

DATE: 5/21/2000

SET BY: Geezer

TIME: An hour, 45 minutes?, except 2 hours or so for Ouipee

VENUE: Herrontown Woods

HASHERS: Dancing Fool, Discomfort, Pyroman, Speedbumps, MilliPyro, Nonsensei, Weipy, Wacko, Schwa!, Rubber Alan, Ice Blue Balls, Tropical Depression, Malacha, Juicy, Hey Yo! Paully, Uranus Williams, Geezer

Geezer's Flower Power Hash of Treachery and False Hope or, Hash Club Part II: The Final Chapter (see 747.4b)

PRINCETON PROF LINKED TO UNABOMBER--HASH RING UNCOVERED IN CHEM LAB

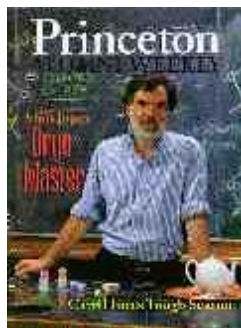
Princeton, NJ (UPI) May 21-- Attorney General Janet Reno personally oversaw the capture and arrest of Dr. Maitland Jones, Jr., a chemistry professor at Princeton University, on over forty charges related to a national campaign of sabotage and destruction of suburban developments and corporate office parks. The arrests took place in the parking lot of a local nature preserve, where Jones and a band of followers were overwhelmed by a combined force of ATF, FBI, Justice Department, and Princeton Borough law enforcement agents.

Local naturelovers were stunned by the show of arms in their quiet community, and by the antics of the self-described "hashers" as the officers forced them into waiting humvees. Jones's followers, who insisted on giving only their codenames, insisted they had nothing to do with "that stinky old man," as the one called Millipyro described him. "Get your \$+@#!*& hands off me, \$+@#!*& cops" shouted Juicy. "We were out there cleaning up after others," maintained Dancing Fool as officers and explosive-sniffing dogs inspected his bags of cans and bottles when they weren't checking out the Hash dog, Malacha. The dog's caretakers, Ice Blue Balls and Tropical Depression, disabled seven agents before being subdued. Pyroman, another chemist, and Wacko, a fluid dynamics engineer, insisted that Geezer was too boring to follow and that they would rather watch an icecube melt than follow him over the "most popular park in the densest state in the country, much less try to level the 67 townhouses in the Bluespring Way development." Speedbumps, Pyroman's moll and molecular biologist, echoed their sentiments while holding a bag: "A bigger wanker in the western world? Get a life! I'd never hash once, much less a hundred times."

In a prepared statement, Reno said, "We have been tracking Dr. Jones's activities ever since the Unabomber campaign. He is a distant relative of Ted Kaczynski's and I am astonished that a community with more Ph.D.'s than bottle caps failed to recognize the physical or philosophical similarities.

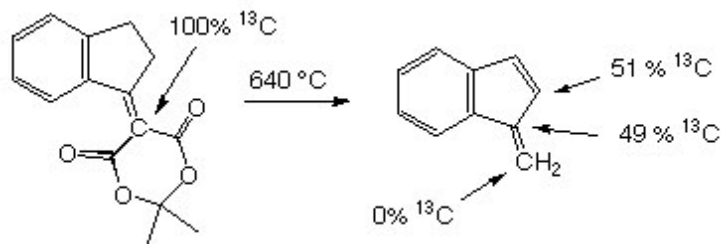


Ted Kaczynski



Maitland Jones, Jr.

"An inside tip enabled us to make a clean sweep of the members of his conspiracy before they began an international campaign of mass destruction this summer. As I speak, other members are being arrested in Philadelphia, Charlottesville, and Fort Dix. We have evidence of plans to not only destroy townhouses in central New Jersey, suburban Chicago, and Milwaukee, but cabanas in Greece and Turkey, faux farmhouses in Ireland, castilles in Kenya, and cell phone towers along the Appalachian Trail in Maine. The Princeton 'Hash,' as Jones calls it, consists of a dangerous breed of supercriminal using their advanced degrees in the sciences to assault the premises of the American way of life. We are especially relieved to have broken the benzene ring of recruitment and indoctrination that took place in the Chemistry Department, where Jones drew on a steady pool of students frustrated with problems like this:



Fun's fun, but there is one thing Americans will not tolerate and that is abuse of the sanctity of private property."

Reno's comments made a stunning counterpoint to the ravings of Jones, who could be heard shouting "It's God's land! No one owns moss or mud or trees or smells or birdsongs! Darwin was wrong! Let my hashers go!"

Speculation on the betrayer of the conspiracy ran in several directions. University sources suggested that students turned in Jones, disgruntled over their grades despite their willingness to spend the better part of their Sundays wading in streams and enduring humiliating nicknames. Dr. Robert Pascal, Jr., a colleague of Jones's in the Chemistry Department, thought otherwise. "You'd have to be pretty stupid to think that. Jones just went too far. He kept waving his extracurricular activities in everyone's face, and ruined a lot of nice, wet, dark places by inviting people who didn't belong there. No wonder the feds caught him."

One Princetonian watched as the hashers' vehicles were towed out of the lot, leaving only a Geo Metro parked illegally in a handicapped spot. Preferring to remain anonymous, he pointed to

Jones's wife, Susan Hockaday. "For Christ's sake, look at her. She's not only a sports widow, but he watches the world's dullest teams just because they're from the "BIG APPLE." Big frickin' deal. Then he blows in her ear, sends her to the far end of Nova Scotia for the summer so he can follow some clown from Philly for three hours in Hightstown. You think she didn't blow a fuse when she found out where he went instead of the office every Sunday? If I had arms any thicker than a peapod, I'd brain him myself."