



Quest

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER George Jurkowich, 9 S. Beechcroft Rd., Short Hills, NJ 07078
 (o) 212-938-8446 (h) 201 376-3677

JOINT MASTER (Interhash) Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
 & Hash Cash (o) 212-552-2130 (h) 201-467-4462

JOINT MASTER (Events) George Kundrat, 20 Donsen Lane, Scotch Plains, NJ 07076
 (o) 212-264-1610 (h) 201-757-3756

ON-SEC Andrew Emerson, 17 Woodland Road, Maplewood, NJ 07040
 (o) 201-763-0798 (h) 201-763-1332

SCRIBE Terry Savage, 171 Washington St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003
 (o) 212-269-0320 (h) 201-748-4109

HASH FLASH - Kent Fairfield; HASH CHAPLAIN - Steve Nolas; HASH QUACK - Ian Hughes

FUTURE EVENTS AND RUNS

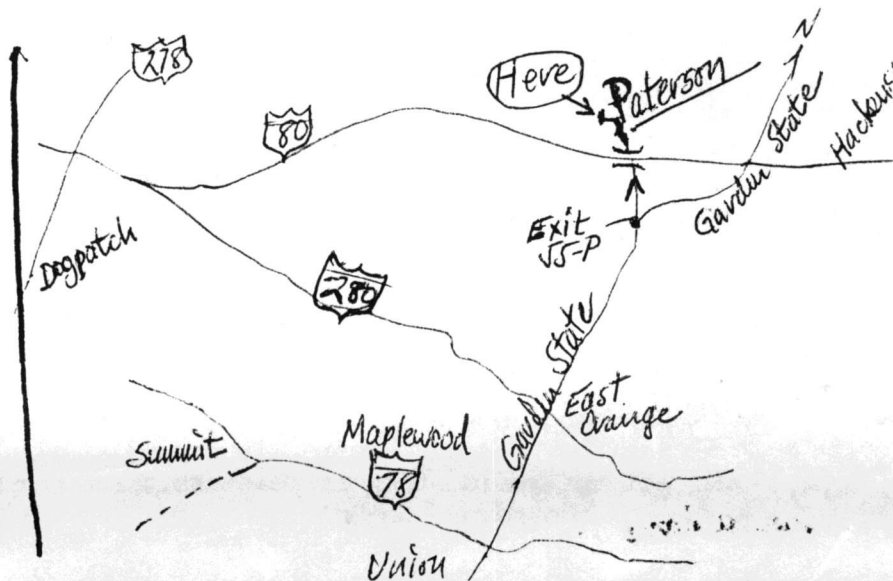
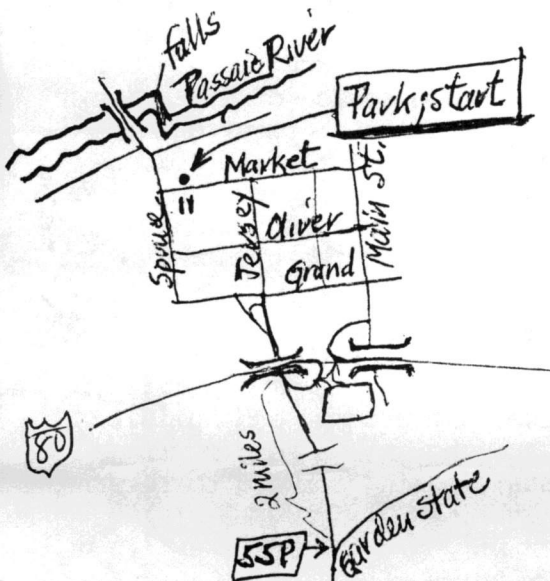
Nr.	Date	Location	Hares
100	Sept. 28	Great Falls, Paterson,	Savage, Emerson
102	Oct. 12	??	??

HEAR YE, HEAR YE!

*Sept. 28 is our 100th Run - great event
 Great scenic course great T-shirt (\$10.-),
 great On-On. Numerous guest runners.
 Be there!*

By taking Route 80 east to Exit 57, or from the South, the Garden State north to Exit 55P going about 2 miles on the limited access, and then, by either way, coming down onto city streets. Go straight ahead, on Jersey St. for two long blocks until you can't go any further, and then left on Market St. On left, see two old steam locomotives; park across the street on the right.

Start time is 11:00 A.M. Make this one!



(Scribe's note: We have received one or two hints of late--between Pulitzer nominations and the like--that these timely reports of hash derring-don'ts may have on occasion bestowed too lavish praise on the hare(s). Henceforth, this copy shall be liberally strewn with "wankers," "deadbeats," "noncreative garbage" and other terms of a complimentary nature as befits the particular culprit. And what better time to start...?)

RUN NR. 97: An Account of The Glorious Albeit Brief 3rd Annual Downtown Fiasc

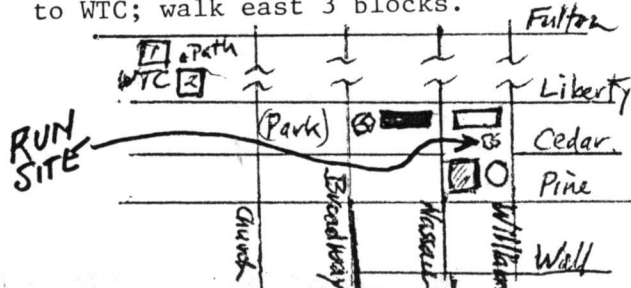
Once again determined to snatch defeat from Victory's jaws, Tweedledum and Tweedledumber (aka, THE COMMITTEE and HORNY PAWS) decided to observe the old "less is more" axiom and in so doing coined a new one: K.I.S.S., or "keep it stupid, stupid." The hares, no doubt having gotten wind of plans to de-pants them should B'lyn even show on the horizon, mapped their run according to a route often used by 17th century Dutch cabbies on unsuspecting English tourists. Which meant that, after departing the usual Chase Plaza gathering spot, the sometimes chalk-marked trail meandered through every alley, close and cul de sa in the financial district. How thrilling it was to plod, in figure eights, along very freshly laid paths within a six square block area; must have taken these jokers at least 20 minutes to lay it. Talk about variety of terrain: asphalt, gravel, concrete, more asphalt, more gravel... Then there was the brief (whoops you missed it) leg through the bucolic splendor of Battery Park, where HORNY PAWS' snickering at a not-amused Romeo's amorous attempts nearly netted him a knuckle hero, and through the hallowed halls--actually the lobby--of the Downto Athletic Club. Club members, obviously impressed with our decorum, applauded our efforts; regrettably, we couldn't take them up on offers of cocktails as the hares had neglected to tell us to bring jackets. LEE LONG DONG, however, was moved to reciprocate with a few choice blats of the NY Hash Horn. By now a full seven minutes into the run, the foaming mass sped up to the World Trade Center, but not before tarrying at the Pink Pussycat to pay its respects. There, a kind prayer or two was offered on behalf of the missing ZORBA, hard by the Nolas Memorial. After a quick sprint across the K. Kong WTC plaza the ranks soon disintegrated as everyone made their own way back to the start. Following a compulsory hosing-down at the Chase health and racquet club, the crew adjourned to Jeremy's or Jeremiah's for the customary jeremiads ("the course was too long...too short...too hilly," etc.) and flagons of exotic brews from across the seas, like Rolling Rock stout. Once again, downtowners were treated, for their dancing and dining pleasure, to rousing strains of Zum-pa-dahs and other standards, lead by the Westchester Choir Boys and several local converts. A bearly passable run, but a hell of an On-On!

SPECIAL BULL-ETIN: A Report on The N.Y. Hash's 200th (the Saturday Run)

Last week, PAPOOSE, SPHINX TERRIER and MUD HATTER trekked up in the latter's flivver to the much publicized, anxiously awaited Saturday portion of this two-day extravagonzo. Informed to meet at the local station at 3 p.m., the assembled multitude was greeted 40 minutes later (par for the course by SHHH custom) by a much-flayed hare who directed all to follow him to the real start of things. Where, following a lengthy explanation of the run's unique bifurcative nature, we were given the option of taken the longer, "eagle" trail or the shorter "chicken" route (both used the same out and back trail). Macho dudes as ever, our intrepid trio elected to follow the red-ribbon bedecked "eagle" road; that is, after a lengthy check at the near-empty Croton reservoir which threatened to pen "The Day the Hash Stood Still" as the run title. Once on the red route, the hares were treated to a terrific selection of hills (oy, were there hills), swamp (mit briars like you wouldn't believe; right out of "Sleeping Beauty"), a quarry or two, more and more hills replete with poison ivory in abundance, and even a scenic lookout, overlooking the valley and river below, tho most of us were too pooped to relish the view, before plunging back down on rock-strewn culverts (would of done BUMBLE proud) to the eventual conclusion some two hours later. Fortunately, a NY Hasher took pity on our plight and invited the sweaty-palmed ranks for a quick splash in his pool, before re-convening all at the local Masons' hall for the On-On. Which proceeded in fine style, adorned with 25 oz. drums of "Big Barrel" Aussie lager and lots of noshing, not to mention long-sleeved t-shirts (like, w/the temp. and humidity in the high 80s, we really needed at the moment) and the silken song stylings of the resident choir meisters. Kudos to our hosts; looking forward to returning the favor--On-On!



'Hey, Ma, Uncle
Louie has a boner.'





Andrew G. Emerson

17 Woodland Rd
Maplewood
NJ 07040

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER George Jurkowich, 9 S. Beechcroft Rd., Short Hills, NJ 07078
(o) 212-938-8446 (h) 201 376-3677

JOINT MASTER (Interhash) Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
& Hash Cash (o) 212-552-2130 (h) 201-467-4462

JOINT MASTER (Events) George Kundrat, 20 Donsen Lane, Scotch Plains, NJ 07076
(o) 212-264-1610 (h) 201-757-3756

ON-SEC Andrew Emerson, 17 Woodland Road, Maplewood, NJ 07040
(o) 201-763-0798 (h) 201-763-1332

SCRIBE Terry Savage, 171 Washington St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003
(o) 212-269-0320 (h) 201-748-4109

HASH FLASH - Kent Fairfield; HASH CHAPLAIN - Steve Nolas; HASH QUACK - Ian Hughes

FUTURE RUNS

<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hare</u>
102	Oct. 12	Clinton, N.J. - East Side Pub	Hornung
103	Oct. 26	Basking Ridge	Andrews
104	Nov. 9	????	

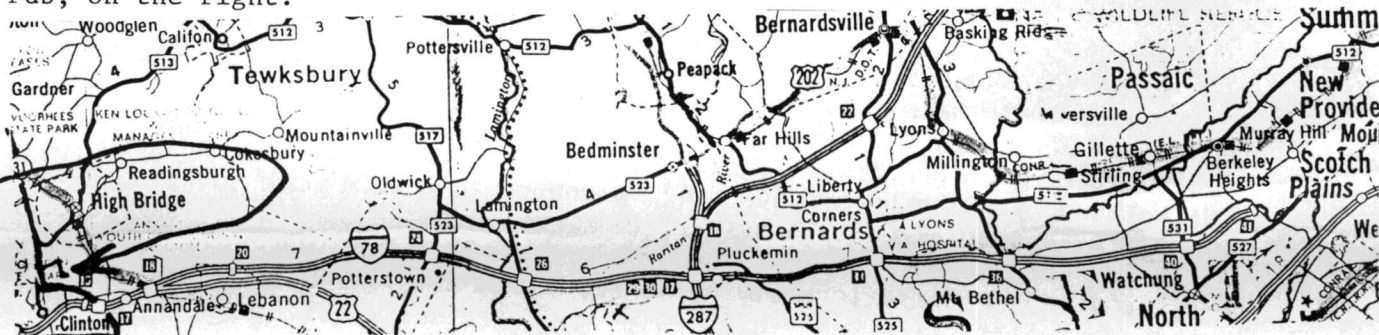
NEXT UP-COMING RUN

Date, time: Saturday, October 12, 4:00 P. M.

Place: East Side Pub, Clinton, N.J.

Driving instructions: (as dictated by the hare) Like, take rout 78, it's not far, not so far as my last run, it's only a little way out, you get off at Clinton and hang a couple of rights, one of'em is after a bar, but don't stop yet that's not the right bar yet, you have to go under a long tunnel, and maybe there'e some light at the end, and turn right and park, after the stop sign.

Driving instructions as deciphered by Editor: Proceed westerly upon Rte. 78; get off at Exit 16, marked for Clinton; go North on Route 31 about 2 miles, to the first (and only) traffic light; there go RIGHT, and after about one mile, look for a bar on the right with a road to the right going over a bridge, about 10 yards beyond the bar; take that right, and proceed about a quarter of a mile, going through a longish railroad underpass; at next STOP-sign, turn right; go about one quarter mile, and pull in at the East Side Pub, on the right.



ATLANTA: Received a brief write-up from Giles Paget-Wilkes re the 4-days of Atlanta (short for Giles, that is - only two pages). Rumson came into it's own - nearly ejected en masse from their motel for propelling dead rats across the pool, and corrupting their morals. Next Inter-Americas Hash, in 1987, will be Philadelphia!

(Reprinted sans permission from The Joy of Hashing by James Weard, Dyslexia Press)

Ingredients: One stringy, lame hare (well past its prime)
Five lbs. flour (half of that will probably do)
Half dozen ripe steamers
Two acres poison ivy, for garnish

Take well-aged bird noted above, allow eleven minute head start laden with more flour than he'd possibly need, and pursue by six foul-smelling, crazed suckers with customary SHHH patriotic and chaotic abandon through Springfield's bucolic Rahway River park basin. Yep, that's the recipe born of desperation some weeks back when BISHOP HUMPER informed the ranks that designated hare BEAU BUMBLE had been laid up with a bout of gout, unable to lay the trail before post time, and consequently planned to do it ex pre facto. After thoughtfully giving us time to observe a local lass's walk-racing regimen nearby, BUMBLE showed up mumbling some excuse or other, pleaded for a few minutes' headstart and blazed off in a cloud of Pillsbury dust and sulfurous gas. Having counted all the fingers and toes among us twice (sure, we lost count--so what?), our stalwart crew descended upon the suburban backwaters in search of flour, nearly losing LOCOMORROW in the process as he almost did a full gainer off a rotting railroad trestle into the fulsome gource below. No doubt aware of the group's collective affection for the canine set, the hare lead us all through more backyards and popch turf than I care to recount; a particularly memorable moment was the sight of one mastiff munching on an Adidas. Fortunately, JATO sacrificed a t-bone stashed in his boot for such emergencies and we all survived to arrive at an office building parking lot check, where the hare cleverly disguised flour markings as painted parking space lines. Eventually things were sorted out when the real path was stumbled upon, and the trek resumed through more tracts of Cape Cods until switching on to a true BUMBLE trademark, the local freight RR line. You see, he's apparently convinced that the success of any given run is directly proportional to the number of ankles shattered during the festivities, so he graciously provided enough miles of splintered ties, broken glass, boulders and other amenities to do the job right. However, someone in the crowd must have amassed an enormous supply of good Karma (Benitez, perhaps? He's kind of quiet and therefore suspect--hey, who's got a hash nom for him, anyway? No one escapes unscathed!) because we finally jumped the track and headed back into the shiggy, across the river (frightening boaters and fishermen in the process), through more shiggy and yet again a cooling splash in the meandering Rahway and into a batch of weeds when, Shazaam! disaster struck--LOCOMORROW dropped his monocle in the swamp! Despite all efforts to bury the lens forever with our thoughtful stomping around, someone ran out of luck and found the damn thing, so we proceeded on home (after a short break to find the trail--that old north star sure comes in handy) but not before nearly losing LOCOMORROW again while he performed a mean fandango, Walenda-style, across the trestle noted earlier, in his now half-glassed state. BUMBLE, meanwhile, was found lurking nearby, and smugly asserted how this "instant hash" technique might be worth pursuing further; whereupon we told him to go on ahead, and we'd catch up... 'cuse we had other plans, i.e., adjourning to the old Hash favorite, "Spirit of '76" for a bit of boozing and scintillating banter with Ol' "Mister Charm" hisself, Angus McGrump the barman. On-on!

SPECIAL REPORT AND VERY LIMITED TIME OFFER...

Those of you whose smilin' pusses failed to grace the throng participating in the 9/28 100th hash missed a blast (see next issue of this rag for a full report). Suffice to say, the day included a veritable plethora of natural wonders (i.e., waterfalls, beer, hills, beer...even a moon by daylight) and good fun. Bereft though you may be, you've still a chance to grab a momento with the purchase of a special edition T-shirt commemorating the SHHH's CENTURY CLASSIC INTERHASH. Festooned with a snazzy logo and design (the winning design having been submitted, after a lengthy nation-wide competition, by a talented Leonardo-to-be), this attractive kelly-green with gold letters shirt is the perfect addition to anyone's collection of hashing togs. Or, it will make a great Christmas gift...or dust-cloth. In any event, these prized T's may be obtained for the small sum of \$7. ea. (S,M,L & XL still available) at next week's hash... and the one after that...and the one after that...what a buy!



Andrew G. Emerson

17 Woodland Rd
Maplewood
NJ 07040

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER George Jurkowich, 9 S. Beechcroft Rd., Short Hills, NJ 07078
(o) 212-938-8446 (h) 201 376-3677

JOINT MASTER (Interhash) Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
& Hash Cash (o) 212-552-2130 (h) 201-467-4462

JOINT MASTER (Events) George Kundrat, 20 Donsen Lane, Scotch Plains, NJ 07076
(o) 212-264-1610 (h) 201-757-3756

ON-SEC Andrew Emerson, 17 Woodland Road, Maplewood, NJ 07040
(o) 201-763-0798 (h) 201-763-1332

SCRIBE Terry Savage, 171 Washington St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003
(o) 212-269-0320 (h) 201-748-4109

HASH FLASH - Kent Fairfield; HASH CHAPLAIN - Steve Nolas; HASH QUACK - Ian Hughes

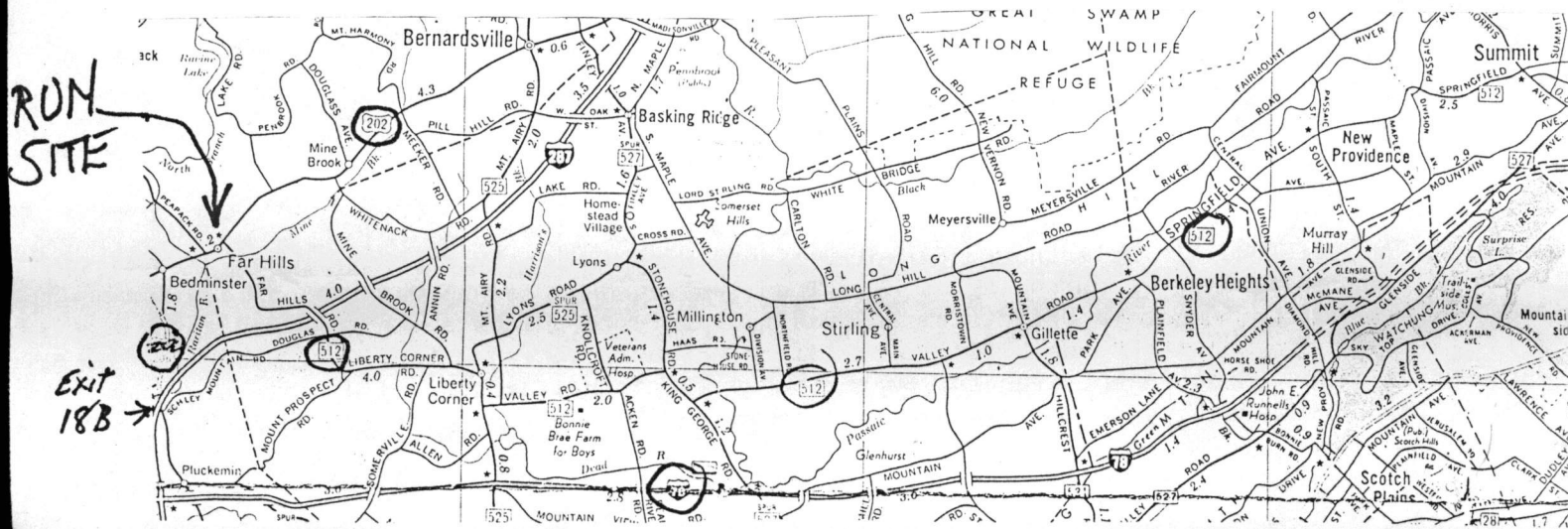
FUTURE RUNS

Nr.	Date	Location	Hare
104	Oct. 26	Far Hills	P. Andrews, T. Urick
105	Nov. 9	- - -	Ian Hughes
106	Nov. 23 (before Thanksgiving)	- - -	J. Bashaw
107	Dec. 7	(Have fun with that one, guys)	

NEXT UP-COMING RUN

Date: Saturday, October 26
Time: 3:58 P.M., Erie-Lackawanna time
Location: Far Hills railroad station
Driving: By road take Rte. 512 west from Summit to the Station in Far Hills. Or, take Route 78 west to Route 287; go North on 287; get off at Exit 18B and follow route 202 North to the Station, where 202 intersects with 512. Impossible to get lost (it says here).

Train: Take train departing Hoboken 2:50, or Newark 3:04, or Summit 3:20; alight Far Hills at 3:58; do not be late; run starts promptly.



. . . Will go down in history, a Gloria's occassion (get it?), saved for the fifty or so intrepid souls who showed up by the fickleness of the wayward storm which at the last minute decided to speed up and hit Long Island, rather than dawdle its way up the Jersey coast and screw us up on Saturday.

'Twould be easy enough for this writer, who happens to be a Co-Hare of that memorable occasion, to proclaim that, what with the good turn-out, the absolutely marvelous weather, the massive flow over the Great Falls of the Passaic River replete with rainbows, the fantastic terrain with magnificent views of most of the World That Counts, ~~and~~ the excellently conceived trail, ^{and} fine On-Or that this event was an undiluted success. We note in passing that no one remembered to appoint a writer for the event, as our regular scribe was the other Co-Hare. And we knowingly violate our Fourth Commandment, that The Hare Shall not write up His Own Run; a peccadillo utterly consistent with our usual low standard of mis-management that shall pass otherwise unnoticed. The Fifth Commandment is, as everyone there present now knows, - "No Poofsters," and there is no Sixth, etc.

