

NAWW Run No. 64 ... Dec 5...Hare Christine Hinz (will there ever be another Christine anyway) ...Start 42 and Vanderbilt...OnIn Jakes Dilemma

Here I sits with my airbrush blanketing the whole valley in snow. Sorry, wrong piece of paper, that belongs to my novel. No snow at all, it was quite warm really. I managed to be late for no reason at all, so much so that Beth told me where the start was which I had already passed without seeing the hash or the bags or Christine and so, after going back, had to carry on on foot since my damn bag was so heavy – oh well, I find on such occasions they manage to schedule an extra hash in the week anyway. So Beth trotted off, and I got a downdown.

The first view of note was at the end of the middle of the street between 52<sup>rd</sup> and 53<sup>th</sup> looking towards Sixth – the empty space from building lots made the Museum of Contemporary Crafts look spectacular. Wiggles everywhere including past the already lit tree in Rockefeller Center – red white and blue, (but no one can see the blue) on the north side, bumping into as few people as possible.

Oh! Christine! She put a check outside the park, of course. But I have started a new tradition, of skirting Parks – I didn't have to guess which way because Beth directed me back to the start – so I get to write my novel - the magic and romance of the park took over. All the birds still migrating because of the warmth sang hashsongs in the Bird Sanctuary on 59<sup>th</sup> street on the shores of the dredged pond. And Christmas carols. The skating rink was beautiful with all the trees around it lit up in white. More Christmas carols. The trail sunk into the hollow west of the Carousel and over to Tavern on the Green – red, white and blue. There a cellist and two violinists serenaded the hash – invent your own bloody hashsong for Christsake, but it was not the right season for carboloading. A cute little loop down the Bethesda Fountain and round the Boating Lake just to see Alice (damn I blew it) and the Ugly Duckling – no they were not decorated, there was not even any holly growing in the vicinity – up to the Pine Barrens and back across 72<sup>nd</sup> to the West Side, past Monsoon and ONIN.

Somehow Jake's has grown civilized – no one fought us for the plush red velvet seats. Fiction or fact this account is suffering amnesia. I therefore leave you to get on with the business at hand. And I am quite sure Christine set a great trail. Either Vanderbilt has got to be a sucky place to get a cab or I have to reset my watch.