

PRINCETON HHH HASH #750.4

Date: December 26, 1999

Weather: Leather

Venue: Ewing - somewhere off 95/295

Set by: Throatwarbler Mangrove

Hashers: Hey Yo Pully, Juicy, Geezer, Solo, Pyroman, Speed Bumps, The Excitable Boy, Discomfort, Tropical Depression, Minor Tom, Llloda, Randy Rodgers, Ice Blue Balls, Table Toes, Wrong Way

Rookies: Laura Solosdottir

Descriptions, Polemics, and Lies:

In a pitiful attempt to win "Worst Venue of the Year," Throatwarbler set an ashfault-ridden run through the developments and soon to be post industrial parks of somewhere. I only heard about it because I dropped in to the Belle Meade Inn last night to find out what Zaire and the Assassin were doing about the Coming Apocalypse. I found the two of them conspiring over their usual Stegmaiers, and in a jolly mood. Zaire had just returned from a couple of weeks in Pyongyang with Rojo, and the ominous air of malevolence that usually taints the basement of the Inn was mercifully absent. Jorge lounged sleepily against the far wall, right under the photo of Ronald Reagan, scarred by so many direct hits by half empty Steg bottles. Rojo sat in the corner, a sleepy smile on her face as she quietly dreamed of whips and chains.

"A fitting end to the Year of the Debacle," said Zaire, when he heard of the Warbler's effort, "Anyway, I preferred the Year of the Whine. What's next? If this one was any prelude, it might be The Year of Pain and Suffering. Or the Year of Annihilation! Or the Year of Emptiness. Emptiness for those feeble wankers, anyway."

"I don't know," countered The old Cuban, scratching the scar that ran over the top of his head from one ear to the other, "I wonder if there will even be a next year."

"We're ready," replied Zaire with a chilling smile, looking meaningfully at Rojo and the cases of Stegmaier stacked against the wall, "I had Jorge lay in a supply, and I don't think much else matters. When civilization falls, I don't expect we'll have any real problems." Jorge opened another Steg, tossing the empty on the impressive pile in the corner.

The Assassin didn't even flinch at Zaire's use of "when" not "if." I couldn't help wondering what the big Cuban knew.

But you don't care about what the Assassin knows, or what Rojo is doing in this story, or even about the coming the End of the World As We Know it, do you? Of course not - all you care about is.....The 1999 End of Year Report. Here it is.

1999 - The Year of the Debacle End-of-Year Review

First, a little history and some statistics:

Hash #1, October 7, 1979. The legendary Joe Burns sets a loop starting from Stevenson Hall, 91 Prospect.

Hash #100, September 13, 1986. The Geezer and Wacko set through the campus, the grad school, Marquand Park and the Institute.

Hash #200, May 13, 1990. Dogshrinker and Wacko set in the rainforest-like Pine Barrens.

Hash #300.4, November 17, 1991. The LRF and Throatwarbler Mangrove set a Simple Tour of Princeton in deference to 15 simian visitors from Reading.

Hash #400.4, March 7, 1993. The Geezer sets from Rosedale Park to Terhune's Orchard.

Hash #500.4, May 5, 1995. The LRF sets in the pouring rain through Weinstein's freshly plowed field of dreams to the boulders on Province Line Road. Joe Burns and Dr. No return. Apres at Good Friends courtesy of Hash Cash.

Hash #600.4, March 29, 1997. Pyroman sets somewhere south of Trenton. Notable attendees were A Joy to his Mother's Mother and Wendy (now known as Uranus Williams) Sullivan. Pyro kept the pack on the trail by providing beer one can at a time, but only on the trail. No shortcutting bastards on this one. There was a dog sawn in half.

Hash #700 February 14, 1999, coincident both with Hard Core VII, our Annual G hash, and some massacre or other. In Up To His Waste planned and spent, and the Grande Dominatrix herself set. The result, a long, oh so soft core run through deepest Bucknekkid County. Even Rambo finished.

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1999:

After 1998 we said, in this very report, "Let's do 56 in '99". And that we did (54 hashes in '98, 52 hashes in '97, 50 in '96, 49 in '95, 47 in '94). The average pack was 15.1, essentially identical to the number from last year. There were 24 new folks who ran more than once with us, and the sum of all hashes at least two runs - no one-time hashers counted) is now: 7103.

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But once again the PHHH proves that size must matter because the number was large, but the quality was low. The Year of the Debacle it truly was.

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The Get a Life Award goes to Hey Yo! Paully! who wasted no fewer than 45.5 (?) Sundays out of his so-called life. Rojo was close behind with 44, but we know all about her life. Juicy ran 43. Other contenduhs were: LLLoda (39), WeePee (38), Tropical Supression (34), Table Toes, Pyro and the Geezer (33), Rubberalan (31), Solo and Wacko (30). You didn't even get on the list this year unless you ran 30. Note that 16 people ran 25 or more hashes this year, up from ten last year, and four the year before. Sick.

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Paully inflicted the most sets upon us (6) with Solo not far behind (5).

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First Hash: January 3, 1999, #694.4. "There is Nothing Like a Dame." Pyroman sets a live hare through the Herrontown Woods, ending at a Joy to His Mother's, in spite of the fact that Joy was not on the hash, or even at home at the time. Joy returns and promptly hides his spare key elsewhere. The LRF runs back to his car and is not to be heard from for over 140 days.

Last Hash: December 26, 1999, #750.4. Throatwarbler Mangrove sets an ashfault-ridden Boxing day romp through frozen Ewing. There was a False Cooler, and lots of railroad tracks and roads. This one was set in the spirit of LLLamas past.

