

# White House Hash House Harriers



# 1000th

Trail Weekend  
May 6, 7 & 8, 2005

## Welcome Hashers

to a full Weekend of hashing Fun to celebrate the 1000th trail set by this pack of half-brains!

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**weekend basics**  
(lots of details inside)

#### **FRIDAY NIGHT WALKABOUT**

Sign in 6:00 - 8:00 at the Hawk and Dove,  
329 Pennsylvania Ave, SE

#### **SATURDAY MORNING**

East Falls Church Metro: Hash Buses  
8AM for Long Trail  
9AM for the rest  
10AM Hash Time at Fairfax Hunt Club

#### **SATURDAY NIGHT DOWNTOWN**

Tequila Beach Private Hash Party  
7-10 PM 1115 F St. NW

#### **SUNDAY MORNING**

Recovery Trail 10AM Sharp!  
Under Key Bridge in Georgetown

#### **SUNDAY Regular 3PM Trail**

Rosslyn Metro \$5



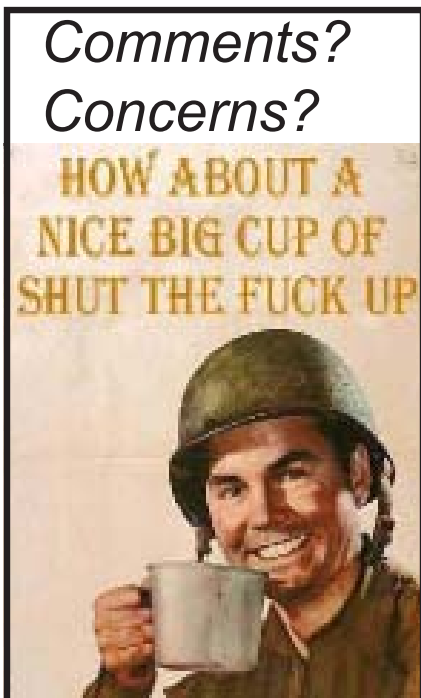
# Welcome from the Boss

Welcome to the auspicious (or should that be "suspicious") occasion of the White House Hash House Harriers' 1000th Run! It sure ain't been easy. I think all of the junta was hammered when we all agreed to this. We're all a bunch of suckers. We actually thought this would be fun, since Garfield was our trusty leader and since he pretty much ran the freaking Goa Interhash, we thought the planning would be fun! Little did we know.



We started our planning meetings back in November. MellowForeskinCheese was on board, as was RearAreaSecurity. DuckJob was adopted by marriage. Perennial hash party planners and heterosexual life partners (now separated) PutItOut and WaxOnWaxOff were no-brainer additions to the committee. Irish pub owner, DrinksOnMeBud, was another logical addition, 'cause he's got connections. And, we desperately needed RaiseMyTitanic to help with the financial books and HardDrive for his web mastery. Also, I must mention the current White House H3 MisManagement. In addition to all the crap that they have to put together for a group that easily exceeds 100 each week, they all inherited this as well. They are truly doing God's work!

We soon realized that getting this event all together in 6 months would be a major effort, so our casual beer-filled gatherings quickly turned into very long and laborious meeting, meeting every two weeks like clockwork. We were making great progress when, in my opinion, the shit hit the fan. Garfield accepted a position to go over to Iraq to run a State Department/USAID program. Although his departure is a little after the 1000th weekend, his civilian duties serving our country took precedence. We, of course, all understood. Go kick some ass and do it safely!



Now, that our meetings have come to an end, our jobs are to make sure you all have a fabulous weekend! We hope you will have a blast at all of the festivities. If things go well, thank the following people highlighted on the following page, anyone on current WH4 Mismanagement, any one wearing a 1000th JUNTA T-shirt, anyone pouring you beer, anyone serving you food. Hell, just thank the person sitting next to you...they probably helped out in some way!

If you're not happy with anything, look for me. But, don't expect much. I'll probably be as drunk, if not more, as I was on the day that I agreed to do this! So, I won't remember what you say!

On behalf of all of us on the 2005 White House MisManagement and the 1000th Junta, I hope you have an enjoyable weekend and I want to share with you our thanks for celebrating our 1000th hash with us! See You on Trail, **\$50 Bitch**



# THE JUNTA

Of course, it goes without saying that a huge chaotic outrage like **White House H3 1000<sup>th</sup>** could not possibly occur without lots and lots of guys 'n' gals working together behind the scenes in an atmosphere of perfect harmony, love, mutual respect, and cooperation. Yeah, right!

Anyway, let's recognize those **SUCKERS** who devoted so much of their time and energy to

ensuring that **White House H3 1000<sup>th</sup>** turned out to be the unmitigated disaster it will surely turn out to be. Lots of people contributed to this gargantuan cluster in lots of ways, big and small, and they know exactly who they are even if they don't care to admit it to you. All the people who didn't contribute jack shit and perhaps feel a little guilty about it, my advice for you is simple: don't. We only did all this work because our lives are so sad and empty that we had nothing better to do. Or, 'cuz we were terrified of saying no to BadDitch and Titly-Winks.



**\$50B\*TCH** Has Fiddy gone mad? Likely! The Bitch got suckered into being GM one drunken evening (there was only one?) but ended up loving to boss around PutItOut. Her only regret is seeing Garfield leave the group and actually have to work!

**WAXONWHACKSOFF** Hash Party Master: With a Friday Night and a Sunday Morning like the one that he has planned, crap ... we don't even need a freaking trail!



