

PHHH #982.9

Date: Sunday, April 4, 2004

Place: Princeton Observatory to Grad Housing

Weather: Wind Alert

Time: 80 minutes

Hare: Jan

Hounds: Pyroman, Speedbumps, Hand Solo, Weepee, Hey YO! Pully, Bjorn Dork, Geezer, Alan/Premature Graduation, Karin, Safety Tits, Tim Edmonds, Jimmy Ruckfutters, Lawrenceville Mike, Caleb Howe

Picked up and dropped off, without car talk, en route: Scott Sher-something

Marsh Madness

Oberhauptstuppenfuhrer Jan swaggered, stick in hand, before the bedraggled pack outside the Observatory, resplendent in his shiny black leather tracksuit.

"So. You think you've all seen all there is to see in Princeton when it comes to hashing, ja?"

Geezer yawned. Safety Tits belched. Pyroman picked his nose with his pinkie. Dork raised his hand.

"I don't know everything about this terrain, but when Captain Lane-O and I set trail in that swamp. . ." he began in his earnest half-twang.

"Silence! I will not have hochschule girly-man graduates affect such airs. All I will say is this--"

"That's it?" Pully asked.

"Was is 'it'?"

"This' is it."

"It is not. It is just starting."

"But all you were going to say is 'this'."

"Enough mindless prattle! On on, and beware of snapping turtles."

And so the pack set off with teutonic vigor and cattle-like devotion to the marked, mostly shiggy-less trail, quickly losing Premature Graduation and his petite companion, who was not hot to trot; Hand Solo; Bumps; Pyro; and finally Geezer, but not before the very game jogger Scott jumped in and promptly did a knee plant on some of the PU debris off Alexander Road by the new grad housing. Geezer also stuck around to defuse the IED disguised by local Shiites as a 2-baby propane pram on the Mekong Trail next to the driving range.

In retrospect it's still remarkable that the law of the hash still applies. No one shortcutted to Jan's digs to get at the chocolate hazelnut cookies that sparked fond memories of the cookies of Uranus, and only the surviving veterans recalled, however dimly, that following a trail off the towpath into the swamp between Alexander and the Dinkie line would lead to the lake, and it was therefore better to detour and pick up on the other side. Oupee and Pully found Jan's well-marked balcony without needless dampness, the various goodies stored thereon, and there admired the hare's ON IN with arrow pointing right at them from the far shore.

But Darwin was wrong, Darwin is wrong, and Darwin will always be wrong, as long as there are gormless undergrads and de facto, if not de jure grads to plunge on on, on in up

to their waists, chests, and necks. Here we see Safety Tits, Dork, and Caleb shortly before the Red Zone sniper took out the point--no, sorry, wrong write-up. Actually they all crossed safely, making the PHHH-pioneering discovery that much of the way is fordable, while the other 60% raises disturbing questions about the developing oxbow on what used to be the Stony Brook.



Next up: Hand tries to stop us from breaking his 2:15 DNF the week before.