But integrity requires us to back up a few steps and recount a few of the actualities of the situation, lest anyone, most of all the Hares-brained who concocted this pseudo-idyl get the idea that they did a Good Thing. In reality, the faults of the affair came to light early on, even in the planning of the event. The two Hares, bless'em, in order to select a run site, went first to Hacklebarney State Park - actually a vest-pocket glen in Morris County surrounded by Private Property on all sides; having traversed it in five minutes, these miscreants then slunk through what turned out to be a private game preserve; emerging on the other side, they inquired of natives whether the patroons were friendly. They learned that the preserve was patrolled by a bearded monster of a man who always carries a shot-gun loaded with buck-shot. Scratch plan #1. Next, following the advice of our infallible Master, they investigated some farming country in the vicinity of Clinton, Western New Jersey - selected mainly because of its proximity to an airport. Following vehicular survey, they accosted a local hayseed, to ask permission to over-run his land. After a little softening up, he acquiesced, and asked the date of the event. On being told Sept. 28, he recoiled in horror, informing them that that was the opening date of the bow-and-arrow deer season in the state, and that anything that moved was fair game. So chuck the whole idea of a run in the wilds. Next, consider Cheesequake Park, a spooky place sure to provide a few chills all its own. (Indeed last Hash run there, hared by our own hermaphrodite Gil Rummy, took place in such drought that, when he emerged from the woods covered with incriminating flour, the Park Ranger came out of his hovel and announced that, ten minutes earlier, the Gov'nor had ordered all woods closed; and he was like to arrest Gil Rummy, and all who followed him, or, rather, preceeded him, back into the woods.) Well, back in August when the Centennial was being planned, we were still in drought, and so with inerring foresight, the Hares eschewed Cheesequake. And so, let there be consideration of the northern end of the Delaware and Raritan Canal (since the previous year's event at the lower end was so enjoyable). Ah, yes, had that place been selected, then on run day it probably would have been under ten feet of flood water dumped by the Hurricane. (This writer in fact heard over the radio that the waters crested at 17' above mean grungy water level on the day before.) Lucky! And finally, quite out of ideas, they resurrected Garret Mountain and the Paterson Falls, using most of a course that had been set a year earlier - and, appropriately for its implications, rained out immediately after the Hare on that one layed the trail.

Ah, well, all's well that ends well, right? Wrong. Clearly the Hurricane dissuaded a number from coming at all. Then, on run day, he who was responsible for the T-shirts forgot to bring them and had to return to points south to fetch'em, leaving the local responsibility to a lame old rabbit so exhausted from laying the trail that he could not even follow the pack. (He actual got totally side-tracked with a bevvvy of hash-wives, accompanying them in their car to the summit

of Garret Mountain to admire the view. (He claims.) And of course the course was laid out in such convoluted fashion that many runners cut off a large loop through the beautiful park atop the mountain, and missed some delightful stretches. It does appear, however, that a few well-conditioned, or otherwise un-hashlike characters did follow the entire trail, over that magnificent quarry/shiggy, through the construction site, over the mighty Passaic, and again back over the same bridge they crossed at the end of the first mile. And were there roadies this time? Yes; we have learned our lesson. And the On-On . . . Nice choice, if we do say so ourselves. Who'd'a thot'a using an Historic Monument to the leaders of the country's nascent labor movement for a beer blast? It was actually a pleasant residence in an unpretentious neighborhood, now operated as a sort of museum to events of the first two decades of this century, when Paterson was still Silk City, with 250,000 (or something like that number) employed in its massive silk and textile mills, and locomotive factories, etc. So, we started the usual singing, and what do we get? . . . "Could you boys please tone down the profanity? There are children in the area whose ears we wish you not to assault, and elderly neighbors who still think 'Gee, whiz' is a swear-word and 'Twenty-three Skidoo' is pretty racy." And the usual high-jinks, like Zorba descending into the herb cellar to take a piss, and our friends from Westchester singing their blessing of the meal, and an atrocious attempt at funny skitting and singing of the old Monty-Python routine about the Philasaphy Depa'tment of good old Wolloomaloo U.

It was good to have representation from New York City (and Paris, therein included, it seems), specially Lee Long Dong, and Westchester (the aforementioned Peter and Ian - sorry fellows, don't know your hash names), a couple from Philadelphia, several from Rumson including the Venerable Kanaga, and a few of our own not too often seen. Meal at the On-On was subliminally tolerable - as were we, in the eyes of the management; beer sufficient (just), the weather felicitous (whatever that means), and everybody went home with a full belly, a full bladder, and a full kit bag. May next year's be so good. And oh, yes - some of the women imported by the City Hash (excluding the ever-lovely Bod-Med), seemed never to have heard of a Down-down before, and were uttelry taken aback when directed to have one on account of short-cutting, lagging in the behind, etc., etc. And then when we asked them to pay, . . . well, really. And the limericks - what a bunch of duds. Anyhow, we wish all who weren't here had been here.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM AFAR DEPARTMENT

Following is a partial exerpation from a rather lengthy communication received from one of our own number recently exiled by his Chaste Bankerly employer to the depths of darkest Africa - we don't recall whether it is Ougadougou, Lambarene, !Nkrughartyuetaionshrdlu, or some place with a truly unpronouncable name. Portions of the message were obscured by rough air that tended to mask the beat of the drums, over the Atlantic in the vicinity of the Cape Verde Islands. It wasn't, or probably wasn't, Boy Doug Doug's fault that we never understand him.

"My Dear Hon-Secy(sic)

For most of a year now your kind office. has faithfully posted me the SHHH Trash which I have most gratefully appreciated and occassionally rea . . . ((Actually, word is probably 'enjoyed': Ed.))

The most recent edition, undated of course, announces the 100th run, co-hared by your honorable self ((a reference to On-Sec BEAU BUMBLE; Ed.)) and now having taken place yesterday - our African Time. ((We don't know who else's African Time it could be, do we? Ed.)) It is with limited expectations that I await the full reportage. ((Doug, anything you do has limitations.)) The event does give me thought to report that a most magnificent Abidjian Hash is very alive and about to celebrate its 200th run, October 12th. Our very own Chase Bank is hosting; complete with beer stop,

yes, we take a civilized and health-preserving beer stop at mid-run, in a local (read unsophisticated, dirt road, mud hut, garbage-strewn, smelly, ethnic, scenic) village, where the resident band will provide musical entertainment. ((And a lot more, we suppose: Ed.))

But, I am getting in front of myself. The Abidjian Hash runs eash and every Saturday at 5 P.M. with some 60 -80 men, women and occasional children in attendance ((Loose child-abuse laws in the underdeveloped countries, eh, Doug?)) In most all aspects, the doings are familiar to SHHHrs. The hares, using chalk, toilet paper or the like, set a trail with the expected checks, false trails and check-backs. The selection of scenery, frequently includes paved streets, unpaved streets, dirt paths, no path, tall grass, dense vegetation, open sewers (full or empty), shanty villages, local natives, foreign natives, bemused natives, hordes of screaming native children repeating our chorus of "on-On", etc., etc. (Hell, we have most of that right here: Ed.)

The ON-ON, and the ON-OUT, are generally from the Hare's home, providing a congenial (or, maybe, congenial) atmosphere for HASHITINGS (Down-Downs) and Hash songs. Local FLAG brew in quantity and various foods, some familiar, some not, are part of the after-Hash revelries, which make this outing one of the week's major social events. Still marginally dominated by Brits and Americans, the Hash attracts a strong following of French, Dutch, Germans, Swiss, Canadians, Scandinavians, etc., etc.

Prior to our 200th run, comes the annual semi-formal ball, staged at the elegant and world famous Hotel Ivoire (International). ((Ivoire = "Ivory": Ed.)) Gathered around, along and in the "lagoon pool", Hashers resplendent in formal attire above, but always ready for a dash below, revel in comradeship, suds and noshing whilst boozing the night away. Oh, it brings a pitty-pat to my heart to tell of it. ((Doug, what do you suppose it does to us?))

Well, enough if this rambling. Rest assured Hashdom is alive and well and converges even while offending, the locals. . . .

All best wishes to fellow Hashers. Send a delegation to the 200th. Some one among you must be eager to see Africa.

Good wishes
Doug"

P. O. Box 521
New York, N.Y. 1000

Hasher Doug-Doug is stationed (or marooned) in Abidjian, Ivory Coast, with the Chase-Manhattan Bank.

While it may be in bad taste to malign the dear departed, it has been heard that Rock Hudson, while lacking in neighbors during the last stages of his illness, still had friends up the ass.

Year-end approaching. Put aside unimportant thoughts of Thanksgiving, Xmas, etc., and begin thinking about the Annual General Meeting, and candidates to replace the jaded curmudgeons that have been screwing up the affairs of the outfit THIS year.

5th Inter-hash sanctioned by the Mother Hash of Kuala Lumpur, will take place in Thailand's Pattaya Beach, March 28-31, 1986. Theme is "Sawatdee", meaning Thai-style hospitality. (Ever hear of a "L.B.F.M."? Ask the man who owned one.) This actually is Easter week-end. No one should go through a lifetime without making one Inter-Hash on the world scale. Details will appear in this column as the date nears.



Andrew G. Emerson

17 Woodland Rd
Maplewood
NJ 07040

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER George Jurkovich, 9 S. Beechcroft Rd., Short Hills, NJ 07078
(o) 212-938-8446 (h) 201 376-3677

JOINT MASTER (Interhash) Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
& Hash Cash (o) 212-552-2130 (h) 201-467-4462

JOINT MASTER (Events) George Kundrat, 20 Donsen Lane, Scotch Plains, NJ 07076
(o) 212-264-1610 (h) 201-757-3756

ON-SEC Andrew Emerson, 17 Woodland Road, Maplewood, NJ 07040
(o) 201-763-0798 (h) 201-763-1332

SCRIBE Terry Savage, 171 Washington St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003
(o) 212-269-0320 (h) 201-748-4109

HASH FLASH - Kent Fairfield; HASH CHAPLAIN - Steve Nolas; HASH QUACK - Ian Hughes
FUTURE RUNS

<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hare</u>
104 *	Nov. 9	Seeley's Pond, Watchung Reservation	Hughes
105 *	Nov. 23	- - - (?)	Bashaw
106 *	Dec. 7	Pearl Harbor	Kimmel; or other????
107 *	Dec. 21	? ? ?	? ? ?

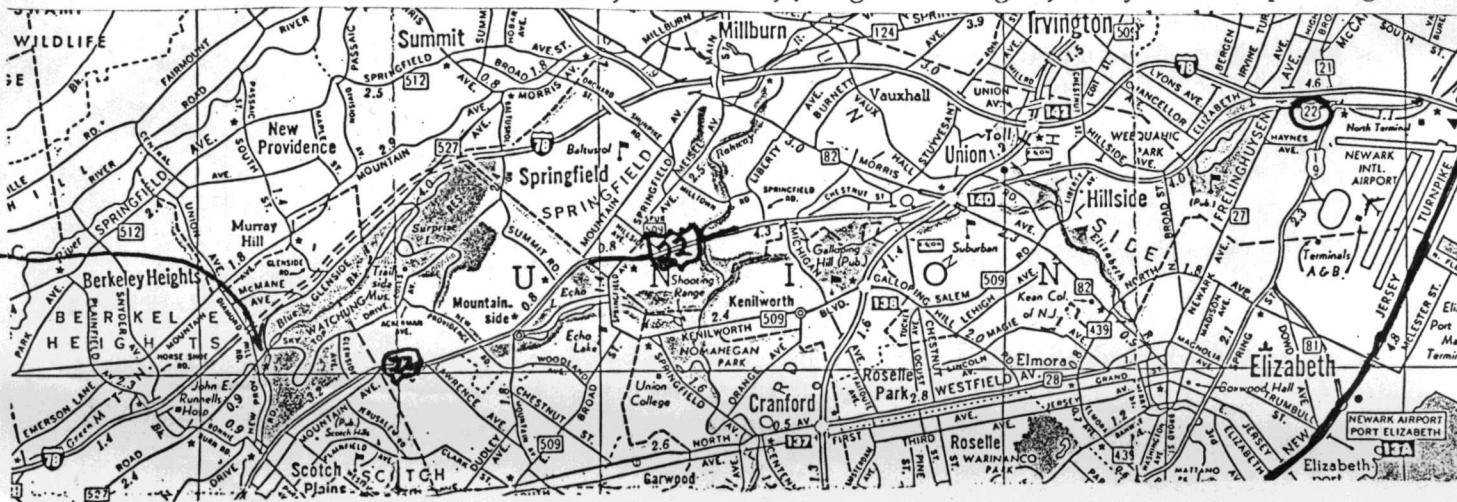
NEXT UP-COMING RUN

Date: Saturday, November 9
Time: 3:00 P.M.

Location: Seeley's Pond, Watchung Reservation, Scotch Plains (west of Route 22)

Driving: From east, get going 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 Rd; go one mile to light; there, right on Sky Top Drive; go 50 yards to parking lot on right. ((If coming from New York, get on Jersey Turnpike; off at Newark Airport; through toll gate near People's (old North Terminal) and follow signs straight ahead to Rte. 22; Bonnie Burn Road is about 12 miles from toll gate.))

From west, go east on Route 22; east of Blue Star shopping center, take any right, once in Scotch Plains, and take first left, on Mountain Ave. left on Park, and cross over Rte. 22; at light, straight ahead on New Providence Rd one mile, as above; straight at light, 50 yards to parking.



RUN NO 102
OCT 12 1985

HARE
CO HARE
CO CO HARE

HORNY PAWS
BEAU BUMBLE
1 AUTOMOBILE

HORNY PAWS has a particular ghost to lay - a reputation for laying a 20 minute run. And with typical HASH ingenuity 'he fixed 'em' this time. Finding the longest road in New Jersey (excluding the Turnpike and the GSP) he enlisted BEAU BUMBLE, a motor vehicle and his nephew and set off on a trail that proved to be impossible to short cut on, impossible to turn off on, impossible to set a check on and impossible to find any little misunderstanding on that would get you back at the beer before sweat was broken.

The pack of just 5 (shame on all of you who didn't come; Clinton is no further from SUMMIT than Paterson was 2 weeks earlier- just a 40 minute trip away for those that like speeding at 70) set off on the most consistent trail ever laid. A neat little pile of flour every 50 yards, just 9 inches in from the curb (it certainly couldn't have been our 2 hares driving this flour dropping vehicle) for mile after mile after mile. On arguably NJ's most beautiful road, we found the Garden State's answer to the Colorado river on the left hand side and to Mount Everest on the right as we entered Pennsylvania. HORNY PAWS was safe on this one, the only way home was the road you had come along.

Just as we were leaving Ohio, the by- now foot sore pack came accross a disused railway viaduct- as previously discussed in these chronicles, a very popular prop for BEAU BUMBLE - the HASH's answer to Paul Theroux. It was just as well it appeared because HORNY PAWS clearly had his eyes set on Indiana.

There comes a time when the Hounds understanding of the Hares mentality (if such exists) meets with that of the Hares understanding of the Hounds mentality (plenty of that around). RAILWAY VIADUCT...BEAU BUMBLE...ABOUT TIME WE TURNED FOR HOME...I'M NOT GETTING MY FEET WET etc left little doubt that the pack should scale the bank and leave that road finally. BEAU BUMBLE had the last laugh. Stategically placed was a herd of Apache Indians; JATO, LOCOMORROW and RUSHMORE took one look at the arrows and were back on that road again and Illinois was the next state. However, good Hounds know a thing or two; neither Hare was going to get their feet wet, the check was a false one and the viaduct it proved to be.... and the turn for home.

One side of the Colorado river is much the same as the other; and so it is in New Jersey. Once accross, we still had a raging river on the left and we still had a major mountain range on the right. All prospects led to an uninterrupted foot- pound back to the beer. However, HORNY PAWS was safe now. We had been out for 45 minutes and so he was able to put us to the test with a couple of 45 degree downhill/up again loops, the sort that had JATO wet dreaming about Hong Kong. The only problem with the scrabbling about on the rocks was that you couldn't admire the scenery, but everyone managed to stop at the waterfall- the second in as many runs.

It never ceases to amaze me, how beautiful NJ can be and yet how under promoted and little known its scenic spots are. Here we were 40 miles from New York and there was a really very pretty waterfall that seemingly only some 18 fishermen and now 7 Hashers knew about. 2 weeks ago we saw some falls that could and should be a State park. Instead it has been so badly neglected that it been turned into what is almost an industrial dump. Unbelievable!!!

A view of the waterfall from both sides, a good run in and BLOODY BUTTERFLY led us back to the pub approx one and a half hours after we had last seen it. Definately no 20 minute run this time.

Not even 7 hashers can make that much noise in an otherwise empty pub. BLOODY BUTTERFLY collected 100 odd bucks in dues, so the HASH is solvent again; one of the remaining 8 Century run shirts was sold and since both Pizza and beer were good all was well with the world.

THE MORAL OF THIS RUN ? Next time at the pre-run pow-wow, you see that it is the motor car that has a thin coating of flour on it and not the Hares, you can bet you will be running to Missouri.

A fine autumnal run..... and again a dig at those that didn't come _ your loss, it was a beautiful run on a beautiful day.

SEX IS A MAN'S BEST FRIEND

USUALLY, EVERYONE WHO HAS A DOG EITHER CALLS HIM ROVER OR BOY OR SOMETHING. I CALL MINE SEX, WELL, SEX IS A VERY EMBARRASSING NAME. ONE DAY I TOOK SEX FOR A WALK AND HE RAN AWAY FROM ME. I SPENT HOURS LOOKING FOR THAT DOG. A COP CAME ALONG AND ASKED ME WHAT I WAS DOING IN THIS ALLEY AT 4:00 AM. I SAID, "I'M LOOKING FOR SEX." MY CASE COMES UP NEXT THURSDAY.

ONE DAY I WENT TO CITY HALL TO GET A DOG LICENSE FOR SEX. THE CLERK ASKED ME WHAT I WANTED. I TOLD HIM I WANTED A LICENSE FOR SEX. HE SAID, "I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE ONE TOO." THEN I SAID, "BUT THIS IS A DOG. AND HE SAID HE DIDN'T CARE HOW SHE LOOKED." THEN I SAID, "YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, I'VE HAD SEX SINCE I WAS TWO YEARS OLD." HE REPLIED, "YOU MUST HAVE BEEN A STRONG BOY."

ment.

N.B. The Great Falls of the Passaic have long been a county park, and are now incorporated in the National Historic District - which encompasses many acres of the original industrial zone developed beginning in 1791 by Alexander Hamilton, as the Society for the Development for Useful Manufactures. The area has been polluted since old Alex first pissed in the river. The Botto House, scene of the On-On, is also a National Monu-

over

WHEN I DECIDED TO GET MARRIED, I TOLD THE MINISTER THAT I WANTED TO HAVE SEX AT THE WEDDING. HE TOLD ME TO WAIT UNTIL AFTER THE WEDDING. I SAID, "BUT SEX PLAYED A BIG PART OF MY LIFE AND MY WHOLE LIFE STYLE REVOLVED AROUND SEX." HE SAID HE DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT MY PERSONAL LIFE AND WOULD NOT MARRY US IN HIS CHURCH. I TOLD HIM EVERYONE COMING TO THE WEDDING WOULD ENJOY HAVING SEX THERE. THE NEXT DAY WE WERE MARRIED BY THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. MY FAMILY IS BARRED FROM THE CHURCH.

MY WIFE AND I TOOK THE DOG ALONG WITH US ON THE HONEYMOON. WHEN I CHECKED INTO THE MOTEL, I TOLD THE CLERK THAT I WANTED A ROOM FOR MY WIFE AND I WANTED A SPECIAL ROOM FOR SEX. THE CLERK SAID THAT EVERY ROOM IN THE MOTEL WAS FOR SEX. THEN I SAID, "YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, SEX KEEPS ME AWAKE AT NIGHT." AND THE CLERK SAID, "ME, TOO."

ONE DAY I TOLD MY FRIEND THAT I HAD SEX ON TV. HE SAID, "SHOW-OFF". I TOLD HIM IT WAS A CONTEST AND HE TOLD ME I SHOULD HAVE SOLD TICKETS.

WHEN MY WIFE AND I SEPARATED WE WENT TO COURT TO FIGHT FOR THE CUSTODY OF THE DOG. I SAID, "YOUR HONOR, I HAD SEX BEFORE I WAS MARRIED." AND THE JUDGE SAID, "ME, TOO."

WELL, NOW I'VE BEEN THROWN IN JAIL, BEEN MARRIED, DIVORCED AND HAD MORE DARN TROUBLE WITH THAT DOG THAN I EVER GAMBLER FOR. WHY, JUST THE OTHER DAY WHEN I WENT FOR MY FIRST SESSION WITH THE PSYCHIATRIST AND SHE SAID, "WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?" I REPLIED, "HELL, SEX DIED AND LEFT MY LIFE. IT'S LIKE LOSING A BEST FRIEND AND IT'S SO LONELY." THE DOCTOR SAID, "LOOK MISTER, YOU AND I BOTH KNOW THAT SEX ISN'T MAN'S BEST FRIEND - - SO GET YOURSELF A DOG!!!

NEW YORK, NY 102
-PM
14 NOV
1985



Andrew G. Emerson

17 Woodland Rd
Maplewood
NJ 07040

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER George Jurkovich, 9 S. Beechcroft Rd., Short Hills, NJ 07078
(o) 212-938-8446 (h) 201 376-3677
JOINT MASTER (Interhash) Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
& Hash Cash (o) 212-552-2130 (h) 201-467-4462
JOINT MASTER (Events) George Kundrat, 20 Donsen Lane, Scotch Plains, NJ 07076
(o) 212-264-1610 (h) 201-757-3756
ON-SEC Andrew Emerson, 17 Woodland Road, Maplewood, NJ 07040
(o) 201-763-0798 (h) 201-763-1332
SCRIBE Terry Savage, 171 Washington St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003
(o) 212-269-0320 (h) 201-748-4109
HASH FLASH - Kent Fairfield; HASH CHAPLAIN - Steve Nolas; HASH QUACK - Ian Hughes

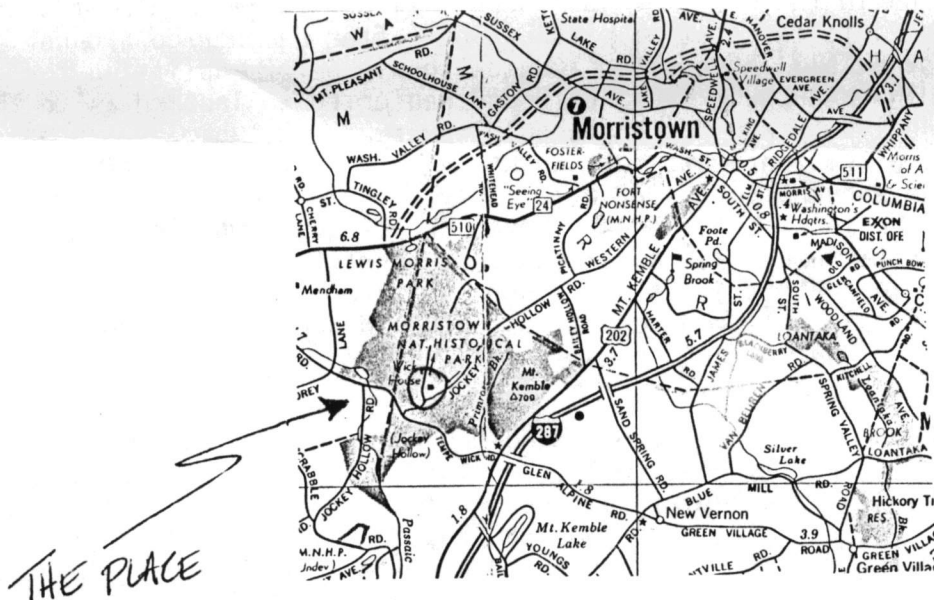
"ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS, WE PRINT"

FUTURE RUNS

<u>NR.</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>HARE</u>
106	Dec. 7	Port Newark/Pearl Harbor	M. Morrow
107	Dec. 21	?	G. Jurkovich

NEXT RUN

Date : Saturday. Nov. 23, 3 p.m. (be prompt; park closes at 5 p.m.)
Location : Jockey Hollow Nat'l Site, Morristown
Directions: From NYC, take Lincoln Tunnel to NJ Turnpike south, exit at Rte. 280 west; south on Rte. 287 to exit 26B; take Rte. 202 north one mile traffic light, then left on Temp Wick Rd.; proceed 1½-2 mi. and right into parking lot. From elsewhere, Rte. 287 to exit 26B and proceed as above. If lost, follow brown "Jockey Hollow" signs to the scene of the crime.
Hares : J. Bashaw and (he's not taking the rap alone) G. Woodford



friends in the Westchester Hash have a run planned in Rockland
County on Sat. Nov. 16 at 2 p.m.; call (914) 271-4241 for details.
Rumson Hash is sponsoring a "Hash-a-thon" (what the hey?) on
Nov. 17; call John Bashaw for the poop: (212) 269-3100/(201)276-4818.