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Best Hash of the Year: In a year of debacles, a few truly shitty hashes came through. Pyro's drunken Easter egg hunt deserves a mention (at least by Pyro), as does #746.4 by Julie Greenberg and Wacko, but the best hash of the year undisputedly goes to the long lost legend himself, the LRF for #717.4. We never did see him, but it must have been a splendid set.

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Worst Hash of the Year: As always the judges have had to pour over at least 56 hash writeups and as many cases of beer just to handle the bad memories in this category. Honorable Mention certainly goes to Solo for his first two attempts at the Triple Crown of Debacles, and who can ever forget the HYP pre-One Take, "we'll never make the movie at this rate" hash? Speed Bumps also deserves mention for calling from a road someplace deep in Bear Swamp "Uh, over here guys... I got a little lost, but the beer's over here!"

In this year of the Debacle where mediocrity reigns, though, the award goes to a set which took us near some of the best looking shiggy around, yet led us straight down- and down- and down- the road. Throatwarbler and #750.4 wins by an eyelash over 55 other worthy entries.

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Best Venue: Given Discomfort's alarming surprise on #743.4: "You mean you really have hashed here before?" and Wacko's reply, "Just one or two hundred times," what can be said about '99 except than there were more virgins hashing this year than there was virgin territory. The uncontested Best Venue Award goes to Minor Minor Minor Tom's set through the Fort Dix stockade, #734.4.

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Worst Venue: Although nothing will ever replace the Louisiana Reptile Fancier's #327.4, "The Warehouses at the End of Time," this year's worst goes to HYP's multiple and deservedly infamous "Out around something big and bring them back" hashes.

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Best Event: RoJo disrobes on Paully's #705.4

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Worst Event: Hey Yo! Paully disrobes at every opportunity.

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Best Write-up: Ouipee's halloween writeup, Horton Hears a Hash.

Worst Write-up: Tabletoes' #701.4 Il fait un froid de canard... We still have no idea what it's about.

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Weirdest Object of the Year. It is hard to compete with the headless turkeys, and hemi-dogs of yesteryear, not to mention Paully's fish shorts, but the winner this year is Uranus's blue nails.

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Rookie of the Year: This year's award is no contest: Minor Minor Minor Minor Tom, The Army Guy, wins for his 29 hashes. Other distant notables: Catch and Release (10), Squirrel Droppings, and Tomoko (9).

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Best Food: The Mitter Belon at the post-Hard Core Banquet at Good Friends. ummm-ummmm, Good! Food does seem to be improving slightly these days; pizza, HYP "BAMs" with Emeril, and of course, Minor Tom's homebrews, Uranus's home made cookies, and Ben and Jerry's Bovinity Divinity ice cream! Still, the winner, surpassing even that great Litter Bemon, is OuiPee's homemade salsa.

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Worst Food: So many choices! Juicy and HYP supplied us all with veggieburgers and Old Milwaukee on #710.4. There was day old Chinese at Rambo and WeePee's Hood Hash. And we will never forget the Bitter Melon. But the winner this year surely must be anything in HYP's belly button.

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Protests/Whines/Remarks of the Year:

"That was a debacle!" everyone.

"I've had enough!! I'm going back to the start... does anyone know where we are?" Ice Blue Balls. #704.4

"SCHWA!! SCHWA!! SCHWA!! SCHWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!" Wacko on #706.4

Old Lady to Joy " Hey long-hair, you got a cigarette?" (#712.4)

"I do" Delay LLLama (post #714.4)

"I don't!!" Always Open (post #714.4)

"You guys know the On In is down that way DON'T YOU???!!! We have cake DOWN THERE!!!!" Always Open (post #714.4) as the hashers ran into her wedding.

I only put the icing in Hey Yo's navel, I did NOT lick it off." Speed Bumps lies on #715.4)

"What money?" Delay LLLama

"Run for your cars!" Pyro and Speed Bumps

"My car is leaking lesbian juice." (#750.4) Rojo

"Calm yourself!" Excitable Boy (#750.4)

"I got lots of catcalls from cars while Solo and I were running along the road." Juicy
"When people drive by me, they usually just scream." Booger (#730.4)

"You mean we've hashed here before?" Discomfort (#743.4)

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And Now, The Ultimate Award.....Hasher of the Year for 1999:

1992: The Hash Ghost- full frontal nude photo included in this now-a-collector's-item write-up.

1993: No Award; apparently there was no 1993.

1994: In Utero (now happily ex utero).

1995: Wacko - first to 365.

1996: Who has run more hashes than any other non-human? Glory, that's who. She raised the average IQ of the pack by 50 points each time she ran.

1997: Delay LLLama. Eternally lost - miserable sets.

1998: The Louisiana Reptile Fancier, as he echoed the defining person of our time, Richard Milhous Nixon: "That's it; I'm outta here and I'm not coming back! You won't have the LRF to kick around any more." P.T. Barnum is vindicated again.

1999: This year we honour our Grande Dominatrix, Road Jaundice, Architectrix of the Hard Corpse this year, runner of nearly 300 hashes, supplier of sky-blue oreos, and Mother Protector Of Us All.

As you can see from the writeup of #750.4, Rojo was recently photographed in the basement of the Belle Meade Inn by Jorge the waiter. By great luck, Jorge also captured the first pictures known of Rojo's "companion" A. G. Zaire, and their long time associate, The Cuban Assassin. We have obtained a copy of this photo at great cost, not to mention risk. We know we publish this photo at our peril, as neither Zaire nor the Assassin is likely to take kindly to the appearance of a likeness in the public press. We all remember what happened to that dwarf. Nonetheless, we do so in the interests of public safety. No sacrifice is too great for you guys..



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On On to '00 (if there is one).

YBSs