrush in full stride. Everyone simply stared and watched his skill in sheer admiration (yeah, right! barf city!)

BISHOP HUMPER finally made an appearance, but no one saw him on the trail - a true SCB. It appears he arrived late and even though he could find the trail he opted for his own workout of running up and down a few roads and mysteriously appearing with the rest of the pack at the finish. It was good to see him never-the-less.

The on-on was held at the venerable tavern everybody refers to as Flynn's. As soon as we walked in the door we were warned to keep our mitts off of the menu board (those at our new boot run will remember the fun and foul words had with those letters). A small disappointment was the appearance of only 10 hashers at the on-on - more beer for the rest of us. Two virgin hashers showed up late, but at least they arrived. Got this, they were late because they stopped off at home and took showers! These guys may take some work.





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### NEXT RUN

149 June 29, 1987, 7 p.m. SEOUL BRUDDA Short Hills - Gero Park

#### Directions:

From Short Hills Mall or Livingston: J. F. Kennedy Parkway to Parsonage Hill Road; uphill on Parsonage Hill one block to light at White Oak Ridge Road; turn right past firehouse, turning right into park, salute flag, pass tennis courts and swimming pool, park in lower parking lot.

From Millburn: North on Old Short Hills Road under railroad tracks, past light, halfway uphill to Parsonage Hill Road; left on Parsonage Hill to (second?) traffic light at intersection of White Oak Ridge; left past firehouse, turn in at park, salute flag, etc.

### FUTURE RUNS

Nr.	Date	Hare/CoHare	Location
150	July 15, 1987	LIFER/BLOODY BUTTERFLY	Manhattan!!!

THIS IS THE 1987 EDITION OF THE LOWER MANHATTAN/TRIBORO CLASSIC!! AND IT'S THE CELEBRATION OF SHHH'S 150th (SESQUICENTENNIAL FOR THE LITERATE AMONG US) DASH. BE THERE!

### HASH HEADLINES

#### TEMPUS FUGIT, SO BE GETTIN' ON DE STICK!!!

The 1987 Americas Interhash and Philly Hash's 500th will take place in Philly on Labor Day weekend, beginning with a run at 6:30 Friday evening (from the Liberty Bell in Independence Park), and ending with a run on Monday, with beer, running, and beer in between. Several members of SHHH have already declared their intention to embarrass the hell out of Philly by showing up. You too can be part of this incredible debacle -- but only if you act now!!! (If you act after August 1, you get to pay more to register). Attached is a registration form and release (they don't want to be responsible for anything or anybody). Yes, you should let the Joint Master (Interhash) know of your good intentions. And yes, you should do so now!! GET YOUR REGISTRATION IN NOW!!! Any questions: Call Bashaw! Call Bashaw! Call Bashaw!

In honor of the coming InterAmericas hash in Philadelphia:

#### 7 Reasons why Philly is so Quiet on Sundays

1. The Jews are in Cherry Hill visiting their relatives.
2. The Italians are putting flowers on their graves.
3. The Germans are in the beer halls.
4. The Irish are sleeping off their hangovers.
5. The Blacks are in jail.
6. The Puerto Ricans can't get their cars started.
7. The Polish think its Tuesday.



RUN #146 - ZORBA'S ZANY ZEAL AT WARINANCO PARK

Well things didn't start out too badly as the hare picked a very logical starting point at the stadium of this grand park, but he screwed up real fast. The run went out across a field and then took a mysterious (unmarked) right turn into the open field; FLOCK TERRIER and GIL RUMMY were particularly disturbed with this initial set. The full trail finally materialized after a good deal of looking and proceeded to traverse across and over lovers, lakes, lawns, lanes, and latrines, with a baseball field or two thrown in for good measure.

After seeing about half of the park, the hare had a back check to lead us to the other side of the lake in the middle of this scenic affair. This was a tricky little maneuver and enabled the hare to start living up to his name as he gave it to us all, right up the ass. After the lake, the trail led us out of the park and into beautiful and gorgeous Elizabeth, N.J. So as to not make us put up with too much duress, the hare soon led us to an endless set of now unused railroad tracks. The running here, or walking for some, quickly became endless. Except for the exceptional amount of broken glass, the running here was like that on any other set of tracks - tenuous at best. PAPOOSE came up hobbling like a two legged lame horse. Turns out the boy wonder got a piece of glass stuck through the bottom of his shoe (a soul-felt experience?) thereby cutting him on the ball of his foot. After LIFER and COME-A-CRAPPER, himself gimpy from an earlier hash, removed the glass, PAPOOSE proved what a good Indian he is by finishing the run - gutting it out in true hash style.

