

White House Hash House Harriers November 3, 2002 – Capital Hill Trail #858 “Pre-Erection Day Hash



Hares - **Mothers Lay**, **\$50 Bitch**, **Duck Job**, **Vibrator**
Brew Crew: **Mr Softie** and **Might Tite** as supervised
by **Mighty Duke** when he wasn't occupied with
running **Iron Maiden** into the asphalt!

Beer Bitch - **Octapussy**

Lost Virginities

Just John "Masturbation Denial" - Originally said no one brought him, but then fessed up that **Vibrator** made him cum (why be ashamed of that!)
Just Laurie "Pluggies Bitch" - Buttplug
Just Tom "10 Long Hard Years" - **\$50 Bitch**
Just Doug "Dangling Gonads" – no one (**Hoover** darling someone needs one of your special hugs)



Anal-Ver-Sorries

Rats Ass – 50 shitty trails – “More Shiggy!”

Pulls It Out – 75 really shitty trails – “Dinghy Ride!”



And just 176 runs overdue, we also decided to recognize the fact that in a previous decade **Rear Area Security (RAS)** actually did complete his 200th shitty trail.

Visitorium

Mustang Sally - Ukraine
Horn Blower - Delaware
Just Sarah – Indiana
Jim O'Leary- Italy

Long Time No Seers

Leaf Garret You Idiot?
Vatican II
Pulls It Out
Pro Boner **Das Kunt**
Goomba

*On-Trail Violations aka What really happened while **Duck Job** was autoharing his own shitty trail...notice how **\$50** is always doing the hot and sweaty stuff?*

More Than a Mouthful – confessed to **Virgin Avec Mary** the extreme difficulty



in being a football spectator and how his 107th ‘how to’ book on the subject, **Watching Football For Dummies** was keeping him injury free.

Microsoft - Prescouting trail, telling everyone he knew where trail was, getting the

pack on the second part of trail and nearly missing the Beer check! **Harepie** and **Shock-a-Cock** – can't read di-erections, went to the wrong on-start!

Vominatrix - leading not one but two virgins (Just Tom and Just Doug) astray – at least they SAID they enjoed it! **TWIG** - wasting perfectly good beer just because new hash pup **Just Deeva** drank from it!

Peking Duck gives a big, warm hug to **WDKA** and **Mighty Tite** then sits exclaiming she no longer can get up! Visitor **Jim O'Leary** an international veteran of hashing wore new shoes and our lovely Hash Cash, **TipHerWhipHer** wore the most bodacious “Fuck me or I'm gonna walk all over you boots!!” **Bavarian Bush** and **TB** also international veteran hashers were stretching...yes the horrors of it all...before trail started. Wonder of this is a Euro thing? At least when **Mellow Foreskin Cheese** does football during the hash – he skips trail. **Shellacking the Bishop** – trading the church rep of pedo-liver for pigskin-lover brought a radio headset to the hash, starting trail without



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batteries. So he convinced **Butt Plug** and **Just Laurie** to run topless past the Capital Hill Homeless to distract them long enough for **Bishop** to pinch change for batteries from the street kiosk! Brew Crew failed to provide beer or any other hash-acceptable alternative at the start of trail. Hare **Vibrator** demonstrated republican characteristics by complaining about the running social that busted through a check, expanding



trail. Just like those republicans...can always be counted on to complain about expanding social programs! Hares planned a Song check but no songs were sung (guess there is a reason THEY are not the songmeisters) worst offense was their failure to provide beer at the fountain.

French Toasted...now that Halloween was over finally decided to show up at the hash with out his wire head and neck crown...though **Iron Maiden** mentioned that it was a bit odd that he has lost his halo right before the season of angels...as **Free Refills** says – halos or horns – its either one or the other! **Just Guy** was standing away from the crowd at the beer check. Well hashing is all about inclusion so couple of veteran WH4 hashers stroll over to

engage him in conversation. What they found was insult-ence!

Just Guy was **OBSERVING**

WH4 to see if this hash was worthy of sharing



with friends. In conversation he demonstrated that he cannot count (note do not follow him on any future back check!), that he has goo-goo eyes for **Peking Duck**, and that WH4 might be a kewl hash! MIGHT!!...if WH4 is good enough for **Peking**, and **Just Guy** is good enough for **Peking**, then WH4 is damn well good enough for any ‘just’ friend (do you have to pay them?). ☺ For those of you who missed any of the mis-intellectual exchanges with **Just Guy**...picture Pulp Fiction, **Just Guy** is the Gimp! Speaking of folks that were dissing the hash/hashing in general, **Mustang Sally** relocated to the DC area in January. It took her 299 days of life in the U.S. before she decided to make her way to a hash! Hope it won’t be another 299 days before we see her again! Perhaps she needs to link up with **Vibrator** and learn the finer points of global athletics. After all **Vibrator** recently competed in the Army 10-miler, placed third in her category, and did it all from the balmy comfort of

Singapore!! Does everyone remember **Just Fab – Spinal Tap** and **Mother’s Lay** trail pick-up from trail #856?

