

PHHH #955.9

Date: September 28, 2003

Place: Port Mercer Canal parking lot

Weather: Tidal

Hound: Pyroman

Hares: Weatherman, Weipei, Jimmy Ruckfutgers, The Red-Faced Chugger, Craig, Madame Butterfly, Speedbumps

Time: 50 minutes

Heard after the on-in: "I use it to get off." TRFC on the benefits of hydrogen peroxide.

Apres le deluge, apres

Organizationally impaired as ever, the Princeton Hash had two hares when most weeks it's hard to find one, which appears to be the case at least until the US finds the [Weapons of Mass Destruction](#) in Iraq. But this had its benefits, for Madame Butterfly, a technically illiterate army of one (gestures and exclamations during a flyover at the on-in suggested that he understood airplanes as large metal birds), brought enough beer from the Fort Dix PX to sate even the boys in Company B, which nicely complemented the victuals and bebies bought by Bumps.

But first there was the hash, which was Pyro's, since Madame B. thinks the internet has something to do with lobster traps and didn't respond to Pryro's question about hares Saturday night. No surprises on the clockwise A-A, last seen well and truly frozen on [PHHH Hooters Hash #918.2](#). The water on the 75% of the trail not covered by stinging nettles was never more than thigh deep, even in the Stony Brook, which Pyro curiously refused to cross, even for a false trail.

However, at the on-in, in keeping with the elevated level of conversation noted by Hand two weeks ago, we learned that Colorado Springs and not Cheyenne, Wyoming, is the site of North American Defense Directorate Against Aliens and Bad Machines (a tip o' the hat to Craig); what people say when planes stop working in mid-flight (a shake o' the shillelagh to Madame Butterfly); you can't beat the house in blackjack anymore (a chock full o' chips to Pyroman); the mortar and pestle is still the best way to mash guinea pig brains at some pharmaceutical laboratories (a thimble o' thymus to Speedbumps); and the post-hash preventative for poison ivy is hydrogen peroxide, liberally swabbed over exposed, raked, cut, and perforated skin (a pick o' the pustule to The Red-Faced Chugger).

Next week: The RFC has to choose between the DC Red Dress Hash and solidifying her lead in the Rookie-of-the-Year contest by bailing her home hash yet again out of its endless bind with hares. Or will the Cuban Assassin help Geezer overcome his bout with gout and return us to Rosedale?