Where was ZORBA during all of this commotion? Like any other wanker he was in his car waiting for us to finish the railroad run. The quirk is that his crowning touch (and it was a tilting crown at this point) came on the tracks. Ya see, the hare left some of his well known vulgarities spelled out in flour - nobody complained, at least there was flour to follow! Soon after ZORBA's only ever written words of wisdom we found the on-home trail and got to the roadies. Then it seemed like all hell broke loose!

With the announcement of the location of the on-on, GIL RUMMY (one who runs with the SHHH once every three months whether he wants to or not) started complaining about the proposed cost of going to Cheeques, THE local Linden go-go dive. GIL RUMMY complained that at his age (three years past dead), good T & A at that price just wasn't worth the watch. The unbelievable part is that enough other SHHH's went along with this backwards logic (also only confirming their advanced state of decay). So as to not disappoint those assembled, the hare rearranged plans on the spot, but nothing was gonna work. The first place was closed; the French Maid was a bust as the cost was more than Cheeques with no food allowed, and the dancers were major porkers - big time grunts; and, the owner of the pizza joint we ended up at made us keep our language to a minimum as his was a "family establishment". GIL RUMMY really gave it up the ass to ZORBA and the whole SHHH on this one. But all was not lost. Some would persevere as ZORBA, LIFER, and BEAU BUMBLE forgot all about age and dollars and went on to Cheeques in order to make peace (or is that "piece") with the earth, and to renew the lecherous lifestyle vows (and without a priest yet) of the SHHH. The gods were finally able to rest as their faith was restored in the true hashing traditions and we found a new way to perform hash aerobics - Oh, what a feeling!

---

To the Editor:

I want to express my deep concern about the recent Annual General Meeting (the apres hash segment, that is) about which you wrote so glowingly. For starters, who picked that wierd restaurant? The name's misleading--I thought the much-revered Don "Peppers" Pepe, the Tigers' brilliant shortstop in the late 50s, had opened a local beanery. Instead, after carefully nosing my Rambler American through the most crowded lot this side of Reedman's, I discovered that this was one of those funny latino-type foreign places. And when I finally got in through all those strangely-dressed people and had to yell, "hey Pancho, how about some taco chips and hot sauce?," the guy gave me a dirty look and walked right past me. Hell, I couldn't get a margarita or light beer to save my life!

Next, who ran the so-called "secret ballot" for the 1987 officers--Mayor Daley? I smell a rat somewhere. And I notice that it was mostly members of this happy junta whose mugs were plastered all over the newsletter--I know I wasn't in it.

Finally, why do we keep singing all these dumb-ass frog and limey songs? I know a version of "Stout Hearted Men" from the Gay Men's Chorus songbook that'll bring tears to your eyes.

Here's hoping for a really fun AGM next year.

Warm personal regards,  
CONFUSED



Mr. David Cary  
Canfield Road  
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07961

## SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER	Terry Savage	171 Washington St, Bloomfield 07003	(H) 748-4109	(O) 212-676-5072
JOINT MASTER (Spec Evts)	John Bashaw	501 Orange Avenue, Cranford 07016	276-0285	212-269-3100
JOINT MASTER (Interhash)	Paul Horning	PO Box 511, Westfield 07091	232-0896	201-232-0896
ON-SEC	George Jurkovich	9 So. Beechcroft Rd, Short Hills 07078	376-3677	212-973-2666
SCRIBEMASTER	Robert Evans	208 E. Elizabeth Av, Apt 2-E, Linden 07036	486-4165	212-466-7538
TRAILMASTER	Lou Kiernan	37 Mountain Av, Summit 07901	277-4127	201-738-9600
HASH CASH	Mike Morrow	316 Prospect, Cranford 07016	276-0285	212-466-7985
HASH FLASH	Joe DeMaio	705 Boulevard, Westfield 07090	789-3462	201-654-6030
HASH CHAPLAIN	John Stout	27 Warren Road, Maplewood 07040		
HASH HORN	Andy Emerson	17 Woodland Rd, Maplewood 07040	763-1332	201-763-1332
HASH SHHHRINK	Jim Ruschmann	1670 Burnet Av, Union 07083	851-0799	201-851-0799

### NEXT RUN

149 July 11, 1987, 10:30 a.m. GIL RUMMY/RUMSON GOONEST Train Station, South Amboy, NJ

Directions: From Summit and Environs: South on the Garden State Parkway to Exit 129; pick up Route 9N 35 (weird, but this is a Rumson operation, remember). Cross over the river, and proceed to a traffic circle. Go 3/4 of the way around, follow signs toward "South Amboy Business District." Turn left at the first light (onto Broadway). The train station is "somewhere on the left" and "behind The Landmark Tavern." That's it. Good luck.