**PUTTOUT** Anal and opinionated. Just what we need for a Trail Master. Thank god the rest of us were around to make sure the walkers had a place to go, or we'd all be on the Blood, Sweat, and Beers Trail!



**RAISEMYTTANIC** Registration and Finance: God love this accountant. If it weren't for her, we'd be all slapping down our credit cards to pay for this bash!



**DRINKSONMEBUD!** Food and Beverage Master: "I'm not worried" was his slogan. This man is WELL connected and his ass should be kissed by all this weekend AT LEAST once!!



**DUCK JOB** He's on the Junta cuz he wanted to get laid, basically! He just did what Fiddy told him to do. Smart man!

**HARDDRIVE** Again, without the Webmaster and his prowess as a long time RDR party planner, we'd all have viruses.



**REAR AREA SECURITY** We have two words for everyone: DUNK TANK! Ass kissing should be involved here as well.



Plus, he sets great trails and runs funny circles!

**MELLOW FORESKIN CHEESE** Ahh . . . the man of vision. The historian hash traveler who got up and left all of us for three week right before the 1000<sup>th</sup>. Another smart man?





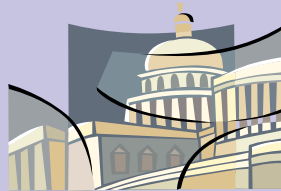
## GENERAL NOTES FOR THE WEEKEND:

Lots of activities are planned for the weekend. Unlike normal WH4 hashes, this weekend has some strict timelines. We are coordinating busses, caterers, watering holes, etc., that do not allow us much flexibility.

If you are late, you are likely going to miss the event. We are not responsible for you lazy wankers not being on time. The party goes on with our without you! Please read event info carefully and be on time for once!

If at any point, you do need to reach a semi-sober individual, call 202/257-6663. Fiddy will likely answer. No guarantees, but she will try to help you if she can.

### FRIDAY, MAY 6 The Capitol Hill Walkabout Hash #999



**REGISTRATION:** 6:00-8:00 PM at the Hawk and Dove, 329 Pennsylvania Ave, SE. 202/543-3553. This is 3 blocks due West of the Eastern Market Metro station. Look for rego folks at the UPSTAIRS bar. There will be more specific directions about the walkabout there, AS WELL AS IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR THE SATURDAY TRAIL.

**LATE REGISTRATION:** If you arrive after 8:00 p.m. and want to join in on the remaining walkabout stops, look for the 1000<sup>th</sup> JUNTA representative at the Hawk and Dove, likely to be at the front bar with an obnoxious colored shirt and a beer (or two)! You can also try Fiddy's cell phone (see above). We'll try and get you to where you want to be!

### Basic Walkabout Directions:

Get your lanyard at sign-in at Hawk & Dove. Have a beer. Walk to any of the following bars, get your lanyard punched and have a beer. Repeat. One beer per bar, then you're on your own. Besides the start, there's no particular order.

Pick a route and On-On!

#### Hawk and Dove

329 Pennsylvania Av. SE

#### Tune Inn

331.5 Pennsylvania Av. SE  
\$1 off burgers, rail drinks,  
draft pints or pitchers.

#### Capitol Lounge

229 Pennsylvania Av. SE  
Additional beers: \$3

#### Pour House

319 Pennsylvania Ave. SE



What is the difference between a genealogist and a gynecologist?  
One looks up the family tree and the other looks up the family Bush.



# 1000<sup>th</sup> Weekend Saturday Trails

You wanks have four trails to pick from, all depending on how enthusiastically you participated in the Friday night pubcrawl. Three of the four are A to A from the Hunt Club. All include multiple refreshment checks—after all who would want an un-refreshed half-brane wandering around the party? For the three A-A trails starting at the Hunt Club, hash time is 10 AM! For those bussing in, get on the bus at 9 AM. In alphabetical order, you can select from:

**Digby's Revenge (orange flour):** an A to A wooded loop with mind-boggling hare treachery throughout. Wade a few creeks, get your brakes checked at a back-check or two just in time to be refreshed at a secluded beer stop. Moderate PI potential, a handful of creek crossings and horny hashers abound on this 3.5 mile trail. Can Digby do it? What does he have in store? Hared by: **DumbBlonde, WangChunks, IndianaBoneAndTheTamponOfDoom, and Twazuuuup.**

**Mud, Sweat & Beers (red flour):** this is the long A to B that starts in Tysons. The "first bus" will meet you at 8:00 AM at East Falls Church Metro to schlep you out to the 9AM start at the end of Westwood Center Dr (note if you drive there, you're on your own for a ride back). Yes, there's lots of mud. Except a few select harriettes who only glow, you will get sweaty, and there will be no shortage of beer. Over the rivers and through the woods to the Hunt Club we go. 10 miles of trail, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile of asphalt—so they claim (don't believe these guys when they talk length). Small swims or large wades? you be the judge. Hared by: **AssFinder, TwoLipsInBush, MondayStickyMonday, CrouchingDragQueenHiddenBoner & PutItOut.**

**The Ramble (live hared):** for those who truly understand this is a drinking club, not a running team. Most of these wankers' vision will just be clearing as the \$50B\*tch is flapping her arms for Father Abraham. Most will fill their vessels before setting out on this arduous A to A walking trail across the scenic Vagina Countryside. With three hares, no one should get lost, right? They'll stop off for a re-group/re-fill before crashing a beer check out there somewhere, than strolling on back to chow down at the party. 2.5 mile trail devised by these veteran walkers: **DesignerBush, KeilBastard & RoadWhore.**

