

# MVH3 Hash Trash

*If it ain't live hare,  
it ain't Mount Vernon*

Hash 837  
Saturday, June 7, 2003

## Combat Beer Patrol

*DEFINITION – an expensively trained consortium of hares with nothing better to do than dress up in old uniforms to keep the pack from beer. But does that mean the pack was looking/finding beer. Was the hare's goal to lead us to or keep us from? NOTE: 3 hares are missing from photo because they are part of the hare witness protection program!*

Military endeavors are often preceded by an address designed to inspire the troops and instill them with valor and bravery. And so it was with the June 6 pre-trail message from the MVH3 High Command:

*Harriers and Harriets of the Mount Vernon Hash House Harriers! You are about to embark upon the Great Combat Beer Patrol. The eyes of the world are upon you. The hopes and prayers of beer-loving people everywhere run with you. Your task will not be an easy one. Your hares are experienced, cunning and devious. They will take you through hostile shiggy. But they have grown older, slower and more careless since the last Combat Beer Patrol. The tide has turned! We have full confidence in your courage, devotion to beer and skill in shortcutting. We will accept nothing less than full victory and lots of beer! Good Luck! And may Father Abraham smile upon this great and novel undertaking.*

It was hardly a day to start any endeavor – whether for beer or country. Forty-six foolish hashers trying to stay dry. A number remarkable in its smallness – would it be enough. The humidity was a liquid 100 percent. Many cast discouraging looks until a typical remark by **Blank Check** (a decorated Combat Beer Patrol veteran), “Why are you whining? It doesn't matter; you're gonna get wet!” With a roll of our eyes, we bravely persevered and were ultimately victorious, ignoring his remarks. Perverse perfunctory knowledge, otherwise known as stating the obvious or smart ass.

Though most of the hares looked to be veterans of jungles and rain forests, they chose the suburban jungle of asphalt as their battleground. Though maybe it was a sign, starting so close to the Office of the Surgeon General and the DoD TRICARE medical service headquarters, that casualties would be high. Would the pack succumb before ever finding beer? Would they ever find their cars? One darn thing for sure, casualties would not be caused by dehydration!

### THE TRAIL

The pack charged left, right, and center. True trail led to a pedestrian bridge over George Mason. Perhaps it was a pedestrian bridge too far for **Hops**, who after snapping a photo or two became listed as Missing In Action (MIA)

After spotting a check labeled “BEER CHECK”, recon units were dispatched. **Whore Moans** sighed, “Is that smart?” Separate divisions of harriers executed a series of pincer movements, allowing the pack to converge upon a high-rise. Only to report that there was no beer in the vicinity. We were



disheartened.  
Of course

demoralization was a deliberate goal of the hares' “Awww-and-Shucks” campaign. War is hell!

Our advance took us off across Leesburg Pike and down into the community. Our unit found another check marked, “COMBAT BEER PATROL.” And again, there was no combat for beer -- no beer for combat. What are we supposed to do, congratulate them for spelling? The pack eventually came to the USMC (eagle) and USAF (turkey) split. The last seen of **Wanks with Wolves, Cheap Slut, Loan Shark, Caminito and Family Jewels** was entering the mired red clay mine fields of a school yard on the USMC trail. **Continental Drip** sprinted ahead on the USAF trail until the “ill fated” corner – the turning point for the small unit and ultimate undoing of the Combat Beer Patrol.

The corner of George Mason and Hamilton was completely virginal. Neither flour nor chalk marred its slick wet surface. Scout **Continental Drip** searched left and right and turned back, succumbing to lack of beer and trail. **Whore Moans** and **Mighty Tight** defiantly charged up both sides of the road. After cresting the hill **Mighty Tight** tooted his whistle upon discovering itty-bitty dollops of flour. Hmmmm ... if the size of one's hand is indicative of one's weaponry, and itty-bitty dollops of flour are made by an itty-bitty hand, could that but mean ... ? Yep! Someone's got a peashooter.

