**Bonnie Brae Repartee**

**Run No**. 513 (Saturday, February 28, 1998)

**Location**: Veterans Hospital, Lyons, NJ

**Pack:** Massengil, Suck’m Up, Miscast, Maliboo, Intravenous, Primordial Flooze, Crapper, Dogmeat, Paul Bunion, Seoul Brudda, Foreskin, Dr. Orgasmitron-pHHHd, Earection, Barbara, a visitor from the Nicosia Hash, and many more.

**Hare**: Bill Moyers

**Hare’s Favorite Book**: *Buddha, You Fat Pig Bastard*

 by Salmen Rushdie

As Bill Moyers was waiting for the half-minds to arrive he looked like an impatient adolescent nervously anticipating his virgin lay. Since this was his virgin lay, we were the ones who were nervous, because in the past so many well laid plans by virgin hares have turned into totally screwed up hash trails. Who can forget Repoman’s virgin lay many moons ago at Convent Station when he came back with more flour then he set-off with?!? You see, it had snowed lightly that morning, and Repo opted not to throw any flour down since he mistakenly thought the pack could simply follow his footprints in the snow. Snow is fickle stuff, and tends accommodate other peoples footprints regardless of who’s came first, and tends to melt at certain temperatures, well you get the idea.

The starting point was a parking area that looked down and across the sweeping, panoramic front lawn of the VA hospital. We set off across this great lawn and followed the trail as it zigged, and then zagged, etc. until we reached the road and a check. From this point on the trail had a very familiar feel to it as the On-trail off the check took us down a long, lonely road that had been marked with flour before by the Summit H3 in years past. We were back on the trail of the Bonnie Brae 5-miler!

The trail veered left into some new condos and another check. This was where the dumb and the dumber became separated since there was a very large loop that cut through thickets of thorns and swampland that took a good amount of time and effort to navigate through. Those that did the loop emerged only to discover that it was completely unnecessary. Meanwhile, the rest of the pack unwittingly shortcut this portion of the trail and leapfrogged ahead towards the beer check. The trail continued to replicate the Bonnie Brae 5-miler with the beer check positioned near the notorious power lines where so many cross-country competitors floundered in waist-deep ooze in years gone-by. It must have been the dry season because the muck was only ankle deep this time. After exiting the bog, we ran through some more terrain cancerous with condo growth, and eventually onto a long uphill stretch of macadam, then into a park and a perpetual loop that had Dogmeat chasing his tail for a good long time. Then under a fence, hard by some rotting road-kill, and back onto the grounds of the VA hospital and On-In at Moyer’s Condo Cabin.

Besides the great beer and shitty pizza, and some spirited singing, one of the high points of the On-On was the nomming of Bill Moyers, to be forever known as **WINGNUT** by the Hash House Harriers worldwide. A tip for the Hare: When it comes to hashers and beer, it’s always quantity over quality. Surprisingly, this was a quality run set by a virgin hare. Is that an oxymoron, or what? Anyone know any songs?

Massengil