**White House Classic (blue flour):** think back to yesteryear when hashing was all about getting drunk, spending a long night hitting on cute hashers and then trying to not get fired Monday morning—oh, that's what you do now? No worries, this is a very classy operation they've put tog+ether for this trail. A to A. Woods? Yep. Hills? Check. Water and maybe a swim? Uh-huh. Shots? Got'em. And then, a refreshing beer check just when you were really needing it. Crosses hill and dale, promises to reflect the pinnacle of hare ingenuity at all phases—these wabbits ain't fast, the're damn devious! Just under 4 miles, hared by **MissDirections, PayPerView, RearAreaSecurity and 'Snot.**



SATURDAY, MAY 7

# WH4 Turns 1000!

**LOCATION:** Fairfax Hunt Club, 1321 Lake Fairfax Dr, Reston Virginia. ADC map page 6 G-1 Look it up!



*Hares on Ice?  
Bad Bad Wabbits!!*

**BUS TRANSPORTATION:** WH4 is providing bus transport from the EAST Falls Church Metro. The metro station is on the Orange Line in Falls Church, VA. Please take public transportation, especially if you plan on consuming large quantities of alcohol--getting hammered that is. If you park in the metro lot you need a metro CARD to pay to the \$2 fee (no cash taken).



**VERIFICATION OF REGISTRATION:** If you are taking the bus, there will be verification of registration there. If you have not registered, you have to register before getting on a bus. Bring money if this is you. WoWo will be there to collect your money. He is a strong man and will wrestle you if he has to. No registration = no bus.

**MUD SWEAT & BEERS / LONG TRAIL:** If you got your beauty sleep and want a 10 mile trail, bus departs the EAST FC metro station at 8:00 AM! It is A to B and starts nowhere near the Hunt Club. Bag vehicle will haul your hash sack. Be prepared. Good luck. God speed.

**ALL OTHER TRAILS:** Buses for the remaining three trails will be departing on a rolling basis starting at 9:00 AM. If you want to hash today, you MUST be on a bus no later than 9:30 AM. Last bus will depart EAST Falls Church metro at 10:15 AM. If you are on this 10:15 AM bus YOU WILL NOT BE AT THE HASH START ON TIME. You certainly will be able to join in the festivities at the Hunt Club, but if you are not at the metro at or close to 9:00 AM, you are too late to hash.

**PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION:** If you miss the WH4 Buses, you're on your own to get out to the Hunt Club. Best bet if you don't want to miss the whole thing is calling a cab. Taxi for \$25 - \$35. Red Top Cab's number is 703.934.4444. White Top Cab's number is 703.644.4500. Tysons Corner Yellow Cab's number is 703.534.1111. Vienna Cab Company's number is 703.938.7272.

CONTINUED?? Yes, THERE'S MORE on the next page!!



## More Hash Day Info . . .

**DRIVING:** Drive out to the Hunt Club at your own risk. Parking is limited and it's just smarter to take provided transportation. Hash time is 10:00.

**OFFICIAL 1000<sup>th</sup> SIGN IN:** If you're hashing Mud Sweat and Beers (long trail) you will officially sign-in and receive your goodies after your hashing experience. If you are doing one of the other three trails, you will be able to officially sign in at the Hunt Club before your trail begins. If lines are long and you would rather drink beer before trail, you are welcome to sign-in after your trail IF you are preregistered. IF YOU ARE A DAY-OF REGISTRANT, you will be required to sign-in and register before your trail. No bracelet = No hashing.

**BEER:** Beer will be provided on the buses. So will garbage bags. If you want to consume beer before boarding a bus, bring your own damn beer. There will be lots of beer at the Hunt Club.

**ON-IN:** Beer, Food, Beer, Music, Beer, Entertainment, and Beer will be provided. Please thank the volunteers--you might even pull off a dirty stay out!

**RETURN BUSES:** Buses transporting your lazy, but smart ass from the Hunt Club back to the EAST Falls Church Metro are scheduled to start running at 3:00, with the last bus leaving the hunt club at 4:00 p.m. We just might modify this schedule if we see fit. We'll at least attempt to notify you if the schedule changes. Don't get left at the Hunt Club! Only 40 people will fit on the last bus.



A hasher's wife was at her lawyer's getting advice about a divorce. "He makes excessive sexual demands on me, Mr. Jones." "How do you mean?" "Well, Mr. Jones," says the farmer's wife, "this morning I was looking at the chickens when he crept up behind me and had me from behind!" "Chickens? Mrs. Smith, there're no chickens in DC!" "There aren't, Mr. Jones. This was in Safeway!"



## SATURDAY NIGHT THE DOWNTOWN PARTY



**TIME:** 7:00-10:00 p.m.

**LOCATION:** Tequila Beach, located in the heart of downtown DC: 1115 F St. NW, 202/393-5463. The closest metro is Metro Center, located on the Red, Orange, and Blue lines.

**WHAT:** Beer, appetizers, dancing, drinking, and more beer.

**DETAILS:** Doors open at 7:00. If you go straight from the trail to the evening party, you will have to find another bar to drink in on your own until 7:00. They open to the public at 10:00. We can stay, but we're on our own tab then.

**NOTE:** The TRAIL-ONLY price does NOT include this party. Do yourself a favor and pay the full weekend price if you want to attend this event. We won't deny you entry if you show up at the door, but the price you pay will be determined by the mood of WoWo and Fiddy at the time of your arrival.

