Summit Hash: # 1302

MONDAY June 7th, 7:00 pm

Start Location*:* Hedden (Hedon?) Park – Randolph

Address: 50 Concord Road, Randolph NJ

Weather:  80° (perfect for hashing)

Hare: **Miscast** 973-768-8254

Hashers: (24): **Anal, Beaver Muncher, Clitty Litter, Cumfy Hole, Dog E. Style, Dogmeat, Great Sex, Just Heather, Just Jessi, Just Ron, Keyhole, Loogey, Lumber Jack Off, Miscast, No Genitals, Pedalfile, Plattypussy, Rat Bastard, Rear End Wrangler, Runner Girl, Sassy Lassy, Secaucless, Seoul Brudda, Twatever, (NR) Liquid Drain-Ho**

Dogs: Just Molly, Peanut, Max

Revisit **Miscast's & Pumper's** extravaganza from the 1990's.  $10 discount for the On-On to the First Summit Hasher who attended the previous run and can identify the run number / date.  This reward went unclaimed… even with the newly updated and modernized hash history spreadsheet hyperlink on HashNJ.com. [ED Note: Who’s Pumper?]

URL for this route may or may not have been: <http://www.gmap-pedometer.com/?r=3793698> The hare didn’t respond to verify or refute the estimated trail.

Astute hashers will recall that this trail was vaguely similar to the one **Breaststroke** set about 3 years ago from the same parking area.  Wait… it was trail #785, set on Saturday 2-8-03—the spreadsheet is awesome (thanks you, **Rear End Wrangler**). That trail was set in knee-deep snow, and the on-on was at Zugursky’s but other than that, pretty similar.

The pack gathered, and greeted and drank from the hare’s ample supply.

Upon our return we saw a new face in the crowd. **Just Heather** misfollowed the hare’s directions to the start and found herself starting at the Beer check. Only there wasn’t any beer since the hare didn’t bring it yet. So she self hashed, following the marks, all the while hearing –but not seeing the far-away pack. She eventually wound up at the designated start. She waited in anticipation and before long, the pack started showing up.

A minute or two after the pack left, the nervous hare came running out, pointing the way… we later found out that he had to direct the outgoing pack from finding the in-trail. Had the FRBs found it, the hash might have been four minutes long.

The out-trail was mostly downhill, and more than mostly, on the blazed white trail. The hare mysteriously maked the trail with chalk [asterisks](http://en.wiktionary.org/wiki/asterisk)\* on nearly every rock he saw. For the record: he did not use [asterixis](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Asterixis), which is a sign of liver failure.

This made the scribe think that the next day; a hiker might wonder about all the asterisks and think they will be referred to something later in the hike.

The asterisk’s eventually yielded to a more conventional [blob of flour](http://www.whatsoninsuzhou.com.cn/go/SZH3/Calls.asp)\*\*. Then after a series of tricky checks and back loops, the entirety of the pack (minus the aforementioned newbie) arrived at the beer check within 2 minutes of each other. The runners came from almost every imaginable direction –no one emerged from the lake. The hare was visibly delighted to have pulled off that enviable objective.

With their thirsts’ quenched the pack then again hit the dusty trail. The hashers met their first chicken-eagle split within a few minutes. The chickens were brought up on the still-white trail, back to the start, while the eagles went up to the nearby roads of Randolph, to get their extra exercise. Just as dark was gathering, so was the remainder of the pack.

A spirited circle followed, led in an easy-going manner by the newly anointed Religious Advisor, **Cumfy Hole**. The negligent scribe missed much of the subsequent jocularity, accusations and observations.

One down-down of note was for the new kid, Heather and her virginal half-hash exploits. Heather acknowledged that she’s been aware of hashing for years, but wasn’t brave enough to try it out until this very hash. She was welcomed by all, and read her rights. Will we see her again? Stay tuned.

The hare, in his infinite wisdom selected Hoovers Tavern in Morris Plains as the On-On. As we know from past weeks, this is a wonderfully hash-friendly establishment. At first blush the place looks like a divey biker bar. The kind of place that the regulars put down their respective mugs and give the new people the once over. OK, that did happen to the FRBs into the bar, but within a few minutes the regulars took to the hashers, and their naughty songs and antics. Need we mention the presence of **Patrice**? The reigning bartender-of-the-year was expertly keeping the bar in good spirits. She could give **Doug Quinn** at P.J. Clarke’s a run for his money. \*\*\*

One of the highlights of Hoovers is the Monday night Karaoke. While last time the hasher were microphone-shy, that was not the case this time. Almost immediately the bars loud speakers were booming the mellifluous tone of the Summit H3 Choral Society. Of note, the aforementioned, (and mentioned) Just Heather, took up someone’s challenge to sing Madonna’s “Like a Virgin”…get it? *Virgin? At her first hash?*

I’m outta here.

On-On

Dog\*E\*Style

(more asterisks below)

Hashchart®

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
|  | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | Explanation |
| Shiggy |  |  | \* |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | 2 Some off trail, but mostly on the "White Trail" |
| Poison Ivy | \* |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | 0 None reported |
| Elevation gain |  |  |  | \* |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | 3 nice hill toward the end |
| Hare creativity |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | \* |  | 9 kept pack together to the beer check |
| Venomous animals | \* |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | 0 none reported |
| Deer |  |  | \* |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | 2 a docile deer or two. |
| Police presence |  |  |  |  |  | \* | \* |  |  |  |  | 5 County cop showed up told us to go away… It was after circle, so it was OK. |
| Water crossings |  | \* |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | 1  a lame rock strewn stream |
| Pack size |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | \* |  |  |  | 7  24-not bad. |

Total Hashchart®  points: 29

\*An **asterisk** (**\***; [Late](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Late_Latin) [Latin](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Latin_language): *asteriscus*; [Greek](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Greek_language): ἀστερίσκος, *asteriskos*, "little star") is a [typographical](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Typographical) symbol or [glyph](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Glyph). It is so called because it resembles a conventional image of a star. Computer scientists and mathematicians often pronounce it as **star** (as, for example, in *the* [*A\* search algorithm*](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A*_search_algorithm) or [*C\*-algebra*](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/C*-algebra)). In English, an asterisk is usually five-pointed when typed and six-pointed when handwritten.

The asterisk is derived from the need of the printers of family trees in feudal times as a symbol to indicate date of birth. The original shape was seven-armed, each arm like a teardrop shooting from the center. For this reason, in some computer circles it is called a **splat**, perhaps due to the "squashed-bug" appearance of the asterisk on many early line printers. Many cultures have their own unique versions of the asterisk. The [Arabic asterisk](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Arabic_star) is six-pointed. In some fonts the asterisk is five-pointed and the Arabic star is eight-pointed.

\*\*First hit on Google.

\*\*\* **DINING & WINE**   | May 28, 2010

[**The Tipsy Diaries:  At P. J. Clarke's, the Bartender of Your Dreams**](http://www.nytimes.com/2010/05/28/dining/28bruni.html?emc=eta1)

By FRANK BRUNI

Doug Quinn has speed, stamina, dexterity, personality and an awe-inspiring memory: the essentials of bartending.