

MVH3 Hash Trash

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

Hash 847

Saturday, August 16, 2003

The Cheesehead Hash

Why did the Cheeseheads leave Wisconsin?

With the exception of having Cheesehead buddies, *Big Bird Turd* denied any connection to Wisconsin. "I'm just helping them hare," he said. Likewise, *Put It Out* disavowed any cheddar affiliation. "Are you kidding me? They only have two seasons; winter and the Fourth of July." The remaining hares, however, are all recovering Wisconsinites. Why did they leave?

"I had enough of da guldarn weather," *Becuz He Can* allowed. "You go to work in a snowsuit every morning and return home wearing shorts, for crimany cripes-sake." *Kiel Bastard* took a long pull on his PBR and turned his brats before adding, "I left after two of my friends froze to death at a drive-in movie theater. They'd gone to see 'Closed For The Winter.'" *Rear Area Security* left the state under a cloud of suspicion, explaining, "After drinking a couple-two-tree beers one night, I got tangled up in a drive-by hay-bailing incident. After dat I jumped on my tractor and got the hell out of Sconsin."

"I never learned to polka," confessed *Two Hand Job*. "Besides, deer-shining and cow-tipping didn't fit my idea of a big night out," she added. "I'm not saying people there aren't sophisticated, explained *Redrum*, "but their idea of diversity is having black, brown and white cows." Handing off a cold can of Leinenkugals, *Mellow Foreskin Cheese* said, "This is what we drank at home." Enough said.

The Trail

(ARLINGTON) Was it the weather, the location, or the reputation of the Cheesehead Hash that was so compelling? Perhaps it was all three that brought an above-average crowd of 109 hashers together atop the Arlington parking deck spanning I-66.

Chief among the trail's highlights was a long tunnel with a solitary glow stick provided for illumination. The passage beneath I-66 was exceptionally dark, but *Cunning Runt* was clever enough to bring a flashlight. The batteries are dead, she lamented aloud – at least until realizing she was still wearing sunglasses.

Cross Dresser (whose religion prohibits the blowing of whistles or the calling of "On-On"), *Ovum Easy*, *Little Buddy* and *I Do Her* were among the hashers who surged into the parking decks the pack took off. With some effort, they caught up with *For Sale Or Rent* and *Goomba*.

Ovum Easy found trail on the other side of Quincy, which led through some shiggy to the bike trail. The flour took the pack on Monroe, crossing I-66 to a check. *Little Buddy* amused himself by feigning deafness, ignoring the cries of "are you." The remaining pack amused themselves by calling *Little Buddy* a wanker as he charged up Monroe.

True trail cut diagonally through Quincy Park where the front-runners seemed confused. *Cross Dresser* had followed pack



arrows of with on-on up Nelson St. to a Bad Trail at 10th. *Whore Moans, Granny Boulders, Turkey Timer* and *Bad Ditch* came running toward the pack from Pollard St., exclaiming that trail was nowhere to be found. Fortunately, trail *was* eventually found going through a parking lot, across Fairfax, then Wilson, and eventually leading us past *No Genital's* home on Oakland St.

Becoming disoriented after establishing a substantial lead, *Dr. Jekyll* allowed *Hops* to win the hash. This so incensed *Dr. Jekyll* that he transformed into Mr. Hyde. Insisting that he didn't have a good time and that since he consumed neither food nor beer, he demanded a \$5 refund from hash cash, *Big Sweaty Pussy*. Naturally, Mismanagement is crushed whenever a single hasher fails to have the time of his or her life and as a result has implemented the following refund



New pope elected? No, that's *Big Bird Turd* celebrating his 300th run.

policy: Having a sub-optimum time will earn a \$3 rebate. Passing up beer and soft drinks will earn a \$2 cash-back. Forgoing cheese-doodles will put 50 cents back in your pocket, while hotdogs will count for a full dollar. To offset the resulting damage to our finances, the Haberdashers will be selling "MVH3 Crying Towels" for \$10. Pre-orders will be tearfully appreciated.

