

The Trash

White House Hash House Harriers

“eh, pourabeer on'em”

March 30, 2003

Hash # 880

of Music than Father A.

A Georgetown start can only mean one thing- hills, hills, and more hill- and of course our hares, **Duck Job**, **Sloppy Ho**, **\$50 Bitch**, and **Monday Sticky Monday**, are all about the pain. But how much can we complain; the hare warned us to bring ID 'cause we got **Ducky's** credit and the pitchers are on him.

The trail went up to the towpath. Can't tell you much more than that, because this Scribe went one way, but it wasn't the same way as the trail, and it took awhile to catch up to the pack. As luck would have it, **Suzy Chaplips** and her visitor **PokeHer Face**, from Pittsburgh, came cruising over the Key Bridge towards the start- from two blocks away, I could hear **Suzy** snap, “f*uckers, they've already started! It's not even 3:30.” You see such great things from the back of the pack, like cuming around a bend and finding **Read End Loader** pissing on your foot, because he is too damn lazy to even step off the trail. Or, **Put It Out** getting carried across the creek by **Prison Prom Queen**, and **U.S. Boobs and Oral Report** whining about getting her shoes wet- she's such a delicate little flower.

ruin it by neglecting to wax. No guy wants to go down on a gorilla salad.

- Try to plan ahead, so you are not more than two or three months pregnant for your prom.
- If you were not asked to prom, you can still have fun by putting on a dress, buying a taco-salad party platter from the local Pic-N-Save, and dancing in your bedroom as a portable radio plays the latest Top 40 hits.
- Don't feel pressure to have sex just because it's prom night. Stopping at a tongue up the ass is perfectly acceptable.

For more information on hashing in the D.C. Metro area go to www.dchashing.org/; or call 202-232-HASH ext 7#.

Want to see how they do it in far away places? Check out <http://gototheshash.net>.

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Good to the last drop!



Finally, after ascending to 22,000 feet, we got to the beer check. There was a scuffle among the walkers, with some loose talk of **Organ Grinder** not being able to find her *ss with both hands- seems like she couldn't find the walker's trail either. **Just Mike** was crowned Beer Bitch, and I must say, in addition to being stacked, he did an admirable job slinging pitchers. After the beer check, the trail wound its way down from the clouds, to M St., and into the Rhino Bar, where **Ducky's** credit card could be put to better use than buying **\$50 Bitch** a new iron (wo)man bike.

As the circle came to disorder, the hares were **Finally Released, the Ingredients of Viagra:** shitty trail. The pack was kind to the hares, 3% Vitamin E

because I think we all expected a dry run of the forthcoming Eco-Bitch trail, and we 2% Aspirin only had to run a Half-Eco-Bitch, or maybe it was just a Half-Bitch trail. No virgins 2% Ibuprofen came out to play with us- a first for a White House G-town start- who needs the lazy 1% Vitamin C wankers anyway- wait...., wait, we have a late entry **Just Ellen**, brought in by **Ass** 20% Spray Starch **Fixiation** as our lone, brave virgin. We honored our two visitors; **Just Justin** from 67% Fix-A-Flat the Emerald Isle Hash (wherever the f*ck that is) and **PokeHer Face** from the scenic Pittsburgh. Violations had a cast of thousands; **Iron Madden** for being too sexy for herself, the evil **Two Lips**, **Telecum**, **Ass Fixiation**, **Red Eye Vagina** because he still doesn't know the WH4 song, **Ate A Puss** for miscellaneous crimes and misdemeanors, **Vominatrix** and **Shellacking the Bishop** for what else- r*cing, **Wax On Wacks Off** for the shitty weather, **Ducky** for being a bad hare, blah, blah, blah.

A few analverseries; **Hare Pie** and **Evil Jesus** with 69 runs, **Finger Pickin' Good** with 75 runs, **FAG** with 100 and something runs, and **For Sale or Rent**, sporting her usual winter Armenian refugee fashion, with 325 runs.



There was much contention over the who really deserved the Hash Shit. Is it **Ducky** for screwing up the PUD-JAM0 message one more time? Is it **Put It Out** for his lady-like stream crossing? Is it **For Sale or Rent** for fashion faux pas that would make an iron worker cry? Is it **Hare PPPPPie** for a fantastic doggie dump? No, the Hash Shit goes to **\$50 Bitch** for not keeping **Ducky** on a short enough leash.

Our very scared occasion involved **Just Jason** who is an Army nurse and likes pigs. (Could you ask for anything better for a naming?) After much work and discussion in the frigid weather, the hash spoke its pitifully small mind, and **Just Jason** is now to be known at White House, and in the World of Hashing, as **3-2-1 Fuckoff**. Now he and **Go Fuck Yourself** are the designated representatives for all conversations with the law enforcement community. We also honored our brew crew in-training, **Rodeo Fuck**

and **\$50**. You better not pour us foamy beer, or your honors will be stripped.

Announcements

- A care package is being prepared for our brothers and sisters who have been shipped overseas- talk to the Pleasure Palace residents for instructions.
- Mount Vernon H3 Annual General Meeting weekend getaway is May 2-4.
- **Tit-ly Winks** advises that, for all those who placed orders with her, the sex toys are in- the line forms at the rear.
- **Next Full Moon Hash**
Bethesda Pub Crawl
Saturday, April 19th, 2003 6pm sign-in, 7pm start
Hares: Trouser Snake, Evil Jesus, Jesus' Bitch, Dumb and Dumber, and Celtic Climax
Start: Bethesda, Corner of Old Georgetown Road and Wisconsin Avenue (steps from the Metro)
Cost: \$15 for 5 bars!!!

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Directions: Take Metro! seriously....

▪ **Next White House Hash**

Sunday April 13, 2003 3pm

The Tax Man Cumeth (it's time to start being really nice to Master Rebator.)

Start: Dead-End of Westwood Center Dr. in Tysons Corner

Hares: SwingsBothWays, TriAssAThong, PutItOut & MysteryHare

Directions: Beltway to Leesburg Pike/Tysons Corner Exit. Go WEST on Leesburg Pike/Rt 7 1.7 miles and turn LEFT on Westwood Center Dr (just before the Cadillacdealer). Go to the end, park & look for wankers.

Apres: The Ringmaster's Deli: 8607 Westwood Center Dr. They're opening up special for us & will have a meal/drink deal. oNoN.

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