RUN NR. 103: Jato's Faaaar Hills Steeplechase (or, "Jato's Retreat")

Actually, JATO claims that NUREYEV, his esteemed co-hare, was at least partially to blame for this fiasco. But since he (Jato) did most of the bragging prior to the event, it seems only fitting that he receive most of the raspberries. For starters: ya' ever notice how some of the less-experienced hares become fixated with "theme" runs? JATO's was apparently in keeping with the NYC Marathon scheduled the following day; knowing none of us had planned to run the 26+ miles, he laid a nearly two-hour course in the low rent district of Morris Co. horse country. And, thoughtfully worked things out so we'd have to dodge hundreds of murderous Saabs, Volvos, Mercedes and the like buzzing around a nearby horse race, to boot. Things were to get underway (according to the newsletter) at 3:58 pm, from the Far Hills station. For some reason, the hares delayed our departure for nearly 30 minutes (losing precious daylight in the process); after finally hitting the out-trail along a mile or two of track and roadbed strewn with the bleached bones of less-than-fleet-footed deer(s) we realized this was not the safest place to be, in view of the speed and stealth with which the Erie Arrow IIs traveled the rails. Fortunately, we hit a check cleverly laid in a narrow tunnel and soon left the hobo life for the open macadam. The pack stayed on this stretch for a half mile or so, when another check reared its ugly head and kept everyone searching under adjacent bridges and yards until ol' keen-eyed spiritual mentor ZORBA spotted the trail moving up da lazy river. It was at this point that Zorba, seeking the shortest route between two points, encountered a xenophobic landlord who threatened to sic his pooch on us interlopers. Zorba thereupon volunteered to our unwilling host that he might perform a certain hermaphroditic maneuver, and get himself pregnant. Following this friendly bantering, the group straggled along, then across, then along and yet back again across said stream. It was truly inspiring to witness the variety of ways in which the harriers attempted to ford this veritable Sphynx and remain dry; while BEAU BUMBLE received points for the prissiest try (removing shoes and socks which nonetheless got soaked, for all his pains), ZORBA displayed his usual resourcefulness--and little else--by dropping trow before a cheering throng of squirrels, sparrows and local residents. The rest of us sloshed on in the wet in HATTER-fashion and proceeded through some shiggy and backtrails, then up a steep hillside and across a yard or two before emerging at JATO's carport and a brief mid-hash roadie break. (Well, he has some redeeming values, it seems.)

This all-too-brief interlude was interrupted with the resumption of the run through NUREYEV's nearby estate, then along local roads before departing the beaten path for some private farmlands. Highlights of this stretch included: watching a couple of balloonists run out of gas; flushing a pair of startled white-tails through the shiggy while avoiding local hunters; Zorba's nearly impaling himself on an archer's spent shaft in some God-forsaken pasture; and (thrown in no doubt by the hare as an extra bit of fun) the group's thrilling face-to-face with three snarling hounds towards the end of the trek. Man, what a sight! BUMBLE dove into the thickest shiggy he could find in 10 seconds...PAPOOSE headed up a conveniently-placed sapling...LOST PAWS (having learned an ostrich trick or two in his time) stuck his head in a woodchuck hole, figuring he'd be safe...BLOODY BUTTERFLY, seeking the tallest thing around to climb, assaulted the slopes of CHI GUY's shoulders...and the rest of us browned our shorts in a hasty retreat across the meadow while ZORBA courageously held ground in his best "Little John" stance, and beat off (no intentional pun there) the attackers with a tree limb he'd been carting around in the event of just such a bit o' bother. A half hour or so later, we crawled into the station parking lot (after another go-around with those damn Volvos, et al) and quaffed a quick roadie before splitting for the On-On, when...NOTHING HAPPENED! Yes, JATO had neglected to inquire as to the closing time of the local pub (and NUREYEV should never have let him "arrange" things without close supervision..tut, tut) which left the survivors standing in another railway station parking lot, surreptitiously chugging four left-over beers before the arrival of the local constables. Never one to quite while he's ahead, JATO then lead the thirst-crazed pack on a ten minute sprint to another gin mill, and--yep, you guessed right--that joint was closed up tighter than a duck's asshole. Twice bitten, the few remaining former optimists opted to pack it in after a few kind words for the hare: "Why was he born so beautiful...?"

POST SCRIPT: JATO, PAPOOSE, LOCOMORROW, MINIMINORMORROW & SPHINX TERRIER had ample opportunity to see how its really done two nights later, at the Aussie Consulate's post-marathon hash. Running was kept to a tasteful minimum, followed by a rowdy on-on replete w/Chinese chow, "singing," good company &--most important--an endless supply of Fosters. Several hours later, the SHHH contingent was seen escaping thru the Holland Tunnel to Hoboken (where Jato was poured onto the Red-Eye) and points west. It is rumored that these wretched souls survived the thorough splashing with livers and marriages reasonably intact.



Andrew G. Emerson

17 Woodland Rd
Maplewood
NJ 07040

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER George Jurkowich, 9 S. Beechcroft Rd., Short Hills, NJ 07078
(o) 212-938-8446 (h) 201 376-3677

JOINT MASTER (Interhash) Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
& Hash Cash (o) 212-552-2130 (h) 201-467-4462

JOINT MASTER (Events) George Kundrat, 20 Donsen Lane, Scotch Plains, NJ 07076
(o) 212-264-1610 (h) 201-757-3756

ON-SEC Andrew Emerson, 17 Woodland Road, Maplewood, NJ 07040
(o) 201-763-0798 (h) 201-763-1332

SCRIBE Terry Savage, 171 Washington St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003
(o) 212-269-0320 (h) 201-748-4109

HASH FLASH - Kent Fairfield; HASH CHAPLAIN - Steve Nolas; HASH QUACK - Ian Hughes

"ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS, WE PRINT"

FUTURE RUNS

<u>NR.</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>HARE</u>
Special	6:30 pm	Australian Consulate	Kundrat, Savage
Xmas Run	Dec. 16	1 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC	& NYC hares tba
107	Dec. 21	Scotch Plains	G. Kundrat
108	Jan. 1	To be announced	G. Jurkowich

NEXT RUN - NR. 106

Special note: This will be Peter JATO Andrews' last run with Summit before returning to the U.K. (rumour has it he's being deported), so show up if only to wish the poor sod "good riddance."

Date : Saturday, Dec. 7 ("Remember Pearl Harbor") at 3 pm

Place : Port Newark, Port Authority Admin. bldg., 260 Kellogg St.

(Yep, this is the long-awaited Part II of Locomorrow's run begun last summer, but he promises a shorter, more fun outing.)

Directions : Interstate 78 (aka Rte. 24) east, passing Newark Airport North Terminal on the right (Peoples' Distress); don't go in, but keep to the right and bear right for numerous signs for Port Newark. Pass over NJ Turnpike, take second right, then first right and enter parking lot at end of road



RUN
Site

RUN NR. 104: Another of Rushmore's Short Ones

First, kudos to our NYC H³ comrades-in-sore-feet for importing a half-dozen or so from the Apple for this fall frolic. They and a handful of Summit regulars--plus a surprise drop-in from the LA Hash-- swelled the ranks to about twelve willing to run in the face of the hare's rep for setting courses of epic proportions. And they were not disappointed. The trail began innocently enough, departing Seeley's Pond parking lot for a long loop through Watchung reservation's familiar ups and downs, till we stopped at the someday-to-be-completed roadway of Rte. 78 and a lengthy check. Eventually, some eagle-eyed joker discovered flour anew on a distant hilltop, drawing the well-strung out pack over the mountains and through the woods where, at an as-yet-to-be-figured out point, the laggards bringing up the rear completely short-cutted a mile or two of the course, leaving the front of the group at a complete loss due to the hare's inadvertent gaps in laying marks. However, with a few timely hints (like, "hey, it's over here!") from the culprit in question, the lost lambs were able to discern the "true path" and meander back into the mountains for another thrilling 30 minutes or so of hills, mud, suburban sprawl, etc. as the trail wound back to the parking lot. One hour and fifteen minutes having elapsed, all safely dragged their tired kesters in for a thirst-quenching batch of Piels (Bert and Harry never looked better) before retiring to Krohn's for some well-timed pizzas and beers (the hare deserves points for a good job with the on on!). Incidentally, the Krohn's locals were treated to the SHHH's legendary ZUM PAH DAHS, limerickry and other wit, which was received with obvious relish, t-shirt purchases, cat calls and the like--what a classy bunch!

A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE FINE ART OF HARES-MANSHIP

Following a lengthy closed session retreat held recently by your Executive Committee, it was determined that 'tis time for a few "reminders" concerning how to set a good run. In all honesty, a number of hashes in recent memory have been too frigging long, with prolonged stretches between checks, boring terrain and marathon-like courses becoming the rule rather than the exception. Which may be fine for some, but can be frankly discouraging to those who come out for a bit of fun, exercise and good fun over a few beers. Rather than lose the support of Summit regulars, and the interest of occasional new faces, we suggest the following (in summation):

- * KEEP THE RUN TO 45-50 MINUTES IN LENGTH. Hares with a itch to pour on the mileage should get it out of their system with an earlier workout that day.
- * USE ENOUGH CHECKS. Give the slow, old farts a chance to catch up periodically by including well-marked checks and backchecks at not-infrequent intervals. (If need be, consult THE COMMITTEE for hint: he's a veritable font of info on the backchecking game.)
- * USE PLENTY OF FLOUR. See attachment for details on this and other particulars.
- * NO POOFDAHS!



Andrew G. Emerson

17 Woodland Rd
Maplewood
NJ 07040

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER George Jurkowich, 9 S. Beechcroft Rd., Short Hills, NJ 07078
(o) 212-938-8446 (h) 201 376-3677
JOINT MASTER (Interhash) Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
& Hash Cash (o) 212-552-2130 (h) 201-467-4462
JOINT MASTER (Events) George Kundrat, 20 Donsen Lane, Scotch Plains, NJ 07076
(o) 212-264-1610 (h) 201-757-3756
ON-SEC Andrew Emerson, 17 Woodland Road, Maplewood, NJ 07040
(o) 201-763-0798 (h) 201-763-1332
SCRIBE Terry Savage, 171 Washington St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003
(o) 212-269-0320 (h) 201-748-4109
HASH FLASH - Kent Fairfield; HASH CHAPLAIN - Steve Nolas; HASH QUACK - Ian Hughes

"All the News That Fits"

Future Runs

<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hare</u>
108	Jan. 1 12 noon	Locust Grove, Millburn	G. Jurkowich
109	Jan. 11	To be announced	Any takers?

Next Run - Nr. 107

Date : Saturday, December 21 at 3:00 p.m.
Place : Ashbrook Golf Course, Scotch Plains
Directions: From Rte. 22 (east or west) exit on Terrill Road, Scotch Plains (by Sears). Stay on Terrill to detour (new bridge), take a left to first right and bridge over RR tracks. Right at stop sign, left at Exxon Station putting you back on Terrill Rd. Go approx. 3 miles to Terry Lou Zoo on the right, right onto Raritan Rd. and proceed $\frac{1}{2}$ mile (watch hard left curve) to enter golf course parking lot on left.

RUN NR. 105: PAPOOSE does it 'by the book'

Yep, PAPOOSE - assisted by his faithful sidekick CHI GUY - laid a nearly textbook quality run a few weeks back at Jockey Hollow. First, the weather: chilly but sunny. Second, the terrain: fairly hilly, but on well marked paths with good footing. Then too, the hares provided a fair number of checks (the circles of which must have been made with a compass!) and a false trail or two. But the real news was the length of the affair: a little over 50 minutes, leaving most of the pack feeling 'pumped up' but not too shagged out. A good crowd showed (nearly a dozen) with a couple of new faces plus TWOBUCTIM's redoubtable hash mutt (who pees in the woods nearly as often as BEAU BUMBLE). (Rumor has it that BONE, one of the aforementioned recruits, is somehow related to our esteemed Bumble, but he wisely denies it.)

Following a few roadies in the lot (with hardly a smokey to be seen, and wouldn't ya know it: ZORBA filched the one and only Bass among the Piels) we rambled down to Bedminster for a spirited nosh and suds session...the waitress was particularly impressed with the sizzling reparte and tales of hashing derring-don'ts. Bravos to the hare!

NEWS FLASH!!! Peter JATO Andrews has apparently been deported as an undesirable (probably due to SHHH membership) and those wishing to recall old debts should contact the wanker thusly...

Peter Andrews
17 W. Bourne Court
Couden Dr.
Couden Bexhill-on-the-Sea, East Suffex
England

See the next issue of this rag for details of his bye-bye hash.

There once was a Queen of Bulgaria
whose pubics grew hairier and hairier
a young man from Peru
who'd come north for a screw
had to hunt for her cunt with a terrier!



Andrew G. Emerson

17 Woodland Rd
Maplewood
NJ 07040

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER George Jurkovich, 9 S. Beechcroft Rd., Short Hills, NJ 07078
(o) 212-938-8446 (h) 201 376-3677

JOINT MASTER (Interhash) Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
& Hash Cash (o) 212-552-2130 (h) 201-467-4462

JOINT MASTER (Events) George Kundrat, 20 Donsen Lane, Scotch Plains, NJ 07076
(o) 212-264-1610 (h) 201-757-3756

ON-SEC Andrew Emerson, 17 Woodland Road, Maplewood, NJ 07040
(o) 201-763-0798 (h) 201-763-1332

SCRIBE Terry Savage, 171 Washington St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003
(o) 212-269-0320 (h) 201-748-4109

HASH FLASH - Kent Fairfield; HASH CHAPLAIN - Steve Nolas; HASH QUACK - Ian Hughes

"All the News That Fits"

Future Runs

<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hare</u>
109	Jan. 11	TBA	Any takers?
110	Jan. 25	TBA	" " ?

Next Run - Nr. 108

Date : Wednesday, January 1, 1986 at High Noon
Place : Locust Grove, across from Milburn First Aid Squad at the
Milburn train station. Yes, folks, MUD HATTER has agreed
to remain in port long enough to set this 2nd annual "ring
in the new" Rite of Winter at South Mountain Reservation.
Aspirin will be provided.

Hey guys...Yours truly promises to fill you in on Locomorow's remote controlled Dec. 7th "Remember Pearl Harbor" Port Newark run next time...plus the inside poop on the Xmas hash held at the Australian Consulate, and other surprises. Meanwhile, the following report of Rumson's legendary spirited doings at the Labor Day Atlanta Inter-hash will have to suffice (highlighted courtesy of GIL RUMMY)...

MADISON, WISCONSIN "CAPITOL TIMES," Friday, Sept. 6, 1985

When 'Hashers' gather, expect a good run and good fun

ATLANTA — Ornately attired couples stood and gawked as a bizarre army of more than 200 runners piled out of chartered buses to the sound of bugles, whistles and shouts and surged through the lobby of the Downtown Holiday Inn.

The hotel guests were obviously awed by the spectacle. The Hash House Harriers had invaded Atlanta over the Labor Day weekend for the bi-annual Inter-Americas Hash — four days of constant running and partying — and the hotel was the headquarters for the unconventional convention.

The "On, On's" as they soon became known, came from as far away as Australia, Costa Rica, Germany and Canada. Among them were five Hashers from Madison, which has had a chapter of the HHH since 1977.

"Hashing" if you aren't familiar with it, is a curious blend of running and partying. The runs follow courses marked on the ground with flour (some what like the old English game of Hare and Hounds, and designed to handicap fast runners and add the slow) and inevitably end with beer, soda, food and a social time. Hashing is named for a Chinese word, "hash," meaning to mix, as in "hashing up" a story, or "hashing out" a problem.

The founder was an Australian named A.S. Gispert, who started jogging in 1937 and always finished his runs with several rounds of cold beer at the Hash House.

Today more than 300 Hash chapters around the world and the international running and drinking club boasts 30,000 members, who shout "On, On" to indicate they are on the trail.

"It was a delightful experience," said Peter Seng, Hash Herald and Master of the Hash House Horn from Madison. "It was great meeting all those nuts from around the world."

The Hash House Horn as you might surmise is one the bugles carried by Madison's Hash to keep the pack on the trail. In Atlanta there were dozens of horns and more dozens of whistles.

Some Hashers carried flags. Others dressed in costumes ranging from bridesmaids to chiefs. Local residents probably thought an asylum had been emptied as the blowing, whistling and shouting pack of 200-plus runners charged through the streets.

Several members of a Hash from Rumson, N.J. showed up: sporting black shirts with skulls and crossbones. "Rumson, the Hell's Angels of Hashing," they claimed.

Running with Bill Hands



Hashing "the shirt proclaimed. And they did their best to live up to their reputation.

On the bus going out to a run at Red Top Mountain the entire Rumson Hash took over the back seat and mooned the vehicles that followed. Rumson's Lunar (all Hashers are given pseudonyms which usually relate to their attributes or peculiarities) acquired a pet rat, dead of course, and was planning to sponsor a rat race swim relay in the motel pool, until someone disposed of the rat that was going to be used as the baton.

If all the beer that was drunk on that first night alone had been in cans, that might have been possible. The rousing run of five miles through a residential area on the northeast side had no less than three beer stops (the Hash's version of aid stations).

At the end of the run the 200-plus Hashers held a block party at which they emptied an entire beer trailer plus an unknown number of half-barrels. Cans had to be rushed in when the supply ran dry.

The Red Top Mountain run on the second day was over hilly, wooded terrain at Red Top Mountain State Park and the trail included a 100-yard swim across a lake. The festivities featured more beer and a catered chicken dinner at a park shelter.

The third day's run started from a residential park and included a ride on the subway to reach the Downtown Athletic Club, a post facility where the Hashers had access to all the facilities and were treated to beer and hors d'oeuvres.

The Labor Day run was a downtown affair, starting from Fulton County Stadium and ending up in Central City Park. After starting the people on well known streets like Peachtree, the Hashers were treated to beer and submarine sandwiches in the park as curious Atlantians looked on.

Oddly enough the utterance of the weekend was followed by religion. Five busloads of Baptists re-

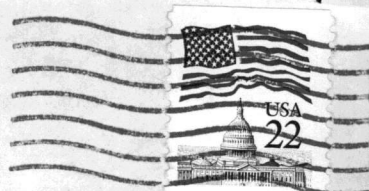
placed Hash at the Holiday Inn and some people were heard commenting that the switch seemed to indicate some sort of divine intervention.

Why do running and drinking, often viewed as contradictory, merge in Hashing? As Gispert apparently discovered more than four decades ago, the marriage allows you to not only exercise, but to find a camaraderie that solitary training or running races can never provide.

Not all Hashes are like Rumson however. Every Hash chapter develops its own identity, reflecting the needs and desires of the members.

and the community in which they run. While Rumson and many other Hashes have been steadfast in maintaining the strict Asian tradition of not allowing women or relegating them to a separate Harriets group, Madison is peculiar in that it designates occasional races as Hash runs (because so many members plan to work or participate) and Madison only infrequently has a beer stop in the middle of a run.

If Rumson represents the "Hell's Angels of Hashing," Madison Hashers might well lay claim to being "The Yuppies of Hashing."



Andrew G. Emerson

17 Woodland Rd
Maplewood
NJ 07040

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER George Jurkovich, 9 S. Beechcroft Rd., Short Hills, NJ 07078
(o) 212-938-8446 (h) 201 376-3677
JOINT MASTER (Interhash) Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
& Hash Cash (o) 212-552-2130 (h) 201-467-4462
JOINT MASTER (Events) George Kundrat, 20 Donsen Lane, Scotch Plains, NJ 07076
(o) 212-264-1610 (h) 201-757-3756
ON-SEC Andrew Emerson, 17 Woodland Road, Maplewood, NJ 07040
(o) 201-763-0798 (h) 201-763-1332
SCRIBE Terry Savage, 171 Washington St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003
(o) 212-269-0320 (h) 201-748-4109
HASH FLASH - Kent Fairfield; HASH CHAPLAIN - Steve Nolas; HASH QUACK - Ian Hughes

"All The News That Fits"

Future Runs

<u>Nr</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hare</u>
110	Feb. 1	TBA	L. Desbrow
	Annual General Meeting		

Next Run - Nr. 109

Date: Saturday, January 18 at 3 p.m.

Place: Nomehegan Park, Cranford, New Jersey

Directions: From Parkway (north or south) exit #138 (NYC Hashers note: this is the correct exit); take Boulevard westbound through Kenilworth about 2 miles to 5th left; make left on Springfield Avenue. Continue for short distance and left into parking lot of Nomehegan Park.

From Rte. 22, exit eastbound at Springfield Motel or westbound at Channel Lumber into Boulevard heading towards Cranford for approximately one mile to 2nd right onto Springfield Avenue and into parking lot (which is across from Union College).

Special News...Big Deal... Really!: The AGM

Once again, the SHHH plans to strike terror in the heart of Newark with the much anticipated AGM (that's Annual General Meeting for first-timers). That's right, following the morning run on Sat., Feb. 1 (no doubt to be laid brilliantly by BLOODY BUTTERFLY), we will that evening upon the unsuspecting staff & customers of Don Pepe's in Newark, the site of earlier, now legendary carrying-on-on's. So pull the tux out of mothballs, mark your calendars (time, other details in next issue) and plan to participate.

P.S. Hash officers for the coming year will be announced at the AGM, so be sure not to come if you are seeking election to these prestigious stations.

A M Q
JUN 5
1981

Run Nr. 106: Port Newark Part II (First Blood)

Some guys never learn. Like, the dudes who, by LOCOMORROW'S assurance of a much better course in Port Newark this time, showed up for Part II of his run abruptly terminated for cause last summer (on grounds of acute boredom). Conned by weeks of these promises, a good dozen or so of SHHH irregulars and NYC hash brethren and sistern showed up, only to learn that the actual trail-laying duties for the day had been foisted upon a hapless PAPOOSE. (Seems that LOCOMORROW's attentions were understandably elsewhere, after MORROW MINOR's breakdancing accident the previous evening. We're happy to report he's mending fast and will no doubt be able to play the violin as well as ever.)

Following a brief parking lot dis-orientation session -- and explanations to more-than-curious Port Authority gendarmes -- the restless rabble quickly located the first flour and hit the streets and back alleys and new car storage yards....along a reasonably well marked course until the first check. And there was the rub, cause while the false trail markings were quickly located, the search for the on-trail continued at length until (suspicious veteran that he is) Kanaga ignored a false trail slash and trotted along to discover new flour some yards beyond it. Which roused the somnambulistic ranks to follow suit over a long stretch of elevated roadway and down along some train tracks to a false trail by the river.

