

Hash Trash (2007-2012)

10/29/2011 H5 Run #442

2nd Anal (Girth and Luna) Halloween Hash !

Hares: Girth Brooks and Lunachic

Rails to Trails Entrance in Colebrook,Pa

Heads up.

We can not cancel the Hash for today.

We can post-pone it!

We are ready if you want to visit.

We have beer and food .

In this freak storm we are concerned for the safety of our half mind friends.

If you could call or email a general message of your situation and thoughts that would be great.

As always we love to hash and we want to be able to cum again.

Our area is going to freeze.

Perhaps we are better to do our hash next Saturday.

Respond to this please and give your thoughts !!!

On -On?

Girth

Bang and I will be there, no matter what. H5 has hashed in better and worse weather (a hurricane if I am not mistaken) and in my opinion, today should be no different. Take that Reading!

Brown Noser

YOU CANT BE A PUSSY ALL YOUR LIFE.

Here's the deal. Find a hasher friend with a four wheel drive and carpool. Drive real slow. Start EARLY. Don't drink and drive.

I will be there complete with costume to wreak havoc on your home.

onon

She Came

No matter what !

If we have 1 hasher to chase us.

That is all it takes.

The Hash is on.

Same Hash Time

Same Hash Place

On as snow plow goes by on

Girth

Fuzz & I will be there.

We are meeting Albino Beaver, who is bringing Fuzz's clothes from last night's party.

I'm used to winter driving and snow & ice have never stopped me from going anywhere. You just have to adjust your driving for the conditions.

Fuzz & I love hashing in the snow and we wouldn't miss it for the world.

Fuzz wants everyone to know H5 has had many hashes in snow storms and it was always a great time.

Make sure you have enough flour for the trail.

On On!

Sister

Seriously brown noser? Take that reading? Pbbbsssttt....

I dare you to come to come out to our spooktacular trail tomorrow. Or do I get to call you a pussy the rest of your life Bang

Lunachic and I want to thank y'all for cumming yesterday to our 2nd Anal Hollow Weenie Hash. We had a BALL!

The many out of town visitors that showed the luv was really cool.

Every one seemed to have a great time and that always makes the hares stand up on my neck.

We had lightning strike a tree in our back yard from the evidence of the black hole.

Great costumes and great friends prove that hashers are among the best people in the world.

On to a spooktacular RH3 hash ON,

Girth Brooks

Wow thank you to Luna and Girth for an awesome hash. Halloween hells hey cuz it was scary. Driving in snow, ice and trees is a bit hairy in October. The lights went out a few times. Very Halloween guys. Ruffie an I really thought the cracking of tree limbs above our heads took the cake for special effects. One of the best haunted woods I've been in a long time.

Happy Halloween On,

M'Orally

PS. Webelo I have to add the pretend snow quick sand was an awesome display too.

Hares: Interior Defecator**1701 Cedar Cliff Dr. Camp Hill**

On a cold and dreary night, the HASHERS gathered at ID's abode next to Cedar Cliff High School. We were treated by a visit of ID's brother, the cop. A trickle of hashers made it there by 7 pm. ID was dressed in his Butt Plug Pirate costume with all the accouterments and S&M Fetishist could hope for. Lumpy and Yorkshit looked like smokin' hot schoolgirls. Girth Brooks looked like a Monk and Luna looked lovely as an Indian Princess. Most hashers complained that ID's infomercial of an announcement was NOT clear on costume policy. Besides, I think everyone is keeping there costumes secret until Saturday's REAL Halloween Trail hosted by Girth and Luna. The chalk talk lasted all of 5 seconds and hares were off about 7:15. Luckily, by now, more hashers showed up. Fuki, Chief, She Came, Squeeze Me, Wild Cherry, Stiff On, Tour, Dimples, Bitch, Bath and Behind (with ever awesome puggle Dexter), Flaming Earl Gay, Fuzzbuster and returners, Just Todd and Just Jolanda.

The pack scrambled onto Cedar Cliff Drive which has NO SIDEWALK and is heavily traveled. Luckily, no one ended up as roadkill. They came upon a single SLASH marking. After many WTF's, they spied the BN in front of Ben Wa's house. The brief refreshment stop fueled them for the dark and gloomy romp towards the Rolling Green Cemetary. Meanwhile, ever clueless Ben Wa took the shots to the secret location of the Weis Market. This is the hub of activity in this one horse town. A policecar was busy pulling over one car after another as they shot throught the yellow/red light on Lowther Street. The pack encountered a Naughty check where a certified Jockeys Whip was used on those tight asses. The reward was the creamy goodness of a MUDSLIDE shot. It's like hot chocolate but only cold and alcoholic. The pack chose to ignore true trail and jumped a fence to head in the right direction. The uptight neighbors were perplexed and decided to call the cops on a "man in costume with white powder". The police caught up with the pack and were told that this is just a running club and they saw NO ONE NAMED GARRY SHEPPARD running in a pirate costume sprinkling any fairy dust.

After a trip around Guilfity's, the pack headed onto the last BN before ending up back at the bright lights of Cedar Cliff Stadium where the soccer team was getting a work out. At 1701 Cedar Cliff Drive, ID had prepared a lovely fall feast of grilled chicken and a mash potato soufle with french onions and vegetables. Fresh veggies from his own garden along with cut up apples and caramel dipping sauce were gobbled up despite being covered in debris from the fire pit. Everyone wondered if ID was a boy scout because he only needed 2 entire bottles of lighter fluid and a few 20 pound, wet/green wood logs along with a stash of cardboard to get that baby fired up. HOT ASSES of the night were Lumpy, Yorkshit and Fuzz, who all won sexy thongs. Best Male Ass of the night went to Dimples, who could fit himself and all three female HOT ASSES in the Halloween themed Boxers. Circle happened and there was a mad rush for the hot tub. So much so that poor Just Jolanda AGAIN remained UNNAMED. That is a bumner because she is having a change of work schedule and will not be hashing on Wednesdays for a while. Lumpy took home the FRB, which honestly weighed more than she does. Girth and Luna were the proud DFL's.

In retrospect, my virgin hare experience was much like my real virgin experience---left me feeling confused and empty inside. Thanks to ID for taking me for the ride though. Just like Mr. Rodgers, he is great to have as a neighbor.

ON to Girth and Luna's On,
Ben Wa, Done That

10/22/2011 H5 Run #441**October Birthday Tu-Tu Hash****Hares: Bang 4 UR Buck and Lumpneck Muncher (VIRGI 4431 North Front Street, Harrisburg, PA 17110)**

Thanks to our hares Lumpy and Bang For Your Buck!

This was Lumpy's virgin trail and she and Bang proved it. As I write this my brother in law is narrating the Penn State game like the Touretts Syndrome Sports Channel... <http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=tourette%20syndrome> yeah, nothing to do with trail but it makes a football game a whole lot more fun not to watch.

Me and Delia got there early and there was only one car with inhabitants. We pulled up beside and here are 2 cute bimbos. I instruct them in some of the finer points of hashing and we adjourn to the back of the parking lot where I tell how they should turn their Type A shirts inside out and one decides that being there are no rules, other than that they need to be 21 years of age, not to turn her shirt inside out. I believe that bimbo to be Just Ariel, which reminds me of a 70's song... <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xDwIFUjogcs> This song is almost shitty enough for Bubba. Awww Jeeezzeeee, did Just Ariel get named after a Disney movie character? FUCK Disney, the shadow government... Never mind, don't read that part. So in the song there is also something about "peasant blouses", some remember my ramblings about pleasant blouses and no bra. <http://curvyswervydames.tumblr.com/post/4399608824/roberta-pedon-for-those-of-you-who-cant-know>

So like 33 more hashers arrive and we start trail an hour late right on time with at about 10 visitors and some non-returners. Hmmm, dare I try to mention some? I don't want to do this becasue my memory sucks and I don't want to piss anybody off, sort of. The hares explain how they are gonna mismark the trail and 12 minutes later the pack is off. Here's one of the coolest things I like about <http://h5hash.com/> is that we do LIVE HARE TRAILS. The pack followed a well marked trail for about half a mile till we ran into this check that the pack lemminged to... <http://uncyclopedia.wikia.com/wiki/Lemming>, I think I just made another noun into a verb for those who give a shit about grammar. Good thing we had a lot of wankers to check things out and not find trail for about 15 minutes from this triangle of flour dots. It was cool to see the pack meander around and come to a group conclusion to go a ways back to the last check and blame shit on the virgin hare, Lumpy. Meanwhile back at the previous check, maybe you had to have been there, so "insert your own insult like (Fuck You!) up your ass here", cause you wern't on trail, and we found a run on sentence. http://mindyourownbusiness.com/just_plain_mean.htm From there we found a well marked trail over the railroad tracks, that is legally hashing on the wrong side of the road on a road over the railroad tracks. If you don't get that, stay off the fucking railroad tracks.

Yea, the first shot check! Some kind of pumpkiny cinaminy shot check that resemeled the Gingerbread Man having the runs, butt we drank it. So the trail story's going to get a lot shorter from here. The trail went up this little hill to a beer check and went up the hill more till the trail went straight up the hill, or maybe forward because you shouldn't ever go straight. Desperate Dave hung back to give saged advice to

Hares: Bang 4 UR Buck and Lumpneck Muncher (VIRGI 4431 North Front Street, Harrisburg, PA 17110)

Cliff Diver and M.O.U.N.D.S. smart advice to "Go back it's a blow job!" The rest of the pack went up the hill and found another shot check with neat views of the Susquehanna Valley below that you couldn't take pictures of because the woods were just a little too thick. Then we went down down to the road and back to the start and had circle.

Brown Noser was named official RA of the TuTu hash and convened a great circle un-attended by many. OK, had a "few" beers so here's here's my visitor memory: Grab Bag, Spank You Very Much, Doodle, Glass Ass, Albino Beaver, A.N.G.E.L., and Cliff Diver. Big Rig and Jello who moved from the area to Florida returned for a cameo to go hashing and drive a trailer full of horses back to Florida on Sunday the day after trail. European Whore and Sux To Blow recently moved back from Germany and it was great to see them again. Let's not forget Dick On A Stick who is bi-hashual with H5 and Reading.

Mary Clair was the birthday girl and she hosted the whole hash at the bar next door! So thanks to Mary Clair. Now I'm going to watch a gay zombie movie... <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nFvZ3k5dPKc>

Oops, here's a Hashspace photo album... <http://www.hashspace.com/photo/albums/tutu-hash>

On On

Farrt ConnOr

Thanks to all who came out on Saturday to ruin Lumpy's virgin hare. As most cases of cherrypopping go, it was a messy, clumsy type of ordeal. Thanks also to MC for sharing her birthday celebration with the hash. And thanks to Tour for putting up with us once again destroying his basement and Irish carbomb shelter on a Saturday night. Still not sure how Lumpy made it home with any clothing. After walking through Tours house collecting her things and picking even more of her shit up at Morgan's when I went to close out my tab on Sunday I think I have a brand new hashing wardrobe to call my own.

On lost property on biotches
Bang

10/19/2011 TIUTALAWH3H #85

Ass Wednesday H5 Zombie Walk Pub Crawl Hash

Hares: M'Orally Challenged

Ceoltas

Wanks,

Thank you to those that came out to Zombie last night. I can't believe how many non hashers passing by us asked where is the Zombie Walk. One woman was so upset about thinking she missed it we asked her to join us. Her high heels would be a problem. The rain, thunder and lightning made it that much better.

On Zombie On,
M'Orally

10/15/2011 H5 Run #440

Feelin' Kinda Dizzy Hash

Hares: Wild Cherry and Yorkshit Harrier

Cul-de-sac at end of Cumberland Estates Drive, Mechanicsburg

Thanks Wild Cherry and York Shit Harrier for a trail today that was so bad it wasn't almost shitty! Make special note of York Shit's name, now she has a necklace spelled that way even if she doesn't like it. Besides that, York Shit decided that "Takes It Up The Ass Like A Gay Pit Bull" was too long to hang on her neck. So it's "York Shit Harrier".

Oh yeah, click on the funny colored stuff.

According to Dancing Fool the pack left after 3:30pm because he and his trash bag caught up with the pack about 4pm. Bush Rat zenned almost immediately off trail to get his feet wet without M'Orally challenged and went under Interstate 81 in what proved to be a futile effort to catch the hares because they didn't go that way. Grab Bag, a visitor from the Jersey Gypsy Hash... <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/LVH3/attachments/folder/628619447/item/1187793006/view>

wasn't seen on trail either but both Bush Rat's car and Grab Bag's were gone when I got back to the HHH so they either got kidnapped by banjo playing Rednecks, aliens, or made it home safely. Meanwhile the rest of the pack is still near the beginning of trail as we wander through corn fields.

Hares: Wild Cherry and Yorkshit Harrier**Cul-de-sac at end of Cumberland Estates Drive, Mechanicsburg**

A visitor "You'll Do" from Lehigh Valley Hash <http://www.lvh3.com/index2.html>, she's a babe, was wondering about all the corn. Apparently she hash only hashed in San Diego, California and in right coast cities. I wonder does her name come from the movie "The Jerk" with Steve Martin? I can't put the link I got when I typed in, "movie, The Jerk, biker bitch" and then clicked on "Muscle Lady, - free porn toys, tits, boobs". It's amazing what you find when you type shit in on your Brown Noser, oops, I mean browser. Look what happens when you type in "Ship High In Transit"... <http://www.snopes.com/language/acronyms/shit.asp> So anyhow we're not very far on trail and I spent about 2 hours writing this shit.

Our hares, Wild Cherry <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fRr2kf84V2M>, and York Shit Harrier did lay a challenging but just enough marked trail. At some point me and Ruff Butt were wondering what happened to Cliff Diver and M.O.U.N.D.S till they DFL'd to a beer check and Cliff had a story. Kids had gone for a walk and left their rotweiler and a blond retriever loose in the field they were crossing and the dogs were charging at them like they hadn't eaten for days. Cliffy let out a big rooofing yell and scared the dogs away. One of me and Delia's highlights was when we went past Cumberland Valley School and bands were practicing. I couldn't resist giving them a few lessons on the bugle. They just looked at me.

Me and Delia got back to our start, HHH's. Delia was Alpoed, that's making Alpo into a verb, and we were the last to leave as all the cars n stuff were gone, that's how I thought Grab Bag and Bush Rat had gotten away safely. As I was about to leave a local couple came down the cul de sac, that's French, and asked what we were doing there. I told them that we were following the white flour that they were almost standing in. I still had to point it out to them. Sister Maria dressed like a Flintstone Viking went to a ski club party at Camp Rielly, me and Delia went back to Wild Cherry's place for circle.

The pack re-assembled at Wild Cherry's house in a secret location near Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania and had delicious food and beer. I did enjoy the Killian's Irish Red beer, and the food too. We had circle and I made sure to keep Delia on her leash so as she would not to go and entertain the neighbors kids and have pissed off father come pounding on the garage door. Sister, two hashers were named. Just Jessie was named with the help of Licky Me's dirt. Some of the story was that he posted a picture of his thumb beside his penis on some dating site and combined with his love of playing Dungeons and Dragons so became the possible naming of "Thumbmaster". Somebody twisted that to "Thumbleina". It was rumored that "Just Jessie" was shy. I think he's just quiet and takes in his surroundings. Fart Connor asked "Just Jessie" what his favorite hobby of his was and he replied about blacksmithing. I had to ask if it had to do with hand cuffs and stuff. Somewhere out of the garageness somebody spouted out "Steely Dan". Ohhh, I recall some rock n roll trivia that maybe you have to be old to know, or forget, that Steely Dan got their name from a steam powered sex toy in a 60's porno movie. http://wiki.answers.com/Q/How_did_steely_dan_they_get_their_name I couldn't find a picture. "Steely Dan" looked like he didn't get it either.

The former "Just Julie" who has writing education had much dirt supplied about cleaning horses penis's (what's plural?) and after being married for 20 plus years has a favorite boyfriend that has batteries was asked to supply more naming information. Just Julie spit out a story about how she and a midget were taking care of the horses Tube Of Meat while she was enjoying Ben Wa Balls <http://www.mypleasure.com/education/sexed/benwaballs.asp> or at least one because she took one out but couldn't find the other. M'Orally Challenged mentioned that she had a similar experience. At some point the lost Ben Wa Ball "rolled" out of Just Julie's pant leg and the midget looked at her and Just Julie looked at him and the scared midget ran away. Brown Noser verbally inspired "Ben Wa Done That". So Just Julie is now "Ben Wa Done That".

I'm not sorry that I forgot to make fun of somebody, my brain is done.

On On

Farrt ConnOr

Hares: Anal Nicole**Pints Next to the intersection of 4th and Chestnut St Harrisburg by the train station**

About 18 Wankers and Bimbos met up at Pints at or about 630 last night. One of them was NOT Bang, who was missed for her TuTu antics. Brown Noser represented for the dynamic duo. He remembered the FRB medal (which he carried) and the TUTU of Shame. ID was the sexy model of that ensemble last night. After the terrorist that owned the bar complained that we could NOT have the beer out of doors, we decided to get a move on. Never mind that it was like a hazy daze in his establishment from the smokers. Who knew there were even bars that still allow smoking?

Anal Nicole went through the usual info and informed us that a BM stood for Ballet Move and NOT Bowel Movement like most of us had assumed. I was already worried about where I was going to put my stash of Tpaper if I had to shit on demand. She informed us that it was a BAR CRAWL and not an all out sprint but that didn't stop the usual highly toned bodies of Bitch Bath & Behind, Dimples, Stiff On, Tour, Cherry, etc.... from going full speed ahead into the 100% humidity.

Hares: Anal Nicole

Pints Next to the intersection of 4th and Chestnut St Harrisburg by the train station

The first stop was behind some run down building where we found a can of vodka infused whipped cream. Visitor Pelvis Chestly from the town of Black and Gold did the honors. Just like a mama bird she waited for hashers to open up their mouths in a big O before she squirted it in. As usual, the loudest chicks got the most cream--and I'm talking about the comeback kid, BackAlley Bargin. Making her spectacular reappearance with fairy wings, glitter and 70 pounds lighter, she was having a damn good time. Can spent, off we went towards the State Capital. Fuki Suki informed me of some great info about the actual capital building (where the liars and thieves reside). They actually LIED to the MONKS in Italy to persuade them to send us their finest marble for what the politicians SWORE would be a monastery. We got the goods and built the seat of government for the great state of PA. Architecturally it gets an A+ but historically, a big fat F.

We soon ended up on the roof of Garrison's Tavern. I think they only allowed us on the roof because we looked CRAZY in our fabulous tu tu's---at least judging by the stares the dinning room patrons were giving us. This establishment was recently rumored to be on the verge of closing. It had a sparse crowd but it didn't seem like it was going down the tubes or anything. Anal had it all worked out with pitchers waiting for us. I was happy to chat with PHONE SEX and Zebra Balls during our leisurely stop. Backalley was trying to take photo's, clean and steal taper all at the exact same moment. Tour did his down here as he had to rush off to his Hockey Game (Note: while not technically wearing a TUTU, he did don a Predator shirt of famed player Jordin TooT oo.) That is a thinking man's hasher. I followed Chief of Queef down these crazy spiral stairs to street level and off we went again.

We passed a cop who didn't seem to mind one way or another that we were there. To be safe, we all used the crosswalk and followed the bouncing white flour marks towards back towards the downtown area. Poor Backalley dropped her hanky full of glitter, cellphone, cigs, etc... in the middle of the street. I thought she was a goner for a minute or so in the dark. It was now SO hot and sticky, most of us looked like we had just wrestled in baby oil. Anal Nicole, that tricky bitch, took us in through the BACKDOOR of Stallions!!! It was pretty dead in there until we arrived. Techno music thumpin' on the video screen and playing the song "Fuckin' Bitch". It was sung by a HUGE black Tranny who was complaining about skinny bitches who dance on poles. Again, our HARE had her shit together and the beer and awesome AC system helped cool us down. Chief got all excited when two old bags walked in on our party. He said he'd have to blow the dust out of that slit and get a gallon of KY but he went to chat the ladies up. Found out they were here for BINGO!! Gay friendly Bingo downtown Harrisburg on a Thursday night--why do I miss these ads in the local paper? I believe it was here that Yorkshit's friend Just ?? decided to prove her kickboxing skills to Dimples. Let's just say he is probably swinging back in that area today to look for his lost nuts. We cha cha'd and pirouetted our way out of the bar and looked for more flour.

We now made it to the main drag of the 'Burg--2nd street and upstairs to Ceolta's. The steps up to the rooftop bar had me wishing I would have done the Bun's of Steel workout more than once back in the 1990's. Stiff on commented about how stupid they were to paint the cherry woodwork RED. It was here that Brown Noser had to bid us adio and did his down down. There was a woman in a kilt or maybe someone saw her clit, can't remember. Chief was chatting up the board-up-the-ass lawyers who stumbled upon us and we were joined by Panic Button and his lovely lady. Stiff on got an emergency text and had to bit a hasty farewell. People were looking and waving at us where ever we went. A few blew horns. One drunk was driving with no headlights right passed the cops. One last SN before calling it a night. But where--in the alley, in the sky, it's ANAL on the rooftop. Up Up we went to the 10th floor of the parking garage where we had more fabulous whipped cream shots, lots of wankers peeing off the roof and a few getting downright dangerous on the ledge--legion of dumb for sure. We had to help a few people on and off the elevator. One Indian man in particular would have rode that damn thing all night if it wasn't for the boy scout like help of ID to direct him to his hotel room in the Hilton.

Back at circle, we culminated with our best ballet moves that would have made BANG proud. Happy that Backalley is back and better than ever. Happy to give the Tu Tu of shame to Dimples, the FRB to BB&B and a big THANKS to Anal Nicole for bringing back the Pub Crawl after some recently KILLER trails!!!! ON ON to Chief of Queef's Ass Wednesday Fat Boy Gimper Trail in Millersburg. Over the river and through the woods we go.

Just Julie

Awesome hash trash!!!

Who was frb? Glad that someone is finally recognizing that Dimples is brainless!

On on

Brown noser

Ummm....glad you read the hash trash BN. FRB was BitchBathBehind. I nominate BN for the brainless award.

Sorry I missed the Tu-tu yesterday. Sounds like it was awesome ...but then again what else would you expect from Anal Nicole? The BM checks are a gem!

BANG

Hares: Bang 4 UR Buck

310 East Penn Drive, Enola, PA

A good time was had by all. Fun trail and thanks to those hashers who helped me climb up the hill from Hell. And to Chief, who helped me dig my sneaker out of the quicksand, I mean mud. Trashed

Well well what a beautiful day to have a trail. Many long time no see rrrrs were there. Phone Sex, where the fuck has she been for the past six months. Oh yes I saw her at the St Paddy Hash last year. Seems she has gone green. The usual suspects were there too. I had my Bag Pipe CD playing while Sister had his Van Halen CD playing. Bang told him to turn his shit off. Bag Pipes were more the St. Paddy theme of the day.

Hares: Bang 4 UR Buck

310 East Penn Drive, Enola, PA

Chalk Talk was not happening since we were hashers and all. We understand how to follow a trail, except when marks are hidden. I had to step in and wip out my M'Orally Challenged Zenning Powers. Shazam bam wow and godder done. Found the trail after we were all standing, searching, waiting with our fingers up our ass to find trail. Have faith in Zenning Grasshoppers.

The trail was awesome challenging and fun. Even for pregnant hashers like Cogo. Kodick Moment ordered his dog Scout to run full force into my shin. Thanks alot since I am Aunt Mo to your baby boy due in January. Hey Kodick looked up at that Mountain we were to climb to continue trail from the 2nd stream crossing. He said "my wife is not going up that." Soon after I heard her sweet voice. I told him it looked like she already did.

That green shot was the YUMMY bomb. Flaming Earl Gay brought the rest of the bottle on trail with him so we could finish it on way to the On In. Him and I walked, drank, climbed, drank, talked, drank and finished that green Yummy shot bottle. I only remember She Came ordering me into her car so I would not drive. The next thing I remember is waking up in Tour's house with Desperate Dave next to me in bed. Egads, yes I still had my cloths on thank God. The funny thing is, he did not know who it was in bed with him either.

If anyone would like to fill in the missing hours I did not participate in, please do.....

M'Orally sober

9 /14/2011 TIUTALAWH3H #81

Ass Wednesday York Inaugural Hash

Hares: SqueezeMe

Cobblestones, 205 South George Street, York

Fifteen hashers gathered in York yesterday for the FIRST running of the York Hash Hound Harriers. We drank beer at Cobblestones, a bar that has sixty beers on tap and stops serving people if they moon others (more on this later). The pack departed through the streets of downtown York after our hare Squeeze Me was given a six minute head start. After a tit check at a busy intersection and dodging lightning bolts, we met up with our hare in Lehigh fashion at the first beer check at First Capital. We drank and sang at the bar an almost exclusively local version of Glorious Victorious. I think they liked us there. In fact, two virgins were picked up at this bar by Just John. The virgin's names escape me at this moment, but I know that the one plays a mean harmonica.

Then the hare was off again with a five minute head start and we followed the flour through the rain down several blocks where people asked, "What are you doing?" I ignored them. They'll find out soon enough.

We stopped at our second beer check, Maewyn's Irish Pub, where we discovered that Dimples caught the Hare, who was injured, on an exaggerated pub crawl. I hope they both feel like idiots. How do you get injured haring a pub crawl? Whatever. We drank from two giant towers of beer and our virgins even made there with us.

The pack eventually made it back to Cobblestones, aside from one virgin who had to leave at nine, where circle was held and it was determined that York has the longest circles EVER. Down Downs were held and I have never seen that many visitors in the circle at one time.

We did have two namings last night, so let me start with the second naming. Just Jaylene was named after her one millionth hash. She is now known as YorkShit Terrier. And the second naming, since you can't have a founder that's a "just," and for the visitors of H5 to put their permanent stamp on the York hash, we named Just John, wait for it...

TAKES IT UP THE ASS LIKE A MAN!!!!!! We're not your mother Hash, we're your mother f*&%ing hash!

We did our namings, drank beer, and She Came flashed her ass to someone at the bar and was cut off. I believe she said, "I didn't even try to order anything." So we told that bitch at the bar to go "f" herself, because no one else would, and went back to the First Capital for the on after where we swathe newly named Takes it up the ass like a man play his wash tub bass. Those York Hashers are all right.

Oh yeah, many spansks to H5 you guys are great! Good write up Brown Noser, I was gonna post it but you beat me to it....thanks ever so much for the name, I will try to do justice to my new moniker! The guy virgin was Aaron, he is totally hooked. He's got a buddy gonna come Sunday. We made a big impression on everybody we met, some good, some bad! Ha, I shoulda told you about the cop shop next to the bistro bar. Cool that Bang baptized her self in that fountain! that woman at the bar is the worst barkeeper in York. My daughter's boyfriend once sat for 15 minutes with nothing in front of him. She must have walked by a dozen times. They do have other better guys there. On to the next thing, I plan to get up for the Half way to St. Pat's. And then the Sunday at my place. I think I'm gonna get even more beer than I figured, I got a message from Reading. some will prolly come from there. Wet Dreams from Selinsgrove is coming down, and will RA this one. I think it's gonna be a good turnout! On On! Takes It Up The Ass Like A Man (a necklace with this is gonna go all around my neck)

8 /24/2011 TIUTALAWH3H #78

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Bushrat and Panic Button

2270 Mockingbird.

Wanks and Bimbos,

Wow y'all missed a Shitty Trail last night. Bushrat and Panic Button were the hares. The pack hung out in front of Bushrat's house. Our entertainment was watching many dogs sniffing asses, yipping and barking. Then WE HAD CHALK TALK, zero. The pack took off with illumination devices, NOT. My flash light was in the car where it belongs. Bushrat said we were doing the same trail we did 5 years ago. Weblow said that he remembered that one but I don't think he was hashing yet 5 years ago. So he pretended to know this trail. :)

We climbed and climbed through deer trails, water run off gullies, mud and shit. As in we were dodging dog shit as went up the mountain. The trail ascended up and then descended down. The first beer check ended up at the On On. In other words we circle jerked. I saw Dimples holding his pee pee. I being a Massage Thareapist went into action. I told him to lay down and spread his legs. He was in pain. I said, "ya can't be a pussy all your life." His can of man was no where in site. So I massaged his pectineus and adductor longus. I knew it had to be the

8 /24/2011 TIUTALAWH3H #78

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Bushrat and Panic Button

2270 Mockingbird.

longus. I told him to not run because of his injury, but he had to man up and continue. A Marine code I think.

The hares left a note on the ground for trail erections. It said go down the hill through the road up over and then yadda yadda yadda. The pack continued on. There was firns, power lines, ROCKS, trees, streams, dogs, logs, rocks, rocks, rocks and rocks. Darkness fell upon the mountain landscape. It was getting darker and darker. Lets put it this way, I wish I had a dog last night. As in a SEEING EYE DOG. This trail would be perfect in the snow because snow is soft and covers unseen obstacles. Fuki Suki left early. She told us that she made yummy Bunny cookies for the On After grub. I think Fuki secretly knew that this was going to be a shitty trail. Chief, Girth, Luna and I were DFL's at the power line portion of trail. It was the easy part of trail. Easy because I could see where the hell I was. Behind me I could see a figure of a hasher comming up the hill. Maybe its a bear I thought. Then I felt a sting on my ass. Then on my knee and then OMG its fucking bees. The dark figure ended up being Brown Noser. He got stung too. Probably because he was soon behind me and the bees were already pissed. I took Chief's flash light when we entered the dark woods. I told him I would give it back in a minute which ended up to be an hour. Everytime I tried to hand it to him I fell down on a rock. I heard wild animals and birds screaming. Na it was just hashers falling down on rocks. Finally the last beer check and then the On In. For me, Girth, Luna and Chief it was the On Thank God. During trail I thought how wonderful it would be to have long legs like Bang. Then I could walk over 7 rocks instead of 2. It is a good thing that I love blood on trail.

At circle Chief had to drink for blood on trail. Chief told the pack that he was trying to comit suicide in the dark woods. The On After grub was good. Dogs and chili. What is it with dogs last night. Fuki's Bunny cookies were Yummy and kinda not done in the middle. Thats the bomb because we love cookie dough.

If you want to get fit, lose weight and bulk up, do this trail 4 times a week. It will work I know. This morning Desperate Dave stopped by. He told me that he did not go to trail last night because he knew it would be a shtty trail. Thank you Bushrat and Panic for an awesome trail. I thought to myself this morning how much I miss Bushrat and Panic Button's trails because they are always good.

On On,
M'Orally

8 /22/2011 H5 Run #433

Tu-Tu Hash - Joint H5-Reading Hash

Hares: Deathwish, Princess and Mr. Happy

Angelica Park in Reading

I did.

Although I was surprised that someone from Reading volunteered NOT to look at the boob check and "people" didn't want to get their ankles wet to grab a beer... But that's ok, I'm sure we will find a way to ridicule them mercilessly for it in song!

Aside from trail making a turn without a check, it was a fun time and we did our best to make an impression!

On friggin On

SqueezeMe

That was a blast last night...

Tour, thanks for driving us there, and sorry you had to drive us back.

Great trail, hares. Thanks for making it worth the trip.

Brown noser

8 /17/2011 TIUTALAWH3H #77

Lucky #77 Ass Wednesday Hash
Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: SqueezeMe and Trashed

Sports/trail parking lot behind Red Land High School

It was a joy to have all you wankers to our house last night... Yeah right. Lol

Seriously though, since our marriage survived we will hare again... Sometime... Not soon... And probably we will only serve "orange food" at that hash. ;)

Hope you had fun.
SqueezeMe

Thank you to Squeeze Me and Trashed for a great time. 35 hashers on Wed. night it just totally awesome. Great food by all those who contributed. Welcum to the Legion of Dumb Orangubang!!!
Deathwish

8 /13/2011 TMINFMH3 Run #145

Full Sturgeon Moon Hash

Hares: Deathwish and Brown Noser

4075 Lisburn Road * Mechanicsburg, PA * 17055

Darn it,

I was in the middle of an amusing hash trash when my computer crashed and all was lost. Now I feel not like elaborating.

In a nut shell it thanked DW and BNeR for a great "old school" trail full of water, nice trails, rope swings, deep water, margarita shots, swift water, beer, horses and more water. Thanks for making the trail early enough that I could make it to my nieces 70's party...but I digress.

8 /13/2011 TMINFMFH3 Run #145

Full Sturgeon Moon Hash

Hares: Deathwish and Brown Noser

4075 Lisburn Road * Mechanicsburg, PA * 17055

Trail basically ended on DW's land where Tour joked about the development DW's land is located in being named There goes the Neighborhood, and others joked about him putting up a tent and a portajohn as his home, before it headed back to the beginning of trail and where circle was held where else but in the creek. Oh yeah, we were all good hashers and moved our cars jamming them into one tiny parking lot so the people having the 1year olds b-day party could have room to have their guests park their cars. Some bitching was heard on trail--suck it up you pansies! Excellent trail for dogs that could swim or be carried above your head (who said head?). Just Miley and Just Scout had a blast. Just Sunny seemed to have a great time as well. Congrats to DW on his nuptials!

ON-ON!

Sticky Bunz

Hey Tour hold on to those Purple Hazes for next time! I wont let them go to waste!

8 /6 /2011 H5 Run #431

Saturday Hash

Hares: 2 Finger Tuesday and Hot Crotchet

Park and Ride in wonderful Metropolis of Dauphin Intersection of 322 and 225

For All of you bimbos and wankers who stayed away on Saturday you missed and good trail.

Twenty of us showed. Pre-lube was uneventful. Just drinking and bullshitting. Hot Crotchet looks good in a wet t-shirt. Hares off at about 3:30. Two Finger went one way and Hot Crotchet the other. Two Finger Tuesday was the lead and up the steep hill right away. He tied a rope to a tree at the top of the hill for the front running bastard to throw down for the rest to use to help climb. On through the fields and high grass and then into the woods. Down the hill and up the hill in the woods and then into the borough of Dauphin. We got to see a sh*t load of downed huge trees from the tornado. It is amazing and a miracle that it seemed like all of the trees missed houses.

Then we crossed Stoney Creek on the bridge and continued along the southern side of the creek away from the Susquehanna. There Two Finger Tuesday hung a tarzan swing from a tree. OranguBang and Fart Connor had their fun doing summersaults from the swing into the creek. Then trail doubled back and up the hill once more. This part was the most challenging. Thick shiggy, lots of tree branches to climb over. The trail was not a challenge for Fart. He found true trail through all of the thick leaves up to the top of the hill we went. At the top is a nice old neighborhood. Never been there before. Those people have a nice setting. Down the hill and into refreshing Stoney Creek. Oh the cool water felt good on my sweaty winky and bum. Only Bang For Your Buck would have liked my sweaty winky and bum. Too bad she wasn't there. The a beer check on an island in the Susquehanna at the mouth of Stoney Creek. We drank beer and had a good view of the Statue of Liberty. Fart was kissing the lips of a dead fish. Then it started to rain hard and steady but I don't think any one cared. We walked about one mile back to the on-in in the rain. Orangubang had fun. He kept stomping his big foot into the puddle to get Nippleodean wet. The joke was on him though. He really went back to his high school years when he snapped me with wet t-shirt on my A\$\$ - f*cker. We had circle and Just Amy got named - she is now and will forever be known as Secret Turtle Garden.

Just Mary Beth showed up for the prelude but didn't do trail.

On After was nice at the Stoney Creek Inn. Wings and pasta salad for all.

Lots of tit checks, dick checks, naughty checks, whistle checks. The only check missing was a blank check. Trail was just under five miles and a typical Two Finger Tuesday trail - long, somewhat challenging yet fair.

Sorry I couldn't be more creative but I am still tired and hung over from Saturday (oopsss and yesterday).

Hu Phlung Po

So sorry I missed one of 2FT's kicka\$\$ trails. I'm completely flattered that you took the time to think about me while you cooled off your hairy d*ck and a\$\$hole in Stony Creek on Saturday. I'll be sure to return the favor later this afternoon when I change my bloody tampon.

on a\$\$ wed on,

Bang

8 /3 /2011 TIUTALAWH3H #75

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Interior Defecator

Harrisburg east mall

24 hashers,5 virgins,4 cases ,30 pack, half gallon 70 proof watermelon vodka,2 half gallons wine,did someone say chicken??equals one helluva hash.It was nice seeing everyone out and thanks for all the positive feed back...Sorry I could make the on after.....needed two Motrin and a hot tub.....There are 3 open Ass Wednesday hashes this month.Newer hashers that want to hare a hash, ask a more experienced hasher to show you the ropes!

On H5 ROCKS On,I.D.

P.S..Hash trash anyone???

Well here I am composing yet another Ass Wednesday Hash Trash for a memorable trail. At least it was for me. In a gloomy pissy rain about 28 hashers showed up behind Toys R Us to attend one more trail of I.D.'s. There were 4 virgins that Bitches Over Dishes, Can't Taste Won't Swallow and Hung Like The Amish brought. 4-F You came to visit from Pissburgh too. It was his 39th Wedding Annalversary and he wanted to spend it hashing with H5. His wife hates me cuz I ate all the dark chocolate once when I went to visit them. Anyway I digress. Let's stay on subject M'Orally.

Off we went. Before we got to the first beer check someone told me that the virgin Hu Phlung Pu seemed to have brought was Webelo's Mother. That was bullshit. Maybe they were just fuckin with my head(?). Anyway before the pack finished that beer check, Fuki Suki, Chief and I went on ahead. The trail was basic but scenic with alooouooooot of Tit and Dick checks, woods, constuction sites, town houses and road. A false or two but mostly Tit checks. Fuki and I were doing paper, rock and scissors prior to baring our breasts for the wankers. Fuki just blew through the next 50 Tit checks so that I was left behind to do the job I guess. The dick checks were a waste of time. It was too dark to see anything. You see a penis is much lower than a tit. In the dark gloomy night the Bimbos could not see anything except Pu's. Maybe because

Hares: Interior Defecator**Harrisburg east mall**

he is 6 foot 6 and his penis is higher than the others. In the woods we saw an old car stripped of everything. Orang U Bang and Chief identified it as a 68 Nova with a V-8 engine. The woods must have grown all around it through the years since it couldnt drive through trees. We went through a graveyard before the shot check. Some of the stones had this wierd small metal box with a hinged door. It was explained that it was for ashes. Stiff On Toe Poke Her said it was for candles. Maybe in Romania where he is from they do that. The U.S. has fire codes that refrain from such actions. Or maybe the stones were old as shit before fire codes existed. I didn't look at the grave stone dates. When they said ashes I got the fuck out of there and apoligized to those spooks that were listening.

Before and after trail, Bitches Over Dishes car alarm kept going off. Then another alarm and then it got old. My alarm went off too. In Your Endo yelled at me for setting my car alarm off. As I turned towards him I noticed he was growing a beard. Girth was too. In Your Endo said it was because he was a lazy fuck. Girth Brooks said his was there for the play offs???? Prior to calling up circle we had snacks. Some delicious watermelon and 1 yes 1 bag of doritos that lasted about 2 minutes before they were gobbled up by hungry hashers. The smoked almonds vanished???? Good thing Hung Like The Amish brought chips and home made salsa. Stiff On decided that it would be funny to smooch watermelon on M'Orally's chin, neck and boobs while she was eating it. Beer, what beer. It would be really cool to have a hash food fight/watermelon fight to help us forget about the beer we ran out of. That was gone too. I.D. did not expect a small army to show up on this gloomy night. Maybe if he did a circle jerk near a liquer store where he could have bought more beer and then dropped it back at the On On and then continued trail. Tour went off into the night to get more beer. Stores were closed so he brought some really yukky WINE!? I turned around and poof there was Two Fingers. Poof there was Dorothy as in Dirty Dorothy. Him and Chapped Lips decided to cum to circle. Not only did Chapped Lips drink for non runner but also for calling Hung Like The Amish, Fred (his nerd name). Wow what was she smokin that caused her to slip up like that. We also had a naming. Just C.J. is now BBB or Bitch, Bed and Behind or Bitch, Back and Behind. I told him I was going to call him Bitch for short. He is now H5's Bitch. This bitch is bunking at DC Red Dress with Anal Nicole, Licky Me and I in October. Please someone tell the pack what his name is. What is the corect BBB's.

Off I went to the On After. My GPS took me to Giligans. I felt like I was on the SS Minnow, because Giligan's was not a Dike Bar that we were supposed to end up at. It was raining at that point and the lights confused me so I went home. My schizophrenic roommate told me this morning that Giligans is next to the Dike Bar. Woops lost yet agian. I told MC about this wierd dream I had last night. I had a baby with my X-ass hole husband. YUK what a nightmare. It was a girl and looked like my daughter did at that new bornish age. I went to check on her. I locked the door but it kept opening. When I went to pick up the baby she turned her head, looked at my boobs and said "I want some of that." I thought Wow what a miricle that my new baby could talk. Either she wanted to nurse or maybe she was smelling the watermelon that Stiff On smooshed on my chin, neck and boobs. Wierd, I thought to myself. Dorothy, dead people ashes, a new born that could talk, Gilligan and a 68 Nova in the middle of the woods. Maybe it's not a dream just a bad Woody Allen movie.

Can't Taste Wont Swallow told the pack that the great Slim Jim is cumming to trail on Saturday. I am so sad that I will miss his visit because I will be at Nittany for the 1200th trail. Maybe, just maybe I will see him there. God I hope so. What an awesome treat that would be.

7 /27/2011 TIUTALAWH3H #74**Ass Wednesday Hash****Hares: Fuki Suki and Chief of Queef****1451 Peters Mountain Road, Dauphin, PA 17018-9504**

Thank you to Fuki and Chief for last night's trail. It was fun and a great 1st hare for Chief. By the way the virgin Just Dave I did not bring to trail :) like he said. He came on his own (internet).

On On,
M'Orally

7 /23/2011 H5 Run #430**Pig Roast Hash****Hares: Dirty Dorothy, Lil SperMaid and Chapped Lips Falmouth boat access off 441**

Thanks Lil Spermaid, Dirty Dorothy, and Chappy in no special order because youse are all special to us, and need a saftey helmet too.

About 20 intrepid hashers gathered on a fine Susquehanna Swelterer, trail wasn't cancelled because of snow, and we enjoyed a fine Pennsylvania summer day. In Your Endo made it from Friday nights trail with fresh poison ivy over his old poison ivy. Our Grand Mattress "Bang For Your Buck" must have been home licking her seeping wounds, or maybe Brown Noser, and needed some recovery time. I'm just envious because I missed the tu tu trail. We started trail from real near 3 Mile Island... right on hash time with a few visitors, Spank You Very Much, Grab Bag, and Just Brad who claims to have hashed for 5 years and is from Reading with his little dog Cole. All the smart hashers, about 3 of them, went to Chappy's house because of the clue at starting circle that the owners wouldn't mind if we wen't around back of the owners house and drank their beer. The rest of the pack soon found their way back and we had beer. It's really a stupid idea to bring the pack for the first beer check at the B part of an A to B trail.

Not to over estimate the intelligence of the pack, we left shade and beer and endeavored to persevere and soon found the kilted Just C. J. to have been accused by a local wilted grass owner to have put satanic flour marks on the grass that he killed. Yeah, I never seen a "wilted grass owner" before either. Ask the police that visited and they will explain. Somewhere on this part of trail I thought I heard banjos playing... <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XbtHe81fenY&feature=related> The heat took a toll on some of our hashers and Chappy too, but all made it back for circle and to re-hydrate. Here we welcomed our guest of honor, lemme see if I can put the picture on the right. No it's not Ned Beatty on the grill, but wouldn't that be a great name for a pig? So we had circle, dis-membered the virgin Just Bill, who visited us from Morgantown, West Virginia, and Tour de Puke helped us make fun of many in the form of songs. The hares and family did many down downs. A high point for the day was the naming of Chappy's daughter Just Fleshia. Just Fleshia, you're not number five if you care about my spelling, had lotts dirt provided by Lil Spermaid mostly as she arrived for the 10 down downs she missed. Just Fleshia provided one of the best stories about something for being a Military Policeman/woman/bimbo handcuffing her 13 year old male cousin. Nobody could think of any good enough incestious names or Takes It Up The Ass Like A Seaman names. Just Fleshia got named "Seamanatrix". I think the spelling is important because it indicates a domination of sailors. This differs from the usual spelling of naval bimbos in the form of "Semen" because the former Just Fleshia dominates seamen.

On, I don't write this shit for a living, On

Hares: Dirty Dorothy, Lil SperMaid and Chapped Lips Falmouth boat access off 441

Farrt ConnOr

Like Fart Connor mentioned in his summary of Saturday's events, I was singled out by a pissed off land-owner as the sole culprit of witchcraft, trespassing, and other misdemeanors. Apparently, my kilted hashing gear either made me easy to spot, or drove the land-owner to a fit of jealousy. The police were called, and promptly stopped by to investigate. Officer Clancy of the Susquehanna Regional Police Department asked me to provide my info, and said he was going to check it out and get back to us.

Apparently, the "local wilted grass owners" couldn't even tell if we were actually on their property, or PP&L's right-of-way, or the neighbor's property, (who had given us permission to run there), etc.

I realized that while talking with the police, in my state of shock and trying to conceal any evidence of alcohol, that I forgot to get the officer's contact information. Being that I didn't want to sit around for weeks wondering if I was being charged with something, I decided to call him.

I just got off the phone with the police, and no laws were broken, and no charges are being filed. Case closed.

Dirty Dorothy assured me there wouldn't be an issue. And I doubted that I would have a problem. But, until you hear it straight from the officer, you never know.

I apologize to anybody that was in attendance if JustJalein or I seemed snippy. It was a long day and the police attention tripled my stress level. Otherwise, a good time was had by all.

Looking forward to doing it all over again,

JustC.J.

Just C.J.

All of your behavior is accepted and excused. There is one thing I warn you about however.

Do not open your mouth and criticize anybody's work effort and accomplishments for a hash related event. You will pay dearly.

Hu Phlung Pu

witchcraft, trespassing, misdeameaning, criticizing, payback = acceptable hash behavior

who would ever consider anything associated with a hash-related event an "accomplishment"? hmmm...from my experience, a better description would be a "poorly orchestrated catastrophe."

on on,

Bang

Get used to the police thing. It will not be the last time you will be questioned by police. Take it with a grain of salt and try to move on. Or you could do what I do when the police show up--just quietly disappear and deny any knowledge of the idiots running by throwing toxic white powder.

I'm new on the message board and I think I sent this to Hu Phlung Pu directly instead of posting it to the site. So, this is a copy of my message that didn't make it on here...

"When I made reference to the the "local wilted grass owners" [a term used by Fart Connor in message #16301], I was referencing the idiot that phoned in the complaint to the police.[and his mother]

I certainly wasn't criticizing anybody in our group. Lil Spermaid, Dirty Dorothy, and Chappy did a great job with the beer, the food, and the trail (albeit super thorny and shiggylicious) I appreciate their hospitality. The new roaster looked great, BTW.

I met some cool new cool people I hadn't before, and got some new poison ivy for the top of my existing poison ivy. :)

ON ON"

JustC.J

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck

Asia Mall parking lot -- 1030 South 13th Street, Harrisburg, PA 17104

A pack of about 20 wankers decided they couldn't be pussies all their lives, so they braved the 100 degree heat to meet at the Asia Mall parking lot. Some beer was consumed and vessels given to Bang to transport to the on-in. Our hare, Bang for Your Buck, donned her tutu and took off. The pack followed suit, running down 13th Street, through the car dealership and down some shiggy onto the railroad tracks, where we lost trail for about 10 minutes. Finally found it and went up again to the pavement, then into some really thick shiggy (who knew there could be so much shiggy in the ghetto??), where we tried our best to avoid the poison ivy that was everywhere! A beer stop refreshed us, until we noticed everyone was covered with glitter. Bang was kind enough to sprinkle some on the beer cans so we had it all over our faces, and then on bald heads and backs of necks as we tried to cool down. Down the netting-covered hill to the street, crossed over, and into more shiggy where there was another beer stop, and then the rest is a blur of pavement, NOT going into Savannah's, homeless

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck**Asia Mall parking lot -- 1030 South 13th Street, Harrisburg, PA 17104**

encampments, walls to jump down from (thanks Hu Phlung Pu for lifting me down from one with one hand on my boob. I hope it was good for you), streams, a yummy shot check behind a big tree in Shipoke, and then finally (finally!) ending in the parking lot of Troeg's, complete with a HHH, Bang's car, and no Bang. Fortunately, we did have access to the beer, and waited for her, did car backs to get some cars back to Troeg's, and then Endo and Lumpy went on a scouting mission complete with flashlight and fortunately called back to report they found Bang about 60 seconds before we called the police. We were relieved when she got back, but she was pissed that we missed the last beer stop (well, all but a couple of us did). We also revived Anal Nicole from her blood sugar dropping too low, rescued with water, some of a delicious sub (the sandwich, not a type of sex partner) and candy. Down-downs were given for not wearing tutus, doing stupid things on trail, and many other infractions. I forget who won the "stupidest thing on trail" award now.

It was a truly fun and exciting evening—almost as much fun as it will be when we're all getting shots of cortisone for poison ivy.

On-on-to-the-next-hash-I-can-make-on,

Trashed

Bang 4 UR Buck is a f*cking animal. There is no doubt in my mind that her disposition is a direct result of her undisclosed ability to curl and eat her own "salty sweaty pu\$\$ay", tain't and soiled bung hole.

Hu Phlung Pu

Hashers,

Yes, A woman's boob in my hand is good for me. I am always willing to help. It calms the savage beast. I don't know what I would do if a wanker needed help. If only I could give myself a bj like Bang can do for herself.

Hu Phlung PU

Interior Defector was the stupidest. He decided that he was going to mimic Carl Lewis. He took two strides, turned his ankle and fell. So his hoorah moment turned into a delay for his sorry ass and about five hashers. How many times do we have to carry this sad sack from here to there?

We Love you I.D. Although you must stop trying to sell H5 sweat pants with 90 degree heat.

Hu Phlung Pu

Thanks for the write-up, Trashed, and thanks to everyone who came out for the July Tu-Tu on Friday. ID won the Bainless Award for his ankle-bending hash crash. I am covered in poison from my neck to my ankles. My deepest apologies to all those I offended during my final appearance at the HHH's screaming "F*ck you guys! F*ck you all!" I really had no idea how worried you all were. Soorrrry!!

Don't worry, Hu -- if I am ever able to curl up and eat my own pu\$\$y, I'll make sure you receive the first demonstration.

on on,

Bang

Nice to see the apple does not fall far from the cart. Way to follow in my foot steps. You totally rock. Be home in 2 weeks and can't wait to hash.

Deathwish

Hares: Puke Panther and M;Orally Challenged**Union Deposit Road & Valley Lane, Hummelstown, PA**

Well the Ass Wednesday trail last night was fun I think? Puke Panther and I as the hares had a pretty good turn out. It WAS HOT, HAZY AND HUMID (HHH). There were some new boots that came. One was a dude I met on craigslist (don't say it) and damn if his name isn't Jerry. Remember the creepy Security Guard guy that wanted to f*ck me hard an lick my wee wee at She Came and JAF0's Saturday Hash named Jerry? Well this new boot was an Army dude and he told She Came that he was not a Security Guard. Good enough for me. 2 visitors Albino Beaver from Reading the kennel that does not have trails when it snows and Cunt You Hear Me Now from Pissburg, home of the dead trails decided to show up. Mine Broke's (another Pissburg Hasher) car broke down and he was unable to cum. We heard Lump Neck Muncher (Lumpy) tried to find us but then again maybe that was a rumor. Now one thing I found out after 8 years of hashing.... DON'T AUTO SCOUT WITH A WANKER THAT GREW UP IN THE TRAIL REGION OF THE TRAIL YOUR HARING!!!! Us Baltimorons with A.D.D. are not familiar with every damn turn, road, gully and FIELD. O God I can hear Tour from here, "Cuz your a shitty Hare." Puke said "After you cross the creek just go across the field". Fucker didn't tell me there were 3 fields and he was laying the rest of the trail!! As I ran to the middle of the 1st field....., I stopped with fear in my gut. What the hell do I do now? Which way is the right way? Ah yes I will rip out some of these soy beans and put HHH in flour down so they can't catch me. They will have to give me 10 minuts to continue, WHERE?!!!!!!?*^*%*%^(*&(&. So then I decided to hide like a bitch in the weeds of the hill next to field that Puke didn't tell me was there. The hill was next to buildings that Puke didn't tell me were there either. I just knew that the hashers that are really great at finding trail would find the rest of the trail and save my

7 /20/2011 TIUTALAWH3H #73

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Puke Panther and M'Orally Challenged

Union Deposit Road & Valley Lane, Hummelstown, PA

ass. I heard In Your Endo say "this HHH in flour was unintentional, it is a true trail mark." Great, now then I knew I was screwed and had to rise up from the weeds that I was getting deer ticks in and tell them "I don't know where to go." Trashed said "don't worry about it we are having fun?" Sounds good enough to me.