**APRES BARS:** The party goes on. SemenOnThePew and DuckJob are working on a list of welcoming bars in the area after 10:00 Details TBA

## SUNDAY MORNING RECOVERY TRAIL

**TIME:** 10:00 AM SHARP (and we REALLY mean be on time!)

**LOCATION:** The end of K Street, NW, directly underneath the Key Bridge in Georgetown, DC.



**HARES:** HardDrive, MellowForeskinCheese and WaxOnWacksOff

**CLOSEST METRO:** Rosslyn, located on the Orange lines. Get off and walk across the Key Bridge, wind your way down the path and across the canal and down the steps to K Street and look for SSBB and wankers!

**DETAILS:** A memorable recovery trail. Don't miss the boat on this event! We have a limited space, so if you are not on time, you risk being stranded.



# All For the Love of Beer

What would you do if you had to transport three or four kegs to the hash each week and nobody would volunteer their vehicle for fear of it being trashed? You could do as RearAreaSecurity did



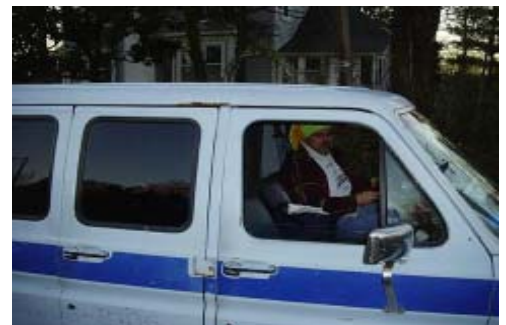
one time and put one keg in the trunk and another in the passenger seat of his MG. So? The problem was that a hasher was sitting on top of

the keg while they were driving through Georgetown. Or you could do as White House ultimately did in 1996. Buy a beer truck.

But this wasn't the ShittShittyBangBang of today, but a large silver panel delivery truck like the ones you see double parked all over town. The results were not totally successful. The first time out, it died at the start at 6<sup>th</sup> and E St and later had to be towed away from the beer check next to



the Museum of Natural History. The second time out, it was busted in Rock Creek Park (Apparently, it could not be legally driven on I-66 or in Rock Creek Park.) Since the registration and legal plates were back at the start, this resulted in a Keystone cop comedy routine whereby GetsOffEz sprinted to s'Nots house for the van's papers and back only to find that the truck and RAS were at the cop shop in Rock Creek Park. Bye-bye silver van. Even then, RAS and RajunCajun were packing when the new purchasers showed up and paid in dirty, crumpled \$5 bills.



After much soul searching and heated discussion among management, Beer Meister RajunCajun came up with our beloved ShiggyShiggyBangBang in early 1997. A lovely blue that blended in most everywhere and looks like a plumber's van. After quite a few hashes, at a very solemn occasion "the beer van" was given her proper hash namesake, courtesy of her keeper at the time, #2.

She's been towed, went three years without any heat, and you don't want to be in the passenger seat during a rain storm. But she's got almost 400 runs under her belt and pretty much doesn't miss a hash. Under the careful tutelage and loving care of first RajunCajun and later #2, PutItOut, MrSoftie, and now F\*ck'emDano these brew meisters and the dedicated Brew Crew, SSBB continues to keep on trucking.

## REGULAR SUNDAY TRAIL?

Yep, it's Sunday so the regular White House trail kicks off at 3PM. Start is at the Rosslyn Metro. But the Junta has no responsibility, so call 202/PUD-JAM-zero for trail info!



# Mo' Hash History than You Ever Wanted!

Of course the White House Hash traces our history on back to 1938 when Stephen Gispert and friends started the hashing tradition in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. Loosely based on the British children's game hare-and-hounds, Gispert and friends wanted to burn off their weekend hangover with a little exercise; nothing was lost however, since they quickly regained their former drunken status with copious amounts of "piss" following the run. They started a tradition that has spread today to over 1600 hashes in every major and many minor cities in the world.

The White House Hash House Harriers continue this tradition and is pleased to be celebrating its 1000th run. Welcome to the "Gispert Family Reunion". Check out this rambling little accounting of how and where we got here, and who was leading the charge. Thanks to Marty "Garfield" Hanratty, Richard "SpinalTap" Fitzgerald, Jenny "\$50B\*tch" Mallard and Bill "MellowForeskinCheese" Wagner for scratching the cobwebs off and coming up with all this stuff!

## In the Beginning

The White House Hash was founded June 23, 1987 by Monica "SmoothOperator" La Plain, John "Ahab" Epple, Thomas "NoPopCorn" Osorio, Marly "WrongWay" van de Ven, Chad Freckmann, Jacky Taylor and Susie Cummings. Bill Daoulas showed up at the third run and Spinal Tap at the 48th run. Garfield soon followed.

By March 1988, it was decided that the wankers running the show should be formally punished by actually assigning them positions ("Who's on top?") within the White House hash. The name "White House Hash" originated over (no suprise) a few beers. They figured it was a Washington landmark they could claim, since Sue was working for Reagan there at the time. Plus, they liked that the logo could be WH"4" instead of most kennels "3" -- figuring more is always better! MisManagement's first order of business naturally was to screw with the runs, this time to ensure the WH4 50th run would not fall on Memorial Day, but instead on the weekend of

June 4/5, 1988.