HORNY PAWS quickly found new markings leading through the remains of McHale's Navy (aka the Hackensack River Yacht Club), then over a nasty fence, a ditch and out to a road which seemed to head back home. There, everyone quickly lost the flour, but spying what appeared to be poorly-erased markings (no doubt smudged by some local miscreant) continued a lengthy plod back to the earlier screwed up check. At this point, the pack, relying on its keenly honed beer smelling instincts, straggled on home, but not before one witnessed the definitely-un-Hashman-like spectacle of CHI GUY and JATO engaging in a competitive foot race! Boo.... hiss...foul! (The SHHH roster has since been purged of one of these violators).

Subsequent to seemingly endless delay, sans brew, a local watchperson was bribed to let us in the administration building while MUD HATTER attended to the really critical orders of the day; to wit, the fetching of comestibles and suds. So nourished, the on-on continued with PAPOOSE'S lengthy discourse on the joys of laying trails using LOCOMORROW'S map, and how the pack actually took the back-trail after that odious check (so much for "best laid" plans). The balance of the evening was devoted to the aforementioned JATO'S being stripped of his decorations and officially drummed out of the SHHH (as he's since returned to Ye Olde Sod), but not before receiving an appropriately-enscribed flagon to remind him of his sins. Anybody for a Port Newark, Part III run?

HASH TRASH

Six Hashers were arguing at a recent on-on in the local pub over which one is best endowed. Finally, they realized there's only one way to resolve the dispute, so they walked over to a table and laid them all out. Just then a poofdah walked in, took one look, and squealed, "Ooh, a buffet!"



Andrew G. Emerson

17 Woodland Rd
Maplewood
NJ 07040

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER	George Jurkewich, 9 S. Beechcroft Rd., Short Hills, NJ 07078 (o) 212-938-8446 (h) 201 376-3677
JOINT MASTER (Interhash) & Hash Cash	Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078 (o) 212-552-2130 (h) 201-467-4462
JOINT MASTER (Events)	George Kundrat, 20 Donsen Lane, Scotch Plains, NJ 07076 (o) 212-264-1610 (h) 201-757-3756
ON-SEC	Andrew Emerson, 17 Woodland Road, Maplewood, NJ 07040 (o) 201-763-0798 (h) 201-763-1332
SCRIBE	Terry Savage, 171 Washington St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003 (o) 212-269-0320 (h) 201-748-4109

HASH FLASH - Kent Fairfield; HASH CHAPLAIN - Steve Nolas; HASH QUACK - Ian Hughes

"All The News That Fits"

Future Runs

<u>Nr</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hare</u>
111	Feb. 15	TBA	TBA

Next Run - Nr. 110 -- The Annual General AGM Meeting Run

Date: Saturday, February 1 at 3:30 p.m.

Place: Mayapple Picnic Grove, South Mountain

Directions: From Millburn, take Main Street north to Old Short Hills Road (that's right in the center of town). Pass under rail overpass, bear right at light near school (Brookside Avenue, which becomes Pleasant Valley Way). At Northfield Avenue (Route 508) turn left and proceed about 100 yards to first turnin on right.

From the far east, west on I-280 to Northfield Avenue exit (#10); left at top of the ramp (Northfield Road). Mayapple is 100 yards beyond light at Pleasant Valley Way, which is the first intersection after the South Mountain arena. Turnin on right..

Special News...Big Deal... Really!: The AGM

Once again, the SHHH plans to strike terror in the heart of Newark. The Annual General AGM Meeting will be held at Don Pepe's Restaurant on McCarter Highway (Route 21) on Saturday evening, February 1 at 7:30 p.m. Proper Hash dinner attire is expected. *RSVP to Desbrow.*

Directions: East on Route 24 to Newark Downtown exit; follow signs to Route 21 North (McCarter Highway). Continue along McCarter into the center of Newark, past the main train station and the Gateway Hilton (1 block to the right), and look for lighted Don Pepe sign. Parking is available on, near and considerably remote from the Don Pepe premises. Our party will probably be located downstairs; we believe this room is called the Purgatory Room.

P.S. Hash officers for the coming year will be announced at the AGM, so be sure not to come if you are seeking election to these prestigious stations.

Run Nr. 107: Horny Paws Lays a Good One at Ashbrook

It was either Archimedes or Pythagoras, anyway one of those learned Hashmen that used to run with the MARATHON HHH way back in BC time, that claimed "You get a long run, you get a short one, but it all averages out in the end". So it is with the SUMMIT HHH. Way back in February, RUSHMORE laid that little jog of about 75 minutes from this same spot. If his reputation is a little on the long side, then HORNY PAWS lived up to his as well. With a 25 minutes winter-time dash through Scotch Plains to warm up the blood corpuscles, even Pythagoras can work out that the average of the two will give FLOCK TERRIER his 50 minutes.

Nature did its best to remind us all of that earlier February day. Snow, a watery sun combined with sub degree temperatures -- the odd passer-by could be excused if he thought this was a remake of the last episode of "Scott and Amundsen at the South Pole". As the pack of six set out into the snow drifted wastes of the golf course, for all the world they could have been at the Antarctic looking for Scott's tent, penguins or even the North Pole, such are the geographical skills of the HASH.

As we all know, the most important prop in any film-makers plans are the costumes. And the HASH looked the part. Track suits, scarves, hats and gloves were well favored even if the colors did not all complement each other. Warmth was the key word for all. All, that is except one member of the cast: BLOODY BUTTERFLY was out to prove that "Mad dogs and Englishmen" is not only true but can be applied to the midday snow fall as well. He had a shortage of clothes on that would have almost made him underdressed at a nudist camp.

Of course, the beauty of this run was that the HASH is now at last able to tell the difference between snow and flour. It makes for fewer delays en route and of course less abuse directed at the HARE. A quick spin around the golf course, up past the various odors of the zoo, the trail took us into the "Farming country of Union County" or should it be "Tax deduction country of Union County". Whichever it is, the pack wasn't hanging around, the trail was easy to follow and as mentioned above we were all back at the Bud about 25 minutes after setting off. Any longer, and frostbite would probably have set in -- certainly into some of BLOODY BUTTERFLY'S more exposed parts.

If the pack needed a homing device to find the way back, it was there in the form of PECKERHEAD'S car. He seems to have found a number of diversions lately that have forced his early retirement from running. Last Monday it was a Lady of Manhattan, of ill repute. This time it was his car, and judging by the noise the machine makes, we won't be seeing that much longer.

Its a nice area to run in and not a bad run particularly as HORNY PAWS only had a few hours notice that he was to be the Hare.

A lengthy drive across country took us Chrones for the ON ON. A good pub in spite of the barman's best efforts to make it otherwise. AN-chovy (or as the locals would say, ann-CHOvee) pizza, a few beers and what better way to start the Holidays!

HASH TRASH

Fellow is travelling down a country highway, and sees a sign, "See the Sensational Pig, \$5.00). Intrigued, he pulls into the driveway and comes upon a gate, which a pig with a wooden leg opens, saying, "Welcome, I am the sensational pig," whereupon he collects the \$5.00 admission.

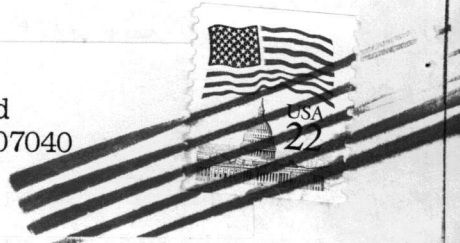
The farmer comes over, and the visitor says, "That's really a sensational pig, what with him opening the gate and all." "Shucks," says the farmer, "that's nuthin'. He also supervises the milking, knows how to hook up the machines and all." "Wow, fantastic!!", says the visitor. "Oh, there's more," says the farmer. "Y'see that burned out ol' barn over there? Well, when it burned down, my wife was in it, and that pig saw the fire, saw her lying unconscious, pulled her out, gave her snout-to-mouth resuscitation, and saved her life."

"Fantastic! Incredible!!," said the visitor, "and whoo-ee!!! That's some sensational pig. But tell me, how come he has a wooden leg?"

"Well," the farmer says, "when you've got a pig that's that sensational, you don't eat him all at once."



Andy Emerson
17 Woodland Road
Maplewood, NJ 07040



SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER: Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
(O) 212 552-6854 (H) 201 467-4462
JOINT MASTER (Interhash): Kent Fairfield, 32 Durand Road, Maplewood, NJ 07040
212 552-3104 201 762-8416
JOINT MASTER (Special Events): Terry Savage, 171 Washington Street, Bloomfield, NJ 07003
212 552-3839 201 748-4109
ON-SEC: George Jurkowich, 9 South Beechcroft Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
212 938-8446 201 376-3677
SCRIBE: Ian Hughes, 303 Mountain Avenue, Westfield, NJ 07098
212 546-5018 201 654-3060
TRAIL MASTER Mike Morrow, 316 Prospect, Cranford, NJ 07016
201 276-0285
HASH CASH: John Bashaw, 501 Orange Avenue, Cranford, NJ 07016
212 269-3100 201 276-4818
HASH FLASH: Andy Emerson; HASH CHAPLAIN: Paul Horning; HASH QUACK: (Deceased)

"ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS"

Future Runs

<u>Nr</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare</u>	<u>Location</u>
113	15 March	T (FLOCK TERRIER) Savage	Someplace mucky
114	29 March	G.(MUD HATTER) Jurkowich	Someplace swell

Run Number 112:

Date/Time: Saturday, March 1/ 3:30 p.m.
Location: Mountainside
Hare/Co-Hare: Tom (PECKERHEAD) Jackson/Paul (HORNY PAWS) Horning

Directions:

Since neither the estimable Hare nor the inestimable Co-Hare have deigned to notify anyone in authority of their startpoint, it is hereby decreed that the pack will meet at D'Asti's Mountainside Inn on Route 22 West, in Mountainside.

From Summit: Get to Route 22, proceed west to D'Asti's Inn in Mountainside. Stop.

From New York: See above.

From Albuquerque: See aboves.

RUN NO 108 THE NEW YEARS DAY RUN
PLACE SOUTH MOUNTAIN RESERVATION

HARE MUD HATTER

Yes, our Leader and Inspiration was being allowed to spend the Holidays in his own homeland, for a short, and no doubt he would claim, well earned rest. So little time does he spend with his family these days that he could be excused for getting this little caper over with as fast as possible. Or maybe it was because he wanted to get us all down to "the Old Spirit of 70 Something" as fast as possible or maybe just to give the New Years Eve scarred bodies a light work out. What ever it was, he gave us a short run.

Some 12 of New Jersey's best made the start. After the felicitations of the seasons and the horror stories of the night before were aired, we were off in all directions. Worst fears were soon well founded as we learned why South Mountain Reservation is called South Mountain Reservation. At least the 'Mountain' and the 'Reservation' part of it anyway. Yes it was up and up and up the bloody hill and thru and thru and thru the bloody undergrowth. Progress was not always as fast as it might have been. While The HASH may be has no rules, it does have maxims. Maxim number 1 is "Never check uphill"; maxim Number 2 "Never check downhill". SUMMIT HHH abides by both, which led to periods of indecision (often called breath gathering), which were further prolonged by the fact that our HARE followed maxim number 3 "Dont give them even the slightest clue as to which way the trail starts again". He's not too proud to admit that he too, was 'breath gathering'.

Its a nice place to run and it was a nice day to run; the trail was well laid and there were few complaints as we rolled along. Up and down. Attracting the interest of passers-by, as is usually the case. Including it seems, one LINCOLN, out with his son for a New Years Day stroll. TUNNEL (pride of authorship lies with others) was sufficiently impressed with our athletic ability and the fun we were apparently having, to come out and swell the ranks of the HOUNDS at a later date (selecting, let it be well documented, a RUSHMORE run as his first). He'll learn in time.

Eventually we reached the SUMMIT and were given the spectacle we had been yearning for all day- seeing the place where we all (or most of us anyway) work. And this was supposed to be our day off. Personally speaking its better viewed from 20 miles afar.

From there it was downhill all the way and in no time the cars were reached - what was it? 30 minutes from the opening horn?. While MUD HATTER is to be congratulated for his mid-mountain membership drive, not even he can be in 2 places at the same time. "Do I give the troops their richly deserved Heineken or do I attend to the prospective new member?" was his dilemma. The pack went thirsty! A gesture that earned him a dozen ZORBAS. Never has MUD HATTER seen so many smiling faces at the end of one of his runs.

The main purpose of the whole gathering took place, as mentioned above, at the 'Spirit of 76' and the New Year was brought in, in true style.

=====

RUN 110 AGM RUN FEB 1 1986 SOUTH MOUNTAIN RESERVATION
HARE BLOODY BUTTERFLY

Tradition sets into all organizations after 4 years and for all its originality, the HASH - SUMMIT style - is no exception. Who would now challenge the right of BLOODY BUTTERFLY to orchestrate this annual event? All the ingredients of a typical BLOODY BUTTERFLY run were there - Snow (although in insufficient quantities for the traditional skis), plenty of shiggy, a little on the long side and warm beer to thaw out with at the end.

Some 30 Hashers accumulated at Mayapple Picnic area, including a goodly number from THE BIG APPLE HASH. We had visitors from Virginia or some place like that and even SUMMIT was well represented. No names, but there were some long unseen faces. THE BIG APPLE HASH has, as we all know, different views on the subject of genderism (different that is, to an undetermined minority (??) of the SUMMIT HASH). We were therefore treated to a female demonstration lobbying the MisManagement Elect into changing the views of our retiring Grand Master, who is so retiring that we dont see so much of him these days. Acting on the rumour that he was going to be drummed out of office some 4 hours later, this display of female chauvanism fell on deaf ears it seems.

We all know that ladies can be cold blooded at times. Urine is presumably 98.4 degrees on the Fahrenheit scale and normally when it hits snow, little circles are formed, commonly termed in less polite circles as 'pissholes in the snow'. The absence of any from the trio who were attempting to brazen their way into SUMMIT's membership leaves one to form any conclusion they wish. As the comment was at the time, 'they failed to shake the pricks from the SUMMIT HASH'.

The pack eventually set of a long, long outward trail. The concern was, of course, that it was downhill. If the term 'What goes up, must come down', is true, then it must also be valid in reverse. Never was Isaac Newton to be proved more correct. Then it was into the first of, what would prove to be, the many woods we would have to scramble thru during the remainder of the afternoon. Brambles, brambles and yet more brambles. These were accompanied by Grumbles, grumbles and yet more grumbles. Did you notice the HARE always had a way of avoiding them and would be waiting cheerfully at the end of each one with a 'what kept you' look about him.

Some good checks kept the pack reasonably close together and ensured it didn't get to strung out, but even as the homeward scent was picked up it was back into the undergrowth once more. CHI GUY, exposed to the higher branches as well as the lower ones, rampaged thru the melting snow like a bear in the mating season. His threats about what he wanted to do to the HARE, would have excited only a female bear. The Manhattan ladies presumably used to more urban surroundings were still hell bent on proving a thing to the male traditionalists.

BLOODY BUTTERFLY kept one last surprise. A 'split HASH figure of eight'. The front running half of the pack were destined to pound up Isaac Newton's hill. The remainder, on a suitable cue from the HARE, were given the scenic route and got to the warm beer first. Everything according to plan of course. That's what the HARE claimed anyway. And what other way is there of drinking ale, on a day when its trying to snow. Nice one.

=====

THE APRES RUN

If there is an occasion that is more important than the HASH AGM run itself then surely its the AGM Dinner. If the traditions of the run are getting cast in concrete, then what are those of the annual NEWARK NITE OUT?. For example.

Tradition number one, of course, is DON PEPES. Thankful to see the back of us last year, they celebrated our return this year like the Prodigal Son, giving us Center Table. There had been suggestions that a change of venue might be appropriate. Rather than have everybody drive 20 miles to the scenes of LOCOMORROW's triumphs, doing battle with the February elements, it was thought that it might be a little more sensible to drive just 5 and find a place nearer home. Far too logical and besides the only other place that would take us was a Chinese Takeaway and one glance at their menu - attached - left little doubt that that was not a good idea.

Tradition number two, is the election of new Officers. With enough election rigging to put the Philippine Government to shame; President Marcos has been quoted as claiming, that he learned everything from the SUMMIT HHH. It would be an appropriate time to acknowledge the efforts of the MisManagement of 1985. To MUD HATTER for succeeding in being absent for so much of the time. To THE COMMITTEE for being there less than him and to ZORBA for being present even less than that - Although as events turned out, we did see a lot more of ZORBA than we had bargained for. To FLOCK TERRIER, HARE of two, one and a half hour runs, and his 'A run should be no more than 50 minutes' rule. To BISHOP HUMPER for not flashing, AND for not using his camera. To BLOODY BUTTERFLY for his new line in winter running wear. And last and but not least to BEAU BUMBLE (holder of the 1985 RUSTY NAIL award) for doing what he does... so well! As for myself. On being appointed 'HASH QUACK' I asked everybody what it meant. 12 months later I still dont know.

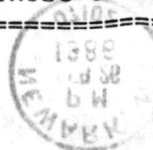
Tradition number three is 'Dress for Dinner'. From MUD HATTER's Top Hat and Tails to the Best dressed Yankee - BISHOP HUMPER. From FLOCK TERRIER, dressed all in his long black shrouds to the Worst dressed Yankee - Bruce, resplendent in the most Godawful shade of orange. And all else in between. Including what's between, on a Scotsman.

Tradition number four, is the Annual DON PEPES T Shirt Auction - Sotheby's style. Conducted in his own inimitable style, THE COMMITTEE took on the role of HASH HABERDASH and sold an array of T Shirts to an array of people. To all our non HASH customers, Many thanks. None more so than to DOMINIC- I hope you soon lose your 20 lbs. To Phil, who thought we were so wonderful he bought us a 20 bottle round of beers. And lastly to the person (who prefers to remain anonymous) who paid \$3 for BEAU BUMBLE's sweaty and slightly soiled Jock Strap (It would be stretching ones imagination to use the term Athletic Support in this case).

The traditions continue. With Fred, en route to Alabama, lucky enough to be the recipient of SUMMIT HHH's crooning of ZUMPA DAA. With LEE DONG DONG and THE BIG APPLE HASH with their titillating assortment of cakes and pastries, complete with Creme a la Mary. We had the, by now traditional, lobbying from Les Dames for Membership into one of the last of All Male Bastions. They even tried to sucker us into unblocking their Johnness (female of John). We had HORNY PAWS mit family of PECKERHEADS and PAPOOSE hobbling in with some undisclosed injury.

We were thrown out of the kitchens (Thank God), the neighbouring tables loved us and the Maitre D even thanked us as we left. The only losers? Those that didn't come.

=====



HASH TRASH

I

The local Procurer on a South Sea Island grabbed the distraught tourist stepping down the gang plank. "I got a nice girl for you; 12 years old and a virgin". When the tourist refused, the Procurer said. "Then I've got a nice young boy for; 12 years old and a virg..". Look roared the tourist. "I don't want a young girl and I don't want a young boy - I just want the American Consul!". "Hmmm murmured the Procurer, very difficult, but I'll try".

II

Two ladies were sitting on the beach in Miami. One of them decided to go for a swim. When she returned she put her hand down her ample bosom and withdrew a dry cigarette. Noticing the look of amazement on her companion's face, she explained "I have a great system. I place a cigarette in a rubber protective thing and it doesn't get wet. You can buy them at drug stores." The following day, the second lady went into a drug store and asked the clerk if he had any protectors. "Sure", said the clerk, "any particular kind?". "Why yes", said the lady, "I want it to fit a camel"

III

Three ladies were picking cotton in the Deep South and comparing the names they called their menfolk.

"Wahl, Ise calls mah man 'Jet Plane', on account of his thrust"

"Wahl, Ise calls mah man 'Oarsman', on account of his massive stroke"

"I jus calls mah man 'Drambuie"

"Hiell Lisa, aint that some kind of fancy liquor?"

"Dats right gal, dat sur is rightenuff"

IV

The Russian Government thought they had accomplished a propoganda coup when they placed an order in the USA for 10 million contraceptives- 17 inches long and 6 inches in circumference. The order was filled with typical Yankee Bullsh...I mean...ingenuity. Each box was labelled....MEDIUM.

CHINESE DERICACIES EXPRAINED IN ENGRISH

- | | | |
|-----|-----------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. | G'ANG B'ANG..... | HOT STEAMING BUN |
| 2. | FAR KYEW TU..... | SALTED PEANUTS IN BATTER |
| 3. | SEI PING..... | HOT JUICES (VARIOUS) |
| 4. | VIR GINN..... | CHINESE RAREBIT |
| 5. | HOW LONG PRONG..... | SUCCULENT LENGTHS OF CHINESE PRONG |
| 6. | DAN GLIN TULE..... | SOFT MUSSELS |
| 7. | SINGE MEIN MINGE..... | SINGED MINGED (CHINESE STYLE) |
| 8. | SHO MEIN TULE..... | CLINKER AU GRATIN |
| 9. | SLI DUP YOR OL..... | BUTTERED MARROW |
| 10. | UNKL POK TULIN..... | ARTICHOKE |
| 11. | YU TIKL MEIN..... | TOAD IN THE HOLE |
| 12. | YEN TSIN KOK..... | CHINESE PLEASURE STICK |





Andy Emerson
17 Woodland Road
Maplewood, NJ 07040

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER: Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
(O) 212 552-6854 (H) 201 467-4462
JOINT MASTER (Interhash): Kent Fairfield, 32 Durand Road, Maplewood, NJ 07040
212 552-3104 201 762-8416
JOINT MASTER (Special Events): Terry Savage, 171 Washington Street, Bloomfield, NJ 07003
212 552-3839 201 748-4109
ON-SEC: George Jurkowich, 9 South Beechcroft Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
212 938-3446 201 376-3677
SCRIBE: Ian Hughes, 303 Mountain Avenue, Westfield, NJ 07098
212 546-5018 201 654-3060
TRAIL MASTER Mike Morrow, 316 Prospect, Cranford, NJ 07016
201 276-0285
HASH CASH: John Bashaw, 501 Orange Avenue, Cranford, NJ 07016
212 269-3100 201 276-4818
HASH FLASH: Andy Emerson; HASH CHAPLAIN: Paul Horning; HASH QUACK: (Deceased)

Next Run 2/15 3:30 pm

"ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS"

FUTURE RUNS

No.	Date	Hare	Location
112	March 1	TBA	TBA
113	March 15	TBA	TBA
114	March 29	TBA	TBA Get the picture?

Run No: 111

Ian Hughes

Westfield

DIRECTIONS: From Route 22 in Mountainside, from either direction, take Mountain Avenue exit and head toward Westfield. Just before entering village proper, keep a sharp eye out for Walnut Avenue on right. Stop. Go no further. Look for house on corner, No. 303. Yup. That's all.

RUN NUMBER 109 JANUARY 18 1986 CRANFORD AREA
HARE LOCOMORROW
COHARE PAPOOSE
BASED ON AN ORIGINAL IDEA BY MINIMORROW

A new MisManagement is put to the initial test. While LOCOMORROW is scouring the land for a HARE for the run on Saturday week, RUSHMORE is scratching the old bean trying to remember what happened on the run, 3 weeks back.. Teething trouble its called.