Prior to trail "Ok Puke I have water and ice. Oh also I have a Baja Luna Black freag'in yummy as shit Raspberry Cream Tequila Shot Check 50 ft from start. So they won't miss that we didn't have beer before chalk talk (so sad). Due to the weather, I wanted them to be well hydrated to avoid heat stroke. :) We finally got to the NEW BRIDGE and floated down stream with BEER and LEMON DROP SHOTS. I was hoping that would make them drunk enough and forget that I GOT LOST ON MY OWN FREAG'IN TRAIL. Puke was fine but I sucked. Tour ran and got the biggest raft and Just not the security guard Jerry I heard got the big penguin float. The rest of us either walked or took the children floaties. You know like sitting at the kid table at Thanksgiving.

The On After was at Shane's and the food sucked too but the beer was yummy and cold. Someone walked out from paying for wings. That sucked too but oh well it still ended up a fun and memorable trail. Here is to you, here is to me, f*ck you here is to me.

On On to more Baja Luna,
M'Orally Challenged

I think M'Orally's mind is still out haring trail.

On On
Fart ConnOr

I know I haven't hared much. Please let me think what she did last night wasn't haring but an illusion. See our website "Tour's guide to Haring" For a reference or refresher as needed. Bullets are given for quick and organized presentation, example SCOUTING. I also like the ones: Always get enough beverages. (unless we end at a bar) It's always better to have too much than not enough. It sucks having to go out and get more.

Ass Wednesday hashes have been close to averaging 20 hashers. refer to the last bullet.

H5 considers beer at the beginning and end a must. Refer to the first bullet.

I have been Known to keep an extra case hidden for extra thirsty hashers. If your a co-hare with M'Orally or I, Plan to consume beer, pour it over your head, or bare your TITS at circle often.

I love hashing.....I like a new challenge and a different hash every time. Great location. Awesome to see some virgins and new hashers (one hashed with a kilt on his 4Th trail).

Awesome time....H5 rocks!!!

Pukehope your knees didn't give you trouble today.

On comedy club and laughing at M'Orally On
I.D.

7 /15/2011 TMINMFMH3 Run #144

Full Buck Moon Hash

Hares: Bang For Your Buck

1208 Allendale Rd, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055

Great hash, well worth the poison I am going to get in about 3 days despite wearing poison block and washing with ivy wash after. A small price to pay for a great trail through the woods. Just Miley thanks you also for not having much road so she could stay off her leash and run and run and run....!

I ask you how could the cops have a problem with us with all the glitter and gold lame? Sticky Bunz

I heard that the police officers favorite movie was "Gold Finger." Wow our Grand Mistress Bang had all that and more. Gold Hat, Gold Go Go Pants, Gold Earrings, Gold Socks, Gold Shoes, Gold Gold Gold. I heard a rumor that her next trail will be in either Paisley, Stripes or Silver. Thanks for a scatch'in trail. So thick the deer ticks will not live there.

M'Orally Gold Struck

Hey Wankers,

Thanks to all who came out for the Get More Bang for Your Dollar Full \$Buck Moon trail. It was truly a \$hitty time. But really, cum out this Friday to be redeemed for all of the poison and ticks. I'm for real, girl. No PI on this trail...it's love this time -- YEAH RIGHT!

on hope you are all scratching as much as i am on,

BANG

7 /13/2011 TIUTALAWH3H #72

Kick the Keg Fat Boy Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Lunachic and Girth Brooks

1418 Mt. Wilson Road
Lebanon, Pa. 17042

A fine looking group of intrepid hashers showed up last night to do the Fat Boy trail last night. Many thanks to Girth and Luna for their hashpitality, providing enough chicken and cheesy-poofs for everybody to have their fill, along with a shiggy trail on which many of us had involuntary blood draws.

We were pleased to have I Cunt Hear You show up! Hopefully she'll be with us a few more times this summer and will bring Just Mike along when he's not too busy with the guys in the band to spend time with her. ;-)

7 /13/2011 TIUTALAWH3H #72

Kick the Keg Fat Boy Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Lunachic and Girth Brooks

1418 Mt.Wilson Road
Lebanon, Pa. 17042

Webelo Scout

The other hashers suck, the other hashers suck. Especially if you thought there was going to be flat beer for trail last night. You don't know what you missed. Oh well.. .we had a shitty time.

ONON

thanks to those that did cum out to play.

Luna

7 /6 /2011 TIUTALAWH3H #71

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Deathwish and Stiff-On-Toe-Poke Her

Duke's in wormleysburg

Wankers and Bimbos,

This trail desevae a Hash Trash write up. Last night the pack all met at Duke's for drinks prior to the trail. The air was humid. I asked a woman who was watering her yard to please squirt me down. She was very happen to ablige. Seemed almost child like. Anal Nicole joined me in the sweet feeling drenching mist. The trail had train tracks (of course I showed the Conductor my tits), boring road (but just wait) and the first beer check located at Tour's house. Deathwish met the walkers and guided us to a shortcut located at Phone Sex's house. To my disapointment Phone Sex was not home or she was hiding. Meanwhile for those runners whom had shiggy like Just Jonathan who split his elbow and bled all over. He decided to run down the hill that everyone else said to themselves "why the fuck did you run down THAT HILL." He skydives and maybe he mistook it for a jump. In Your Endo took him to get stitched up. 7 was the # it took to close that bitch up. Seems Just Jonathon does not like to see the needle but doesn't mind the prick. When we did hit that beer check I could see Deathwish blowing up tubes Wow it's a tubing hash!!

The pack gladly plunged into the warm water and jumped into the tubes donated by Fart who was not there ; (. Squeeze me, Tour and Panic Button led the pack in songs. Our other Hare Stiff On, dragged the beer tube behind him. I think he should have dragged Crackwhorefucker as well who was waaaaaaaay behind all of us just slowly drifting down stream drinking his beer. Some of us had to double up on tubes. Dick On A Stick and She Came seemed to not mind nor did Chock and Dimples. It was shallow in some spots and our asses dragged on the bottom. So what we had beer and we had TUBES!!!! Uh oh Just Ken's ass dragged maybe too much. His keys now have a new home. It's called THE CONODOGUINET (Native American for Asshole who lost Keys in water.) Interior Deficator was first tube in so he was FRB.

Later we had circle at Tour's house. Just Ken has a new name. He now and forever will be called KEY PARTY. Tour wanted to name him "takes it up the ass like keys." Special thanks to Deathwish and Stiff On. This will always be a most memorable trail. Other kennels wish they were as cool as H5.

On Tube On,
M'Orally Challenged

PS. Dick On A Stick thought he was going to get rid of the FRB Medal and T-shirt last night. No No No this is not a Saturday Hash it's Takes It Up The Ass Like A Wednesday!!!!

Thanks to everyone who showed up last night for a sat. trail on wed. I have been off work so everyday seems like a sat. We had 7 stitches, lost keys, lost very expensive sunglasses by some dumb ass that thought it was cool to wear glasses that cost about the same as a car payment. We are the best hash ever and the people make it possible. Where is our leader? See everyone at Bubba on sat.

Deathwish

6 /11/2011 H5 Run #426

Tour De Cure & Warrior Dash Hash

Hares: Wild Cherry and Flaming Earl Gay

ABC Bowling Alley (inside at bar); 6454 Carlisle Pike, Mechanicsburg

For all those who were there and those wish they wern't. (How the hell is wern't much shorter than were not?) "wern't" sounds so Amish. Or some Girl Scout cookies like that.

The hash gathered at ABC Smoking Bowling Alleys for beer and trail soon to follow. OK, the stanky ciggy smoke wasn't that bad where we gathered for some FREE BEER before the trail, but I think that's cause of the great majority of non-smokers. Yeah, maybe I shouldn't bust on our smokers becasue they do a lot for our hash. Which brings my little mind to a whole 'nother tangent. I think this even goes beyond Rednecks. Who are the assholes who put a burning barrel as far from their house as possible so the smoke from their burning trash blows to

Hares: Wild Cherry and Flaming Earl Gay

ABC Bowling Alley (inside at bar); 6454 Carlisle Pike, Mechanicsburg

their neighbors? I'm not talking about yard debris, I'm talking about plastic and shit! Where's my beer? Oh, it's right beside my mind.

Meanwhile back on the hashscape.... The hares, Wild Cherry and Flaming Earl Gay took off for why Harrisburg/Hershey is all about: LIVE HARES! After 12 minutes the pack took off. The pack got to a tit check that was adheared to by the non-rules and the pack was happy. Tour de Puke wen't around a quarry and was smart enough to have fun. M'Orally Challenged actually followed trail. We got to a shot check and hung out for a while but not long enough for Licky Me to catch up just as we left, or was it right?

Really not far after that we got to this really cool beer check. It was cool in many ways. There was like this house built over a spring. The water ran out from underneath the wall. I guess that's better than "overneath", that's when the water goes over the wall in case you need a mental description. Crack Whore Fucker missed a down down for pissing in the house. The hares, Flaming Earl Gay and Wild Cherry did a great job of keeping the H5 hash "standard" of a beer check or something like it every mile or less!

Here's another great thing about H5... I've been to many other hash groups and nobody fucks around at beer checks like H5, unless there's H5'ers on that hash! On the way back me and Delia took a nice dive in the stream that was near us to cool off. We got back to the ABC and tried to determining the FRB. Orangubang got falseley accused. Rats, I don't know FRB. How come there's so much I don't know? Must have been that "new math" back in the 70's. Geeze, we are back at Wild Cherry's house in some undisclosed place in Pennsylvtucky. Almost forgot about our visitors "Grab Bag" and " Spank You Very Much". Lemme see if I can do this right as Grab Bag and Spanks have a trail in Lancaster, PA cummin' up on July 18..

Saturday, June 18

2:00pm

Reading HHH - Boobie Hash!

WhenSat, June 18, 2pm – 6pm

WhereToys R Us, 1430 Harrisburg Avenue, Lancaster, PA 17601 (map)

DescriptionHared by: Spank you Very Much When: June 18th @ 1400 Where: Toys R Us parking lot 1430 Harrisburg Ave. Lancaster Pa 17601 Hares: Spank You Very Much Grabbag (LVH3) What: BOOBIE HASH is honor of the new additions!! Wet T-Shirt contest to top it all off so ladies bring your white... This will be an A to A trail. Dry bags recommended.

Menwhile back at Wild Cherry's house we had circle in his garage. Hash buisness was conducted and Delia was GM for a day. Deathwish stepped down as Grandmaster, due to life. Bang For Your Buck was erected as Grand Matress and Brown Noser is an RA too. H5 now has 2 RA's for when needed. Delia our GM at the time went to recruit some of Wild Cherry's neighbors. During circle there was this "BAM BAM BAM ON THE FUCKING DOOR". It was Wild Cherry's neighbor saying somebodies dog was in their garage. Fart Connor went to retrieve our Grand Dogstress.

Maybe you have to picture this... Here's Wild Cherry's neighbor bring up his 3 teenagers right and protecting them from the real world. Suddenly the real world visits in the form of Fart Connor and Delia, by the way the kids liked Delia. Fart's wearing a kilt, FREE Beer For All The Hashers t-shirt, and a bugle. Would it have been better if I was wearing my flourescent green tu tu and leather Rumson vest?

Ohhhh geeze! KY has the next H5 hash June 25, 2011....

On On

Farrt ConnOr

Hares: Bang 4 UR Buck, Brown Noser and Wild Cherry

Kudos to Wild Cherry, Bang 4 Ur Buck and Brown Noser for an incredible trail Sunday afternoon, WHICH TRULY EXEMPLIFIED AN H5 TRAIL! It had the big three:

- 1) Mum's the word. Not once did they mention where the trail might go, how many beer stops there were, whether or not there were any shots, or where the On-After would be. You have to *run* the trail to find these things out, stupid. That's the whole point.
- 2) They brutalized the pack. There was rain, briar patches, creeks, tunnels, trail blazing, poison ivy, ticks, trespassing, etc., etc., etc. You'll know by Wednesday's trail if my falling face-first into a heavily overgrown patch of poison ivy resulted in any damage.

Hares: Bang 4 UR Buck, Brown Noser and Wild Cherry

3) The ON-IN was right where we ended. Trails don't end at bars. We are an outdoor running/drinking club. If you want to go to a bar, do that later. Oh, and having pizza delivered to the corner of the Patriot News parking lot earned extra brownie points. This is one that will be talked about.

On-on to the Summer and more trails just like this!

She Came

5 /11/2011 TIUTALAWH3H #64

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: ID and Fuki Suki

Uptown Plaza, corner of 7th and Division streets

TOP ten list of things I heard of the hash in no particular order :

"What are you doing ? You can't park here ."

"It is about time you get here ."

"Did you bring my vest ?"

"Who has the poop bag ?"

"I.D. + Fuki = pretty shitty trail !"

"I believe that the hares parked here to put all of the drink checks out ."

"There were no tit checks."

"There are no rules."

"Shut up...Shut up....Shut up....Shut up....Shut up.....Shut up.....Shut up...."

"Oh yeah , I can drink another one I am walking home from here."

Thanks Fuki Suki and I.D. for steppin up last nite to hare what again turned out to be a truly shitty trail.

On-On
Girth

4 /30/2011 H5 Run #422

14th Anal - 11th Stinko de Mayo

Hares: Grand Master Deathwish and All the Usual Susp

What can the GM say when he has such great people around him but Thank You. This year, more than any other year, we had people help in many different ways. Stinko is one of those events that without help from a lot of different people it would not be what it is.

Kitchen Crew- LunaChic and Two Fingers Tuesday, Fantastic job. I felt like I was in America instead of Mexico. It is not that I do not like Mexican food, but variety is the spice of life. That pig was fantastic Otis. Breakfast, lunch, dinner, late night snacks, Thank you everyone. The Band- What can be said about Central Pa. Most Intoxicated Band that has not already been said. We love you Bubba. I think I finally heard about that damn Bird, Bird, the Bird...

Registration- Squeeze Me and She Came worked very hard to make sure everyone had the chance to register.

Check in Crew- Licky Me, Cant Taste Wont Swallow, Anal Nicole gave their time Friday to get all you wankers your haberdashery. I do not know who did Sat. but Thank You.

Parking- Wild Cherry and crew. Thanks for directing wankers where to go. You make it look so easy.

Beer Crew- What can I possibly say here but my liver thanks you for the nectar you provided. Great job with the Beer wagon.

Olympics- Brown Noser and Bang For a Buck. You two should really loosen up and try to have fun. Don't be so reserved. Maybe next year they will listen to your mega-horn. More balloons.

Hares- Trail sucked like the last 13 years. What can be expected when Bushrat is leading the likes of Dick on A Stick, Panic Button, and Wet Dreams. Bang For A Buck, your Friday crawl was prehistoric. Great costumes by all those who dressed up.

Coffee- Thank you Ho Flung Poo for making sure people had their morning fix.

Chili Cook Off-Chapped Lips once again did a great job making sure this tradition did not disappear. Thanks to all of you who entered. If you did not win, try again next year.

Hot Tub Crew- Thanks Sister Maria for once again providing a place for wankers to soak.

Wood Crew- More wood, more wood, more wood, wore wood,...

Cleaning-OrangUBang for making sure the bathrooms were cleaned prior to Stinko. Also, making sure the bathrooms had enough paper and soap during the weekend.

Recycle- Dancing Fool every year you give your time to make sure we stay Green. Thank you.

Camp Clean Up and Repairs-Before Stinko even begins numerous trips are made to the Camp for raking leaves, cutting back brush, picking up downed sticks, repairs to the Camp, etc. I cant possibly name everyone here so do not be offended. Bushrat, Lock Jaw, Interior Deficator, Fart Connors, Chapped Lips, Sister Maria, Fuzz Buster, Kodick Moment, COGO, Miss Piss, Tour De Puke, Two Fingers Tuesday, Wild Cherry, and so many more.

Hares: Grand Master Deathwish and All the Usual Susp

Well enough of taxing my brain. Let me just say how much I appreciate everyone. Next year will be 15 years. Maybe we should just stop at 14. What do you think.

Your faithful servant and puppet master,
Deathwish

P.S. i am still winning

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck

Both of them, Jesus plural, that is.

Bang For Your Buck did a discreet trail from the Post Office in Harrisburg, PA. I braved the Harrisburg traffic on a good Friday cause me and a bunch of other municipal workers were off work and were not screwing up traffic. The pack parked around a sign that said not to park there for more than 30 minutes but I guess the parking Nazis were off work and we were OK. The Po Po arrived as the pack gathered and Bang spoke to them and the nice officer was smiling and left us alone. What did Bang promise to make the officer smile and leave? The hare, Bang For Your Buck, threw flour, much of the pack dressed in tu tu's, and we drank discreetly in a post office parking lot.

The pack of about 20 wankers took right off on hash time through some of the finest neighborhoods in Harrisburg, "hood" being the word of the day. The hare was quickly ratted out by some of the locals, apparently six foot tall, hot, blonde bimbos throwing flour are not often seen in this neighborhood. Hmmm, not sure about the r\$nnng part? We were soon slowed by a beverage near, luckily that covers a lot of drinking ground. I think it was some kind of fine box-o-wine made from recycled anti-freeze with a touch of brake fluid added for color and cat piss for bittering. That's only my wine conosewers view. It was well hidden among the local trash that even the locals couldn't find it, or didn't want too.

So trail went on blah abha bahaaa to another well hidden beer check disguised to look like trash, or a dead thing in a bag, but the hashers found it and drank it. While on trail the pack did see some photo worthy stopping points relating to Good Friday. It was a Good Friday for me because I had the day off with pay. If I do this right there will be a Hashspace photo album that I should have thought of doing before I wrote this shit. <http://www.hashspace.com/photo/albums/jesus-can-go-hashing> Here's a great time to mention why H5 is so great, we are in "The Hood" and have the time to stop and take pictures, not like many other hashes that would be running as fast as they can. Oh, that's right, most of our pack was walking.

So we get to another well placed unfound shot check, except by the hashers, placed by Bang For Your Buck. It's funny how when were in places like "this", "they" don't call the police. I would have liked to have a "Bang Cam" that would record her for some un-reality show showing her placing these booze checks. The pack decides that it's about time to be getting On On as I'm starting to wonder about the time for picture taking in "the hood". Now, not to be hashingly incorrect butttt.... we need more black/other races hashers and "White People" jokes. So anyhow, the sun is still up but it's getting awfully dark!

You might have to picture this, there are many dressed in tu tu's and fairy wings and the coolest beer check of the trail comes up. We go to a bar! This is a truly shitty bar in that it is a stanky place where you can smoke other peoples cigarettes. Why do places like this make the best hash bars? I think the "this" and "they" theory come into play. I guess this is why the trail was not dog friendly. The cool thing about this bar was that there were quite a few races having fun in this bar. Some were wondering about the fellas in the tu tu's. I wasn't properly attired in that my tu tu was really a dress, my excuse was that is was cold and I had spandex underneath. Shortly after that My Bi Black Sheep arrived at the bar with camando tu tu and the locals investigated and were happy. Some hashers didn't understand "bathroom etiquette" in the hood bars and that almost caused problems. Just think of the reasons why "they" don't want more than one in the bathroom at a time in a 'throom that only has one pisser/shitter, and a sink. Interior Deficator and My Bi Black Sheep, Sheep in the comando tu tu, share the 'throom for not long when the bouncer lady is quickly on the situation and has the guy behind the bar hand out the 'throom key and she goes to unlock the door as My Bi steps out with a smile on his face. There were unknown thoughts of "crossing swords", "crossing streams", and who knows what else?

The pack followed many True Trail arrows as we passed some locals that looked scared. We knew the HHH's were close. Crossed a bridge and saw the HHH below with the Po Po nearby. Licky Me, My Bi, and Burning Bush stumbled the wrong way past the HHH's and didn't listen to the bugle back. Fart Connor and bimbo who got named 5 years ago forgot her name but it was something like "Biker Dyker", cause she likes women, made it back. The pack hung there a little while and decided that the Po Po weren't going to leave so we went back about 300 yards to our illegally parked cars in the Post Office parking lot and didn't play Post Office.

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck

Licky Me actually answered her phone and was directed back and arrived back at the original start just in time to get down downs for last in. The other dis-respects were handed out and a renaming was held for she that hates cock but forgot her name and was named "Cock Sucker" to help her re-member and the pack to remember too. "Re-Member", there has to be a John Wayne Bobbit joke here. He is now a spokesman for Snap On Tool. If you don't get that you're too young. In true respect for today's trail we closed circle with the Jesus Saves song.

On the way home youse might enjoy my visual experience of this car flying 300 feet off the ground. Oops, that was a plane flying in H-burg airport.

On, this shit has no bearing on real life, On

Fart ConnOr

Thanks for the great hash trash, Fart! Special thanks to everyone who braved the cold wind to wear tu-tus and fairy wings for a graceful frolic through Harrisburg's upscale Allison Hill. No gunshots were heard by the hare, but I can't speak for the pursuing pack.

On on to STINKO!!

Bang

4 /18/2011 TMINFMH3 Run #141

Full Pink Boobage Hash

Hares: M'Orally Challenged and No Dimples Left Behind Giant food 4450 Oakhurst Blvd. Harrisburg Pa 17110
(on the Side rear of store)

M'O, what ever happened to the prizes? I did find a tick on the back of my knee as a consolation prize.

I hope someone gets to enjoy the shot check that we all missed. How did that happen again? Something that it was on a hilltop, but no one saw it?

Thanks for the great trail,
Sister

Special thanks to m'orally and endo for delivering my drunk ass home safely! You guys rock! I def owe u one
On on
Just deb

4 /16/2011 H5 Run #420

Poo Free Parks Hash

Hares: Hu Phlung Pu and Fuki Suki

Northeast Pool Supply.
481 Front Street, New Cumberland

Bimbos and Wankers of H5,

You weenies who claim H5 as your home hash who didn't bother to show up for Saturday Hash #420: Poo Free Parks yesterday (16 April 2011) need to kick yourselves for missing the finest that the month of April has to offer: rain, thunder, lightning, and high winds (we found out during the on-after that the entire area was under a tornado warning while we were running trail). The weather was perfect for a nice romp through northern York county and New Cumberland Borough. We didn't even need to go into the Yellow Breeches: it came up to us! Talk about service from Mother Nature: she made us all feel welcome during the entire trail by blessing us with sheets of rain from the north, south, east AND west. She spared no expense to reward us for spending valuable time chasing flour before it turned into paste and/or washed away into the Breeches then the Susquehanna then the Chessie Bay and then the mighty Pond. And our reward? Bier, commaradie, and more bier. I found out early this morning that much of the area that we were in yesterday was closed off around 10 p.m. due to the Yellow Breeches swelling with pride in our faithful hashing core of H5. What an honor!

Many thanks to my co-hare, Hu Phlung Pu, for doing an outstanding job. Thanks Hu, and everyone (including Dehlia and Just Miley) who turned out in shitty weather to make this hash the best one ever.

On on to boobies, more Ass Wednesdays, Good Friday hash and STINKO!

Fuki Suki

Thanksto the hares for bringin' the pain last night. After the last two hashes, we now know that "Bring a dry bag" is not just a good suggestion - it's imperative!
Webelo Scout

4 /13/2011 TIUTALAWH3H #61

Bring the Pain Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: No Dimples Left Behind and Chock-Full O' Seam E Penn Drive, by Adam Ricci Community Park

Thanks to the hares for a great trail last night. They brought the pain!

Hares: No Dimples Left Behind and Chock-Full O' Seam E Penn Drive, by Adam Ricci Community Park

And special thanks to Chinese Penis Trap for all of the great items she brought to share!!!

Webelo Scout

4 /2 /2011 H5 Run #419

H5 April Birthday Pub Crawl

Hares: Chapped Lips

Houlihans, main street Hershey

Wow cool trail yesterday. Most Hashers know I don't drink very much but for some reason I was suckin down the beer, bloody mary's and wine yesterday. Yes and I hurled it allll over the sidewalk, pavement next to my car. Thanks to Chappy for putting me in the back seat of my car to sleep it off. If only that woman in the bar would have given me that 1 french frie I asked for. I said "please."

I thought my alarm went off while I was snoozing in the back of my car but it was my phone. Hu Phlung Pu was calling me to tell me I Won the NCAA Men's Basketball Tounament Poll. Ka ching!! One problem though since I am a woman in a men only poll, I need a penis to collect the cash. Does anyone want to be my penis? I can't be a pussy all my life. The other good thing is that I threw up all those extra calories. I am on a diet and that was a perfect thing to stay true to my goal. Thanks to puke, not Puke the other puke.

OnOn,
M'Orally

Hurling in technicolor? Could be a StinkOlympics event or a new art form. Just think of it, a bulimic could make a living doing this. Put out a canvas, eat colorfull food, drink a lot, barf on canvas. To get a smooth effect slap on a piece of glass, if you want a textured effect let it dry and put on the glass. Barfart. Ohhhh, put it on a spinning canvas to add a swirly effect. I'm still pissed off that David Letterman stole my idea about the velcro wall.

Way to go M'Orally! Now all you need is a stunt penis.

On On

Fart ConnOr

LOL rolling in laughter. Shit I've had many penis but never a stunt penis. Um maybe for new position finding.

Happy Monday,
M'Orally

3 /30/2011 TIUTALAWH3H #59

Royal Wedding Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Fuki Suki and A Lay In a Manger

York Haven Public Access Recreation Area

Thanks to all of the wankers and bimbos who turned out for the Royal Wedding Ass Wednesday Hash last night! I've never seen such a gathering of fine wedding apparel at circle: Chapped Lips in her red neck camo attire, ID in his leather and rubber, Chief of Queef in his tux and running shorts, Bang in her velvet and lace sparkles, She Came in a stunning blusher veil and silk dress, and my co-hare, A Lay in the Manger, in a complete wedding ensemble with veil and 8' train. There were many more decked out wankers but I forget the rest. Maybe someone else can elaborate here.

Since I was busy throwing flour around the environs of Royaltown I missed the State Troopers and Middletown Police chasing ID down Rte 441 because they thought he was the reason that a runaway bride (A Lay in the Manger) was spotted on the same road tossing flour while her veil and trail billowed behind her. I was also told that Chief of Queef was asked by Middletown's finest if he was the groom (great tux, Chief!).

It's funny that the Middletown Police had their underwear in a bunch because the officer who works for the Borough of Royaltown not only knew what we were going to do he laughed loud and long when he was warned that some of the runners would be dressed for a Royal Wedding. Even the security guy with York Haven Power (the folks who own TMI and the rec area where we were) had no problems with our plans - maybe he knows Deathwish. The cops drove past me 3-4 times as I was laying the second half of the trail, and although they waved back each time they never bothered to stop me. I guess I needed to be chased by ID or Chief to get their attention. And I should have been wearing virgin white instead of the fluorescent yellow jacket that I had on, lol.

The site was perfect for prelube and circle: river water and swamp to play in, no restrictions on our imbibing of the nectar of the gods, woods, tons of parking, and even clean porta johns! The only people who were pissed off that we had invaded their little piece of privacy were the local drug runners (amazing how old and fat some of them are-did anyone else notice the driver of that mini-van who circled us 2-3 times before deciding that we weren't part of her supply chain?).

If they had not all been in full response dress (with all of the lights on the trucks ablaze) I was going to offer some long necks to the firefighters who were filling up their pumpers and cleaning trucks and hoses at the boat launch. But they did keep the trail from ending in the river like I was planning on doing. I think it would have been fun if we could have had a tug of war with their hoses.

Thanks again to everyone who showed up. And a great big thanks to my co-hare, A Lay in the Manger, who did a fantastic job as hare.

On on to Chappy & Puke's hash on Saturday!

3 /30/2011 TIUTALAWH3H #59

Royal Wedding Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Fuki Suki and A Lay In a Manger

York Haven Public Access Recreation Area

Fuki Suki

Great write-up Fuki! What a fun theme for a hash! TIUTALAWH3 rocks!

on on,

bang

3 /19/2011 H5 Run #418

St. Patrick's Day Parade Family Hash

Hares: KY and Grizzly Schnizz

State Street between 2nd and Front Streets

22 JUSTS!

On behalf of H5 I would like to thank KY and Grizz for putting together an awesome morning for the kids! I had a great time even though none of my kids could be there. It always amazes me when hashers can behave. But from the looks of the crowd we had, we are quite a prolific bunch.

THANK YOU KY & GRIZZ for all your hard work!

onon

SC

So how was Tour's St. Pat's hash? Would anyone care to write it up? Surely it wasn't so boring that there's nothing to write about? Hopefully nothing bad happened that's keeping everybody mum. There's no way people are still nursing a hangover, or perhaps too many brain cells got killed and no one can remember a thing, hahaha. How was the turnout, how were the costumes?

Sister

All I can say is Luna Chick, Gerth Brooks, Sticky Bunz, Just Miley and Ruffy arrived late to trail, we were on trail but got lost when we found trail from Wednesdays fool moon trail and wondered around for 45 minutes trying to locate the trail. When we could not find it we all went back to the cars where we were directed to go NO-NO. At the NO-NO check we found a bunch of wankers, in a field with 2 ponds, who had finished most of the beer and all of the shots. One hasher took a swim in one of the ponds and Just Miley had fun swimming in the ponds as well and chasing the geese. We then all headed back to the end of trail and to tours for down downs and took a trip or 2 or 3 or 5 to the Irish car bomb garage. Sticky Bunz

No, no. It was the Irish Car Bomb Shelter. That is a very important clarification. We were protected while we were in there.

What happens at Tour's, Sister, stays at Tour's.

onon

SC

Note that I was asking about the St. Pat's trail, not about what happened at Tour's. She Came, that is a very important clarification.

Why, did something happen at Tour's?

onon

SM

oh, Sister. Tour's could have been a little more romantic. We just didn't have enough wood for the fireplace, so the basement temperature was not the comfortable 150 degrees that you always enjoy.

on on,

bang

Trail? What trail?

SC

3 /9 /2011 TIUTALAWH3H #56

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Fuki Suki

Shiremanstown United Methodist Church 125 E Main Street,
Shiremanstown, PA 17011-6312

Ass Wednesday

About 15 wankers show up for redemption for the TIUTALIW hash held on Ass Wednesday. It was a dark and rainy night. Our brief chalk talk consisted of essentially, "nobody new? nobody from out of town? ok, you know what to do." and Fuki Suki was off (minus her faithful hash companion Daisy). We followed along shortly and the "zig zag" across St. John's Church road in HEAVY traffic served to slow us down pretty well.

A fairly easy to follow trail quickly got us to the first beer stop, minus the cups we were promised, that we were instructed to bring with us to the second stop [noted that eff up for circle]. Lack of a suitable vessel didn't stop us from enjoying the kiddie keg of Köstritzer (A very tasty german import that is black as night, but not overly bitter). A few of us blasted past the BN that was just out of sight, but thankfully, we heard the call and returned.

Hares: Fuki Suki

Shiremanstown United Methodist Church 125 E Main Street,
Shiremanstown, PA 17011-6312

Speaking of hearing... I had been thinking about this recently and it was really evident last night. A missing hash tradition within H5 is the hash whistle. "Back in my day..." it was a punishable offense in circle to show up without a whistle. Last night with the heavy traffic noise of 581, St. John's Church Road and Trindle Road... hearing someone shout On-On while at the check was virtually impossible. SO, BRING YOUR WHISTLES PEOPLE.... (note to self... hopefully this isn't something I bitch about and then end up being a continual violator. It happens).

Next up was a beer stop in the old cemetery with a growler of Nugget Nectar (we were promised good beer and not "hash beer" after all.) I'm personally not a big fan of hoppy beers so this wasn't quite up my alley, but the pack seemed to like it and that's the important thing. We were also joined by Tour who had returned from the trail backwards after snaring the hare.

We made our way from there across Trindle and pretty much directly to the end. A quick circle ensued and no really big offenses were presented. The highlight of circle was KY asking where the beer was when there were multiple glasses stacked at her feet.

On after was to the Brewhaus where we gave Dimples his three down down's he missed because he wasn't at circle... he was still on his work call. Course, you gotta admire someone who doesn't let a silly thing like work get in the way of hashing when you can easily manage to do both, you just need to stay out of earshot of the pack and you can rejoin when you are done.. Kudos to you for going the extra mile and not skipping an evening out.

It was a fun night. Thanks Fuki...

btw, if you want a happi coat, email ID.

-MFSqueeze
(who has tiger's blood... duh, winning)

i'm tired of pretending i'm not a total bitchin rock star from mars

on on,

bang (ing 7-gram rocks and finishing them because that's how i roll)

Shame on for losing the whistle check tradition (but kudos for having a long-lived hash; ?14 years at this point). Alive and well in Colorado; but still no WSHHH hash KY. Will there be a special 15 year anniversary? Bridge Bandit

Good to hear from you... We'll see what we can do about the lost tradition.

I hear rumors that Stinko 15 will be special... Can't imagine how fast THAT event will sell out???

Please note that the hare had -and used- a whistle on trail last night. We ended up with a half case of the Deutscher pilsner (or as Chief would say, "pissner") so it will be consumed at the hash on April 16. And yes, Daisy was royally pissed that she missed a hash: she howled at me for 50 minutes after I got home!

On On!

Fuki Suki

Hares: Two Finger Tuesday and Interior Defecator 6400 Chambers Hill Road

4 kinds of beer, woods, sex,3 different shots,4 kinds off beer(troegs too),titties,Special H5 Haberdashery for this trail only,4 kinds of beer,shiggy,wild life ,H 5 reflective vests as long as supplies last for sale(proceeds go to H5 haberdashery),there might be a dick check(no guarantees),laughter(depending if we have a dick check),fun,4 kinds of beer,chance to see your favorite hashers,time to enjoy a warmer day,Plenty debauchery,and big smiles.Just wait till you read the hash trash!

I love hashing!
On On my way to 25 hares,
I.D.

I think it's safe to say that ID redeemed himself during this past Saturday's trail after last Wednesday's DEBACLE!!! What an epic trail guys! Great weather, great trail, and a hilarious on-after! Thanks ID and ID THEFT! lol

XOXOXO,

bang

Hares: OrangUBang and Two Finger Tuesday Colonial Lounge,580 N. Mountain Rd. Linglestown,Pa

Two Fingers and Orang U Bang,

Hares: OrangUBang and Two Finger Tuesday**Colonial Lounge, 580 N. Mountain Rd. Linglestown, Pa**

Hey I had a great time Saturday freezing my ass off in the wind. For a few moments I thought to myself when the big gusts blew me off my feet, "So this is what its like at space camp." I will have me some Billie D Williams on a windy day anytime. He is fiiiine. I declined the Colt 45 though. I prefer the guy on the Old Spice commercial. He is really fine too but I wish they all were in their 20's. However their was a waiter at the On After I wanted to meet but She Came told me to cool my jets. She wouldn't even let me say "hi" to him. ; (

We that came on Saturday are die hard true grit what the hell are you doing hashers. Any Mailman would love us. Rain, sleet, hail, storms, blizzard, snow, sunshine, heat wave anything, bring it cuz we are hashers true blue. I really want to try hashing in an earthquake or tornado. Now that would be awesome. Poor Delia everytime I looked at her on trail, her ears were flapping in the wind. She is my puppy and also a tue blue hasher.

On On,
M'Orally blew\

First, I'd like to thank everyone for the birthday wishes and presents!

Now... on to the hash.

Saturday afternoon was cold and blustery, but it couldn't keep the intrepid hashers indoors!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GHPwzpaFI4g&feature=related>

About 20 people showed up to watch hats, paper, etc. Blow across the parking lot at the Colonial Lounge. After a brief circle, and a reminder about Black History Month, Two Finger Tuesday was off, followed shortly thereafter by co-hare Orang-u-bang who was still chit-chatting. After a vague amount of time had passed, the pack followed.

Right away there was confusion as the trail came to a check and seemed to disappear. Some impatient hashers ran through a false while others searched until they ended up in a local neighborhood. The trail wound through the streets and a whistle was heard in the distance. Hashers ended up violating private property at this point and dashed through yards of the locals. We then headed down along route 81 where we found the BN. It also turned out that the FRB's had caught the hare!

After down-downs we headed up past a local church and into a tree farm. Here much fun was had by sliding on the ice. We crossed more neighborhoods, and took a false trail into a swamp. Here we were asked by a passer-by if we normally run through people's yards. Standing in the swamp, we thought this an odd question, but several hashers assured him that yes, we do. We then passed by the local school (and a trash can full of dog sh*t that had spilled!) and across Mountain Road to the Cemetery. Here we had down-downs of Colt 45 (It works every time!)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0pK5HmuCMBM>

Next, a pass through Koons park and past the Koons pool and back into the local neighborhood. Here we went up and down streets. Hashers ended up violating private property at this point and dashed through yards of the locals – still on trail! More streets, and then hashers ended up violating private property at this point and dashed through yards of the locals. Trail was difficult to find in this area and some hashers decided that they were quitters and went back to the bar to get warm (Yes Sister, I know you had a flight the next day!). The REAL hashers continued on to the next check – a watermelon shot (I see a theme here!) The local property owner came out to ask if we were OK. We assured him that we were on and continued on.

We went up a dirt road and then entered more neighborhoods. Hashers ended up violating private property at this point and dashed through yards of the locals (dèjà-vu!) as trail led through several yards consecutively at this point. We ended up in the parking lot of a local industrial park where the third BN was found. Somehow, despite the 40 degree temperatures, She Came managed to find the only warm beer in the bag! After this, trail wound back to the Lounge. Hooray!

Food was ordered and we went to the parking lot for the World's Fastest Circle – check with Guinness... it's true! All hash songs were played at 78 RPM. (Here's a link for those who don't get the reference - http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gramophone_record). Back into the Lounge for goodies and then on to Tours, for quick regrouping before heading over to the Drinking Bone to see the "Goat Ropin' Bastards" and "Dick and the Deer Gutters."

A fun time was had by all!

WS

Addendum: This is the first hash after which I had to throw out both my shoes and my socks!

WS

Hares: Two Finger Tuesday**YP restaurant on Progress Ave in Harrisburg**

On short notice, a group of active hashers met at Your Place last night to get rowdy and sing songs. (No, not the restaurant – we were really

Hares: Two Finger Tuesday

YP restaurant on Progress Ave in Harrisburg

at your place. Sorry about the mess...)

After imbibing a few and chatting up the bartender, the hare was off, followed soon after by the pack. While still in the parking lot we hit the first F. We turned around and were now headed in the right direction. Down the road we went in the dark, wishing we had nice reflective vests to wear and keep us safe at night. We hit a check and then a strange mark which needed to be explained to some of the pack, as they had not seen it before and it had not been explained to them. After asses were slapped all around, we proceeded to an industrial park walking path and our first BN. The beer was delicious and we then went into the woods, across a bridge and back up the street we had come down earlier. We knew then that the hare was watching our every move, which was probably why there was a mark on trail indicating that we should have sex on trail! (Which, of course, we all did.)

Trail led into an apartment complex and down the street back to YP. Was this the end of trail? I sauntered in and the bartender told me that trail would continue across the street – after a cold refreshing beer, of course! So I had one (by myself at this point, being the FRB) and left again for trail. On the way out, I passed other hashers confused at my leaving. I yelled to them that it was a BN and that trail continued on.

I crossed the Turkey Hill parking lot and past the Arby's (still being watched by the hare, it turned out) and into a work zone. Here it was tough to find trail, but found some TP in some shiggy. (Wow! There were some nasty thorny trees here, which I found out the hard way!) Then, on the side of a hill, another BN! (This would be the second Wednesday in a row that I was the only person to find a BN. But this time there was beer there! Hooray!) Trail then led me around the site and back to Turkey Hill (with conveniently placed trash cans for my empty beer cans.) Then along a retaining wall and back to YP.

Circle was enjoyed and we entertained the patrons with songs of bawdiness and frivolity. After "Swing Low, we were even asked for an encore!

Get your sorry ass out to an Ass Wednesday hash!

WS

P.S. - Alas! As Sister Maria was not present last night, you'll never know what important details I might have missed in this writeup.

2 /5 /2011 H5 Run #415

Chinese New Year Hash

Hares: M'Orally and Fart Connor

Saturday was indeed a hashing day on the outskirts of Lancaster. Unlike last year the snow was managable (only 2 feet in some drifts and piles), and there was just not enough water (both flowing and falling from the sky) to make us happy. Both Barney and Daisy enjoyed the tunnel because it netted them a free ride, and the little one is on his way to becoming a hash dog some day.

Help: Somehow I lost the patch that Girth gave me in circle ...if anyone who was at the hash finds it I'll gladly trade you a bier or an option if you'll return it to me at the next hash or the Superbowl Steelers Party at Arooga's on the Camp Hill Bypass. Otherwise I'm gonna have to figure out a way to get another one from Girth (any ideas, Luna?)

Hats off to Morally Challenged and Fart Conner for one damn good shitty trail!!!!

On On,

Fuki Suki

Thanks to all those who came out on a damp February day to celebrate the Chinese New Year "Year of the Hare". M'Orally Challenged, Fart ConnOr, and Delia enjoyed LIVE haring the trail through about 6 inches of slushy snow with a light rain cummin down. The fact that the hares didn't get caught only attests to the fact that no hash fucks around more on trail than H5.

On On

Fart ConnOr

A hardy group of hashers gathered on a cold rainy day to celebrate the Chinese year of the Hare.

<http://pages.infinet.net/garrick/chinese/rabbit.html>

The meeting place off of Hempland Road was appropriately consecrated. After a quick circle, the hares left right on (hash) time. After the typical 720 second head start, the pack followed after. We quickly found the first BN in a nearby field and refreshed ourselves. A few FRB's took off across the field and were about ¼ mile away when it was discovered that the trail went in the opposite direction through a drainage pipe under Route 30. We carefully skirted the running water and moved through the pipe to exit into a similar field on the other side of the highway.

Trail then paralleled the highway though a slushy grove of trees and then entered a neighborhood. After circling through several local streets we came upon a BN at Just Craigs house, where Fart Conner, practicing a Lehigh Valley style BN, was waiting for the pack to arrive. We enjoyed a lengthy hydration break while the hare was off again to mark the rest of trail. After another 720 seconds (give or take a few), we followed down the street. We entered a cemetery and I knew we were on the right path as I found a bunny decoration the hare had dropped.

Hares: M'Orally and Fart Connor

We circled a local park and then crossed a slush covered field, only to re-enter another drainage tunnel under the highway and then crossed another slush covered field. (Yes, we entered "Mountville" through a dark, wet tunnel. How appropriate!)

By this time, my shoes were a little damp, but it didn't affect my hashing spirit!

Next it was up Cherry Road (again – how appropriate) to the beautiful Mountville Inn, where we amazed the local patrons with our wonderful singing voices. Trail then led across an icy bridge and then to some train tracks (gotta hit those train tracks) and back to the industrial park and the HHH.

After a brief, but efficient circle, the gang then retired to a delicious Chinese meal where we all stuffed our faces and downed a lot of hot tea.

WS

Hares: Fuki Suki**398 North York Street, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055**

A group of hashers gathered in a cold parking lot next to a warm bar to prelube with some delicious beers. Our hare, Fuki Suki, left right on time while the late cummers discussed how many men one would have to pleasure orally before one contracted cancer. After deciding it would be between 100 and 1000 a day for several years, the pack was off.

The trail wound around the aforementioned bar and up the street. The pack found flour and then simply a series of checks. (The hare admitted to pre-laying some marks so as not to get lost. As it turned out, we found those marks and followed them before she got there!) The trail seemed to lead through several Mechanicsburg streets up to Main Street, where a true trail arrow pointed toward the G-Man. And there it ended. No more marks were to be found. Thinking we may have missed something, we returned to the last check, but could find no additional marks. The pack then returned to the G-Man, thinking it might be a BN, but alas, it was not. We then returned to the start, where Tour said "Hey! Here's a bar! They have beer and wings!" and promptly went in. Not knowing that the rest of the pack would also pussy out in the same manner, I went on to find the trail.

Returning to the last flour mark, I did manage to find the real trail and after several checks and turns, actually managed to find a BN! Hooray!

But wait... where was the beer? It has to be around here somewhere... Nope. No beer. Oh well. On-on.

I continued to follow trail, almost being flattened by an 18 wheeler. Trail then seemed to lead in a familiar direction and turned back on itself making a loop. Well, I have had enough of this. Alone on trail, cold and thirsty, I returned to the bar. There I found the pack finishing up circle! As it turned out, the hare had come into the bar shortly after the pack and had gone to pick up the BN before I had arrived. Down-downs were consumed (me for being DFL and almost missing circle.) More beer was consumed, food was eaten, and beer pong was played.

Get your ass out to an Ass Wednesday hash (so I won't have to do it alone when the fair weather hashers go into the bar because it's too cold and trail was too hard to find!)

WS

Hares: Two Finger Tuesday and Cums in the Oven**Soccer field on Gravel RD in Palmyra**

About 20 hardy hashers showed up on Saturday to celebrate the season. Temps at the start were in the teens as the hashers stood around trying to shell peanuts with gloves on. After all the hashers were shuttled down the hill, for fear of not being able to get back up, circle was held. We were introduced to virgin Just Heather (who likes to be on top, and thanks to her sister's good advice, would be hashing in a fashionable pair of heels) and visitor Redwing Hoover from sunny Jacksonville (via Baltimore.)

The hares were off and we thawed out a couple more beers to drink before we followed. Off over a field of snow and through the tree line to the railroad tracks. Along the tracks we found an SN with a lemonade type drink to warm us up. Interior Defecator then told us that he had already caught the hares! Trail then led along another field and up to a highway (past a "Dance" check) and into the woods. There we found our first BN (and a "naughty" check!) After cooling off on this hot day we wound through more woods and around a quarry. Up a hill with snow angels (and a beer which the hare claimed was "placed" on trail and not dropped) to a cemetery and another BN. While completing the dance check in the cemetery, I spotted the hares and joined them for the rest of the trail.

We went along a steep bank and then down it on our rears, and along a creek Next we went trough a field to the road berm where more snow angels were made. Then up the road to a farm where the last BN was found near some small hills of detritus. The trail then led back to the road and to our cars – about 5 miles in all. Circle was held at Overtime Sports Bar where hashers were thawed and a good time was had by all.

WS

Hares: Bushrat**Carls autobody**

A few intrepid hashers (including a couple of visitors!) met last night to cavort under the Full Wolf Moon. Amid the cold and snows of midwinter, the wolf packs howled hungrily throughout Linglestown. After exchanging pleasantries, and waiting for late-cummers, the hares were off. The pack started slowly, but wound through the streets until finding the first BN near a baseball field. But alas...no beer was to be

Hares: Bushrat**Carls autobody**

found!

Only slightly discouraged, the pack continued on, winding through more streets, until returning to the opposite side of the same ball field and another BN. This time the hares delivered with liquid refreshment. We sat in the dugout and rehydrated until interrupted by the local constabulary. The pack used the evasive tactic of running-away-in-various-directions, which worked wonderfully. We crossed Rt. 39 and proceeded into less populated land. Across a playground, and into a field we proceeded. There we were greeted by a wondrous sight! The full moon cast its glow directly ahead of us, lighting our way. Several hashers were overcome by emotion and had to howl.

We followed the hare's footprints through a farmer's field that had fresh manure laid on it just before the last snow. Now that the snow had begun melting, the manure was in prime shape to hash through to maximum effect. This lasted about a half mile, as we noted by the footprints that the hare had had difficulty keeping erect (on his feet, that is) in the slippery snow-manure mixture. Finally we came to a water hazard, followed by a road, giving us a chance to clean off our shoes. Just around the corner was another BN and a chance to re-group.

Next we hashed down a short bit of well used road with no shoulder, dodging traffic, and then up a hill. We bypassed a perfectly decent cemetery and went into a neighborhood. Down a few streets we came upon a SN with spiked hot chocolate to warm us up. Yummy! Then through Koons park and back to the HHH. After a short circle (where the hares drank more than their share for hash-crashes and a missing BN) we proceeded to the Eagle Hotel for food and more drinks.

WS

1 /8 /2011 H5 Run #413**FREE BEER FOR ALL THE HASHERS****Hares: Wild Cherry & Doodle****16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg 17050**

Thanks to everyone that came out to the 6th anal free beer. It was a blast, only a few minor injuries. Thanks to all the cute semi naked people - who doesn't like to see Bang running around in a bikini???

Thanks to my buddy and co hare Wild Cherry for again opening up his house to the tornado of people. Thanks to ALay for everything, especially cleaning up the next day once all our sorry asses drove home to sleep it off.

Here's to another year done and the warm fuzzy thoughts of Stinko only a few short months away....

ONON

Doodle and GlassAss

Add my thanks to Wild Cherry for exposing his real estate to the ravages of 100+ hashers. His living room floor was quite comfortable.

A Lay did a fantastic job of vomit control and post-hasher cleanup. She can come to my place any time (I promise no vomit). I hope Tub Slut heals quickly, but he deserved a smack in the head for his constant bragging about a 29" waist.

I expect to post my FBFATH pics on my HashSpace account this week. I secured everyone's permission to post, but if anyone has any second (sober?) objections to any pic they are in, e-mail me and I'll take it down immediately.

What a shame this is the last FBFATH (just as the last two were).

On on to Stinko and PGH-H3's weekend 2-4 June,

4-F You

On Saturday, 1/8/11, over 100 Wankers and Bimbos met in Wild Cherry's garage for the annual FREE BEER FOR ALL THE HASHERS hash. (The last number I heard was 103, but that probably went up as the NRB continued to filter in.)

After some hobnobbing was done and general greetings were exchanged, chalk talk was done in a fashionable pink, and Cock-a-Doodle Don't and Wild Cherry were off. Trail went off across the field and we came upon the first beer check about 150 yards from the house. After that we crossed more fields and it was not too far until we stumbled upon a shot check stocked with some delicious spiked hot chocolate.

Next it was off down the railroad tracks and under a trestle for the second beer check. We passed along a creek and had to hoof it down the lane to the bridge about ¼ mile away. This was much too far for some hashers who decided to brave the water. We passed dangerously near the waste water treatment plant (phew!) and back onto the tracks for the last BN. Then back to the HHH at Wild Cherry's abode.

A subdued circle was conducted, and this was followed by nutritious snacks. Hashers then broke up into groups to play Parcheesi, recite poetry, and discuss the nuances of flower arranging. A good time was had by all, with the possible exception of Wild Cherry himself who fell on the ice and hit his head on the cement, and Tub Slut who won the Red Badge of Courage. We all wish them well.

WS

P.S. – A special "Thank you!" to Back Door Man for staying up late on Saturday night!

Cute write up.

My question is.... HOW is Wild Cherry doing from his fall? I was in the kitchen, trapped in a corner as there had to be at least 30 ppl

Hares: Wild Cherry & Doodle

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg 17050

Thanks for filling in the missing information, Sister.

