

White House Hash House Harriers

All The Trash That's Fits!

Trail #836 – The Mis-Cum-munications Hash

(U Sure Ain't No Slacker!)

Start: King Street Metro, July 8, 2002



Hares: **Mitey Tite** (w/Mitey Duke), **Euro Trash Barbie**, **Desperately Seeking Semen**, and **Have Dick Will Travel**.



Mr Softie and **TuzoTits** were concerned that a time warp continuum affected Monday evening commuters. **Beer Slut** reported to **Tip Her Whip Her**, the atomic clock hotline at the naval observatory had crashed due to excessive call volume thus who knows when the hash will start. **Pay Per View** while crossing the road from the Metro to the circle-up to start was stopped by a mis-oriented commuter who wanted to know what was going on. In the process of explaining the concept of a drinking club with a running problem, she got a parking ticket.

The first and only correct cum-munication of the evening was the virginal chalk talk.



Virgin Chalk Talk

Notice in this pic that **Sucks It Blue** is now masquarding as a re-cycled virgin. Talk about problems, first he loses his Maxium's then he chases Hey Ho's butt. Thankfully **Desperately Seeking Semen** knew the correct way to get him back on track (course shots of tequila doesn't hurt!)



(Circus Maximus
Note to Harriettes
– **Sucks It Blue**
may/may not be
limiting himself to
just 50%, he does
however shake a
charming lead on
the dance floor.
Book this dance
card early!!)



Virgin Chalk Talk

Beer Bitch Spirit Saves Virgin

Just John won the honor of Beer Bitch and in another mis-cum-munication the virgin **Just John** (the Evangelist) stepped forward while the intended **Just John** (the Gigolo) continued to work on the final coordination of his 'weekend' work hence forth missing the cry to report to **Ducky**. Just John (the E) was a good sport and suffered through a shitty off-pitch pack rendition of Dough-Ray-Me. At the cry of On-On however, the spirit of the Beer Bitch arose and de-flocked **Just John** (the E) for he was still a virgin and not capable of fully comprehending the importance of giving good head in the circle. **Das Cunt** – known for his love of seconds – proudly donned the apron. As for **Just John** (the E) – he was never seen again and thus is believed to have escaped trail with his virginity in tact. **Just John** (the G) ... the smiles on Pussy With A Porpoise and **Coin Operated** tell the rest of the story.



Note the Rocks – CONGRADS
\$50 & Ducky!!

Circus Maximus Spirits

Raise My Titanic, Blond Roots, Just Veronica, & Coin Operated were visited by the Ninth Daughter (The Muse) of Mnemosyne (Goddess of memory) and Zeus (Greek Ruler of the Heavens) with instructions for a new generation of sexy service. Tits are out and Dicks are in! After all there are more women in the workforce today than men so it stands to reason that more women are picking up the check these days. Thus it is time for Hooters to make way for six packs, speedos, bike shorts, lower table tops, videos of water polo, sail rigging, menu of special foot longs...

38 Flavors was moaning and groaning on trail that the safety brief stated do not cross railroad tracks, and yet the pack is trailing RR tracks and circling back upon itself. **Twin Kegs** commented, "U know with all the shit you've been through this week, you can do whatever you want" and with that **38 Flavors** cut back to the On-On!

Rumor has it that **Couch Potato** is really deep into emotional intelligence!!



Get Lay More!

Harriettes discover Lay More's sales secret – its not the length, nor the width, but its versatility! Whether grooming a strip or policing up the full plate, this is THE bobcat every Harrette dreams of playing around with. (You didn't think they were smiling this big for Road Whore did you?)



Antiquity Sighting: Keds Sneaker! (Just Diane)

Sneaker (snē'kôr) *n* . 1. One that sneaks. 2. A sports shoe usually made of canvas and having a soft rubber sole.

Trail Mis-Cum-munications:

Spinal Tap noted that the Hares really screwed up Father Abraham – heck and one of them is on mi-mangement!

Gaping Ho and **Crouching Drag Queen Hidden Boner** were very unhappy with the absence of flour on trail. **General Farm Animal** ducked into his apartment to grab what he had stored in his kitchen, but it still was not enough to sooth the savage hash beast. Okay – at least **Hasher Humper** got soothed ... whose next???



Laziness – **How'd He Fuckin' Do Me** started off on runners trail, and 5 minutes later joined the walkers for the rest of the hash – **Burning Bush** was on runners, but joined the walkers to avoid some of the fine shiggy the hares had found for the pack. Once the pack cleared the shiggy, she rejoined the runners.

Showing off – After a particularly long and steep hill, **No Motion in My Ocean**, who was wearing rollerblades, came flying down the hill at full speed. He was quoted as saying he wanted to demonstrate how quickly he was willing to go down. Most harriettes agreed however that it was clear that he was heading the wrong direction, and since he was on a hill, he should just work on staying up.

Looking for good head – check out the practice sessions bre crew goes through. This week it was **Free Refills** and **Cum Scout** plying the 'Got Head' techniques.

Now what you all have been waiting for...the recall of who had to drink for the pleasure of the pack:



Violations

Hares – **Just Mitch** can forgive the fact that they didn't have a dictionary while laying trail so that the true understanding of beer NEAR was lost on them. Rear

End Loader can forgive the fact that they used less flour to mark trail than it takes to make one mini blueberry muffin. **Holy Tit!** Can ignore the fact that the trail seemed to randomly change direction, without the pack encountering a check or true trail arrow. **And How's Her Bush** can even overlook the fact that trail overlapped, and they failed to change all the true trail arrows. What **Hey Ho** and **\$50 Bitch** can't forgive is the fact that they failed to mark on-in, thereby getting some folks lost on trail which left them totally beerless for a good ½ hour.

