



Robert Tuttle

Guthrieburg, Md.
First Boston
Age: 32
Brew: 3/19/25

"I've been trying to qualify for a lot of years. This is it. It was great. It got hot the last 5 miles, but the end was fun. I'm a member of the White House Hash House Harriers. Dano!"

Evil Jesus

White House Hash
House Harriers
Trail #831,
June 3, 2002

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Special point of interest:

* **French Toasted** took a fall last week hiking and cracked some cervical vertebrae. He is now with his sister **Pit Stop** while he sports one of those wired into your skull don't move braces on his h*ad. Won't be hashing for a while so cards, emails, and occasional call with a hash joke would help to keep his spirits up (BTW: June 30th is B-Day for **FT**)

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WH4 Hash Trash

Hares: **Waxes On Wanks Off (WOWO), Sloppy Ho, Tttwwassupp, and Dumb Blond**

Brew Crew: **Free Refills and Mighty Tite**

Beer Bitch: see the young-in below with the great chest and wholesome smile – **JUST SHAWN**

Hares Discover Good Trail!

The Hareline teased about a good trail #831 and unlike a used --- it delivered as advertised. The usual milling about was unusual in that the move to Monday nights (without it being a holiday) brought out a large number of virgins, visitors, and hashers who are more frequent attendees to one of WH4's sister hashes than our beloved WH4 (can we get a few converts?). Within 90 seconds of Father Abraham's last echo, the pack was wet...wet we stayed (some because of the elements and some because of other hashers). There were dark holes explored with wet and slippery

obstacles to overcome for entry/exit. The purists had major shiggy and major PI to dash through.

Almost everyone was able to get up, and then up again through trees, rocks, and flowers...for many of the mini-hills were graded at the butt-blast level. Brew crew was exceptionally sweet by actually pouring beer (are you taking notes **Dano?**) during the beer check. The hard body and great chest of the



Beer Bitch **Just Shawn** kept ♀ % of the hash wet during the beer check. Walkers stroll was synchronized to ensure walker's entertainment at the expense of the few r*nners that scrambled the final obstacles to trail end.

Not On The Dorsal Side

Golden Showers a hash connoisseur of cultivating firm buds, provided on-the-hash schooling to **Just Christie** when she commented that her shoulder blades were experiencing an unusually firm amount of support. With a quick, but

thorough glance, **GS** diagnosed the problem – no ventral support and too much dorsal support – caused by an im-properly worn sports bra...as in it's on backwards!

Just Christina Shuns Tradition - Shocks The Pack!

"I have new shoes and I am not getting them wet!", echoed throughout the tunnel as **Just Christina** scanned the faces of the pack of a harrier with shivalry. Under the threat of a citation for

solicitation from **Road Whore, JC** grudgingly moved on unable to comprehend the gravity of **her announcement**. Mother's Lay attempted to recall the oral history surrounding the sacrilege of hash-

ing with new shoes but he could not save her from the circle down-down. The small consolation is that the beer was pure enough to not require a sock filter as it is poured into the shoe receptacle.

Hasher Retains Wealth

Mr Davolino Mr Bob Davolino (like the song), a long time no seer, won the Harriette lottery during trail #999 for VH3 in Vienna, Austria on May 9, 2002. Being the practical and thrifty harrier that he is, he lost no time in proposing to the lovely Harriette known as **Treasure Chest**. Now that **TC**

has returned to the States, **MBD** is not taking any chances with his prize and carried his **Treasure** across each water crossing lest a hash tide (or **Major Lying Bastard**) sweep the **Chest** away.

Trail Quote:
"Be Kind Kill A Hare!"

**Comment courtesy
of a scribe
eaves-dropping on
For Sale Or Rent
during the beer check.**

Translator Unable To Save Virgin from 2nd Downing

Pinky and **Perky** failed to provide the necessary guidance to the harem of virgins they trafficked in at the hash. Despite **Rear Area Security** attempts to preserve the identity of the virginal harem, **Just Tina** was singled out for a second downing due to the presence of head gear within the circle – a major violation of the evening's religious experience.



Hash Shit Loses Balance!