It's much clearer now. Don't know how I could have possibly forgotten all that. I must have had one too many delicious hot chocolate shots - but just one!

Can't wait to see your pictures!

WS

Well imagine me(I.D.) at circle with allll the enviromental stimulation (tits) and Hohemain trying to give all the hot Bimbos a tonsilectomy with her tongue...and and such... going on.....that I losing focus...Com on man...I'm not on any meds either.Yes, I still have the loot.It will be there wednesday

Im not as baad as M'Orally!On Ass wednesday On,
I.D.

P.S.I thought Wild Cherry was going to the Hospital by hearing and seeing the impact of his head and the threshold of the slideing glass door.It was very disturbing to me.Hope you feel better soon Wild Cherry....cause I know it still hurts.Thank God that H 5 has many and the hottest nurses around.I believe "The Bitch" was following him around after it happened .I went looking for Anal too...go figure.

didn't see it happen, but I was standing in the kitchen talking to Squeeze Me and I said, "If you go out by the hot tub, be careful. It looks like a lot of water sloshed out of it and froze on the patior." About 30 seconds later, Wild Cherry walks out the patio door and THUD, he fell. I think he hit the back of his head, and A Lay I believe was attending to the blood on the back of his head. I saw him a little later in the garage and he seemed a little dazed. I asked him if he had a concussion and he said he might. So I gave him the mini-mental I used to give elderly people when I was a social worker. He knew the date, the president, etc. When I got to the "Start at 20 and count backwards by 3's until you can't anymore", he did it, started going into the negative numbers and told me that since he's an engineer, he could do that even if he was comatose LOL.

That's all I know. Hope he's doing okay too. I'm sure cleaning up his house was fun yesterday. There were drunkards a-plenty there. I agree that I saw lots of sights that will forever be burned in my memory. For example, I could live a full life without seeing Tubslut in a green Borat costume again. LOL.

-Trashed

The loot was in the basement where the strippy cup was being played.BTW.. Have you ever heard me say... that the Pittsburgh hash is one of the BEST hashes in PA?????I mean when playing strippy cup...why wait till the end of the game to get nakid....I love that kind of spirit!!!! oh and I'm not missing thier AGM June 3-5!!!! Flicker Flicker Flicker....Donkey thanked M'Orally for the sexual favor and said since I didn't have my checkbook with me ...that if i sent the check today,ld get the free beer discount price....I Hope he remembers which BJ that I am talking bout.

Pittsburgh is one of the greatest hashes in pa!!
I.D.

I'm lucky. It could have been me!

She Came

Another dramatic moment occured during my brief visit. Salt Lick was lucky that I was standing at the bottom of the basemenet steps when she came floatig down. just like the down of a thistle. Her head hit me instead of the floor. She just said that she was OK because I wa soft, and then spent about 5 minutes apologizing for her alcohol abuse gaffe.

Even a shsort 1 hour visit was fun.

Ruffy

greatly aplogize to all. I can be the designated driver from now on. This divorce has opened up old wounds and I am extremely sorry. A little too much freedom after 20 years. Hohemian

Thanks to everyone who came out for FREE BEER. I would also like to thank everyone who helped put it together. Thanks to Doodle and Glass Ass. A special thanks to A Lay for cooking a lot of the food, cleaning the next day and looking after me after I hit my head. Head, who said head.... Someone told me there was something wrong with the hot tub. I went out to investigate, slipped on the ice and hit the back of my head on the concrete step. Both A Lay and Trashed gave me the concussion tests and I passed, but as Trashed said, never give an engineer a math test to see if they are cognizant, I probably could have answered those questions if I was knocked out. Yesterday and today my entire head hurts, I am a little nauseous, I am sleepy and everything is a little foggy. Yesterday I wasn't sure if they were hangover symptoms (Yes, Tour some people actually feel like that after drinking all night) or from the fall. Since they continued into today I thought it

Hares: Wild Cherry & Doodle

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg 17050

best to see a doctor. I have an appointment this afternoon. Thanks to everyone who expressed concern. I will let you know what I find out.

Wild Cherry

I would like to add my voice to those thanking our host, Wild Cherry, Glass Ass, Doodle, and A Lay. The thought of facing a cold, icy, snowy, January, for me is, only made tolerable by the anticipation of Free Beer. LONG LIVE FREE BEER !!!!!!!!.

On a personal note, I would also like to thank Anal Nicole and Chappy for the excellent and prompt medical attention. I love you guys!. I still have a headache, but no infection. and I was able to hit the New York City Hash on my drive home with no problems. Last, but not least...Fart Conner. for the Borat Mankini. I now own a bathing suit, which I will proudly wear for the Brooklyn Hash and Polar Bear Plunge in Feb. at Coney Island. I was asked some years ago by mismanagement to bring a bathing suit to this event, and I DID. Never wore it, but I did bring one, but I left it beside a swimming pool at a hash in Bay City, Michigan. Same story...brought one... didn't wear it. so I couldn't justify buying something I got no use out of.

On-on to Stinko and more of the same.

sorry to those offended by my rants and dishonoring and disseminating.....thoughts of others....it was never my intention to hurt others feeling so ...Fuck Off....hashers should have a little more thick skined....Thank you for dishonoring me behind my back and in private emails.....so noted...I deserve it!

p.s. some personally shit should be kept private....what a bunch of great smiles I seen this weekend....those i'll never want to forget!

shut your fucking piehole

I.D

Yep. Sounds like you won't be starting in the NFL this weekend.

Wild Cherry - Out

A Lay in a Manger - Questionable, but remains a game time decision.

WS

I just got back from the doctor's office. He thinks I suffered a concussion. He didn't see any point in doing a CT scan. There is no way to tell how long the symptoms will last, so I am not sure how long I will be out. The doctor told me to avoid car accidents, ice and anything else that might result in a blow to the head (head, who said blow to the head, I guess I can't take some of that). And, yes, I am back at work designing bridges. Drive Safe!

On on

Wild Cherry

Thanks for the update WC! I hope you start feeling 100% real soon! Try to rest!!! :)

OnOn,

Cums

Don't hold back I.D. bring the pain!!! I have a football helmet for you WC. No really I hope you start feeling better sorry to hear you busted your head. Thank you all very much for bringing the pain. It was a great trail and great spread.

Semper Fidelis,

No Dimples Left Behind

My smack on the head 2 days later.2Pics from Tubslut

1 /8 /2011 H5 Run #413

FREE BEER FOR ALL THE HASHERS

Hares: Wild Cherry & Doodle

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg 17050

You should really use the second picture for your christmas card next year.

You've seen the picture, obviously. Does it really look like I'll live till Christmas?

Take care of yourself Keith! I knew it was not going to be good, but I'm glad you are okay. Thanks for letting us all know you are never going to be the same again, but will be ok. :-)

I'm glad you went to the doctor!

BnT

Keith? Who's Keith?
She Came

1 /5 /2011 TIUTALAWH3 #50

Feast of the 3 Kings Vigil Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck

Brewhouse Grille, 2050 State Road, Camp Hill, PA 17011

Ahhh. Another fine Wednesday night – perfect for hashing!

About 15 hashers met at the Brewhouse Grille where, after a beer or two, marks were explained to the lone virgin. Then our hare, Bang-4-Ur-Buck, handed out some greetings to celebrate the Feast of the Three Kings and was off into the night! After the traditional 12 minutes, the pack was off! First we went through the underpass and I thought that we might be going to his house, but assiduously avoiding the local cemetery, we headed in the other direction to the first beer-near along the side of the road.

Next was a winding trail through a bit of shaggy and some streets and then to a choice – crossing a train track with one parked train and one moving train, or through an underpass with a flowing creek. Being the intelligent bunch we are, we all chose to avoid the trains and get our feet a little wet. After Brown Noser scared our virgin by posing as a stack of tires, we crossed the road to find our second beer-near.

We proceeded to another set of train tracks and, keeping alert for more moving trains, we kept to the tracks until arriving at the HHH, where songs were sung and beers were consumed by about 20 hashers (yes, the party had grown since we had started, thanks to a few non-runners. No Magi were seen in the crowd, however, despite the hash being in honor of them!) Then into the Brewhouse Grille for munchies.

Get your ass out to an Ass Wednesday Hash!

WS

Happy 12th day of Christmas everyone! If you make it through today, you've officially survived the holidays!

On On to FREE BEER FOR ALL THE HASHERS!!!!

baaaaaang

12/22/2010 TIUTALAWH3 #47

Ass Wednesday Tu-Tu Hash

Hares: Bang 4 Your Buck

Snappers Bar & Grill, 120 East Allen Street, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055

Here's a song in honor of Bang and the Tu Tu Hashers:

(Sung to the tune of Winter Wonderland, with no apologies to Richard B. Smith):

Runnin' 'round the streets of M town,
Lookin' for bier to do some down-downs,
A beautiful sight, we're hashing tonight,
Followin' the trail in our tu tus.

Damn it's cold, and kinda windy.
But the moon makes it pretty
And easy to see the flour as we
Go followin' the trail in our tu tus.

Folks don't have a clue why we were yellin'
"R-U," "Bier Near", "Oh Shit", and "On On" too.
They'll never understand the lure of glitter
as it sparkles from the moonlight in our bier.

When we crossed the floured H's
And down-downed with the blessed nectar
We toasted the hare by laying our asses bare.
We followed the trail in our tu tus.

I agree with WS: GET YOUR ASSES OUT TO THE ASS WEDNESDAY HASHES!

On On,

Hares: Bang 4 Your Buck

Snappers Bar & Grill, 120 East Allen Street, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055

Fuki Suki

As the cold wind blew last night, intrepid souls gathered in Snappers bar in Mechanicsburg. A few were seen wearing tu-tus! After explaining the hash marks to the lone virgin using pen and paper (I believe her name was spelled Just Tarah - her brother, the newly named Queen of Sharts, made her cum!), the pack was off!

The trail was exceptionally convoluted and wound through the streets of town. After getting separated from the pack, I eventually found them enjoying cold beer just off the alley. Being in a festive mood, the beer was dosed with glitter, which we promptly all had all over our faces (just like sucking c*ck.)

After more running around town, the next beer check was held near where an AA meeting was going on. We had a drink in solidarity.

After avoiding the local train traffic, down downs were held in the empty lot next to the Library, where everyone NOT wearing a tu-tu did a social. We then all retired to Snappers for further libations!

WS

Get your ass out to an Ass Wednesday Hash!

Haha...nice write-up WS! Thanks to everyone who braved the cold for trail last night and special thanks to everyone who wore their tu-tus! Congrats Queen of Sharts!

Merry Christmas H5!

on on,

baaaaaaaaang

Hares: Sister Maria & Girth Brooks

Behind Mt. Gretna Lake

Merry Christmas

The Full Moon trail was quite the hash to both remember & forget . Those that remember will never forget it . I for one had a wonderful time . I know it takes alot to hare a trail . The reward cums from those around you .

Sister ! Thank you ! I cunt have done it without you . I owe you one or two for fulfilling the co-hare position . Is that a position !

Hares what happened to me ! I scrambled to get the BN's , SN 's out in time . Way too much beer for the six virgins , one dog and six experianced hashers . This time of year with so many hashes to go to , we were glad to see the people cum together for us to , bring the pain !

We gathed for circle around 7 or so to take the virgins on a very cold alcohol ladend trail .

Little was clear in my mind what had been said . I seem to be confused even though I was 'splainin trail .

Never the less , because we had no time keeper our 12 minutes were by guessing what time it was . Off I went in a hurry w/ Sister Maria to lay some checks to confuse the pack . Mission accomplished by bringing the pack to astand still for 15 - 20 minutes . I had plenty of time to accomplish what I thought should be re-layed at a later date . A springtime trail mayhaps .

Turned out that 'till I cleaned up the fist shot check and I found that the pack consumed the homemade Christmas Cookies and Hot chocolate spiked with 100% peppermint Shnapps along with a bottle of Baja Luna . Off I was to to the first BN , a full case of three types of beer , which the pack missed by only a few feet. I then located the the pack at the next BN back on trail under a huge bright full moon.

I took the check back to the next and last SN where I had earlier walked up on a car that was rockin' in the new year a little early ,if you know what I mean .

Only Luna & Fuzz remained to consume the Baja Luna & Butterscotch Schnapps . The virgins (Anal Nicole made them all come) , all left by the time we returned to circle to find all the H5er's to close with circle. Down - downs were married with song , announcements were made and the veterern H5 group left to get a piece.

On-On till we meet again

Girth Brooks

12/21/2010 TMINFMH3 Run #137

Full Cold Moon Hash

Hares: Sister Maria & Girth Brooks

Behind Mt. Gretna Lake

12/15/2010 TIUTALAWH3 #46

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Interior Defecator

Gullifty's

Four hearty souls showed up for last nights Takes it up the Ass Like it's Wednesday hash.

Cums in the Oven, Fuki-Suki, Bushrat and myself dared to meet at Gullifty's at happy hour to drink half priced Mad Elf and other fine products while Interior Defecator (after much deliberation) took off to lay trail.

After the traditional 12 minutes, we exited to the parking lot and proceeded into the neighborhood on the scent of flour. After a few checks, the first beer near was found chilling (no ice required) in an elementary school playground. We decided to carry the beers with us, as standing still was not the best course of action.

On trail we ran into the mysterious Smoking Man from the X-Files.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Smoking_Man

We then had another beer check at the fabulous Chateau' de Hottub (although we did not take a dip and remained in the driveway.) The trail then returned to the Gullifty's parking lot and the gang of four met ID in the local Chinese restaurant, where beer was downed, and wings and Oriental delicacies were consumed. Also, each hasher received a stocking to hang by the chimney with care, which we personalized and were then filled with candy!

Get your ass out to an Ass Wednesday hash!

Webelo Scout

First, I'd like to say. THANKS to all that showed (they weren't scared bitches)...I didn't think it was that cold...I was a little warm. Secondly, that was the fastest I seen Fu(c)ki Su(c)ki hash. I don't know whether it was because she didn't bring Daisyor she was secretly thinking she'd turn into a popsicle.

Third There was half price rum and coke pitchers too!

Glad you all enjoy your stockings stuffed.

Oh and there also was two NHB's M'Orally and Ruffie

Great job last night Guys!!!! Does anyone else think that Santa has a hard time getting down the "chimly"

On TO TO On

I.D.

12/8 /2010 TIUTALAWH3 #45

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Two Finger Tuesday

DOG HOUSE on paxtion st (Underdog)

Thank you again, Two Finger, the master of trails! for an awesome trail last night. For those of you who are missing these Wednesday trails, get off yer asses and hash!

Don't forget--STINKO MEETING TONIGHT AT 7PM AT TOUR'S.

onon

She Came

12/1 /2010 TIUTALAWH3 #44

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Two Finger Tuesday and Cums In The Oven

Shanes Bar

Wow, what-a-trail!

Not only did we have a hasher down before the first BN, but we had a virgin down after the first BN: a rolled ankle that swelled up to twice its size in about two minutes - sounds serious! So we lost our virgin, including the two hashers who brought this virgin, seeking medical attention. Little did they know, after only the first hour of hashing, what they were about to miss.

Two Finger and CITO outdid themselves. Not only did they provide beer at the bar before the hash, they provided five, count e'm 5!, BN's, consisting of a pub crawl of Hummerstown, including being served by Litt'l Spermaid at Chick's Tavern, the highlight of our tour, where we met the former bass player of Honeypump, who was asking about Tour and has hashed with us before - he knew our hash names.

At the On-In, we got up on the elevated dance floor, where Luna took on RA duties and performed them well. Circle was interrupted by the DJ entering and doing a rendition of Sweet Caroline, whereupon he received his just reward - So good, So good, So good! Girth self-gratified himself by giving himself his 100th run patch, and all was well.

On On!

Sista

11/24/2010 TIUTALAWH3 #43

Ass Wednesday Turkey Trot Hash

Hares: Fuki Suki & M.O.U.N.D.S.

344 Herman Ave, Lemoyne 17043

Well now, as fate would have it I managed to get to the pre turkey day hash hared by Fuki-Suki & M.O.U.N.D.S last night . I certainly would not be disappointed by this turn of fortune which allowed me to attend . Spectacular weather and a few great hashers were in store for a trail

11/24/2010 TIUTALAWH3 #43

Ass Wednesday Turkey Trot Hash

Hares: Fuki Suki & M.O.U.N.D.S.

344 Herman Ave, Lemoyne 17043

to never be forgotten (at least for me)! Just Jordan a virgin also was there.

We all met in the rear of Fuki's place to the warmth of a bonfire. The size of which was minimal but somehow quite adequate to warm our extremities. We consumed all the beer we could drink for the anticipation of circle. We even had pretzel rods to eat. OH-BOY !!!

Circle started right on hash time sevenish or so with out Mounds . Fuki was determined to give us all what we came for , no matter what. So off she went into the chill of night without her little dog too!

Mounds showed up about 90 seconds after her co-hare was off, and she quickly went on her way.

We drank more beer and I grabbed another pretzel rod for the trail. waiting...waiting....waiting

On-On we were. (by the way don't run with pretzel rods in your hand) A well marked trail with plenty of artificial light made trail a snap to find the BN so strategically placed that only a dumpster diver would have found it. There we were when from around the corner who should appear ? Our lovely co hare telling us, of all people, that we were all fuxxed up! This was the last BN on trail not the first .

WHATEVER!!!! MY BAD!!!! Beer is Beer! WE had our share and left for a NO-NO trail.

To make a long story short, we missed one beer check, consumed one under a surveillance camera at a warehouse and had beer behind the local police station. Back to the bon fire we returned to find a feast of turkey with sides and desserts, plus BEER! YEA !!! Circle was short and sweet . Beer was consumed by all.

Thankfully no police were called . Thanks to Fuki & Mounds & have a great Thanksgiving all of you, as we remember to consume all the food and beverage and give thanks to all those who make it possible.

Fondest wishes ,

Girth Brooks

11/20/2010 TMINFMH3 Run #136

Full Beaver Moon Absurdity Day Hash

Hares: Interior Defecator

1701 Cedar Cliff dr. camp hill

Hey Thanks Interior Deficator and brother Just Larry!

This is just a short synopsis of a shitty trail. ID's other brother Barry didn't attend this hash due to intelligence. The hares took off right on hash time, 6pm, the published start time was 5pm. Tour de Puke wasn't there to offer words of advice. The moon was out for our redistricted Fool Moon hash time a day early. All the locals were off the public park type path that we weren't, (Is that really any shorter than "were not"?) Stick that in your grammar check.

So, no shit, there we were, at the first beer check and we heard fire sirens and thought something of it, untill we left the beer check. Oh yeah, it was dark with an almost full moon. The trail was marked with lots of flour that was easy for Delia to follow in the moonlight. About a third of the pack was made up of the well preluded over acheiving who did the Selinsgrove hash earlier in the day and had put in about 5 hours of driving with an extra hash attached. A second beer check by some watery stuff and back up to a neighborhood, without any "hood" and a shot check in front of a house for sale. Now here's a great thing about hashing in the dark, Hu Phlung Pu can piss in somebody's front yard and not be seen. Oh yeah, and the hash can drink shots on the street.

The about maybe 3 mile plus trail went pretty much out and back, that might explain why Brown Noser and Bang For Your Buck took the No No trail and caught the hares. On the way back me and Delia were assuming our usual role as being almost DFL's at the last and third beer check for those who are math impaired and I'm discussing hash trivialities with Miss Piss and Stinky Pink when I suggest that we move on before the Po Po comes. For those of youse who don't know what the Po Po is, it's the police. Right then a nice Dodge Charger cums across the singing bridge that the last beer check is beside and to the wonder of all it is the police. Miss Piss tells them that we are only following flour and all is well.....Two Finger Tuesday had to give more information, something about assuming Interior Deficators nerd name. Who knows what a "singing bridge" is?

Leading but not being a DFL, me and Delia arrive to ID's abode to see a police officer from another district, as the "singing bridge" we crossed was in another district, and this nice officer is doing his job. As I understand Weblows Scout helped explained the situation and all was well. This might be a good time to point out that the police are only doing their job and some civilian called and they have to check things out and write a report to explain why the fire department was called out for white stuff and "people" yelling "ON ON". I guess the fire department has to file a report too. In that respect our house family does donate to our local volunteer fire department.

Apparently all returned safely, beer was consumed, and hashers pissed in ID's bushes. Circle consumated around ID's indoor hot tub and down down's were issued to those deserving and those who deserved more. Maybe most importantly, Just Bridgette, was named "Hot Crotchets", pissing off those such as Brown Noser. I won't go into the fine points as to avoid confusion for those there or not there, or myself.

Ohhhh, this is important.... Interior Defacator served some awesome food and lots of it.

If you have 18 minutes to kill this is what this trail was like:

Hares: Interior Defecator

1701 Cedar Cliff dr. camp hill

<http://www.tcm.com/mediaroom/index.jsp?cid=1439>

Arrrrf Arrrrf

Farrt Connor

Hares: Cums In The Oven and Two Finger Tuesday

Behind hotel, Comfort Suites
320 Milroy RD
Hummelstown PA 17036

Arrrrr

Me and Delia returned to our home hash for the Fool Moon Trail. Two Finger Tuesday got us off on trail right on hashtime about an hour after the posted 5:30pm starting time. M'Orally Challenged was wondering where she was because she was the first one there and was confused because nobody else was there. I'm not going to try and recall the about 15 hashers who showed up for a warm full moonlit night for a hash.

The pack found the first beer check and the trail went to hell as we went to a public works project and the inhabitants were wondering why people were wandering about in their backyard shiggy for an hour. Most of the pack stumbled through thorny shiggy with no fucking trail at all and managed to find trail. As for Fart Connor, Delia, Hu Phlung Poo, Fuki Suki, awww shit, the former Just Jim, I'll remember his name later, we said "fuck it" and went back to point A.

It should be mentioned that Fuki Suki abandoned her broken down car at a nearby Rutters Market to attend the hash. Fuzz Buster brought her and her little dog Daisy to the hash with the promise from Orangubang. Shit!!! I just got called into work. Photos on Hashspace.....
<http://www.hashspace.com/photo/albums/fool-moon-hash-102310>

On On

Fart Connor

Two finger Tequila I never heard of but I did drink it last night. Fuzz and I are two bimbos that can "Can Of Man" that shit. I had 8, yes 8 shots. That water was not very cold to me after I sucked that down. Two Fingers I learned the hard way NOT TO USE CHERIOS ON TRAIL. Now you need to learn NOT TO PUT SALT PACKS FOR TEQUILA SHOTS IN A BAG OF MELTING ICE. I not only sucked lemon down my throat after the gulp of Tequila out of the bottle, but I had to suck the salt out of the McDonalds 8 salt packs.

Crack Whore, Fuzz, Dipples and I are the only H5ers that finished that Full Moon trail last night. Not enough rocks, stream, Tequila, slanting hill, tunnels, shiiiiiiiggy or bridges. The others hashers missed a really great long as shit should have been a day hash trail. My vision was very blurred in the tunnel. From Tequila i guess. My knees thank you. I thought that Dipples and Squeeze me's trail was a challenge. No baby Two Fingers has my vote for don't try this at home trail.

I have to thank Crack Whore for actually going through the long walk in the cold stream with me. WE WERE ON TRAIL! CW you were behind me, right.? Dipples you and Fuzz walked along the shore line. So Marine, can't you handle a cold stream? I was a "CAN OF MAN" last night hoorah. Fuzzy thank you for letting me sleep it off in your cold car at the On After. Dipples you found so many Tit checks last night. Or was that pretend? Fart thanks a bunch for letting me get out of my last in down down by just letting me show my tits for the remainder of circle. After sleeping for a while in Fuzzy's car and then her driving me back to my vehicle, I stopped at McDonalds for a peanut butter McFlurry and went home. Wow I think I remember having Fun.

On On,
M'Orally Knees help

Hares: Brown Noser, Bang 4 Ur Buck, Tour de Puke

PNC Bank Parking Lot, 29 Hunter Lane, Camp Hill, PA

The pack arrived at the start to be greeted with our fairy hares. Wings and wands were doled out to those who had none, chalk talk was completed as we welcomed visitor Just Ben and virgin Just (sorry, blanking on his name, Cory or something). Just Ben got molested by M'Orally at the start. Apparently she can't resist military men. Fortunately this time her victim was over 21 so she wasn't hauled off to jail. Most of the pack dressed up. Notable costumes included Wild Cherry dressed like the Keebler elf and Tour dressed like a "different" kind of

Hares: Brown Noser, Bang 4 Ur Buck, Tour de Puke PNC Bank Parking Lot, 29 Hunter Lane, Camp Hill, PA

fairy. He reminded me of the gay cop on Reno 911 with his short shorts. I was a little bummed that I had forgotten to buy body glitter to wear yesterday, but fortunately, Bang never leaves home without it, so she hooked me up!

The pack is off, with Bushrat, thinking he can outsmart the hares, taking off in a completely different direction than the rest of the pack. I didn't see him again til circle. The pack follows the trail goes around a nearby apartment complex, to the first beer stop in the woods, then a nearby neighborhood that empties out to a big field overlooking the city across the river, then continued around and down to the river. Except we lost trail. I mean REALLY lost trail. Like for 20+ minutes the pack is wandering under the tunnel, across 11/15, down by the river, up and down the nearby streets, on the bridge, and nada. Finally someone (don't know who because I'm never the FRB) decided trail had to go across the bridge, and sure enough, about ¼ mile down the bridge, flour was spotted. Apparently Bang had been laying it on the handrails, where it promptly blew off. So, across the long bridge we went, down 2nd street and restaurant row, with many a homeless person and shady characters in sight. Beer near at The Pub, YAY! Where we were treated to pitchers of beer, some Jay-Z on the jukebox, and Fuzz sprinkling us with fairy dust. Then, our chariot arrived, a school bus, where we boarded and sang The Days of the Week and other rowdy songs. The bus dropped us off back across the river at a gas station, where trail continued. Off to another beer stop (because clearly it had been about 10 minutes since the last one and we needed more alcohol), and at this one, there was a strange sight of Just Ben sucking beer into his mouth than fountain spitting it into M'Orally's mouth about 5 feet away. Off the pack went again to the shot stop (some tasty Long Island Iced Tea shots!) and back to Tour's house.

Circle was held, with the normal infractions, we had lots of good eats (party subs, pizza, wings, etc.), an intense game of flippy cup, shots, dancing, Squeeze Me and Dimples grappling, then Chock Full and Squeeze Me grappling (sorry about your overhead light, Tour, we made a contribution toward a new one in your tip jar LOL) and as the night went on, well if you weren't there, you missed it! As Dimples would say, "Don't Ask, Don't Tell. YEAH!" There were a few casualties from all the alcohol, so we were treated to three hashers worshipping the porcelain god. We were also joined by A Lay, complete with a broken leg from Wednesday's trail.

As Squeeze Me and I walk toward our car, we encounter a loaded fellow hasher, who was aimlessly walking around saying he couldn't get his car out of his parking spot at the bank. We decide that was grounds enough that he shouldn't drive home! So we deposit him in a more sober hasher's car and off we go.

A great time was had by all! Now I need to figure out how to get all the glitter off my hair and body before I have to act like a professional tomorrow. I look like I spent the weekend in a strip club!

Thank you to Bang, Brown Noser and Tour for a great time. And Happy Birthday, Bang! On-on to the next hash!

Trashed

Head First,

How is Sunny doing after being attacked by that pit bull? I hope you're both recovering well!!

FS

Thanks to Trashed and Morally for the write-ups. And special thanks to everyone who came out on Saturday for the Fairy Fest! I can't think of any other way I would want to spend my birthday weekend than running around Harrisburg in pink tights and fairy wings! Love you guys!

Bang 4 UR Buck

Hares: Rubber Dickie

Tioga County, PA

KY & Rubber Dickie,

Thank you for the splendor of Fall, the hayless-ride, the bizarre wind-turbine trail, the magic bus, the visit of the rare Tioga County black Cheyenne bear, the first four-wheeling experience (sans neck breakage), too much beer and food, and of course your incredible hashpitality! We had a GREAT TIME!

She Came and Just Piper

Hares: I.D. and Crackwhore Fucker

Sisco's pizzeria and spaghetti 3716 N 6th street

On trail stood a ridge used as a beer check, the ridge having a view of all surrounding locations. X was marked on trail below ridge and two trails were run off X. Some hounds ran nearest entry other ran farthest entry to ridge top...those hounds already at Beer check could see this phenomena taking place...so hounds yelling BN were looking lol two directions lmao..as hounds were descending and hounds were ascending to beer check...collision effect...This was a trail experiment interestingly enough and my reward was a double down down. Guzzle! ON ON!

Hey! Is the writer of this hash cluster fuck description Crackwhore Fucker? I'm just pissed because I can't get out and hash during the week.

On On

Fart Connor

(See how that works, and wankers know who to blame.)

Shitty trail, shitty trail, same old thing and I've missed it so! H5 Rocks! Thanks for the warm welcome on Wednesday! After so many years away it was nice to see some old familiar faces, and great to meet the new ones too. I'm in Mechanicsburg and hope to get out more often -

9 /8 /2010 TIUTALAWH3 #35

Rosh HASHanah Ass wednesday hash

Hares: I.D. and Crackwhore Fucker

Sisco's pizzeria and spaghetti 3716 N 6th street

just can't drive in the dark so if you're going my way and have room for a passenger let me know!~ DRIED UP BUSH

7 /24/2010 H5 Run #399

Saturday Hash

Hares: Puke Panther and Chapped Lips

bainbridge inn

Ahoy Wankers!

And a shitty trail it was. The best laid plans of the hares started badly, not all their own fault. Fart Connor messed some up by not double checking the google directions and sent some to the wrong place, Tub Slut blindly followed his malfunctioning GPS device and ended up going toward New York state at Hash Standard Start Time of 4:30pm. Some arrived later but still in time for trail. The hares were off and the local Police stopped by to sit in the parking lot for a few minutes and then left.

The pack was off on HSST about 5:30pm and sort of followed the first trail some about was it 4 years ago? Only this time we didn't take the curvy trail that the deer couldn't hardly get through, specially if they had a big rack. We didn't lose anybody on trail, unless they are still out flailing about in the woods. We went about a mile from the starting point of Falmouth Access, 2 miles as the pack meanders, going through some well marked H5 ROCKS, that phrase can be taken in more than one way. Somewhere near Dude Where's My Mullet's parents house most of the pack lemminged into the neighbors property. It was neat to see the property owner come out on her ATV followed by the dog and laughing at us wandering around till we cutted back to the start and went home. By sheer coincidence trail led to a shot check sort of in the middle of the river, that's relative to those lazy asses that didn't do trail and are reading this instead. Bout this time Delia noticed that the sun was below the hills and it was gonna get dark soon. She woofed the pack On and we covered the about a mile to the supposed saftey of the river bank, it was dark now and half the pack was still out on the river. I did make sure to keep blasting on the bugle. Now some may wonder about the Bag O Shit that Fart Connor carries, in that Bag O Mostly useless shit I had 2 flashlights, Marsha Marsha Marsha also had a light too. Two Finger Tuesday and Cum In The Oven bravely volunteered to stay behind and I gave them a light and they flashed the rest of the pack in. Wow, for once I'm not in competition for DFL! Me and Delia make it back, she is Alpo'ed, and a happy dog. It was great to have a dry bag with a kilt and a long sleeved shirt as it was dark with late summer cool.

Here's where the hares 4:30 start time, actual HSST 5:30, came back to bite them in the ass as it was dark for an hour. What the hell does that matter? Chappy and Puke Panther planned the start time so we could have circle and make it to the Bainbridge Inn, in Banbridge, for wings before karaoke started. FAIL due to no fault of the pack, we fucked around on trail less than usual, I could tell because I wasn't in line for DFL and didn't have time to take many pictures. Due to darkness the pack took about an extra hour to make to the end of trail. A Lay In A Manger was laying around after trail. Two Finger and Cum's stragglers came in and the about 6 DFL's came across the HHH's arm in arm. Fuki Suki was glad she didn't bring/carry her little dog. Circle was held, the hares did many down downs, and Puke Panther was dismembered for having a birthday. Fart Connor needs a cheat sheet for circle songs. We had 2 virgins, MC and Just Otis. Girth Brooks and his awards bitch, Lunachick, awarded many for being stupid enough to hash with H5. Hey! Where's the FRB metal and the "Sacred Vessel"? And while I'm on the thought of lost/misplaced shit, where's my Jesus Shaves box and Obama and McCain gargoyles? No Dimples Left Behind was FRB, again. Swing Low was sung and the hash left to get a piece, of chicken.

On In at the Bainbridge Inn. There seemed to be a larger than usual crowd there and I soon discovered that one of the locals and birthday girl Lisa was gathered with her friends to celebrate her 50th birthday. It was Puke Panther's 50th birthday too. Shit, we should have sang "Happy Colonoscopy to you!" For some reason Fart Connor was the only one in a kilt at a redneck karaoke bar. It's funny how many women are curious about weather it's a kilt or a dress and wanna know and the guys that are with them are sort of pissed. Lil Spermaid helped to explain the kilt or dress thing. Many danced badly and no fights were had and we departed the smoky bar. Thanks Chapped Lips and Puke Panther!

On On

Fart Connor

5 /1 /2010 H5 Run #393

13th Anal - 10th Stinko de Mayo

Hares: Grandmaster Deathwish and the Usual Suspects Camp Stinko

Many, many, many thanks to everyone who helped put on still another excellent Stinko weekend. I enjoyed seeing old friends and making new ones! If you weren't there you'll have to satisfy yourselves with the stories. To anyone I might owe an apology to, I'm very, very sorry. I didn't mean to (fill in asinine act here) and it will, hopefully, never happen again.

Hares: Grandmaster Deathwish and the Usual Suspects Camp Stinko

My favorite line from the weekend came Sunday morning:

She Came – “Webelo, you look like shit!”

Webelo Scout – “Thank you. I worked very hard to achieve this look.”

For my beauty secrets, see this link and apply liberally: http://www.troegs.com/our_brews/java_head_stout.aspx

Again – Copious thanks to all the Stinko staff!!!!

Webelo Scout
On-On!

WS -

What a beautiful poem! Did you write that? It's right up there on a level with one of my favorite poets, Robert Frost.

4-F You

I bet Frost never intended for it to be used in an internal debate if you should go to bed... or continue drinking though.

SqueezeMe

Wow. What a great weekend. Stinko just keeps getting better and better. Thanks to everyone for making it so much fun. A lot of planning and hard work goes into making Stinko the legend that it has become. Thanx to our Mis-management for their leadership and vision. Thanx to all the H-5ers who make it happen. Thanx to all the hashers for cumin'. A special thank you to Shaqueal O' Squeal for being my Stinko-wife. WooHoo.

ON-ON

Unhitched Cock.

I too, had a great time at stinko! It was great meeting new hashers, seeing old hashers, and hanging out with all of you. We had good food, thanks to the kitchen Bitches and their endless dedication. Good beer thanks to the Troegs and Yuengling families. We had an excellent trail thanks to our Hares for planning and executing all of that. Thanks to all buying raffle tickets to support Le Tour de Cure. Thank you to all of the lovely nursing staff who took care of my broken face, including Chappy, Anal Nicole, Marsha Marsha Marsha, Cock n Face, and Dude. Thanks to all that took pictures afterwards. Big special extra thanks to the beautiful A Lay in the Manger for putting up with my stupidity and nursing me back to health at home...the mustache ride will be closed until the end of the week:(
Bummer to all that had to step out or couldn't make it this year, but thanks for giving others the chance to experience all of this!

On-On to the next hash and the next stinko!

Type-Anus

Yeah but, do you have to back to work this week with Stinko trophies? Take care ya all. Monday is a recovery day!

On On

Fart Connor

Sunday night we got noteworthy injury #6: Skid Mark twisted his knee bad while keg bowling.

Can anyone recount the others?

When's the first meeting?

Sister

wow number 6...I only knew of one...geezie ,I miss everything
ID

Hares: Grandmaster Deathwish and the Usual Suspects Camp Stinko

Lost lost lost.... what has been lost.....??? Seems to me alot of things were lost this weekend,,, Where did they go??? Bigger question is where did all this shit cum from????? As i cleaned out the On-After Rv yesterday I came across some very interesting objects....

An ugly mug that distinctly resembles wingnuts.. It broke my mirror when I set it on the counter...

A red cooler that contained a huge rubber fist and some anal beads,,,, Cant taste i believe this is yours as per the tape across the top bears your name.

A tall fluted glass that falls over everytime you fill it with beer,,, hmmm sounds like it has spent some time in dead man walkings hands...

A rocks glass that continuously tells me it loves me,,, could it have been in Slim Jims hand so long this weekend that its issuing echos from the past....

A shirt that says Farfrompukin... oh and the boob imprints really look to be Anal Nicholes size...

a blue penn state shaving bag,, containing a large bottle of anal ease, some nipple clamps, a pair of eyeglasses, three condoms, batteries, a set of anal beads, ping pong balls with a wierd brown residuee,,, im not sniffin them...

I also have countless chairs that were left behind. If it is missing,, it appears I might have it.. Contact me if anything listed here is yours or your looking for something not listed....

Dude

Ok so I came across a few more items as I was stashing shit away....

A 50 run bandanna from the S.H.I.T. Hash...

I was eating lunch consisting of leftover stinko foods and came across the tip of a finger in a bag of cucumbers,,, Two finger see me we might be able to stich it back on...

A blue mug that doesnt hold beer very well and everytime I put it away it magically appears back on the counter,,, O.E. It seems to me that it belongs to you...

Virginator was cleaning up around the hill leading to tent city and came across a plant that has leaves that resembles type anus.... could this be a face plant....

A victorias secret bra siz ggg,,, If no one claims this Im gonna turn it into a sail for my kayak..

Well I guess thats about it then..... Again if its missing and your looking for it see dude to get it back.. If not claimed im just gonna stick it in the warehouse till it is..

Dude

Dude -

Can you use a smaller typeface in your e-mails? I could actually make it out with my nose a full three inches from the screen.

4-F You

I concur...and I'm only 37

Can't Taste Won't Swallow

Hares: Lunachic**Hershey Parking Garage, Rt. 422 beside Hollihans**

It was a rainy night in Hershey, and it seems like most of you Passed Over doing the full moon trail. How dare you, fair weather hashers.

Trail started right on time. 7:00, with 5 hashers in attendance: Wild Cherry, I.D. Fuki-Suki, M'orally Challenged, and Girth Brooks.

Out from a perfectly dry parking garage, the pack found there way to the Park Side where they enjoyed frosty mugs of yellow necture. Seemed a long time to finish that pitcher, with all the hashers but one leaving the bar, they headed on the next leg. To the church where Grizz and Lock Jaw said I do! Across the golf course, to Milton Hersheys home. There the pack found a Passover Check, over looking the beautiful Hershey Factory.

Next stop, was a run behind the Old Hershey School, past a Gym, where there were people working out. Down the steps to a well guarded BN. The little dogs across the alley barked their ars's off. And the pack was quickly off.

ONON to the school complex, where the pack enjoyed some sports. I hear there was a neck to neck, chest to chest, photo finish of Girth and Wild Cherry, sprinting towards the end of the track. After a bit, they wove around and found a shot check, jello shot check at that, beside the

Hares: Lunachic

Hershey Parking Garage, Rt. 422 beside Hollihans

tennis courts. I hear there was a large police van that passed the pack by. Good thing, they could of all be halled away.

By now the rain had picked up, and the hare made a bee line back to the parking garage. This is where M'Orally found the pack again.

Circle in 1 minute, how about right now. FRB was I.D. DFL was Fuki-Suki, accusations were made, announcements, and the usual debatchery took place. Circle ended with Swing Low, and the pack quickly went back to park side for some good eating. The bar was happy to have us. Hoping to see us again. Maybe with a larger pack.

So all you fair weather hasher, you missed yet a shitty Luna trail. So get your ars's out tonight. Why? It is ass wednesday, and YOU NEED TO HASH.

ONONON

Lunachic

Sorry I wussed out. Have a head cold cant seem to shake and a job interview this a.m. Wahhh. ON-ON UC.

best peach Schnopps and cherry jello i had(i had three because yas weren't there)!
On on the the ass weds trail
I.D.

Hares: Tour de Puke and Unhitched Cock (Virgin Lay) 480 Lewisberry road, new Cumberland

that was one shiggylicious trail.there wasnt a down down for blood on trail....there was a down down for not bleeding on trail.great job tour and unhitched cock!i think uc has the names
on on I.D.,

It was an awesome trail! Great virgin haring, even though he ran out of flour! Yeast of Burden

well whoevers name isnt on the list really missed out on one great trail.. We didnt just bleed... A few lost entire arteries on trail.. Great job UC n TOUR... ON-ON to KING OF THE MOUNTIAN 2 where shiggy is bold and hashers run scared... sent from my garbage ass technocrap phone...

Hares: Anal Nicole

Pints (formally Tara Station) 4th and Chestnut St

Wednesday is a hashing day and boy did we ever. The group assembled at the point so named by our gracious hares Anal Nichole & C.O.G.O. And we had a virgin .Specific details are not recalled due to abundance of good friends and fine drinks.

I know that I have awoken in my loft (so to speak) with fatigued legs and a sort of hung over feeling. All is well though! A new day is here. We wound our way through town from pub to pub drinking everything we could get our hands on. Stopping by to meet the homeless in a condo under the state street bridge(I think).One of the yokals even chased after us for awhile. His senses turned him back to his circle of homeless hooligans.

We spread the word to quite a few that night about our debauchery. Time will tell if they have the gumption to join us someday or night .

Then after a brief circle we honored the hares for a trail that was shitty, those that were FRB , DFL and some awards were presented , we made a BEELINE to Coelty's to rock the town with "Bubba" featuring us all getting drunk.

Special thanks to Anal for an awesome trail , Tour de Puke for the band ,and Lunachic for a night to remember.

ON-ON
Girth Brooks

Waaaayy funkngroovey night... After passin at at a few places that didnt include my own bed.. Did anyone get the plate on the telephone pole that ran into me?? Bubba rocks... H5 brings down the house once more... My liver is perfectly pickled..

Hares: Dude Where's My Mullet, Orangubang, Virginato UPS Harrisburg

VIRGINATOR..ORANGUBANG..AND myself..me..dude...would like to thank all the shiggy crazed misguided hashers who showed up today..you wonderful idiots are the reason we love haring. The weather couldnt have been better..the mud couldnt have been gooyer the shiggy be no thicker.. We really enjoyed haring that one and were thoroely pleased the hash gods looked down on us with favor on such fine

Hares: **Dude Where's My Mullet, Orangubang, Virginato UPS Harrisburg**

day.....On On....your haring addict and personal pain in the ass.... Dude...

2 /27/2010 TMINFMH3 Run #128

Full Snow Moon Hash

Hares: **Dude Where's My Mullet and Girth Brooks**

2161 n. union street, middletown pa, 17057,,H.W. Wilson roofing

Hash Trash, "Fool Moon trail Feb. 27, 2010

So anyhow about 15 intrepid hashers gathered at a well defined starting point easily found by a few. If I remember, Fart Connor, Two Finger Tuesday, Just Lindsey, Tour de Puke, Weblows Scout, Orangubang, Virginator and virgin son "Just Nico", Virgin Auggey, Lunachick, Glass Ass, Doodle, Deathwish, Wild Cherry, Interior Defacator, and 3 dogs Delia, Beer Slut, and Abbey attended the hash. There, She Came, stick that on your attendance sheet.

Promise of a dry, flat, no shiggy snowy winter trail in hilly Pennsylvania. The lying sack o shit hares took off right on hash time. This was no "Dude Where's My Mullet" trail, it actually went somewhere to beer! We talked Dude's virgin "Just Auggie" into blowing off his date for Saturday into doing the trail. He got an honor down down for that. Here is what makes H5 ROCK, there was time for me to take pictures along the trail. One of the things that I enjoy so much about hashing is me and Delia visiting other hashes. Some times I have time to take pictures, some others I have to r'n like as fast as I can't just to be DFL! Every hash has it's own personality. Get the hell out and visit other hashes.

Trail went to the inevitable railroad tracks but there was an added bonus, a cave! This place looked like "Dude Where's My Mullet" might have lived in it for a while. Oh yeah, there was a beer check here too. Rats, Fart Connor should have gotten a down down here for not falling down. I slid down backwards and didn't fall down, maybe you had to have been there.

From there we r@n along the railroad tracks to a rope swing into the cold waters of the Swatara Creek, past a True Trail with a red circle around it with a slash through it pointing across the Swatty, and past an old canal lock from back in the good old days. Here is another thing so awesome about hashing, you get to see things that are off the beaten path.

Our next point off the beaten path was this old farmhouse where "Dude Where's My Mullet" sort of grew up. That might explain why there are holes in the walls of the house and all the boards in the attic are missing because there were rumors of Playboy magazines hidden there with ghosts. The beer check was actually hidden in the silo and some took the arduous journey to the top. Hmmm, I wonder if my Hashspace pictures will go here: <http://www.hashspace.com/photo/albums/dude-and-girths-fool-moon?id=2021388%3AAlbum%3A1931618&commentPage=&page=1> Copy and Paste and stick that in your browser!

We highly trespassed around this quarry that didn't have a fence around it. Hey! How come the quarry that is near the house I grew up in the 70's has a fence around it? Oh, I might have something to do with that but that's another story. So anyhow there was another beer check at the edge of the quarry

The pack made it back to Point A with Orangabang as DFL and circle was held. The RA sucked and many were dis-honored for acts not to be described to the public. The packs ADHD ran out before Just Lindsey could be named because this was her 7th hash.

Not much was mentioned of the involvement of "Girth Brooks" in this hash but he was equally responsible for making this a great hash.

On On

Farrt Connor

It was way super cool trail....beautiful scenery and BEEEEERRRR...Oh and Mr. Girth was a huge involvement in the trail,,,he carried extra flour and even dropped a little of it....h5 should thank him for his legendary contributions to the hash,,,,without him that trail would have killed someone,,,dude no dont send them over the cliff,,,dude nahhh we cant have a water crossing in february,,,oh no way dude not the quarry,,,put the fence back dude its there to keep people out of the quarry,,,dude dont borrow heavy equipment to build a swamp,,,see h5 should thank him,,,On On to saving lives....good job Mr. Girth...the pack was spared..well almost...Dude

2 /20/2010 H5 Run #387

Chinese New Year Hash

Hares: **M'Orally Challenged and Fart Connor**

Centerville Family Dental, 803 Estelle Dr., Lancaster, PA, 17601

The snow was just short of knee deep as M'Orally Challenged and Fart Connor and Delia the dog, the hares took off. The pack missed the first beer check that Fart Connor carried on his back because it was in a hollow tree that Fart went on one side and the pack went on the other side. Some even stopped at this tree to measure it's girth, that's sort of funny because Girth Brooks did the measurement. With that in mind I don't know how the pack didn't catch me because as I got to the end of the fence that the pack was on the other side of I could see them but the snow must have slowed them down too. At least the pack found the second beer check at Fart's house, I must have just barely got on the way to miss the pack because there was a long line of vision to cross. The hares had carefully picked a trail to keep the pack off heavily traveled roads as much as possible. Some wankers r@n across Route 30 instead of the storm sewer that the hares had for safety. There was a rumor that an unmarked vehicle tooted a siren but the hashers took off and were following the well marked trail to the safety of an abandoned bridge over railroad tracks with a beer check on it. Shortly after that the pack went within 3 feet of a well marked Shots Near with a skeleton and a bottle of Captain Morgan in an abandoned truck tool box. I know that because I picked that up on Sunday. To make it clearer, the pack walked right past a well marked Shot Check. A circle jerk and the pack is on the way back with one more beer check left. I linked up with the trail that M'Orally had set and just for shits and giggles followed it back to almost the last beer check where I encountered M'Orally just finishing her own circle jerk and we marked the trail to the HHH. We had circle. I wondered about the portable fire pit that I bought and thought that the Chinese lawyers must have fun putting handles on a fire pit.

Thanks for the intrepid 20 plus that came out to tromp through the still almost knee deep snow. Did I mention that trail went through an easy 4 miles or a hard 3 mile trail with at least a mile and a half of snow travel. We had awesome Chinese food.

On Arrrrrr

2 /20/2010 H5 Run #387

Chinese New Year Hash

Hares: M'orally Challenged and Fart Connor

Centerville Family Dental, 803 Estelle Dr., Lancaster, PA, 17601

Farrt Connor

Thanx to Fart & M'Orally and all the wankers who braved shitty trail. Great Fun!!! UC.

1 /30/2010 TMINFMH3 Run #127

FREE BEER For All the Hashers Hash

Hares: Cock-A-Doodle Don't and Wild Cherry

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg 17050

On-On ,

Thank you Wild Cherry & Doodle especially for the shittiest of trails on Saturday.

Great turn out & I was super-fortunate to be a part of it.

Thanks to Grizzly Shnitz for having everything in order and turning over the duties of Awards Bitch to me, the new awards(would I be an awards bastard?). Whatever . * Awards will be given when I can hash with you, if you there in so do deserve, my records do so indicate and I have such to distribute to the so deserving hasher.

On-On ,

Girth Brooks

!). Wild Cherry and Doodle can make a hell of a trail,,,without even trying.....

(. Free beer is always a GREAT thing...but we knew this already..

*. It is always best to chek the dress code,,,you might have to wear a suit and tie,,,and it's always best to be prepared.

&. Don't follow virgins on trail,,,no matter how hot thier ass is it just won't get you to the beer...

^ G.I. is still kikin HEY BUDDY GOOD TO SEE YA

%. always carry a secret stash of flour in case the hares don't leave enough boob,,dik cheks to satisfy the masses...I DIDN DO IT I SWEAR..

\$.Wild Cherry"S garage is desperatly needing an addition....

#. NEVER DRIVE HOME<<<STOOPID FUKERS what were you thinking when you hit that car and ran...like we didnt see your stoopidity...dambasses.

@. Frozen margaritas are better then frozen mangonitas,,,yes they arte still there yes they froze,,,no they are not swollen any longer...

!..H% KICKS ASS.. H5 is one rockin ass hash house and I love every one of you. No matter how small or how big your tatas are and no matter how much you bitch and moan,,,H5 just rocks and always will.

Dude Where's My Mullet

*even though Stinko isn't for a few months, you can still "pitch a tent" just don't do it in a hot tub filled with men!

Type Anus

1 /27/2010 TIUTALAWH3 #18

First Anal TIUTALAW Snuggie Bar Crawl Hash

Hares: Tour de Puke and Panic Button

Ceoltas Irish Pub, 310 N 2nd Street, Harrisburg PA 17101

The snuggie hash was great. 20 "monks" were in attendance. It is amazing how intimidating this type of dressed people in the burg, gets so much attention. One bar we needed to go up stairs, so we didn't offend anybody in their nice suits. One bar we got "kicked" out of after we spent well over \$100 there, to top that off your one and only Luna got called a Hag. The asses who had us removed from the bar, had so much fun with it that they decided to follow us into the next one. Gutts! No just pain in the asses! Boy I wish I would of brushed up on my spells. Some passer by-ers thought the group was a great idea. Others I heard say was laim. But all in all, the whole night was a success. Warm hashers, plenty of fun, and the usual ass holes that are not in our circle. I'de say we should do it again. Nobody does it better than H5! Lunachic

Tour got kicked out of a bar by a gay guy, and then the gays followed the hashers and tried tokick them out of another bar! At least that's the way I heard it!

Sent from Jon's iPhone.

guess it's true then... It WAS gay & lesbian week last week. Fuzz said they got hit on in Vail too. Going out in snuggies during gay & lesbian week was just asking for it.

Sent from Sister's iPad.