When was the last time that we had close on 70 degrees on a Saturday in January. Those knees so white. Our HARES flour covered spindles looked like everybody elses as Hounds came out to enjoy the opportunity to give their carcasses a breath of fresh air. Some 10 made the day including BEAU BUMBLE MINOR. BEAU BUMBLE, himself, preferred to advertise his anal problems while THE COMMITTEE was there long enough to explain the issues of his exhaust before retiring to North Jersey on some unexplained mission. NewComer Lou was to develop his own version of a twin exhaust problem - but that came later and by that time all the other Hounds were in front of him anyway.

It was ON ON in to the park, a few loops and resembling the Bicycles whose track we were following we made quick work of the first mile or so. Some quick checks, so short that surely they had to be false. (Please note BEAU BUMBLE and BISHOP HUMPER that that it was you and your legs that I was thinking of in making sure that we weren't being sent on a false trail and have to come all the way back again that I was thinking of) and it was into the woods to discover all the spots that LOCOMORROW (or is it MINIMORROW?) spent his misspent youth. Probably both.

A hike along the towpath of Nomahegan park, into familiar territory thru Williams nursery and the discovery of why we had a COHARE. Of course, we had noticed that it had only been the HARE who had been accompanying us thus far, PAPOOSE had been in hiding no doubt guzzling the best Giegers has to offer, awaiting the pack to sort out a long check on Springfield Avenue. It was BEAU BUMBLE getting his own back that eventually took us into Echo Lake and the discovery of PAPOOSE had beendoing dasterdly things. Well spotted FLOCK TERRIER.

From there it was all home ward albeit thru the very cemetery that inspired all those Limericks, at least for FLOCK TERRIER anyway. It was somewhere around here that Lou developed his problem. A prerun diet of coffee left him breathing a little heavy as it were. The last mile or so became a torture until he reached the centrally heated comforts of the Cranford Town Toilet. Now Lou has (to a Limey any way) an unfortunate name, particularly when linked to the affliction that hit him this day. While you Yanks have your 'Can' or your 'John'. Guess what we Brits have? Yes you've got it -a 'Loo'. If anyone wants to improve on CANCAN for him, please be my guest.

Duly assembled after the 70 minute romp it was rehydration with the best BUD has to offer and to yet another of LOCOMORROW's locals. Cranford is well blessed. Just to prove to Mrs LOCOMORROW that the HASH really is as bad as she believes it to be, the day concluded with an ON ON ON at chez LOCOMORROW. The inspiration (MINIMORROW) of today's run was able to hear the allocades at first hand.

HASH TRASH

Young man married the girl of his dreams, only to discover that it was widely known in his club that another member, something of a cad, had been for some time her lover, and enjoyed relating his experiences to the other members.

One day shortly after the wedding, in the crowded smoking room of the club, the cad called over to the new husband, "Well, what's it like making love to used goods?"

"Not bad," said the new husband. " Actually, it's excellent once you get past the used part."



Andy Emerson
17 Woodland Road
Maplewood, NJ 07040

SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER: Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
(O) 212 552-6854 (H) 201 467-4462
JOINT MASTER (Interhash): Kent Fairfield, 32 Durand Road, Maplewood, NJ 07040
212 552-3104 201 762-8416
JOINT MASTER (Special Events): Terry Savage, 171 Washington Street, Bloomfield, NJ 07003
212 552-3839 201 748-4109
ON-SEC: George Jurkowich, 9 South Beechcroft Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
212 938-8446 201 376-3677
SCRIBE: Ian Hughes, 303 Mountain Avenue, Westfield, NJ 07098
212 546-5018 201 654-3060
TRAIL MASTER Mike Morrow, 316 Prospect, Cranford, NJ 07016
201 276-0285
HASH CASH: John Bashaw, 501 Orange Avenue, Cranford, NJ 07016
212 269-3100 201 276-4818
HASH FLASH: Andy Emerson; HASH CHAPLAIN: Paul Horning; HASH QUACK: (Deceased)

"ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS"

Future Runs

Nr. 114, Saturday March 29, 3:30 p.m., Jurkowich the Hare-in-Chief; at Berkeley Heights

Next Run: Nr. 113, THE STRIDES OF MARCH, Part I:

Date/Time: Saturday, March 15, 3:30 p.m.

Location: Rockaway Township/Picatinny Arsenal

Hare: FLOCK TERRIER

Directions

From Rte 80 east, Exit 34; from 80 West, Exit 34B. Turn onto Rte 15 North, toward Sparta. Proceed for approximately 1.5 miles to 2d light (just past RR tracks). Take jughandle on right to cross highway at Foxcroft Motors (very used cars). Continue 50 yards past "Dead End" sign (an omen) to Haremobile. (NOTE: run is exactly 23 mi. from Summit Station -- ya could look it up! Real Hashing country, zero macadam. On-on at Harold's or Shari's Go-Go II.

HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM HASH CASH!!

Verily and forsooth, it is a new year and a time for new beginnings, new resolutions and paying up the subs (dues). The Hash Cash vacation fund being a bit low, all are asked to submit subs (dues) promptly. The rate is \$12.50 per half year. The special rate for those who pay for the whole year at one swell foop is \$25.00, a savings of \$\$\$!!! Send check, with form below:

To: John Bashaw, Hash Cash, 501 Orange Avenue, Cranford, NJ 07016

Yes, John, I want to do my part to replenish your vacation account. I have enclosed my \$12.50 semiannual/\$25.00 annual subs (dues). I am duly grateful for all the benefits I have accrued from Hashing and remained astonished at the low, low rate you have assessed.

Signature

HASH DASH #111: RUSHMORE'S FINEST HOUR (and a half)

Trepidation was the principal emotional component of the lean and hungry pack that met at RUSHMORE'S palace on that snowswept stretch of Westfield, for memories die hard. And memories there were of a prior RUSHMORE snowscape spectacular in which the hours passed more swiftly than did the few landmarks. Memories were there also of other, less polar, dashes attributable to RUSHMORE in which duration was measured more easily by the calendar than by the watch.

The intensity of the collective visage was not eased by the first of what was to be a series of utterly baffling instructions, for the first leg of the dash was to be conducted, as best one can describe it, by car! The pack leapt into its assorted vehicles and proceeded to a bank parking lot before the start of the pedestrian effort.

It was in this parking lot that more of the inscrutable instruction was put forth. Whole paragraphs in that oral essay were allotted for the description of non-standard Hash signs, e.g., an "X" or some such for a "back-check." High marks for creativity, and a down-down for making a fetish of the unnecessary.

The trail itself was characterized by fairly regular marking, through neighborhoods and backwoods in reasonable mixture. Checks there were, but of insufficient challenge (witness the occasional appearance of laggard MUD HATTER at the pack's leading edge), so that the only pause to benefit the TECs was the one occasioned by the arrival (by car) of PECKERHEAD, who came not to cheer but to jeer, not to Hash but to trash. Golf course and hill, streambed and bridge, On-On rode the brave handful.

To the shock horror of all, the pack arrived back at the startpoint in just under an hour where, to further reverberations, roadies were provided in ample numbers. Following this effective finish, the pack repaired to Chrone's, across the road, for beer and pizza, lovingly crafted by a nearby pie factory.

One jolly potential new member showed up, seemed loony enough by current standards, but apparently is usually engaged on Saturday afternoons in some new form of self-abuse called "tennis." Weird.

HASH TRASH

Nice family on a nice outing stop in a nice pancake house for a nice breakfast. Waitress asks the elder of the two nice children, "What'll you have, son?"

He replies, "Give me some fuckin' blueberry pancakes!"

Well, the mother nearly faints, the father swats the kid across the chops, the waitress shrieks, and the place generally goes bananas. When all is calm, the waitress asks the younger of the two nice children, "Well, what'll you have, son?"

"I'm not sure," he replied tentatively, "but I'm sure not going to have any of them fuckin' blueberry pancakes!"

CHINESE DERICACIES EXPRAINED IN ENGRISH

SOUPS

13.	FAH TING	EFFERVESCENT OXTAIL
14.	KRAP NO PONG	MILDLY AROMATIC CHINESE KRAPLACH
15.	PEISE	HOT CONSOMME
16.	TU PAI	SPECIAL HARE SOUP
17.	PEIN DIK	COCKIE-LEEKIE
18.	HOO SHAT	BROWN STEAMING CONCENTRATE
19.	KWIM DRI	FISH FLAVOURED PEA SOUP
20.	PEI SINNG	BIRDS NEST SOUP
21.	SHEE TING	BROWN SOUP WITH SMALL SOLIDIFIED DROPS
22.	HU FAH TING	THICK BUBBLY PEA SOUP



Andy Emerson
17 Woodland Road
Maplewood, NJ 07040



SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER: Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
(O) 212 552-6854 (H) 201 467-4462
JOINT MASTER (Interhash): Kent Fairfield, 32 Durand Road, Maplewood, NJ 07040
212 552-3104 201 762-8416
JOINT MASTER (Special Events): Terry Savage, 171 Washington Street, Bloomfield, NJ 07003
212 552-3839 201 748-4109
ON-SEC: George Jurkowich, 9 South Beechcroft Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
212 938-8446 201 376-3677
SCRIBE: Ian Hughes, 303 Mountain Avenue, Westfield, NJ 07098
212 546-5018 201 654-3060
TRAIL MASTER Mike Morrow, 316 Prospect, Cranford, NJ 07016
201 276-0285
HASH CASH: John Bashaw, 501 Orange Avenue, Cranford, NJ 07016
212 269-3100 201 276-4818
HASH FLASH: Andy Emerson; HASH CHAPLAIN: Paul Horning; HASH QUACK: (Deceased)

ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS

Future Runs

<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare/CoHare</u>	<u>Location</u>
115	12 April	BLOODY BUTTERFLY	Troy Hills
116	26 April	COME-A-CRAPPER/BEAUBUMBLE	
117	10 May (NEW BOOT!)	FLOCK TERRIER (Old Boot)	Watchung Reservation
118	24 May	BISHOP HUMPER	
119	9 June (Monday)	FORESKIN	
120	23 June "	PAPOOSE	

Run Nr. 114: STRIDES OF MARCH, Part II

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

Location: Berkeley Heights

Hare: MUD HATTER

Directions:

From Springfield Avenue (Rte 512), Berkeley Heights, turn south on Plainfield Avenue (Rte 641). Cross railroad tracks, make second left (Bolton Lane), which opens onto Nancy Place. Park.

HOT SKINNY

Don't forget subs (dues)!! \$12.50 a half year; \$25.00 per year for those who expect to survive the whole of 1986. Send to HASH CASH, John Bashaw, 501 Orange Avenue, Cranford, NJ, 07016. And if you act now, you will receive in addition to regular membership rights and privileges, a beautiful set of fourteen specially forged carving knives in a beautiful presentation case.

HASH DASH # 113: STRIDES OF MARCH, Part I

"No macadam!," he insisted in his overblown, prissy, Hashier-than-thou pre-dash advertisement. No, this was to be different. No macadam.

Well, it was FLOCK TERRIER'S turn to shepherd the eight or so Summit Hashers who turned out on that springlike day to meet at a godforsaken spot halfway to Altoona in preparation for what was billed to be some kind of fantastic, high-fibre, low-cholesterol, real-ale dash. And in fairness, it seemed for a minute or two that the old boy was really going to deliver. The pack, of friendly mien initially and then later merely mean, set out along a mucky trail led, incredibly, by MUD HATTER, up a ways onto a steep mountainside, then down across a creek in which LOCOMORROW did his famous JAWS II number with only the dorsal fin showing. Well, it seemed like only a moment later that the whole outfit was out on the macadam, having barely survived the tender ministrations of a little Doberman pup of not more than about 120 pounds. And on the macadam did the pack stay, for miles and miles and miles, bypassing lovely rolling woodlands and nature's domestic glory. It was with hope tinged by optimism that the pack followed the flour off the macadam, only to be led in short order to a railroad track which again led, in shorter order, to more macadam and the startpoint. Only the sound of some riflemen practicing their best runner-wounding techniques kept the pack from voluntarily thrashing through some shiggy, rather than stay on the roads -- rail, macadam and otherwise.

There was a lot going for this dash. The day was spectacular. All the best chaps were there, even PAPOOSE, recently recovered from a serious mysterious ailment (don't ask!); BEAU BUMBLE, the first HASH FLASH in history to show up with a camera, but fully in character by refusing to take it on the dash (he was also distinguished by running in the best mocs that L.L. Bean could foist on a downstate citified yuppie); BLOODY BUTTERFLY looking especially leaderlike and upright; HORNY PAWS, who once again had to be "carried" on the last leg by MUD HATTER; FORESKIN, in rare form, who kept up a steady stream of ribaldry during the entire dash.

The clear highlight of the day was a tossup between a bus that had fallen in love with a railroad crossing and got hung up on it; and a toothless chap who apparently owned the garbage heap that was our startpoint, and who made the politest of requests that the pack stuff its empties somewhere other than his special Eden.

But then came the On-On. What to say, what to say! Harold's, it was called. Outside it was neat and tidy and had a sweet sign over the door opining that the swellest people on God's fair earth passed under that sign. I guess that included us. Inside (wait for it) was a carpeted interior, hostess seating, hanging green plants, art posters and (wait for it again) Mexican pizza! For an On-On!! Menus, already, and polite waitresses, and families queuing up for the Saturday night meatloaf special. Methinks our earnest Joint Master left the arts world just a mite too late for his own good. No down-down, Grand Master?

Hash Trash

Fellow sees a hearse passing by, followed by a small dog, followed in turn by a long line of men. Noticing a friend nearby dressed in black, asks what's going on. Friend replies, "It's my mother-in-law's funeral." Fellow says, "Sorry to hear of your loss. How did she die?" Friend replies, "Bitten by her little dog, who's following the hearse. Died of rabies." Fellow thinks a moment, asks "Can I borrow that dog?" Friend points to procession and says, "Sure, but you'll have to get in line".



Andy Emerson
17 Woodland Road
Maplewood, NJ 07040



SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

GRAND MASTER: Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
(O) 212 552-6854 (H) 201 467-4462
JOINT MASTER (Interhash): Kent Fairfield, 32 Durand Road, Maplewood, NJ 07040
212 552-3104 201 762-8416
JOINT MASTER (Special Events): Terry Savage, 171 Washington Street, Bloomfield, NJ 07003
212 552-3839 201 748-4109
ON-SEC: George Jurkowich, 9 South Beechcroft Road, Short Hills, NJ 07078
212 938-8446 201 376-3677
SCRIBE: Ian Hughes, 303 Mountain Avenue, Westfield, NJ 07098
212 546-5018 201 654-3060
TRAIL MASTER Mike Morrow, 316 Prospect, Cranford, NJ 07016
201 276-0285
HASH CASH: John Bashaw, 501 Orange Avenue, Cranford, NJ 07016
212 269-3100 201 276-4818
HASH FLASH: Andy Emerson; HASH CHAPLAIN: Paul Horning; HASH QUACK: (Deceased)

ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS

Future Runs

<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare/CoHare</u>	<u>Location</u>
116	26 April	COME-A-CRAPPER/BEAUBUMBLE	
117	10 May(NEW BOOT!)	FLOCK TERRIER (Old Boot)	Watchung Reservation
118	24 May	BISHOP HUMPER	
119	9 June (Monday)	FORESKIN	
120	23 June "	PAPOOSE	

Run Nr. 115: THE GRAND MASTER'S ROMP

Date/Time: Saturday, April 12/4:00 p.m.

Location: Northern Livingston/Caldwell Environs

Hare: BLOODY BUTTERFLY

Directions:

From the Short Hills Mall, take Kennedy Parkway north to South Orange Avenue. West on South Orange Avenue to Livingston Mall. North on Eisenhower Parkway, past plants and headquarters of the benign face of American capitalism, cross Route 10 at big traffic circle, and proceed for almost two more miles. At the top of the hill, keep a sharp eye out for Merrigan's tavern, on the left. Park in Merrigan's parking lot.

From Route 280, take Eisenhower Parkway exit south. After passing fuel depot and bespoke concrete plant (Mafia bathing shoes a specialty) keep eye out for Merrigan's on the right. Park in Merrigan's parking lot.

HASH TRASH

Did you hear the one about the lady cyclist, who had just had a long day on a particularly bumpy road? Fellow cyclist asked her how the ride had been.

"I'll never come that way again," she said.

PITTSBURGH
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
200TH RUN WEEKEND
MAY 30, 31 JUNE 1, 1986

Run 199 - May 30 T6IF Tour of the Triangle

Run begins sharply at 7:00 PM under the "Bessemer" at historic station square across the Monongahela River from The Point. Parking available at local prices. An On-In to a convenient local bistro will provide the backdrop for beer, barter, beer, a Chicken 'n' Ribs Buffet, and the first of many Down-Downs. All this against the skyline view of America's most livable city.

Hares: John "Sarge" Eddy, Scott "Chef Tell" Duncan
Hostess: Terry "Hand Job" Tallman-Eddy
Cost: \$12.00 per each person attending

RUN 200 - May 31 North Hills Madness

Run begins at 4:30 PM with a bus drop for a point-to-point romp through the North Hills of Pittsburgh followed by a beer and pool party (bring your trunks and tennis racket) with dancing at the party center 'til . . . ? Food provided on a bring-a-dish pot luck basis (Out-of-Towners exempt). Awards and good cheer throughout the evening. **DON'T MISS THIS ONE!**

Hares: Steve "Pervert" Ainey, Peggy "Oral Secret" Freund
Cost: All Hashers (incl. SUPER SPECIAL
LONG SLEEVE COMMEMORATIVE T-SHIRT) \$15.00
Non-Hashing Guests \$5.00
Extra Shirts (buy 'em to trade) \$10.00

Run 201 - June 1 South Hills Beer Brunch

For those still standing, a noonish hill climb through the southern suburbs ending with a beer brunch at some yet-to-be-discovered popular dive.

Hare: Jerry "Folker" Agin
Cost: \$5.00 per each person attending

WEEKEND SPECIAL -- \$30 -- 3 EVENTS & SHIRT
(Guests Extra)

Out-of-Towners may stay at any of a number of local hostels or space will gladly be provided in Pittsburgh Hash Homes. Run details will be provided with registration. For additional information call first 412-371-0147. If no answer try 412-371-0137.

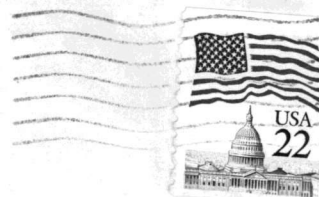
***** ALL PRICES INCLUDE BEVERAGE *****

PRICES INCLUDE APPROPRIATE REFRESHMENT

PRICE	QUANTITY	TOTAL
A. HASH WEEKEND SPECIAL -- \$30.00 (Covers all three events and commemorative Long Sleeve Shirt. Guests costs are extra)		
B. Cost Per Event		
Friday Night (May 30) -- \$12.00 (Cost per each person attending)		
Saturday Night (May 31) -- \$15.00 (Cost per Hasher incl. Long Sleeve Shirt. Saturday guest price below)		
Sunday Brunch (June 1) -- \$5.00 (Cost per each person attending)		
C. Non-Running Guest for Saturday -- \$5.00 (Does not include shirt. Guests pay full price Friday and Sunday)		
D. Extra Shirts -- \$10.00 each S M L XL (Great for Inter-Hash Trading)		
TOTAL FOR ALL EVENTS		

Make Checks Payable To: Irene Skubniewicz
5628 Beacon Street
Pittsburgh, PA 15217

This registration and your check should be received by May 12 to assure
registration and availability of the SUPER COMMEMORATIVE LONG SLEEVE



Andy Emerson
17 Woodland Road
Maplewood, NJ 07040

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 Jurkowich, 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 QUACK: (Deceased)

NEXT RUN

Run Nr. 116: THE GREAT-SWAMP GLADE REVISITED

Date/Time: Saturday, April 26/4:00 p.m.

Location: The Great-Swamp Glade, Green Village

Hare/Co-Hare: COME-A-CRAPPER/BEAU BUMBLE

Directions:

From the Short Hills Mall, take River Road toward Summit. At Ciba/Geigy plant, continue straight ahead on Watchung Avenue, which becomes Shunpike Road in Madison. After 4 miles on Shunpike, keep eagle eye out for Hickory Tree Shopping Center, characterized by magnificent Shop-Rite supermarket. Turn left on Green Village Road into Green Village. At intersection of Meyersville Road, denoted by Volunteer Fire Department and Sunoco Station, turn left. Keeping to the left, go to end of Meyersville Road for the beginning of what promises to be a sparkling trail.

FUTURE RUNS

<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare/CoHare</u>	<u>Location</u>
117	10 May(NEW BOOT!)	FLOCK TERRIER (Old Boot)	Watchung Reservation
118	24 May	BISHOP HUMPER	
119	9 June (Monday)	FORESKIN	
120	23 June "	PAPOOSE	

ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS

Upcoming Interhash Spectaculars:

-- Pittsburgh 200th, May 30-June 1, \$30 total fee; Joint Master Fairfield is checking flight costs.

-- New York City's AGM: May 7, 6:30 pm run, starting at 484 West 43d St, \$25 including Indian dinner; reserve by May 2; our chance for revenge.

FOR EITHER OR BOTH: Contact Joint Master(Interhash) Fairfield, see above.

HASH TRASH

HASH TRASH I: "For God's sake, will you stop poking that thing into me," hissed the girl to the man standing behind her on the crowded rush-hour subway. "But it's only my paycheck envelope," countered the male. "You must have a pretty good job then," she said. That was your third raise since Times Square."

HASH TRASH II: On the sporting scene, the first Irish steeplechase had to be abandoned. Not one horse could get a grip on the cathedral roof.

HASH DASH Number 114, STRIDES OF MARCH, Part II

Your humble and unworthy On-Sec has been pleased by the outpouring of favorable comment on the conduct of the abovementioned dash, the many cards and letters of congratulations that have been received from the esteemed membership, and the toasts beyond counting at the On-On, all celebrating a high point in Summit HHH-dom. Nonetheless, in the interest of complete fairness and an airing of contrary views (rare though they are in our honorable company) the attached unsigned review of that run is reprinted for the members' edification. In all Christian charity, your On-Sec begs the members that if they know this author, they should do all possible to counsel and console him, for he is sorely troubled. His dispatch is as follows:

RUN:	NUMBER 114
DATE:	MARCH 29 AND 30 1986
HARES:	THE MARCH HARE, MUD HATTER AND THE DOORMOUSE
LOCATION:	MORRIS, SOMERSET AND UNION COUNTIES
BILLED AS:	THE STRIDES OF MARCH PART 2 (AND 3 AND 4 AND 5!)
RENAMED AS:	CAESAR'S SOOTHSAYER KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT "BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH", 14 DAYS LATER"

I've sat in front of an empty machine for half an hour wondering where to start. So much to tell (at least 2 hours of it), and so much retribution at stake. I've reread at least 3 times that literary masterpiece composed in January 1985 - "HASH Dash number 82, billed as 'CAPTAIN SCOTT'S LAST DASH, or, AMUNDSEN IS AN SOB'. Number 114? 'LAUPFENCE OF ARABIA'S FIRST MARATHON, or, THE MARCH HARE MARCHED US INTO APRIL AND BACK.'"

The roles are of course reversed. On that January day, when the old briney was recording subzero temperatures, MUD HATTER was put thru his paces and sent on a run that he considered a little on the long side. Measuring about one and three quarters hours on the Richter scale, he was, if I interpret correctly, cold, tired, no doubt thirsty, and full of poison penned wisdom as he eventually arrived back at the Ashcroft Golf Course. Retaliation, was of course his only thought and he waited a full 14 months to mete it out.