Senor Douche Berg rescued the hash shit when it started to tumble while caught in a jostle behind the lead FRB (see Virginal Visitor Smokes FRBs). The resulting loss of body fluids from his nasal bridge threatened to reclassify him as a walker. Calling upon extreme mental fortitude and the prospect of losing sight of THE FRB tail, **SDB** rallied on and successfully handed off the hash shit before suck-cumming...

Virginal Visitor Smokes FRBs!

At the call of On-On a tall, leggy blond streaked to the front of the pack and never lost her FRB position (speed and/or the view – only the other FRBs will know for sure). **Just Magda**, whose only concession to athletic attire were her shoes, validated that **WOWO** can do decent Chalk Talk for this FRB never lost trail. Demonstrating prudence (unusual trait for hashers) the remaining FRB contingent appeared happy to remain on her tail...so they wouldn't lose the virgin?! Once **\$50** got wind that there was a new addition to the Blond Bitch Ambition Hash Pack—she sought out **Just Magda** to personally welcome her to this group of stud-ettes. Cumming to a Hash near you soon: "Battle of the Bitches" (aka Blonds vs Reds).



Tunneling Deformities



Beer lovers with a running problem that frequently search for beer on WH4 trails used to have an average height of 5'11". Due to the large volume of tunnels on trail in recent months, WH4 has used a hare-pig to test tunneling effects on hasher height. Volunteer hare-pig, **Shock-A-Cock** used to be 6 feet tall until he started going down on dark holes. He bottomed out at 3'8". Mis-Management then started him on a liquid diet of dark beer. He is currently registering a respectable 5'7". Thank you **SAC** for graciously demonstrating that the short side of going down is reversible (to a degree).

Blessed Event: SM Baptism

Just Christie hashes with WH4 as an anxiety avoidance strategy caused by 9/11. As the biller for a cement company who secretly covets swing dancing pigs (with lots of change preferred) the pack proposed so many names that it took the combined efforts of **Raise My Titanic** and **\$50Bitch** to sort through them all. Rock Hard Booty, Goes Both Ways, Hard-On, Fill-U-In, Straps In Front-Opps In The Rear, Only Cums From Behind, Double Breasted Sling Shot, Stiffening Agent, Semen Mixer,

Backdoor Swinger, Must Pay For A Hard One, Switch It Up, Your Imprint Here, BadaBing, Jamie Hoffa, Satin Doll, and Brickhouse Layer were all candidates. The one that best delineated what she currently does best was selected for naming. Hence forth and forever more, Just Christie shall be known throughout the hash World as **SEMEN MIXER**.



NEW HASHIT CUSTODIAN NAMED



Bleeding **Senor Douche Berg** reluctantly submitted the HASHIT to the RA for the selection of a new custodian. Applications submitted by **WOWO** (lost virgins), **Turkey Timer & Hawaiian Puke** (matrimonial coupling), and **Sucks It Blue** (littering SSBB with soft porn) were front-runners. After a boisterous deliberation, SIB was selected for the honorable designation as HASHIT.



Violations:

R*c*ing: **Orally Bound** wore a Boy-see r*ce shirt. After 150 trails you would think he would know better.

Whining Wanker: **Delaware Queen** cruised the walker's trail with attiti-dude. Guess he is out of Red Whine!

Brew Crew Loses POV (Privately Owned Vehicle) oh my...
Will SSBB be next?: Some folks install an automotive alarm to prove that the public stereotypically is deaf. (Ever see anyone call the cops when a car alarm is blaring in the parking lot?) **Mighty Tite** uses the car alarm to find his car-when it is less than 20 feet away.

CIRCLE-ANTICS

Virgins:

<i>Nerd Identity</i>	<i>How The Hash Vir-gintified Them</i>	<i>Who Made Them Cum</i>
Just Theresa	<i>F*ckless</i>	Pinky and Perky
Just David	<i>I Like That Ménage à Trois</i>	Just Christina
Just Delores	<i>Pork This</i>	Pinky and Perky
Just Jeff	<i>How Cum You're Not that Cute</i>	F*ck Em Dano
Just Suzy	<i>Roach F*ck</i>	Roach Ho Tell
Just Travis	<i>Second To last Is Not The Best</i>	Pinky and Perky
Just Cory	<i>Two Fingers</i>	HTML & HTTP
Just Tyler	<i>No Balls</i>	Desperately Seeking Semen
Just Magda	<i>Tall Skinny Blond Bitch</i>	Mad Dog
Just Axel	<i>Axel My rod</i>	Mad Dog
Just Tina	<i>Do You have Sheep In America</i>	Pinky and Perky
Just Yama	<i>Yama Your Swan</i>	Just Christie
Just Eon	<i>Thank G*d We're Done-I'm F*cking Exhausted</i>	Pinky and Perky
Just Julie	<i>Contract Pending</i>	TWIG
Just Vicky	<i>Personal Bedroom Trainer</i>	TWIG