Upholding the hash tradition, WH4 is known for wild ON-ON-ONS, funny circles, police surveillance and the annual Camping trips and Holiday Parties. Many of us will never forget the Arlington run where the police showed up, uninvited, and told us

the Anacostia River in S.E., when the Hashers and a train decided to share the road, so to speak. RajunCajun's dog decided to challenge said train, but escaped unharmed after bouncing off the wheels. (We later named it "Un-trained.")

As WH4 grew from a small hash of 25 to 30 weekly runners downing a few cases of beer to now often over 100 and multiple kegs, it has experienced many changes besides numbers. MisManagement has de-volved as well, going from the first efforts at organizing chaos cited above to today's highly bureaucratic mismanagement—bigger itself than many hashes. You know ... the fall of Rome and all that crap.

### The 1st WH4 MisManagement:

- Grand Master: Chad Freckman
- Hash Beer: John Epple
- Hash Cash: Monica Le Plain
- Hash Lash: Jim Joosten
- On-On Sec: Mo Brennan
- Joint On-On Sec: Gay Eddis
- Rotating Religious Advisers: Mike Hebert & Thomas Osario

to pour out the beer or face a full body cavity search. Hashers not missing any opportunity to get naked, quickly disrobed and assumed the position. Not to be missed was the Jennifer Flowers Memorial Run in front of the White House (lunch at the Oval Office is something to which we have never been invited). Or the trail across the CSX bridge over

## Who Hashes Here?

Like our city, White House has always had many transient wankers who pass through--some a few weeks, others a few years. While military hashers have always been stalwarts of White House, the composition of the hash has changed over time. In the 80s and early 90s, White House had a distinct interna-

What's the difference between puppies and hashers ? Puppies eventually grow up.



DairyQueen, Tittly-Winks, PutItOut & HolyTit! enjoy a Cinderella Downdown

tional flavor with many members working for International Organizations like the UN, World Bank, IMF and diplomats from the Australian, British, and Dutch Embassies.

The Dutch Embassy in particular was a favorite venue for runs and parties. The Dutch Marines were great Hashers, both before trail, on trail, and after trail. They set some doozies, most of which involved a schnapps check. White House Hashers also frequented the Australian Embassy Happy Hours and parties. Today the kennel more typically reflects the local population of the DC area. Not to say there aren't periodic invasions over time of certain subspecies—such as Wisconsin Cheeseheads or the Yongsam Kimchi Hash contingent, which produced two GMS, and other notable groups that have come and gone over the years such as the Chiclets and the Brady Bunch. All have contributed their talents to the White House lore.

The first T-shirt was a drawing of the White House with a bunch of beer drinking hares all over it and a balloon coming out of the building with "Reagan Here, Still Checking". That classic design has endured and is still used today. The first notable t-shirt to commemorate a run was for #69 the Pre-Erection Run—something scatological involving the other George Bush. It was black, hand-drawn—no PhotoShop in those days. The first Mis-Management t-shirt was produced and distributed by FrothBlower and the hash has been cranking out T-shirts and other profane haberdashery ever since. **there's more, keep reading!**

Almost ten years ago some of my friends in the Minnesota State Society decided we'd get together Friday night to tip back a brew and long for the homeland. Next thing I know someone invites a Wisconsinite and the dang cheeseheads take over!



One day I decide it'd be a great idea to invite some of my new found Hash friends, and now they've commandeered it. No matter what advice I give, those half-brains show up at "Happy Hour" just in time to miss the drink specials, and then wind up staying all night.

Happy 1000th WH4!

B'Bob

### WH4 Family Tree

*(Everybody's begat by somebody)*

- 1938 -- Kuala Lumpur, The Mother Hash
- └ 1962 -- Singapore H3
- └ 1970 -- Hong Kong H3
- └ 1977 -- Islamabad H3
- └ 1979 -- Carthage H3
- └ 1982 -- Vindobona H3 (Vienna)
- └ 1987 -- WHITE HOUSE H3
  - └ 1992 -- Santa Fe 1 H3
  - └ 1994 -- Alex / Arl H3 (d. 1995)
  - └ 1995 -- Tien Shan H3 (Kazakhstan)
  - └ 1999 -- Everyday is Wednesday H3

OTHER AREA HASHES. FOUNDING DATES & PARENTS

- DCH3 (the men) 1972, Kuala Lumpur
- DCH4 (Harriers & Harriettes) 1978, Ladies of Hong Kong H3
- Great Falls H3 1982, San Jose HHH
- Mount Vernon H3 1985, Sumari H3
- DC Full Moon 1988, DCH4

*Info is from Hash Genealogist "Tumbling Bill" Panton and is online at <http://hashheritage.com>*



# Hash History Book, Chapter 23 -- Trails continued

There have always been favorite trail areas that we return to time and again. The Mall, the streets and alleys around 1600 Pennsylvania Ave, Arlington (legend is a WH4 hare's arrow from 1995 is still visible in the Washington-Lee High School parking deck). Rock Creek park, with all the trails, creek crossing and opportunities for malicious back checks, remains prime hash territory, including the hills around s'Not and DeathMarch's old place, with its swimming pool and patio. Another infamous hash venue, Forest Glen hosted WH4 events over the years, including Run 369, the infamous "Let Go Of My Ears..." shorts, poison ivy, tunnels under the Beltway, and the next day's Fat Boys' Run (first one for WH4, possibly), led by MrMagoo pulling a little red wagon with a keg on it. OK, time for a break from history: Why does a penis have a hole in the end? So hashers can be open minded. Phew, OK, on we go.