1 /23/2010 H5 Run #385

1st Anal Antithesis of the Keystone H3

Hares: Yeast of Burden and Marsha, Marsha, Marsha 7 Hazelwood Path Mechanicsburg PA 17050

I had so much fun yesterday, that I figured I'd write my own trash. Thank you to everyone who came (aggggg) out, and if you are missing something, I have assorted stuff that was left behind. Just send me an email and let me know what you are looking for, and I'll check the Pile O Lost Stuff.

The Pack began gathering for the H5 1st Anal Antithesis of the Keystone Hash House Harriers Hash at 2:00 PM on Saturday.. The Keg was tapped, and cold beer was flowing. Roughly 40 of my closest friends, four cherries, and two of my favorite Hash Hounds showed for the event.

Bushrat (founder of Keystone) arrived wearing the coveted Keystone Inaugural T-Shirt, and BlowFlex, one of the first Keystone Hashers also

Hares: Yeast of Burden and Marsha, Marsha, Marsha 7 Hazelwood Path Mechanicsburg PA 17050

came (agggggg) for the festivities.

Brown Noser showed up with a cane to help him complete the notoriously difficult trail, and of course, Bang looked stunning as always.

Hashers drank a ton of beer, and then circled up for instructions. The Hare's (Yeast and Marsha Marsha Marsha) explained the Marks (including a new one - CC for Cherry Checks), and then explained the "rules" of the Hash. Yes, we are proud to say that we are Dead Lay Hares. In true Opposite style of Keystone, we set a pre-laid dead trail. Fuck You's were passed out to those that boo'd, and they were warned that any running would result in massive punishments of Down-Downs (see, I wasn't fucking around - you will walk and you will like it bitches).

The Cherries were introduced (Props to Birth Canal, Nippelodeon, Orangu Bang, and Blow Flex for popping some cherry ass). Please let them know that this was not a typical trail...

The hares pointed the direction of the trail, and the Pack stood in dazed confusion for about 5 minutes. WTF? They didn't know what to do with a dead trail...

The Hare, Marsha Marsha Marsha, starts the trail as the FRB so that the dumb ass pack will follow. Then half the pack actually shortcutted the start (what? It's only 1 mile). As Brown Noser pointed out, "You just shortcutted half the trail".

After about 50 feet of Shiggy, we cum (AGGGGG) to the first Shot Check of yummy yummy spiked hot chocolate. The pack drinks, and cums (AGGGGG) to the second shot check approximately 10 feet from the first. We drink again, and now people are feeling good. Yeah baby.

We stop at the third Beverage stop, a Beer Near in the woods, and have a few brews. Ok, everyone grab some trash and roll. The next Beer Near is manned by Ruffy and Desperate. If you can't go on trail Ruffy, we'll bring the Trail to you! Fuki Suki Rice Wine is enjoyed, and we are off in a slight stagger towards the creek.

Cause for Blindness drinks a 100 year old Corona that she finds on the side of the road - even though people are carrying at least 3 gallons of beer with them.

Rum Cherries are found by the creek, and the pack works on killing about 200 of those bad boys along with a good bit of their brain cells.

The final Shot check is on Hill Road, where we run into Auto Hashers Panic and Siren. I greet Siren with a hug and an apology for smelling like beer and pee. The pack is now staggering up Hill Road, then through my neighborhood, scaring small children and civilians who also happen to be my very respectable (and now wary) neighbors.

Morally gets a ride in a beautiful car (ummm sorry KY - I can't remember what the hell that thing is again). Morally always gets the best rides!!!

The pack staggers back to my house, with Cause in the rear. Food to feed the masses is spread (yeah baby) on the Flip Cup table, and we eat until we can eat no more. BTW, massive props to Marsha Marsha Marsha, Bang, Trashed, Anal, Ruffy, Nippolodeon, Orangu Bang and everyone else who contributed to that feast. We all needed the food - that's fo sho.

Circle commences and it is good. Brown Noser sings a special Keystone song to Bushrat, Titties are shown, the hares drink, and drink some more. The few caught running are treated to a special down-down.

We have namings, we have namings... Welcome Fuki Suki (pronounced FUCKY SUCKY) and Jizz & Juice. Now, you can never leave us, don't even try.

The Cake is brought out, and it actually has Happy Birthday Fuck U! written on it! Wow- that's a Fucking cool bakery. I smash my face into it, and then kiss as many girls as I can. BTW, Blue icing does not come out of Blonde Hair very easily. Maybe tomorrow I can get it out....

Hashers play a drunken round of shuffleboard and then the flip cup tournament starts. WE KICKED YOUR ASSES MEN (even though Orangu Bang tried to cheat - WE STILL BEAT YOU LIKE THE LITTLE BITCHES THAT YOU ARE!!!!) Girls rule. Panic Button couldn't even save your asses from the beating that you received. Ha ha Ha Ha Ha.

Then the dance party began...

It was so much fun, me and Marsha Marsha Marsha will do it again next year. It was the BEST birthday party I've ever had.

Thank you everyone for cumming (agggggg) and I hope you all had as great of a time as me and Marsha did!

Love you, and oh by the way, Fuck You, You Fucking Fucks!

Yeast of Burden

Good writeup Beast!

It was noted Head First left the premises conspicuously before down-downs for running could be administered.

How could anyone not notice Bushrat's new flashy shoes? I was blinded by a beam of light as soon as I approached him. There was so

Hares: Yeast of Burden and Marsha, Marsha, Marsha 7 Hazelwood Path Mechanicsburg PA 17050

much silver and reflective tape on them, he was like a walking beacon! Even the dogs were barking. Anyway, his excuse that he wore them at a previous hash was obviously lame, because they had never been drunk out of. What was that, the Keystone hash?

The bottle of sake was labelled "Faki Saki". I know because I poured it. "Faki Saki" is pronounced Fuki Suki, but methinks the name should remain true to the label. (<http://www.geekshodrink.com/blog/index.php?blog=119&p=7454&more=1&c=1&tb=1&pb=1>)

Kudos for a great trail & on-after party.

Sister

I can back-up Bush-rat's testimony that he wore his new Saucony Xodus trail shoes to a hash, last wednesday's trail, and he had his cane (which looked new as well, two down-downs for that!) One down-down for me, for knowing the make and model of his shoes, but I wouldn't be named what I am if I didn't know that...did I mention that shoes also have vibram soles and retail for \$90? Available at Inside Track, with three locations in the area.

I need to do something else with my life, perhaps memorize the ABV for all of the beer I drink:)

Type-Anus

It was a great day. Morally chased down a 427 Shelby Cobra replica, scoring both a ride and her ankle (you can literally fry pork chops on those sidepipes). Also, Fart and I found an old PA Game Commission sign that said that Yeast's back yard was at one time a game preserve, no hunting allowed. It was kind of ironic, given that townhouses were everywhere, but that's progress. Necrofeel-u-up.

12/26/2009 H5 Run #383

Saturday Hash

Hares: Deathwish

West Shore Plaza in Lemoyne

Sorry if you missed the cookies, coffee, mistletoe and adventure...we had us some namings! Just mike, visiting from Vegas is now known as Bed the Bitch and Be Gone, Just Angie, who's leaving for Vegas now and forever Takes It Up The Ass Like Elvis. Finally, Just Kimberly, forever encumbered with the handle: A-Lay In A Manger. Congratulations, and sorry about your luck to all! Full or partial report to follow?

Type-Anus

You mean there really was a hash on Saturday? I cruised the West Shore Shopping Center from 2:15 to 2:45 and didn't see a single hasher!

4-F You

Of course there was a hash - it was foggy, misty, cold, and there was beer to be had. Not to mention the SN that was six cars away from the start. M'Orally managed to divine the start location and still be on time.

ON on,
Tight Lips

It's a good thing you didn't find the hash because two other hashers had to do a "down down" for a similar blunder.

but you really blundered. That means the whole bed pan gets filled with beer.

Hu Phlung Pu

12/23/2009 TIUTALAWH3 #14

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Lunachic

Underdogs on Paxton Street in Harrisburg

'Twas the night before the night before Christmas.. And all through the bar-house not a hasher was stirring (45 minutes after Trail time) because Hare Luna hadn't even shown up yet!!! Cold, Yes. BUTT, still a great night for a lively tromp through the snowy neighborhoods and on the bike trails surrounding Paxton Street. Redeeming herself for her tawdry (I mean tardy) arrival, Luna showed she knows how to lay 'em. Fun, tricky, great beverages, a little pampering of the pack (Yuengling Longnecks!), and a great bar for a start and stopping point made for a perfect first trail of winter, weeknight out. Oooooops - I meant Sh1tty Trail! No Virgins were present for this almost too-close-to-Christmas Trail, but non-returner sibling Sticky made a surprise appearance, feeling triply compelled to come to her very own sister's birthday Haring. After the experienced Pack elected to skip chilly chalk talk to squeeze in a last round of cold beer in a warm bar before disappearing into the darkness, Chief of Queefs stayed behind to guard the table and remaining draft while nursing his bionic hip malfunction.

The often H5 trod-terrain provided challenges aplenty for the Pack to follow flour, (footprints), and toilet paper successfully to all of the checks. Although, the gigundous boob-check outline tromped in the snow was apparently tip-toed through by all attending Bimbos who refused to un-layer their high-tech cold-weather gear just to shoot the Wankers a quick flash. The Pack took its time to enjoy the lights, but stayed tight and on task - even yours truly didn't fall behind on trail. Despite the quickly changing mix of re-frozen slush and un-trodden snow pack, no slips, trips, or falls were reported, except for Weblows Scout who accidentally on-purpose fell on top of Sticky mid-Snow Angel. Yet another indoor Circle - seemingly a regular benefit of winter, Wednesday hashing - yielded a few turned barfly heads toward the clatter of singing, but nary a policeman came into sight. Merry Christmas to all on this good hashing night Butt Pirate

12/16/2009 TIUTALAWH3 #13

Ass Wednesday Hanukkah Hash

Hares: Tour de Puke

PNC parking lot, 5 hunter lane, camp hill

Hares: Tour de Puke**PNC parking lot, 5 hunter lane, camp hill**

Greetings to all Ye Merry Wankers!

Once again, I'm going to fill you up with the happenings of the hash, crack open a beer and light the menorah. Wednesday's Hash, the annual Hanukkah Hash, hared by Tour De Puke! It's just like being there, but without the booze, running, cold or the fun! Sing a merry hash song if you'd like!

We, the few and mighty (23 of us) gathered for circle at the PNC parking lot and trotted out into the cold night shortly after some warm up singing, dancing, and a botched, but lovely version of Adam Sandler's "Hanukkah" song, which continued on trail. Soon after the discussion of symbols and rules, Tour crept into the night with his bag of flour (hopefully kosher!). 12 minutes later, we shot out into the night with the speed and precision of a young mohel's first circumcision. (www.moyelmd.com) Starting with a little confusion and running amok, we found a progression of white dots and rudimentary scribbles of chalk on the pavement, leading us shortly to more confusion and the first Manischewitz Near! Hashers returning from last year will notice the trail being very familiar from the start to the first stop...good recycling! We headed down the hill from our flavored jewish wine stop and onto the railroad tracks, long train runnin.' After running down a false trail and returning to the check, we waited out the train, that was rudely obscuring our trail. We countinued over the tracks and down some shiggy and up the road through businesses and some lovely decorated upper-crust housing. We wound up in sports fields of the area's snootiest learning establishment for a another round of Manischewitz, cream grape, and blackberry to name a few. We met up with our Hare, drank up and ran out and back to Tour's house for down-down's, bagels, accusations, and a few namings. Congratulations to Just Jim, now Chief of Queef(<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Quiffe>), and Just Robyn, forever to be known as Chockful of Semen! In the midst of all this we were treated to a solo performance of a Hanukkah tune by Tour De Puke, awesome job! After a few more too many, I passed out on Tour's couch and the rest was history. No matter what you are before, at the Hanukkah hash, everyone's a jew! My Yarmulke (<http://www.skullcap.com/>)is off to AC/DC for his super-jewishly festive hash attire, complete with the Star of David on the front, menorah on the back and candles down the sleeves...what a fine lookin' Jew! Oy Vey-He's such a messugenah!

Add your own view, expound on this, or refute if you'd like!

Type-Anus

Very funny. Either you're really a Jew, or you did your homework.

onon
sc

He watched a LOT of Seinfeld... SqueezeMe

Hares: OrangUbang and Two Finger Tuesday**Twin Ponds West Shore**

Good Morning All wankers and bimbos!

Because no one else has given this cold Saturday's event it's proper write-up, I shall do so!

We, the few, the proud, stupid and cold, gathered up and ran amok behind the Twin Ponds skating rink at 1 o'clock and did the circular thing, explaining the unexplainable to all but hashers. Soon the Hares, Orang-u-bang and his partner-in-crime, Two-Fingers ran off with bags of flour and promises of beer and debauchery on trail. Within 11 1/2 minutes we set out to chase them down and follow the dots o flour through busy highways and an even busier shopping center...past Best-Buy and Koh's, no time to do your X-mas shopping, sorry. We ran up and through a slight sampling of shiggy and onto the Hummer test-track, where we discovered some mysterious symbols of a penis, and the welcomed, familiar BN symbol marked in purple and white. Drinking commenced, and we slid down off the hill and through the shiggy in pursuit of the hares, behind and through more retail giants of commerce. (what the? No Beer Near at Wegmanns?!?) Under bridges and through the traffic we ran, freezing toes and fingers in our shoes and gloves. We ran through housing developments, finished and unfinished, into the woods and weeds to our next beer stop. As we continued through the frozen mush, and briar bushes we became confused and separated. Brownie and I continued through and pursued the trail that eventually led to more flour as we ran along the creek. (missing the bunny on trail!) Running through many backyards and a little more shiggy, we came out of the trail, under a bridge, not occupied by trolls, nor homeless, but our very own Hares that had finished laying the trail and had set-up camp, along with beer and a warm fire. We were soon joined by I.D. and Bring Em Hung, who had started trail an hour late and backwards. Brownie and I soon started off to finish off the trail, completely missing the true-trail arrow leading us to Hooters, our fourth Beer Near.

After losing hope, Brown-Noser and I started making our way to the point of origin of day's hash, when we were approached by two stranger's in a car, our Hares. Brownie quickly decided to scuttle his plans to finish trail and auto-hashed to Hooters, leaving me as the sole FRB. I took it upon my self to drive back and inform the remnants of our group about the Beer-Near at the Hooters, and returned to the parking lot to drink beer and eat pretzels on my own until everyone returned and circle began.

After some complaining and crying that it was tooo cold, circle ended, leaving some unfinished business....accusations, actually unheard. We again joined up at the Ye Olde Ale House for some good friends, beer and food....A great hash day. Cudos to Orang-u-bang and Two-Fingers for a great trail. Extra congrats to Deathwish for showing up in his PJ's to see us off, and for joining up with us at the on-after...hope you're feeling better!

This portrayal, of course, was my view of the day, dear readers, your results may vary!

Type Anus

Feel free to expand upon, add your own comments, or insult me for leaving anything out. Special thanks to Trashed and Squeeze Me for watching our kids so that we could hash! We owe you:)

Hares: OrangUbang and Two Finger Tuesday

Twin Ponds West Shore

Type Anus

12/9 /2009 TIUTALAWH3 #12

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Lunachic and Interior Defecator

Tap Room 1402 North 3rd Street Harrisburg, PA 17102-1908

H5'ers,

It was a dark and dreary (nearly) winter's night... Can't someone just PDF the police report instead of making me write this Hash Trash??? OK, there was NO flour. That's right NONE to mark the first 200 yards of the trail... No-No! Not this again... Even the police tell you not to walk through this neighborhood. How about r*nnng/walking around obviously LOST??? I'm sure when Luna first Hared down here on Third, oh so many decades ago, this was a NICE part of the city. How poetic, the first BN of yet another bass-ackwards trail was H5's fourth-favorite downtown drop-in spot populated by regular patrons that like to drive (it) the wrong way up a one way street. "You aren't supposed to come for another hour." Says the friendly barmaid. Hey, if I want to be insulted, I can go home!!! The Pack pours back out of the always amusing Brownstone on trail to go attract some OFFICIAL downtown attention... Apparently, on this particular foggy and slushy weeknight, all the regular criminals were warm and dry inside watching freshly stolen plasma TV's (I can't even afford) leaving the boys in blue with NOTHING better to do than freak-out about some guy dotting the city streets with big handfuls of quickly, snow-melt-saturated flour. Life lesson: The cops NEVER think something is as funny as you do. Crackwhore, "Just shut up!" Let former trooper J Jim sooth the mad cop, and let the other half-dozen officers who think it's funny be distracted from acting concerned while they get a load of M'Orally's jog bra – and goose pimples. While all those in the pack that actually need to keep their records clean slowly drift away.

Ok, after strolling innocently enough around what was left of THAT unfortunate snag, and picking-up trail again, I really have nothing at all to report because apparently the front of the pack shortcut to the O-A soon after finding the SN somewhere in front of me, and the soon-released-trio short-cut straight to the end immediately after their brush with Haz-Mat behind me. In the time honored tradition of the not-present Sister, I dutifully tried to follow ALL of trail - ALL on my DFL-Lonesome. Thankfully, almost every check was expertly re-marked (in reverse) by the conscientious Bush Rat. Except for a few very wet and dark alley intersections... Well, about four that slowed me down a bit. I was so happy to see a bonafied boob check down on the Riverwalk (even though I hadn't seen or heard another hasher for almost 45 minutes) BUTT by the time I arrived at those chalk orbs, unbeknownst to me, Circle was likely already underway. My spending more time searching in vain for the nearby, but already removed shot check, and then REALLY trying to find marks for what would have been the trail from the river to the Tap Room, made me miss everything back at the On-After except for the chicken soup. Did Just Jim get named? Hey, Hare ID! How would you like to have been cuffed wearing your Happi-coat and kilt? A night in the Pokey might have taken on a whole new meaning. BUTT, taking our motto of, "Safety Third" seriously, I did make it a point to witness (with my very own eyes) that southern visitor Just Angie got safely out of the hood and onto I-81 southbound. No-No. BP

12/2 /2009 TMINFMFH3 Run #125

Full Cold Moon Hash

Hares: Bushrat, Deathwish and Just Brian

Angie's, 1360 Eisenhower Blvd., Harrisburg

Why go out to play when it is cold, dark and raining? Here's why: A Hash-been legend haring a combined Full Moon/Ass-Wednesday Trail as he counts down the final days to his surgical metamorphosis into a bionic Bush Rat??? That's why! It all started in a warm and dry bar laughing at the stunned look on the face of ID ogling a never before seen masterpiece of barmaid breast engineering. And how often does H5 get marquis billing? "Welcome TMI – Bar Open" in lights! No kidding. All signs of the 8-ball were pointing to "YES" for tonight's trail.

The loyal-est of loyal H5'ers trickled through Angie's door already damp in hopes of catching a quick cold one before the certainly, soaking wet trail. When the possible stain of a sausage boil-plus only one was broken by the arrival of Luna (that freed Yeast from the lone V@gina curse) hares Bush Rat and Dick-on-a-Stick were soon released into the drizzling darkness. Yeah! Fuzz is here! Or, wait! Wasn't that Deathwish that appeared late on trail, flour sack in-hand providing helpful suggestions on finding flour to you-know-who? Dick was on trail with us!

The rain certainly had its way with the pitiful puffs of flour. The ten pack members searched diligently through the wet grass, mud, flowing streets, and rip-rap filled gullies at each check. There were no virgins on this trail. Only the dedication of every experienced hasher following these hare who they were CERTAIN would leave a proper mark SOMEWHERE kept up the search for quickly disappearing signs that the trail was not already lost to the rain within the first half-mile. Their struggle against darkness was rewarded with the shittiest of shitty, scratchy, muddy, slippery and fence crawling challenges. How many water crossings? NO SN in a cemetery??? ("Oh, Thanks BP.") Two fence holes BOTH nearly too small for the likes of Girth and the oversized BP... The twisting trail along the seamy underbelly between industrial and residential led to the most amazing underground tunnel/drainage ever On-On-ed: a 100-plus yard long super-hasher highway that was a gauntlet for the altitude and balance impaired. What could have been a dark, dank BN became a surprisingly welcome and dry place to sit at the 50-yrd line to watch the carefully engineered storm water flow by.

Left behind by the hashers at this mysterious and momentous location? Chalk-roglyphs of three, strange human-like forms provide proof-positive that this sterile, subterranean world had been visited by strange-named "others" from a different dimension, or was Crackwhore really just one of their own who would easily blend into the Eisenhower Hood???

Hares: Bushrat, Deathwish and Just Brian

Angie's, 1360 Eisenhower Blvd., Harrisburg

Suddenly, back to reality! There was far-off talk - echoing spookily through the tunnel; Cops! Haz Mat teams! The trail ahead has been compromised! Lights off! No talking! Move now! Out of the tunnel! Stay to the left! Would one of Bush Rat's final trails become the next, legendary H3 Anthrax headline? Do we fight, or flee? Hang together or apart? Are they even looking for us? What better way to appraise the stealthily by-passed responder mayhem than from the vantage point of one final, soaking Beer Near watching the chaos of flashing lights and the jumble of hardware?

Tour convened a blessed indoor circle where non-runners Ruffy and Chris-the-cat-sitter waited with cold pitchers of Yuengling. The regular patrons did not seem to mind the singing or debauchery. And, there was a naming to do. Bush Rat hovered close fending off trivial, silly, or terribly insulting name suggestions for his fellow Marine comrade clothed always in Red: Just Jason. Many excellent topics and names were proposed and discussed... including those that highlighted this newcomer's habit of keeping an eye out for stragglers. BUTT, Bimbos took the helm and would not let the reported vision of a legendarily narrow bottom said to be adorned with the cutest dimples escape the circle's focus. Just Jason will hereby be known as: No Dimple Left Behind. And thus, another Circle was adjourned to go get a soggy PIECE.

BP (pics later)

My tongue wasn't out and i wasn't drooling. I also wasn't the one try to take pics of them at all kinds of angles either. THAT was a nice rack though. Its good to be a hasher! Great trail last night by the hares. Circle was a hooters..i mean hoot! was there rumor of a rogue friday hash in circle... was it going to be posted on the web site...or just kept on the down low. dam did we drink a lot of beer. On On to another thought. Luna and I scouted trail for the next ASS wednesday hash (dec 9th) in harrisburg. BEER Cool trail BEER and food....more info to cum.

I.D.

p.s.

pb sent me the pic asap

Butt Pirate . . Interesting that ID was drooling. Send me the pics if you can. That way they may come in handy later but I'll also know what size bib to get him.
Just Valerie

11/28/2009 H5 Run #381

Bushrat's 10th Anal Post Turkey Day Family Hash

Hares: M'Orally Challenged

Wow Thanksgiving is almost here. For this years Family Hash we are going to be at a tree farm with hay rides, fire pit for hot dogs and marshmallows. Yes there is a Turkey and Eagle trail. Beer is allowed at the pavilion and any food we want.

Fart Connor is in charge of getting the H5 Charlie Brown Christmas Tree. Please bring an ornament that you don't care for to put on this tree. The H5 Charlie Brown Christmas Tree will then be bagged and then burned at Stinko de Mayo.

There is more.. because you all can pick out your own Christmas Tree for your holiday festivities. Its a great time to be with friends, eat and pick out a tree. No no hash cash does not pay for your tree. ho ho ho
morally

I have a request for the family hash on the 28th: Can we agree to keep this truly family friendly?? This means keeping profanity to a reasonable level, but more importantly, no nudity and no partaking in chicken? The last one I went to (St. Patty's Day hash), all these things were present. I certainly don't mind them at a regular hash, but I don't think it's appropriate to subject my 9 and 7 year olds to them.

What do the rest of you think? Can we come to an agreement on acceptable behavior and let the pack know at circle? We don't do these family hashes too often; I would think we could tone down the behavior a bit.

If not, that's fine, our family will stay home or we'll send one of us and leave the other home with the kids. I just wanted to see what the consensus is so I can make a decision whether or not to bring the kids on the 28th. It sounds like a good time!

Your fearless co-founder,

Trashed

I'm glad you asked,

Hares: M'Orally Challenged

The McCurdy Tree Farm in Dillsburg, opens that Saturday. It's opening tree day just like in Baseball. There is going to be Non Hashers among us, because its a freag'in Christmas Tree Farm and so like it's Getting Your Christmas Tree time. I don't remember CHARLRIE BROWN using profanity. Now the school teacher may have if you could understand her. The only possible one that used profanity I believe was Lucy. The only nudity is going to be from Snoopy (does not where clothing) or Delia (at times she does where clothing).

Activity possibilities include:

Drinking Hot Coco

Petting Zoo baaaaaaaaaaaaa (sheep sound I'm not sure how to spell)

Anyhoo

The pretend you are a snoman family by putting your face in the holes thingy, you know, from behind it and if you look at it, like you are a snowman from the front.

A really cool slide that is very HASHER and HASHER CHILD FRIENDLY

Bon Fire to roast Hot Dogs and Marshmallows

Wagon Rides (they help bring the tree back but you can ride it the whole time if ya want to)

GIRL SCOUT COOKIES nuf said when you say that because ya can't beat girl scout cookies

Sooo, I hope that helps us all remember what Linus said, you know on the stage when he was in the spot lite saying what he said. It was really good what he said, very moving. Thats when the Peanuts Gang went outside to Woo woo woo and the tree became beautiful, MEMBER!! In other words, Yes there is no need for discussion because it could'nt be anything other than kosher (in case your Jewish and don't celebrate Christmas).

Fart is in charge of Chritmas Carols in circle (deer God Fart don't put antlers on Delia). McCurdy Tree Farm Closes at dusk too.

On On,
M'Orally

PS The area around the tree farm is Beautiful and they have a pond too

Hey, at what point do we do the hash, as opposed to everything else below?

Incidentally, I found their website at <http://www.mccurdystreefarm.com/> and the attached tree coupon.

PS: Fuzz said you can carry around a jug of Bloody Mary's while you look for your tree.

On On!
Sister

Thanks Sister for letting me know about my trail,

The Charlie Brown Hash will start in the familiar order that we usually do. Now this trail will be of course not as long as many others because we are searching for a Charlie Brown + your own tree. No way will it be 4 for Eagles. The rest is up to the hares. The Turkey will be a fabulous stroll through the rolling hills of the tree farm. It is the Turkey trail that will have the strongest say into what ugly tree makes it as a genuine Charlie Brown Christmas tree. It will most likely be free since its a Charlie Brown tree, if you catch my drift. Turkey trail will of course make stops at such places as the petting zoo. Hey ya never know, maybe the Eagle will too.

Walking with Booze should probably not be able to be visible to the point of "hey those people are drinking booze". If it is in containers that dont show the contents that is perfect. Now if you all start dancing on the wagon with lamp shades on your heads, I'll bust your ass. This is not a beer drinking free for all people. It is a "hey I want to get pictures in the snowman family thingy with hashers and then sled down the slide like we are all kids." As far as smoking, well hell Chicken travels, so chicken up prior to trail away from non hashers and KIDS!!!!

This is a business and I would be fucking embarrassed to tell people that "hell we all got kicked out of a Christmas tree farm." Think smart!

We will all step back in time when we were kids and went searching for that perfect tree. For those who always had fake trees, you have the option to bring your own so you will fill the same. We will evan hide it for you so you have to go find it, then you will truly feel part of the jolly tree goodness.

Now does that answer your question Sister?

On Tree,
M'Orally

Re: Item 12. No. Some people are still confused. Please explain if/how/that this is different from past years' Thanksgiving family hashes. Do we still need to bring cans of vegetables for the stew? What about bringing the turkeys for the fryer and leftovers for the feast? You alluded to turkeys and leftovers, but were not specific enough. Are they really allowing you to do all this in a tree farm? Do they know what they're in for? Will they allow some 50 cars to be parked in their 30-car parking lot for up to 6 hours, blocking other customers access? Will they become pissed off and ask us to leave? If we cannot hang out in the parking area, just where can we hang out? I don't mind getting a tree, 'cause we're at a tree farm, I just have a problem visualizing how this is going to work.

PS: What's the hash cash?

Sister

Hares: M'Orally Challenged

Hey Tharrrr!

Thanks to the 50 plus that came out for today's Family Hash also known as an ADHD convention, <http://www.adhd.com/index.html> . That's short for "American Deficit/Hyperactivity Disorder" I think that this is exponentiated for when a group of hashers assemble. I wonder if the group IQ goes lower too? I had trouble getting my mind around the idea of not being able to start trail from where the cars are parked. If you wanna buy a Christmas tree go here:

<http://www.mccurdystreefarm.com/> and buy a tree. Tell them you're here from the "Family Run" and I don't know what will happen. It might be like from the Arlo Guthrie Thanksgiving classic "Alice's Restraunt" where they might think hashers are some kind of orginazation.

I guess it's safe to say now that "ID" and "M'Orally" really scouted the trail and the only thing Fart Connor did was to learn the easy trail. Oh yeah, Fart did one more important thing, that was pounding on a civilians door and getting permission to cross his 6 feet of grass to access the woods. Oh wait, Fart donated the fine Charlie Brown tree to the hash too.

The well mislaid plans of the hares came to fruition as the pack came together, how do you think the family hash came about? McCurdy's saves us a special trip and got the pack to near the starting point which was deemed close enough by the hares and a new On On was designated. M'Orally and Fart figured that getting the pack this close to our proposed, hmmm, proposed is a bad word, designated, that's the ticket word starting spot was as good as we were going to get. Getting the wankers to cart hashshit another 250 yarrrrds was going to use up their attention span. The hares adhdapt again, we're starting trail from here, just like Henry Fonda did at Normandy in WWII, that was "The Big One" that Archie Bunker was in too.

The trail only started right on hash time due to the best laid plans of the hares. Shapely M'Orally, Fart Connor, and NFHN Delia are off throwing flour as trailer loads of Christmas Tree harvesters are riding by looking at us. Can you picture Fart Connor running, only slightly faster than walking, with Delia throwing out flour, ooh, I dropped a participle. Nobody seemed concerned about Anthrax. I see Dancing Fool arriving just in time to shortcut by waiting for the pack. It is such a rush doing a LIVE HARE trail! It's like double ADHD. Me, Delia, and my bag of flour are going as fast as we can to get to the first BN and can hear the pack calls of "Are You?" as I get close to the first BN on the Eagle Trail. M'Orally had correctly marked the Turkey Trail so the Turkeys didn't meander onto the Eagle trail. I need to keep moving as the pack is upon me and the BN is the only thing keeping them back as I need to be out of sight.

I later hear that at this Beverage Near with some fine "Old Milwaukee" NO ALCOHOL and other drinks a band of Christmas tree pickers came by as we were enjoying beverages. After that what a way to slow only an H5 hash down, put out a Girl Scout Cookie check! This has to be an H5 Standard. I'm telling youse, that saved my ass from getting caught. As I was leagally trespassing I could hear the pack and it must have been getting to the Cookie Check.

Me and Delia hotfooted it to the real BN and felt better and just r@n around the corner where we were out of sight and R@n really slow and crossed the stream to meet up with the Turkeys who were already back and put down the HHH. My feet were cold. The Turkeys were already back and me and Necrophelmeup went back on trail, across the cold stream again, to wait for the Eagles at the only check with beer. We grab a beer and wait. The first person I remember was Lockjaw getting to the BN and pausing and found the beer. We wait a little while and, I think, Weblows Scout arrrrives and says that he hopes there is real beer here. Delia is released and greets the pack and much rejoicing is imbibed. We kill the beer and make the short journey to the screwed up circle is to be held and all was well.

M'Orally followed up on plans for the kids to have hot food and we had circle. Many were dis-respected and we all left to get a piece, of Christmas.

On, the tree, On

Fart Connor

I for one thought it was an excellent family hash. Every thing a family would want and more. H5 does know how to behave. Thanks to the Hares, and the Farm and all of the hashers who attended this blustery day of hashing and no beer. ONON to the Full Cold Moon

Luna

Hey Fart,

Hares: M'Orally Challenged

Question: What was hash cash? GlassAss paid hash cash for himself, me and my son, Just Timm. He was told \$7.00 per person and so we paid \$21.00. Someone told us later that hash cash was only \$5.00, so I am confused.

Thanks to both hares for a nice day on the farm! Thanks to everyone who came out later for my birthday and the band that never happened. I had no idea we had so many pool sharks amongst us!

ON ON
Doodle

Doodle,

Hash cash was \$5 for growed-ups and \$3 for offspring. Squeeze was the toll-taker and I was the roll-taker. If we ripped you off, it was only to fatten our pockets. We'll get to the bottom of this.

Sent from my iPhone-Jon Heinly

H5 Kids and parents and friends, and sheep,

WOW thanks for a great Hash. I will keep the ornaments the kids put on the tree because they are very special,

Thanks Charles Shculz for helping me with the tree.

M'Orally Hot Dog Nazi

Props to Fart and M'Orally Challenged for a cool trail and a fun circle, even though there was a refreshment stop on trail that had non-alcoholic Old Milwaukee!! Props also to the hares for finding fun creative ways to do the down-down songs with virtually no swear words, and making it a fun with things like using cookies for a refreshment stop -- and even though there was only one beer near! The hot dogs and munchies were much enjoyed by everyone.

And Fuzz Buster, again, I really liked those "official" beer drinking gloves of yours!

Happy birthday again to Doodle! Pics from the trail and the happy hour at ABC's to follow on my hashspace page later tonight.....

11/14/2009 H5 Run #380

Queen of the Mountain Hash

Hares: Webelo Scout and Queen Latrina (Virgin Hare) Doyle Hotel, 7 North Market Street, Duncannon, PA 17020

No wonder women yanked their children inside as Girth Brooks ran down the middle of the street in Duncannon.

I was running a block behind Girth, when I saw women come running out of their houses, snatch their children, and run inside.

Sister

A good thing this didn't happen to some of the stragglers on trail:

Five charged after bizarre kidnapping in Perry County
November 14, 2009, 6:09PM

Five Duncannon residents were charged with kidnapping and assault after state police at Newport alleged they abducted an 18-year-old, duct-taped him, beat him and dropped his unconscious body along Pisgah State Road this week. Keith Hammaker, 32, Derek Williams, 21, William Leach, 22, Mary Greenawalt, 38, and Adam Loudon, 23, were all jailed on \$50,000 bail.

10/31/2009 H5 Run #379

Halloween Hash

Hares: Interior Defecator and Fuzzbuster 1701 cedar cliff dr camp hill

spoke with orthopedic surgeon this evening in Ruffy's room and he said the Fibula was really shattered and required a lot of 'bracing' up. Ruffy is in some pain as they had to 'ream' out the marrow of the bone to insert the metal rods and drilled in from two directions. She is on a morphine (sp?) drip and said her whole leg including ankle is hurting from all the drilling and hammering. The doc indicated she would have to have some rehabilitation time before going home. She will likely be sleeping on first floor in her camp cot and using her half bath off kitchen. she will be on crutches for up to six weeks. Doc said she wouldn't need a cast as the 'bracing' will keep leg straight and supported. She might be healed in time for her B'day Dec.28th!

she can be reached on her cell phone : 579-8783 but requests no visitors for a couple of days until the pain becomes more manageable.

They seem to be giving her excellent care and attention. Very friendly staff.

Hares: Interior Defecator and Fuzzbuster

1701 cedar cliff dr camp hill

Ddave

Fuzz & I visited Ruffie about 6:30 last night. She was a bit groggy, but in good spirits. She'd just had her operation and was icing her leg with an ice bag over the cast. Interestingly she has an air-inflating sleeve on her good leg with a pump/valve that alternate on/off to keep circulation going (externally induced circulation).

We talked about the trail and how she was following Squeeze Me in jumping across a water obstacle (funny I don't recall that obstacle) and happened to land with her ankle between two rocks in the mud. She heard a snapping noise and thought it was her umbrella hitting the ground. Then she saw her foot just dangling there and knew something must be wrong, but didn't think it was broken. It didn't even hurt that much. She kept her foot in the cold water to keep it from swelling and then got carried out.

Fuzz & I had to leave to catch a movie. Anyone have the rest of the story on how she got out and to the hospital?

Sister

Desperate Dave,

I have a portable potty if she needs one. Has yet to be used. Very nice.

Hu Phlung pu

Gopher & I were behind her. Basically- Squeeze Me knew Trash was in the area dropping off their boys, & he called her. Trash met Ruffy & Orangubang, as he basically piggy backed her to the top of a hill beside the park we came out at near the small stream. This small stream entered the yellow breaches about 20 ft away.....

Angel

Yeah, that's pretty much it. I was relatively closeby and got there within a few minutes. I'd be interested to get Ruffy's opinion on it, but in hindsight, an ambulance probably should have been called. They would have been able to transport her more comfortably, she wouldn't have had such a hard time getting in and out of the car, possibly temporarily splint it, etc. Obviously my car and I are not fully equipped for situations like this LOL.

On the positive side, I think she got to the hospital fairly quickly, though I did piss off the hospital staff by pulling up to the ER where the ambulances were supposed to park. Can't win them all, I guess!

On-on to a quick recovery for Ruffy.

Trashed

DD,

Tell Ruffy I know how she is feeling right now. I remember a Saturday back in April of 02, jumping over a small stream of water, getting my foot stuck in the mud, being carried out of the woods, and rushed to the ER. Some hashing tricks shouldn't be repeated. The doctors can do amazing things with broken bones these days. Recovery will be long and miserable, but tell her to relax and listen to the doctors, and everything will be fine.

Oh yeah, if she would like my hash name, I will gladly give it up.

Broken Boner

My thoughts go out to Ruffy, I'm sure we're all hoping she's back up and hashing soon, or at the very least by the time skiing season gets going.

On a lighter note, it was great to see you all again! It's certainly been a long time since I've been around but luckily the H5 hasn't changed much in my absence.

Hares: Interior Defecator and Fuzzbuster

1701 cedar cliff dr camp hill

I just wish the trail had been longer, it seems like we were only out there for a half an hour or so. The rain was a nice tough though. :-P

How did the night end up? Sadly I had to take off to go to another event but it looked like the party was getting pretty fun by the time I found dry clothes and left!

-MaryAnne

thanks for the offer; Ruffy is now arrived for indefinate stay at KY's/RD's house in hershey as they have bath and bed on one floor and KY is home much of the time. She is on meds and sleeping a lot. she was given a walker and crutches and given some instructions/rehab therapy and told not to drink too much and No Running!

Ddave

10/17/2009 H5 Run #378

Bang's Big Bang Theory Birthday Hash

Hares: Wild Cherry, Brown Noser and Bang 4 Ur \$

2020 Technology Parkway, Mechanicsburg

Due to the shitty weather the hares have decided to shorten trail. Trail will start at the same time and place, and still have plenty of beer and alcohol. Trail will be less than 3 miles and there will be a nice cozy fire and hot tub to warm you up at the on-after.

Wild Cherry, Bang For Your Buck, Brown Noser

TIMELINE OF THE BIG BANG'S THEORY HASH

Extrapolation of the Hash actually began using the general relativity of when we all gathered in time for chalk talk. Expansion of the cluster of hashers that gathered in the very beginning, formed what would be known as the same group that, would end in their own time. An infinite amount of density and relativity circled up. The moisture and the temperature seemed right.

The key principal effects of this big bang began as Brownoser caused a cosmic inflation by introducing the Virgins. Wild Cherry laid the signals of trail upon the flowing aquatic asphalt. Conserving as much of the flour like substance as humanly possible. The breakdown of which was inevitable by a tremendous amount of elementary particles that filled the region with its moisture. Introduction of the Virgins continued with Bang for your Buck finding out tidbits of data which contained elementary particles of each and every one of them.

Energy density was high by this time. Fundamental forces were in full effect. The hares were on their way.

The separation, of this nucleus of these three, created a frenzy of reaction which evolved into a mass of decision making. The cosmic distance ladder would prove to be a time and space contingency.

The coordinates were off the charts as we began our trek into the massive area. With separation of the cluster in many different directions unity was located at the great sing of BN.

Accelerated by that which may lay in the distant horizon, the pursuit to locate further pleasure was on-on. The co-operative movement was both elusive and isotropic with many colors revered. Co-moving distance was expanded, Bn 's were consumed by black holes. Observation evidence was inclusive that a Big Bang was in effect.

COSMIC RADIATION

Transported by recombination of fuel, heat, and explosion the cluster moves to a spectrum of beings. Here the transformation of inflation of imagination produces cosmic systematic uncertainties. A term limit of down-downs were produced for relevant reasons. Galactic evolution and distribution was shared by many. Now super clusters were forming. Pertinent readings of increased beer levels rose to the point of intoxicating levels.

SPECULATIVE PHYSICS BEYOND THE BIG BANG THEORY HASH

More expansion will take place due to the movement of this movement.

On-On

Girth brooks

Nice write up! What the hell does "isotropic" mean? <http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/isotropic>

Fart

Isotropic is derived from the word "Isotropy", uniformity in all directions.

Questions? Don't worry about it! Have a BEER.....

Girth

Hey to all you wankers who attended Bang's Big Bang Theory Birthday Hash,

THANK YOU for making my birthday crazy, unforgettable, and AWESOME!!! YOU GUYS ROCK!

also, thanks to WC for letting us destroy his house and hot tub, to Squeeze Me for the poster and pics, and to Girth for the great trash!

love<3,

bang

Hares: Girth Brooks and Sister Maria

Angie's Bar & Grill, located at 1360 Eisenhower Blvd, Harrisburg, PA
17111

Girth's and Ted's Sister's Moist Excellent Adventure?

A wonderful Autumn afternoon boosted itself out of the doldrums of a day less hungover as a pack of about 35 wankers assembled in the environs near the PA Turnpike & 283, the exact location will be kept secret due to those thinking with their dipstick.

The pack took off right on Sister's hash time of 1:30 with one virgin, Just Bob, and I think 6 visitors of which I can only remember 5. Recent transplants from RI, that's Rhode Island for those postally challenged, Fuck and Lamb Chop, Just Monica with her dog Daisy, Muffalotta, Cause For Blindness, and my mind is lacking for the last. The pack meandered through well marked and challenging trail and found of all things a Beer Check with beer! For hashing in such an urban area the beer was well placed at the end of a false trail. This would be the theme for the trail as the second beer check was placed in a likely fashion only in highly posted territory that was guaranteed to free of archery hunters at a sportsmen club. At this second beer check Fart Connor openly violated the technology "rule" with a call on a cell phone to "Bring Em Hung" because it was his birthday while in the Marines in Bum Fuck California, I think Bring Em Hung cut off Steven Sagal's ponytail. Anyhow, because we knew we weren't going to scare any archery hunters, the pack sang wonderfully the Happy Birthday Fuck You song to Bring Em Hung. We backtracked to the road where trail continued along the road as Deathwish assured us that there were no hunters in there. Should you be sentenced to this run on sentence? Hmmm, what would a scentence be, it would proly stink. What's the Campbell's Soup commercial with bad enough grammar that I was jealous that Fart Connor didn't think of it? Oh yeah, something like this: "Here are the farmers that grow the vegetables in Campbell's Soup cans."

So anyhow, a possibly flustered hare put a SN on the side of a bridge instead of on the ground where the pack could find it easy, that made it easy for the pack to blow by the SN. The pack made it to the third beer check beside a church and a cornfield, it was automatically assumed the guy by his station wagon was calling the police. As the pack drank beer Deathwish went to talk to guy with the station wagon. It turned out that the guy in the station wagon, I didn't want to use the word "he" because you might confuse the guy on the cell phone with Deathwish, was the janitor just talking to someone and wished us a fun trail. Deathwish said that the janitor, see I didn't use the "he' word, had more shit in his car then Dancing Fool, only because the janitor's car was bigger.

Meanwhile back at the HHH in a woody field the pack assembled, FRB, Brown Noser, the rest of the pack, and then M'Orally Challenged the DFL joined the hares Girth Brooks and Sister Maria. I was advised not to toot too much on the bugle to avoid attracting attention. Circle ensued and many were abused for various hash crimes, real and imagined. Of importance were the induction of Muffalotta and Cause for Blindness into H5 and they will no longer be visitors. As circle was being conducted the Police were suddenly noticed descending on the pack! Five in uniform and one in plainclothes. Deathwish yelled to the pack, "Don't run"! The nice police informed us that some neighbors complained that we were making too much noise in a field at 3:30 in the afternoon, they didn't mention our singing but I'm sure that's how they zeroed in on us. They were bristling with weapons, guns, tazers, 8x10 color glossies with captions on the bottom downloaded from a satellite, and killer K9's. It would have been sort of funny if the police would have got there after the pack left with all the trash picked up but then we wouldn't have seen the episode. With the assurance that we would be quiet the police asked directions how to get out of the field and the naming of Just John was held. Due to a hot tub incident at Interior Defecator's of Just John and some bimbo who got out of the hot and she said, "He only got two fingers.", Just John got named, "Two Finger Tuesday". That's just one finger short of a shocker.

We then cleaned up, had good food, and me and Delia left early to go home and write this shit.

On On

Fart Connor

Third beer check? Fart, that was the fourth beer check. Did you guys miss the third beer check (or did Fart lose count)? It was behind the warehouse on the left side before you went up the hill by the golf course. I set it outside the posted sign so the hunter couldn't say anything. I also laid trail to it directly behind the warehouse.

Girth - When you went to pick up the beer checks, did you pick up the third beer check or is it still out there?

Sister (in Colorado)

Hares: Wild Cherry

11 Flowers Drive, Mechanicsburg

Hey All!

Hares: Wild Cherry

11 Flowers Drive, Mechanicsburg

For youse who wern't there yesterday, I guess you wern't there, so fuck you! I didn't really mean that and we missed you. You did miss an awesome trail though. There was some doggie drama though due mostly to Delia with some help as a co-conspiritor named Prezly. I didn't quite put my leg in the middle.

I think the best moment of trail was when the pack came upon, no it wasn't a group jerk off, a True Trail Arrow pointing the wrong way that the pack devised was pointing the wrong way. You might not understand that unless you have ever done a "No No" trail. I wonder what Sister Maria would have done? WWSMD

So the hare, Wild Cherry, got pulled over by the police for r*nnng too fast and being covered by the white shit that he was throwing out. What kind of lives do people who call the cops, who deserve our respect, lead who feel the need to call because somebody is throwing out flour? Heyyyy? How come wankers r*nnng in a kilt with a green tuxedo shirt, tricorn hat, bugle, dipstick, and a dog don't get pulled over?

So anyhow the DFL's got back to Wild Cherry's and some virgins are roasted in circle and great food was consumed and hot tub olympics splashed. Tour slept with Delia.

H5 FUCKING ROCKS

On On

Farrt Connor

Tour slept with Delia.????????

So did VW & I in Big Rig's closet several years ago. Man! She gets around!!!!
ANGEL

Great trash, Fart! We also can't forget though that Orangubang was sporting his brand new and still bleeding on-on foot tattoo! That's hash spirit right there!

Trashed

Maybe he was just blowing smoke up his arse? Also useful for sufferers of exposure to sitting on ice in the circle.

On On!
Sister

Hares: Deathwish

Marysville

Trail was long.

1 Beer Stop? There must be a reason for that...

It didn't rain (contrary to Siren's belief)

It really is possible to go uphill both ways (I now believe all those "back in my day when I had to walk to school..." stories)

And running out of flour and sense of direction is an excellent reason to end a trail!

All in all... an f'n fun time was had by all!

-SqueezeMe

Hares: Crack Whore Fucker (Virgin Hare) and Interior D Lemoyne

we want to thank cwf and id for a great night.
tell them to piss on or piss off.
just lisa or just vince

8 /22/2009 H5 Run #374**Saturday Hash****Hares: Deathwish and Dick-On-A-Stick****Parking lot at top of Lambs Gap Road, Mechanicsburg**

The group assembled for what would be a Fartless trail. Since missing his awesome presence, I have decided to write this trail's trash as an homage to the great Fart Connor in order to cope with his absence. Fart, never leave us on our own again. Here it goes:

ARRRRR You Wankers?

Several Half-Minds assembled on top of state game lands off of Lambs gap road. I have known several hashes that have traveled on-on Goats gaps, but never on a lamb. Wait, aren't some Hashers on the Lamb? Chalk talk was Conducted by the hare, GM, all around designated asshole, Deathwish, and a Monkey Wrench was thrown at the pack when Dick on a Stick picked up another flour bag. What did two guys say when they ran into a bar....OUCH!

After 12 minutes the Pack was off. Toward a check back thirteen and down the Lamb's gap to the first beer near. The Pack rejoiced then realized that the pack was lighter than when it first began (light in the loafers?) because Bushrat and Type A-nus were trying to pick up some ESP from the hares. They eventually ran back into the pack, going the opposite dir'ection.

The Pack continued on some bike trails to the next two beer nears, through six boob checks, and back to the start of the trail where we were greeted with baged luches provided by our hare. Each bag had it's own saying. My personal favorite, "Use this bag to cover your ugly face." It was a dude that looked like an elephant...what was that movie called...oh yeah...Dumbo?

Three virgins were named at this Hash, Just Steve is now known as Necro-feel-u-up due to working with cadavers (which is different than working with caviar. You only make that mistake once.) Just Dave is now known as Crack Whore Fucker. I can't remember why. And a Just, (whose hash name is so good, I already forgot her real name) is now known as, Rin-Tin-Sin, due to draining the Anal glands of dogs. Run for de hills Delia!!!

Also, it was announced by our G.M. that there will now be openings for wednesday night trails for whoever is interested in getting over the hump in style. Deathwish and Yeast of Burden will be hareing the first official, unofficial trail SOON! Deathwish goes to see his doctor, Yeast of Burden. Doctor Burden says, "you really need to stop masturbating." Deathwish responds, "why?" and Dr. Burden says, "So I can examine you!"

The Hash concluded with several songs, thirst quenching, tit showing, impersonating, and all around rowdiness, that would have been controlled, if only Fart Connor was there. Anyway, Fart, I hope you enjoyed this tribute to your hash trashes. It is not nearly as entertaining, but it was fun to write. Hope to see you at the next trail. Oh, and Tour wasn't there. No one cared.

On-On
Brown Noser

Now that was a great f*%@ing hash trash to read!!!
Loved it!!!!

A.N.G.E.L.

8 /8 /2009 H5 Run #373**Luau Hash****Hares: Lunachic and Girth Brooks****1418 Mt. Wilson Rd. Lebanon**

Arrrrr You Wankers?

Hares: Lunachic and Girth Brooks

1418 Mt. Wilson Rd. Lebanon

For all of youse not on trail you'll never know. The H5 group assembled right on time in suburban Mt. Gretna for trail somewhere around hash start time of 2pm so the trail started right about on time at 3pm. Luna and Girth's neighbors were kind enough to represent the assholes that put a burn barrel for their trash, redneck trash, in the farthest corner of their yard so their neighbors, Girth & Luna, get to enjoy their toxic asshole waste.

So anyhow we somehow manage to get on trail and after not long on trail the pack runs into a false that leads to a BEER NEAR. Yeah! The tasty libations are consumed and H5 fucks around like no other hash. Meanwhile back on trail, the pack goes past a perfectly good bar. The people of Colebrook are in wonderment as there are wankers walking/running on the road instead of on the perfectly good Rail/Trail project. Up a hill and into the woods where you're not 'sposed to have alcohol soaked watermelon. Awesome trail for a warm Pennsylvania day. Sticking to the mowed paths less traveled the pack crosses the Conewago Creek on a wooden bridge and here is another beer check! It was neat that M'Orally Challenged went under the bridge in the water to cool off and found this "Not A Geo-cache" in a plastic container. Luckily Fart Connor carries lots of shit on trail and a Sharpie was one of those things that was used to sign in the book by M'Orally Challenged. Fart also provided the condom that was left in H5's memory. The 4 dogs on trail, Marley, Sunny, Miley, and Delia enjoyed the water. Meanwhile the pack didn't see any sheep. Why do Scotsman wear kilts? Sheep can't hear zippers.

So the hares had well laid True Trail marks to be sure the pack didn't do a No No trail to another beer check and then back to the Grith and Luna abode. Circle ensued and many were abused for acts of stupidity. Gopher Poker exhibited exceptional hash behavior much to the enjoyment of A.N.G.E.L.