Diaper and More Than A Mouthful noted that



Virgins

Just Chris – Have Dick Will travel
Just John – Big Dick No Brains
Just Lewis – Big Dick No Brains
Just John – Clay Taurus
Just Sam– Rocky
Just Carlos – Iraqi
Just Jane - Dickhead
Just Jennifer – Have Dick Will Travel
Just Diane - Herself
Just Betty – Just Judy

Visitors

Speedie Eatie -SFH3
Tuzotits – Nairobi H3
Clay Taurus – Orange City H3
EyBoEyeBo – Dirt Road H3 (Pattaya, Thailand)
Bill Up The Butt – Dirt Road H3 (Pattaya, Thailand)

Out Of The Bush was running with headlights on before trail even started.

Wheelie Guys – You know who you are – why didn't you scout for the pack, especially when the first beer near was encountered and there was still another mile of trail to go. A bit of a shortcut would have been nice!!

Fuck 'em Dano for taking a happy pill and skipping on trail.

Clorox Kid – for personally trying to cover down on tan lines.

Telecum (aka Wounded Knee) for tripping over a naked woman.

Desperately Seeking Semen – for imitating Florence Nightengale
Just Doug – Watch DOGMA and you'll finally get it!

Pay Per View and Gimme A Dick for paying \$0.50 for a male peep show – heck ladies ... \$0.50 doesn't buy much. I bet **Howdy Fuckin Do Me** can direct you toward some quality peeps!



Mellow Foreskin Cheese – for demanding that **THWH** give him credit for 2 trails (whose fault is it if you can't remember how to

follow trail – what do you want...a trail of cheese?)

Anal-Versaries

Swings Both Ways – 50 Trails
Evil Jesus – 50 Trails (not all in RDR drag!)

Tastes Like Chalk – 75 Shitty Trails

And the leader of the WH4 Get A Life Club –

Spinal Tap with 569 really shitty trails!!!

Hashit!

Nominations were:

Duck Job for failure to adequately entertain the masses during the circle. Gee-Pers Creepers...a guy gets engaged and then all he can think of is...well some of you know!

Mighty Tite for screwing up the hare thang! Guess who got it – **Mighty Tite!!!**

Celebrations!!

After 69 proposals that included a climb to the highest view point at Yosemite and an untold cast of hundreds chanting "Yes, Yes, Yes" - **Duck Job** finally persuaded \$50 to say Yes!! (♪♪...and another one bites the dust...♪)

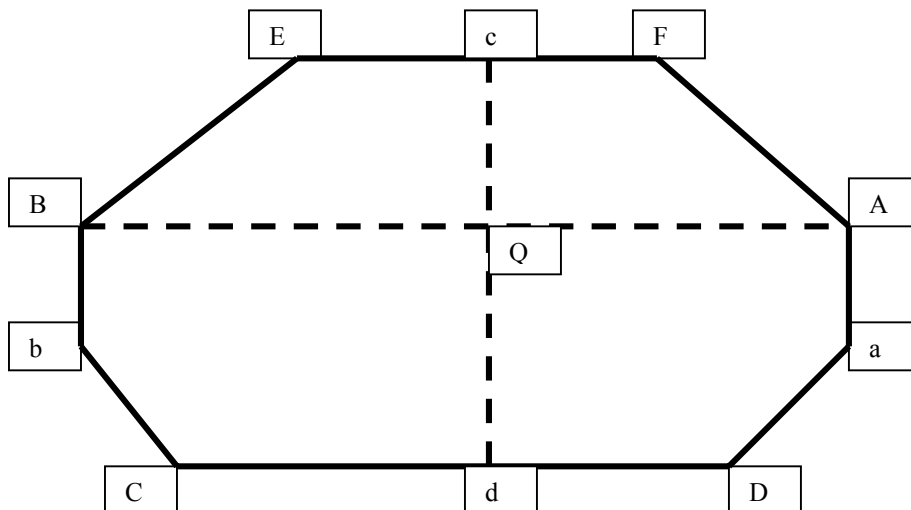
Holy Tit! Ran 95 miles and walked another 5 miles to properly enjoy a Bloody Mary – Congards on the 100-miler!

Slip Knot was sporting a racing shirt from a recent 10-K...well done!

THE July event is Circus Maximus next weekend. Mark your calendars for the Aug event – August 9 is..The Beer Mile. 6 Beers + 4 Laps = ?????

Toga Construction (www.novaroma.org/via_romana/reenactments/toga.html)

The toga is the definitive garment of the Roman male. Always made of wool, and coming in a variety of colors for various uses, the toga is more than a mere bedsheet. At the very least, it should be semicircular in outline, but a more genuine effect is obtained by having the outline of the toga in the following shape (diagram is not perfectly symmetrical): The letters found on the diagram below refer to the proportions of the dimensions of the toga. Each "unit" is measured on the wearer from the base of the neck in front to the floor, with shoes on. The following proportions are taken from The Roman Toga by Wilson, and are for the "large Imperial toga". Togas worn during the Republican era were somewhat smaller. Points c and d are in the middle of their respective sides. Each side and end should be exactly the same length as its opposite (bC should equal aD, etc.). The toga is worn by folding the top half down along line BQA. It is then wrapped around the wearer and eventually is draped over the left arm, which is held up and which bears much of the weight of the toga. It is worn over a [tunic](#).



Lines:

- **AB & ab:** $2 \frac{3}{7}$ units plus waistline measurement.
- **Aa & Bb:** $\frac{1}{2}$ "unit"
- **EF:** $\frac{6}{7}$ unit
- **CD:** $1 \frac{5}{7}$ units
- **cd:** $2 \frac{5}{56}$ units
- **cQ:** $\frac{27}{28}$ unit
- **dQ:** $1 \frac{1}{8}$ units