

## PRINCETON HHH HASH #883.4

Date: June 2, 2002

Weather: matrimonial

Venue: 87 Prospect to Princeton Golf Club

Time: 1 hour 5 minutes

Hare: Weepee

Hounds: Weatherman, Hand Solo, Juicy, Rojo, Minor minor minor Tom the Army Guy, Excremental Earnings, SCHWA!, Hey YO! Paully, I'm Too Desperate

Seen at the start: Throat Deep

Seen at the on-in: Discomfort, Neil Shenvi (aka Fight Club), Christine Shenvi nee Brown

Not seen at the Beer Check: Hey YO! Paully

## Two Weddings and a Beer Check

Well and truly, it was a most peculiar hash, that started with a toast and down-down at



the night before for Natural Born Lesbian and his speechless bride Cathy, which was probably just as well. It continued with the hare burning out Wacko's aquabachelor '93 Saturn SC2 going 80 mph on the PA Turnpike in a vain attempt to avoid setting live, and continuing in a rented purple Neon



(Weepee's fourth car in as many weeks) to Ellsworth's, the Beer Check by the Institute Woods chainlink fence gate, and 87 Prospect, where auld acquaintance were remembered and as quickly forgot.

The hash itself was the best reunion hash of 2002, for no one followed the entire trail, though some climbed up and then down the 1-in-10 or maybe -11 ladders on both sides of the foundation wall by the University's new Human Cloning Research Facility and only Hand, Weatherman, a fit-looking Minor Tom, and Paully made it to the on-in without assistance, where they enjoyed the teetotalling hospitality of the Brown family at the picnic area by the golf course. Paully was put out by the exclusive presence of fruit juice blends, odd sodas, and water, largely because he had seen the check at the Institute gate and headed for the towpath, thereby missing the

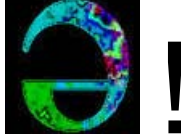


that Weepee had stashed not 20 yards beyond the gate. Indeed, so put out was he that Paully borrowed the keys to the Neon and headed back to the start in search of leftovers.

The lone arrivals chatted with the mother of the bride, the father of the bride, the grandmother of the bride, the hamster of the bride, yes, they chatted a great deal, ate all the Italian components of the extensive hoagie array, and still no sign of HYP much less the rest of the pack. On home, they reluctantly concluded, and started jogging down Canal Pointe, only to encounter Juicy, Rojo, I'm Too Desperate '[19]97 and Paully careening toward them in a coincidental convoy. Juicy insisted that she and Rojo had reached the finish before the hare, 'though that hardly explained their absence from the festivities and close cross-examination revealed that the marks they followed were goose poop and nowhere close to the true trail through the Golf Club pro shop.

The whereabouts of last year's alums

were vague--EE and



had last been seen crossing the

hanging bridge and following true trail along the Brook where they were apparently beset upon by snapping turtles and leeches.

Nonetheless, everyone else had a grand time at the second on-in, thanks to Paully's recovery of the beer, Rojo approved the bridegroom's hashname, the happy couple did a down-down, and everyone lived happily ever after.

Next hashes:

#884.4 WEDNESDAY June 5. 6pm Prospect. Hand Solo sets

#885.4 WEDNESDAY June 12. 6pm Prospect. Discomfort sets

#886.4 WEDNESDAY June 19. 6pm Prospect. ??? sets