I know I missed a lot but thank you to Luna and Girth for all the fun we had today, oh wait, it's yesterday, no, it's today, Saturday. Next week the Upper Chesapeake is having a hash somewhere in Maryland on Aug. 15.

On, shitty hash trash, On

Fart Connor

Hares: Licky Me and Just Courtney

120 Fickes Lane, Newport, PA 17074 (Look for the sign off of Front Street)

frtcnnr@comcast.net included below]

Dearest Hashers.

For those lucky enough to attend the trail and miss the "Baked Bean Wrestling", fuck you! Me and Delia did a pretty good job of keeping up with the pack till after the second alcohol check, something about booze in mason jars. Me and Delia arrrrrived way early with WOOD. By the way, Fart Connor has dibs on "More Wood" type phrases. Oops, that wasn't at the alcohol check but Licky Me's abode in Perry County. Lotsa' trail shit was found because I was pissed because for instance "Just Steve" found this really cool plastic sign from a Texaco station and I think Flaming Earl Gay found a "Self Serve" sign, prolly from the same service station that didn't spill anything into the Juniata when it overflowed. So maybe Butt Pirate was making sure my ass didn't drown in the crossing back from where we lost trail to the other side of the Juniata where the A to B bar was. I remember falling down a lot as we accended the embankment to trespass upon the railroad track back to the B spot at what turned out to be the barrrrrr! That might explain the poison Ivy on my arms and legs. Here, for as much as I hate cigarettes, is what I like about smoking, that might depend on other sources, but in order to run on this run on sentence, the great state of Pennsylvania has decreeded that as long as not much food is being served you can still smoke stanky cigarettes in some bars and my dog, Delia, can go in too. I stumble back to Licky's and circle is waiting because the RA is DFL.

Tour de Puke and Deathwish help out a lot with circle as the RA is hammered but did manage to find an umbrella on trail. I'm sure with the help of M'Orally Challenged, Just Ken got named "Shit to Shore", something to do with being in the Navy shipping department that shipped porto-pottys. Just Courtney got named "Cum By Yarn", I can't help but think that Flaming Earl Gay came up with that name. If I remembered that my memory must be getting better. Just Steve didn't get named because the RA was too messed up.

Licky had lots of great food to be consumed and soon it was time for the baked wrestling. My best redneck pants blew out the duct tape but I still had my spandex on.

Hares: Licky Me and Just Courtney

120 Fickes Lane, Newport, PA 17074 (Look for the sign off of Front Street)

On to baked bean wrassling. If this works there will be a really ugly picture that isn't too huge. On the other hand, no not the one with lube, a little larger wouldn't be too bad.

On On

Fart Connor

Hares: Butt Pirate, She Came and Webelo Scout

628 Walnut Avenue, Harrisburg, PA 17112

H5-ers,

What the F do I know? Can I write a Trash on my own Virgin Hash???

WTF! Who cares? The most excruciatingly planned HASH in history goes literally so F-ing 180 degrees – totally F-ed up and everybody ends up happy except the Virgin Hare Butt Pirate who spent HOURS researching F-ing maps, aerial photos, satellite images, (talking to landowners), figuring distances and times, scouting with Co-hares, and planning which specific HIGH BALLS stops would be the very best to keep the pack together and keep them properly motivated and willing to forge ahead???

And, who F-ing cared??? NOT the 40+ H5ers, visitors, and Virgins who showed up and ran the F-ing trail BACKWARDS. (For the want of one single mis-placed spot of flour...) So AFTER the lightning scares a deer that leaps across the trail scaring the SH1T out of BP and then BP (no Sh1T) falls over the following frightened Fawn, BP's Trail-illegal phone rings while BP is breathlessly marking the start of the very hardest, rocky, swampy, and shiggified ascent – It is inside scoop from non-returning, unnamed and rarely seen Just Lindi – “We arrived at the first HBN and are drinking Gin and Tonics, BUTT the cooler says stop #4.” F!!!! Deathwish commandeers the prohibited phone from Just Lindi and informs totally freaked and panicking Hare BP that “SERIOUS” technology-on-trail down-downs will be paid. Like THAT is BPs biggest problem.

Having the Pack get to the (literal) pinnacle HBN #3 stop at least an hour earlier than carefully planned left the poor, rock-scrambling Virgin Hare Butt Pirate clutching his oxygen-deprived chest (and rain-sodden sack of flour) as he hears UP AHEAD in the distance the half-pack already approaching the Manhattan HBN #3 from the EZ Mountain top trail when they should have been Pussy deep in Beaver Creek 1.652 miles DOWNhill.. and CHASING BP. WTF!!!

BP risks major coronary trauma to barely arrive at the planned most-awesome-est-ever, Mountain-Top High Balls Near just in time to find the rain-soaked and already Manhattan swilling half-pack peddling BACKWARDS!!! Who F-ing cares??? Half lubricated by the Pre-Chalk Screw Drivers, energized by pretzels and cheesy-pooofs, and running freshly effervesced on Stop #4's Gin and Tonic, The pack could care less. Although talk of sirens heard in the distance and a left-behind Hasher that was allegedly grasping his chest on the steep ascent (which was supposed to be a EZ-doable DEscent) was some cause for concern. The Virgin Hare BP, not knowing what else to do to “save” his first floured trail, dropped his rain-heavy camo shorts and went for his backpack-hauled kilt.

Seemingly hours later, when the second wave of BACKWARD hashers (who had lingered at HBN #3 much to long - then gone On-On) Co-Hare She Came and BP humped the HBN goodies BACK down the mountainous Trail hearing distant sounds of, “On-On” descending through the Blue Mountain woods to the west. BUTT, this did NOT account for the first group of hashers that discovered third-hare Weblows Scout Auto Hashing his lung-coughing and sick self BACK to a premature and very thirsty arrival at Point A.

WTF??? WS figured with every one Hashing Backwards, who needed the HBN #1 Rum and Coke stop under the Bridge?? He picked it the F-up! Sorry Backwards group #2. Much auto-rescue attempting, and forbidden Texting later, the straggling Reverse Hashers arrived at Circle JUST in the nick-of-time before “Swing Low” was sung. By this time the assembled Hashers could care less as they had consumed ALL remaining and prematurely pick-ed up HBN's in whatever combination was palatable and were beyond worrying about those lost on trail or sloshing down the creek. They arrived a scratched and muddy bunch..

Circle was wrapped. Hares were repeatedly abused and the pack made its way to the On-After to top-off a Hash-Perfect Saturday. Who F-ing cared? The complaints and accusations of who F-ed up Trail made for a lively and very well lubricated set of Hares and Hashers who

Hares: Butt Pirate, She Came and Weblows Scout 628 Walnut Avenue, Harrisburg, PA 17112

proceeded to the Eagle ON-After for food and more drinks – like they needed them.

Your no longer Virgin Hare - BP

Hey Butt Pirate!

You didn't mention directly and thanking Weblows Scout and She Came for helping you set a new trail to set standards for H5! That could translate to "How to fuck up a trail", or how hashers can fuck up a trail. One of my highlights was as we trespassed accidentally and there was this property owner in a wheel chair named Bob, good thing he wasn't in a swimming pool. He was sitting there watching hashers going by, what else was he going to do, I didn't see a gun. Fart Connor, Flaming Earl Gay, and Ruffie were talking to him for a while, oh, and Delia too. "Bob" told us that we looked old, but he did admire that we started from the fire company. There's a representative crew for H5 for the public. Doin the rest of the No No trail at the end in the little cooling run was awesome. The song that you and Just Lindy did in circle was cool too. Other facts were disclosed: http://www.cracked.com/article_15643_5-scientific-reasons-zombie-apocalypse-could-actually-happen.html

Thanks Butt Pirate
Love Fart Connor

H5er's (and @ss kickin' Visitors),

Thanks for making my Hare Cherry Poppin' such a F-ed-up memorable moment.

Mentors and Co-Hares She Came and Weblows Scout Rock!

BP obviously didn't get shots of Y'all doing Trail BACKWARDS except for at the Blue Mountain, Blue Ball Rockin' – High Balls Near so let me know if you have any or post any.

Otherwise, here's some of mine on Hash Space:

<http://www.hashspace.com/photo/photo/slideshow?albumId=2021388:Album:1552395>

Your no-longer Virgin Hare,

Butt Pirate

Butt Pirate- WTF?

I'm sorry I missed it!

Now can I get my flop flip?????

Love,
A.N.G.E.L.

H5'ers

Yes indeed, BP's transgression of having Technology on Trail (She Came made me do it!) was witnessed by none other than H5's GM, Deathwish. When DW snatched Just Lindi's cell phone in the middle of delivering her horrid news, DW heard none other than Virgin Hare BP on the line – still totally dumbstruck following Just Lindi's (almost) sobering news that "We just found the first cooler and it says HBN #4 on it" – Butt Pirate's BACKWARDS High Balls Hash was NO-NO!

BP does not recall Circle accusing the very nearly DFL Just Lindi pay for HER part in the same technological transgression by way of a Down-

Hares: Butt Pirate, She Came and Webelo Scout

628 Walnut Avenue, Harrisburg, PA 17112

Down. Maybe performing a rousing rendition of HER totally tasteless song starting with, "Ten pounds of t1tty in a loose brazier" (sung in drunken duet with BP) was payment enough.

BUTT, you closet –Techno Geeks might enjoy a peek into the post-witness texting exchange that (maybe) helped the last (drunk and getting drunker) gaggle of H5 stragglers r*n and splash the rest of their way to the end of BP's High Balls Hash Trail - BACKWARDS:

6:04 Just Lindi to BP - We are Totally lost!

6:07 BP to Just Lindi - 2 bad... Go downiill –get in creek. Go down

6:19 Just Lindi to BP - There's no 7tp kleft at nbr 3 – that's your ASS

6:45 Just Lindi to BP - We're on Compton road – totally blitxwzed

6:50 BP to Just Lindi - Get in creek. Go downstream. Out at 39. Go to fd.

6:51 Just Lindi to BP - On our way

6:55 Just Lindi to BP - Downstream?

6:56 BP to Just Lindi - Yes if U C 39 – SHORTCUT.

7:16 Just Lindi to BP - Wher ar tttt?

7:17 Just Lindi to BP - We're at sasasga'rg

7:18 BP to Just Lindi - All @ circle - get here

Once again, with Luck and a little forbidden technology, the Hash did not leave a man, or woman, behind.

BP

4-F You thinks Butt Pirate has a bad case of Bob Dole disease, speaking of himself always in the third person. 4-F You finds this somewhat disconcerting. 4-F You hopes to hash with H5 again sometime during the first week of August.

On on,

4-F You

Hares: Tour and Wild Cherry

Willow Mill Park (Some maps call it Silver Spring Twp. Park),
Mechanicsburg

Excitement in Mechanicsburg?

So the pack this day was dumb enough to park in a park surrounded by fences, sort of like the cops already got there and only had to close the gate. We gathered at 69 Willow Mill Park Road, that's right 69!

http://maps.google.com/maps?f=q&source=s_q&hl=en&geocode=&q=69+Willow+Mill+Park+Rd,+&sll=40.251363,-77.027893&sspn=0.033409,0.068321&ie=UTF8&ll=40.258733,-77.040854&spn=0.008351,0.01708&z=15&iwloc=A

It was a nice warm day 'specially for the trial that Tour de Puke and Wild Cherry had planned. About 40 hashers gathered for today's festivities beside the Conodoguinet Creek, did I spell that right Flounder? Hashers of all sizes, virginal status, geographical status, and mental status watched as Tour and Wild Cherry demonstrated marks, one of which was SHSH which would have looked like an H5H5 if you were doin' the trail backwards in the No No direction. More on that later. One of our virgins was Just Adam, he was kind of quiet and took things in. There was a really cute virgin that attended with her dog and boyfriend, Izzydun, the dog, and Duzzycum, or something like that. I'm crappy with names so don't forgive me. We had visitors from Reading, Delaware, Maryland, DC area, The G-spot somewhere down way south, and an H5'er sometimes from Ohio. One of our visitors from Hockessin, Delaware, Skidmarks arrived to get his three year growth of hair cut because of Girth Brooks winning Skidmarks's hair cutting raffle and Skidmarks having to get a job because of many years of college. Great to see so many out on a nice warm hashing day. There were also three out for the day with more than 5 hashes in their gullet. They were Just Dave, Just Jenn, and Just Janelle. In relation to today's trail it's funny to be watching "Dirty Harry" with a helicopter with a loudspeaker yelling at a criminal, yeah, I left a participle dangling, and the criminal running away.

Hares: Tour and Wild Cherry

Willow Mill Park (Some maps call it Silver Spring Twp. Park),
Mechanicsburg

So the trail started right on hash time and the pack took off and ran past a group that was there legally and seemed confused and yet entertained not enough to call the cops. We hit a false and came back and a kid in the group was handing out bottles of water like at a Type A event, Ruffy took one with thanks. Soon there was a creek crossing to be enjoyed and the pack ascended a hill many times taken before, then the trail took a whole new direction. We went to a dead end road and came to a check, was this where the SHSH was? I could hear Deathwish as he found trail paralleling the road still in the woods. Awww, come on, now Clint Eastwood is under a Jesus Saves 30 foot high neon light in San Francisco. Meanwhile back on trail, sort of, I was checking by a nice busy highway. Skidmarks followed me and then saw Deathwish out by the road. I followed and the rest of the pack sort of Lemminged and followed the road in the direction that Pump Kin Head guessed correctly, as hash trail time would eventually tell. If the pack would have followed the hares trail they wouldn't have seen any NO TRESSPASSING signs. I blew off trail about here which might have been good as me and Delia were on the way back saw the local police on their way visit hashers. I could see the cop looking at us as we went the other way. Yeah, 30 minutes on trail and the police were on the way. Do 'ya think the police enjoy when the hash comes to town? About 10 wankers go back on trail toward the start and run into the pissed off property owners. Criminal looks at Clint EastWOODs gun and says, "My, that's a big one". We follow back through non-posted property, even if you look for signs, and cross the Conodoguinet back to the park. Here is where me and Delia were hanging with the virgin,dog, and her boyfriend. Virgin and boyfriend respectively, Izzy and Duzzy, the dog is yet un-named. During conversation I find out that the cute virgin's dog is deaf. A little later the virgin reveals that the dog is also blind too! That might explain why she had to drag the dog along. If you didn't see this, it would 'prolly piss off some civilians who didn't know. Hmmmmm, deaf, dumb, blind dog? Can it play pinball too? We should name it Tommy. Cute virgin was too young to get that one. She did get that being the dog had to be dragged, it should be named "Cigarette". Hey, what old black and white movie had a character named "Cigarette"?

The rest a the pack found its way to trail by blatant trespassing to what I hear was a really cool place with a cool tower that you can see from Rt. 81 as I have passed by there many times and thought the place looked cool. There were also dried up canals imported from Mars. I didn't hear about anybody climbing the cool tower as the eccentric property owner came out to visit the hash. Somewhere near this time a police officer pulled near the pack and kicked on the loudspeaker and announced to the pack that they should all come back to the car and get in it as they were all under arrest. Through the cries of "On On" the pack couldn't hear and eventually made it safely back to the park. Bein' I blew off trail I had the rare opportunity to see the pack as it finished the real trial. FRB was Chew Caca, a visitor, so we waited for the first H5 victim to cross the HHH. Back Door Man was the next prospect but he blew off the last 25 feet of trail to go back to his car. Finally an unsuspecting Interior Defacator is the first H5'ver to cross the HHH. I wanna see something nasty happen to the Geico Gecko, like him getting squashed in his little red car. Ruffy and Just Bart are reported as Just Missing and the rest go back to Wild Cherry's house for food and circle.

When Wild Cherry's neighbors see a bunch of wankers at his house do they bring the kids and Christians inside and turn on the air conditioning or heat really loud? We got ready for circle with pizza, cookies, and beer. The RA lead a really shitty circle for a shitty trail. Many were dishonored for deeds of drunkenness and cruelty. Apparently nobody had been "Ned Beateyed" <http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Main/RapelsFunnyWhenItsMaleOnMale> That's as close as I could get because there isn't a definition on Wikipedia. Thanks to all who came out for the trail. We had 3 namings. Just Dave got named "Pole Smoker" because he'll smoke anything. Just Janelle was named "Book Hooker" having something to do with being a librarian. Just Jenn was named for to do with having something to do with getting her car stuck in the mud and not wanting to get named something anatomical that she was stupid enough to relate to the pack. There is some debate as to whether she got stuck on purpose or not. She got named "Mud On Ur Nipples Dries Slowly" or M.O.U.N.D. S.

For those who I missed fun of making of forgive me, it's getting morning early in the late.

On Arrrrrrrrrr

Fart Connor

Hares: Bushrat and Purple Cooter

Giant Food Store on Rt 39 between Rt22, and Hershey Park Drive

Thanks Bushrat and Cooter for haring my hash in my absence! ON-ON, KY

Hares: Girth Brooks and Uncle Fester

Top of the hill in a stone parking lot.

On Saturday afternoon, about 35 assorted Hashers (including some very schmoopie virgins) showed up on a hill above Lawn, PA. After a quick bit of instruction in circle, and being told that trail would NOT be going down the obvious walking trail adjoining the parking area, the Hares were off. The pack (including those very schmoopie virgins) followed down the hill to a quick SN with plenty of French Kisses and other delights. Next it was off across some corn fields and back up the hill to the aforementioned walking trail where the trail would NOT be going, and a BN. At this point the trail became unclear and a large group, being unable to divine the true trail, headed back to the parking lot where they were met by some late cummers (Rough Butt and, of course, M'orally Challenged).

After some intrepid hashers sorting out the questionable marks, the pack (including those very schmoopie virgins) was back on the aforementioned walking trail where the trail would NOT be going, but in the opposite direction. After an odiferous trek through some

Hares: Girth Brooks and Uncle Fester

Top of the hill in a stone parking lot.

swampland, we crossed the turnpike and ended up at Dinosaur Rock, and another BN.

Then the trail wound through the woods. Woods, woods, and more woods. There was plenty of shiggy here for everyone to get their share. After about a half hour of slogging through the muddy, thorny forest, we emerged on a road and it was straight up the hill back to the parking area and circle. Plenty of down-downs were to be had (including one for those very schmoopie virgins) and the pack then retired to the Colebrook Tavern where there was no karaoke.

Faithfully Submitted

Webelo Scout

I finally have a computer again and am happy to be reading about the latest hash. Sorry I missed it but was in the Finger Lakes area doing a different kind of DOWN DOWN with Anal Niocole and others unknown to hashing

MarshaMarshaMarsha

Ummmm?

So what kind of Down Down's were youse doing In the Finger Lakes area? Fart Connor

I'm glad I wasn't the only one questioning that...

SqueezeMe

Yes. Inquiring minds want to know. And want to see the pictures.

4-F You

No pictures! What happens in the Finger Lakes, stays in the Finger Lakes!!
marsha marsha marsha

A bimbos' weekend away at the "Finger" Lakes. A lot of sore genital areas

4 /10/2009 TMINFMH3 Run #117

Full Pink Moon Hash

Hares: Webelo Scout and Flaming Earl Gay

Center Street Grille 4 Center St Enola, PA 17025

Wankers of the H5 Full Moon,

Always a Bridesmaid and I had a blast cumming out to join you for a fun, well-lubricated hash on Friday. After a five-hour car ride, there's little better than a good jaunt and lots of beer. I learned something that day, as I usually do whenever I end up in HBG: never, ever, ever trust Bushrat when he points you down the trail. Also, never count on Flaming Earl Gay to know where trail's supposed to go. (Thanks to those who indicated true trail our misd'erected butts. The other poor folks like Lunachic and Butt Pirate would otherwise would have been condemned to be eaten by ravening badgers and fieldmice.) Come to think of it -- I learned three things! Always count on Tour de Puke to shortcut like a bastard, but to miss at least one beer check.

Alas, we had to drive another hour after the hash, so we felt it prudent to duck out instead of getting hammered drunk and seeing baby Jesus in the front row of the Lynyrd Skynyrd show. As always, great to see you all.
OnOn to Stinko!

-Baster

It's hard to tell what kinds of critters make Farmer Vincet's Fritters!

You shouldn't go home from a hash and watch "Motel Hell". Real organic twins. Somehow the former Just Lisa got named today like that. Wait a minute, her organic twins led to some other kind of naming. "Hooters and the Blowfish". There was some sort of comparison tits, head, and cold fish as suggested by Just Rick, her hubby. He'll get his later. Special note here is don't write stuff while watching "Motel Hell". SLANG! You just got a shovel upside the head as some head bangers are smoking' down the road for a visit. Sort of a Capital One commercial, "What's planted in your backyard"? There has to be a whole pile of Jesus Saves verses here, as opposed to versus. Rory Calhoon the western actor now has a job acting in the 80's.

So anyhow Weblows Scout and Flaming Earl Gay laid out a great trail, specially if the whole hash would have done it. Some of the pack arrived way early, that would be Butt Pirate and Fart Connor. Meats meat and man's gotta' eat! Butt Pirate and Fart entertained some of the locals with stories of drunkenness and debauchery. It was really cool. A bimbo in the bar wasn't believing any of our shit till some hashers arrived. Wolfman Jack as a televangelist. I do recall the bimbo in the bar asking about "Shroomin", I replied that we weren't doin' that. The locals at what ever the hell Center Grill that Uncle Vincet left the cute virgin at who had no clue how Uncle Vincent was going to teach her how to smoke meat without a bra and taught her how to swim.

Hares: Webelo Scout and Flaming Earl Gay**Center Street Grille 4 Center St Enola, PA 17025**

The trail went on and the local sheep were scared. Farmer humans. Then I see the Ocean 11's movie thing where the babe it telling them that "I am going to twain you". Now a commercial for www.erectmed.com comes up. And next Uncle Vincent uses and chainsaw the see if extenzs works.

Homelite chainsaws, what a home movie.

A drunken shitty trash

Fart Connor

Hares: Deathwish**Martin Luther King and 10th St. in Harrisburg**

Never underestimate the power of Chappy. And definitely, don't freak with a \$13. Hash Cash. Like the hare guaranteed, your money back if not completely satisfied. What hash have you been givin such a deal. It was a blustery, windy day in the parking lot beside the Post Office. Many gathered, and 1 virgin, Just Susan were assembled to circle. We were instructed that this would not be a "typical" trail. Hang on to your hash cash for now. Marks were explained, even a false. We were told that there would not be any of them. After circle we were told to get out our hash cash. Walk over to the train station, purchase a round trip ticket to Elizabethtown and back. Well that explains how Chappy was going to get to the trail. We were going to Chappy. With half an hour to wait for said train, some had found drinks at Tara Station. Shortly before entering the train, we were instructed to not to mingle with the common people. Which made them feel real secure as we boarded the train with them. Etown to the end of the trian. Good. After the train left the station, the first BN appeared in little disguised bottles of water. Great. Songs were sung.

In no time at all we were on the plat form in E-town. Hares off, giving them 3 minutes. Trail was hard to follow with the wind blowing the way it was. Good thing it was a short trail. Say 3 blocks to the local water hole. Were beer was consumed. Down downs were done. Wait, where's Chappy? Were told that we were going to see Chappy. Well don't get your girdle all tied in a knot. There was still trail. Go to the light, make a right, and head to Brothers, not sisters, or aunts or uncles, but Brother's, where we will be having food, and more beer. Who enters there after, but the Birthday girl herself. Another circle, Birthday down downs. . .Chappy, DeathWish, Dirty Dancer, A.N.G.E.L., Weblow Scout.

After much eating and celebration, the crew pack up, headed to the train station, the other group sucks. And found our way back to Harrisburg, yet entertaining the common people with our song of choice. All safe in HBG, some went to Pepp's Grill while other found other things to do. Shitty hash, and may I say, it rocked.

ONON to the FULL MOON

Luna

Hares: Tour de Puke**Capitol Area Intermediate Unit**

- 1) Never assume that the people at the back of the pack have simply given up and went back to the cars.
- 2) Last person to the beer near will likely have dry lips.
- 3) Never tell a 24 year old woman she has a grey hair.
- 4) If you are running and hear someone shout, "nice butt". Don't assume they are talking about you.
- 5) Fart will always come back with SOMETHING from trail.
- 6) When a hare says, "you'll have to work for a treat with a sly smile... trust that he's up to something."
- 7) And never expect your friends to not sell you out when you are getting named... Congrats on the name Queen Latrina!

On On And Enjoy...

Video recap cumming soon.

All in all, it was just a good time!

SqueezeMe

Hares: OrangUBang and Squeeze Me**798 Stillhouse Rd, Goldsboro, PA****Impromptu Hash Trash 3-7-09**

Off to Goldsboro for the 3 PM hash. SqueezeMe suggested I wear pants or long socks but that's all I knew about the hash. Honest! It was a beautiful day to drink beer amongst the wilderness and classy natives of Goldsboro. Down by the railroad crossing we crammed in as many cars as possible. J. Edgar Boozar passed around his homemade guacamole and M'Orally provided music from her car until she killed her battery and needed a jump! Lots of virgins showed up, too many to name. I'd say a good 40 or so people came out. OrangUbang and SqueezeMe were our hares and gave a chalk talk and were off.

Let me just say that I am REALLY glad I didn't down a lot of beer at the start because once we hit the rock climbing session I was glad I still had a sense of balance. We started off through the woods, along the railroad tracks (thank God no railroad cops were around!!) and up to the rock section. There was a beer check and Sister was bitching that people were leaving the beer stop too soon. On hands and feet we climbed up the big boulders. Someone made the comment they were glad it wasn't hot so we didn't have rattlesnakes between the rocks. NICE! So up the rocks and BAM! Cause for Blindness cut her head on an overhanging limb. I saw blood. But don't worry, Butt Pirate had his pirate-decorated bandaids, and at the top of the hill we had a shot check so we could disinfect the wound with the help of virgin Just Juanita and her fancy medical terms. As Butt Pirate, Cause, and Fart Conner and I were heading up the rear at that point (get your mind out of the gutter), we

Hares: OrangUBang and Squeeze Me**798 Stillhouse Rd, Goldsboro, PA**

killed the bottles and grabbed the bag. By this point, after drinking the green stuff and the purple stuff (waste not, want not and all), I was a little tipsy. Virgin Just Juanita got a little weirded out about being in the woods and was paranoid she was gonna get killed. I harassed her by humming the Jaws theme, breathing heavy and asking if anyone could imitate a chainsaw sound. She was not amused.

Coincidentally enough, this is where the trail got confusing. It may very well have to do with the 2 or 3 beers and 2 shots I had consumed by now. We end up at the edge of the woods (I think there was another beer check here, as well as an impromptu 3-way boob-off between three of our lovely female hashers who shall remain nameless.) I also saw M'Orally on a ATV she commandeered from a local. You'd think after KY's accident, hashers would know better. But fortunately, no Life Flight helicopters had to rescue anyone. Then there was a field, a really nice neighborhood and finally someone found some flour, so it was down into the woods again, across the tracks, and we were supposed to go through a tunnel, but I think She Came was the only one who tried it and she banged her head. The trail was quite fun though. IMHO, the shiggier, the better!

So we get to the on-in where Bushrat looked like he was just in an Army battle, Type Anus was scratched up a bit too. Someone had also found a head as trail treasure. Just when we start doing the down-downs, OrangUBang gets a call on a local's cellphone that we were being too loud and they wanted us out or they'd call the cops. Fart Conner said it was probably the biggest shithole hashers have ever gotten kicked out of or something to that effect. We walked up to the cars, did a few more down-downs and then took off.

So off we go to Jackson's Junction and pay the \$3 cover to get in and drink and hear a band, who coincidentally, either is or used to be a hasher. George, I think. Much beer was consumed as the hashers hit the dance floor. We also got to see M'Orally peeking through the curtains while sitting on the pot. I swear, hashers have no shame.

On-on to Tour's hash on Saturday!
Trashed

Sister just reminded me that it was KY's car with the dead battery, not M'Orally.

Alcohol kills brain cells!

Trashed

Awesome Hash Trash Trashed!

And the video too. Thanks to all the others who do stuff for H5. I hope Chappy gets her ass out of bed soon.

On On
Fart Connor

that's with an O

Thank you to everyone who has alerted me to the errors I made in the hash trash.

F-you all! J

Trashed

Hares: Phonestex, Anal Nicole and Zebra Balls**766 Meadow Dr., Camp Hill, 17011**

Hash Trash for the Ages?

Sometimes things happen in real life as well as hashing that should be remembered, that goes with hashers too. Today's trail was no exception, our hares Anal Nicole and Phone Sex did a fine job of having to be reminded that it was way on hash time to start the trail. Zebra Balls was also supposed to be a hare too but he had to wait for the plumber. I guess it's good that he didn't have to call the plumber after the hash left. Out of about 30 hashers that attended we had visitors. There was one from Reading, 2 from Baltimore, and 2 from Nittany Valley. There were at least 3 virgins too. If I missed anybody give me a down down. I gotta start writing stuff down as trail goes.

So anyhow the "live" hares got their 12 minute head start. To piss the time away the pack consumed some flavored vodka that Flaming Earl Gay brought and was declared to be spine warming. The pack introduced themselves to each other. We were soon off on a non-dog friendly trail. Delia couldn't figure out why I took all my hashing shit and she couldn't come. Head First's dog Sunny was pissed too but didn't know it. There were more dogs in the world but they weren't there. Dancing Fool got there way early in that he was in time for the trial start to pick up recyclables on the way of trail. Who else shows up on time but Bring 'Em Hung and M'Orally Challenged bearing a, ummmm, phallic shaped cake. As Marie Antionette said, "Let them eat cake". Oh, if anybody wonders about my truck I dumped EnZite in the gas tank.

The pack is off and it seems that Tour de Puke knows something. Every check and stuff he is on trail. We go a short distance and come to a Beer Check. Yea, there is much rejoicing! We pass the wreckage of the SS Minnow as the pack endeavors to persevere like Chief Dan George in The Outlaw Josie Wales and a short distance later there is another Beer Check. Much bitching was done about the over achieving hares having too much beer on trail. Of course the trail went from here to Tour de Puke's house where there was a hot shot check. From there it was pretty much back to Phone Sex's house.

I recall short cutting on the way back, with She Came and Blow and Tell as they were engaged in conversation and oblivious to the world, that I could only see a piece PVC pipe on the top of the plumber's vehicle because of a hill on the way out of Phone Sex's and Zebra Balls house as he pulled out, no porno reference intended. They were too busy blabbing to hear my suggestion that they should flash the plumber.

Hares: Phonestex, Anal Nicole and Zebra Balls

766 Meadow Dr., Camp Hill, 17011

Circle ensued and all were disrespected. Just Jen came up with some new hash songs.

Some departing hashers were recognized. First was the passing of 69 Virgins, we had a moment of loudness for him. If I'm correct, 69 Virgins did 2 tours of Iraq. Secondly "Bring 'Em Hung" was honored for getting his long hair cut off to join the Marines. Go USA!

On On
Fart Connor

Fart, did you miss the next beer check in the back yard of someone's house with the dog that had a lion's mask for a toy? I commented it resembled like something from the movie The Mask. The lady from the house threw the mask across the yard for her dog to fetch it. Instead, one of the Nittany half minds scampered across the yard, picked it up by his teeth and scampered back to the owner, thereby giving the dog a lesson in how it's done.

Did you also miss the Eagle / Turkey split? Feeling up to it as it had been a short trail up to that point, I took the Eagle trail.

PS: Did we miss a shot check? I thought two were advertised at the start.

On On!
Sister

Hares: Doodle and Wild Cherry

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg, PA

Thanks to those who came from near and far for the someth r+n of the "Free Beer For All The Hashers Hash". It was sort of a world assembly. Some homes left to attend were to the best of my recollection were, Anchorage, Alaska, Auckland, New Zealand, Long Beach, Californication, Halve Mein, New York, Erie, PA., Baltimore, MD., Charlottesville, VA., Pittsburgh, PA., Nitwit Valley, PA., Hockessin, DE., many Philadelphia Hashes, Reading, PA., S.H.I.T. Hash, Washington, DC, Rumson, NJ., where the hell Tub Slut is from, and of course H5. If I forgot anybody come back and make fun of me.

Well by the proposed hash time of 2 PM at least 100 hashers had gathered for some Saturday, Saturday is a Hashing Day, fun. Wild Cherry opened his house to the wankers who were assembling and Doodle were the hares for Saturday's fun. How come Wild Cherry's neighbors always seem not seem to be home when he hosts a hash? I saw other non-hashers driving by looking entertained by the crowd gathered. There was even a grey Chevy Malibu with a spotlight, lots of antennae, tiny wheel covers, and municipal license plates that came by for the sights. There weren't even any naked people in the front yard. There were at least 7 dogs in attendance.

It was the best of hashes and it was the worst of hashes, Leon Tolstoy should have been there. The weather was perfect and the hash wasn't cancelled because it wasn't snowing. The weather forecast of synchronized naked snow angels had many wanting to jump in the hot tub. And so a 100 plus hashers were off right on hash time by 3 PM. The live hares got their 12 minute h@ad start and the pack introduced themselves. So the pack was off, some at the speed of an FRB, some at the speed of a municipal worker, and some even slower. We didn't even make it to the first road till we ran into of all thin gs but a beer check for 100! The hares ROCK! How come only white people are on ExtenZe.com commercials? Trindle Springs was invaded.

The pack re-hashed some old trial to another beer check. Why after this were there so many boob checks? Not that I'm complaining but what were the hares thinking? It was finally discovered that "Dude, Where's My Mullet" had found the colored flour that the hares left behind and was enhancing the trail. So anyhow the pack goes through future expensive home lots that can't be sold now so we can hash through the territory, though even though a hasher stands in an unfinished home and does an imitation of a homeowner telling hashers to quit making mud prints through his front yard.

The pack crosses a road and perhaps Glass Ass and Fart Connor practicing playing Jesus Saves on their horns catches the attention of a 60 acre home owner? The home owner tells M'Orally Challenged the the POLICE are being called. Of course about this point of trial the trail crosses a stream! There is a shallow narrow ford, not a car. Here is one of the most entertaining things I find about police, they need to be respected because they are only doing their job, but there's no fucking way they are going to get out of their nice warm cars and run across a freezing creek when they can post all the others on duty at road crossings. As for crossing the creek I employed the "Jean Wader" technique. If you don't know that, it's a fishing technique I made up. You have 8 inch high boots on and run across the creek as fast as you can before the water leaks through your jeans and into your boots. Raquel Welch in the 60's movie "Fathom". Real natural tits. The only thing missing from this movie is/was Peter Sellers. After that the hares had a wonderfully placed hot chocolate alcohol check in the woods. I'm glad I bring a mug on trail. Awesummmmm!

As the trail goes back to the road I see a police car followed by a non-descript car driving away with Panic Button directing hash traffic to stay on the road. Oops, I think I left my participle dangling. Just like the Hobbits, don't get off the road or you'll get eaten by Police Trolls! It Had to be a mile and a half back to Wild Cherry's abode.

Meanwhile back at Wild Cherry's beer, food, and circle is consumed. H5's GM Deathwish ran an ugly, at some times, circle. Many were disrespected for reasons just and unjust. Damn, why couldn't I write stuff like this in high school? I could have gotten A's in suppository writing. "Dude, Where's My Mullet" and "Melon Balls" set up camp in the road in front of Wild Cherry's house. The only Redneck thing missing was that the wheels were still on and it rocked back and forth better when, ummmm, the earth was moving, or at least something was rocking. /FONT>

Thank you Wild Cherry, Doodle, and all others who made this a fun event.

On On

Billy Mays and the Big Tittie Slider Station

This shit sponsored by: VibratingTouch.com

Thank you Wild Cherry and Doodle for an outstanding hash. Free Beer For The Hashers Hash will continue be legendary in hash lore. Had a great time. You guys rule!!!

ON-ON

Unhitched Cock.

That was one of the best TMI Nuclear Meltdown Full Moon Hash pub crawls I've seen.

A whole hour was spent at the Pep Grill before we headed out. Screw would have been proud. Good job, Deathwish!

Only glitch was the hare left before circle was done.

On On! to free beer for all the hashers hash.
Sister

The only "oversight" I see... was that we were still at the bar when you wrote this ;-)

SqueezeMe

left shortly after the hare did, seeing that there was going to be no circle.

Anyway, the fun continues today... you ready?

On On!

First off I must thank those who have contributed Hash Trashes for various events, I hope they are being archived. Many of the survivors of "Dude Where's My Mullet's Foolish Moon Hash" hungoverly attended today's hash. It's really stupid on the "American Movie Channel" when they substitute another F word for the word FUCK! Are the people who care about not hearing the word FUCK so stupid that when they are watching "Pulp Fiction" they don't know that the movie would be an hour shorter if they didn't use the word FUCK! Actually, "Fargo" is in the background but the editing is still just as stupid.

So anyhow, after the Confederates got chased away from Panic Button's house, where General Robert E. Lee had headquarters in 1863, the Northern troops had to wait till they got back to where our hash started today to take a dump. That's why today's hash started near "Union Deposit". Some of the early arrivals immediately flustered Sister Maria who was doing something for trail. As I was about to pull into the

Hares: Fuzzbuster and Sister Maria**Parking lot off of Penn Grant Rd.**

proper place to park I got a call from Dude, Where's My Mullet and went past the proper parking place. As we passed each other going opposite directions we saw Sisters blue Pontiac and pulled into the wrong parking lot to see Sister running out of the shiggy. About 4 other early cummers followed. Sister was genuflecting wildly with his arms saying, "Noooo, caan't you foolow directions, yooou're in the wrooong parking lot?" Thanks Sister for all you do for H5. The trail was ready to start right on Hash Time.

Sometime about Tooth Hurty, time for the China Man to go to the dentist, right about an hour late on Hash Time the hares, Sister Maria and Fuzz Buster were off with a 12 minute live hare start. Live hares rule! We had about 30 wankers in attendance including 3 virgins. If I remember correctly they were; Just Pat brought by Marcha Marcha Marcha, Just Brad who was made to come by his sister Anal Nicole, and Just Cindy who brought her dog Panzer that Just Jen made them come.

The trail was almost really short because the pack went on a false right at the beginning and as it spread out to find the True Trail, we found kegs in the woods with no flour! This might be an example of fer not to be too tricky when you want the pack to go a certain direction. With the blessing of Gispert we left beer in search of beer that we had to r*n for.

The rest of this Trash might be really short because it follows the basic hash trail going through shiggy, apartment complexes, roads, curious onlookers, hookers, Presbeterions, Betty Page look a likes, swampage, playgrounds, and city trailer trash. One of the highlights I recall was at the first beer check, rats I can't recall who found the un-opened beer from the 70's, that was entwined in tree roots. Tastes Great, Less Filling. Gotta' send that to Just Lays There. It should be mentioned that the hares excelled in the H5 credo of a beer check every mile.

One thing I really enjoyed about today's trail was seeing my dog Delia and Panzer chasing each other around. OK, it was mostly Delia chasing and not catching Panzer but I'm sure that both dogs were glad for the hash to visit them. Shit, I'm outa' beer so I gotta' end this soon.

Whammo! The pack is back to On In and delicious soup and dogs are consumed and circle is held. The hares were disrespected and Siren Cums Loudly and Bang For Your Buck came across the boob, that's one, check arm in arm to the HHH as Fist In, and were regaled in circle with the song from Mary Poppins, "A mug full of lager helps the Lesbians go down." Many others were abused for previous and future misdeeds and circle was closed with the singing of "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" hasher style. One of the things I really enjoy about hashing is the singing. Another highlight of my day was seeing Delia chasing Panzer around circle and them bowling over hashers. If I missed making fun of any hashers that deserved it, Happy Birthday!

This hash trash sponsored by: Sheer Agony Pantyhose, with a sandpaper lined crotch.

Fart Connor

Hares: Dude Where's My Mullet**Peter's Moutian Parking lot,,,Peter's mountain road dauphin**

Friday H-5 Full Moon Hash and the full moon demons were alive and present.

Hash Attendees - there 13 of us. An omen in itself.

- 1 Dude where's my Mullet? (Hare)
- 2 Melon Balls (Hare)
- 3 Luna Chick
- 4 Butt Pirate
- 5 Orangabang
- 6 Interior Defecator
- 7 Ruff Buff
- 8 Flaming Earl Gay
- 9 Brown Noser
- 10 Friend of Brown Noser (Hasher whose name I can't remember (sorry))
- 11 Hu Phlung Pu (me)
- 12 Just Jen (Virgin)
- 13 Just Bill (Virgin)

I got there right on time (a little before 7:00 p.m.). The entrance to the parking lot was well marked with a huge true trail flower marking. I was grateful. In fact all of the trail markings were huge and easy to see. Kudos to Mullet and Melon Balls. Our problem was that we did a lot looking for markings that weren't there. We should have known that if you didn't see any flower then it wasn't there. They made no attempt to

Hares: **Dude Where's My Mullet**

Peter's Moutian Parking lot,,,Peter's mountain road dauphin

conceal the trail markings.

It was cold and breezy. The wind made standing around difficult. As long you kept moving the night was perfect. Butt Pirate wore bermuda shorts. This was the first time I've ever seen erect knee caps. Everyone had at least one fluorescent necklace. Everyone was visible in the woods.

Dude Where's My Mullet was conducting circle even before 7:00. He finished his instructions and he and Melon Balls were off - heading west across the foot bridge above PA route 225.

About one quarter mile along trail there was a beer check with a note in flour to back check 200. WTF? Well Butt Pirate, Orangabang and Luna Chick picked up on the meaning and headed back only to spot a true trail marking at the end of the foot bridge. We must have walked right by Mullet and Melon Balls and they hid so they could back track. They were probably snickering the whole time. Their antics confused the sh*t out of the rest of us. Finally discovering the true trail marker the rest of us bimbos and wankers followed the true trail marker back through the parking lot and along the Appalachian trail (east) up to another beer check. We drank Pennsylvania Lager and Pennsylvania Ice Light (or some sh*t like it). Where Mullet finds this stuff is beyond me.

Trail continued east along the Appalachian trail but at last lead us off trail through the woods and rocks to another beer check on the rock. Butt Pirate, Luna Chick and Orangabang could have finished all of the beer before the rest of showed but they were really kind of buzzed from being so far ahead and two beer checks under their belts, they could only drink so much.

They waited for us to show. By this time the full moon demons were starting to possess us and take over the hash.

Trailed continued east and finally ended after a long climb up the rocks and the "on in" was on the other side of the huge rock wall beneath buzzing electrical cables.

By this time the full moon demons were in charge.

There was d*ck check at the "on in". Bimbos if you are ever on a hash with Brown Noser you must wait for him at a d*ck check. This guy makes Johnny C. Holmes look like he was born with a tooth pick. Just Jen almost lost her eyes, she couldn't say a word, sat down on a rock and took off her shoes.

Butt Pirate was torn between determining Brown Noser's sexual preference or revealing his own sexual preference. This comes from the joke:

Ques: How can you tell if your friend is gay?

Ans: His d%ck tastes like sh*t.

Butt Pirate chose to sniff Just Jen's stinky toes.

Mullet and Melon Balls had wood and started a fire. How many drunk wankers does it take to start a fire with dry lumber bits and leftovers? About five all with their own arguments.

Interior Defecator was distracted by Butt Pirate's legs. He was heard to mumble "who's the skinny bimbo with rock hard nipples?" Then he fell into the fire. Just Bill rescued him without any damage. I believe ID could have fallen asleep in the fire. I propose that Interior Defecator have a caveat next to his name: "Interior Defecator ** (** do not let this man hash alone)".

I drove him home but not before hearing the infamous phrase, "I have to throw up." This comes at a time after we walked about three-quarters of mile back to the parking lot and I buckled him the car seat. Great timing. I hustled him out of the truck and he barfed outside. I got him home safely, made sure he was in his house. If he shows at today's hash we should chain him to a tree.

Don't know how the rest of the evening went. Mullet made a generous offer of letting anyone camp there if they needed too.

Just Jen got initiated at a boob check. She proclaimed that she never exposed herself to anyone but did it any way. At the on-in, she was leading the way. She was thrilled by the d*ck checks. The demons took over Luna Chick's body too. She'll have to tell you.

Ruff Buff had her personal demon too. She got a call from Desperate Dave at the second beer check. She never finished the trail. I bet she had to race home to keep Desperate from turning off the heat in her house. She owes us some down downs for not finishing, and technology on trail.

It was a nice trail. Mullet and Melon Ball knew the dangers and didn't press it to far. The moon was beautiful when it wasn't behind the clouds. Good work out. Good trail. Thanks.

See you today, Hu Phlung Pu

Great Hash Trash. Easy to read, lots of white space. Sorry I missed it.

Hope to see you all on the 20th.

4-F You

Oh, good, you got white space, too. I thought it was just my stupid new internet provider. ptd.net sucks. Great Trash. Were there pics?!? SS especially wants to see the d*ck check with Brown Noser.

T-Bo

Hares: Dude Where's My Mullet**Peter's Moutian Parking lot,,,Peter's mountain road dauphin**

SS doesn't believe anyone hangs longer than him.
~ KY ~

HOWLLLLLing replaced calls of "Bear Near!" on this Full Moon Trail. The hold-outs of BP Luna and Orangabang at the BN only held off hypothermia by howling and cuddling Dude's Pennsylvania Light's scattered among the rocky outcrop. We thought the rest of you would NEVER cum. No coolers at these BN's. It was like finding blue and gold can-shaped Easter eggs, still a bit warm as if fresh from the Hare's arse. First Hash for me where the beer got COLDER as you drank it! With all the money saved buying bargain beer, a bag of ice would have been nice and is only \$1.29 a bag!!! But then, maybe the beer would have frozen on trail.

Also on trail was Head First and pup, but they must have mis-counted the check-back 200 for they never made it to the fire. It did seem the number of hounds was destined to stay around the Demonic 13 as late cummers replaced those lost to the darkness. Brown Nose's "friend" was actually none other than Bang 4 UR \$. Apparently, (Luckily) I missed Brown Noser's legendary "reveal." I was impressed and inspired by Dude's motivating, flour rendition of a "D1ck Check" and suspect the hare's eyebrow raising work of art AND an unexplained off-trail disappearance of the photogenic young couple of Bang and Brown may have warmed the young cockles enough to contributed to Just Jen's sudden episode of the check-induced vapors. All other Wankers were certainly suffering from symptoms of the chilling air. I did surprisingly note when reviewing my pics, that in a head-to-head (or rather tail-to-tail) competition Brown Noser rivals Luna Chick in her gusto and dedication to shooting the salutatory moon. I believe the two-moon display my camera recorded shows something on the Brown Noser side (that my eyeballs thankfully missed) that is referred to as "The Goat!"

We were without our usual FRBs, Circle leaders, and Songmeisters on this chilly TMI night. But, the Queen of the Full Moon, Luna stepped out of the darkness to lead our energetic group in Circle around Dude's blazing, mountain-top fire. At least what I can remember of it. I was surprised to note that Butt Pirate's Fire Water-filled Bat Belt bottle had been consumed down to the last drop by the modest pack in their battle against the bitter cold.

Ooppps photos are done downloading. (NOT THAT one!)

Butt Pirate

11/15/2008 H5 Run #354**King of the Mountain Hash****Hares: Dude, Where's My Mullet****The Famous Doyle Hotel in Downtown Duncannon**

Brutal but incredible trail!!!! The Doyle Hotel rocks! Dude rocks! H5 rocks!

Arm is sore and swollen, but I can still type. Just won't be giving any handjobs for awhile. Nasty fuscia bruise was revealed also on my hip this a.m. (must have been all the alcohol blocking out the pain). Thanks to all the H5 medical personnel for on-site evaluations, and thanks to the Doyle for the ice bag.

I love H5.

She Came

Thanks everyone who came out for the king Of The mountain hash,,, great time for all it was,,, The Doyle would like me to expres their many thanks for showing them a great time as well... They have told me that H% IS WELCUM THERE ANYTIME AND ALL THE TIME.....Many thanks to them for putting up with our shit ,,,,Thanks again....
Dude the Reigning King of Shitty Trails

11/13/2008 TMINMFMH3 Run #112**Full Beaver Chocolate Star Fish Hash****Hares: Li'l Red Ride Me Hard and Ass Rocket****Boat House Park (Off Down Town Hershey, Pa)**

Imagine haring a trail (I don't know let's say) 80 miles from home in an area not familiar to you . Bring along a co-hare , that like yourself , has never been on their own as a hare before. Put together a trail in an hour & a half and show 20 or so fellow wankers a full moon trail that the only show of a moon is 'manmade due to fog and overcast skies . Short and sweet is what the trail was. Two BN's with Hershey treats and beads to keep the group aroused !

2 virgins were self-proclaimed and 2 visitors came . Thanks to Ass Rocket , Lil' Red Ride Me Hard and those that came from near & far to take in the splendor of the sweetest place on earth Hashing in Hershey. Honorable mention to Tha Legion of Dumb for his antics.

Having a blast
On-On to Hashing in Duncannon
Girth Brooks

Kudos to Ass Rocket and Li'l Red for their bravery Thursday haring a full moon hash! I, for one, had an absolute blast.

H5 ROCKS!

Hares: Li'l Red Ride Me Hard and Ass Rocket

Boat House Park (Off Down Town Hershey, Pa)

She Came

11/1 /2008 H5 Run #353

Fart's Burpday Hash

Hares: Fart Connor and Uncle Fester

Uncle Fester's house, park across the street at the elementary school.

Here's what happened on today's H5 trail.

Out of the driveway, the Turkeys went left the Eagles went right. The Turkey trail went around the school. There was a check where the rail trail crossed the road. Sure enough, the trail went to the right along the rail trail. A little while later there was a check and we could see a BN on the right side in the valley below us. Just then we saw the Eagles arriving at the BN. The hares had not mentioned anything about a combined Turkey/Eagle BN, so we were confused whether we should descend into the valley below us or not. We proceeded to keep the high ground and check out the surrounding terrain, especially forward on the rail trail and the high ground to our left. The Eagles were yelling to us whether we were on. We replied that we were at a check on the Turkey trail. Confusion ensued and the Eagles started departing in the direction from which they came. Upon finding no further trail markings on the high ground & rail trail, the Turkeys finally descended to where the BN was. The Eagles had finished off whatever there was at the BN and we proceeded to search for the trail. The hares instructed us at the start that each BN was a new check. After searching in every direction, we found nothing and proceeded in the direction the eagles had gone. The flour took us to a check on the road. Straight was a creek, right was an underpass under the rail trail and left was the flour that appeared to come from the start. We went right, only to run into a group of a half dozen returning because there was no flour in that direction. There was none in the creek either, so we went left. It was apparent this was the trail the Eagles had taken from the start. We were wondering where the Eagles had gone to. Some people thought they must have gone back to the house because there was no trail to follow, so they went back. A half dozen of us decided to go back to the BN to try find trail again. After an exhaustive search, no trail was found, so we went back to the house to see who all was there. We only found the rest of the Turkeys. No one had any idea where the trail went. Chapped Lips was there and said she had followed the Eagles for a while down the road that went under the rail trail, but there was no flour for a long time so she had turned back.

When the hares got back, I told Fart what happened. He said he forgot to mark the check that got the Turkeys onto the rail trail as the direction the Eagles were supposed to come from and for the Turkeys not to go there.

I had really been looking forward to doing today's trail, because I had to miss hashes for the past several weeks.

Sister

SISTER:

You exclaim to the masses: "Ehhh, I was cheated out of a trail!"

Well, FART is now 50 and surely some of his alcohol-related organs are failing. So give the man a break.

Instead of surrendering and going back to CAMP FESTER you should have followed the lead of the wise HEAD FIRST (with dog SUNNY). The three of us returned to the camp and refilled our vessels before executing a search and rescue mission.