1995 saw the arrival of BlackBox—and a walker's trail. First viewed as a nuisance by the runners and hares, this has now become a staple of most of the DC area hashes. Over the years, certain traditional theme trails have developed, such the Bill Wagner Birthday Hash, the St. Patti's Day Hash, the Ecobitch Hash, and others. And WH4 always has a huge contingent at the annual Red Dress Run.

## Traditions

WH4 shares much with Hashes all over the world—beer, pisspots, songs about beer and pisspots, a way for people anywhere and everywhere to get together and have a good time. However, White House like every hash has developed a



Goofy and RAS circumambulate Burning Man

number of traditions or characteristics along the way that express its unique personality. One giving each Virgin a name just for their

Virgin run—only to have hecklers from the vagina or penis gallery top it with their own cat call. In addition to recognizing hashers with a 25 run Mug on a lanyard, those who stick around for 100 runs are rewarded with an engraved pewter mug. Two other traditions, thanks to Lobotomy, are the White House National Anthem and Cheer.

WH4 is also renowned for the periodic announcement at the Circle:



MrSofty and JackOffLantern load kegs into the river for tubing.

"Hashers, Hashers, today we have a very solemn occasion—a NAMING!" Classic early WH4 names include PenisFlyTrap, ToplessSkateboardingNun, AmeliaAirhead, and the CremeDeLaCreme, yelled at the highest possible decibel volume, "You're an Asshole!" to which the only proper response is "No, You're an Asshole!"

The post-trail WH4 tradition remains beer and snacks and a raucous circle. Food, socializing and sobering up are left for the oNoNoN. A favorite location in the late 80s and early 90s was The Zebra Room at Wisconsin and Macomb. It isn't the fancy coffee house and lounge with the same name that occupies the location now, but the dive bar which the Honorable Carl Albert made famous by passing out in every night while he was one heart beat away from the Presidency following Richard Nixon's resignation. It's also the site of the first WH4 elections. They always gave us the "outside" room, which could comfortably hold about 25 people—of course 50 or so hashers packed on in to drink—and they even tolerated Hash songs pretty well. In fact, our loud and bawdy singing resulted in the neighbors calling the police on us on more than a few occasions.

there's more, keep reading!



# WH4 Hall of Fame Grand Masters and Mistresses

Those chosen few who along with their crew of helpers ensure that once a week we have an excuse to gather, drink beer, get rowdy, drink more beer, engage in all manner of perverse behavior, drink more beer, sing songs, and lest we forget, provide our club with that "running problem." We apologize for any inaccuracies or omissions. Beer does take its toll.

- 1987 Bill Daoulas
- 1988 Chad Frecmann
- 1989 Joop Bluemink
- 1990 Joop Bluemink & Marty "MobyDick/Garfield" Hanratty
- 1991 Marty "Moby Dick/Garfield" Hanratty
- 1992 Laura "ClassyChassis" Grant & Marty "Moby Dick/Garfield" Hanratty
- 1993 Tony "Froth Blower" Ayerbee & John "Ahab" Epple
- Chris "Mole' Nelson
- 1994 Bob "Shooting Blanks" Wright
- 1995 Steve "RearAreaSecurity" St. Clair
- 1996 Steve "RAS" St. Clair
- 1997 Al "Had-A-Madam" Hendricks & Pam "Watergate" Saypta
- 1998 Richard "Spinal Tap" Fitzgerald & Glenn "Cyclops" Schoen
- 1999 Bill "BigBirdTurd" Wagner & Pete "WhereDaFakHawe" Marceau
- 2000 Samone "PerkaSet" Johnson & Jackie "FussyBitch" Appleby & Bill "BigBirdTurd" Wagner
- 2001 Jen "\$50Bitch" Nord Mallard
- Jen "RaiseMyTitanic" Sarajian
- 2002 Tim "WaxOnWacksOff" Joseph & Jay "DuckJob" Mallard
- 2003 Steve "RoadWhore" Reiche & Wendy "ToughWomanInGreen" Lagemann
- 2004 Jenn "Tit-lyWinks" Ball & Bill "MellowForeskinCheese" Wagner
- Adrienne "BadDitch" Newman & Christie "IndianaBone&theTempleofPoon" Getman



Tony "FrothBlower" Ayerbee  
1993 GrandMaster

### IN MEMORIAM

The White House Hash has meant a lot of things to a lot of people. For some, it has been an instant social life when they arrived in DC. For others, it has provided an enjoyable and different way of spending Sunday afternoon or Monday night. Weather permanent or temporary, some hashers have met their partner, got married and had children. Many others have simply made lasting friendships. Alas on the Hash, as in daily life, where there's happiness, there is also sadness. Over the years a number of our friends have gone on to the ultimate hash, including

- William "DeathMarch" Bergquist
- Tony "FrothBlower" Ayerbee
- Ellie "SpicyTunaRoll" Yawata
- Leslie Anne "AddADickToMe" Ebert
- Dave "SuckEatAndLei" Scott

Although with us a short time, our departed hash friends will always be remembered for the friendship and joy that they added to our lives.



# Man This Hash is OLD . . . Still More History, continued

sions. The owners didn't care, and the kitchen staff twice brought out pitchers if "we would do that thing with the condoms over our heads" (Head, who said head? I'll take some of that and I did and then we fucked . . .). Condom races became renowned and FrothBlower was the champ.

Another favorite oNoNoN spot was the Marine bar at the Dutch Embassy. Again, a place well suited for 20 that 40 or so of us would attend. But the price was right, and they served Heineken. Another annual après, of a more sophisticated nature, is the Hangover run and brunch hosted by HasherHumper and SpinalTap.