150 July 15, 1987, 6:30 p.m. LIFER/BLOODY BUTTERFLY Lower Manhattan

Directions: Gather under the funny mushroom trees on Chase Manhattan Plaza, which is located within the block formed by William, Pine, Broad and Liberty streets, 3 blocks east of the southeast corner of the World Trade Center complex, and three blocks south and four blocks west of the southern edge of the South Street Seaport, and 21.62 kilometers due east of the traffic light in the center of Summit, NJ. Get the picture?

NOTE: This is the Fifth Annual Triborough/Lower Manhattan/Get-'Em-Lost-and-Keep-'Em-Lost Fiasco.

ANOTHER NOTE: In keeping with the high standards of the SHHH, shower facilities will be provided at Chase after the run. However, BLOODY BUTTERFLY has specifically stated that he will neuter any participant who steals a Chase towel (it's the banker in him).

### FUTURE RUNS

Nr.	Date	Hare/CoHare	Location
151	July 27, 1987	Ignoto	Unknown
152	August 10	ORAL MAVEN	TBA
153	August 24	FLOCK TERRIER	ditto

NOTE ALSO: LABOR DAY WEEKEND: PHILLY'S AMERICAS INTERHASH/87; See attached and call Bashaw!

### HASH TRASH

Heard about IBM's new model typewriter? It's called The Presidential. No memory, no colon. (Would someone please explain this to the ON-SEC; he doesn't get it).

DASH REHASH: Nr. 147: Murphy's Flaw

Where to begin, where to begin...in fact, that was the first problem with GOOSE CHASTE's first outing as a hare, (unably unassisted by Marty (MIA) Martinelli). Part of the pack gathered in the parking lot on Broad Street near the Summit station, while the other part gathered in the parking lot on Broad Street near the Summit station. Typical directions, SNAFU. But when a few intrepid explorers from self-righteous group A (the westerly lot) encountered a few decrepit explorers from self-righteous group B (the easterly lot), the pack -- about fifteen in all -- set off in exciting downtown Summit.

Now in the past, we've experienced some runs which appeared to have been set (pretty flash writin' here -- that's the past participial conditional imperfect) from cars. You could tell because the flour was all along the road, marked on the driver's side. But this was the first that appeared to have been set by bus, because there was one mark -- about a pound and a half of flour per mark -- at every bus stop frequented by the NJ Transit #69 Special. So while GOOSE CHASTE used the requisite 10 pound, he did so by marking a five-mile trail with exactly seven heaps of flour, which led to some confusion. For the record, heaps of that flour are still visible on Summit's main drag (who shall remain nameless).

The trail took the pack through some of Summit's finest residential neighborhoods, then into the New Providence region, along a variety of suburban roads, and through one very unhappy lady's backyard (nice, nice). The trail included only a minimum amount of shiggy and led languorously back to the startpoint in just over an hour.

The ON-ON was not clearly decided by the Hare until the pack was in, at which point, he escorted the pack to Uncle Mike's, a somewhat tarted-up family place, where it was necessary to sing sotto voce, where there was no pizza, and where the tab was entirely too high; but (now here's the good news), at a nearby table was the remains of a women's softball team, which threatened to flood over to our table, but several members had the wit to keep their fingers in the dikes. There also was nearby (enthusiastically singing along sotto voce) a female Geraldo Rivera lookalike, TV newsperson Gloria Rojas. When she had heard a soft-spoken Zumpa-da, she took delight, and came over to the table to ask for a repeat of the Zoompity-Zoompity. The pack obliged. When she takes control of Sixty Minutes, we can probably get a really juicy expose of the SHHH. Then we can get some new members, I bet.

It took a few extra moments for a number of members to take out second mortgages, but the evening ended in sedate revelry.

HASH BEST  
SELLER!


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# ORAL FRENCH METHOD


by ALICE BLUM of PARIS



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- Ⓐ A revelation, in its co-ordination of the senses
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Teaching, not a dead tongue, but a living lingus.





Mr. Andrew G. Emerson  
17 Woodland Road  
Maplewood, N.J. 07040

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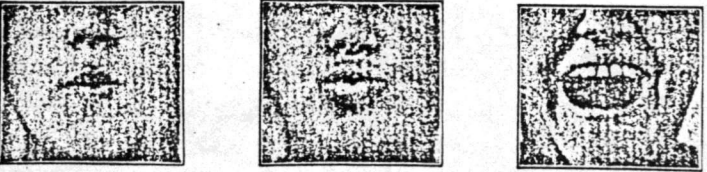
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