Everything was reversed. From the frostbite of that day it was the heat stroke of this. From the flat terrain of that day it was the hills of this. From the rainbow resembling trail of that day it was the steady flour marks of this (maybe the HARE has stock in United Flour Mills). As I recall the HARE that January day never deserted the pack, absorbing all the abuse that was going with stoicism even if it did involve him running 14 miles that day. Where was our HARE this March day? Probably laying more flour, changing his cognito and organizing his offspring on search parties. Certainly no where to be seen for large parts of the run. I can believe he also ran 14 miles. It certainly seemed it.

It was a beautiful day. The sort that sends some 15 athletes away from their TV sets and the NITS and NCAAS and away from their wives and the lawns and the chores. A few new faces. "MUD HATTER lays a good trail". "Good country", and all augered well for a fine run on a fine day. It even started off well. Typical MUD HATTER stuff - a steady supply of undergrowth to scratch your legs on (and bodies if you are a BISHOP HUNTER), enough swings to the left and right to resemble the recent French General Election. Some good checks, (the 16th was a particularly good one, I recall), certainly some that had the likes of BLOODY BUTTERFLY, FLOCK TERRIER and other FFFs (Fleet Footed Fools) doing extra mileage. Up hill and down hill, accross the odd stream, thru some more shiegy and brambles and along the odd road or two or three or eighteen and on and on and on and.....surely our HARE was suffering from sunstroke. Absolutely certain of it, when we reached Route 78 in Watchung.

Glancing back to the HASH DASH write up Number 82, I see that the Scribe that day makes reference "to the HARE announcing that On Home was only 10 minutes away, knowing it was at least 30". History repeated itself. Just as the by now sun scorched and hill weary pack were believing it to be a one way run, up pops our HARE and announces "just accross there, nearly home". For three quarters of the pack "Nearly Home" was a 20 minute run along the roads, suitably directed by well placed passerby. For PAPOOSE, LOCOMORROW, RUSHMORE and newcomer LONG RANGE PLOD the run was only just starting. Finding more checks than CITIBANK does in a whole day, the quartet eventually made it to the cars almost 2 hours after leaving them. Never did beer taste so good.

=====

FLASH...FLASH...FLASH...Not too late to take advantage of the special subs (dues) offer. Ordinarily, \$12.50 per half year; for a limited time reduced to \$25.00 for the full year.



Andy Emerson
17 Woodland Road
Maplewood, NJ 07040

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 QUACK: (Deceased)

NEXT RUN

Run Nr. 117: THE NEW BOOT RUN

Date/Time: Saturday, May 10/4:00 p.m.
Location: Old Watchung Stables, Summit
Hare/Co-Hare: FLOCK TERRIER/WOWIE HOWIE

THIS IS THE NEW BOOT RUN!! INVITE A FRIEND OR LOVED ONE!! MAX TURNOUT!!

Directions:

From the East, like the Wise Men: In Summit, follow signs toward Overlook Hospital, which is in part on Morris Avenue. Morris Avenue intersects Glenside Avenue (Rte 527) very near the Hospital. Take Glenside Avenue, heading generally west, and keeping to the right at the confusing "Y" in the road, where Baltusrol heads left. Proceed for about a mile. The old Watchung Stables are on the left. Park. Find Hare. Good luck.

From the West, take 78 East to its ultimate operating exit, which, after a decent windaround in the indicated direction to Summit on Glenside Road, one emerges at a traffic light at Glenside Avenue, (Rte 527). Left on Glenside Avenue for about two miles, keeping a weather eye out for the old Watchung Stables on the right.

FUTURE RUNS

<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare/CoHare</u>	<u>Location</u>
118	24 May	BISHOP HUMPER	
119	9 June (Monday)	FORESKIN	
120	23 June "	PAPOOSE	

ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS

Upcoming Interhash Spectaculars:

-- Pittsburgh 200th, May 30-June 1, \$30 total fee; Joint Master Fairfield is checking flight costs.

FOR INFO AND TO MAKE RESERVATIONS: Contact Joint Master(Interhash) Fairfield, see above.

HASH TRASH

She said:

Hickory dickery dockery
You screwed me so hard in a rockery,
That pebbles en masse
Got stuck up my ass
That wasn't a fuck --
'Twas a mockery.

He said:

Hickory dockery dickery
You feigned that you'd gotten all liquor-y
On tumblers of rum
So you curled up your bum
That's daiquiri prickery trickery.

Run Nr. 112 - A Desultory Plod through Mountainside

A most enthusiastic bunch showed up for the March 1 run, no doubt enthralled with the notion of yet another twisted approach to hashing ala HORNY PAWS and PECKERHEAD. The good news - the latter "hare," having spent the previous night sleeping in the meadowland marshes, wasn't quite up for the affair. The bad news - PAWS was and, compounding the lunacy, somehow conscripted a hapless neophyte (rumored to be not-so-distantly related to the drop-out 1st hare) to share the onerous task by laying much of the trail via moped. A fairly impressive contingent gathered at D'Asti's; unfortunately, one-third or so of the group reported being unfit for service due to injuries suffered while skiing, squashing, etc. Nevertheless, we got off to a rousing start along back streets and Watchung Reservation's tortuous access roads and - occasionally - a woodland path or two. About the most noteworthy thing worth mentioning, apart from the tedium, was the seemingly endless length of the run. Eventually things headed downhill and back to good ol' Route 22, but not before a notable twist off the blacktop and along a streambed (cleverly disguised as a sewer) which brought the crew up behind D'Asti's welcoming parking lot. Incidentally, acknowledgement of some sort has to be made regarding the substitute hare who, following this trek, disclosed between gasps that he was a little out of shape, on account of how he'd been laid up with a bad heart valve. Obviously blessed with good sense, this ripe steamer has truly earned the nom d'hash AORTA NO BETTER. Following a brief b.s. session, the ranks sprinted over to that old favorite, Chrones (home of the world's dourest barkeep), for a sterling, more sustained b.s. session. On On!

RUN 115 THE GRAND MASTER'S ROMP

For once a run that allows latecomers to start drinking when they cannot find the pack. How eminently suitable that this run should start (and finish) at Merrigan's, the site of innumerable famous on-on's.

*When the motely group of eight or so had surfaced from their cars, the on-on was called and much to the stuporfaction of the assembled group the trail lead from the parking lot to the first leg of the run. This unheardof event in Summit is common practice in most Asian hashes, as it gives a chance for latecomers to at least start-off in the right direction.

After an initial swoop down to the banks of the idyllic Passaic river the run proceeded to mount the banks of the river and under power lines entered a quaint suburban area of \$300M tract housing. At this point the easiest of the checks on the run proved to be completely overwhelming to the pack. Half the pack would not believe that the check could be on the road and searched without avail in a small portion of woodland while the rest were beguiled by Morrow's discovery that the neighborhood had been out liming its lawns that day and followed him up the hill to nowhere. Finally the trail was picked up and the pack found the proper route up the hill to the site of the secret US missile defense base. Any military or other personnel beat a hasty retreat at the sight of the hash sweating and swearing its way to the summit. After tripping over a couple of false trails and silos, the pack regrouped to descend some shiggy into the Becker tract (a County Park heretofor unknown to Hashing). Again a couple of false trails diverted the pack until BEAU BUMBLE's silent disappearance off in one corner of the field alerted the rest of the pack to the trail. Through some woodland, under the (same?) pylons and into the brambles staggered the pack. Once across Eagle Rock Avenue and under IS 280 it was into the civilized rolling farmland of Roseland, across the municipal mulch dump and past the last piece of woodland. Having reached the end of the outtrail the pack heard BEAU BUMBLE's call (this time) as he homed in on the rail tracks for a perfect (or at least perfectly straight) run in over the sleepers. All in all (though I say it myself) the very model of a modern Hash run enjoyed by all.

At the On on, the hare was regaled and the new boot, David, compared his experiences with the Atlanta Hash. He confided that his nom de hash in Atlanta was "O' Really" but that would never do in Summit - too many English speakers already. We also heard another explanation for why we are such an exclusive group in NJ. BEAU BUMBLE was quoted in hearsay, at least third hand, as having told one prospective harrier after his first run, "your too serious about running for our group- don't come back". LOCOMORROW managed to steamroll Bill Coulter into signing up for setting a run and the beer was well received, even if the tab was not.



Andy Emerson
17 Woodland Road
Maplewood, NJ 07040

GRAND MASTER: Leon Desbrow, 29 Byron Road, Short Hills, 07078
(U) 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. 118:
Date/Time: Saturday, May 24/4:00 p.m.
Location: 32 Durand Road, Maplewood
Hare: BISHOP HUMPER

Nota Rene: The Bishop promises this to be a gentle trot through serene suburbs and Sylvan preserve. Caveat Hasher.

Directions:

From Millburn:

Follow Millburn Avenue east to Wyoming Avenue (intersection which features a splendid Lord & Taylor emporium); left on Wyoming, over the tracks to the light at Glen Road. Right on Glen, along to stop sign at intersection with Ridgewood. Left on Ridgewood to third intersection after yellow blinker light. This is Durand. Turn left, go to sixth house on right.

From Route 24 West

Exit at Vauxhall Road, Millburn (50A); follow Vauxhall past Millburn Shopping Mall to Millburn Avenue; left on Millburn Avenue to Wyoming Avenue, site of Lord & Taylor. Right on Wyoming, then follow above directions.

From Route 24 East

Take Millburn/Springfield exit, opting for Millburn; this puts you on Morris Turnpike; make left at Esso station traffic light; this becomes Millburn Avenue. See above.

		<u>FUTURE RUNS</u>	
<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare/CoHare</u>	<u>Location</u>
119	9 June (Monday)	FORESKIN	
120	23 June "	PAPOOSE	

PUN
DATE
LOCATION
HARES

NUMBER 116
APRIL 26 1986
THE GREAT SWAMP
COME A CRAPPER/BEAU BUMBLE



Have you ever noticed how HASHERS are so very proud and so very determined to have themselves considered dim-witted and stupid. Dont ask me why. If there is a better way to jog, get with a group of fellas over a beer with etc, then I haven't found it. But it's true - HASHERS like to think of themselves as having only half a mind. Well, last Saturday they proved they have.

At least 90% of the assembled pack turned up on this spring day, fully expecting the usual nice and dry trail that so characterizes BEAU BUMBLE. Not a change of shoe in sight. Not a towel or a dry shirt in any bag. And where was this DASH to be held after 2 weeks of almost continual rain? THE GREAT SWAMP. Not only that, but COME A CRAPPER was the HARE and his love of watering places has been well documented (refer next paragraph for further clarification of this issue). Our beloved leader BLOODY BUTTERFLY even chose this auspicious day to break new running shoes.

I have mentioned before in this journal, that the Original English language (before it got basterdized) lists the word BOG as having 2 meanings. A 'quagmire' or a 'latrine'. COME A CRAPPER and FLOCK TERRIER gave us both. The former, of course, by laying a trail that took us thru every puddle and marsh both large and small, south of Morristown. The latter because he chose the spot to (and I again quote the Oxford Dictionary's definition of BOG) "evacuate the bowels". FLOCK TERRIER is well prepared and for future HASHERS reference, he keeps toilet paper in the trunk of his car.

This particular DASH (Number 116) now holds the World WHH record for being the longest to actually get started. The late arrival of temporarily named O'REALLY, the non arrival of MUD HATTER and the HARES ablutions all contributed to this. But the main reason was that the HARES had decided to use a carefully measured 0.137 grams of GOLD MEDAL best flour per blob for the trail. Not only this, but they started it about 3 miles down the road- AWAY from the SWAMP. With the sun losing its strength, it took a gentle push from the HARES to eventually get started. Probably because they knew there was one and a half hours running ahead.

Once going, it was good stuff. Horse country and a wide enough stream to make sure that in caes we missed all the rest of the water, we would still have wet feet. As billed, we eventually reached the GREAT SWAMP and the renaming of the HASH to HATE HAIRY HAUDUBONS, possibly HONK HONK HERONS.

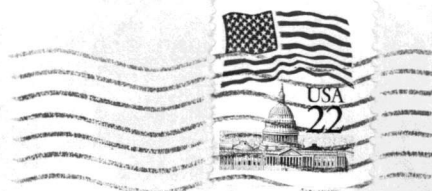
The 'quarter teaspoonful of flour droppings' took us thru the trails and pathways of the area, the pack was together and calling well, the HORN was blowing and all was well with life. Surrounded by nature we were. Lurking in the undergrowth, however, was not your LOWER CRESTED GREBE or your RED NOSED THRUSH, but your GRIZZLY HUMAN. Apparently, taking exception to the blowing of the HASH HORN, the Local Bird Watching group decided to 'save' this group who were disturbing their GREAT TITS. We were chased out, and as a penance for our misdeeds were given the added treat of a 2 mile plod, south along Route something. The HARES later claimed there were deviations along the way, but they were missed somehow.

ON HOME was eventually reached -back into the morass and back to a HAREless and therefore temporarily ALEless automobile. It seems that the exertions were almost too much for COME A CRAPPER and definately too much for BEAU BUMBLE. They returned to the cars 20 and 40 minutes later respectively. There is nothing to taunt a pack, more than to know there is beer in the trunk but the trunk is locked.

The ON ON was held in one of the HASHES better, if not the best, hostelryes, FLYNNS. The beer was good, the raucous entertainment free. All in all a good HASH.

HASH TRASH

- Q. What's got feathers, flies and glows in the dark? A. Chicken Kiev.
Q. What goes well with chicken Kiev? A. A Black Russian.
Q. What's the immediate forecast for Kiev? A. 7000 degrees and overcast.
Q. What's the five-day forecast? A. Three days.



Andy Emerson
17 Woodland Road
Maplewood, NJ 07040

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 Jurkowich, 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. 119: THE FIRST TWILIGHT HALF-MINDER

Date/Time: Monday, June 9, 7:00 p.m.

Location: Millburn, at Locust Grove in South Mountain Reservation, near the Railroad Station
Hare: FORESKIN

Directions:

From East: Route 24 West to exit 50A, Vauxhall Road, Millburn; follow Vauxhall to Millburn Avenue; left on Millburn Avenue, continue onto Essex Avenue (mandatory switchover), make a right at the light just past the old Millburn train station. Cross under tracks; at stop sign, peek over to the right. You can see Locust Grove. Figure it out from there.

From West: Route 24 East to Springfield, Millburn exit, leading to Morris Turnpike. At major traffic light (with Exxon station on left), make a left onto Millburn Avenue, continue past traffic light at Main Street, make next left, which passes Millburn train station. Cross under tracks. At stop sign, peer to the right front. Yup, you made it.

FUTURE RUNS

Nr.	Date	Hare/CoHare	Location
120	23 June (Monday)	JUMBO SAVAGE	
121	July 7 "	RUSHMORE	
122	July 21 "	COME-A-CRAPPER	
123	Aug 4 "	MYSTER HARE!!!	MANHATTAN!!
124	Aug 18 "	PAPOOSE	
125	Sep 6 (Saturday)	TBA	TBA
126	Sep 20 "	HORNY PAWS (gad)	INTERHASH!!

RUN NUMBER 117 MAY 10 1986
WATCHUNG RESERVATION

HARES FLOCK TERRIER AND WOWIE HOWIE
BILLED AS THE NEW BOOT RUN

The major problem with this run; the only one, is that the 12 odd new comers will believe that we always have runs of this quality. When they come back, as they inevitably will, and get exposed to a HORNY PAWS sprint or to a RUSHMORE or MUD HATTER (I love writing that) marathon, then they will dig deep into their memory cells and remember this one.

Its impossible to conceive that FLOCK TERRIER should get all the garlanding. Obviously WOWIE HOWIE was the brains behind all this. And we do have to point out that the run was not 50 minutes, but a mite over the hour; but in truth this is nit- picking to the extreme, it really was a great run.

For the record about 30 HASHERS were there. As mentioned approx 12 new faces, a couple of Hells Angels, including none other than GIL RUMMY. A few New Yorkers, did their most sensible thing in ages, and left the place for a fine country run on a fine day. Even SUMMIT HASH was well represented, CHI GUY has at last abandoned skis, ZORBA arches are finally mended and his wife has evidently forgiven him for the filthy pics that came in her Christmas mail. There was the usual supply of family members HOPNY PAWS doing their usual strange things. We were blessed with the other half of BISHOP HUMPER's mind and Le Pere in law de le BLOODY BUTTERFLY. All in all a wonderful turnout.

We were off to a flying start. Spot on four, the assembled mass was given their first and last debriefing session on the rules of HASHING. The essentially empty sheets of paper that were paraded before our eyes tells it all. The HASH has no rules; which is just as well, because if it was left to MUD HATTER to explain them, we would all be in trouble. CHI GUY won the prize for the first (and thankfully only) male question. A young lady from the Big Apple, the prize of the first female question and a good one too. One that completely floored our narrator. "What does CHECK mean?". The initial formalities attended to, we were off.

With the intelligent portion of the pack looking for the start towards Watchung and the near completed Route 78, it obviously took a HASHER from RUMSON to look the other and win the prize for the first to find flour. Well done GIL RUMMY. This second formality completed was the signal for a cacophony of noise not yet heard in these parts. 25 assorted bugles, horns, whistles and other windpipery let off steam and gave vent to the fact that the run had started. By far the most impressive of these blow pieces was that of LOCOMORROW. Living up to his name his imitation of a steam engine was made all the more impressive because it always seem to come from the front of the pack.

The trail led us as expected towards The Reservation. A multitude of checks, false trails and undergrowth made sure that the pack stayed together and that we didn't kill anyone off, particularly in the early stages. Except PECKERHEAD. Somehow he contrived he lose his way and subsequently got to be the first home, by any means other than on his 2 feet.

The area is of course, New Jersey at its best, and none too surprisingly the HARES didn't take any chances in their choice of where the trail should lead. Staying within the confines of the park, it became obvious it was going to be a "Righty". MUD HATTER certainly figured it that way, and with his years of cunning applying the addage that a good HOUND never goes downhill when its obvious you will have to go up again, gets the award for the first to find the shortcut. Meantime the rest of the pack had reached the bottom of the chasm where they had a choice. Either scabble down to the very bottom and save 20 feet or cross by way of the stragecically placed tree. 99% of the pack chose the simple way; BEAU BUMBLE had railway tracks in his vision and was first accross the viaduct. May he still be taking splinters out of his rear.

Once clear of all this checking nonsense, BLOODY BUTTERFLY found that one or two of the newcomers could run a bit, but I'm sure he was first to find the ON HOME. Equally obvious would be that ZORBA would be first to find the beer.

Summary of prize winners

First and most pathetic male question at the debriefing	CHI GUY
As above for females	THE BIG APPLE 1
First to find flour	GIL RUMMY
Best Noise of the day	LOCOMORROW
Best SCB (Short Cutting B....) of the day	MUD HATTER
First to get termites up his rear end	BEAU BUMBLE
First male to find the ON HOME	BLOODY BUTTERFLY
First female to find the ON HOME	THE BIG APPLE 2
First home by a means other than running/walking	PECKERHEAD
First into the beer	ZORBA

HASH TRASH

Two women were walking down the country road when a frog at roadside spoke up saying: "I'm the victim of an evil witch's spell. Kiss me and I'll turn into an independent oil man." So the first woman picked the frog up and put it in her purse. The second woman said, "Well, aren't you going to kiss him?" Replied the first, "Hell, no. A talking frog is worth something!"

Q: How do you get an oilman down from a tree? A: Cut the rope.



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. 120: "OH, SAUVAGE"

Date/Time: Monday, June 23, 7:00 p.m.

Location: Bloomfield

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

Directions:

Take Garden State Parkway North to Exit 148 (Bloomfield); come down ramp and cross Bloomfield Avenue; make a creative jughandle to the left back onto Bloomfield Avenue, and proceed to the first light, at Montgomery. Left on Montgomery, guiding along the side of the park, through the first light to the stop sign beyond. This is Washington. Left on Washington for 1 1/2 blocks, to Co-Hare's abode, #171. Park on street.

FUTURE RUNS

Nr.	Date	Hare/CoHare	Location
121	July 7	"	RUSHMORE
122	July 21	"	COME-A-CRAPPER
123	Aug 4	"	MYSTERY HARE!!!
124	Aug 18	"	PAPOOSE
125	Sep 6 (Saturday)	TBA	TBA
126	Sep 20	"	HORNY PAWS (gad)
			INTERHASH!!

HASH TRASH

Shortly after leaving a remote base camp, mountain climber's climbing friend was bitten by snake right on the end of his sexual member. Snake turned out to be poisonous, so the climber told his bitten friend to lie down and remain calm while he rushed back to the remote base camp to radio to a doctor.

When the climber got on the radio and explained the situation, the sympathetic doctor said: "It's good that you had the presence of mind to call. The situation is serious, but manageable and time is of the essence if he is to survive. To this point, you have done all the proper things to assure your friend's survival. Now in my judgment, the only remaining task remaining is for you to cleanse the area of the bite, take a sharp blade and make two incisions on the end of his sexual member, right where the fang marks show, and then suck out the blood. When you have done this, cleanse the area again, bandage it lightly, insist that your friend rest, and give plenty of fluids. He should be fine in a few hours or so, though he should not continue with the climb until he has had a proper examination. But it is imperative that you get the poison out within the first hour, or the bite will be fatal."

Climber went back to where his bitten friend was reclining. Bitten friend said, "Did you get through to the doctor." Climber said, "Yep." Bitten friend said, "Well, what did he say?" Climber replied: "He said you're gonna die."

DASH TRASH (WRITEUP OF PREVIOUS RUNS):

With characteristic Hash concern for accuracy in media and prudence in publications, writeups of the incredibly fantastic Maplewood Meander, under the able Haresmanship of BISHOP HUMPER, and of FORESKIN'S Folly Midst the Locusts, are being subjected to the most intense editorial vetting in history. Consequently, they are being held for the next incredibly superb issue of this newsletter. Stay tuned.

Meanwhile...

ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS

READ ALL ABOUT IT!! PRINCETON HASH SPECTACULAR!! COME ONE, COME ALL!! LET'S PARTY!!

STEVENSON HALL/PRINCETON HHH

Announces: HASH #100

Saturday/Sunday September 13/14, 1986

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE: SATURDAY: 12 Noon: arrival, keg tapping, stretching

2-?: First Hash

5-dawn: Food, beer

SUNDAY: 11 am, Meet for 2nd hash, bloody Marys

12-2 Second hash

2-4 Lunch, beer, farewells

WHERE?: Stevenson Hall, 91 Prospect Ave. Princeton, N.J. (see map)

ACCOMMODATIONS? Housing in Princeton is outrageously expensive. Some nearby relatively cheapo motels are: McIntosh Motor Inn, Brunswick Pike (Rt. 1) 609 896-3700; Red Roof Inn, Brunswick Pike, 609 896-3388, Solar Motel (closest, day rates, movies) 609 452-9090.

MONEY? Yes- you get all the above plus the great 100th T-shirt for a mere \$20. Please mail a check payable to the On Sec. #1(M. Jones), Department of Chemistry, Princeton University, Princeton, N.J. 08544

CALL BISHOP HUMPER, SHHH Joint Master, Interhash, to register your interest in this utterly too-too divine invitation. (Call him late, late, late at night and breathe heavily; he's underappreciated.)