With 40+ sign-ins and only a small flock of turkeys giving up there surely WAS a trail and it was pretty sure that the majority of the wankers were on it.

Before long we saw two low-flying helicopters and both were flying towards the trail. We heard the pack and soon busted through shiggy to arrive at a happy BN. Even Sven the Bowhunter was there. Following trail we ended up at an old furnace for an elevated WINE NEAR. Fun times on a warm PA day in the beauty of long-past architecture and falling colorful leaves.

Thomas Aquinas said this: "The highest manifestation of life consists in this: that a being governs its own actions. A thing which is always subject to the direction of another is somewhat of a dead thing."

OVEREXPOSED

Here's one of the hares perspectives. I wish I could type really fast but I'm half fast and that might relate to part of trail that I laid today. Fart Connor didn't mark where the Eagle and Turkey trails came back together and created a ¼ mile Circle Jerk at the beginning of trail. Apparently the Eagles found the Shot Check and finished it off before the Turkeys got to it on the mis-marked trail. Some went back to the beer and munchies and about 25 others persevered and finally found beer and Girl Scout cookies in the woods near a Mennonite church. From what I saw of my co-hare's flour tossing, "Uncle Fester", his trail on the road was right on. Due to some illegal re-cycling activities, Dancing Fool had nothing to do with this, the trail back tracked and went back to a public roadway.

Fart Connor ran his ass almost off. Delia was having so much fun. The trail turned left off road onto an old railroad bed for a quarter of a mile and took a left on the edge of a field. I was a quarter of a mile from the next beer check and could hear Tour de Puke yelling "On On". That got my old ass moving past the Mennonite homestead where the there where Mennonites hanging out. I told them that there were others following me and they hid their kids in the house. I was able to find the Old Milwaukee beer check, it's the new Pabst, that was stashed the day before and well camouflaged and flo ured a 25 foot short trail to it.

Hares: Fart Connor and Uncle Fester**Uncle Fester's house, park across the street at the elementary school.**

Cross a busy road to cross the Rail Trail into a nice neighborhood where some were watching as me and Delia put out flour. Trail went through a field along a fence row and ended up at a haunted looking house 'specially made up for Halloween. U-turn through a field and to an old lime kiln with a WN for a Wine Near that I got a down down for because I didn't write BN in flour!

I had previously announced that the last part of the trail was pre-laid so Fart Connor and Delia were done with trail. I got the 2 Old Milwaukee's that I had stashed in a hollow stump and shortcutted back to trail. I was relaxing in the fence line and drinking an Old Milwaukee for about 15 minutes and can you guess who I see zenning for trail? So I sent her on the way of True Trail to the Wine Near.

Fart Connor waits for a while more and gets worried and backtracks trail. What the hell happened? Did the Police cum? Close to the Old Milwaukee check I hear voices and let Delia off her leash and she was so happy that they came to see her. Shortly after that some un-familiar looking dude comes along on the trail looking like a bow hunter, but not looking pissed! Maybe it was the Old Milwaukee that somebody gave him? The pack goes on.

Fart Connor backtracks a half mile more and finds a few drawn toward the golden nectar, Old Milwaukee, and directs them onward. So now Fart and Delia are going back. The Jesus loving Mennonites are burning their stanky plastic trash, though they didn't call the police, and left stuff burning when they were not at home, it was great to see that the hashers respected their property.

It might be possible that I have drunk too much Old Milwaukee about this point of writing. Fart and Delia shortcut back to the wine check. I remember that I could hear hashers from a quarter of a mile away as I was on the way. We make it back to Uncle Fester's and circle incuses. Many were abused and Just Pam, got named "Rainblow Something", damn't I hate when hashers get named and I remember their nerd names and can't remember their hash names.

So anyhow, thanks for all those who came out for this stupid trail.

This hash trash sponsored by:

<http://www.vibratingtouch.com/?page=testimonial01>

On On

Fart Connor

OE,

We tried for the better part of an hour to find trail at the ill-fated first check. Upon failing to do so, we knew the hares had somehow screwed up, but we had no idea how. We also had no idea what happened to the Eagles; we were perplexed and confused as hell. At one point, there were about 15 of us; we discussed all the different possibilities amongst ourselves, but being Turkeys, most were not at all adventurous and opted to go back to the house; for all they knew, the entire pack might already be back there. Some were saying Fart had told them the Turkey trail was really short so they were not expecting much; but he also said there were going to be 3 BN's, so we did feel cheated - especially as we had missed getting any shots. While back at the house, we kept talking about what happened, but no one had any inkling of what to do about it or where to even start looking for trail.

I only wanted to tell the story of what happened to us, most of the Turkeys, because when I tried telling the Eagles that came off trail, they could not comprehend and only said "we" must have done something wrong. Also, Tour didn't want to hear what I had to say, but took great pleasure in blaming the whole thing on me.

On the positive side, I did hear that Depiss Mode and someone else did happen upon the right Turkey trail near the start and ended up doing the whole trail.

I'm not blaming anyone; what happened was an accident.

Sister

You guys are so great!

Hares: Fart Connor and Uncle Fester**Uncle Fester's house, park across the street at the elementary school.**

Fart Connor
Fucking up H5 trails for 6 plus years!

Back to the scene of the crime to help clean up at Uncle Festers

Trail Rebuttal and Anthrax Scare

Dearest Wankers

Today me and Delia revisited the scene of the crime and to help Uncle Fester clean up. Fortunately ANGEL arrived before me and took care of most of the clean up so all I had to do was load a pickup load of shit into my truck.

Part of the reason I got there late was because I stopped by the beer distributor to return the empty keg and stuff. They were not open yet. Not wanting to waste one of the first days of the longer half of my life I revisited the trail and the marks.

In 20/20 hindsight I see that the trail markings worked really well. The Eagles found the shot check, a quarter mile from where the Turkeys got to Eagle/Turkey trail join back up spot at the road crossing. Three things screwed up the Turkeys. First, Fart Connor running as fast as he could, carrying 15 pounds of flour, forgot to mark where the Eagle and Turkey trail joined back up. Secondly the Turkeys went the wrong way on the Eagle trail because the Eagles were drinking. Thirdly the Turkeys didn't find trail marks within 25 feet of the check where they went lemming the wrong way.

I followed the well floured trail to the Mennonite Church where the 6 foot True Trail arrow disappeared! Me and Delia pull into the parking lot in my non-descript looking truck with an empty half keg, remember how the beer distributor wasn't open yet, rolling in the back just as church was letting out. I had a pleasant conversation with the preacher and explained the red white and blue Buck Beverage sign on the side of my truck was part of a political campaign. I then explained that the marks weren't Satanic in celebration of Halloween. The Anthrax scare was explained and the bonehead that put my finest Corinthian Pleather suitcase full of empties with a BN written in some way down at the road didn't help any. It can now be claimed at the police station.

Thanks to all those who came out and those who enabled in some way. I don't want to mention any names fer because I might miss somebody.

On On

Fart Connor

Thanks Fart & Uncle Fester. Shitty Trail. We really fucked up the archery hunter's shit. Hopefully the beer helped him get over it. Had a great time. ON-ON. Unhitched Cock.

Hares: Wild Cherry and Backdoor Man**Nitterhouse Memorial Park - Chambersburg**

The Ghetto and the Shiggy Hash,

Made the trek to beautiful Chambersburg, PA, armed with a print out of Google Directions and the ones on the website, neither of which got me where I needed to be. Something about there being too many lefts on the hares' directions and the Google directions put me in some kind of detour in the town square due to a street festival, and since Squeeze Me had my GPS and I have a piss poor sense of direction, it took me a while but I finally figured out where I needed to be.

On to the start where slowly hashers trickled in while I drank a Killians and handed out Honeyyager (or whatever that stuff is called) left over from DPM's and our Birthday and Analversary hash. About 17 hashers gather at the start including a few from the Reading kennel (Cock a Doodle Don't, Jello, and Glass Ass, and dog, Beer Slut). Just Mike (not to be confused with Backdoor Man who is no longer "Just Mike") came with his Peruvian wife, who was pregnant and didn't speak any English. We were all entertained by listening to him translate hash names to her. So we form a circle and are promptly approach by the "President of the Soccer Club" where a bunch of bratty kids were practicing soccer in the fields near by. He wanted to know what we were doing, Tour looked visibly pissed at the intrusion where Panic Button maintained hash relations and smoothed things over with the explanation of our upcoming cross country run.

Hares: Wild Cherry and Backdoor Man

Nitterhouse Memorial Park - Chambersburg

On on to the start of the trail. Past the low income housing and onto a big swampy field, across a frigid creek and onto the first beer check, more shiggy, little r*nnng, and off to the shot check (umm, yeah, I realize I might have the order screwed up a little here. Butt Pirate had Firewater in his fanny pack and I think I did about 2 more shots than I was supposed to at the shot check, so everything has formed a haze). At one point we missed a beer check. We were clearly told at the beginning of the trail not to run through falses or we might get shot by the police. So we did see flour past the "no trespassing police grounds" gate and were brave enough to go in it but it appeared to loop back out. Obviously either we missed some markings or the hares suck, my guess is it's the latter but we never found that beer check. So at some point we had another water crossing and, kudos to the hares, they clearly marked one sign with Dogs Stay Right, Hashers Stay Left. Well apparently Beer Slut can't read and went left, leapt over the makeshift bridge we were walking on and plunged into the water below headfirst. We all hold our breath while we wait for her to reappear from the depths of the water. Fortunately, she came back up and swam to safety. So onto the Beer Check where I and my fellow near-age hashers agree that "Just Brian" looks like the Celebrity Fit Club version of Screech from Saved By the Bell. Also had a conversation with newly named Nippleodean (sp?) about the great qualities of boobs. Then through a field, hand in hand with Butt Pirate and DPM where we pass a ghetto kid that shows us all his tattoos on his belly (temporary I hope). Behind a wall for a coed pee stop and we continue to the trail's end.

Back to the parking lot where Glass Ass realizes he dropped his keys on trail. A search ensues and no luck. We all get back to "Just Tom's house. For the on-in, where my better (?) half, Squeeze Me joins us. Of course, he wears the same shirt I'm wearing so we both have to do down-downs for that. DPM sells me out too for falling on trail, and Flaming Earl Gay and Orangabang are recognized for trail treasure—Flaming Earl found a toilet seat complete with lid and Orangabang found a monkey he added to his necklace (you know, the Barrel of Monkeys kind).

So Glass Ass has a set of keys back in Hershey to the car that's still in the "These are my soccer fields" parking lot. I'm not sure of the whole story, but he gets some keys, (not the right ones), one goes into the ignition, and turns it, snapping the key off in the ignition. So Squeeze Me is telling him how to take a hammer and a screwdriver or something and punch it out so he can get the car started. (Should I be worried he knows how to do this??). So poor Glass Ass, but he's probably gonna have a big car repair bill! So the on after is complete with good food, more beer, shots and some poultry which we won't discuss....I passed out but hear I missed some Tippy Cup and Strip Poker/Truth or Dare, and who knows what else. I wake up in time for the Flogging and Whipping, and I'll protect the innocent here with the exception of noting that Squeeze Me seemed to enjoy the beatings far too much!

Finally, since being drunk since about 2 PM, we decide to call it a night around 1 AM.

Thank you to Wild Cherry and Backdoor Man for the awesome trail, to Just Tom for the party accommodations and all the hashers for making it a fun time!

On Out

Trashed

10/14/2008 TMINFMH3 Run #111

Full Hunter's Moon Hash

Hares: Lunachic

Rails to trails parking lot in Colebrook

I never saw a turnout like this for a full moon hash with H-5 . There were at least 25 wankers ,along with four or more virgins, out to greet the hare Lunachic on a most beautiful full moonlit evening. With the temperature at around 67 and the beer at around 58 ,with one retired onlooker who was out riding his bike to return to his vehicle to witness circle from a distance , Lunachic laid down the chalk talk to lead us to a night of fun and laughter.

They came from from near and far to see what makes a full moon special when Lunachic is a Hare. Some already knew and were not disappointed. An awesome array of character made this trail a blast. We started the trail easily enough. Then at a checkback 20 all confusion set in . After awhile through some freak of nature I happened to find a trail of TP in the tall grass only 20 yards from the rails to trails . Off we went arousing neighbors curiosity I am sure , to the first BN at the local pub. Greeted by pitchers of beer and a lovely hostess that didn't seem to mind the dog in the bar we started to consume all the beer we were provided with. Some had their own version of drink. I heard no complaints. Another virgin joined us here from the bar crowd of now 5 locals that were gathered outside drinking under the stars.

Off we were into state game lands through check after check in a maze of long and winding roads ,flushing animals out as we go, to a BN of Quarts in a cooler . The FRB lost us way before this by blowing through a tit check .Shame /Shame on you FRB's . That first 15 minutes of confusion was enough though to keep Lunachic from being captured from any FRB .

We then exited the hunting and nature preserve into private land that often gets invaded by hashers around here. Passing by a lake on the right that I could not capture on film ,we went to a large tree house of sorts to enjoy shots of Baja Luna . We then wound our way south on trails that were filled with sounds of hash crashes (two) and various trail sounds such as a hooting owl .

The On after was filled with celebration of the following and so much more! Nouget graduated from High School with congratulations from all hashers when they found their way back and South Londonderry Police Sgt. Reilly that found our house to be compliantly quiet , after a little too noisy 45 minutes earlier by a complaint from our neighbors with small children. A birthday was celebrated by a virgin . Lunachic and sister Sticky Buns had their first H-5 haring experience a long four years ago. It seems that we have been hashing so much longer. KY was at

Hares: Lunachic**Rails to trails parking lot in Colebrook**

home. Marsha Marsha Marsha returned to do her first trail since her injury. The naming of Nipplelodium for wanting to see nipples shown as much as the guys enjoy them.

Lost property left behind is the following ;Orangabang left the shirt off his back , A black backpack with trail survival items inside & a plastic drinking vessel .

Thanks to all that came . Thanks to Lunachic for living up to all that she is .

I doubt if we can make the next trail because Nouget is competing Sunday in a Ballroom dance competition hosted by our daughter in the Zembo Shrine of Harrisburg ... We will see...

ON-ON

Girth Brooks

9 /20/2008 H5 Run #349**Caddyshack Hash****Hares: Wild Cherry and Webelo Scout (Virgin Hare)****Cumberland Valley Middle School (6746 Carlisle Pike, Mechanicsburg).**

Caddyshack Hash?

The last day of summer arrived and many arrived in the middle of sex or somewhere near there. Technically there was beer at the start of trail where young minds were educated. Delia met some canine buddies in the form of Beer Slut and Raven, assholes were sniffed and all was well. Long time non-returned "Sperm A Prefect" brought 2 virgins and the dog Raven. "Sponge Bitch No Pa nt's", who was named on her first hash made a triumphant return. Wild Cherry explained the marks that he and his valued co-hare, Weblows Scout, were about to throw out about the woods and private property of the area. Oops, side track here! I just saw a advertisement for some romantic match maker parody, I saw Fart Connor depicted. Now back to your non-scheduled program.

The pack took off right on time as M'Orally Challenged with Bring 'Em Hung and Just Josh arrived on time. The bastardly hares laid a trail that basically led the pack on a massive circle jerk. Many trails of flour were followed as the pack arrived at the first beer check and all was well for the moment. As the pack stumbled through woods we pissed off some kids who were shooting each other with BB guns. Might I point out here how I bust on kids for not being outside! I think they were more pissed because they didn't find H5 beer. 20At least they didn't call the cops. Lessse see here, the hares confused the kids because we were wandering around for a long time in Robin's Woods trying to find trail that was pretty easy to follow once it was found. Ooohhh, it's important to mention here that Fart Connor found fine beer in the cornfield. It was 4 cans of Piels Real Draft. It had only been there the whole summer as the labels were faded and much mud was on the pull tab area of the cans. I put them in my "Bag O Shit" for use later. As the pack floundered forward some took a false trail that went into a new housing development where there was a hard working landscaper landscaping. Glass Ass and Amber/Beer Slut had some conversation with the landscaper and it was found that he was more concerned that children in million dollar homes might learn some of the bad words that the hash was saying in their sheltered lives from the real world, even though the only kids that we saw out were those shooting each other with BB guns. The best part about this is that I only heard hash names being called. Back to the safety of the cornfield, specially if you picked the correct route to see the No Trespassing signs from the back. We crossed a highway to the second beer check. Damn, that's a long way for H5, the hares made us work for it!

BEER CHECK! This is what makes H5 ROCK! I enjoy visiting other hashes, but nobody FUCKS around on trail more than Harrisburg/Hershey Hash House Harriers, and does a 4 mile trail too! Geeze, I'm only at the second beer check and I'm half toasted. Delia found a "Rhinstone Cowgirl" trail treasure T-shirt and put it on. Not long after this we stumbled around a golf course. Nobody got "THACKED" in the head with a golf ball and I found a large pile of golf balls on the way to crossing a streaming body of water. On the top of the hill on the other side was a "Tee Shot", a combination of tea and vodka. Luckily Fart Connor dressed badly for trail, brought golf clubs for on trail, had gol f balls, and tee's, the pack whacked off!

My mental vision is getting foggy. Trail crossed a highway and nobody got killed. Up the highway and to a check back 14, bastardly hares. A half mile back to calls of "BEER NEAR" and me and Delia arrive. Some of the FRB's have taken off but many remain because there is beer. Weblows Scout, one of the hares arrive, the pack regales him for messed up trail and plenty of beer. Shortly after that a Police car arrives and the pack meanders off into the woods. Here again is another cool thing about hashing, the police arrive and the pack takes off at the speed of a policeman? This proved well as Weblows Scout told the cop that the hash stayed at a water break for an hour singing songs and stuff. The pack got back to the parking lot and went from there to Wild Cherry's house.

Circle was held at Wild Cherry's as many were disrupted. Most importantly Just Ray got named "Orangatang Bang", it was something like that. I liked "Monkey Sex" myself but that was too easy. As to the shitty trail; some discussion was about whether the hares had split up. My circumcision is off for the hares trail. Thanks Wild Cherry and Weblows Scout for a great trail.

On On
Fart Connor**9 /16/2008 TMINMFMH3 Run #110****Hair of the Dog That Bit You at PA Interhash Hash****Hares: She Came, Head First and Interior Defecator****Motel 6, 200 Commerce Drive, New Cumberland, PA**

What?!!?? No Hash Trash for our hash Tuesday???

She Came
Head First
Interior Defecator

Yeah really! I was looking forward to reading it too...Don't make "Trashed" the original H5 Hash Trash step up to the plate! Lol.

Trashed (full name: Trashed@h5.com)

OK. Just for that, you can write hash trash too.

Sc

Me and my big mouth....

Nah, I think it's in capable hands so I'll anxiously await its arrival in my inbox... J

--Trashed

Ok so I have somewhat returned to haunt you once again. I suppose it was nice to let your delete buttons cool off for a while. Ya it was good while it lasted. But "shit he's back!" was the first thing I heard when I had arrived at the super six in new Cumberland. We gathered around on the hill behind the hotel with a few old ladies giving us the evil eye from the parking lot. I guess they went back in ,before we left, to count their rosary beads and pray for the worlds end after seeing us. So what about trail you say, how was it? well thanks to the hares. that's all I can say, thanks for the poison ivy, thanks for the destroyed shoes thanks for the pain in the gut and thanks for the tickets afterwards, ya don't get caught blowing red lights.

We started off on what was a nice road run then for some stoopid reason the hares thought we needed to get a little dirty so they headed us into the woods for impending death.

we hit the woods off a little bridge and found our first beer check cleverly hidden in a cooler of nice still frozen ice. Yummy cold beer. Man that went down so good. Then it was out of the woods and into the jungle. Yah the dark jungle that's the only way to describe the trail. A few of us even swore we heard some monkeys in the midst but that could have just been panic button and deathwish sending out their mating calls. Who nows.

A short time after the first beer check and somewhere around the first shot check we found a nice large cooler of I think some orange flavored shot that hit like a can of pue citric acid. I only had four shots and tried to preserve what was left of my stomach lining. Wooo they were nice but the belly burn for me was bad. Everyone else liked them enough to finish off the two gallon jug.

After that we kinda just got lost. Following some weird looking white marks that reminded me of my stint chasing drug runners in Columbia. Big piles of white stuff dribbled out across the forest floor from time to time in a manner that looked as if it had fallen from a hole in a sack. We followed it up a very steep hill that crested in a residential neighborhood and it appeared as if all the lights came on at once and all the dogs on the block suddenly awoke with a snarl. Too bad that a half hour later we figured out that the TP trail was a false and back on down the hill we went.

By this time there was only about six or seven of us left behind and well after finding marks for a beer check and no beer we debated on crossing a bridge or swimming the creek. The bridge ended up a little more appealing on that chilly night. right after we crossed over that bridge we bumped into the hares who were cruising around looking for a lost pack. We searched the car and found an ample stash of beer in the trunk and proceeded to sing along with fuzz right there on the side of the road. Good times. We jumped back down below the bridge and proceeded to get lost one more time before I took a fall and well it felt like I had spilled my guts on the floor of the forest and with help from a few I limped it back to circle where the remainder of the pack had already gathered to give thanks to the beer gods for such great fool moon trail.

I just want to say Fuck you to the hares because that was one really well laid trail.

After leaving the Motel we joined up at the Elephant pub for a few more beers before I went out to seek autographs from the local police department. Man those guys were nice. They offered to donate money from my wallet into the local District justices office and even invited me to join the judge for some coffee on a fine afternoon. They said hey we are leaving now and get this you stay here till we get off the exit and if once we are gone we didn't see you leave. Hey I thought cool they never offered me a ride in their warm police cars. I liked that. Good to be back and haunt yins once more. See ya saturday.

Dude

Dearest Wankers

Twas a dark and stormy afternoon. No shit, it was raining like hell and an intrepid few gathered in Bainbridge, PA for the Rock Hop. The rest of H5 must have been home practicing for the Extreme Land Shark Competition.

The Landshark

The woman braces herself facing a wall, naked, hands against the wall, legs spread, bent over so that her ass is lusciously jutting out. (hint: She might want to wear a biking helmet and some rollerblading wrist guards to avoid serious injury.) Next, the guy also naked as well as stiff cocked, walks to the opposite end of the room, places his palms together and raises them above his head, (thus imitating the dorsal fin of a shark) and begins chanting the theme to Jaws. When given some predetermined signal, the guy sprints toward the girl at full speed with his pelvis-out, fin protruding, and rams her dead square in the ass.

The 2 virgins in attendance, Just Sara (Sarah), and Just Amanda, I'll avoid telling who made them cum in order to avoid the confusion that was about to come, looked happy for an adventure in the rain. M'Orally Challenged and Bring 'Em Hung got to the hash on time because she thought the hash started an hour earlier.

Chappy and Puke Panther took off right on hash time with only a requested 5 minute live hare headstart into the maelstrom that was provided by hurricane Hanna. And shortly thereafter the hashers did r\$N. Nice big globs of flour that withstood the rainy onslaught to guide the wankers through the town to the amused looks of the few locals who were outside.

Beer check at what was a nice little stream that is now a raging torrent. At least after this we didn't have to r*n this part of trail being the water was chest deep and moving swiftly. Delia didn't exactly see it this way. One our virgins, Just Sara (Sarah), survived by clinging to a branch but her pants and thong took off with the current. She was sort of in her itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot bikini only without the few square inches of cloth. Now I know why I wear a belt and don't like my pants hanging half way down my ass. Being I had some sporty looking spandex under my belted pants I lent the pants and belt to Just Sara (Sarah) and all was well.

Hares: Chapped Lips and Puke Panther**Bainbridge Inn off of 441**

The trail went to the obligatory railroad tracks that we trespassed upon and missed a beer check and all the pack was well as we reassembled back at the start/finish. Thanks to Chappy and Puke for providing us with entertainment for a Saturday. Why is it that when I hear the Dairy Queen commercial for their turkey sandwich and only women are eating them and saying with enthusiasm, Mmmmmmmmmmmmm, it sounds like they're having a mutual orgasm? So anyhow the hash came in peace and left to get a=2 0piece.

Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun
 Theme from Jaws
 On On
 Fart Connor =2 0

Looking Back from 8/27/2011:

Chappy and Puke's Hurricane Hanna hash was the best. You could drink water when running the first mile of trail. Body surfing down the creek which was the "new" way to go on trail! My virgin hasher loses her sweat bottoms and panties on the way down by the "rushing" water or something. YES, half naked and needing help out of the creek. By the time I seen her she had gave on trying to keep them and just wanted to live. You should have seen her eyes. I believe Fart Connor and 69 Virgins helped her out of the creek. I also remember he even gave her his pants... Dam it. Real nice hasher... thanks Alot... good ole Fart. Gives her the pants he's wearing.

I also remember a Late hasher, (69 Virgins. He always wanted everyone to believe he was a "virgin" at circle. Don't they all!), helped name her. Fore ever be Known as "Sponge Bitch No Pants". 69 virgins wasn't having letting her "get away" with "Bob" being used in her name... it had to be "bitch"!

The picture I seen of her at the end was of her in fart's sweat pants and Bringhamyoung's trench coat. She was a wet noodle and that was a hoot!

Big Thanks to Chappy and Puke Panther for Telling us to get out of the creek at the bridge or "you will die" and for having plenty of beer. On everyone lived and it was good On, I.D.

8 /23/2008 H5 Run #347**Incarceration and Incineration Hash****Hares: KY and Desperate Dave****The now sophisticated Harrisburg Mall (formerly known as the East Mall)**

Thanks to our Web-mistress KY for doin' most of this hash trail. Apparently Ruff Butt got fired for not taking enough time to scout trail so "Desperate Dave/Takes Up the Ass Like the Amish" scouted enough trail at the last minute to drive the beer wagon. Before I forget we had 3 virgins, or in Over Exposed words, "wirgins" in Pennsylvania Reading Dutch. OE also supplied 3 more victims, one of them a male "wirgin" from the U.S. Army. The other 2 females I recall were, one Just Jen, the other I should have written down. What the hell happened to my short term memory? There were many Just's in attendance, some of them begging for a name. Three that I recall were Just Ray, Just Sandy, and Just Mike. It was great to see 69 Virgins back from the big sandbox bearing a female virgin.

Mall Security in cars and on bikes was circling making sure we were safe from pedestrians, children, and early Christmas shoppers. KY showed the marks and a 5 minute wait till the 12 minute wait for the hares to take off was timed. We were off in search of beer! Past the Dauphin County Prison, past the Toys R' Us, down a road to a confustulation, and uphill into the shiggy we finally went. As we took the hill we found a beer check, Desperate Dave/Takes it Up the Ass like the Amish, was driving the beer wagon. Great beer was provided for all the hashers. There were various brands of beer left over from Fart's Dead Dog Hash and a half keg of Troges. Now here is something I don't get about "good beer" like Troges, why does just drinking it make my sphincter twitch? What does a furry footed Hobbit's outhouse smell like? So's anyhow we made it to the second beer check that was on a power cut till we got there and was by a road with another amazing beer check manned by Desperate Dave/TIUTALTA. Some poor Type A bicyclist was humping it up the hill and refused our calls of "Beer Here"!

The pack took the hill and continued to another confustulation. We wandered around for a while till the pack figured out that the trail actually went through the incinerator area being it was closed for business but was only fenced in from the highway. Homeland Security saving a toxic waste dump and we thwarted the fence defense. This soon led to the third beer check on the "Greenway". On the nice flat greenway a bicyclist came by and fell to the calls of "Beer Here"! He ratted out the hare's nicely laid trail of flour. We r\$n on the nice flat macadam greenway, where there had been grass before, now the grass is gone and there is macadam. Sort of like "Woods Edge Plaza", cut down all the trees and put up stores and parking lots where the woods used to be. Housing developments follow the same pattern. The trail goes by an area that me and Ruffy did last year to another beer check at a re-check. Back to the Harrisburg East Mall and we circle up in the parking lot.

As we circle up Mall Security is circling too and the "No Cause Clause" is put into effect to protect the minds and eyes of civilians who might pass by. Thanks again to Over Exposed for helping with circle and cumming up with songs. Thanks to Mall Security for passing us by. The Katzenjammer Army Twins did a down down for having new shoes bought at WalMart, and their Army bimbo escort had new shoes too. One of the Army dudes was dumb enough to buy "Old Peoples Velcro Fastened Shoes" and did an additional down down for that. Some real late cummers arrived in the form of Grizz, Lock Jaw, and family, and "30 Gays in the Hole", who had somebody hiding in his vehicle. It's funny that all the shit that I take for drinking Old Milwaukee, many times till down downs are done I have less Old Mudds than I have drunk, thanks for the compliment.

If I missed making fun of anybody give me a down down. Thanks KY, Desperate, and Ruff Butt for a great trail.

Hares: KY and Desperate Dave

The now sophisticated Harrisburg Mall (formerly known as the East Mall)

On On

Fart Connor and dog Delia

Perfect Day, Shitty Trail, Good Beer, Great Friends, doesn't get much better. Thank you KY, DD, and Ruffy. Good Job guys. Much fun was had by all. H-5 Rocks. ON-ON. Unhitched Cock.

I second the motion. Perfect way to start hashing after six weeks of rehabilitation. Still trying to get the "hitchhikers" off my ankle brace. I LOVE H5!

She Came

You forgot about the wonderful fresh tomato sandwiches!!
Ruffie

And especially those delicious, wonderful fresh tomato sandwiches!!!! Unhitched Cock

a great hash co-hare! still have your red cooler. (lunch this week? dirty dancer wants to do Indian 11:30'ish friday)

ruffy gets credit for the tomatoe sandwiches but nothing else!

thanks fart for the leftover nibbles and beers...

my van smells like a brewery as the tap was apparently leaking into the beertub and then sloshing out as that store bought new tub is not quite wide enough to hold much ice and quickly overflows.

ddave/amish

Hares: Eager Beaver and Quarterstick

Fire Mountain Restaurant at 6476 Carlisle Pike

Wankers,

We gathered across the street from the local twp. police and rescue station .

It's been such a long time since we have seen the likes of SqueezeMe and Trashed . This was the day ! The former GM ,and his other-half , returned to , what I thought as , an exciting Full Moon Hash !

Almost 20 of us showed up for circle right on H5 hashtime . Quarterstick and Eager-Beaver were anxious to arouse the pack ! Chalk talk was pre-laid and Q-stik went over it with his sneakers , pointing out the various markings they needed to evade us . No virgins in circle !

Hot on his heels , Eager followed Q-stick down the long and windy road to satisfy our desires of a full moon hash. Off they went in a furious pace to stay a head of us the entire ..I don't know.. four maybe six miles , yes?

Now the pack prepares for the rewards of trail . I adorn my newest hashing apparel .Tour de Puke was off a moment before the allotted time. He proclaimed justification in leaving early since that there was no beer provided by the hares at the start . (of course there are no rules. whatever, except for the age of 21 rule)

Knowing this was my last hash for awhile , I ran a good bit to catch him , hoping that I could catch my breath a moment when I caught him . Walking two or three steps together . Then he started jogging again screaming On-On . So I caught my breath as we ran. Right !!! The FRB's led the way down the road to some various check back's that kept the pack well together .

Shiggy , poison , and forest with plenty of streams and brooks . There was also a river on trail . All of which the hares laid for us to travel on trail very effectively.

At one point I was checking . I climbed a bank to get a view from above . There was a mall with lots of people stimulating the economy . I laughed when I heard the commotion within ear shout of civilization . R-U ! On-On . Back through the shiggy I reply . There was a point some wondered if we missed a BN. Now that is bad . A few minutes later we were at it .We didn't miss anything , I and the rest of us consumed it all .

The audio was released on Cause getting a cinder block to the top of her head by hugging a seven foot tall cement block filled impromptu sleeping bag rain poncho wearing trail scene . I hope there is video of this event also . A picture maybe ? I saw the lump !

From here we continued ranting with the desperation of more drink and that running problem . I saw everyone running on this trail . An excellent day to be hashing ! The time seemed to pass quickly to the next BN where Deathwish and Yeast of Burden were cooling their asses at a photo op area .We were all together again ! The trail brought the pack together very nicely . Deathwish cleaned up the check and we were all on-on again.

Now is where we went to the point of confusion . We arrived at a point where the check seemed to have evidence of a full moon **CK UP . After 15 minutes or so that I was there , Deathwish , finally spotted flour on the pavement on a half mile straight away. I felt like running ! After a while I stopped . I was a little discombobulated because the flour was now scattered a little farther than we were used too. Eventually we passed by a public park that may have been evacuated . That would explain no one using it ! To a sewer smelling BN oops .. wrong trail . To a BN by the river I mentioned earlier. I was one of five that chose to be in the DFL group. That's almost the last I saw of the pack till they returned to the lot for their vehicles .

WE followed flour until we came out the woods at the Cumberland-Perry Vo-Tech School . There was a pack arrow which we took as the right way to go . Unable to spot flour from there and unable to here the call of the pack with the moon rising a beautiful orange we went several different directions to find our way home before dark . It was dark when we got there . We had missed a BN and circle (I hate when that happens) . I can not tell you what went on there . On after was at Growler's outside of Mechanicsburg . Thanks to the hares Quarterstick and Eager Beaver for an interesting evening ,a well laid trail and those were part of my hashing career on this night . Visitors : Dancing Fool ,

Hares: Eager Beaver and Quarterstick

Fire Mountain Restaurant at 6476 Carlisle Pike

Morrally Challenged , Deathwish , Cause For Blindness , Yeast of Burden , Bring 'em Hung , and certainly Trashed and SqueezeMe for cumming out. All of ya's !!

A lot of really cool things happened that night ... too many to mention here ... I may be confused about when they happened ...But they did... That's my hash trash..... for the shirt thanks to Fart . Farts trash is awesome !!!! He had me do it for a dead dog hash shirt .

On-On
Girth Brooks

Very Nice Girth...

And thank you to everyone for the warm welcome back.

I do have some video from the... well, it wasn't the On-In and it wasn't the On-After...it was something in between.

Check it out at: <http://www.hashspace.com/profile/SqueezeMe60>

I think there is a post hash photo going up soon as well. THAT is not pretty either.

SqueezeMe

Hares: Flaming Earl Gay, Delia and Fart Connor

Norman Wood Bridge area

Thanks to those who attended and those who wish they did attend Fart's Dead Dog Hash

Flaming Earl Gay did a great job helping Fart Connor fuck up today's trail. My ass is dragon, that's not my ass.

More tomorrow
Fart Connor

Thanx to Fart Conner and Flaming Earl Gay for a most "SHITTY TRAIL". What a great turn out!!! A perfect day, a challenging trail, plenty of shiggy, "Dirt Cheap Beer" that smelled like ass, who could ask for anything more!? A good time was had by all!!! You guys rock!!!

ON-ON
Unhitched Cock

Wow..what a hash! Those wankers that missed it missed a fantastic hash. The weather was purrrrrfect! I think this is the only hash this bimbo ran where the HARE got lost!

Many virgins and new boots were in attendance. Last count I recall at sign in was about 47. What a group! Some hashers I haven't seen for a while and MANY new faces.

Only 5-6 of us actually did the EAGLE trail and only 3 of us eagle hashers made it to the 4th beer and girl scout cookie (thin mint) check. What's up with that? We were on flour the entire time! Very well marked trail.

The third beer stop should have been called 'eagle beer stop'. Rock climbing to the top of those huge rocks was tricky but well worth it (thanks for the rope Fart). The climb down was a bit trecherous but nothing compared to eagle trail that was to follow! Trail followed a creek that flowed downhill through a ravine. Huge rocks on either side, waterfalls, fallen trees, mud holes (I sank up to my knees in one!), a GNOME HOME (complete w/white picket fence and condom protection) and a natural or very old man-made dam to climb up over made this bimbo wishing she would have had a camera. (Mental note to self..bring camera). The scenery, although tricky to navigate, was awesome! The hare even provided a ladder at the dam to assist in climbing up over (once you climbed up to the FIRST ledge and prior to the next "on ewww"). Those with dogs would have been hefting the dogs up over a lot of this portion of the trail. The flour left the creek and headed straight up the never-ending hill where there was another beer near buried in rocks about half-way up and thin mint girl scout cookies! The three of us shouted the obligatory BEER NEAR for about 5 minutes, decided to not drink all the beer and leave half the cookies for those following--unbeknownst to us--there were NONE following. (Dammit we should have taken ALL the cookies!) We made it to the top of the hill only to find the shot check GONE and followed the trail to find ourselves nearly last in. What's up with that? No ones else did trail? Was a down down done for that? Hmmmmm.....several hashers were lost, including one of our esteemed hares--go figure.

After circle a posse was formed to hunt down the lost hashers. To date I believe all are accounted for safe and sound. One of the hashers was hosting a party up the road and a few were planning to see Bubba. (BUBBA ROCKS)

Great hash Fart and F.E.G.! One of the toughest eagle trails this bimbo has run! Kudos!

BnT

Hares: Flaming Earl Gay, Delia and Fart Connor Norman Wood Bridge area

Ok Fart - hash photos are posted on hash space, where's hash trash?
You weren't even at the on-after for the nekkid run so you can't still be sleeping. Could you be hurting as much as the rest of us from all those hills?

Thanks guys for a great trail and to our on-after hosts for the impromptu party and crash space. Sleeping under the stars was great but had to think a little when I woke up with the peacock feather next to me. Thought I remembered everything from last night?

Deathwish, hope the back is doing ok after your Bronco Billy experience. You give a whole new meaning to going bare-back!

Just Mike - drop me a line with your email address and I'll get those photos over to you. There's a great one of you and Just Jill.

Thanks everyone for making it such a great birthday for me! Now I really can't wait for PA Interhash!

BC (Birth Canal)

PS - photos are under the album "Dead Dog Hash Aug 08".

Bn'T,

I did the Turkey trail, but only a couple of Turkeys got to the third beer check. We spent a half hour there enjoying the brews & views from the tall rocks, including co-hare FEG, waiting for the rest of the pack to arrive. We shouted "BEER NEAR!" the whole time. We heard calls of On-On in the distance, but they were not getting any closer. If we could hear them, they could hear us. No idea why they did not follow the calls of Beer Near; just makes no sense, does it?

We finally decided it was time to move on; while co-hare FEG dutifully decided to keep on waiting at the 3rd beer check for the rest of the pack to arrive. He told us to keep a lookout for the shot check on the way back. On the way back, we ran into Dancing Fool and Girth Brooks, going the other way. Then we ran into Ruffie, who said she'd started the trail an hour late, but was looking forward to finishing it. Hey, we started an hour late at 3 pm, what time did Ruffie start. 4 pm??

The trail led us to the middle of a corn field, but there was nothing there and it seemed to end right there, so we backtracked and lost trail. Where was the promised shot check?? We eventually heard the voices of a lot of people milling about, so we crashed through the thorny bushes to join them. I asked a few people in the circle what happened? They said they went from the 2nd beer check right to the shot check, which they finished or not (depending on who you asked), and came right on in. Well folks, it would seem that most of the pack only did half the trail; what gives? Two possible explanations were pondered: (1) Fart's re-laying of the trail (i.e. multiple trails?) somehow led the pack to shortcut to the shot check; or, (2) those hashers arriving late (i.e. Dude, Desperate) backtracked on the In trail, found the shot check and yelled to the rest of the pack to join them. Which could it be?

On On!
Sister

Hi Everyone,

Apparently the shots didn't go over very well like I had hoped. Sorry about that. It was a last minute addition. In case anyone was wondering, the pink shots were Watermelon Jolly Ranchers dissolved in vodka. I got the recipe from this website:

<http://www.bardrinks.com/drinks/drink.asp?id=12253112>

I heard the blue shots were even worse than the pink. Since the site said the watermelon shots were really great, I figured I'd also try dissolving Blue Raspberry Jolly Ranchers in vodka. I had also thought about doing Green Apple shots, but it's a good thing I didn't LOL! I used good quality vodka and vermouth but somehow it got screwed up. Oh well, you live and learn.

On-On,

FEG

...but Birth Canal calls herself "BC" on HashSpace....I only found the pics by searching "all photo albums" for "dead dog".
Terrific trail....kudos to Fart and Flaming Earl Gay for one of the good ones, as usual. Hopefully, Monty's ashes will last for many years to come.
T-Bo

Thanks again to all who came out.

Me and Delia went back out yesterday and made sure the trail was clean and to follow trail and find where I, Fart Connor, fucked up. What really sucks is that I was only 100 feet off to my left from where I should have been, however due to a matter of angles, I crossed the trail that FEG dutifully laid correctly a quarter mile from where I should have been. A simple true trail arrow to the right there would have corrected the

Hares: Flaming Earl Gay, Delia and Fart Connor

Norman Wood Bridge area

problem.

Thanks for cleaning up the beer checks, I only found one beer can on the way to finding the fuck up point and the third beer check. I lightened up the load of beer left there and stashed the still half a case and went and picked up the gnome. Hope that explains stuff.

On next to starting Hash Trash On
Fart Connor

Fart,

Don't be so hard on yourself. That trail was amazing! I am hashing in San Antonio the next few weeks, and there is NO WAY thier trails will be nearly as entertaining, fun, long, or full of such a high caliber of wanker. I hadn't been out in 2 months due to my schedule, and it felt like I never left thanks to the great people out there. Good times all around!

I will see everyone after 8/25 at something or other.

On-on!

Mangina

Me and Flaming Earl Gay took off work Friday to set up trail for Saturday's event. Thursday night I bought munchies and more beer than me and Flaming Earl Gay had bought before to put on trail on Friday. Five months of planning were cumming together. In March and April I was pruning through shiggy and found a trail. It took from then till late July till me and Flaming could find our way through and not get turned around. I think Un-Hitchedcock used that term on trail. Isn't that what happened to Daniel Boone several times in way back when times in US history? In the previous month we stashed beer out on trail. At two of the four beer checks we constructed beer vaults by turning over rocks and making a hole deep enough to be disguised from prying eyes. The third was taken out and put in the shade on Friday. The fourth was put in the roots of a tree that looked like it grew off of an old stump.

Four beer checks were set out and the trail was ready to go for Saturday on Friday, more on warm beer later.

Twas a day like anyother 'cept no, it was Saturday, Saturday is a Hashing Day! Today was a Susquehanna Sparkler, for the month of August G blessed us with 80 degrees and low humidity. Earlier in the week you would stand in the shade and your eyeballs would sweat. The Fanast of vittles were provided for the packs enjoyment in they, the Dorito's, hadn't been opened for a week already and the MSG was nice and fresh. A cold quarter keg of Yuengling and a cooler full of various kinds of beer was stashed at the mysterious On In place with lots of munchies. I noticed at the On On spot 200 yards away that many had brought beer and munchies too, thank youse. Stories were told about past trails in the area, dizzying precipices', raging water, and large furry animals to amuse the virgins. Hash time finally arrived and Fart Connor explained the marks that were about to make many get lost following a flour trail. One important thing to mention was that we had many virgins, me and Flaming were honored. Best I can recollect we had 9 virgins. Just Jill, Just Jill, Just Tom, Just Josh, Just Kimberly, Just Matt, Just Tara, Just Brian, and Just john, I hope that makes Sister happy.

2 PM hash time, the hares off at 3 PM, right on H5 hash time. Flaming Earl Gay, Delia, and Fart Connor take off throwing flour and toilet paper and almost immediately disappear into some nice shiggy only traversed by deers and bears. The "One Way" sign that I acquired somewhat legally and put 3 lines on the back of to make a "True Trail" arrow in the thorns worked really well. It was at this point that Flaming Earl Gay took off to lay trail from the HHH to the fateful third beer check. Flaming was right on his trail laying, more on that later. The pack was dumb enough to follow me, did they really give me 12 minutes? I thought the trail through the shiggy would give me more time, what the hell? I've never had a tribe of cannibals chasing me but hearing hashers yelling "On On" when the bastards are following me just before I got to the first beer check makes live haring so much fun. I dug up my flour stash and continued from the beer check with a fine premium "Totally Dirt Cheap Beer".

The beer was imported from St. Louis, USA and the pack had to work for it. Was the beer cold at all? There's a story here. I went and asked for four 2 pound packages of dry ice to cool the beer on Friday morning, paid \$12, and me and Flaming spent 5 hours putting out extra 6 packs and half the amount of dry ice that I had asked for, shit!

The packs a cummin' and I'm moving fast as I can hoping that I'd marked the first check well enough to be found easily. I hear that there were some who missed it and went back to the first check to enjoy for a short time, thank you. I wasn't far from the second check comprised of Old Milwaukee till I could hear the pack acummin' again.

I hope youse enjoyed the gallon of drinking water that was stashed there, me and Delia had to take off on the run of whatever flat type places I could r#n, 'cept by this point there wasn't any flat ground. One interesting thing I noticed here was that suddenly the crys on On On diminished. That must have been when the pack found the beer. I crossed a small stream and here's about where I messed up the trail. I was only a few degrees of to my left at this critical part of the trail. If I had been wrong off to the right this wouldn't have been a problem. All of a sudden I'm on this small trail with flour already on it! If I'd have just tossed out a true trail arrow toward the third beer check all would have been well, I didn't and many who wanted to do the Eagle Trail missed half the trail and went back to beer at the HHH. I caught up with Flaming and he went back and summoned some to the third beer check and a few others found their own way there. It bummed me out that many missed this check because I thought it was the most scenic on trail. That might have something to do with the fact that I went out in April and removed some of the small trees that were in the way.

You could see for 5 miles and when the sun was just right it would make Peach Bottom Nuclear Power Plant glimmer in the sunlight. From here the trail went downhill in more ways than one. The trail started about 300 feet above the Susquehanna River 2 and ½ miles back, now it

Hares: Flaming Earl Gay, Delia and Fart Connor

Norman Wood Bridge area

went down to the river to a stream. This stream went through a tunnel that was made for trains more than 100 years ago when bridge making was an art. This also ties in with the Dead Dog theme because me and old Monty caught wild brown trout in this stream.

OK, the tunnel wasn't for trains, it was for trail. I took a few spills as I trailed my up this slippery stream trying to keep my flour dry. I hear M'Orally took a spill and has bruises on her ass and legs from going the wrong way. At this point I was beat and hearing hashers once again yelling On On made me trudge onward through knee deep mudd, over logs, under logs, over rocks, shiggy, and in no way like a salmon, upstream. A nice warm summer day and a cool stream to hash in, could it get any better than this? I still felt like Cornell Wilde in the movie "Naked Prey". http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Naked_Prey The trail went up to where about 100 years ago the valley was dammed up to make the original reservoir at Muddy Run.

Ohhh, the story of ladder, I found this about ¾ of a mile from where I used it. As I had Delia's leash tied to it and drug it clanking through the woods I hoped nobody came by to ask what I was doing. What, you mean that's not my dog?

So the trail went upstream and around this bend where there stood a Gnome selling contraceptives to the hashers.

Shrubbery is spelled correctly on the other side of the sign. So I only have about another ¼ mile through stream shiggy till I blast up a hill to the 4th beer check. Luckily I had plenty of flour. I could hear calls of On On in the distance, I guess my screw up and the 3rd beer check saved my ass. Crawling through rhododendrons uphill is easier than downhill, toss flour every 5 feet.

Yea, I find the 4th beer check in the tree roots where I hear there was a welcome gallon of water along with the beer. From here it's a short distance uphill to level ground and about a mile back to the HHH, but there's more woodsy adventure. Here's the part of the trail that Flaming and me scouted for months till we could find our way through a tunnel of shiggy. As long as you stayed on trail it was easy to follow. I finally came out to the intersection of the Turkey Trail. I was interesting to hear the last of the Turkey's pass by and it was safe for me and Delia to sneak out and follow them back to the HHH.

I'd gotten there about 11 in the morning and stashed a quarter keg, munchies, and other circle stuff. I knew better than to expect the pack to bring stuff to the little clearing in the woods, once the pack gets back they are like school children at recess. It was noted that many were still missing, assumed to be missing on trail. We debated and decided to have circle and then search for the missing. As we debated more filtered in, the On In spot was easier to find as we were making a racket in the woods. We had 6 visitors from Reading and 2 from Cincinnati who detoured from their trip to Ocean City, NJ. The Reading contingent consisted of Big Rig, Jello, Siren Cums Loudly, Between Dicks, Glass-Ass, Doodle, and dog Beer Slut. The Sin City couple were Crack Whore and Elephant-Tight-Ass. We had 9 virgins who had their hash cherries popped. They were Just Jill, Just Tom, Just Josh, Just Kimberly G, Just Matt M, Just Tara, Just Brian and Just John. Circle worked out really well because by the time we were done the rest of the stragglers straggled On In and all was well. Circle broke up and many took one thing and placed it near my truck, thanks, that saved me a lot of cleaning up. Dancing Fool must have recovered a recycling mother lode. Many took off to former virgin Just K imberly's nearby house for an impromptu On After. It took me an hour and a half to make all the hash shit fit onto my truck. Thanks so much to Flaming Earl Gay for helping to pull this off.

On On
Fart Connor

Insert witty comment here.

Comments:

- 1) So that's why the beer at the 3rd & 4th beer checks was good! Too bad most never made it to those and only had a taste of skunked beer from the 1st & 2nd.
- 2) Good memory, but it's Fuzz that wants the names of the virgins. She chided me for not bringing the sign-in sheet and left-over hash cash home. Now she has to arrange to get it from whoever has it.
- 3) About a half dozen of us FRB's didn't see the 1st BC and were up on the next hill already when we heard the faint sound of "bear near" somewhere behind us. We froze in our tracks and wondered where that came from. Four our us (Tour included) went back to investigate, while a couple of Reading wankers (Siren included) couldn't be bothered and pressed on to the 2nd BC. It was these hashers that were hot on your heels.
- 4) I agree, more true trail arrows would have kept the pack on the trail.
- 5) Whoever took the shot check, DON'T! Please leave all shot checks for hashers still doing trail. It sucks if you do the whole trail, then go to the site of the promised shot checks, only to find them gone. It should have been obvious not everyone was there. Plus y'all should have heard the cries of "On-On" and "Beer-Near" an eighth mile from where the shot check was, but no one went on to do the rest of the trail with two more BN's and million-dollar views still out there. How could you possibly think the trail was THAT short??
- 6) Fart: that was us yelling "On On" from the top rock on the third beer check to the rest of the pack who never made it. We were yelling at the top of our lungs for the rest of the pack to hear us.
- 7) Cool trail, let's do it again (this time the whole trail) next year. Who's in?

On On!
Sister

Hares: Arch Enema and Just Catherine

Water Street in Lititz

"F THE OLYMPICS"

Yes, the abuses listed above are important but we really don't care. F The Olympics is our mantra not because of these issues but simply because its better to HASH than sit at home watching TV!

Friday 8.8.08 – First Ever F the O Hash

Lititz, PA

Hares: ARCH ENEMA, Just Catherine

The evening started with beautiful weather as a small pack gathered at "the railroad car" in Lititz, PA. Some dicked up directions caused minor confusion as a handful of Reading and H5 wankers were joined by two handfuls of virgins.

I wore a "F the Olympics, Communist Chinese & Dirty Air" respirator as he held circle. You just never know if any of that skuzzy air is blowing this way.

Good job to the hares for bringing an utter shitpot of hottie bimbo virgins. Wow. Best crop of virgins in ages.

The pack soon took off after the hares who soon proved that no place is ever hashed out. Many, many trails have been done in this town and yet this evening revealed all sorts of new places that have never been hashed.

We hit an abandoned railbed as the pack overthought things and the backcheck lead us down the trail that was the original obvious choice.

I lingered in the back with LUNACHIC, a male virgin who kept ranting about how he was already hooked on hashing and two young beautiful perspiring new boots. We came thru a development where we saw a rotund fellow who looked EXACTLY like the Reading GM LICK MY TRUNK. Wow. TRUNK, ask your momma if she gave a twin away at birth!

By this point thirst and dehydration were beginning to set in and the new boots were starting to wonder if the stories of hashing being about running AND beer were all lies. WTF? Where is that golden nectar?

