

White House Hash House Harriers Hash Trash for Trail #856, October 20, 2002 – On-On AARP –

Once upon a time three very experienced hashers – **Spinal Tap**, **Hasher Humper**, and **Bundling Board** decided to get together to set a trail. Due to their experience, they had seen just about everything and had done just about everything - so between their shots of Geritol they decided upon ways to make this trail memorable for the youngsters who would hash it. First of all they decided to pick a day when the weather would have its greatest chance for being temperamental (after all as one matures there is a tendency to get temperamental). Fall worked, October was even better. Once they found a calendar with the days printed really large (*Note to Road Whore-We figure your hash calendar will have good size pictures...please don't forget good size lettering for those who will actually want to use the calendar...after all some folks have already seen it all.*) the date was picked, October 20th, 2002...the day before the full moon! As for location, it was really quite simple...they used the ASM technique (Alzheimer Selection Method) ...pick end of a Metro line cuz it's the easiest way to remember when to get off. **Hasher Humper's** favorite color is Red so they chose the end of the Red Line, which put the hash start in the Glenmont area of Maryland. Out of respect for the international appeal of hashing, the circle-up location was the back lot of the largest Asian Grocery Store on the East Coast. ☺ So at 3pm hash time on a cold and gray October afternoon hashers grabbed their passports, bag lunches, and journeyed to the end of the Red Line. **Fuck Em Dano** and **Number 2** had the kegs tapped and out of pity for those who survived the



weary journey, they were actually pouring the damn beer. **For Sale or Rent** mesmerized all who stood within the warmth of Shitty with Tales of Woodland RenFest Creatures. Is that PI sprouting from your head or are you just getting your camouflage ready for hunting season? Rumors of good tail at the end of the Red Line seduced a contingent of Army 10-Milers to demonstrate their tolerance for pain and suffering. It not known as to who chased who, but the tails that came in search of tail included **Stick**, **TipHerWhipHer**, **Small Part**, **Busted Cherry**, **Duck Job**, **WOWO**, **Spank Me**, and **Microsoft**. Had this been a Survivor hash all would have been accorded medals for the heroic effort they demonstrated by completing without a change of clothes the 10-miler, a long and dangerous trip through sniper country to the end of the Red Line, and then to survive a hare's



stroll - all for a bit of ale! But this was a hash so they were all violated instead!! These limp and lame hashers were repetitively overrun on trail by the mighty fit **Shock A Cock**, **Test Tube Baby**, **Legend of Spit and Swallow**, **Busted Cherry**, **Small Part**, and **Happy On My Knees**. Oh My Matilda...there were actually 10-milers as FRBs. The shame of it all!! It is so embarrassing for this scribe to have to report that two Army brethren...**Small Part** and **Busted Cherry** r*n the 10-miler and **THEY** did not give it all they had. What a violation of the sanctity of the logo 'Army Of One!' Perhaps this scribe is being a bit tough on them, after all your scribe is a combat arms officer – while these legs

(aka in Army speak -these pukes) are just a journalist and a historian – service support officers! **Test Tube Baby** (who actually made it to the hash before the circle-up) and **Shock A Cock** started to r*ce once the trail hit the park. **TTB** used hash dog Angus for assists during the uphill while **SAC**



rubbed his Army Ranger tab for a sprint assist. (The Ranger tab is a special skill accorded to the super fit, super heroes of the Army combat arms profession. Rangers eat bugs, move for days without sleeping or eating, and are happy when wet, cold and in the survivalist environment. Having been pushed to physical and mental limits their view of the world is never normal. While **Mighty Tite** provides the hash with protection through planning and analytical skills – mental stuff, **Shock A Cock** provides the hash physical protection!) Like a Japanese Anime, **Shock A Cock** backed up the power of **Iron Maiden**, **\$50 Bitch**, **Short Bus Bitch**, **Vominatrix**, and **Tough Woman In Green** make up the dynamic Hash Rangers to the rescue!! The scent and steamy warmth of horse dung on trail dashed all thought of heroics from the minds of the runners as they negotiated a less messy path along the trail. Meanwhile, the walkers were taking **Designer Bush's** advice and indulging in an unscheduled delay to romp with the kiddies in the kiddie park. **Mighty Tite** tried hard to provide oversight protection while the walkers played but **Mighty Duke** would have none of it. **Mighty Duke** pulled and tugged until **MT** moved along. The rest of the walkers followed (after all the sniper was still out there and walking in a zig zag is a dangerous toe stubbing activity. Heck most needed a little more beer to give a more natural look to walking a crooked line. Exiting the park, it was too cold to make like an Egyptian so walkers