## Road Show

White House hashers have just got to get out of town once in a while. There's now a long tradition of blow out summer camping weekends. The first was in 1993 at a state park in WestByGawdVirginia, where HasherHumper and SpinalTap got busted for being on the lake in an inflatable raft without approved flotation devices and not spreading the word that swimming was verboten. This became significant when the rangers canoed over to where the nude swimming and sunbathing were taking place. AirBiscuit and PussyWhipped diving naked from the top branches of a dead tree into a stump filled lake? Something aint right about that boy. The weekends gradually evolved to today's annual campout and tubing trip with themes like Band Camp, Summer Hoe Down, and Bible Camp.

Perhaps the most notable campout was the second Pagan Party in June of 1995 at the digs of ShootingBlanks and BarFly in Keedysville, MD. (The original Pagan Party, was in the Adams Morgan neighborhood in 1990, complete with Stonehenge and a sacrificial altar. It was based on the must-see outrageous 1970s movie, The Wickerman, watched by Mis-management and used as an inspirational tool. ) Anyway, the cops showed up at 3 a.m and asked it the party was still going to be going on after 4 when they got off duty.

In addition to the normal debauchery, RA-for-Life Ahab, spearheaded the burning of the wickerman with firecrackers and rockets inside in a huge fire, and the sacrifice of The Virgin, who

first heard about the hash at MellowForeskinCheese's 50th Birthday Party the night before. Rumor has it that unbeknown to the hash, a neighbor caught the whole sinful ritual on tape, which now circulates around the country in certain fundamentalist churches to prove the evils of drinking. Although we no longer sacrifice anything other than brain cells, we do engage in other mindless activities like Jello and Wesson wrestling, the hash Beer Mile, topless floating keg stands, and midnight naked runs.

Although there always has been a small segment that traveled to Interhash and the various

N a s h  
Hashes, and  
of course  
t h e  
InterAmerica  
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most of the  
early hash  
trips in-  
volved WH4  
h a s h e r s



SpinalTap & HasherHumper

party at an out of town location. There actually was one WH4 trail in the West Indies with naked catamarans and Garfield going overboard and losing all of his money, Frothblower auctioning off his pants on a run through a seedy area, and the bartender hosing down the entire bar to wash away the flour and beer and shorting out the cash register. Then there was the 35 hashers who traveled to the Cleveland 69th Hash on \$19 airline tickets and SwampBitch's one way ticket for "Mr. Keg" that nearly got us thrown off the plane.

International WH4 travel got off to a roaring start in 1998 with DrinksOnMeBud's famous trip to Interhash in Kualu Lumpur by way of the Munich Octoberfest Hash. KL was followed by a week of hashing in Phuket which culminated in the famous Boat Hash and the 9 hour pub crawl in the KL air-

don't give up, you're half-way!



## Hash to Remember: The Timeline

**June 23, 1987:** 1st Running of the White House Hash House Harriers  
**October 10, 1988:** 69<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Pre-Erection Run  
**September 17, 1990:** 169<sup>th</sup> hash - Arlington, VA  
**July 2, 1992:** 269<sup>th</sup> hash - Victoria's Secrets Run, Arlington, VA  
**May 1, 1993:** 300<sup>th</sup> Run  
**August 14/15, 1993:** 330<sup>th</sup>-331<sup>th</sup> hash - WV Romp in the Woods, Martinsburg, WV  
**January 14, 1995:** WH4 Xmas Party Hampton Towers Penthouse  
**January 15, 1995:** 400<sup>th</sup> hash - Union Station, DC  
**April 12, 1996:** 469<sup>th</sup> hash - McLean VFW  
**October 5, 1996:** 500<sup>th</sup> hash - McLean VFW; gloves giveaway  
**June 21, 1995:** WH4 Pagan Party, Keedysville, MD  
**January 17, 1998:** WH4 Christmas Party, Forest Glen Ballroom,  
**January 18, 1998:** 569<sup>th</sup> hash Post-Christmas-Party Hash, Forest Glen Metro, MD  
**June 13/14, 1998:** 594<sup>th</sup> hash - Alien Seduction Pagan Party, Keedysville, MD  
**July 25, 1998:** 600<sup>th</sup>: McLean VFW. This was also known as the "Sick-Hundreth Hash & Hurl 600<sup>th</sup>" (salmonella was served)  
**February 26, 1999:** 53 WH4 "Lewinsky Interns" Invade New Orleans for Mardis Gras Hash  
**July 9-11, 1999:** Summer of Satan: #666-669 Weekend, Front Royal, VA