The On-In

The Cheeseheads wowed us again this year with a terrific spread. Two different kinds of pasta salads were on the table along with coleslaw. And holy cry-yiy, weren't those bratwursts humdingers! Cooking side-by-side were veggie brats, which tasted pert-neer the real thing. Now when's the last time you saw a can of Schlitz? The hares spared no pains (including ours) in their quest for authenticity. And if that

weren't enough, they provided a whole boxful of Oscar Meyer Weiner whistles.

The On-In provided just the right atmosphere for a carefree afternoon. For example, *Becuz He Can* was overheard talking about interesting things he could do with four pounds of surplus jelly. And it was good to see that *Mellow Foreskin Cheese* retains his playboy guile. He successfully coaxed a lovely harriette into his bedroom – only to forget she was there.

The Circle

Congratulations to *Just Brenda*, who after a 15-week sabbatical returned to receive her hash name "*Fully Inflamed.*" *Dicki Ricardo* was unsuccessful in defending his now-former hash name and will forever more be known as "*I Love Dicki.*"

The previous week's hashshit went to *Limpdart*, who after becoming hopelessly lost on trail, flagged down a police car for a ride to the start. This week, the ol' pooper plunger went to *Hops* for acknowledging that he "won the hash again." Or at least that's what his notes said.

At the whistle check, *Mellow Foreskin Cheese* beamed with joy. "Do you know how long it's been since I've been able get someone to blow my wiener?" he asked.



For info on MVH3 and other area hashes, visit www.dchashing.org/mvh3

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

Calendar

Aug. 31 Last day to sign up for the Red Dress Run before price goes to \$50.

Sept. 1 What were you thinking? If you signed up for the Red Dress Run yesterday, the price would have been only \$45! And now it's too late to be eligible for giveaway items.

Sept. 6 Hash 850 – Corkscrew'd to hare. An epicurean On-In is planned.

Sept. 6 Never Again and Next Week and hare a Rocktoberfest theme Full Moon hash in Ashburn, Va., with the Gene Pool Zombies providing entertainment.

Sept. 13 Hash 851 – Burnt Sox, Puke Me Up Buttercup and CRAFTY in Arlington.

Sept. 20 Hash 852 – Oktoberfest Hash with hares Dr. Strangelove and Roto Router. Break out your MVH3 crying rag if you miss this “Best Hash of the Year 2002” award winner.

Sept. 27 Hash 853 – Running Bare and Womb Broom to hare.

Oct. 4 10th Annual DC **Red Dress Run**. Register online at <http://dchashing.net/RedDress2003/>.

Oct. 11 Hash 855 – Duck Job and others, Bluemont Park in Arlington.

Oct. 18 Hash 856 – The Annual Renn Faire Hash with For Sale Or Rent in Crownsville.

MVH3 Mismanagement

Joint Masters

Burnt Sox
French Toasted

Religious Advisors

14-Karat Cock
Poop Deck

On-Sec

Big Sweaty Pussy

Hash Cash

Hollow Point

Co-Scribes

Hops
For Sale Or Rent

Hare Raiser

And Hows Her Bush

Co-haberdashers

Cheap Slut
Loan Shark

Directions

August 30, MVH3 #849 'The Red Dress Exchange Hash'

Hares: Big Sweaty Pussy, Dual Air Bags, and Hard Drive.

Start: 2911 Barrley Drive, Dumfries, Va.

Directions from the Beltway:

Take I-95 South. Drive down to Exit 152 - Dumfries/Manassas and go toward Dumfries. Go about 100 yards and make a left onto North Rt. 1. Take the first right onto Waterway (there is a Food Lion on the left). Take the third left onto River Ridge. Start looking for a place to park on River Ridge. Walk up to the corner of Barrley Drive #2911 is the very first house on the corner of Barrley and River Ridge. There is a great big deck so you can't miss the place.

Trail: A-to-A. Details on walkers trail, strollers, dogs, and PI developing ...

Important Notes: Do not forget your old red dresses! Allow plenty of time to arrive. Check the Web site for alternate directions – traffic on I-95 South can occasionally get ugly.