under the guidance of **Goomba** made like a totem pole. The walkers had a few virgins whose eyes belied their realization they were never going to be the same again. **Just Carlos** “Old & Wizen” the most recent virginal conquest of **Bundling Board**, kept trying click his heels together three times for a rapid exit from the chaos of sophomore – fraternal adults. Might have worked IF he stopped staying ‘Steve, Steve’ poor virgin just could not say **Bundling Board**. **Just Niko** “Should Have Listened the First Time” kept shaking her head at **Just Barb** (her new x-friend) I can’t believe I stole a swing from a 3-year old and I enjoyed it!! Exiting Wheaton Park for Brookside Nature Center the hash interrupted a wedding photo shot. **Road Whore** stopped to offer pointers on how to get the shot that looks nekked...somehow the bride just wasn’t interested in capturing that kind of moment. About time for a beer check! The runners having unsuccessfully negotiated a warm, dung-smelling, bridlepath, opted for a shortcut through shiggy. For some, the jaunt did clean their shoes. For others, the mud factor had arrived. The shortcut did bring the runners together, adding an intimate atmosphere. It was like a hash elegant soiree...Milling about together on trail were **Continental Drip**, **Shock A Cock**, **Happy On His Knees**, **Test Tube Baby**, **Short Bus Bitch**, **Busted Cherry**, **Small Part**, **Semen On The Pew**, **Microsoft**, **Just Patrick**, and **Legend of Spit and Swallow**.

They flushed out a few deer, provided pre-Halloween BOO fright for some little boys...and cruised right on in to the beer check. Hanging out with brew crew, the Intimate hashers decided they would try to see if they could drink all the beer before the rest of the hash showed up. As the first of the mugs were drained, **\$50 Bitch** showed up with her virgin, the lovely **Just Mary** “Guess What My Three Events Ate?” and distracted everyone on the task of rapid beer consumption. IT wasn’t long before the FRBs on the walkers trail (these are the REAL beer lovers!) **MIC OCH My Cock Shoots Blanks**, **Rubber Maiden**, **Mr Softie**, **Watergate**, **Goomba**, **Designer Bush**, and the **Pimp of Sarajevo** showed up. All full of laughs. It appears that **Rubber Maiden** is nursing a fear of WhereAmI-it is. He was doing the walker’s trail equipped with both a Global Position System AND a weather watch that tracked the changes in barometric pressure as he walked up and down the trails. **Bavarian Bush** found all of this to be just a tad excessive. As **Jag Queen** remarked to **Bavarian Bush**...between the two of us we have over 500 trails under our feet and we have yet to need a GPS to find the beer! **Just Mary** commented she thought **Rubber Maiden** should spend less time with Tequila and more with Beer...cuz a good hasher can detect the scent of beer. If that doesn’t work, you can always get a pup like Mazie...she loves beer!! Note to **WOWO**...please teach Mazie to track flour so she can help out at the checks! **Road Whore** did the unthinkable and surrendered his camera to **Shock A Cock** who promptly demonstrated a new, previously unknown Ranger skill – that of photographer. **SAC** did an excellent job of transferring his steely powers of observation from nekked eyeball to digital





shutter. Consensus at the beer check – **Shock A Cock** for Hash Flash 2003 – check out how well he has captured ‘the moment’ in this pic. All those in favor of **Shock-A-Cock** protecting the hash during 2003 under the deception of mild-mannered Hash Flash cajole, hug, do whatever to get him to volunteer for this position. In this scribe’s opinion...he’d make a great Hash Flash!! Want to make it a team effort...enlist **Organ Grinder** as co-hash Flash!!!! (SAC and OG please see RW for details!) The beer check festivities were interrupted for 30 seconds to watch **White-Out** bend over and check out some...mushrooms. **Put Your Head Between My Knees** commented the view was MMMmm MMMmmm good! Things were starting to get a bit chilly so **\$50 Bitch** warmed everyone up with the announcement that **Just Amanda** would be the Beer Bitch! **Dano** and **Number 2** were ecstatic! With a quick tribute to Dough, Ray and Me we were off once again on trail. **Bolo**