Visitors:

Pinky from Oatman, Southwest England
Perky from Oatman, Southwest England
Just John from Baltimore-Annapolis, MD
Just Iris from Los Angeles/Long Beach, CA
Onally Bound from Boise, ID
GaGa from Nairobi, Kenya
Treasure Chest from Vienna, Austria (the amb-ass-adoor from WH4's mother hash – Vindabona H3)
Roach Ho Tell relocating from Tampa Bay to DC – she was named by our beloved **Bull Shit!** (Aren't all namings **BS** – oops that's right **BS** belongs to folks who do the various science fields of study.)



White House Hash House Harriers
Trail #831,
June 3, 2002

Start and On-On-On:
Nick's on Pickett, Van Dorn,

For a recording of the next hash call:
202-PUD-JAM0
202-232-HASH

"All The Shit That Fits"
Edition 06032002

We are on the web!
www.dchashing.org/wh4

FUN-DICK-ULOUS at CIRCUS MAXIMUS

TOGA! TOGA! TOGA!

This years WH4 camping trip has been scheduled for July 19, 20 and 21. The purpose of this trip is to have so much hashing, drinking, music, and depravity that we make an ancient Roman bath house look like a Sunday school meeting. Check the WH4 web page for a registration form, or pray to the beer gods for mismanagement to remember to bring them to a hash.

More Violations:

Printed Matter Slut: **Evil Jesus** makes Runner's World magazine for r*cing the Boston Marathon in his red dress run attire. At least he wore his WH4 #800 shirt as well (title pic for the evidence of his slutty tendencies!) Course some hashers are so dissed-pirate to get into the trash, they will offer a Hash Scribe anything. Bragging about the length and girth of non-duplicated body part during the beer check while a Scribe was trying to take note of violations prompted the scribe to call this hasher out. **Major Lying Bastard** is aptly named!

Physical Education: **Snap Shot** was not happy with the Hares for the un-anticipated Outward Bound aura the Hares set trail to. **Closet Slut** next time you do your selective flashing at the beer check for entertainment please remember: Tits for Chicks!

Incomplete Acts of: There is tease and then there is hash

tease... **Just Magda** however goes for Half Tease for she went down while on trail and then failed to finish the action. Hares are accountable (not responsible – cuz hey there R no rules) for laying trail. **Gladiator** (a.k.a. Public with his Affairs - opps excuse us - a Public (SOMEONE ELSE'S) Affairs Marine) provided extremely precise pack markings for the trail – except when it counted... ergo we lost **TWIG's** two virgins!! His excuse-the virgins said no to a Public Affair!!

Free Sex and Nickel Beer: Your Scribes thought the colonies seceded from England over stuff like tea taxation, religious freedom, representation when all along it was just about beer and sex. Virgin **Just Tina** (the one in the hot red shorts) brought to the Hash by our English Visitors - **Pinky** and **Perky** – followed English advice during the beer check and took her environmental in PI. We believe colonial men grew premium grains and hops in the fertile soil of the new world. Fermented really great beer. Drank the really great beer

at cool little inns on trail and then got really horny!. They had to revolt against English advice so when really great beer drinking lead to really great (or just any...) sex on trail – they would not be marked by PI.

Trail Abstinence: **Beer Slut** drunk in for **Couch Potato's** misdecision to skip the trail in favor of celebrating graduation from post-graduate school with an MBA (doesn't being a post-graduate imply you are already past graduation...we are so confused!!). Guess the balls on trail weren't soft enough for **General Farm Animal** so he played with soft balls in a field before cuming to circle. **Hoover** and **Mr Phib** took a long-ey vice a quicky enroute to the hash and made only the last half of trail.

Anal-Verse-Sorries
(Need A Life Club)

Big Bang: **75 shitty ass trails**
Have Dick Will Travel completed 50 shitty trails & it took only 520 weeks!