Off the trail and across 772 the pack came thundering through some poor SOB's soybean field. Rest in peace trampled soy, rest in peace. At least the pack had the courtesy to keep the destruction to a narrow ribbon.

Ahh, some cold Lagers hidden in the woodline. The pack hung out and the virgins all seemed to be enjoying their first experience at fucking the Olympics and hashing.

One of the new boots was babbling that she knew the plan (oops, I bet she wasn't supposed to say that!) and sure enough she beat feet to a location that the pack was not headed toward.

As true as a rumor of John Edwards banging his non-cancerous videographer, her prognostication proved valid and we were headed right for one of this area's most unique homes – a beautiful house with castle'y stuff in the backyard. The owner was waiting for us and greeted each hasher with two statements:

- Hello! Followed by....
- The beer is over there

Wow! Thanks crazy castle guy – you rock! In talking to him he said his brother knows DANCING FOOL. Small world. Hope he comes out to hash sometime. The beer was in a turret like thing. All these castle parts were built from stones from 7 torn down barns.

Nobody wanted to depart the kingdom of beer, swans and happiness but darkness was fast approaching. LUNACHIC was still traumatized by being lost in the woods on Monday so we drank all of the beer and none of the water headed out.

After an utter cluster fuck in the field past the castle we were out of the shiggy and onto macadam. Before long we heard (not saw as it was now completely dark) the sounds of hashers.

TOUR was MIA as he absolutely KNEW the pack was headed back to the cars and took off that way.

Turns out the small woods was the backyard of virgin JUSTKRISTY. Several of the bimbos were inside freshening up as we bullshitted under the pines. She returned and decided that the home association might revoke her credentials for allowing a pack to sing in her yard so we moved down into her garage.

I conducted circle was held and hash traditions were carefully explained to the virgins. Typical down downs were awarded as LOONEY served as beer bitch. Announcements of the next H5 (the following day –FARTS DEAD DOG HASH) and Reading (Monday August 18th)

Hares: Arch Enema and Just Catherine**Water Street in Lititz**

hashes were posted. The PA INTERHASH was announced as well as Saturday's BUBBA show in HBg. It was also stated that this was the inaugural F the Olympics hash. Our next trail will be Sunday February 12th 2010.

The circle was concluded with the proclamation that these virgins are TRI-HASHUAL – having a mother hash of Harrisburg, Reading and F The Olympics. Swing Low was sung and the benediction was offered.

Most of the pack meandered into town – negotiating the craft show freaks and endless port-o-potties – before arriving at the Toy Soldier bar for the ONONON. Lets just say we had a good time – one of the virgins singing some great country karaoke, TOUR up on a chair singing, several bimbos dancing and the night's fun definitely being initiated by hashers.

Kickass job hares – especially with only three days notice.

See everyone in 2 years!

Shittily written at 1AM
OVEREXPOSED

Hares: Bushrat and Deathwish**Just off Plainfield exit of I 81**

The Tale of 2 GM's Hash

Yes me wankers, 2 H5 GM's gathered to hare the July 26, 2008 Wankergate somewhere off exit 44 of Route 81 at some new industrial park to be named after the acres of trees cut down to build it. It's likely that due to my computer skill that when I copy and paste the final version, it might look as if I was writing in=2 0Cyrillic.

As usual a fine H5 Summer Saturday is a Hashing Day dawned about 2 in the afternoon as hashers started to roll in to the On On. It was determined that nobody worked there because of all the Municipal license plates on the vehicles parked there. The life sized cow on amish wagon wheels was left relatively unmolested. Our new GM, Deathwish, and former GM, Bushrat, demonstrated marks to the 2 virgins in attendance, Just Maya who came with Panic Button, and Just Don who heard about us somewhere and was brave to attend all by himself.

The hares, Deathwish and Bushrat are off with their 12 minute headstart or something like that. While waiting the pack introduced themselves in a circle and drank the golden nectar or something 'sposed to resemble that, depending on your individual taste, or lack of, for beer. The 2 real dogs on trail, Delia and Sunny, sniffed bung holes and all was well. Th e timer dinged and the pack was off in search of live hares. Quarterstick and Panic Button took off on their own trail without the benefit of flour in an effort to zen for a hare. The rest of about 25 followed trail. It was neat to see an old stone wall that was probably built by farmers in the 300 plus years that this area was taken over by the white man. The rusty barbed wire, hey, does anybody remember Bud Dwire, <http://video.google.com/videoplay?docid=-6686827830708949101>, his sister was Barbed Wire? That might be really sick but I think I have an unemployment check for One Dollar with his autograph. So anyhow, back in the early 70's this fence was just getting rusty. I can remember pheasants fillllttting out from under my feet, seeing rabbits, deer, and Redd Fox http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sanford_and_Son, so anyhow today deer and fox20were spotted. There was a beer check, a hot day with cold beer, drinking water, and more trail.

I should mention that on the way to the first beer check we saw the only people that we saw outside all day while we were on trail, they were in a swimming pool that we passed by and didn't check to see if they were skinny dipping. Those in the pool did cheer us on however. Maybe I'm wearing this out, but is America becoming a bunch of pussies? Nobody is outside on a nice summer day! On the other hand, maybe others were in their air conditioning and couldn't hear us running through weeds and didn't call the police. The hares provided us with a great trail to follow that was challenging but well marked. Yeah, there was a second beer check and it was enjoyed.

The third beer check at the edge of civilization proved to be the coolest in=2 0my opinion. Though apparently Flounder and Cause for Blindness found a future fire hydrant that had cooling water already spurting from it. They made sure to respect private property and turned the water off after they left. The pack re-grouped at the third and last beer check with Quarterstick and Panic Button zenning their way around the hare to re-join the pack. On his own trail Q-stick found ancient technology, a manual pencil sharpener attached to part of a desk. It was neat how all this came together at this beer check. Fart Connor looks down the newly 20 foot piled landscape and sees an old junk yard, true Trail Treasure! Nothing had been added here since the 70's. I could tell because of the junk. Aluminum without bullet holes, most of it. Just because of all the aluminum is a clue that this was an undisturbed treasure pile. An ancient beer can from the 60's with a pull tab, I know that because beer first made it simple with the pull tab. http://www.irememberjfk.com/mt/2007/10/the_late_great_pull_tab.php, can anyone tell that's Black Label Beer? OK, back to the real world.

All seemed to have made it back safely to circle where the pack reconciled for circle. There was plenty of beer. The RA needs a lot of practice but the respectful circle helped an H5 transition go smoothly, like Exlax. The pack was regaled for acts to be unspoken to the general public. Thanks to our visitors Cause for Blindness, Yeast of Burden, and Skid Marks for helping to spread H5 on the fields of hashing. Thanks to all the rest who came out to have fun with H5, that's about the other 25 who were on trail but weren't acknowledged or dismembered.

Mismanagement is apparently being re-aligned. Deathwish is new GM. Panic Button is new Joint Master, though some discussion about Q-stick to be joint something was mentioned but turned down. Wild Cherry is Hare Raiser, that is a tough job.

That's all I don't know for now
Fart Connor

Hares: Chappy and Puke**50 Woodview Drive, Elizabethtown, PA 17022**

There seems to be a lot of important things in life that are important to oneself, but the most precious of these are the people that make you feel special. I know it has been way past due, but... I will rack my brain to find a way to say what happened to me and some of those around me at the family hash.

Hares: Chappy and Puke

50 Woodview Drive, Elizabethtown, PA 17022

My day started looking forward to the outing put on by Puke Panther & Chappy. I was not to be disappointed. A good turn out of almost twenty or so showed up for the event on a very hot day. There was plenty of activities for the little ones as they played on the impromptu water park. Even some big kids got in on the action. We circled up, the trail was explained and off we went - down the driveway that must be very difficult to handle in the winter season. The hares had an eagle turkey split shortly after the start to keep the group at bay.

We wound around the neighborhood to a BN that was in a brook nearby. I love when that happens! Trying to recover still from the previous Hash, I took my shoes off and soaked up the ankle deep water. While out of nowhere Harley the dog comes darting back & forth up & down stream. (Looking for crayfish I heard.) I climbed out and on to upon the road through a beautiful neighborhood where no one was outside. I was sharing DFL with Eager & Burn, at least I think it was Burn. The trail came to a T in the road & we were not sure where the pack was so the RU was called out. But I took Eager the wrong way. We wound up on trail but had side stepped it a bit, missing a BN that had been stolen. Can you imagine that?

The trail finally left the road to enter a corn field that was probably going to reach nine feet tall by harvest time. Eager, Burn, & I proceed along our steady but DFL pace to arrive back at the on in as FRB. A really shitty trail!

We had plenty of food and beverages to recover with lots of tasty treats.

Circle ensued with all returned including Harley whom got scolded for hashing without permission. Namings were taken into consideration for a wee little girl of Lil' Spermaid maybe. I'm not sure of that though! She shall be known as Nemo for her luv of the character & perhaps to be used as an acronym later in her hash career. Also Just Matt is 2be known as Ass Crack like the duck says 'Ass Crack since he could not seem to contain himself on the kiddie slide.

Memories were made and new friends were met. I saw our granddaughter use a fork for the first time. She also witnessed a tremendous ground display of fireworks that Chappy handled like a pro. Tye dye shirts that were hand made that day were given and then I went home to bed.

On-On
Girth Brooks

7/18/2008 TMINFMH3 Run #108

Full Buck Moon Hash

Hares: DA Piss Mode

Hoss's Steak and Seafood House along Route 322

How you' doin,

I am very glad to see H5 on the road to recovery. We certainly have cum a long way baby. Thanks to all previous & current mismanagement for all that you do! If I would have joined hashing a long time ago, perhaps I would not be so surprised at how much fun it is to get hammered in public. Now that I can seriously get trashed with ya' all I am pretty sure that we should do it again sometime soon. How does this afternoon sound?

The Full Moon Trail last night, proved to me that Friday is a great night for some of those that are unable to usually do trail on a Full Moon. Others can't stay away!

We gathered at point "A" for the prelube, where I did get a good start on the next 11 hours or so of hashing and on-after. So I must say that DaPiss Mode did lay one super shitty trail on a bum ankle. I can not give justice to all of the shit that made this a good time. If you were there you know what I am talkin' about. We had a long full moon trail. I think Lunar influence was in full effect!

The virgins, that made this event their first virgin appearance in quite sometime, came from Flaming Earl Gay(1) and DaPiss Mode (3 or 4)! Usually I can remember names pretty well, not this time though. Sorry bout that all you new boots. I am certain they will be back. www.h5hash.com rocks. It is great to meet great people! ON-ON

I'm not gonna rack my pea brain much longer on this hash trash but some highlights were the many moons that appeared, the downhill that caused 97 percentile of us to blow down, the blood caused by super shiggy, (some of us found it amongst the well marked trail), the high ropes course where Deathwish so well executed a rescue of the beer & shots & a river launch from directly over head (we had to encourage him a bit but his will is very strong to prove he is the master of many talents), Chick's tavern, The head that was served by the beer bitch in circle for down downs, the many sights and sounds the neighborhood was being filled with, the blazing hot fire at "her brothers", food, my virgin flippy cup experience, the smell of almost 40 wankers, the great trail that kept us in close enough proximity of each other to mingle and finally waking up 1" off the ground this morning. No I wasn't levitating. That would be cool, eh? The many memories that will cum to me later are all good. And to all a good night then!

Hoping hashing is with you,
Girth Brooks

Girth, great write up! I am really shiity at writing up hash trash, but Da Piss...YOU ROCK!! That trail raises the bar! It was long, challenging, shiggy (oh yeah!!), wet (yummy!), dirty (who was that dirty school girl virgin??), cuts, bruises, sprains where had by all and lots of old hashers (loved seeing everyone of you all!) and virgins showed up for this full moon experience! H5 is the BEST! looking forward to next one, on on PS

Who you all kiddin? It was a SHITTY trail!! Waaaaa too much shiggy, stinky stinky Swatty water, incredibly STEEP slick hill climbing, getting lost on trail in the dark, yelled at by landowners for trespassing, near misses of being pulverized by not one, but TWO passing trains, a great beer stop with a roaring FIRE to keep us warm (it was a bit chilly at that point) oh..and the RED Kool Aid (I hope we are all still alive..ya know..red kool aid...), two rugrats up on a catwalk that REFUSED to lower the shots to the poor dehydrated hashers (thank you Deathwish for talking the shots down), beer hid in a concrete crypt, being eaten alive by mosquitoes who were all drawn to us by the sweet sweet smell of stinky sweat and Swatty water..yum yum whatdamix..reaching the end of the hash only to find out that DaPissMode DID NOT CONTRACT for the helioper ride out and we had to run all the way back to the road. Gee..no one carries a cell phone on trail..wonder why ***down down for electronics on trail maybe????**** Luckily a hasher did have a quarter so DPM could call someone who cares to come carback us all. Problem is, Dude can only haul one passenger at a time on his bike and get this...chicks only!! Guess there isn't enough room for four balls on two wheels. Nothing like a scenic tour of Hummelstown from one end to the other end on a hot humid stinky night with hashers finally carrying everyone back to point A.

Hares: DA Piss Mode

Hoss's Steak and Seafood House along Route 322

It was an awesome trail in true H5 style. Great Job DPM.

BnT

Hi! Good morning! Are you having a good day?

What's this? It was better before you had to read another soopid email from Dude! Hey I agree. I just screwed my whole day up. Wow what a waste of time, typing and then bothering to send this garbage your way. There ought to be a law against me sending this kind of crap. Oh wait there is...SHHHH

I just wanted to take a few hours of you time and waste it. So by the time you get done reading this it should be time for you to leave work and join the masses on the freeway to nowhere.

Boring huh well don't give up on me just yet I'll get to the point sooner or later.

Well I just wanted to agree with everyone about Da Piss Mode's Full moon hash this friday. Holy smoke what a great trail. Hey by the way who the hell walked off with my two flashlights? I would really like them back.

It all started nice and neat in a Slaughterhouse Parking lot. Cool place to start. Seeing Slimmy and a few others who don't really get around much anymore due to old age, such as Fuzz and Ky, was pretty kewl.

The Chalk talk was great times. Then that's where it all went to hell.....

The trail that never ended.....It almost sounds like the Lizzy Borden song,,,

Da Piss Mode had an ax, she gave the woods a million wacks,

And when she seen what she had done,

She gave the hash a million one.

Does that makes sense? It should if you were on trail. The parking lot was the safest place to be during this entire trail. The first beer chek was nuts...

Over the river and through the woods....

Yeah that little nursery song you sang on the way to Grandma's house really comes to mind about now but it wasn't Grandma's house we were headed to it was,,,

Over the river and into hell, to die on trail we go.... Sounds more fitting. I remember a few virgins asking if this was the end of trail as the approached the first chek. All I could do was laugh.

Yeah finding the second beer chek was tricky. With deranged railroad engineers trying to run us over, it is a good thing the trains can not turn off the tracks, I guess in this case. Because if they could, I think in all reality, they were really trying to hit us.

Second Check same as the first, a little bit louder and a whole lot worse,

I got out to the second chek a little early, I cheated okay. I promised Da piss I'd get her shots back from the little twirp who kidnapped them, but we will get into that. There was a nice fire and Just Leah and her little mini Kilt made things even hotter at Da piss Modes second chek which was also her house. Her brother and the long missing Pastor Bator had fueled a few fires and some cold beer was nearby as well. It was good to find Pator Bator here because last time I saw her she was lost on trail. A year later she finally turns up. Nobody even gave her a down down at circle for returning to the pack finally and get this nobody gave her a down down for not doing trail, and get this no one even gave her a down down for not doing circle....WTF?

What the hell are you doing kid???

Okay the stolen shots were fake and by fake I mean It was all my idea...I enlisted the help of fellow professional climber,,(YEAH he is a professional rock climber and he is only THIRTEEN years old) Just Colby, who hoisted the shots on up and up into the tree. Thus creating a stir.

."Come up and get them BITCH!!!".At least I think that's what he told Deathwish....

The ropeswing and catwalk hung by Colby and Company presented the First real challenge our new GM had to overcome.

He lost his cool in times of fire....All I heard as Deathwish Clambered on out onto a seriously insane rope course was..."GIVE ME THOSE SHOTS YOU LITTLE F#KER" unknown to him as he shook and shook trying to shake and shake he did , only problem for him was the unseen harness Just Colby was wearing for a safety. So this presented a challenge. unable to shake the kid from the tree Deathwish then Pleaded and begged. It worked Just Colby felt bad that Deathwish had begun crying and handed over the yummy goods.

All was good and Deathwish made the pack happy by attempting to swing from the thirtry foot platform. Then a good bunch of others took their chances on the ropeswing of death including some female virgin who got the crowd all wound up by her sweet swingin style or was it her nice ass?

If all your friends jumped off a cliff would you follow???

Appearantly you would because everyone of us on trail that night followed nDa' Piss Mode's flour right off the edge of a cliff. No Shit. it was a cliff and over we went. The bottom was a tiny little ledge bordered by the crick and a rock wall that Superman would have had to jump twice to get over.

I missed the concrete bunker beer check because I was following Girth, Fuzz Luna and Just Unkle Dave into I have no Idea where. We did end up finding our way to the railroad bed. All the while we could hear everyone else below us some hundred feet down singing more beer.

You think this trash is long,,well trail was even longer...

It didn't end here or there but upon finding some flour at the base of a hill and heading over yet another crick crossing we entered a old Quarry road and on on and on we ran. I think we went all the way to Gotham City because the beer was in the Batcave. Wow No sense for me to cuntinyou rambling. Everyone pretty much got lost at this point with some heading to the end of the real trail in the old Quarry and finding the flourless Da Piss Mode awaiting with no further beer, and some just went into the mist. A few ended up at Chicks some wandered aimlessly about the ends of the earth until discovered and returned to the safe haven and a few just disappeared.

I hearby nominate Da Piss Mode for most insane full moon trail of the year. and a two thumbs up to all who actually completed trail.

Dude Where's My Mullet

Hares: DA Piss Mode**Hoss's Steak and Seafood House along Route 322**

I agree, it was an incredible trail. Longer than most full moon hashes which was cool. The virgins all seemed to like it. Great on-after too. Thank you Da Piss Mode!

FEG

This is the second time I've tried to post my thanks. Let's see if it goes through. I'd like to thank everyone who showed up for my hash. It was wonderful having you. Thank you Dude for your immeasurable help. I never knew just how much work went into doing a trail until I did it by myself. Thank you Pastorbatur and my bro for keeping the homefires burning, literally! Thank you Wild Cherry for lending me your tap and giving me an empty keg to turn in. Thank you M'Orally for bringing food and setting it out. Thank you Slimmy for being the RA. Thank you for taking my coolers back to my house whoever you are, it was much appreciated. Thanks to Just Dan, Dude, BABS, Girth, and Slimmy for the witching hour flip cup tournament; it was a blast. If I missed anyone, Thank you thank you thank you.

My next haring adventure will be October 4th in celebration of my birthday. Mark your calendars now! Da Piss Mode

7/12/2008 H5 Run #342

Puddle Pirate Hash

Hares: Little Red Ride Me Hard, Wild Cherry and Just P

'Ere's to all the Wankers

It was a dark and stormy night, somewhere but not where we were. The pack gathered at a secret spot just off the Exit 57 of Route 81, a well known secret On On place. Beers were shared and conversations started about today's trail and resurrecting H5 from the ashes like a Phoenician. A beautiful Conodoguinet, Pennsylvania summer afternoon of about 90 humid degrees was provided. Would the hare's promise of streams, beer, and lots of flour on trail hold true? Many were attired pirately for trail.

Introductions were made and the pack took off right on hash time like a herd of municipal workers. M'Orally Challenged and Bring 'Em Hung made it in hash time after Map Questing themselves. Two virgins were in attendance, Just Mike from parts unknown who found us on the internet and She Came's sister Just Beth came out on a beautiful Saturday is a Hahsing Day trail. The trail retraced part of last years trail but the pack didn't meander about in huge circles and was on Wild Cherry's part of trail like hashers on beer. Into a nice cool rivulet in the shady Woods of Penn with some not wanting to get their feet wet so soon the pack did go in the quest for beer, the trail was well marked with flour especially considering the small amount of flour in Wild Cherry's awesome over the shoulder flour bag. It sure pays to have lots of flour stashed along the way. Nice mowed trails through the woods till we got to a streamy underpass with a beer check, yea! This is what it's all about. About 30 hashers gathered, ankle deep in water, drinking beer, and 15 different conversations going on. Three dogs were in attendance too. Little Sunny was taking no shit off Beer Slut, said Beer Slut wasn't doing anything, and Delia came out and barked for no reason too.

From here the pack got rather strung out and I recall that as we were zig-zagging through the posted and patrolled territory a curious home owner went outside wondered what we were doing. I think these were the only people we saw outside all day. The rest of the Pepsi Generation was home in their air-conditioned Gypsy RV's parked in the driveway because that way they got to enjoy nature only they didn't have to drive 400 miles to rent a parking spot in a driveway. So anyhow the trail went downstream through another underpass that wasn't more than knee deep as long as you didn't take A Step To The Left, or a Step To The Right, depending what side of the movie theater you are watching the Rocky Horror Picture Show on while going through the water to a grog check at the Conodoguinet Creek. Bein' in the back of the pack crossing the Conodoguinet, I hope I'm spelling that right Flounder, and seeing the front of the pack crossing back over further up was sort of neat. It was worth it too because there was another beer check before crossing back over. I think we were a little bit off trail because we came across this mud. It wasn't just regular mud, but industrial strength, more than just sneaker sucking mud, La Brea Mud Pit mud. This was Chesapeake Bay dead zone mud, nickel-cadmium, nitrogen, dead body, e-coli, Sam N Ella's Restaurant leftovers, and it smelled good too. I felt the need to dive in and pull out a mastodon but had no luck. Deathwish had a nice green aqua-haired Predator type dreadlocks to continue trail with. In a misguided effort to find trail a few, including Deathwish with dreadlocks ended up at Rt. 81 and not wanting to give up the high ground shortcutted. Deathwish right across Rt. 81 and the rest up a short distance to the next road and caught up with the front of the pack. It was tough to tell what part of the trail Little Red Ride Me Hard and Just Paul laid because it went together so well. T was a great trail, thanks.

Meanwhile back at Wild Cherry's the pack re-gathered and got ready for erections and circle in his garage. It was a rather respectful circle especially considering the attention span of hashers. Hashers were admonished to not go in Wild Cherry's front yard naked or to have sex there either, Code 69 for officer Wankerbe, sex in the front yard. It might even be construed as a yard sale at a whorehouse. Just Stummy was named "30 Gays in the Hole" and Just Paul was named "Pocket Rocket". Deathwish is our new GM, I'm not sure who is co-GM is. Hopefully H5 is back to abnormal. The hash left in peace to get a piece.

On On
Fart Connor

6/28/2008 H5 Run #341

5th Anal Perry Cunty Campout Hash

Hares: Dude Where's My Mullett**Melon Balls and Licky Me's House**

just wanted to take this few moments before I pass into a pain-killer induced coma, and thank every one who came out to the 5th 5th Anal Perry County hash. thanks to the Hares for such a great trail. Thanks to Slim Jim for coming down and getting shit-faced with us. A special thank you to Fart Connors for taking the time to royally fuk the hell out of Circle.. I believe that has got to be a new World record for longest

Hares: Dude Where's My Mullet**Melon Balls and Licky Me's House**

circle at a hash. Wow five and a half hours in circle and we even got a break for dinner. Good times all in all.

Sincerely Yours
Dude Where's My Mullet
Your least intelligent choice for Hare-Raiser

Mullett-

Since you are already on pain killers, please come to my house and help me put my air conditioner in my living room window. It only weighs 150 lbs. I know you can do it. Tell you what. I'll even pick you up at your house and then drop you off at the hospital (or morgue) afterwards. Ruffie

No drama here. I was HONORED to Hare such a famous (YAH RIGHT) hash. The only problem I have is next year there has to be more sheep. By the time my turn came around they were all sloppy and saggy from Fart giving them "MORE WOOD" other than that, all was good. I have to say Purry Cunty is one awesome landscape for hashing. Bailing would not have been good karma because a good few people look forward to the pillaging and raping that comes along with the Perry County hash. It was my fault as Hare that we ran out of beer. I over looked the fact that few others were arriving through the evening and assumed that a quarter would cover the rest of the evening with everybody running back and forth to the bar down the street anyway. My bad. Kudo's to 4-FU and Da Piss for running for the second keg. Kudo's to MB for all the shit he got ready for me in advance, The tables the RV the Bathroom for the Lady folk, etc. Kudo's to Fart for "More Wo od". Kudo's to Slimmy and Puke for Bitching at Fart in circle because I could not at the time. Jeers to Fart for his Five hour circle of doom, jeers to Fart for not sending us a Hash Trash he promised, jeers to Chappy for rambling on about problems that no one wanted to help fix but everyone wanted to bitch about. Cheers to Slimmy for actually completing a trail from start to finish. Cheers to She Came for such great record keeping, Cheers to Puke Panther for being a Big brother to a few newer hashers and teaching them the ways of the kennel. Cheers also to Puke Panther for quieting a few rowdy hashers when he sat them on the ground after a wrestling match and sat on them till they promised to be good. Thanks for having us and thanks again for such a great hashventure. FART WHERE THE HELL IS THE HASH TRASH YOU LAZY WANKER YOU?

Dude

How's this for lazy, though I might have a few other points to add, some in my own defense. Dude's trail filled in the missing link from last year's trail. It was a nice hot day to wade across the Juniata River twice and still be on trail.

As for the long circle, if I recall correctly, we ran out of beer in the middle of circle, so there, thbbbbbt!!!! I don't recall anybody saying, "Hey, let's drink Fart's Old Milwaukee!" While waiting for beer to return for the circle I did enjoy Licky Mee's swimming pool. I do recall that when some pool water sloshed into my Old Milwaukee can the beer didn't taste any different. So beer finally returned to circle and I recall being admonished to say, "May the hash get a piece!"

I was wondering why many went to the local bar because I felt no need. Melon Balls told me that somewhere along the line Delia and his new dog had words. I talked to his dog Sunday morning and the dog told me that some bitch was taking over his territory.

There was also naked fire twirling. For some reason on Sunday I felt too crappy to write.

Lame ass trash
Fart Connor

6 /18/2008 TMINFMH3 Run #107**Full Strawberry Moon Hash****Hares: Lunachic and Eager Beaver**

I was able to attend the Full Moon Hash hared by Eager last week. Let me tell ya, a fine endeavor for Eager Beaver to cover on short notice for her co-hare Lunachic out sick! As you know these gals can turn a full moon hash into a priceless moment. So we missed your furry face Delia and you Fart because we had some kodak moments for sure.

Like when we spent longer at the first check then we did waiting for the hares to get a lead on us from circle, which I missed the most of. (I do believe Lunachic's spirit was with Eager as she floured the trail that they laid out.) Exceptional Trail!!!!!!

I remember about 24 of us, with Reading represented and several virgins, some of them serving us as part of the military force. No one from Philly, I asked.

At one point there were a few of us bridge- jumping into the creek. I didn't jump, but I learned it could be done if I ever get the gumption to do it.

There was the time down stream or maybe upstream, which was on on, that we happened upon a BN. Wellhell if you happen to be off trail cause you don't want to get your feet wet, I saw that people do most daring beer rescues because they know the reward is worth the challenge. Carve a trail with your ass Da Piss Mode decided. This was steep

/

Hares: Lunachic and Eager Beaver

kinda like that

I had a great time coaxing our half-minded nature enjoying beer chugging friends on to safety and beer dependence . Some great pictures that I think OE has. By the way OE made a cool bead necklace with my name on it ! Way Cool !!!

I know that I.D. and I were remembering last year when these hares got their trail washed away in a category 15 on the scary thunderstorm carry your beer through the pouring rain in the woods down the stream trail.

Another memory that stands out is the serenades, tributes, and hashing out we did in the massive bridge echo chamber thingy BN .

I totally missed circle at B accused of FRB, beer abuse and falling down on trail. I musta got lost after getting back to A for my vehicle.

On-ON

Girth Brooks

6 /14/2008 H5 Run #340

Bimbo Birthday Hash (KY's 6th Anal Birthday Hash)

Hares: KY and She Came

Evangelical Free Church

Just remember- All you need to know is:

Between 12 & 3!!!!

haha-
Angel

Oh no ANGEL, don't get that started again!

Hey – Thanks to all you great hashers who showed up for our birthday hash.

I wanted an old Quarry Rd type party and I got it!

Great food, great fun, great debauchery. Thanks for all the gifts and food everyone. You rock!

~ KY ~

GREAT TRAIL ON SAT. PUMP KIN HEAD AND MYSELF HAD SUCH AN EXCELLENT TIME. THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING AND WE HOPE YOU AND SHE CAME HAD A GREAT BIRTHDAY.

-DIK JAG HER

Hey 'Ya KY

Great hash Saturday. I stayed too late on Saturday, so I could drive home sober, and couldn't stay awake long enough to do a Hash Trash. Sunday was Fathers Day, my dad and mom should be 89 and 85 this year, so I was busy on Sunday. As opposed to the hash song, Monday thru Friday are being at work at 7AM days, shit.

Thanks for the Trespassing
Fart Connor

Belated Hash Trash

I stayed too late at KY's and Rubber Dickies to go home and write stupid shit and I do actually have a life that's not as fun as hashing so that kind of got in the way.

Due to the 2:69 start time me and Delia arrived looking for Free Evangelicals but all we saw were the hares She Came and KY blatantly carrying a cooler over a No Trusspassing sign, I can rat them out now, I figured they had permission. A healthy crowd gathered, or at least there were a lot of hashers, and She Came demonstrated to the virgins with flour how the hares would mess up the trail. The hares took off right on hash time.

Respecting the H5 12 minute head start for a live hare trail the pack drank beer in a church parking lot. From the parking lot the pack saw the hares split up. After the required amount of waiting the pack took off and some followed KY's trail that went right to her house to a check back almost to the start. It was the beginning of the trail because the pack was stupid enough to leave the On In place to do the trail and all ran back to stomp through posted property. A short distance later beer was found in a hole created by a large tree being blown over and all was well for a short time.

Both the hares claim to have gotten lost on trail which might explain multiple trails that I think led to more Trespassing of the neighborhood. I have to give the hares credit here though, at least they had plenty of flour to entertain the locals. I do recall that it was a nice warm end of spring day and wondered why we were the only ones outside. So where the hell were all the other "normal" people and kids on this nice day? Yeah, Fart Connor feels a 70's rant cumming on. It was a nice warm humid Susquehanna day in Penns Woods and I think the pussy generation was home in their air conditioned computer world with their parents that survived the 70's. Lemme tell you, I had it rough in the 70's! Just for the record, in November of 1970 I turned 12 years old. My parents didn't get a color TV till about 1985 and they finally got air conditioning around 1990. So anyhow, some summer near 1970 my mom asks me what I am doing. I'm a stupid kid and reply, "Nothing". After the invitation of helping to dust the blinds I quickly learned that I always had something to do. Sometimes on hot days I found stuff to do in the basement. It was cool down there in more ways than one. I could root through stuff that my dad had packratted away. That might help explain the "Barn O' Hashing". It's sort of stupid that right now I'm watching the 1976 remake of King Kong, this movie sucks. How many kids won't watch a movie because it's not in color? So anyhow the basement left me too close so I learned to go bicycling. Sometimes I'd go

Hares: KY and She Came**Evangelical Free Church**

to my buddy Pottsie's house and we would work on our bikes. Yea, before Happy Days I had a buddy whose real name was David Potts. OK, I'd really go there to ogle his sister Marsha Marsha Marsha. His family was one of the first to have cable tv and we would watch professional wrestling and bang each others heads into the wall in a childish imitation. This is also when I got into recycling. That sort of led me to beer can collecting. I think the pull tab for beer cans was invented by a prison inmate in 1964 and was first used by the Iron City Brewing Company, somebody Snopes that. This was when it was safe to ride a bike without a helmet but those safety flags on a 6 foot fiberglass pole sure could put an eye out. I'd find returnable bottles and junk yards with copper stuff. That's how I paid my way to YMCA camp and Boy Scout camp. A few years before this I had a red Schwinn one speed with coaster brakes but had now graduated to K-Mart 10 speed that at some point was stuck in 7th gear. There were lots of fishn' holes within a half hours ride at top speed. Did you ever have crayfish boiled in a Volkswagon hubcap?

So anyhow we're back on trail and going past a home with a lady outside on her deck on the cell phone. I hear the words, "and there's more of them cumming out of the woods". She must have been paranoid from watching "Invasion of the White People" and called the police. As the will of G would have it the pack was at a beer check in a civilians back yard and the Nazi Dery Police Township passed by without lights flashing looking for people outside on a warm day.

The trail went onward through woods that we didn't see any posted signs and the pack encountered a road. Shortly after this one of the things that I think is so cool about hashing happened. As usual I was back somewhere near the middle or back of the pack and see many gathered at an unmarked location at a house that had the American flag respectfully and prominently displayed. Four young civilians beckoned the hash to their front yard and broke out a case of beer! Apparently one of the hares, KY, must have wondered what happened to the pack because they weren't at the next on trail beer check about 100 yards up the hill and arrived in her vehicle to find the pack off trail. The civilians were invited to KY's for the ON In and the pack was off to the next beer check just up the hill.

Somewhere on the way back to KY's there was a shot check too. Back at KY's the hares, KY and She Came were disrespected and many others were abused. The civilians joined us and some who couldn't attend trail attended the On After. Fart Connor

Nothing beats Fart Conner's Hash Trash & Tales of the past ! I was hoping to attend this spectacular outing butt, my boss got me out of bed to work on short notice on Saturday . Thanks for the insight though . Sorry I missed it really and Happy Birthday F* You Hashers. These are always a lot of fun anyway. I had one thrown for me before I was named . I got trashed .Girth Brooks

Hares: Self Service, T-Bo, Quarterstick, and Eager Beav

Thanks to the hares yesterday for going out and giving us the hash we all love (atleast me). Self Service , Quarterstick and Eager Beaver and all those that make hashing a joy!!!

On-On

Girth Brooks

Hares: Knobgoblin**315 Ravendale Rd (Knobby's Old House)**

Sorry this took so long but I've been busy. Sunday was Herseypark, Monday was the regular hash. Tuesday night I traveled to Rochester to go to another water park on Wednesday and well now it's Thursday. Anyway, the following is the events that occurred last Saturday into early Sunday morning as I remembered them or will blatantly make up.

So the day started off with about a dozen Nittany's at the former residence of Knobgoblin and Beaverstick's to pack all their worldly possessions into one 17ft. U-haul trailer. It was hotter than a witches tit out there (who came up with that expression and what the hell does it even mean) but we got the truck loaded in about two and a half hours.

While not everyone could take part in the full weekend of debauchery Sux, Europe'an Whore, Shocker, Puke Chute, and myself all drove down with Knobby and Beaverstick to their new home. The drive down was long to say the least. The way Knobby had mapped out unfortunately had a bridge that only had a mere 8'2 clearance. The U-haul was listed at 11' but that would be like me saying I'm 6'. Despite the over exaggeration by U-haul, the truck was still too big the get under the bridge, although I bet if we had had some of the Legion of Dumb with us we could have pulled it off. So after our three hour drive took about 4 hours we finally arrived at the home.

Back in the f*cking middle of nowhere they managed to find a cool english-style brick cottage and awaiting our arrival was a large gathering of H5er's. Unpacking the truck only took about 20 minutes with Dude leading the operation.

Conveniently after all the work was done Tour, Sux and EW finally showed up after stopping at the ABC in Gettysburg to "pick up the kegs". Since the truck was empty we set upon dispensing the beer from the kegs. We quickly realized we had two minor issues. We had no ice

Hares: Knobgoblin**315 Ravendale Rd (Knobby's Old House)**

and since all Knobby's tools were packed we couldn't tighten the CO2 tank to the tap system. Luckily Wild Cherry had a adjustable wrench in his car that was up to the challenge and we dispatched Panic Button to procure ice.

Even though Puke Chute decided to run a half m**th*n over to Knobby's earlier in the morning he agreed to help lay trail. Trail was live and there were three beer checks. It began by going back into the woods and then back and to the left of the property. Shocker was the Nittany rules FRB by finding the beer at the first beer check. It should have been Quarterstick but as Shocker put it Qstick's ADD got the better of him. He saw plenty of trees that were just begging to be swung from. Trail beer was hot Koch's lager. What woman doesn't enjoy a good hot Koch. From here we did a lot of friggin circles and most of the pack actually missed the second beer check and a boob check which was at the house. The third beer check was on the border of the next property where there was an outhouse. Fart Connor managed to get another picture of his dog Delhia (sp?) on the shitter. Why does he collect pictures of his dog on the shitter? I have know idea so you'll have to ask him. By this point the bugs were getting bad and we decided to head back to the house so we could start circle.

H5 claims it was technically one of their hashes so Tour ran circle. For some reason the hares did about 10 down-downs. Then there were three new boots and Slimy got the H5 rules FRB. I say any ruling where Slimy gets the FRB has got to be flawed! Can't remember any other specifics but there were many, many, many down-downs and fun was had by all. I do remember Fart preferring his Old Swillwaukee over any of the other wonderful beers we had for circle.

After dinner of burgers, dogs and assorted salads the standard hash games (3man and beer pong) started. Puke Chute was the first to splork at the new house and I was to first to be splorked. Thanks to Austin Shitty Limits (for some reason i don't even think this is his hash name but that what everyone was calling him, talk about confusing) an interesting rule was brought up in three man where you weren't allowed to say any numbers. As the party wound down Tour and Panic Button sang songs until about 2 am on the front porch. They tried to keep the party rolling by doing their best impersonation of the roving band of traveling assholes but it was to no avail.

This is my story and I'm sticking to it!

On-On!
Circle

Thanks to Circle Jerkinator for the Hash Trash! A great time was had by all and the house is AWESOME! Congratulations to Knobgoblin and Beaverstick on finding their new home.

I was glad to meet the Nittany Hashers. And, by the way, the flawed H5 FRB rule is still in place - Slim Jim got it at the very next Hash on Sunday, TOO!

Go Slimmy!!

Marsha Marsha Marsha

Hares: Lunachic

Let me just say Thank You to all of you that came out for the Lunar spectacular !! There was quite the hash to remember . I nominate Lunachic for Hare of the Year !!! Am I perhaps bias ? I don't think so. I do know that when Lunachic hares a trail ,that there is a certain group of followers that always try to cum. Ha-Ha. She really does appreciate that. If you cunt make it ,your bag , hope to see ya soon!!

I was at home , no more than a mile from start ,in the middle of a golf swing exercise .(Hey now !!!!!!! Wii sports you pervs.)I heard a horn blow which meant that I had to get my arse in gear. Just a moment later the occupants of the horn blower were back to see what was happening. Panic Button & a virgin Just Ryan had made their way to our house to wait out the start time. I wrapped up the golf moment and set out to get ready for the anything is possible Lunachic Full Moon Trail .Wearing my home team Pittsburgh Penguins Jersey ,white pants with black sliding shorts ,I was ready for anything ! Luna drove Anal Nicole , Just Dan and I to the gathering for Circle just before 7:30 p.m.

Some were already there ! Such as Flaming Earl Gay, Screw ,Interior Deficater(who just had a falling out with his best friend and was very devastated and distraught) ,Just Debra, A.N.G.E.L. & Marley (from R3). Late cummers before circle were Big Rig & Jello (from R3), Just Paul ,whom I overheard later saying that this was much better the 2 'nd time around & Just Corrinnda . (More on her later.) We could here Dude's Bike cumming in the distance . It dropped off Da Piss Mode and proceeded to drive away with Dude Where's My Mullit still at the reigns. He gathered control (of perhaps the first official mechanical Hasher) and joined us for the tasty brewHaHa ,which our Hares Anal Nichole and Lunachick so graciously supplied .Sticky Bunnz and Wild Cherry showed up shortly before the last of the great group

Hares: Lunachic

FuzzBuster arrived .

All was set, after Hashcash was takin' care of and we circled up ,with beers in hand , to explain to the virgin what he may cum up against on trail .Totally confused ? He seemed ready to the challenge . He has heard of Hashing for several years now . Panic Button must have been relentless to have his way with him to join us ! Finally he took the challenge . From what I could see he was up to it and had a great time. What ? Not surprised?

On-On we went east on Rails To Trails twelve minutes after the Hares left us . I was DFL knowing that I would be right back up front soon . This was where I got my running problem to begin with about 35 years ago .I was very comfortable in my stride as I made my way to the first check . We had to pound the full 32' of pavement across rt. 117 to a place where I remember my Father sold watermelons floating in the spring water at Buck Shot Spring. This was closed down in the 1980's I think. We drank most of the beers there which were Quart bottles of Lager . Cleaned up and moved up hill in State game forest . I heard some deer moving to our left as we went through the very dark forest. The cloud cover shunned the Moon. Into a skunk cabbage swampy area and down the hill through a fine version of Mt. Gretna lowland shiggly. WE broke out of the well marked trail in the woods to a 1/4 mile or so of open road. There was very little traffic on this usually busy road .

Crossing the pavement again to a small fisherman's trail that led us to a surreal area that took me back to a calmer time 30 years ago. For Big Rig , it reminded him of Kentucky. I gave up fishing when I turned 21 .(No license needed for beer drinking) Can you imagine if we needed to get a permit to drink ? UUUGGGHHHH !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Marley enjoyed playing fetch with various logs in the trout stream . Anyway I stirred up some old fish stories and Dude did some Legion of Dumb stuff by doing an alien impression 10' feet up two saplings.

We drank all the beer and Just Dan had convinced us all to follow him to trail that he found out of the BN . Five measly flour dots later I hear it is a False. That almost earned him the name erectionally challenged Maybe that is for someone at a later time , mayhaps .In the distance I heard Sticky yell "ON-ON Bring a flashlight". I thought she couldn't find something that had to do with Screw! Never mind !

Soooo off we go winding our way back in the woods , on the rails trail ,across 117, over Buck Shot Spring to the On-In .Not finished yet though ,Luna takes us all up to the spring house where, circle was held (She found it scouting trail.) I had another flashback of being a teenager. I know that area very well !!

Screw took over as circle was ordered up . Down Downs ensued and and many terrific Hash songs were sung. Two namings were in order .Just Corrinnda (almost named cums and giggles)will henceforth be known as "Little Red Ride Me Hard" because among other things, she dawned a brilliant shade of Red Hair for the evening, & Just Dan will be known as Nuget (however it is spelled pronounced NEWGET) because he like always eats junk food and is a little 18 year old that passes for 12 years old at the all you can eat buffet (that may be a good Hash name also.) We dispensed from there around 11.00 P.M. Realizing I had the car keys and Luna was 5 minutes a head , I went to the old rail road bed where I staggered as I ran ,taking two steps sideways and one step forward to reach out to the car just a moment before they arrived. Lucky Me.

Dude & Da Piss Mode met us at our house where we looked at the progress that was made on the Chicken coop . We kept the party going till Dude and Da Piss Mode got bundled up in their vermedically sealed travel gear for the chilly ride home, and we finally turned in around 12:30 A.M. for a Happy Ending !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

1 2 3

ON-ON

Girth Brooks

"Pop-pop could you tell us a story?" the little boy asked to the elderly man who sat beside him on the park bench. It was a warm summer day, with the sun bright overhead, and few passing clouds drifting slowly overhead. The trio children crammed onto the park bench beside their aging grandfather watching the ducks swim circles in the calm pond that lay front of them. "Well little fella, I haven't much time they will be here soon but okay.." the elderly man asked, "What kind of story do you want to hear?" "Tell us one from when you were younger. Please?" cried the teenaged youth who sat at the far end of the bench. "I always like those hasher tales you tell so well." "Hmm, ok let me think." replied the old man. "Alright, It was I believe 2008." pausing to catch his thoughts before continuing the old man looked to the sky with a smile forming on his face. Beaming with pride as the recollections flooded his mind. His eyes suddenly became clear as he remembered old friends and old faces..

"It was the end of May I remember well. We had quiet a cold spring that year and it was just as chilly that night as it was in February of that year." He sighed and continued on "We gathered in a parking lot along a winding back road,, you see back then the state game lands were more then just tennis courts and soccer fields. We had trees too. that night was one of the full moon. and I remember this one well because Luna Chik had gotten the group of us together....."

It was around 7:30 that night when we all arrived,, fuzz buster running late as usual, Panic Button, Flaming Earl Gay, Da' Piss Mode, Girth Brooks, And even a few from Reading turned out to see what a real hash looks like. With a virgin in the midst Luna and Anal Nicole took a few minutes to explain the deal, and gave some very fine examples of flour art. After taking flight the group that included a rare just Corrinnda waited round as the sun set to our backs. the moon rising thru the trees full and bright. It was not long before the restless pack took flight and pursued the witty hares. the trail took us winding down a state trail before sending us flying into the woods, and bringing us back out to the road for a chek at an old natural spring marker. It looked as if it was once an altar for tree huggin hippies. Caps were popped and forties of ale were emptied. After that we took to the trees once more and followed a narrow stream through and by till arriving some short time later to a small clearing where we had discovered even more ale awaiting us. A small group got together and started BBQ'in chicken. Angel who just out of curiosity had come to an H5 hash to see what a real hash was supposed to look like had brought along her pooch who tried to steal the large log everyone had been sitting on. It was kinda funny to see a cocoa colored lab try to pull a twenty foot log with ten or so people sitting on it.

Anyway that's when Dude, with his lungs full of chicken and his head full of shit, decided to climb two trees at once. He went flying to the top of the thirty or so foot tall saplings faster then anyone had thought possible. As a matter of fact the dog even got stunned and decided dude was just not right and bit him on the ass as he hit ground, as if to say what the fuk. It was then decided that Dude had to do it once more so everyone could see it this time as the first happened so fast it was just a blur. Somewhere around that time a conversation was going on about someone had scouted trail in advance of the pak. while everyone was standing around drinking, Little Just Dan decided to run out ahead and have himself a look see. It was kinda funny Because when he was telling the tale of trail to be, Dude even asked him "Are you sure it is not a false?" Well just Dan replied hell no it aint no false. So with him in the lead and the pack in tow behind him we all set off through the trees to what was soon discovered to be A FALSE TRAIL. So as the saying goes,,,About Face, and March. Boots were embedded into the offending ass, and we cuntinoyued on. Off we went in the other D'erection. The woods Fairies and gnomes of the night must have gotten plenty amused with us because they just happened to open a warp portal that brought us right back to the same tree hugger altar that the first check point was located at. Well okay so it was just a cold spring marker.. Butt further behind it where we ventured for the on after was the real altar. A large stone slab sitting amongst some fairly large sassafras trees and We then proceeded to have circle.

Hares: Lunachic

"Grandpa what's Circle?" "well little one let me finish and you will soon see." The elder man replied to the little girl who now sat in front of him on the ground. "We had Screw present that night so He took on duties of the R.A. and proceeded to mangle the hell out of some good songs with his cat like voice that I am sure if anyone driving by slowly would have sworn we holding some sort of ritual out at that altar. Screw brought in the hares and it was decided they laid a great trail. double Down Downs were given due to the extremely small sized flagons present." "Wait what's a flagon?" Asked the young man who sat beside his grandfather on the park bench. "A flagons a mug you idiot!" the elder boy beside him yelled smacking him upon his head with his open hand messing the younger boys hair up as he did it. "Now now you want me to finish?" asked the old man. " Well as it seems Screw did a fine job as R.A. and Just Corinda Finally got her dream of being a named hasher. no longer can she venture out to a hash and use her nerd name for forever on from that moonlight night was she to be known as Little Red Ride Me Hard. Just Dan became a named hasher as well. His luck was a small chance better and he became Nougat. The night convened with even more singing and merry making as Screw led us through some wonderful renditions of old classics and new parodies as well. What a night that was. Fine spirits and even better friendships. All tossed together under the light of the moon to make for an absolutely enjoyable atmosphere." "So tell us some more..." the little girl sitting in the grass called out.. Just then a group of brightly dressed joggers went running by and the old mans ears perked to the cry of "On-On" sent out by one of the runners in the lead... "Another time young one I must be going take care. I shall see you'se later.. with that the old man jumped to his feet and reached into his pocket pulling out a mangled looking cigarette. He joined in with the crowd of runners striking up a pace with a few younger people in red dresses. "Want some chicken?" he said to a girl running next to him in a red prom type dress with a rainbow wig upon her head.... "Sure!" she replied.....

Dude

Were they one-legged ducks? Otherwise, why would they be swimming in circles? That's sad....

T-Bo

Hares: M'Orally and George Wash In Cum

1912 Haverhill Rd. parkville , Md 21234

After the skies cleared and made way to the grande sunshine Hu Phlung Pu, Anal Nicole, and myself all piled into Hu's sleek limo and were showfered all the way to the house of Challenged Cum in beautiful upstate Merryland, where we had some real hard times parking, there was to many choices and neither of us could figure it out, as to where we should park,,left side facing down the street right side facing up the street, so Anal said "Fuck it" and had the driver park on the left side facing up the street, and it was It was then we, upon exiting the fine carriage, caught first whiff of an overripe keg that was in desperate need of emptying and we followed the delicious aroma around the back of the house to find a solitary keg just waiting to soothe our parched lips, and massage our aching livers, while awaiting the arrival of the rest of the enormous pak that showed up in due time and soon the hares M'Oraly Challenged and George Washincum were bounding out of sight, soon to be followed at a very non-leisurly pace,by Bobbing for butt plugs, myself and some other hasher, who was tall enough to see over the trees, and the rest pack took flight, and went bounding down the trail not so gracefully, but I'm sure you are not going to believe me when I tell you that the first beer chek was only twenty feet from the start, go finger huh, anyway it was not twenty feet from the start, the first beer chek was twenty two feet from the start, but as it seems the really tall guy said fuk it slammed his brew, and, hey wait no I really can't remember his name it was too damn long to even consider remembering, and it took him five minutes to say it, anyway me and my damn A.D.D. back to the story, the really tall guy took off from the chek and left dude standing in the woods with no guide, so after bumping into a few trees and almost walking off a cliff dude here bumped into Bobbing for butt plugs, as he was cumming down trail and soon realized that B.F.B.P. according to the braille on his chest was not the thing dude was looking for, wrong plumbing,, so off we went only to cum across a shot chek that two hashers, who were looking for it with eyes that work a whole hell of a lot better then dude's,, just ran right by,,yummy. Dude was tempted to sit there and drink the shots in his lonesome, butt was nice enough to shout, "Hey you dumbassess Ya walked right by them" ,, anyway that's about it.,, after fording some very large streams Vagina Whiner, and Dude decided to climb thru waste deep water, and crawl on their bellies, through some 40 feet of sewer pipe, for a very nice photo opp, but that's about the last time anyone of the pack saw anyone else in the pac, because the entire trail fell to pieces and EVERYONE then proceeded to get lost, till Geiorge W who had ran out of flour and decided to guide the pack from chek to chek, got the pak even further lost., and then he disapeared into the woods himself, so Stik It in My Socket and a few others including a hasher from Chicago then said fuk dis, and tried to return to the last logical mark that was seen but that was all the way back at the start, and after rounding a bend in the woods, and cumming to a clearing, we witnessed a herd,, and by herd I mean at least seven or eight deer including a few fawns who were no bigger then a small dog,, all bounding through a field, and I am not exaggerating when I say they cleared a seven foot fence in one graceful bound like it was nothing, way cool to see, so with trail lost beyond finding, Stik it and a few others went back to the first beer chek, where it was remembered that there was a whole cooler of beer left sitting, after finishing the remaining beer, G.W. showed up and says hey lets go down the road and get the other shot chek, cool so Stik it and G.W. and, I forget who else climbed down into a sewer pipe under the road for something that tasted like alcoholic pepto-bismal and even looked like it too. Holy shit I need to start a new sentence here so nobody complains aout run-on sentences, but hey at least it aint a rambling paragraph, right? After the return of all the missing hashers Dude was elected to ruin circle God only knows why, and did the shittiest job imaginable, totally fukin the entire thing up beyond any and all logical reason. I do believe that Just Angie got named as well as just Kevin,, I am rather certain that J.A. became now and forever to be known as Dik Jag Her,, and for some reason I can't recall what the hell we named J.K. I had it all written down and even stuk it in my pocket but fuk lost shit is lost shit me and my old-timers disease....

there I started a new paragraph so there is no complaints about rambling paragraphs ...run on sentences are bad enough, but who the hell wants to read a rambling paragraph. After circle a few hopeless basket cases got clamped. V.W. got his balls caught in the trap, and when it was pried off it snapped shut on M'Orally's nether region leaving her wincing in pain, the trap then proceeded to be pried of and was again found clamped on a few other nipples and ended up going crazy and attacked G.W.C.'s privates with relentless abandon. I think that someone was nice enough to pry it off before his testicles turned purple. Somewhere around this time a slew of home brew was brought out. A few weird flavors were to be had including some really weird Viagra infused brew that did nothing but make my nipples pokey for the remainder of the night. King Kong made an appearance and was caught having pleasurable moments with M'orally Challenged. I feel bad for date rape barbie who is sure to see the photos on hashspace and freak. Anyhow it was a really good trail with really good people and if you were not there you missed a hell of a great time. sorry about your luk. The rest is history.