Head Rat and **Back Snatch** quickly moved to the front of the gagging pack (we looked like a bunch of baby penguins tripping over our feet cuz they don’t move very far after they get filled with cold beer). Gone in 90 seconds, the fast and the furious pack had divided itself into three groups. **Bolo** still maintained the lead over group one, **Beer Slut** and **Just Valerie** were working group number two, while **US Boobs and Oral Report** was r*cing her virgin Just Kay “Guess How I Hurt My Knees” to the front of Group Three...the Walkers! **Mr Softie** and **French Toasted** were quick to notice that the groups were moving aimlessly about and had



missed the check. Feeling a bit gracious they made the call and then walked the walk. **TWIG** realizing she too was aimlessly trotting about did an about face to head back toward **French Toasted** when she was lured away by **Back Snatch** yelling promises of a memorable shortcut. **TWIG** charged on down with **BS** they made it to third base...**BS** was happy and he bragged a call out to **SAC** that finally he made it to third base with a harriette!! **TWIG** is the fickle sort, for she never limits herself. Instead of waiting politely for **BS** to catch his composure **TWIG** charged on after **White-Out** committing shameless pandering to woe **White-Out** for a special service...that of 2003 scribe for WH4. You know what, she would be a hit – she actually knows how to write!!! Do yourselves a favor – convince **White-Out** to spare you the misery of another year of dribble from your current scribes-who by the way never did better than a ‘C’ in English!! Daily they confuses cum with come!! Argh! The DFL for the entire trail good thing he uses a GPS. **Mother’s Lay** and **Spinal Tap** swept the trail

was **Rubber Maiden**...made be it was picking up a virgin - **Just Fab** “Pour Decision Maker” – along the way. With clothes changed (isn’t it interesting to note how many different techniques there are for women to lose their tops and for men to lose their shorts without ever exposing a pale spot?), drinking vessels charged, and munchies being munched – Circle Antics commenced. The hares were reminded that this far out trail, at the end of the Metro line was pretty damn shitty for a group of greyhairs – it is doubtful that they had the AARP approval they claimed to have for this trail! **Hasher Humper** tried to toss a red herring into the discussion by sharing with the hash the finer points of a good fart. Bottom line, a good fart is a dry fart! (Drink!) Homage was paid to five lost virginities. We dissected the visitors from Atlanta: **Busted Cherry** and **Small Part** for doing both the 10-miler and Hash FRB activities; **Lazy Mother Fucker** from Texas who unjustly



kept all the Texas beauties he promised **WOWO** for himself; and **Red Eye Vagina** – cuz he has decided to hang out



with us for a while and he forgets to use Visine!! The Analvarsarians included **Test Tube Baby** with 69 shitty trails and **\$50 Bitch** with 175 really shitty trails (except for the ones she laid!!) Others touted and taunted included **Bad Ditch** for soliciting financial planning advice from **Back Snatch** and then verifying that advice with **Just Patrick**. **Goomba** claimed that SSBB's front bumper was loose so he had to hold it up until **Road**

Whore could be consulted. **Goomba** the scribe may have been born at night but it wasn't last night...looked like stretching!! **WOWO** put Mazie's shit on the Hashit. Duke just could not stop licking the shit, which lead to the dildo, which got the harriettes and harriers wet AGAIN as they noted the licking tongue technique...dream on. **Ducky** was cited for an environmental above his protests that he is neater than the Canadian Geese are. **Pimpy** finally found a 'ball' that can shoot straight. **Just Amanda** the lovely and talented Beer Bitch demonstrated an addiction to the cheerleader pump whenever the word Miami was mentioned. **Just Amanda** not only was she violated for not knowing that Glenmont ≠ Miami, but she was NEVER a cheerleader!! **Microsoft** was violated for bragging about being an FRB on the walker's trail. The Hashit had some very interesting nominations. **WOWO** was up on a double hitter for having a dog that isn't dog tough (okay who has who wrapped around its paw...think about the poop incident from trail #855,



and now the polyfleece – jacket/cuddle up in a EveryDayIsWednesday hash bag incident at this trail...) AND for his TIM belt buckle...did you really think it could be used as a Babe magnet at an Army sponsored event? **Microsoft** was nominated for boastfully modeling R*c*ing T-shirts. **Duck Job** and **\$50 Bitch** were jointly nominated for engaged frustration "...looking for something from **Ducky** and he wasn't in the right space..." Lazy **Mother Fucker** forgot to bring Texas cuties...something he promised to do – Hashit nomination! A run off occurred between **TWIG** for shameless pandering with **White-Out** and **Mighty Tite** for answering a call on his cell phone at the monthly MM meeting, jumping to his feet, yelling I got to go! **MT** selfishly thought only of himself for he bolted away without ever giving protection guidance. **Mighty Tite** is the holder of the Hashit for leaving the hash unprotected!! So with the trail swept clean, the kegs drained, and the Hashit passed along, all departed to live boring nerd jobs until the next call of On-On is sounded!



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WH4 Hash Trash Edition 021020, "All The Trash That Fits"

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