

PHHH #923.2

Place: Quaker Bridge Canal to Alexander Road

Weather: Hoary

Hare: Steve Agent Q Andrews

Hounds: Geezer, Wacko, Louisiana Reptile Fancier, Hand Solo, Hey YO! Pully, Ouippee, Bjorn Dork, Captain Lame-O

Time: 71 minutes, plus 30 jogging back to the start.

I'm Walking, I'm Walking on Broken Ha-a-ash (with apologies to Annie Lennox)

The pitter patter of a gentle March rain on the eaves of his room led to Steven Q Andrews to open one rimed eye. Opening the other didn't help resolve everything rightside up. What the hell . . . He tried moving his arms only to find himself pinned by--
"Steve?"

Who? He rolled over.

"Mmmph. . . Morning!"

Damn. What had he been drinking last night? It's pouring outside. Shit. All those fucking marks yesterday for a goddam hashname. And who are these females?

"C'mon girls, no brunch today, time for church."

"Oh, Steve. . . "

"Out!"

An hour later he was laying trail, a mix of towpath and loops back to the Alexander Road parking lot for a crack crew of veterans, manly men with over 2,000 hashes among them, two-fisted hounds and ham-fisted cheapskates who'd forgot their hash cash (Dork and Lame-O) or refused to pay until they finished (LRF). And what happened at the first stream crossing to the Muni golf course? Wacko sinks in up to his chest and beats a hasty retreat, LRF disappears, Dork rides his bike the wrong way on Route 1 (Route 1?) into an 18-wheeler driven by some lunatic with a scar and a bulging eye, and only Geezer and Weepee forded the mighty river, Geezer relishing an opportunity to strip to the waist. HYP and Hand finally rejoined them for a spectacular trek across the links and their intricate coating of silt, ice, water, and hoarfrost. Those who missed this evanescent Princeton landscape can see a strikingly similar environment in

Claude Monet's "Hoarfrost, near Vétheuil" (1880):



except you can't see the 17th tee or the hounds crushing the delicate crystal sheets with their numbed, cloddish feet.

There followed even more ice, water, silt, which now also included the lost graveyard of hackers' golf balls in the Institute Woods, where Wacko magically reappeared as the marks faded from view. Ultimately, the manliest men finished, but not before Steve got some suggestive Japanese homework done:

Only Hand knew why the lady with the dogs was smiling and he wasn't telling.
Did Steve get a name? Hell, no, and he still doesn't know who those two girls were either.

Next up: THE HARD-KORPSE

Where: Lebanon State Forest, Pakim Pond parking lot

Directions from 87 Prospect, Princeton, and other points North:

Washington Road/571 South all the way to Hightstown (about 10 miles).

Take a right at the T junction in downtown H'town, and maybe .3 miles on, go left onto 539

South. Follow 539 South through Allentown. Watch for lefthand turn to stay on 539 as you leave the downtown.

Proceed on 539 South, one of NJ's scenic byways, entering Fort Dix property until you turn right at Route 70 (light, about 40 miles from Princeton)

Take 70 to Park Entrance on Left. This is about 5-6 miles from 539, after several water crossings. (If you reach the intersection of with Route 72, turn left onto 72 East and look

for Patty's on the right so you can take the next immediate left, into the Park.)
Go straight in the Park to the stop sign T-junction (about a mile, just past the Park office on your right)
Turn left and drive a couple of miles to the next stop sign
Turn left, following the sign to PAKIM POND. On the left, you will see "Pakim Pond Picnic Area Parking".
THIS IS THE START.

Alternate Directions (which haven't been officially tried:
Rt 1 South to 295 South to 206 South. Take 206 South all the way to the Route 70/72 traffic circle, find 70 or 72 East and head for the Park entrances.
or follow Route 206 South to Route 38 to the second traffic light.
Turn right onto Magnolia Road (Route 644). Follow Magnolia Road, which will join Buddtown Road (Route 530) for several miles to a big traffic circle. Take Route 70 East for approximately one mile to the park entrance.

When: NOON, Sunday, March 9, 2003
Who: Rambo and Ouipee
Whining: NO
Whiskey: maybe
Whips and chains: The Grand Dominatrix has not yet signaled her interest in a tryst with her old boy toy Rambo
The Price: Is Right! No money down, and no T-shirts!