*(Educational Note to **Poodle Fucked** – check with **Spinal** and **Mother** about their p/u lines...note*

their trail pick-ups actually DO return to trail with WH4) Well anyway, **Just Fab** called **For Sale or Rent** and asked that all be told she loved



us and was absent due to work obligations. Oh my **Spinal** and **Mother**...you two are good! No wonder Hasher



Humper is ALWAYS wearing a smile! (We sincerely hope your smiles are NOT a result of your choice in headwear!) Getting a jump on their roles next year as Hash Cash, **38 Flavors** and **Titly Winks** started to record who was here,

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etc...until the one member from one of the 26 uniformed enforcement groups that claim to patrol the DC area chased them with threats of arrests for solicitation. Obviously this ‘cop’ had very bad eyesight ...for if either of these Harriettes were charging for services it surly would not be a charge of \$4!!

Blessed Event!

The naming of **Just Nettie**. This always optimistic Harriette works at the Four Seasons, loves the feeling of something strong between her legs like a horse, prefers any position canine related, dates Guys just once and likes her men



dumb!
Naming conventions included:
Colt 45,
Lets Go Greyhound,
Fucks ‘Em
N Leaves
‘Em, Hunt
for Red
Kunt, One
Fuck Only,
Cheap

Date, Hunt for Cock is Over, Mattress Manager, Red Hot Rider, Open Season, Poses for Dick, Kunting Season, Open Season No Limit...all great but not as good as **Red Rover Red Rover Bend Over (R⁴BO)**

Hashit



Nominations:

Mitey Tite – Incumbant; **Bishop** - Listening to Redskin game; **Microsoft** - Getting pack lost
Vibrator – Going ½ around the world to do the Army 10 Miler; Winner : **TipHerWhipHer** - Her pretty little fuck-me boots

Trail Kibbles and Bits!

Das Kunt, Happy On His Knees, and Grab My Ass led Father Abe since they were the only ones dressed for the hash!



Other Pre-Erection issues reported to the scribes that confused life in general:

Semen On The Pew searching for a way of getting drunk cheaply, because he had no money with which to buy alcohol, took advice from **Hey Ho** and mixed gasoline with milk (old UMD trick?). Not surprisingly, this concoction made **Semen** ill, and he vomited into the fire at the Virginia Interhash. Failing to show for a calendar photo shoot, **Back Snatch** found unconscious in the basement of home by **Road Whore**. He was wearing a pleated skirt, white bra, black and white saddle shoes, and a woman's wig. It appeared that he was trying to create a schoolgirl's uniform look. He was also wearing a military gas mask that had the filter canister removed and a rubber hose attached in its place. The other end of the hose was connected **to a keg**.

Test Tube Baby, Shock A Cock and Mr Phibb were flying in a light aircraft piloted by **Das Kunt** at low altitude when another plane approached. It appears that they decided to moon the occupants of the other plane, but lost control of their own aircraft and had to eject. They were found by two Sisters from Saint Joseph's Convent hanging

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tangled in the trees with their pants around their ankles.



Legend of Spit and Swallow added another chapter to his exploits. **Legend** tried to use octopus straps to bungee jump off a 70-foot railroad trestle. Fairfax County police said he taped a bunch of these straps together, wrapped one end around one foot, anchored the other end to the trestle at Lake Accotink Park, jumped and hit the pavement. Ouch!! It was also reported that the length of the cord that he had assembled was greater than the distance between the trestle and the ground.

Road Whore while responding to this routine collision assessment request, discover that the owner of the totally vehicle was **Hare PPPPIE**. Apparently **Hare PPPPIE** lost control of her car on a highway near Tysons Corner and



crashed into a tree. What made this accident so unique was that **HP**, a major animal lover (you have met the ponies she passes off as dogs!) the fact that the her attention had been distracted by her Tamagotchi key ring, which had started urgently beeping for food as she drove along. In

an attempt to press the correct buttons to save the Tamagotchi's life, **HP** hit a tree!

None of these trail exploits can top the 2002 WH4 Hash-arwin Award nomination. **Golden Showers** currently discovering first hand the challenge of doing 40 days and night without!!, was out golfing with **Missing Rubber, Rats Ass**, and **Cum Scout**. Based on a bet by the other members of his threesome, **Golden Showers** tried to wash his own "balls" in a ball washer at the local golf course. Proving once again that beer and testosterone are a bad mix (should have stayed with the Tequila!), **Golden Showers** managed to straddle the ball washer and dangle his scrotum in the machine. Much to his dismay, one of his buddies (who shall remain nameless) upped the ante by spinning the crank on the machine with **GS'** scrotum in place, thus wedging them solidly in the mechanism. **GS** who immediately passed his threshold of pain, collapsed and tumbled from his perch. Unfortunately for **GS**, the height of the ball washer was more than a foot higher off the ground than his testicles are in a normal stance, and the scrotum was the weakest link. **GS** scrotum was ripped open during the fall, and one testicle was plucked from him, remaining in the ball washer, while the other testicle was compressed and flattened as it was pulled between the housing of the washer, and the rotating machinery inside. To add insult to injury, **GS** broke a new \$300.00 driver that he had just purchased from the pro-shop, and was using to balance himself. **GS** was rushed to the hospital for surgery. **Pulls It Out** called **Mudpie** at the local hospital and she reported all critical parts were repaired and that **GS** should be fully operational by the end of November. **Bundling Board, Rats Ass**, and **Cum Scout** were asked to leave the course.

Sign up for WH4 2003 Mis-Management Now! We need you to join the half-minds who have already committed – fun and beer guaranteed!