

DANIEL and DANIEL, Esq.

run 66

Winter Wednesday on a Tuesday, whatever is the world coming too. Just to swell swell Queens and swill swilled Manhattan.

From the splendour of last night's golds and the fantasy of sprinkles to the reality of the New Year – oh my God, I must get up if only to go to this joint hash thing they dreamed up so Queens can run in NY, get double digit attendance, sell some haberdashery, and, dare I say it? Actually get a write up.

New Year's is traditionally a sports day so the 10 screens in the beautifully decorated cum aquarium Bailey's Corner on 85th & York beamed down on us, but before we got there, some of us had to do some sports of our own. The earliest risers were Sucks how was the run Sucks and Danny – the hares, who showed a great deal more bravura than this writer who mustered up enough gumption all day to go to brunch. A bunch of drab behatted hashers waited by Sherman's golden horse with the spectacle of Q and NAWW double checks. Sucks unannounced 24 hr old Hyundai hashmobile beckoned real hard across the street. I fell for its welcoming me to a new stage in my life – a ridden writeup. The hares retraced the run just for me (no – they had to mark the abj exit of the bridge anyway. Tania who knew but not enough stared straight at us without seeing us – she wasn't even seeing double at that point. Her frontrunnerness from there on quickly turned again since she came into the bar last saying noone else followed the trail.

In truth we observed John Burke short cut up first after spending five minutes debating this issue. Janeway's arrival on the scene convinced him. Well, New Years was always a run for old times, what with its being committee layed -- and them all being gone now, or should I say selectively gone now. The trail however ran due up the river (it must have been cold), with each exit 2001'd (backchecked).

Geoff launched the downdowns. (There had been a Committee meeting in the Hyundai). Dave got Janeway – once a hasher always a hasher. And Danny blasted Burke. Plenty of newboot/visitors. We totalled twenty (for the barman at least), especially once Eva showed up. Of note Roy and Scot were the only ones who ran who I saw out the night before. Peter was checking out the downhill, Crofty and I and Geoff had our mandatory once a year good conversation, and everybody else – Lesley, Byron-Brown etc etc as they say in Latin seemed to be going at it.

Thus we laid the black ties to rest for another year.

CHEERS YOU ALL. HAPPY INJURY-FREE RUNNING (ON WEDNESDAYS OF COURSE). Oh yeah, and in the spirit of our virgin collaboration, on MONDAYS TOO, IN BLOODY QUEENS.