

The Trash

White House Hash House Harriers

"eh, pourabeer on'em"

April, 20 2003

The Christian All-Star Hash

Hash # 883

On the Trail

How can you go wrong with God on your side, well at least with **Evil Jesus, Hail Mary Full of Jizz, Shellacking the Bishop, and Virgin Avec Mary**. Hell, even the Religious Advisor, **WoWo**, got his shit together and delivered some fine weather (after busting his chops all winter, credit where credit is due.) The Christian All-Star hares advised that there would be a turkey/eagle

Nut Mechanic, cruising down the muddy trail was seen loosing his shit, but that typical for a psychiatrist, they're all trying to figure out why their mommies and daddies didn't love them enough- good new though, he got his shit together.

The turkey/eagle split was missed by many of the turkeys which ended up flying with eagles. Apparently, the turkeys expected a billboard, or neon, or some thing like that announcing that split, and could understand that, if short cut, or don't follow the trail, you might miss the split. However, the turkeys that made it on the correct trail might have been better going the other way because the shaggy was reported to be heavier than BS on Capitol Hill.



Boner Finds it Hard

When Marine Corps Capt **Crouching Drag Queen Hidden Boner** applied for entrance into the 2003 Boston Marathon, he had no idea that he would be miles away, deployed to a small town in the southern desert of Iraq, working to help rebuild a country. Indeed, when April 21 came around, it appeared that Boner's hopes of running the legendary marathon had come to an end. But after some internal deliberation, he decided that if he couldn't run Boston's marathon, he would run his own.

Capt. Boner, a Colonial Heights, Va. native, is currently attached to the Office of Reconstruction and Human Assistance: Southern Region, a coalition effort to provide humanitarian and reconstruction assistance in Iraq, and work to restore control of Iraq to the Iraqi people.

"To simplify it, I didn't want Saddam to get the best of me," **Boner** said. "It was his fault that I had to miss my first Boston Marathon. Saddam had already lost his big battle - I wasn't going to let him win this one. "Plus, it was just something to do in my off-time."

Boner measured out a 5.8-kilometer track and did a little math. Seven and one quarter times around would put him roughly at the marathon length of 26.2 miles. However, measuring the course was only the first step to preparing for his run. **Boner** explained, to run a distance of this magnitude, it takes a little bit more work than to "just do it."

"I had been running on a pretty regular basis, doing work ups for the real deal," he said. "But because of the work load here, I just haven't had the time to train the right way, doing my carbohydrate loads and my training runs."

At 110 degrees on an April afternoon, training for a

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JAG Queen Services Iraq

I am in Erbil, a town in Northern Iraq. We are now allowed to talk about where we are. We are finishing up helping the 10th Special Forces group with Northern Iraq. We are now being transferred to the 5th Corps, which is going to run northern Iraq. Beyond that, lots of things are in flux. One note, they are switching our address to coincide with our transfer.

Previously we were in Constanta, Romania. They wanted it secret because they were making regular insertions and extractions from there. Romania to Iraq is about four hours, enough time for them to keep an eye out and shoot down an airplane if they knew what was going on. I liked Romania. The people were friendly, and they like America. They only got their independence 10 years ago, so they understand a war of liberation. They especially laughed at the protestors, offering to trade positions. The world looks differently when you have been oppressed. Romania will be a regional power soon. They have hard working people and adequate government. The area we were in showed the improvements from a capitalist system over time. Romania will be world famous for quality something, they just don't know what yet. In the mean time, they are happy to have soldiers around spending money.

We flew into Iraq on a C-130, doing nap of the earth. Quite a ride, even though no one shot at us. I think the pilots just wanted to have fun. We landed in this mud hole with a paved strip for the C-130 to land on, called Bashur. It was the day Baghdad fell. We had people cheering and waving at us as we drove to Erbil. Northern Iraq is an interesting land. Third world, with pretensions. They seem to think that because they have been here so long that they know how everything should be done. I am helping the base engineer as he is trying to put in water and sewage systems. Falling back on my time as an Environmental Engineer. In America it is pretty well understood that you use landfills, sewage systems, etc. Not here. They think we are insane for insisting that our water come from the lower aquifer, just because they open dump their trash within a mile of the well head. For those wondering, trash includes paint which seeps into the groundwater and printing which has the ink that bleeds and then gets drunk by the locals. They also looked at us like we were insane when we said every person would create, on average, 37 gallons of waste a day. Just because a shower creates 25 gallons, they could not understand why the septic system needed to handle more than 50 gallons per person per week. Did I mention that they all have body odor?