The unit was very happy until **Missing Link** burst upon them yelling, “You're going the wrong way! There's a hare's arrow down there pointing this way.” And off he went leaving all with a heavy sinking feeling in one's heart – no wait that feeling was caused by the weight of saturated clothing, 20 lbs or so. Naturally, who could believe **Link**? That is, until **Gladiator** came the same way. He admitted to short cutting but didn't see any hare's arrows. Confusion and whining reigned.

A war council was held, the unit pooled its collective resources but a mutiny broke out. **Mighty Tight** and **Gladiator**, refusing to listen to the harriettes' wise council, broke rank and headed back to (the) Seminary. I'd swear it was the drenching rain that seeped into their brains and addled them. Is that crotch rot? (Remember the male brain is located in a more southerly location)

### The tide turned... the pack was victorious!

The depleted unit went forward, up Hamilton to Forest where upon **Whore Moans** and **Continental Drip**, both recent survivors from a weekend of jungle training in Costa Rica, and **For Sale Or Rent** snared not one, not two, but three hares! “We saw the whites of their eyes and then we realized it was the hares!” exclaimed **Continental**. **FSOR** yelled, “PANTS THEM”

and grabbed **Dr. Strangelove** around his waist. Oh my Gawd! The look of horror slowly spread across his face. The other hares braced themselves for the onslaught. The unit took pity on the captured hares, in reality wanting to save their own eyesight; left them keep their shorts on!!

Could it be that **Byte Lightning**, **Dr. Strangelove**, and **Wankers Aweigh** were oldest and slowest of the hares? Or, was it that with eight hares, these casualties were considered acceptable losses? Never before in the Combat Beer Patrol's rich (I made this up) and mind-numbing (or is that feet-numbing – didn't make this up) history have so many hares been caught by a band of USAF (turkey) trail hashers.

In all campaigns there are singular moments etched into one's gray matter – these are known as Kodak moments. The one that stands out most clearly is **Byte Lightning** completely bent over, marking a HUGE hare's arrow in chalk as the rain crashed around him in torrents. We contemplated taking bets to see how long it would last but didn't want to waste the five minutes. NOTE: Chalk in rain – NOT. Another Intel snafu.

One of the captured hares tried to put us back on trail, but we were the wiser and more interested in intelligence that would lead us to the beer. Trail again crossed the pike and wound through the other side of Skyline, snaking its way, as in a swamp of concrete roads and sidewalks, twisting and undulating, all the while being washed away.

Across Seminary, a check was found. Having done the Intel and reviewing several maps of the terrain, **FSOR** solved the check by merely going the way it should. Would you believe the hares put the flour on the *backs* of the trees? Well at least it was on the trees here! Then another check, scouting to the left we noticed a corkscrew! Actually we found out later true trail went right! But it didn't matter; **Cork Screw'd** saved most of the pack. Though not on trail after the check, he kept chalking his signature screw sign. Like all FRBs who can go for miles and miles, he would run ahead, find trail, and run back to mark it! At this point **Missing Link** bolted out of the shadows, passing **Whore Moans** with his stealth stroller – yea, but I think he needs a new navigator to ride shotgun! Next was **Gladiator** who asked how we got there. He had gotten ahead of the hares and spent 20 minutes running in circles, remarkably like his days spent warring in the Roman Stadium. And the fate of **Mighty Tight** became known, permanently MIA. He took **Mighty Duke** home and then proceeded to go to **Wankers Aweigh's** and **Hot Legs'** old house! Too confused and ashamed to admit becoming an acceptable loss he left, bereft of his goal - Beer. No medals for him.