SOPHISTICATED INTERNATIONAL HASH TRASH

HASH TRASH.....from Tegucigalpa H3,Honduras....The little boy saw two dogs pounding away in the park and asked his father what they were doing."They're making puppies son,"the father said. That night the boy wandered into his parents'room right when they were in the middle of their preclimax throes.Asked what they were doing,the father replied,"making you a baby brother". Aw,Dad",the boy grumbled,"turn her over-I'd rather have a puppy.".....ON-ON
CONFUSUS SAY: He who fishes in other man's well often catches crab.



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 Hanning; HASH HORN: Terry Savage

NEXT RUN

Run Nr. 121: RUSHMORE'S SALLY
Date/Time: Monday, July 7, 7:00 p.m.
Location: Lenape Park, Westfield
Hare: RUSHMORE

Directions:

From Route 22, East or West, Exit at Springfield Avenue, near the Channel store. Proceed south on Springfield Avenue, toward Cranford. Pass by two sets of lights. Springfield Avenue will miraculously have become The Boulevard. Proceed approximately a half mile along Boulevard to Lenape Park. Turn into parking area before crossing small river. Look for Hare's blue Subaru.

FUTURE RUNS

Nr.	Date	Hare/CoHare	Location
122	July 21 "	COME-A-CRAPPER	
123	Aug 4 "	MYSTERY HARE!!!	MANHATTAN!!
124	Aug 18 "	PAPOOSE	
126	Sep 6 (Saturday)	TBA	TBA
125	Sep 20 "	HORNY PAWS (gad)	INTERHASH!!

VITAL HASH NEWS OF INESTIMABLE VALUE!!

KEY DATES IN HASHDOM!!!

July 12

Rumson Hash Annual 400th Run. Hartshorne Woods, in scenic Locust, NJ -- near Highland, for you geography boffins. 10:00 a.m. Usual excesses. Free hats. For directions, call (201) 842-4798 or your friendly Joint Master (Interhash)(above).

September 13/14

Princeton Interhash. Noon on Saturday, 11 a.m. on Sunday. Food, beer, and probably the only time most of us will be able to say we were at Princeton. Again, call BISHOP HUMPER, our able and amiable JM (I).

HASH TRASH

1 What is the National Animal of the Ukraine. The Glow Worm - silly

2 A Puerto Rican fireman was the delighted Father of twin boys; but he was stumped over names for the handsome pair. Eventually, he got it. JOSE and HOSE B

Our esteemed Hash Cash has favored us with a semi-annual report of our fiscal status, as follows:

Summit Hash House Harriers
Statement of Condition
30 June 1986

ASSETS

Cash on Hand	\$141.34
T Shirts (Yellow)	224.00
(Green)	168.00
Dues Receivable	<u>387.50</u>
TOTAL ASSETS	<u>\$920.84</u>

LIABILITIES

Accounts Payable	\$ 66.00
NET WORTH	<u>854.84</u>
TOTAL LIABILITIES AND NET WORTH	<u>\$920.84</u>

Statement of Income and Expense
30 June 1986

INCOME

Opening Cash balance 1/1/85	\$ 39.60	
Proceeds From AGM Auction	112.00	
Dues Received	300.00	
T Shirt Sales	189.00	
New Boot ON-ON Overage	<u>13.00</u>	\$653.60

EXPENSES

T Shirts	\$295.00	
Postage (A)	205.26	
Harrier International Subscription	<u>12.00</u>	<u>\$512.26</u>

NET INCOME

\$141.34

(A) Includes \$66.00 owed to ON SEC for postage

Submitted by

John L. Bashaw
Hash Cash

Reviewed by

W. D. Quinn
Grand Master

OUTSTANDING ACCOUNTS

1. At \$25.00 each: Carlson, Coulter, DeMaio, Dunlap, Emerson, Gardner, Gomez, McGinty, Hornung, Irwin, Jackson, Jonathan, Kundrat, McEwan,
2. At \$12.50 each: Brown, Foresman, Nolas

Our esteemed Hash Cash has likewise asked me to find words of encouragement, motivating words, persuasive words, words with the power to move men to action as regards the payment of past-due subs (dues). One consults The Holy Bible and other sources of inspiration; one peruses Bartlett's for the apt phrase; one reflects on the wisdom of the sages of yesteryear for the piercing insight, the perfect formulation. And one is successful:

PAY UP WHAT YOU BLOODY WELL OWE, MATES, OR WE'LL SEND OUT A BLOODY COLLECTION COMMITTEE THAT'LL MAKE YOUR BLOODY TOES WEEP!!

Thank you for your consideration.

• RUN	NUMBER 118	DATE	MAY 24 1986
LOCATION	CHEZ BISHOP HUMPER	HARE	BISHOP HUMPER
ON ON	CHEZ BISHOP HUMPER	COHARE	BISHOP HUMPER

The word CHECK occupies about half a column of The Oxford Dictionary (the very same document that was so descriptive on the subject of BOGS the other day). Listed under its attributes are such things as 'a stop', 'a verification' and 'a restraint'. Americans with their own brand of the misspelt Mother Tongue, have added such meanings as 'a mark that indicates correctness' otherwise known as 'a tick' and they even apply it to banking transactions, -'a cheque' to the uninitiated. Central Europeans have, of course, used the word for ages, albeit spelt CZECH. Best illustrated by the story of 2 prostitutes leaving the Medical Centre (sorry Center). "Have you just had a check-up inside?" asked the first. "No" came the reply "only 2 Poles, a Bulgarian and a very handsome Englishman".

THE HASH have, of course, added a new dimension to the word. As yet to reach Ye Old O.D. MUD HATTER can explain its meaning much better with a blank sheets of paper, than I can with words, even English ones. Last Saturday BISHOP HUMPER added yet another dimension to the word, even by HASHING standards. Misfiled, it can now be found under the 'T's'. 'T' for Torture. His use of the CHECK and triple CHECK BACK were certainly the work of a tortuous mind, one that needs CHECKing out and certainly indicative of one 'with half a mind'.

Not that any of the HOUNDS were really complaining. Most were glad of a long breather every 10 minutes. A listless pack on a listless day, found even BLOODY BUTTERFLY loafing at the back, admonishing the pack with a "Come on CHECK it out" as he ambled about.

Anybody who believes that Bankers are 'hard up' should have come to Run 118, that is if you able to find it, by way of the wayward instructions. Scribe is becoming boring, in extolling the virtues of New Jersey as a place to live, but reall his judgement, (as is that of BISHOP HUMPER), in his choice of residence, cannot be faulted as we made our way thru the leafy lanes of Upper Maplewood. A spendid day (weather and otherwise) was enhanced by the more than welcome return of the Brains of the FLOCK TERRIER family (younger brother) and none other than THE COMMITTEE, a trifle overweight, and with a very bad habit of referring to the NEW YORK HASH as "US" and "WE".

The run was billed as a 4pm start. This got badly delayed, even by SUMMIT's standards, as first THE COMMITTEE got thru 4 months of chit chat and then we dispensed with BISHOP HUMPER's blessing of the HOLY WATER. Like some Shinto priest at the Spthsayer's ball, he produced jug after jug of the colorless stuff. "Drink now, for ye may never see another drop". Add to this, the musical mismatch of the Durand Avenue Trombonist versus The FLOCK TERRIER HASHHORN and we can all be excused for believing that a run was some brief interlude in an otherwise somnolent afternoon.

Eventually we ran out of reasons to delay the start and we were off to the first of many landmarks on the run - the termini, shunting yard, Grand Central, whatever, of the absent BEAU BUMBLE. If you want to picture BEAU BUMBLE's front yard, close your eyes and visualize him in running attire. You've got it. And then to our first CHECK and the BISHOP HUMPER interpretation of the CHECK BACK>

Part of the problem was that the pack could never really shake off the belief that eventually it would end up in South Mountain Reservation. At each check on the out trail, folk would drift out in a generally northward direction, find flour and then encourage the rest to follow; only to find it was yet another falsie. Eventually, however the desultory pack steadily made its way thru the undergrowth and parkway system of Maplewood into the nether regions of South Orange and sniffs and memories of BUNNIES, a pub of yesteryear who saw fit to rule THE SUMMIT HHH as being too unruly for the rest of their clientele. The HARE was not tempted by a revisit, nor more surprisingly the pack, and it was homeward bound along the South Orange Railway Line, by way of another couple of BISHOP HUMPER special CHECKS. Too much for THE COMMITTEE and HORNY PAWS who sought the shortest way home. Too much for several others who, on recognizing Maplewood Station, and remembering the HARES proud claim that he lived a mere 3 minutes from it, also took the shortest way home.

This left a measerly 5 (including the HARE and HARE'S offspring) to disturb the nuptials of decidedly anti HASH wedding and to make the subterranean dash up the quarter mile tunnel, known as the Maplewood Sewer. The Cranford duo or duet, known as LOCOMORROW and PAPOOSE, were again caught in the splinter group, that did the extra mileage. Again, they got their feet wet. Again, they got to the beer last.

Back at base, the still lethargic pack at last started on what it only really came for - the little tinnies. Amidst the arboreous splendour of BISHOP HUMPER'S newly aquired back lawn, we were showered with "tube steaks" and chips and HORNY PAWS was showered with the love messages of the 200 foot high Tulip Tree. All this while the HARE was renting garden furniture, keeping the neighbors spirits up and sending his better half of on a quick sprint around the trail we had so labored around a couple of hours earlier. Oh to be an affluent Banker and to lay on such a good day. Who said you only had half a mind?

Summer! Its with us again. That means Hashing on the only day of the week to have them - Mondays. The day of the week that those ExPatriots in Kuala Lumpur felt it necessary to exercise at the HASH HOUSE way back in 1936. Its the only way to start the week; a punctual, if not early, knock off from work, an hour long run, a few beers after, and the working week is one down with four to go, before you know what has even happened.

Summer! When winter is finally over and creatures, both large and small, come out and enjoy the sunshine. But not it seems MUD HATTER, CHI GUY or HORNY PAWS - still slumbering in their City offices, so they claim (for HORNY PAWS, of course, this is a novelty). Summer! When animals shed their winter furs and don a lighter coat. To LOCOMORROW this means Guam T shirts, to FLOCK TERRIER it means sleeveless T shirts and to BLOODY BUTTERFLY no T shirts. Summer! When migrating birds return south (or is it north in this case?) To GIL RUMMY, back to SUMMIT for the summer season and O'REALLY back from visiting the female species in Atlanta. Summer! When the caterpillar sheds its chrysalis and becomes a butterfly. But not it seems, FORESKIN and COME A CRAPPER who hibernate on; still resplendent in their leggings, not wishing to expose their pins to these balmy elements. COME A CRAPPER, of course for lavatorial reasons; FORESKIN? who knows. Summer! predators on the prowl. PAPOOSE for money, BISHOP HUMPER for Co Hares and BEAU BUMBLE for assists at his little Scottish binge. Summer!.....

The purpose of the above preamble, is of course, to fill space. As a rule of thumb, we HASH SCRIBES have yardsticks with which to ply our trade; somewhere in the region of 1 second of reading for every 1 minute of HASHING - thats the norm anyway. Naturally, thats why I am known for my marathons, helping MUD HATTER out a bit in his notes. Well, FORESKIN didn't oblige me. A 17 minute romp thru the foliage was all we got. Not a great deal of potential reporting material. Shorter yet, than MUD HATTER's little New Years Day romp; but then MUD HATTER is known for laying marathons isn't he?.

For the record it was off into a northern direction, a crawl down a bridge to nowhere and then a rightie. About six checks, the sort that sort of gives BLOODY BUTTERFLY a chance to shout "ARE YOU" and the rest of the pack less than that, and it was up, up, up and up. Rather like BEAU BUMBLE's sales projections thru 1989. Eventually the summit was reached and the SUMMIT of FORESKIN'S run. He lost our 2 runners (?) from RUMSON. Probably looking for dead horsemeat. Hey Guys, wait till we have an hour long run or a MUD HATTER marathon, then you are really in trouble. The long downhill straight, (a bit like the English soccer team), had us back at the beer before breath was drawn. All, of course, in beautiful country with a well marked trail.

Where else for an ON ON? Obviously, the Spirit of 76, and evidently in new hands as well. Good enough for a Zumba Daa, certainly good enough for a tab, and absolutely certainly good enough for a recount as to why the RUMSON HASH is known as the Hells Angles of Hashing. With a pending modernization of the kitchen rendering it off limits, FORESKIN made us wait longer for Pizza than it took us to earn the stuff on them hills. While I am sure pizza is sold somewhere else in New Jersey, other than Trenton, it was certainly good when it did arrive. Since 2 pizzas hardly constitute dinner for 8 folk it was left to our willing hare, FORESKIN, to do the old 5 loaves and 2 fishes routine, Tata chips in 57 varieties.

=====

STOP PRESS

SUMMIT HASH HH LAYS 15 PEOPLE IN SKIRTS

REPEAT

SUMMIT HASH HH LAYS A TRAIL FOR 15 PEOPLE IN SKIRTS

MUD HATTER is of course more offended by the latter, but before he gets too upset with us, allow me to explain. Each year a bunch of haggisses get together, put on the heaviest dress you can possibly imagine (otherwise known as a kilt), pick the hottest day of the year and perform sports of a varied nature - outdoors and indoors; why else wear a kilt?. Its called a Highland Gathering; a tradition born in Scotland, but like the emigrant Scot, now to be found all over the globe. Including New Jersey. The varied sports include tossing tree trunks as far as you can; throwing the above mentioned haggis AND, so it seems, running a mile over a select course - fully attired in Highland dress.

With BEAU BUMBLE one of the big bosses of this affair, its was only proper that he should turn to, none other than, The SUMMIT HHH, to take over the responsibility for setting a simple, yet challenging course for these potential hashers. BISHOP HUMPER was HARE with an assist from RUSHMORE. BEAU BUMBLE (assuming his Nom de Scots of Galbraith) kept a fatherly eye on proceedings.

10 lbs of flour plus some 15 orange markers, took the event thru wonderful - and I understand virgin Hash- country. Thistle fields, marshes and plenty of shiggy.

With SUMMIT Hashers plus relatives accounting for 33% of the field; it was truly a Hash day. For the record BLOODY BUTTERFLY was the first Hasher home (having poosibly overdone his pre-run warm up. A 25 mile diathlon - 7 on foot and 18 on a bicycle seems a little excessive). O'REALLY was the first non kilted male home and COME A CRAPPER was the last non kilted runner home. Claims he was maintaining HASH spirit, by keeping it a non competitive event.

Son of GALBRAITH was somewhere and Daughter of GALBRAITH won the ladies Division.



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 Jurkowich, 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. 122: COME-A-CRAPPER'S CAKEWALK

Date/Time: Monday, July 21, 7:00 p.m.

Location: Chez Hare, 37 Mountain Avenue, Summit

Hare: COME-A-CRAPPER

Directions:

From Route 24 West, take Springfield/Millburn/Summit exit, opting for Summit, which puts you on Broad Street. Left at first traffic light, immediate right at stop sign onto Morris Avenue. Follow Morris to Overlook Hospital and left turn onto Mountain Avenue. Proceed to #37. From Rte 24 East, exit onto Broad Street at Summit exit and proceed as above.

From Route 22, exit at Summit Road in Mountainside, proceed northerly, following Overlook signs, to Morris Avenue near Overlook Hospital. Quick left onto Morris, and first left onto Mountain, proceed to #37.

FUTURE RUNS

<u>Nr.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare/CoHare</u>	<u>Location</u>
123	Aug 4 "	MYSTERY HARE!!!	MANHATTAN!!
124	Aug 18 "	PAPOOSE	
125	Sep 6 (Saturday)	TBA	TBA
126	Sep 20 "	TBA	

VITAL HASH NEWS OF INESTIMABLE VALUE!!

KEY DATES IN HASHDOM!!!

September 13/14

Princeton Interhash. Noon on Saturday, 11 a.m. on Sunday. Food, beer, and probably the only time most of us will be able to say we were at Princeton. Again, call BISHOP HUMPER, our able and amiable JM (I).

HOT NEWS ABOUT MANHATTAN'S NEW YORK HASH HOTLINE:

Call 212-249-9835 for information on upcoming Manhattan Hash runs, usually on Wednesday evenings in summer, and for a naughty, naughty message!

JUST ANOTHER SUBTLE REMINDER: PAYING YOUR SUBS MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER

It's not too late to avoid the pain of a visit from the famous Hash Cash Kneecap Squad. So pay, already.

HASH DASH #120: SAVAGING BLOOMFIELD

It was actually a splendid event in the making: fair weather, cool breezes, a quality turnout of truly superior Summmitt Hashmen who had half a mind (among 'em), augmented by a scabrous crew from Princeton who thought (variously, but erroneously) that this was the SHHH Interhash or where one came to pick up the coveted numbers for the quadrennial Nutley Demi-Hemi-Semi-Marathon (which covers some 850 meters). Anyway, sensing that the flour was "a Good Thing" these Princeton boffins traipsed along with their opposite (very opposite) numbers from Summit.

Even as these glorious portents bode well for the Dash, there were ominous undercurrents of a tragic flaw. It was apparent that the Co-Hare, TWO-BUCK TIM, was out of phase with the Hare, FLOCK TERRIER, and that there was much madness and confusion in the laying of the trail. A minor bit of evidence supporting this brief was the arrival of the co-hare after the Dash had actually started. Further evidence resides in TWO-BUCK TIM's recently garnered half-a-mind reputation as he screwed up the scheduling for the past several weeks by his inability to read a calendar. And final evidence of his waning faculties is his departure from fair and sunny New Jersey to some Godforsaken patch of sand hill where he is learning to pretend to be a genuine Navel Ossifer.

Anyway... the pack was off in a cloud of smog, enjoyed a sporting near-collision with a passing train, crossed a grundgy brook and trotted in and out of various neighborhoods, bits of parkland and generally tacky terrain. At a point in the dash, a check signalled a halt, and then led to a four-and-a-half mile (by actual measure) On-Home run-in (further evidence, if any is needed, that the Co-Hare had probably missed doing his half).

Once in, the pack enjoyed its second favorite exercise -- opening cheap beer cans; and its second favorite sport -- watching a guy (in this instance JIMMY JIM) go white and then red as he realized that his car keys were locked inside his vee-hicle. This is a participant sport, as most of the pack undertook the key function of guffawing (to keep it light, you understand.) A theological discussion ensued on whether it was the greater good to communicate the situation with the local gendarmerie, who have a reputation for breaking into cars; or with AAA (tho why anybody would want to call a temperance organization to get into a car is beyond the ken of your scribe and beyond the scribe of our Ken); or with fellow hashers who were perfectly prepared to insinuate a tire iron into the window ledge to see if they couldn't bend the glass away from the frame, jam a brick into the gap, and wrench the door open from inside the panel by using a tow chain pulled by another car. Cooler heads prevailed, and the pack went for beer, leaving JIMMY JIM to deal with it alone.

The On-On was a lavish affair with beer and everything at a place called the Firehouse. There were lots of softball players there, flexing their heads. We should have gotten a clue when the maitre d' seated us that this was going to be really special, and it was. There was beer and everything. And a pizza to share. With no AN-chovies. Princeton was mightily impressed, I'll tell you, mightily impressed.

HASH TRASH

Rich, rich, rich fellow was dying, and while he had heard that you can't take it with you, he was unwilling to accept that hypothesis without hard evidence, so he figured a way to try to take his wealth with him. He called in his lawyer, his broker and his banker, all old pals, and gave them each an envelope. "Each of these envelopes has a million bucks in it," he said. "When I go, I want each of you to put the million in my grave with me." The three agreed. Two weeks later, the fellow died, and at the burial, each of the three pals put an envelope in the open grave. Then the trio repaired to a nearby pub to reminisce about their departed pal.

When they were well in their cups and still sobbing over their loss, the lawyer said, "I have a confession to make; I put the envelope in the grave, but I kept out my normal retainer. I feel just awful about it." Then the broker spoke: "Well, to set the record straight and clear my conscience, I put my envelope in the grave -- but I kept back my normal commission." The banker looked up and said: "I am shocked and dismayed at this betrayal of a friend's trust. I can assure you that as his banker, I did not hold back any fees. The envelope I put in enclosed a check for the entire amount."



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. 123: LIBERTY CENTENNIAL RECOGNITION TRIBUTE DASH

Note change in time:

Date/Time: Monday, August 4, 6:30 p.m.
Location: Chase Manhattan Plaza, Downtown Manhattan
Hare: MYSTERY!!

Directions:

From Summit, due East until you reach the Hudson. Then, due East until you hit Broad Street, then due East on Liberty or Cedar or Pine to Chase Plaza, recognizable by the gigantic Disney sculpture of grotesque mushrooms. Meet at the guard desk on the ground level (below street level, actually). Changing facilities in the Chase Manhattan Bank's Executive Playpen (Fitness Lab).

NOTICE! NOTICE! NOTICE!

The Chase Bank is once again graciously offering changing and showering facilities for this fabulous run. Yet, we are still under the gun for abuse of the facility in the past. So...if we expect to do this Manhattan run ever again, it will be important that we not screw it up again.

The following are expressly prohibited: use of the exercise machines by untrained hands and minds; snapping of towels on muscular thighs and firm, shapely buttocks; theft of towels, jockstraps and plumbing fixtures. The following are permitted: scratching, lying, throwing up. The following are mandatory: rape, pillage, and excessive grooming in front of the full length mirrors.

But again, no playing on the machines, no borrowing (temporary or long-term) of Chase stuff.

FUTURE RUNS

Nr.	Date	Hare/CoHare	Location
124	Aug 18 "	PAPOOSE	
125	Sep 6 (Saturday)	TBA	TBA
126	Sep 20 "	TBA	

VITAL HASH NEWS OF INESTIMABLE VALUE!!

KEY DATES IN HASHDOM!!!
September 13/14

Princeton Interhash. Noon on Saturday, 11 a.m. on Sunday. Food, beer, and probably the only time most of us will be able to say we were at Princeton. Again, call BISHOP HUMPER, our able and amiable JM (I).

HOT NEWS ABOUT MANHATTAN'S NEW YORK HASH HOTLINE:

Call 212-249-9835 for information on upcoming Manhattan Hash runs, usually on Wednesday evenings in summer, and for a naughty, naughty message!

JUST ANOTHER SUBTLE REMINDER: PAYING YOUR SUBS MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER

It's not too late to avoid the pain of a visit from the famous Hash Cash Kneecap Squad. So pay, already.

HASH DASH #121: REAL ESTATE NEAR WESTFIELD, OR WHAT'S A KENILWORTH

It was RUSHMORE'S opportunity for glory. A grand evening, a good turnout of exceptionally able and amiable Hashmen, and a splendid area in which to create new definitions of suburban Hashing. Add to this only the requisite soupcon of grateful admiration that would inevitably fall upon the Hare from a pack only too well aware that he had returned that day from a holiday abroad, and one has the recipe for a halcyon day indeed. So great was the pack's respect for the estimable hare that little criticism was raised at the Hare's insistence on using an archaic and unauthentic series of trail marking, including some weird mark for back-check. All in all, it augured well.

So what happened?