The beer check was a welcome sight emerging just after mile with a remarkable sense of detail and bitch pride- watch

more Boner,

At 110 degrees on an April afternoon, training for a marathon is a difficult endeavor, **Boner** later explained. Prime running conditions are early morning and evening, when the sun is but a sliver in the sky and the desert winds race across the sand to cool the brow. Fortunately for **Boner**, his marathon would begin shortly after the sun slipped below the western horizon.

At 8:30 p.m., simultaneous start time as the Boston Marathon across the globe, **Boner** began his own Boston Marathon, the first unofficial marathon run in a "free Iraq."

Mile after mile, **Boner's** feet pounded the asphalt, running a race pitting man versus himself - or so he thought. As he began his race, an SUV with a flashing blue light pulled up behind him to ensure his safety throughout the run. On his fourth lap, as miles started to wear on his body, his fellow Marines joined him to give him some extra motivation to complete his marathon mission.

"The intangibles in a marathon that help you get through it - the excitement of the crowd, the intensity of the other runners - all the things missing from this run, were more than compensated by my fellow Marines, some of which I had known for less than a week, running with me and standing by to help me out with water and emotional support," he said with a smile. "What I thought would be a long, painful run really turned into a motivating experience I'll never forget. The only difference is that there's no t-shirt at the end of this race."

When it was all said and done, **Boner** finished his "Boston Marathon" in roughly three and a half hours. He said later that his goal wasn't to run the fastest marathon he could, since the next day, he had to return to work, business as usual.

"In the past, I've really killed myself over a race," he said. "This run was different. There was no need to burn myself out over it. The running of the marathon itself was what counted. Not to mention, taxpayers sent me out here to fight a war, not run races."

Since 1996, **Boner** has been serving his country as an officer in the U.S. Marine Corps. Though he thinks his marathon pales in comparison to the efforts of U.S. and coalition forces in battle, and the sacrifices the Iraqi people have made, his fellow service members believe he is a credit to his service and his country.

"The determination Steve displayed in running the Umm Qasr, Iraq version of the Boston Marathon, is the very determination we need to rebuild this country," stated retired Army Brig. Gen. Buck Walters, director of ORHA South.

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More JAG Queen,

The other strange thing about here is that there are NO trees. Saddam apparently came through after Gulf Storm and cut them down to sell the lumber. We are going to start a program to plant trees. Speaking of which, we can definitely use the toys. Just send them to me parcel post to the above address and I will get them distributed.

We are fixing up several schools in the area, I will visit and distribute the toys in the really poor areas. We have a public affairs office that we are working with, so don't be surprised if you get sent a story talking about it. The military bought several hundred soccer balls and several hundred short wave radios for us to

distribute. But now I can truly wish that I were back at Fort Bragg. Here we live in a GP Medium tent with a plywood floor that is laid on 3" by 6" boards. No electricity, No heat, no AC, No water, 12 to a tent. Not really bad, but we are not here for a week. I now remember fondly having 24 hour running hot water. There are 2 cold only showers that are available most of the time (as long as there is water in the 250 gallon gravity feed drum), and four showers that run with warm water during two three hour periods each day. At least there are only 900 people in the camp. I manage a shower about every other day since I don't mind cold showers. I have even taken two warm showers. Internet access is limited since we have to bounce everything off a satellite.

We are currently operating in two towns, Mosul and Kirkuk. I say we, meaning the battalion. I personally have only been around Erbil. But I am helping plan the operations. I try and foresee what specialties will be needed and try to schedule them. But I am working with six other people, each of us trying to make sure our civil affairs soldiers are where they need to be with the right equipment. We are not very successful yet, but we are getting better. Right now the cities resemble a house of cards. Most things work, but there are no backups. All the reserves got chewed up during Saddam's regime or the war. They have a lot of work before the redundancies that we take for granted are in place. Right now everyone is running around, solving problems on the fly. Our ability to put anything other than generic people on a problem is limited.

One other interesting thing is how we hobbled ourselves by saying we would not bomb mosques and hospitals. The Iraqis apparently thought that meant that they could win by using hospitals as command centers and mosques as storage yards. Made for some great pictures though. The other funny military intelligence rumor going around is that we dropped leaflets telling the Iraqi army to park their vehicles in squares if they were giving up. Apparently the translation was slightly off. Apparently you can confuse park and bury. The Iraqis were wondering why we were still bombing them as they buried their vehicles in big squares. And we were wondering why they were trying to hide their vehicles from satellites by burying them, but at least they were in big squares so the bombs worked really well. It only took us a week to figure that one out. I still get pictures in my head as these generals are trying to figure out how to keep their army together for the new government and wondering why we wanted them to bury their vehicles.



the Trail continued,

out \$50. Coming out of the beer check, **Dumb and Dumber** was asking if anyone had seen his wife (**Celtic Climax**), as she didn't show at the beer check, and if they found her would they mind giving her a ride home (he didn't seem to want to go looking for her- ahh, hash love.)