**January 23, 1999:** WH4 Christmas Party, Forest Glen Ballroom  
**January 20, 2000:** WH4 Xmas Party at Eagles Club in Alexandria (beware Tidewater)  
**May 20, 2001:** Trail #769 at Fort Hunt Park in Alexandria  
**July 28-30, 2000:** American Pie Band Camp, Luray, VA  
**January 27, 2001:** Holiday Party at Fairfax Hunt Club (Jester Cap giveaway)  
**July 20-21, 2001:** Hash Bible Camp, Little Orleans, MD  
**August 17, 2001:** First DC Hash Beer Mile, Rockville MD  
**November 18, 2001:** 800<sup>th</sup> Hash, Capitol Hill and Remingtons: "800 Crummy Trails & Not A One on Time"  
**02/02/02:** WH4 Holiday Party at Arlington Legion. Classic Sleazy Hash Calendar giveaway.  
**July 19-21, 2002:** Circus Maximus Camp, Little Orleans, MD  
**September 15, 2002:** Hash #850 The Spinal-Humper 1000<sup>th</sup>. HasherHumper & SpinalTap celebrate 1000 WH4 trails (400 her and 600 him) with a roast at Forest Glen.  
**February 16, 2003:** Run #874 Blizzard Run to the Harrys, the only bar open in town  
**July 18-20, 2003:** Summer Ho-Down, Red Rock Campground, Bentonville, VA  
**August 11-13 2004:** Camp Olympdicks Tubing, Red Rock Campground, Bentonville, VA  
**May 6-8, 2005:** WH4 1000<sup>th</sup> Weekend Celebration! Fairfax Hunt Club Reston, VA

## Hash-tory

continued

port on the way home. Another hash invasion of note was in 1999 when 50 White House hashers dressed as Cum-Stained Monica Lewinsky Interns drank a Continental flight dry enroute to the Mardis Grash Hash. The bartenders got conditioned into making up "Shark Attacks" and "Hand Grenades" when they saw us coming. Then in 2003 PoodleF\*cked rounded up 30 hashers to fly over to Finland for the weekend and take in the Helsinki H3's "Hole in the Ice" party. It wasn't until the next year in Cardiff that the Finns figured out he didn't really think he was in Sweden the whole time.

White House hashers are now found at most every major interhash event, including large contingents at Americas and World Interhashes. Bay to Breakers, numerous Nash Hashes, Betty Ford, 1000<sup>th</sup> trails in Madrid and Beijing--nobody has more fun on the road like a hasher.

### Parties & Hash\*t!

Over the years WH4 has decorated a mess of HashSh\*t's. The first weighed 10 lb and consisted of a sword with a ball at the end—SgtBubbles was awarded it for a royal screw up on trail. Gradually the hash sh\*t transitioned to a lovely plunger (you can't drink out of a sword) which every carrier must decorate in the way he/she sees fit. Some hashshits have really racked up the frequent flyer miles. In '99 the it was kid-

turn the page

If a fire fighters' business can go up in smoke, and a plumbers' business can go down the drain, can a hooker get laid off?



# The End of White House History ... for Now

napped by then-living-in-Africa Garfield who sold it into slavery in Harare to travel the continent. Two years later AssFinder was spotted with the WH4 hashshit atop the Great Wall of China.

White House has always been



3 Amigos: Garfield, MrMagoo & MellowForeskinCheese

an extremely social hash. Parties and special events apart from running have always been a part of its tradition. The annual Christmas party has become the hash social event of the year in DC. The Forest Glen Ballroom, now condemned for asbestos contamination, was the site of several, including during the 1996 Blizzard. There were famous July 4th hashes and pool parties at 'Snot and DeathMarch's house on Oregon Ave. or the Wagner Bros. Parties which led to many hash names. Not to mention drunken hot tub parties all over the area or a slew bashes at the current hash party central, the Washington Blvd American Legion Post. All have one thing in common: White House Hashers enjoy each other's company.

Although White House has the reputation as a young, singles hash, this enjoyment of each

other's company has led to more than a few weddings and where there are marriages there are new generations of hashers. Bill and Sue Daoulas, ShootingBlanks and BarFly, s'Not and Ukhugh, BodyShots and ThumperPumper, JimmyHendrix and OralGina, BiteMeElmo & GreatBallsOfFire, MillerLowLife & BlondeRoots, Yanker'sAweigh and Nocturalemissions, StoolSample and TheBody, Chappaquickdick and StandardDeviant, Cyclops and LatinAnalyst, HadaMadam and BeastieBush, Vominatrix and ShellackingTheBishop, \$50Bitch and DuckJob, TriAssAThong and ShlongTimeComing. Fussy Bitchand OilOfNoLay, HawaiianPuke and TurkeyTimer, DumbBlonde and TransparentD., Eat MeForBreakfast and JiffyLube and many other WH4 couples now abound.

## Moving On

Like with every living institution, there are things that we used to do, but don't do any more, or as much. Sing Hash songs and tell jokes at ON-ON-ONS. Make sure the beer goes "on them", as opposed to the ground in back. Actually give Down-Downs for not waiting for 20 (or some other number) at a Check. Down-downs out of cans—full ones. Drink full mugs for down-downs. Times change a bit, and so do we.

18 years and over 1000 runs is quite a milestone. White House Hashers have spawned a few other kennels out there, including Everyday Is Wednes-

day five years ago. The White House Hash remains a touchstone for many folks passing through Washington looking for friends, a bit of a work out, a good time like only hashers can have, and of course, beer. Visitors are welcomed every week and presented with a souvenir



\$50Bitch instructs two new beer-bitches

WH4 mug.

The character of the White House hash changes along with the personalities of the Hashers who come and go—and there are thousands of ex-white House Hashers out there who in large or small part helped make the Hash what it is today. The one thing that hasn't changed is the spirit of the White Hash Hash. Every week (though it was close a couple of times) for 18 years and 1000 runs (what is the actual number?) people from all sorts of backgrounds get together, meet old friends and make new ones, relax, work up a sweat (or not), drink a lot of beer (or maybe not much beer), and have a good time. Now we move onwards towards our second thousand.

**ON ON YOU WILD PEOPLE, ON ON!**

If a motorist cuts you off, just turn the other cheek. Nothing gets the message across like a good mooring.