Well, reality intervened...reality in this case being an irate property-holder who observed a Hasher or two placing a less than fully pedicured extremity within the legal boundaries of his private property. In short, that heinous crime...(wait for it)...trespassing. It seemed that someone (or whatever the plural is for 'someone') did cross this freeholder's boundary. So the landed gentleman took the only course open to an honest man faced with the task of protecting his territory, tribe and shrine from alien defilement: he followed the pack in his crusty little station wagon heaping threats and vituperation on the earnest innocents out enjoying eventide in Kenilworth. Several of the Hashmen, it is said, have had to resort to deep therapy as a consequence of this severe affrontation.

Actually, the trail was pleasant, cunning, well timed, and of mixed nature. While there were insufficient opportunities for death or maiming enroute, the trail was otherwise fully up to standard.

The roadies were splendid, comprising as they did a generous lashing of excellent British brew. The On-On at the Six Brothers, Twelve Guys, or Score of Related Lads (your earnest scribe keeps forgetting the exact name of the tavern) was superior. The swill swirled, the pizza was piquant and there were these two incredible bar-chicks, one of whom (the blonde, more buxom -- no, make that extremely blond and extremely buxom -- one) not only approached the pack's table with admiration and lust in her eyes (especially the blue one), but who expressed the deepest and most sincere sympathy for those members of the pack who had been verbally abused by the toady in the little red stationwagon. Yes, she had witnessed the whole thing, and while she did not admit it in so many words, there is no doubt that she was much taken by the macho Hashers and therefore followed them at a respectful distance over most of the non-shiggy portions of the dash. It is said that several Hashers fell in love, and that several others now frequent The Five Cousins on non-Hash nights as well.

Ah, love!

HASH TRASH

I

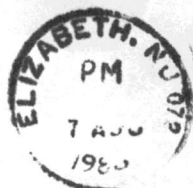
Did you hear the one about the convict who had escaped from so many jails and prisons that in his most recent incarceration, the authorities had built a special cell with special locks and special guards to keep him from escaping again.

In response to an urgent request, he volunteered to donate one of his two kidneys to help a dying child, but the warden disapproved it. He didn't want the prisoner to escape a piece at a time.

II

What's the difference between a commercial banker and an investment banker?

The commercial banker waits until you're dead before he rips your heart out.



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 124 PAPOOSE ON THE LOOSE on Monday August 18 at 7 00 pm sharp.

Hare PAPOOSE

Location PAPOOSE Country Cranford

Directions From Route 22 West come off at Springfield Motel (by large CHANNEL) and take Springfield Avenue towards Cranford. At second light keep straight into Kenilworth Boulevard. Keep going towards center of Kenilworth until light at 23rd Street. Turn right onto 23rd Street and go 1/4 mile. Turn right into Orange Outdoor Pool. (Orange is its name, not the color of the water, apparently).

From Garden State Parkway. Come off at Exit 138. Head towards Kenilworth and at same 23rd Street turn left. From there as above

NON PAYMENT OF DUES If after all the gentle persuasions of the last 46 Hash Notes, you still haven't paid, and PAPOOSE still hasn't eliminated you; consider yourself both very fortunate and thoroughly undeserving of such luck

Quote from a letter from one, John O'Donnell (fine Scottish name!), to The Big Scottish Boss (BEAU BUMBLE), praising the latter for all sorts of good deeds at the recently concluded Highland Gathering.

"You, and whoever else helped lay out the kilted mile, are very sick men and should seek professional help".

Now we at the HASH are all well aware that BISHOP HUMPER has HALF A MIND. Seems its generally well known throughout the State. Apparently this resourceful man (John - not BISHOP HUMPER) plans a visit to the HASH (the real thing) very soon.

FUTURE SUMMIT RUNS

Saturday Sept 6	RUN 125	HARES	ZORBA and ORAL MAVEN
Saturday Sept 27	RUN 126	HARE	GIL RUMMY
Saturday Oct 11	RUN 127	HARES	HORNY PAWS and LOCOMORROW
SUMMIT HHH Annual INTERHASH			

OTHER FUTURE DATES

August 11 BIG APPLE HASH. Run 62. Last run for Yvonne Smith (alias KIWI) who returns to NZ. Start at Gracie Mansion. 89 St and East End Avenue. Apparently there is to be a Limerick Competition after. First prize: A night out with KIWI (the Ex GM) - Talk of the delicious KIWI fruit. Second prize: A night out with MICHAEL WIMBS (the new GM) - Talk of the forbidden fruit.

August 30 READING PA 50th Run. Details and flyer from BISHOP HUMPER JM(I)

Sept 13/14 PRINCETON HHH Interhash. Presumably in Princeton area. Again see JM(I)

Sept 20 WESTCHESTER 250th. A SUMMIT invasion is mandatory. Convoy plans later.

Aug 30 1987 HASH INTER - AMERICAS 1987 in PHILLY

RUN NUMBER 122 WAS DASHED ON JULY 21 1986
AND THE TRAIL WENT ALL OVER BLOODY SUMMIT

THE HARE? COME A CRAPPER

In the year 2016, when Australia have won that yacht race for the 10th time, the whole world will ask "Why call it the America's Cup?". In the same way, the Tennis world are questioning the naming of Wimbledon as the All England Tennis Championships (emphasis on the world England), since no Brit has advanced beyond Round 2 in the event, for twenty nine years. On a far loftier note, The HASHING world had been suggesting that SUMMIT HASH should no longer be called The SUMMIT HASH. Apart from the all too infrequent visits of GIL RUMMY, we haven't had any HASHERS from SUMMIT for a many a dash, and we certainly haven't run there for a while.

The more than welcome arrival of COME A CRAPPER, has changed all that. Not only does he reside in the town, but he does his laying there as well. Indeed, so carried away with the fact that he had bought the HASH back home, that he took us on a grand, a very grand, tour of the place. What a realtor would achieve in a day, was for him, a mere 2 hours worth of flour dropping. LOCOMORROW now knows every street south of Chatham, ZORBA every arch in Union County and even GIL RUMMY saw parts of the township he didn't know existed before - and frankly doesn't want to know.

The usual regulars, were swelled in number, by all those who had received death threats from the dreaded PAPOOSE - master of the dunning letter. To ORAL MAVEN and DEADBEAT DOBBIN - "welcome back". As ZORBA would say "Hope to see more of you". Very few were put off, so it seems, by a starting address of 'Mountain Avenue, Summit'. It sort of has connotations of a hilly run, and nor were we disappointed either. From the start it was down, down and still more down. Skillfully avoiding anything that wasn't tarmacadam, the trail led us inevitably towards Route 78 - the virgin part of it fortunately; via a tour of the very nether regions of SUMMIT, below the SUMMIT - the very bowels of the town.

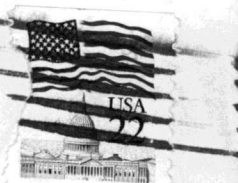
Our instant conversion into an emergency and late hour inspection crew for this new highway, excited only the real inspection worker, who was evidently a trifle surprised by such rousing activity on his brand new autobahn at such a late hour.. "Get out here", he shouted. "Wish we could", "tell us how", were typical of the feelings of all. However, the run thru the woodland territory afterwards, had a sort of "all is forgiven" feeling about it. Thru the Old Stables, up the hill the other side, and home was in sight. 55 minutes out, and one could almost taste the welcoming beer. Thats how close to home we were.

In 1700 something, the Brits gave the world, cricket. Somehow you Yankees made a mess of it, and Baseball was born. Never has cricket been so out-statisticized. In 1800 something, we invented rugby. And again you guys got it all wrong, with the result that we have that punctuated advertiser's dream - only played for 3 months a year, out of fear of making too much money. In 1936, our crowning glory, we gave the world the HASH. And what a hash you fella's made of that last night. For BLOODY BUTTERFLY and RUSHMORE, (displaying all the navigational skills, ingenuity and cunning, that inspired the inhabitants of those resourceful islands accross the Big Pond, to discover the world and its Colonies); it was a simple matter - a left and a right, and there were the twin pleasures of ice cold Millers and the smiling face of MUD HATTER, both waiting on COME A CRAPPER's doorstep. MUD HATTER had, of course, both the good fortune and the good sense to arrive late, and was a mere spectator for the later debacle. The ice cold Millers had the good sense to remain on ice.

The American sector of the pack, followed that old idiom, "Go West young man", (admittedly partly influenced by GIL RUMMY's claim that he had seen flour on his driveway 2 miles away, and partly by his boasting of having a pool), and set off on the additional 4 mile tour of the town. It is, of course, no surprise that LOCOMORROW and PAPOOSE were suckered into this; if there is extra mileage to be run - these 2 can always be counted in. But I must say, it was a surprise to see the street smart likes of FLOCK TERRIER and ZORBA in there as well. Whatever, likes Brown's Cows, all were eventually gathered in, even, if it was close to 9 o'clock before everyone was where they should have been - all that is, except one.

Its hard to say when his absence was first noticed - if memory serves me right, it was when we debated the type of pizza that folk wanted. Its hard to say when he was first missed - some say he never has been. But his failure to be present at the unusually raucus rehydration period did, however, prompt different reactions. Phone calls to Overlook Hospital, search squads to wherever The Knights of Columbus went, and general murmurs of concern over sugar levels, were the short work of the concerned few. The British contingent, showing the same high level of common sense as earlier, also went in search - for pizzas and more ale. BEAU BUMBLE's subsequent return prompted the double thought. BEAU BUMBLE, quoting the Gays of San Francisco, "Never leave your Mate's behind". And The Trail Master, "Hares, in future, lay the trail in sugar".

It was an eventful night, so it was no surprise to see 11 o'clock come and go. All was left was for COME A CRAPPER to clean up the mess before daybreak. A fun night - most of it any way. ON ON.



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. 125: ORAL MAVEN'S "SPIT IT OUT AND RINSE IT OUT" SPECIAL

Note change in day and time:

Date/Time: Saturday, Sept 6, 4 00 p.m.

Location: Tamaque Park, Westfield

Hare/Co-Hare: ORAL MAVEN/ZORBA

Directions:

From Rte 22: Exit at Springfield Avenue (near Channel; head south toward Westfield, making a strategic right turn (it's marked) at Broad Street. Follow Broad through the wee town of Westfield to the railroad tracks, crossing underneath and turning right onto South Avenue (Rte 28), and then promptly left onto Rahway Avenue. Follow Rahway Ave for approximately 2 miles. Make a right on Lambert's Mill Road and continue for less than a mile until the road passes through Tamaque Park. Park near the basketball court. Good luck.

FUTURE RUNS

Nr.	Date	Hare/CoHare	Location
126	Sep 20 (Saturday)	WESTCHESTER HASH	WESTCHESTER
125	Oct 4	GIL RUMMY	TBA
126	Sep 18	SHHH INTERHASH!!!	TEWKSBURY

VITAL HASH NEWS OF INESTIMABLE VALUE!!

KEY DATES IN HASHDOM!!!

September 13/14

Princeton Interhash. Noon on Saturday, 11 a.m. on Sunday. Food, beer, and probably the only time most of us will be able to say we were at Princeton. Again, call BISHOP HUMPER, our able and amiable JM (I).

HOT NEWS ABOUT MANHATTAN'S NEW YORK HASH HOTLINE:

Call 212-249-9835 for information on upcoming Manhattan Hash runs, and for a naughty, naughty message!

HASH TRASH True story. Did you know that at one stage Idi Amin had considered changing the name of Uganda to Idi. The only reason he didn't, was because someone pointed out that inhabitants of Cyprus are called Cypriots.

A guy bashfully confesses to his friend "y'knom, I had my first blow job last night". "Really" came the reply, "How did you like it?". "Wasn't bad, but you know it tasted a little funny".

RUN NUMBER: 124 AUGUST 18 1986
LOCATION : CRANFORD
HARE : OUR CREDIT MASTER - PAPOOSE

The signs that summer days are coming to an end become all too evident. Three leaflets a day thru the mail advertising "Back to School" things; unpaid AMEX bills to remind us of a vacation that we might otherwise wish to forget; the first tinges of red in the trees and the dreadful thought of leaf raking (replacing the equally dreadful thought of lawn mowing) and the HASH has its last Monday run for the season. Its now dark when you get up in the morning, its hot and sticky as you try and sleep and your wife and family are already beginning to complain, because you are about to write off every other Saturday for the next eight months, in the name of keeping fit.

To add atmosphere to these dispiriting days, Mother Nature went and combined with 'Charley' and threatened us with further gloom - with what the weatherman inappropriately termed 'a tropical depression', otherwise called a hurricane. The fact that we were not more seriously affected by it, was because PAPOOSE quickly took to the cloth, raced over to Bradlees to buy the appropriate black garb, and then by invoking full ecclesiastical powers was able to, (and I quote The NY Times), "turn Charley into a storm and force it out to sea". Such are the magical powers of our master debt collector these days; we had a dry evening.

That doesn't mean to say everyone came. A variety of reasons saw a variety of HASHERS in a variety of places. None more strange than MUD HATTER, who, according to good information, hasn't yet told Mrs MUD HATTER what time to wake him in order to guarantee his timely presence at the start of a DASH - and after 7 years of HASHING!! What is now becoming a habit; he will no doubt excuse his late arrival this time to the fact that he was still on an Australian schedule. BLOODY BUTTERFLY was spotted holidaying in Cape Cod. My informant's identity on this one and his description of Britain's answer to Greg Lamond, are best left unprinted.

For the rest, the start proved overly complicated (talk of chalk and of notices and of flour and of chickens and of eagles) and it also proved that Cranford is very good HASHING country. Suburban pathways, a good trail and the odd water hazard had the small pack in good spirits. Throw in a railway track or two to keep BEAU BUMBLE happy, and we were humming along. That is, until we all reached CHECKPOINT CHARLEY - named in honor of the by now extinct hurricane.

"C" or "E"? A "chicken" or an "eagle"? That was the choice confronting the pack. It transpires that PAPOOSE had nearly drowned himself in the white water of the Rahway (an ex creditor had removed the 8th stepping stone) while laying the original "eagle" trail and promptly took pity on the hounds. Which was strange, since he had already ensured we had wet feet by sending us thru the above mentioned water hazards. Laying out a unique alphabetical check, he went on to place flour along a safe and waterless "chicken" trail; thereby giving us a choice of routes. With the added knowledge that the "eagle" was a mile longer, it was probably no surprise that BEAU BUMBLE (ever a masochist), LOCOMORROW (well known for going the longest possible route) and RUSHMORE (just plain stupid) did the extra mileage. It was no surprise that COME A CRAPPER (still whacked out from the SUMMIT caper), FLOCK TERRIER (our street smart New Yorker), BISHOP HUMPER (a hard day at the bank) and HORNY PAWS (still in love) took the shorter route.

For those who were chicken ...they definately found it a chicken trail, one deserving of their lack of adventure. Tarmacadam, main roads, street pounding, suburban sprawl, dog messes, abuse from house owners, city smog AND NO beer at the end.

For those who were eagle...they definately found it an eagle trail, one deserving of their sense of adventure. River crossings, fields, admiration and cheering from the crowds, country lanes, trees lined trails, clean pathways, fresh air AND beer at the end.

It also transpired that PAPOOSE had delegated the beer duties to one John Jordan, an Irishman, and what an excellent job he did of it too. "Fosters", no less. Aussie beer from an Irishman - has to be renamed NED KELLY. It certainly provided a worthwhile deviation from the fact that BEAU BUMBLE had failed to clock in at the end of the run for the second time in three outings. As an act of penance for failing to guide the other 2 eagles thru the raging torrents of the Rahway River, he became detached somewhere in downtown Cranford. Lacking the local knowledge of LOCOMORROW, he eventually arrived back to the beer to face a pack that was considerably less sympathetic than 4 weeks earlier.

And ON ON it was to The Three Brothers, swelled in clientele, by PAPOOSE's subtle ad in the Cranford Scandal Rag, announcing to the populace that "the HASH were coming to town". Good

enough for MUD HATTER's extremely blonde and extremely buxom bar chick to invite all her mates to come and swoon to the strains of "There was a young man of" etc.

Like the young man from Dover...Summer is over. ON ON



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 Jurkowich, 9 South Beechcroft Rd, Short Hills, 07078
212 973-2666 201 376-3677
SCRIBE: T.S. Eliot, 301 Kean Road, 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

SPECIAL INTERHASH ISSUE: TWO FULL REPORTS

Yes, Friends: two full reports of the incredible Run #125 SHHH Interhash Extravaganza!

I
RUN NUMBER 125 WAS INTERHASH 1986 OCTOBER 18 1986
RUN IN THE CLINTON AREA AND AT THE END OF THE DAY THE HARES WERE HORNY PAWS AND LOCOMORROW.
FLOCK TERRIER WAS THERE SOMEWHERE IN THE BACKGROUND.

By the time you receive and read this newssheet, SCRIBE will be sunning himself on Sydney's beaches. Free to write whatever he wants, he knows that retribution this time will be almost impossible. However, any law suits against slander or libel can be directed to me at Bristol Myers Co.Pty Ltd. 345 Pacific Highway, CROWS NEST, NSW 2065, AUSTRALIA. Tel. 2 929 0343. Alternatively, try the SYDNEY HASH. Not that SCRIBE wants to abuse anybody anyway.

It is fitting that my last epistle should be a HORNY PAWS trail. It was because of HORNY PAWS that I met SUMMIT HASH. On literally my first night as a WESTFIELD resident, I innocently walked past the Jolly Trolley, only to be accosted by this drunk, stumbling out and wearing a SUMMIT HHH T shirt. I was signed up on the spot. HORNY PAWS was also the HARE on my first effort as SCRIBE.

Looking back at that first sheet, I see that HORNY PAWS was trying to live down a reputation for laying a short trail. He succeeded then and he succeeded again this time. The ploy this go round was to find a pub - a good one that is fairly cheap and one that will allow us to be a little raucous - and then drive some 8 miles away and call that the starting point. Then name it an "A to B" run.

The start was ominous. 10.50 No HARES. 11.05 No HARES. 11.15 Still no HARES. 11.20 Enter right, one HORNY PAWS "Where's LOCOMORROW? Lost him somewhere". 11.29. Enter left, one LOCOMORROW "Where's HORNY PAWS? Lost him somewhere". Whereupon ensued some sort of debate and finger pointing exercise and we hadn't even started. But off we went eventually, down the road into the haven of American memorabilia that represents Clinton. A quick squint at the waterworks and down the road again. After some 15 minutes we got off the tarmacadam.

And so it continued. A good deal of roadway, a good deal of train track (both new and disused) and a good deal of autumnal leaf strewn trails. On the lacking side, were checks, (although I have more than a suspicion that those that did exist, were found by our front running GRAND MASTER well before anybody else arrived at the scene). Breathers were scarce for the rest of the pack; indeed non existant for some. And low and behold we were back with our Alphabet Zoo. Elks and Pussy no less. And some notable names were lured by the latter.

A long hard run in, saw a more than slightly breathless pack heave more than a slight sigh of relief at the sight of The ELKS. An excellent repast, some good shirts and a few draughts of the ice cold brew extinguished any lingering hard feelings over a hard run. Scribe, RUSHMORE, was booted out of office with a mug he will treasure for ever; BEAU BUMBLE was also recognized and was garlanded with a trophy that he will treasure for ever. No amount of eloquent writing can depict the self abuse that BEAU BUMBLE exhibits, better than the well blessed Indonesian Demi God of the Sugar crop. The HARES spent more time emptying their trophy than they spent laying their run. And the cries of "Why are we waiting?" were the cue for more lusty renditioning of songs that you didn't sing along with Mom.

So that was that. Our guests made their way back to The Big Apple, back to Rumson and back to Westchester. Probably a little weary, indeed certainly a little weary but also well refreshed, well attired and well content with a day in the country. Scribe makes his way to Sydney town where Aussies are likened unto mushrooms - short stalks, big heads and they thrive in Bullshit- and to Sydney HHH. My final message is "Good luck to you all and to SUMMIT HASH and I will be delighted to host any of you if you get to the part of the world that makes Foster beer and who wins yhe America's Cup". As my mug said - Adios.

II

The weather was brilliant, the countryside was brilliant, the gathering was brilliant, everything was brilliant at the SSSH Fourth Annual Inter-Hash except the Hares, who came up with some typical disjointed path-marking, and a typically epileptic handling of the flour. Where else but on a Summit Run could you have one of the Hares arrive at the start site with the news that he had lost not only his co-hare but most of the trail as well. As normally happens when two hares decide to do separate portions of the trail, they do not meet in the middle. Not only was the trail discontinuous, but these two geni missed connections, and would up (1) walking several extra miles, and/or (2) hitching a ride with persons unknown, in order to return to start - only to inform all and sundry that they had been hailed (or hauled) into court on a trespassing charge by some irate landowner, comma-female, who probably thought ~~xxx~~ from their appearance that they were quail or poon hunters and she was therefore in jeopardy. (She could have been right, ya know.)

With these accustomed preliminaries out of the way, some sixty people, many from the New York Big-Apple Hash and some also from the wilds of Westchester, stumbled off through the town of Clinton, for all the world a bunch of citified traffic dodgers, notwithstanding the bucolic setting generally. First check on the old bridge over The River, and mass confusion, not to say confoundment, over an Iranian-type back-check continuation. Last-timer Rushmore, reluctant to have his mug shot approaching the check, was heard to remark, "Oh, shit. I'm glad I'm on my way to Strylyer, where they know how to lay things right."

Much dragging of feet up a hill, then down, a brief diversion into some tall grass, and onto an abandoned railroad grade. Good running. Many fine thorns, a few rocks, delightful rotting railroad ties to run on over the streams, and so to a siding, and clever check forcing those stupid enough to try to follow the trail (BUMBLE et al) to go down slope, cross stream, through tough shiggy. More roadbed, good running. Get behind one of those heavenly bodies from New York and follow a star. Shake that thing. Um, Hum! A diversion up the center of the stream-bed, rocks under grass, what a devilish stretch. Over a long log, photog FLOCK TERRIER waiting with camera ready to snap anyone who fell off. Hare PAWS directing most people away from the dangerous portion. (What a flake.) Pack nearly separated, KANAGA, PAPOOSE and a few others far ahead, most others strung out behind, virtually out of ear-shot.

Eventually that mob came to a parting of the ways, Chicken trail to the right, Eagle trail to the left. Dumbly accepting the statement that the Eagle was only a mile or so longer than the Chicken, several chose the long way home - and suffered for it, over several miles of prime asphalt. Yeuch. And again,, yeuch. Strictly from hunger. BIG BONE came down with a case of stomach cramps, grimmacing as he was passed up by one of the older runners who shall remain nameless. And of, course, the Chickens arrived first at the On-On site, an Elks Hall somewhere in the real boonies. Whereupon followed mucho beer, tolerable eats, and singing of appropriate religious music, offered up in praise of the God Bacchus. Choirboy present, voice not so evident as usual. Many boos and hisses for the feeble lim-ericks. And more confusion as to retrieving the gear, which had been stuffed in Hare LOCOMORROW's van and left at the beginning place, several miles away. Rumored that some untrepid members were too shnocked to drive away, or even sit upright on a bench. PTOMAIN PTOM (a caterer by trade) swore he'd never do that again, meaning run so far, for so little with so few. Various New Yorkers were heard to wonder where in bloody hell they were when it was time to start back. LEE LONG DONG siad to follow him, and promptly walked into the Ladies' Room. All's well that ends well, I guess.