The Circle

First into the circle were the hares **Evil Jesus**, **Hail Mary Full of Jizz**, **Shellacking the Bishop**, and **Virgin Avec Mary- Sister Michael**, our visitor from the Bulgaria Hash, joined in as an honorary hare. The pack seems a little cranky because so many of our Turkeys missed the split and were forced to fly with the Eagles. After doing their down-downs, calls came for another round to match the shitty quality of their trail. Then things became more ugly, as the pack called out to "ice the Hares" and several bags of ice came flying out of nowhere. **Virgin Avec Mary** wondered over and plopped down on the ice. The pack was extremely dissatisfied with this demanding "bare skin on the ice." **VAM**, as usual, flipped of the pack and lit a cigarette. Then, **Hail Mary** went over and sat on **VAM's** lap. The lez thing is always good, of course, but there wasn't skin anywhere near the ice. **Hasher Humper**, disgusted with this lack of ice etiquette, marched into the circle, pulled down her pants, and hit the ice, bare-assed, demonstrating proper technique (except of the rubbing

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the balls part). More interestingly, **Hasher Humper** advised the circle that she has no problem *going down*, in fact she enjoys it, but getting up can be a problem. When Hasher Humper finally got up off the ice, over visitor, **Sister Michael**, put his nose down to the ice, sniffed, and gave it a few lick- God only know what else they do for fun in Bulgaria. Finally, **Evil Jesus**, being the Savior that he is, put the knife-edge of his ass onto the ice, and the circle continued.

The Virgins were next into the circle. There was some loose talk that we might have lost a virgin on trail, but nobody seems sure. In any case our virgin, **Just Ron**, brought to us by our lovely Grand Mistress **TWIG**, seemed to enjoy the trail just fine. And, by the grace of God, we picked up a couple virgins on trail, or maybe on trailer by the looks of them, **Just Mitchy** and **Just Big Daddy**.

Next into the circle, paraded the visitors. We had a few from the Wauk. Wauk.. Waukesha Hash but they blew away like an autumn leaf. **Beer Banger**, Honolulu Hash, **Topographical Panties**, from some North Carolina hash that I have never heard of, **In and Out**, from the Rio Hash, and **Sister Michael** from the Bulgaria Hash. A couple of faux visitor slipped into the circle, **2 HAND Job**, from the distant Mount Vernon Hash, and **Your Honor I Suck**

and **Lactose Tolerant**, all the way from the SHIT Hash. **Sister Michael** belted out the best fart song I heard in long time- wish **KRAFTY** was there to do a Laurel and Hardy duet with him.

If you were lucky enough to find Jesus' head on trail **Looks Like a Kid**, **Drinks Like a Girl**, **Major Disappointment**, **Puddle Fucked**, **Duck Job**, **Clorox Kid**, **Monday Sticky Monday**, and **Gimme a Dick**. Long-time-no-seers: **Mother's Lay**, **Needle Dick Ned**, **Short Bus Bitch**, and **KY Belly**.

Get-a-Life-Club: Microsoft, Short Bus Bitch, and Virgin Avec Mary, with 100 runs. Put It Out 200 runs.

Just Jeremy who is a Navy weld that like chickens in the missionary position, shall be know at the White House Hash House Harriers, and the World of Hashing, as **Can't Stop This Semen**.

Announcements

Time for the 2nd Annual Backyard Bash! Saturday May 10th. 12PM - 10PM. This year will be even bigger and better! Raising money for the American Cancer Society through our Relay for Life team. Contact Golden Showers (jasonamurray@hotmail.com) for more information.

Are you going to Costa Rica InterAm 2003 or thinking about it? Do you want to know the flight plans of other hashers? Check out the link on the www.dchashing.org web site. Hasher Humper is maintaining a spreadsheet of flights. Email her, richsuzy@patriot.net, your itinerary and she will add it to the spreadsheet, which is periodically emailed to HardDrive to include on the web page. Fly with your hasher friends or avoid your hasher non-friends and take another flight.



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