**Medal Winning War Stories:** \*\* Led by **Hot Legs** and **Red Snapper**, the walkers plotted their route wisely and swiftly covered the terrain, though almost leaving behind **Only 2?** and **Big Bird Turd**. \*\*The USMC trail survivors were led in by **Jointed Staff** and **Mini Barbarino**. \*\***Shellacking the Bishop** was happy just to get back to (the) Seminary to **Vominatrix**. \*\***French Toasted** spoke of the stream crossing near Columbia Pike and Four-Mile Run, correctly recognizing the sneaker imprints of hare **Dr Strangelove!** \*\* **Family Jewels** is quoted, "Everyone went down, but they all survived." \*\***Poop Deck** offered comforting words to **Byte Lightning**, "You should have ran them out for a mile and then started trail!" \*\***See Dick Run** is now **See O Run** - He said it fell off halfway through trail. \*\* **Burnt Sox** one division commander, led **Hard Drive**, **Just Herman**, and **Dildo** to safety but left **7-Minutes** behind. **Campaign for DFL:** **14K** made it in just as **Poop Deck** resigned

himself to being RA for the day. **Flying Burito** eventually found his way in – oh wait – he's a hare. Halfway through circle **Pulls Out Early** cums in under thunderous applause. Only much later to be outcum by **Sticky Fingers** and **Sex on Trail**. Again begging for crumbs, they were rewarded with beer.

### The On-In

At the On-In, the pack took custody of a cache containing weapons of mashed decoction - more specifically, Hard Times Select Lager. And when it came to the food, it was *Full Dinner Jacket*: Fresh strawberries (with chocolate for dipping), and other delectibles along with hot and mild sausages from the grill.

According to the MVH3 Haring Guide, four is the standard hare limit for each hash -- unless something exceptional is planned. The Combat Beer Patrol, now in it's (seventh?) year actually had eight hares and still managed to exceed all expectations for a great trail and great food and beer at the On-In. Perhaps the renowned philosopher Dick Van Patten was correct when he said, "Eight Is Enough." The Combat Beer Patrol is a fine MVH3 tradition that will hopefully continue.

### The Circle

**Hares** **Byte Lightning**, **Flying Burito**, **Dr. Strangelove**, **Hollow Point**, **Pinky Penis**, **Stained Sheets**, **Wankers Aweigh**, **Womb Broom**

**Backsliders** **Blank Check**, **Cominito**, **Crafty**, **Milk Money**, **Mighty Tight (MIA)**, and **Stained Sheets**

**Analversaries** **Clorox Kid** - 45; **Whore Moans** - 135, **Milk Money** - 265

**Virgins** Zero (go figure!)

**Namings** Zero

**Violations** \***Hares** being snared by the USAF( turkeys)! \***Hares** - no beer check, no checks, no beer on trail. \***Hands Solo** - new shoes - but he drank out of a dixie cup! Are we really hashers?! \***Clorox Kid** - whining- with so many hares he thought there should be 8 different personalized trails. \***Flying Burito** told **7-Minutes** "off", oops, "she was off trail". \***Blank Check** for bleeding on **Granny Boulders**, not really but it added some drama to the beer patrol. \***Hops** - whining – needs directions on his car. **Hashit** Last week's recipient, 14 K Cock. What can I say? What a poor, poor example of a religious advisor - left it at home! No wonder we were blessed with rain, rain, rain.

### Next Hash: June 21, MVH3 #839

**Hares:** French Toasted, Bavarian Bush, HardWood.cum, GBOF

**Theme:** The Longest Trail (I mean Day)of the Year

**Start** Rock Creek Elementary School

**Directions:** Directions are to take 495 to Connecticut Avenue Exit and head South. Turn left onto East West Highway go a few miles and then right onto Grubb St. School parking lot is a 1/4 mile down on your right just past the school.

**Dog Friendly Factor: Stroller Friendly Factor: Xxxx**

**Miscellaneous:** Some PI on long trail. Little on short trail. Bring dry shoes and clothes.

### Mismanagement:

Joint Masters – Burnt Sox & French Toasted

Religious Advisor – 14-Karat Cock & Poop Deck

Scribes – Hops & For Sale Or Rent

On-Sec – Big Sweaty Pussy // Hash Cash – Hollow Point

Hare Raiser – And How's Her Bush

Haberdashers – Cheap Slut & Loan Shark

For info on MVH3 and other area hashes, visit  
[www.dchasing.org/mvh3](http://www.dchasing.org/mvh3)

For hotline info on area hashes, dial 202-PUDJAM0 (202-783-5260) and select option 6 for MVH3.