Dude.

Hey all,

Sorry we didn't see more of you here. The trail ,as it was , was good , plenty of scenery. Everyone missed the slime slide , save for

Hares: M'Orally and George Wash In Cum**1912 Haverhill Rd. parkville , Md 21234**

Dude, Creamy Dog Crap, Stik It In..., and Fey Lay. As I had planned for about 25, there was more than enough adult beverages. The home brew was great (thanks Just Rob) We partied until a bit after midnight, except Just April, who was passed out by 8. For the turn out, I was pleased to have a nearly kicked keg. Just Angee was indeed named Dik Jag Her, and Just Kevin will now and forever more be known as Bring Em Hung. Thanks to Hu, Anal Nicole, and Dude for making the trek. It wouldn't have been the same without you. I don't know if that is a good thing, just kidding. I will be putting some pics on Hash Space so if you wanna see em, check out my page, I know Fey Lay has a bunch as well as Bobbing for Buttplgs. See everyone soon Hope you all had shitty trails as did we.

ON-ON
GW

Mullett and Creamey got steamy

and off into the woods they went

They found some flour

and took a gold shower

they tried to deny it and

they tried to hide it

but couldn't get rid of the scent

Just because we left the hash site doesn't mean that the hash ended. It never ends when Mullett is around. He continued to hash in the truck on the way home.

Mullett and I were loaded and Anal Nicole drove. It's a wonder we didn't wreck. We had beer checks and pee breaks and Mullett climbing back and forth from the front seat to the back seat with attempt to climb through the two small back windows into the bed of my truck. He continued to play with the trap and get me to put my winky into the trap. We kept yelling at each other to "shut the f&#K up". Poor Anal.

We made it home safely.

5 /10/2008 H5 Run #335**H5 Kick the Keg Hash****Hares: Dude, Where's My Mullett**

Dude Where's My Mullet and Fart Connor laid a shitty trail yesterday! Too much shiggy. Too many miles. And not enough beer!

Just Troy got named CREAMED IN THE BACK (ALLEY) for allowing the usual suspect of bimbos (related or not) to lick BAB's birthday cake off his face. Many new boots joined us, including Just Brad who found the hash on his own and is excited to witness a "real" hash. Wild Cherry was recognized for his 50th run, Screw was even there to be recognized for his 150th run, sing a few hash songs and do his usual disappearing act. Chappy was there to drink her share of beer that she didn't get to drink at Stinko because she was too busy cooking. Da Piss Mode looked just like her mother in combat boots and pleather dress. Spankings abounded. Great seeing Bushrat, Screw, Headfirst, Flounder, and Fuzz who made H5 possible many years back. Thanks for making my Mother's Day weekend complete.

On-On, ~KY~

PS – Just Bob, did you find "The Trees" by Rush yet?

5 /3 /2008 H5 Run #334**11th Anal - 8th Stinko de Mayo****Hares: The H5 Usual Suspects**

Wow what a fukin weekend. Let us bow our heads and remember our dead livers.....And the 18 kegs that were sacrificed to the Beer Gods this weekend. Now hat is not counting the 50 some odd cases of brew smuggled in by selfless hashers or the 70 some odd bottles of hard lik her either. AND don't even try to remeber the 15 gallons Slim Jim brought of his own personal Stash.. Slim Makes some of the greatest beer I ever did taste, Lockjaw who is H5's pro beer meister, brung sum of his own stash as well, me I took a liking to Lockjaws pepper brew,,wow now thats a hot beer. With all the fun that was had it is hard for me to single out just one hour of stupidity to write about...

I can say this though. Harrisburg Hershey H5 really did one hell of a job putting the show on. Many thanks to Bushrat and fuzzbuster for such a great weekend. Chappy and Ruffi and the kitchen crew did a hell of a job keeping us well fed. Bushrat, Quarterstick and their eagle trail holyshit is all I can say there. Lunachik and Dik on a Stik and whoever else laid the trail for the turkeys heard lots of fuked up things about that one including a crying Backalley Bargian who got lost right on the start and bawled all the way back to camp. Friday nights kareoke and the cabin crawl rocked, with many hashers staying up till the crack of dawn and partyin in the lodge. Those who did get to sleep early ended up being nudged awake at 330 in the morning by Fart Connors bugle. Back to the party wankers. Saturday's hash olympics put on by Panic Button and Da Piss Mode were far outta the league. Tricycle races (I still think Girth Brooks and Myself were the winners of that one) and Izzy dizzy..(never seen a fat old guy (4f-u) run that fast)..Yah that was awesome..Then a clothes change race. Hey wait a minute, She Came and I won that one...Right after the olympics the dunking commenced with many hot harriettes getting the stiff nipple treatment. Oh and a few

Hares: The H5 Usual Suspects

wankers as well. I swear I will forever have nightmares of sitting on a dunktank seat while Everyday Asshole throws gigantic softballs at me while screaming "DELETE THIS BITCH!!" After drunk tank trail took off and three hours later those who took the Eagle trail were regretting it. 6 miles of the Pa highlands and a shot chek eighty feet above a raging river...those on the ground caught a good bit of yummy from the guy who I forget who he was on the pipeline that poured the eighty foot shots. Even more debauchery after trail with Just Mike forever to be known as Hu Phlung Poo, and someone else got named but seeing as to the fact I aint been sober since tuesday i aint even about to remember or try for that matter to remember. Sorry bud C.R.S. Is my excuse here. saturday night BUBBA. the awesome Hash Band led by Tour De Puke. That was one helluva night. herbal brownies and ballons filled with some shit that had me spinning and laughing my ass off kept me two clicks from fallin over. rumors of a nakid slip and slide and a nakid midnight run were floating out there somewhere as well. But fuk I cant remember shit. I do kknow that while most packed out sunday, Bushrat fuzzbuster Griz Slim Jim, Dude, da piss Mode panic button, Eager, European Whore tour de puke and a few others kept trying to kill off the remainder of the kegs. All the while deathwish built a tower of dumb from the empty barrels..climbing to the roof the lodge to stak the remainders on top... Da piss mode fuzzy an myself were still there drinking at 830 sunday night before heading over to tour de pukers where I passed my ass out finnaly.. So as it ended at tours I CANT REMEMBER SHIT And the record still stands that any event that ends at tour's house aint remembered by me. If You remember something and claim to be at stinko post a comment and let the world know STINKO KIKS KEGS.....AND H5 ROCKS ON-ON All posts regarding stinko will be judged in the following catego'i's,,,funniest moment.....Fuk I can't believe you remembered that....you saw what??? and the big award will goto the greatest stinko moment of 2008 so post your memory and forever be ridiculed...all awards to be presented at the KIK THE KEG HASH ON MAY 10th hosted by Dude Where's My Mullet,,,and Fart Connors...if he is there. so stik your shit in the open and prepare for humiliation.

Dude

Arrrrrrr Wankers

Monday is a recovery day! I think my hang over is about gone, though I think my eyes are still oozing beer foam and my singing voice is still in recovery.

Twas a fine second day of May as the hashers descended on a secret location somewhere in Central Pennsylvania. Many must have had their priorities right and took a long weekend. My poor dog couldn't figure why I had a truck load of hashing shit and she couldn't go. It's a good thing I bring extra stuff because I forgot my sleeping bag. Another couple arrived from DC area, I think, and forgot their tent stuff during a car switch. Yea, I got to use some of the extra stuff. It's interesting to note hasher individualism it the setting up of their camp sites. Campo de Farte was set up and looked out and saw tent city. There must have been 75 tents set up. I wonder if anybody came drunkenly home to the wrong tent?

It was great to see so many familiar faces and many more that I met for the first time or at least remembered for the first time. One of my goals this year was not to be hurting till Wednesday. Quarterstick's fire was unveiled for the upcoming night fall. Sister Maria's hot tubs were firing up. I thought Marco Homo, I think that's his name, was full of shit when he noted that the hot tub set up was inefficient. He drove home and made the tubs work so much better. Chappy's kitchen crew was firing up about 10 different batches of chili for a cook off. Dancing Fool was a one man clean up crew. A lot of other people helped out and thanks should be offered, I owe you a beer.

In celebration of No Pants Day there was a boxer shorts contest and karaoke. This got sort of ugly. An example was Dude, Where's My Mullet's use of a small box and duct tape to make suspenders, no I didn't look under it. Tub Slut had the large body size version box. Back Alley Bargain had glow in the dark shorts. Duke of Hurl had the vampire thing going. AARPenis had her version of Box in a Box, only it was an anatomically correct 8" dildo. Many songs were butchered and eventually many ventured outside like moths as Q-sticks fire was set to guide the space shuttle in. For some reason I forget exactly when the camp crawl was. More beer!

Saturday started cool but sunny, the fire that now looked like Stonehenge was nice to stand beside. The group hung out and shot the shit till the hares, Bushrat, Eager Beaver, Lunachick, Quarterstick, and Dick on a Stick took off right on 1:00 hash time. Here's one of the neatest thing about Camp Climax, we have a place where we don't need to travel to do trail. Yes sir, right out into the nice shiggy and hills. For an H5 trail some wondered if we missed a beer check, at least shortly after the Turkey Eagle split we did find beer. Cool beer check in a cool meadow on a hilltop with a view of the Susquehanna River. From there the trail took the obligatory railroad tracks and somewhere along the way the pack messed up the Turkey and Eagles. I think the crafty hares left a false that some of the Eagle pack ran through and vice versa. The pack regrouped at a shot check beside a stream. We made it back to camp about 4 and had to get ready for Bubba!

Bubba rocks! We were smokin' and drinkin' and groovin' to the music and that's when it hit me, the building was shakin! Large objects were vibrating across the stage, maybe some hashers too. Buttfluss got to celebrate his 50th birthday by being covered in whipped cream and hot bimbos removing it. Who the hell brought the balloons? They don't do anything to me except make my wake up on the floor. Oh that's right, it rained like hell while Bubba was playing. I was lucky that I double tarpd my campsite.

Now, I might be a little fuzzy on the true facts about the time Bubba finished but I think I put my bugle away for the night and went to sit by the fire. There was more wood left for the fire and I tried to help. As I was performing my duties I was sort of whistling while I worked. Singing in my best voice "More wood more wood more wood more wood, more wood more wood more wood!" Fire Fairies and Wood Pussies. I'm not sure about the time but I think the quote, "It's 3 in the morning, shut the fuck up!", sums it up. It was most awesome to hear some of the 15 or 20 sitting around the fire to strike up one more verse of "More Wood". Then I shut up. Just for the record, I was not the first to be tooting a horn after the sun came up.

Sunday sun up and it was a nice day to pack up and get back to the real world.

On Arrrrrr to Co-motion by the Ocean

Fart Connor

Hares: The H5 Usual Suspects

All,

I first wanted to say I'm sorry that I left Stinko early and have yet to ever see Bubba play. My uncle past away on Thursday and I was debating about whether to still go to Stinko or not. I figured that it was better to go to Stinko and try to have a good time. The funeral was today, but at about 8PM on Saturday I recieved a call from family asking that I come home early. I wanted to thank everyone who gave me the release I was looking for. I don't think a lot of people knew. I hope I didn't show it and bring anyone down. I now know why Stinko is "IT".

With that said, I'd like to get a bit more upbeat. I have a couple of Stinko stories that really made an impression on me. Here they go:

FRIDAY night. I didn't bring a tent and was happy to sleep in my trailblazer. It was roomy and no one to cuddle with. =(I had no offers... well, I had one, but that an EASY no. Anyway. Sometime during the night my vehicle got bumped. I awoke and heard sounds of "intercourse"... Not squish, slurp, or anything like that, but, "uh uh, yeah, oh yeaaaaah!" Oh and it was damn close!

I sat up to barely make out a couple going to town just outside my vehicle. I remember the pub crawl, flip cup (which I must say I am all star performer at), and dancing to a tone-def Panic Button and Chlorine singing "I got you babe", but how I got to my sleeping area is a mystery. Anyway, I rolled down my window couldn't see too much with so little light. So in my best dry mouth voice I yell, "hey, I know your getting your freak on, but I'm trying to sleep. Can you move that shit down a few vehicles?"

Whoever the guy was put his hand on face and pushed me back into the vehicle and said, "Dude, I'm almost there..."

PRICELESS.

With that, I remember it making sense in my head and I went back to sleep. The next day I discovered shit right outside my vehicle (which Panic Button almost stepped in). The suspect also shit on my tire which I showed many.

2nd MEMORY happened on Saturday afternoon. NFHN Pam, Just Steph, Panic Button, She Came and my new pal Blue Ball Slapper were screwing around with a damn pink Flamingo and doing beer bong out of its beak. I don't remember a lot because Just Steph insisted on jumping into my arms. Not sure if the plastic touching the icy cold beer makes it so good when it touches or lips or the fact that it is beer and I like it a lot.

Back on track. S&M Man came by (He had a kilt and a tent where he proudly displayed his name). The tent was close to swimming pool. He and NFHN Pam disappeared after what seemed like ten seconds. Next thing you know, I'm being recruited to go to Just Steph and NFHN Pam's tent. Inside we can hear some sort of "ACTION". Just Steph opens the tent and see a kilt up in the air and with bare butt cheeks. Just Steph is rather upset that whatever is going on is happening on her sleeping back. So she promptly rips the sleeping back outta' the tent thus revealing more of NFHN Pam that she probably wanted shown. I remember there were a couple of us there, but no flash blubs went off meaning... No one had a camera ready, we couldn't operate it, or Butt Pirate hadn't found his camera which was either stolen, misplaced, or both. Another priceless moment.

ATM

Phew, what a week!

After a 12-hour work marathon on Sunday to get everything cleaned up, packed up and moved back, I'll be ready to park in my garage again tonight after I put the last batch of boxes away. Fuzz & I have been slaving away since Sunday to get our lives back in order after Stinko. Today is the day.

First, I want to thank Fart, ID and 4-F You for helping me move 4 carloads of stuff out to camp the weekend before Stinko. I still had to make a trip out there every night after work to deliver more supplies that were stored from the previous year. I still say, given the number of hashers we have in H5, we ought to be able to store all this stuff in their houses and have everyone bring a little bit out to the camp at the right time to make it happen. Question is can we rely on everyone to be reliable and disciplined enough to remember to do that and come out to Stinko every year?

Then I want to thank the above crew and Webelo Scout, Itemized Seduction and Dragnet (did I forget anyone?) for helping me set up the equipment in the hot tub area. It was an ordeal, because the hot water heater stored in Desperate's garage did not make it out there till late Thursday night (thank you Panic Button for going the distance) and Nittany Valley's heater which we were expecting Thursday afternoon was 24 hours late (thank you Hornyduck for bringing it out). So just like the year before, we were very late getting started and as a result we did not have hot water in the hot tubs Friday night.

A funny thing happened. A Stinko virgin named Marco Homo (DC area hasher) arrived and started laughing hysterically when he saw the setup. When he recovered, he said he has a system that can do 10 times a better job. It's a Japanese on-demand hot water heater that uses very little propane, but heats up 10 times the water to a much hotter temperature. He had it stored in Frederick, MD, and was willing to get it Friday night, except he wasn't sober to drive. But he went and got it Saturday morning, plugged it in and was getting steaming hot water before we even got on trail. Those coming off trail discovered 103 deg F hot water in the hot tubs and steaming hot outdoor showers (we could have put some in the drunk tank, but no one asked), running all at the same time from this unit. Marco Homo promised he'd be back again next year with his on-demand hot water heater. We owe a big thank you to MH!

I'd like to thank the above crew for helping tear down the stuff on Sunday, cleaning it, drying it and packing it up. The only one missing was Webelo Scout, who upon hearing there was rain coming, broke camp after trail Saturday and headed home, not to be seen again - you missed a great party dude! A special thanks to Itemized Seduction and Cliff Diver, who stayed all day Sunday to help out and helped make two round trips of equipment & supplies back to our house, after which they still had a long drive home.

Hares: The H5 Usual Suspects

Also thanks to Dancing Fool, who stayed all day Sunday sweeping the camp (like a Roomba) for any hint of litter - and for constantly cleaning the bathrooms; and to Slim Jim, who not only brought his home brew, but also stayed all day Sunday to clean up the kitchen and dining area; and to my wife Fuzzbuster who worked tirelessly all weekend, but ended up injuring her back from all the lifting she did on Sunday .

I want to encourage all H5 hashers to get involved in putting Stinko on. Come out to the planning meetings and offer your services or volunteer for something specific. It's the effort of many that makes it easier on everyone. After all, this is your event to treat the visitors, not the other way around. If you want to be treated, go to their weekend events.

On On!
Sister

Aw, shucks, just like doing my part.
And I loved the toasty hot water!
I actually missed some of the skits.
I still need to have my spa fixed.
sigh

The drive home was tough.
By the time I got home Sunday night I crashed right into bed.
Did not get to unpack the car til Tuesday night.

Had fun
Stinko Rocks

Itemized Seduction

Sorry about having to take off on Saturday night. I had to attend my daughters play on Sunday and didn't want to get stuck putting away a wet tent, so I packed it up Saturday afternoon. Then I went to help out ATM and Dude cook supper, as Dude was chained to the grill - literally!

On-on!

Webelo Scout

Last year, sometime after Eeries hash (July 11) I loaned my large blue and yellow tent to someone;K.was that you? I can't remember who I loaned it to and neither can Puke Panther. I need it back please along with our air mattress. I went to look for it for Stinko and couldn't find it. I have no short term memory since you know what.

A follow-up to Sister's thanking you's.
THANK YOU AND GOD BLESS YOU TO EVERYONE WHO HELPED OUT IN THE KITCHEN FOR STINKO. It is a huge responsibility.
Wed night 1700.00 Sam's club shopping frenzy: Fuzz, Sister, Grizz, CTWS, Ruffie, Dude;K and Panic Button.

Deathwish: Now we have a griddle and steam table. Wooohooo.
Thurs. prep day/night: BAB, ID and Webelo Scout for helping me unload 1000.00 worth of frozen food from Sysco. She Came, Grizz (many jobs), CTWS, Hung like the Amish, Lil;Sper-Maid, Dude, Just Phil, Anal Nicole and Wild Cherry for all the kitchen prep. GDTU and Beefeater for showing up LATE Thurs. when all the work was done
f^o.
Special thanks to Grizz for stepping up to the griddle and to Dude for cooking the beef and ckn. (How many ckn packs did we cook? I need to know please) There were very little egg shells in the buckets from the 64 dozen eggs cracked. Thanks for not being too drunk (whew, glad Doodle wasn't there.) f^o

Yupper, Dagnet, Dude, Grizz, Cock-n-Face (non H5), Fuck Puppet and Webelo Scout for all your grillin'; expertise.
Chocolate Starfish and Piss off for making yet another Lowe's run for a 5gal egg bucket. Yes, I'll need another one next year; someone used the orange one for mop water;K.yuck!!

Just Allison, Unhitched Cock, Yupper and Dagnet for Saturday's breakfast. Grizz for picking up the subs. Anal Nicole for dinner set up.
Hats off to those present (about 15 hashers, non/ H5) that helped clean the mess hall Sunday morning before breakfast. It took an hour and it was the worst that I have ever seen after Rocking with Bubba Saturday night.
Cock-n-face, Puke Panther, Fuck Puppet for Sunday breakfast.
Itemized Seduction for the use of your coffee pots.

She came, Lunachic, Puke Panther, Just Allison, Grizz, ATM and Hung like the Amish for your Chili. Desperate's black bean soup and Ruffie's cornbread.
Puke Panther for helping me design the trophy.
Dancing Fool for ALL THE CAMP CLEAN UP. Can't say enough good about what you do for us at Stinko. HE SHOULD HAVE A FREE REGO. Nuff said about that.

Butt Pirate for sweeping the mess hall Sunday noon. FEG, Slimmy, Vagina Whiner, Itemized Seduction, Puke Panther, Dagnet, Anal Nicole, Wild Cherry, CTWS, Hung;K, ID, BAB, Fuck Puppet, Dude, Ruffie for helping clean the mess hall. Along with many non H5 folks.
Eager for marrying the condiments and helping me pack up boxes of kitchen/mess hall stuff for Fuzz. (Makes her job easier for inventory)

Hares: The H5 Usual Suspects

Thanks for the markers, pens, lighters, beer and all your help everyone!!! (All from what I remember)

I gave BAB the wonderful job of mopping the deck;K(betcha she won;t set up camp in my spot next year) ;-) The deck looked great!!! Good Job sweetie.

And to Who Flung Poo (rinse the fuck off) who stood in the kitchen window bitching about the coffee. Oh, but I remember what you said ;\$they are just lazy by not making fresh coffee.;j” Do your part and help next year;K.The coffee pots are yours for Stinko 2009 buddy. Oh and Tour for bagging my pancakes. (Every little thing helps)

I left Sunday afternoon at 4:30 for softball practice. The mess hall and kitchen was clean, boxed up and ready to go for Fuzz (except for the kitchen floor and fridge;|s.)
Who trashed it after I left?

THANKS EVERYONE, I HAD A GREAT STINKO.

It takes every H5 member to have a successful Stinko. Please do your part and help next year with Sunday clean up.

On on to Co-Motion

Much love, Chappy

want to thank everyone that pitched in over the weeks, and over the weekend especially to make Stinko another big success. There is a lot that I do not see, but I know happens. KY at the computer, Fuzz, Chappy and company shopping, and much more. Q-Stick put in a lot of hours prior to. Between scouting trail numerous times, moving the beer trailer, cutting fire wood, getting ice in York, and the drunk tank, I think he gets the high mileage award. Chappy and crew did an awesome job with the food. We only do this once a year,(thankfully) so their is not a lot of practice. So for being a bunch of half minds, you all did real good. I also have to mention the out of town help. Where would we be without Dancing Fool? And even though Slim Jim still considers himself a H5er, he is only part time. He was a lot of help as well. There are way to many to continue signaling out. You know who you are.

Other stuff

After trail this cumming weekend, I hope a lot of you will join us at Appalachian Brewing Company for HARPAPALOOZA. I need a couple of volunteers to help like last year, so let me know if you are interested.

Also I know there are several that help at tour. Like Tour, Grizz, Panic Button, Takes It All, Hand Job, Desperate Dave, and Head First. I know that I missed some. So if you are planning on helping, let me know. I have a meeting with my volunteer committee person Wed. and I want to make sure I know who to count on.

Take care ON ON

Bushrat

4 /20/2008 TMINMFMH3 Run #105**Full Pink Moon Hash****Hares: Legion of Dumb and Mrs. QuarterStick and Eage**

Lucky for me I was able to fit in my schedule the Legion of dumb & Mrs. Legion of dumb haring for the full moon run.

Lucky for me I was able to arrive at 4:40.

Lucky for me I didn't miss circle to see the hares off.

Lucky for me I was surrounded by maybe a dozen or more of h5-ers and 1 virgin named Just Katherine.

Lucky for me I worked up a good sweat pounding my feet on the ridge of the blue mountains.

Lucky for me the rain was enough to cool me down

Lucky for me I love downhill trails.

Lucky for me I had plenty of liquids in me.

Lucky for me there was plenty of beer for incentive to keep going up the mountain.

Lucky for me there was a nice soft area to land in ,when I flew through the air, going down the mountain.

Lucky for me I was able to see trail markings.

Lucky for me we all made it back to the point of beginning without :

turning an ankle
having a heart attack
bleeding too severely
drinking all the beer
getting lost
being struck by lightning.

Lucky for me the chicken was good and all the other consumables we feasted upon after circle.

Thanks all
H5 ROCKS

By the way get your asses out to the Winners Circle Saloon on April 25th to see

a kick ass southern rock group called SMOKIN GUNNZ! 9:00- 1:30

www.smokingunz.com

My other half and I celebrate twenty one years of marriage that day and we want you there.

If you plan on being there send me an e-mail,
so I have an idea for table reservations by wednesday evening.

LUCKY ME

ON-ON to STINKO
GIRTH BROOKS

Hares: Doodle and Goes Down Throws Up

Arrrrs to all the Wankers who are easily entertained!

In the year 2008G and the month April 19 the pack gathered for the "Half Way to Hell Hash" #333. A healthy crowd of about 30 gathered on a humid afternoon, thanks Al Gore, to enjoy some fine flatland shiggy along the Susquehanna River. The borough of Highspire was kind enough to lend us one of their parks for the afternoon. The local trailer parkers picknicking with their children didn't seem to mind our presence.

There were 4 virgins in attendance. If I recall they were Just Jason, Just Charlie, Just Raven(a pseudonym?), and Just Elsa, no that's not it, ahhh! Just Elvira, no that's not it. She's a sex goddess. Well anyhow her name starts with an E. The pack took off right on time at 3:33pm, military time at 15:33 here just doesn't seem to do the trick. The hares "Doodle" and her brother "Goes Down Throws Up", with the comfort of the pack in mind, took off almost immediately into the shiggy. Now this wasn't your normal everyday off road stuff, it was almost industrial strength thorny shiggy. The main difference being that the deer hadn't quite pulled all the thorns off the roses. Many bloody hashers arrived at a shot check in a small stream bed and the pack reassembled for the most part. As I write this shit I'm watching the re-make of King Kong. There's just no way color and computers can compare with the original. There has to be a porno movie made around this. How about "King Dong". So anyhow I'm carrying the loppers that I found on trail as the kind hares have lost their trail cutting tools and the pack goes into more untamed shiggy. I should add that the trail was well marked with flour.

The trail led us to a beer check at "Jedota". Now for as much as politics and religion should be kept out of hashing here is an exception, we had a beer check here. There is a statue and bronze plaque memorizing hundreds of Catholic Slovokians who died in World War Two fighting for the United States of America. This is one of the things that makes H5 ROCK, we don't just run through stuff without checking stuff out.

Not far ahead the pack passed a security camera and had the second beer check within 100 yards of the camera. Did the hares see that? Did the security company see the hares place the beer there? Did any bimbos flash the camera? Hey, I can't see everything. The trail went onward through a field of Jimson Weed. OK, now I'm watching "Laura Croft, Tomb Raider", do Angelia Jolie's boobs really look like clothed Cadillac bumper bullets? Rats, I lost my mental place. Oh that's right, I'm back in the shiggy and going toward a greenish-gray swamp. The trail goes mostly around and I use the loppers that I found to whack back some stuff and stay out of the swamp, Delia plunges right in. Beer check #3 is found shortly later.

Having completed trail the hares are waiting at the last and third beer check. Another cool thing I notice about hashing is that when there are 30 hashers gathered there are 15 different conversations. Trail tales are regaled and the pack walks out of the shiggy into a trailer park. This must have looked curious to the inhabitants when 30 people walk out of shit that they won't let their kids play in. Another cool thing about hashing was seen here when many hashers stopped to tell curious onlookers of our journey. Flaming Earl Gay, what a great intellectual hash promoter. The pack makes it back to the start parking lot with a few more arrivals. Doin' this stuff on Word makes me wonder if my English teacher counted to see if I had a thousand words in the stuff I had to write. There's a flash back to the 70's, my English teacher was always suffering from a sore throat and drinking from a bottle in his desk.

Meanwhile back at circle the Trojans were removing a horse from their jeans. When that was done the pack was regaled for drunkenness and cruelty and many were called for transgressions. The hares got down downs for a great trail. One thing I can't help but wonder is that the hares didn't have much blood and the flour seemed to have a slight grey tint to it in the shiggy. "Interior Deficator" got no slack or back up from "Back Alley Bargain" when he made accusations of catching the hares.

I must say thanks to the hares for a great trail!

On Stupid Fart Connor

Also of note - the FRBs arrived at the SN only to be befuddled and bemused as to the conspicuous absence of anything liquid. Shortly thereafter, one of the Hares arrived with the promised shots. Quarterstick remarked that this was the fist time he has ever arrived at a check before the alcohol!

Webelo Scout

Doodle/GoesDownThrowsUP,

Thank you for a great trail guys. Plenty of shiggy, everyone was bloody. YES!!!! It's was much fun and we had a good turn out. ON-ON to Stinko.

Unhitched Cock.

Thank you all for Cumming out for the 333 hash. I had a great time laying trail with my sister; it was something that we talked about since I started hashing and after 3 years we did it. It was a great day to start the summer hashing. I am looking forward to Stinko and seeing some of the old H5 hashers, it is just was not the same without you guys. Jeb thank you for being our last minute secret hare. I know even you didn't know about it, you saved the day!!

Take care all ONON GDTU

Great trail & super weather . Thanks As always I was glad there was water to cool down in . Shot check was really tasty. I will have to get the recipe . See ya at full moon trail at 4:20 .

Girth

Hares: Doodle and Goes Down Throws Up

It is true. Sometimes short cutting bastards miss out, or in this case...almost miss out.

Doodle

Great trail Doodle and GDTU!! Everyone needs a good blood letting once in a while. Fart, another great hash trash. I have one thing to add. I have heard of hashers getting beer from civilians, but I think Da Piss Mode took it to another level at the hash. We held circle in the parking lot of the park. An ice cream truck pulled up and a bunch of hashers went over to get ice cream. Da Piss Mode not only got an ice cream, but she actually got a beer from the ice cream truck driver. I am still wondering why an ice cream truck driver had a beer in his cooler, but he gave it up. I wonder if he normally gives beers to his customers???

On On to Stinko! Wild Cherry

Hi Goes Down Throws Up & Doodle,

I'll second Wild Cherry! I really liked the trail. Lots o' shiggy but it was great shiggy. It felt like we were going through the jungles of New Guinea. No ticks or poison ivy though. Since Q-Stick wasn't there to entertain us, I did the honors at one of the beer checks by getting covered with burrs and dumping beer all over my face. Glass Ass said I was "on fire" that day - at least I didn't cause a fire LOL! It was mildly entertaining I guess, but I won't be inducted into the Legion of Dumb anytime soon. There were a few good virgins on trail as well. My friend Chuck came for his second hash and had a great time. He enjoyed meeting everyone and liked Champions. Champions was a great choice for the on-after. Any bar that serves Hangar One vodka is a friend of mine (made in the U.S.A. and better than Grey Goose or Belvedere).

<http://www.hangarone.com/ourvodka.html>

Thank You for a Great Hash and On-On to Stinko,

FEG

Hares: Purple Cooter

This is it folks. The Write Trash Junior Edition. The family hash was a blast. After looking back and remembering times as a nine year old, stic forts, chasin chickens (the feathered ones) around the yard, and fun stuff like that. It really reminded me why I hash, the being a kid again thing. So here is the scoop from all the little hashers who made the trip with some real cool hasher mom and dads.
Dude

We started the hash at bushrat's house. From there the turkey trail headed off to the left and the eagle trail headed off to the right. the eagle trail went through the woods and we stopped at a large cleared out area that looked like a house was about to be built there. In the middle of the area was a large black sewage pipe. the first beer stop was inside of that. to get the cooler we tipped the pipe and watched the cooler slide out. after that we headed down the side of the mountain and onto the turkey trail. after a while on the turkey trail the eagle trail separated off into a golf course. at the golf course 6 people ended up ahead of everyone else. we got to a check and spent half an hour looking for the right trail. finally someone else came and looked straight ahead finding the trail without a problem. 21 golf balls were picked up in that area. then we went on to the woods again we went up and down finding the correct paths without much of a problem. we got onto the road and made the final stretch back to bushrat's house. at the circle there were accusations namings new boots and last times. just deb was named come again? just jen was named birth canal and just april was named virgin moon. this was one of the best hashes I can remember.

as remembered by Wet One

Spumpkin It was fun!

Just Tara- I have never done a hash before so it was an experience and really fun.

We don't need no stinkin' easter egg hunt when there are golf balls to be found--Burn

Just Erica ---- I was in turkey trail because it is easier than eagle trail

Just Blair---- this is my first hash and I took the eagle trail and it's my 9th birthday. it was the coolest day. I had fun. and my mom back-alleybargin braught me. it was very fun!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

P.S Thanx for having us and enjoying the senery.it rocked

Just Trevor---- this is my first hash and it is my friends 9th birthday, it was a very fun day.

Hares: Eager and Qstick

It was a cold and windy evening as a group of half minds converged on sacred Boy Scout ground. Aside from our hares, Eager Beaver and Quarterstick those present included: Fuzzbuster, Ruffy, Flounder, Doodles, Glass Ass, Lunachic, Girth Brooks, Weebeelo Scout, Wild Cherry and visitors Dancing Fool and Cause for Blindness. (I hope I didn't miss anyone.)

As usual, I was running late (and without a flashlight!) and when I

Hares: Eager and Qstick

arrived the hares had already taken off with five minutes of the lead time left. The pack took off shortly thereafter at a harsh walking pace down an unpaved road. After a false or two or three (I can't really remember, it was long night) and hiking up an incline, we came to our first beer check. Even though the carton said orange juice, it was definitely orange flavored beer. Dancing Fool did an excellent job of keeping the grounds clean.

After this point, the sequence of events becomes rather unclear; it could've been the chicken or the mass quantities of beer. I know there was another BN with an arrow pointing into the woods that took us forever to locate but hey we found it and that's all that count. We encountered another false, and a little stream we had to cross. I fell and scraped up my knee but who was feeling anything by this point in now? By this time, we had three mobile beer checks. Glass Ass, Doodles, and I were all carrying the beer from the previous checks and whenever we encountered a false or a check and had to retrace our steps it was an excellent occasion for an impromptu beer check!

At the final beer check, a bottle of champagne was opened and passed around to eager hashers. Fuzz lead us all in a round of the drinking days of the week. "Wednesday is my favorite day!" Before arriving at the On-In, whom should find their way on trail but KY and Rubber Dickie. The hashers circled up around a fire with hands full of peanutbutter and jelly sandwiches and brownies. Fuzz was RA and I was beer bitch. QS and Eager did their downs downs and then did more for their headgear. Weebeelo Scout and Doodles did their down downs for being first in and then drank some more for their headgear. Girth Brooks was last in. Dancing Fool and Cause drank for being visitors. Cause, I and whole bunch of others did downs for doing stupid shit on trail like tripping or having technology on trail. KY and Rubber Dickie did down downs for auto hashing. Glass Ass did a down down for his headgear. And circle was called.

On the way back to the cars, Luna and I took a detour to the lake and went out on the pier. The full moon light glittering off the lake was enchanting to say the least. We jumped on the pier and rocked it up and down. Then we laid on our backs and gazed at the stars until Luna said maybe it wasn't such a good idea to lay down. I had to agree.

Alas, my trail didn't end there. I went to Chick's in Hummelstown to meet up with LickyMe, Chappy, Lil Spermaid and Just Phil for some kick ass karaoke. Somehow I got up and sang "Summer Nights" from the Grease soundtrack with Just Phil, Chappy and whole group of other people. And also Sister Hazel's "All for you" with Chappy and a guy named Jeff. Afterwards, we all went to breakfast at the Cocoa Grill before calling it a night.

Thanks to Eager and QS for an excellent full moon trail. On-on to Ceolta's.

DPM

O what a night

The first full moon of spring made for a chilling start to the hash that would have made me wish I would have dressed a little warmer, if it weren't for the beer. So I pulled my sweater over my head (who said head?).

All the hashers met as planned, with a few late arrivers. It was good to see visitors Cause, Dancing & Glass Ass. Along with Doodle and the rest of the H5-ers. We all signed our lives away for The B.S.A. and pounded down a few lagers to pass the 12 minute lead along, while we gave our trustworthy hares Quarterstick & Eager Beaver the time they needed to lose us.

Off we went into a very windy mountainside. Familiar territory for some, I was lost from the get go. To a great False that held us up 100 yards from where we started for about 12 more minutes. I heard ON_ON for what would be the 20th of around 6900 times. O what a night. Then I set out to blast my way up a rocky 900 foot ascent. (Reminding me of Bushrat's Eagle Stinko trail 2007.)

Our first BN was uncovered as we almost crested the top. It was fashioned with about 6 Full moons in attendance. A well laid trail to a few more falses & never ending backwoods upward and downward trek led us to a BN <-- on the downside of the mountain, where we all gathered for much anticipated beverages of the Lager type. From there we had to back track to the BN <-- mark for to consume more Lager at an impromptu BN.

Check after check, false after false I find myself along with all of us, except webelos scout, yelling ON-ON 169 times or so at each flour spot so that we could go sort of straight back up the mount to what becomes a reflecting moment as I let my pulse quiet down. As the full moon reflects upon us and I reflect upon the moons reflection on others around me. An impromptu shot check .NICE!!! ON-ON to the last BN

Hares: Eager and Qstick

above us. We celebrate when Glass Ass pops the cork on a mighty tasty bottle. Fuzzbuster proclaims along with the rest of the group wednesday is the favorite day of the week in song. We wonder if the hares are within earshot. (have an earworm?)

Off to the last leg to circle, while I get separated from all to create some run-off down an already washed out ditch. (Shortly before I arrive at circle KY affectionately mistook me for Dude Where's My Mullet.) KY & Rubber Dickie join us for the festivity of circle. Circle is held by a campfire where almost everyone had down downs for all the right reasons. With the usual & unusual snacks consumed the hash went in piece.

You Gotta Love It, Yes?
ON-ON

THIS MESSAGE HAS BEEN APPROVED BY GIRTH BROOKS

3 /15/2008 H5 Run #330**St. Patty's Day Hash****Hares: Tour de Puke**

Frigggn' Arrrrrr

Yeah, I'm still doin' the AOL thing. Just wait till I get my shit together, even though I've been told that for 40 plus years. So anyhow the pack of about 50 wankers gathered for this momentous event and even though many were dressed in St. Patrick Day costumes of various guises, the general public didn't seem to notice! Maybe it was because there were a lot of other people out drunk in the afternoon, or maybe that there were good places to walk through mud and make a wet spot on a bridge foundation, that might be a guy thing. So anyhow the police got involved early because Chapped Lips was carrying a sign for some asshole, oops, I mean a politician, and was told not to display it. So anyhow all was well and the pack took off on trail the whole way across the Susquehanna River to a FALSE, the wascally hawers. Back across the river, this had to be a good mile out and back, and to a mark that told of beer to be found with flour that led through tetanus rusty naily heaven, Just Kevin found beer.

So from here the trail went trespassing along the same railroad tracks that the pack had trespassed the year before and the Eagle and Turkey trail split soon came into sight. The Eagle trail went up this nice steep slippery hill to a PnC Bank sign with a shot check. I don't know what way the Turkey Trail went because I wasn't on it. Those on the Eagle Trail blew off the hares marks due to not giving up the high ground and took various ways without flour to find their way to the elusive HHH.

In a general mental constipation, the splintered Eagle group followed Bushrat on a possible trail back to Tour's. Now what followed is not to be confused as an H5 standard but a moment of genius inspired by Doodle. She recognized a hasher house that me and Bushrat had run past as "Dyke on Bike"'s house. This is a you had to be there moment! Three bimbos pound on the door while about 15 vultureous hashers meander in circles in the street. Just Dave answers the door and sends out an unopened quart bottle of "Jose Curevo Black" and a case of water to the pack!

The pack of Tequila Eagles stumble onward wondering if the trail is A to B to Tour's House or A to A back to the parking lot on City Island. Flour is found at the deciding point and we go to Tour's house. On the way to Tour's we are chastised by hashers on carbacks. We finally find cars with seats and I give my keys up to my fine craft with 197,000 miles on it to Doodle and Glass Ass. Glass Ass finally figured out how to get my fine craft working and drove it back to Tour's.

Circle was held and Deathwish and Panic Button did a shitty job, just like the trail. Many hashers were dismembered for acts of stupidity, and, Oh Yeah, I missed the sewer. Most importantly, Just Matt got named. Apparently on the way back to Tour's house, Just Matt, stopped at an ATM for hash cash. An individual snuck up from behind and smacked Just Matt's head into the ATM and tried to take his money! Just Matt kicked the asshole's legs out from underneath the asshole and just before Just Matt was going to stomp the asshole's head in Just Matt stopped. He realized that if he kicked the shit out of the asshole, there wouldn't be any evidence for the police. So; anyhow, Just Matt will be "Ass The Mugger", or ATM.

Oh, let us not forget our hashing friends to the east, Rumson. They are having "Co-Motion by the Ocean III" on May 16, 17, & 18 starting somewhere near the Atlantic Ocean. That is why Cliff Diver came and hashed with us on Saturday, March 15, 2008. Check out this for fun with Rumson: <http://flash9124.googlepages.com/home> Fart Connor and Desperately Seeking Amish are signed up. Fart and Desperate are in no way together, just signed up on the same list. Sorry Desperate.

That is all
Fart Connor

Allow me to give some insight to the Turkey Trail.

It went down the tracks, then down a neighborhood, where the children were amused seeing strange-looking people going down their street.

Then there was a check on a bridge over a small stream. The pack was befuddled by this as they couldn't solve it. I went up the stream and found flour on the rocks going upstream and let them know I was on. Half the pack followed, while the other half didn't seem to want to get their shoes wet and stayed on the next street over.

A block later, the small stream was coming out of a storm sewer on which was a true trail arrow pointing in along with a "SN" sign. The storm sewer was 4 feet high at this point and but we couldn't see light at the other end, but nobody had a flashlight so in we went. A block later, we could see a bit of light down the tunnel, but at this point the height became only 2 feet, so we scurried like rats, with our backs hitting the roof of the tunnel. A block later, there was a grate letting some light in and this is where a bag with the shots was located. It was the green girl scout cookie mint flavored ones in a jug. Since I was getting claustrophobic I tried to lift the grate up, but couldn't move it. I yelled out to hashers who should have been following us topside. Somebody up top tried to lift the grate, but it was too heavy. They called to someone else to help and the both of them got it open.

Hares: Tour de Puke

Just Jen made a step with her hands and hoisted everyone to safety above. When we got out, we realized the two who opened the grate for us weren't hashers, but two guys who lived there; we also realized there were only 6-7 of us who came out of the tunnel and the rest of the pack was nowhere to be seen. We rewarded ourselves with multiple shots and gave our rescuers some too. Just then, Self Service made an appearance and finished them off (the shots that is). We took pictures to make a record of who was there and that we'd survived. We followed the tunnel topside and came across an opening where there were several true trail arrows pointing back in. We ignored these and shortly picked up trail that led us to Tour's house.

After ATM's naming, I wanted to have Just Jen named for her heroic rescue effort in the tunnel of doom, but the RA had disappeared. Something about too much talking in the circle?

On On!
Sister

correction :-P
the only asshole sign I saw was on your truck Fart...Ron Paul?!?
And that was not a cop who stopped, it was a Obama fan in a Park Ranger Uniform :-)

Great Hash, Great Prelube downtown, Great friends, Great ending of the night at Chicks. Great Great Great
on on
Chappy

Hares: KY and She Came

JEB and She Came's House - 406 Ricky Rd

Ok so now here we still are sitting in She Came's kitchen nook.
I weally don't have any real things to do besides start a chain letter. The music in the background reminds me of riding in Fart's little truck. Whitey Whiter and his White brothers are singing Whiter night. AAAAAAAAAAArgg Matey"s can't write trash like fart.

So here it is from everyone that is standing here spilling beer on the keyboard;

Hi, this is She Came. There are lots of people in my kitchen. onon
And Fart isn't here to ramble aimlessly about nothing in particular.
I don't have anything to say. I'm speechless. Rubber Dickie's dick is in my mouth right now. I can't talk. (Fuzz)
Where are the rest of the birthday people????? Rubber Dickie wants to see them. Phone sex????
Handjob?? Self Service??
Just Lisa (virgin) says the trail was tricky, but the shot made it worth its while.
Sticky says the 4-wheeling was Kick ass. (She Came was driving because KY was drunk.)
Would you believe that Desperate Dave is STILL trying to get laid?
Oh my gosh there are four people in the bathroom right now, Wild cherry, backalley Bargain, just corrinda, And Maybe CHAPPY? Don't know sure about the first three tho.

Cause here: Rubber Dickie, you're the one
But(t) Phone Sex: Where the F*&^ are you????!!!!??? Flounder and I miss you ;-) Happy F*in Birthday!

Panic Button say's what me write a email, you gotta be kidding I'm to lazy;

Hey look at this ass would ya, come on feel this boob,,go ahaed rub this, Desperate Dave;

TOO many hashes in a week my brain is numb, Oh ya like we believe that one,

Fuck you! - JEB

Ok so here they are all the wankers from the hash and some too lazy to type (or could they be too drunk to focus on the tiny keyboard, hmmm)! No one is even sober enough to remember trail so Guess what if you were not here, all your know is it happened and that's all there is to it. unless Fart goes back in time and spies on the hash no one will know for sure. But i will tell you this it is some thing we can tell our grandkids someday, NOOOOTTTT!

Oh damn and let us not forget the butt monkey that got us all.

Loving the beer check in the boat, no not on water....in an apple orchard!!!!!!!

Hashing in clogs freezes your toes.

Dave quit touching my ass!!!!
No Dave No, stop humping my da,m leg Dave.
Wow holy face suckin Wild Cherry and Just C.

well that's how I got my blue moon

Greetings, Hashers. Just Lisa and I (Weblo Scout) were FRB's. This was her virgin hash and she was an FRB. Had a great name for Just Corrinda and Just Randy, but they didn't get named. Perhaps next time...
She Came want's to know what Just Randy had in his pants. Meanwhile, Back Alley Bargain and Just Corrinda are getting it on just to my

Hares: Bushrat and Qstick

the mountain that night. Plummeted to valley below. Some that were lucky found the guide rope that led to low lands and Behold Beer. The spirits of the woods provided light and at the side of a moonlit pool, Visible in the streams of silvery light cast down from the mother moon herself, a beer check appeared. without hesitation we gathered and drank. We toasted the moon and few amongst us were baptized into the legion of dumb. 23 degrees warm in the air and five of the hashers struck dumb from cold and the spirits that loosed themselves from the flagons in hand, plummeted into the pool in search of fame and glory ,only to be stung by the frigid heart of mother winter. It was from there that the land smoothed itself out and those remaining not lost to the woods and the dangers beyond, continued their trek to the flat fields of the valley.

We had soon found camp and the missing hashers who disappeared into the woods were freed to celebrate once again. Circle was initiated and cries went up honoring Bushrat and his 100th hare. Offerings of 2 large bags of flour were presented to him in honor and a kilt of the finest Clothe, Adorned with the emblem of the clan H5 was given to he. Two hashers not before with names, came to call. Acting from the side of the fire was Deathwish his voice was bellowing into the night. After consulting with the pack and tearing apart the possibilities for two who would be named it was soon settled after along and bloodless battle. Just Crista, boobs a plenty has she, became now forever to be known as Back-Alley Bargain, and The man known before as Just Jason, forever from that night on, will be known to us as Light in the loafers. Hoorah to Bushrat and Quarterstick, Hoorah to ye for such great trail. Hoorah to the moon for wonders of the eclipse. Hoorah to snow for falling to our feet.

ON-ON

and of course UP-UP

Dude

Bushrat,

Thanks so much for the awesome trail. Your trails are always a challenge. Pink flour on white snow at night. Very crafty sir. The up hill climbs were very cardio. My heart thanks you. Also thanks for the red rope. That was pretty fun. I can't say I loved the rock slide at the bottom of it though. No broken ankles were reported so we all made it through there safely. So refreshing to see new recruits for the Legion of Dumb plunging into the frigid depths. I must say that pool did look inviting. The fire with the mystic all around us and above us was a wonder to behold. I feel priviledged to have been outside on that beautiful night and been a part of H5 history. uh oh...I better stop before I get accused of having diarr-e-mail. (Istill liked that name the best for back alley bargain formally known as Christa)

ON ON to the next 100

Your humble sevent,

Anal Nicole

What a nite for a 100 th haring & Quarterstick is around 50 harings , so Thanx hashers for getting together & staying together. I am not easily forgetting the last Full moon I ran! Great trash from Dude Where's My Mullet!Awesome time! That seafood chowder was smokin , =-)
!!!!!!!

Lunar Eclispes are my favorite (what's the word?) starullar event. Hashing is my favorite social event .
Glow stiks lit up the landscape in some unique ways Thanks to all that were involved .
Born to Hash
Girth Brooks

P.S. Bushrat could you forward the stinko rego to me not as an attachment. So I print it out from my e-mail?

_ON TO A HASHY BIRTHDAY

Hares: Anal Nicole, Morally Challenged and Da Piss Mo Visiting Nurse Association parking lot on left, across from Paxtang Diner

Arrright Wankers

How to relate today's hash? I was pondering that exact thought as I was listening to the "Whitest Variety of Music" on the radio on the way home. So this is what you are going to get.

On what is soon to be the 70th analversary of Gispert's creation of hashing, most of the pack arrrrived at "Tooth Hurty", "Time for the Chinaman to go to the dentist". Right on Hash Time, about 3PM, the hares gathered. Our hares for this live flour trail were "Da Piss Mode", "Anal Nicole", emergency hare "Just Mike", and "M'Orally Challenged".

A wonderful blue skyed afternoon dawned for Harrisburg/Hershey as many had gathered on this fine tepid winter day. I gotta' start having pen and paper handy so I can remember virgins, which I think we had 5 of, non-returners, and visitors who came from far away. There had to be a pack of about 50. M'Orally Challenged gave a detailed description of marks so pack could mess up well laid plans of the hares.

The pack takes off on the "Chinese New Year of the Rat Hash" following flour for about 100 yards and then meanders around for a bit looking for trail. Now not to toot my own horn, that might not be the best phrase, I have a bugle, I look back on a bridge and see a large BN! 100 yards to the first beer check! Now that's how the pack screwed up the trail because apparently we weren't supposed to find that till later. We lost one of our virgins before this beer check. At the beer checks there were sayings form Confucious. If I remember correctly, "Confucious say, Man with hand in pocket feel cocky all day."

So the pack had already screwed up the trail but managed to find beer a few hundred yards away in somebody's back yard that enticed some bimbos to do a pole dance. It was here that Sticky Buns got a pornographic fortune cookie. Her message was, "I'd love to sleep with you tonight, if not, please return the cookie."

Hares: Anal Nicole, Morally Challenged and Da Piss Mo Visiting Nurse Association parking lot on left, across from Paxtang Diner

The trail went onward through a cemetery and into some woods for yet another beer check. There was trading of cash for Boob checks. Did anybody see the dude that was riding his bike through the woods as debauchery was going on? Another Confucious saying of "Confucious say: Foolish man give wife grand piano, wise man give wife upright organ." Through the woods, over the stream, across the walking path, and up the hill to where we weren't sposed to have more alcohol in the hole created by an uprooted tree. Here, "Confucious say: Learn to masturbate, cum in handy!"

About this point the pack really split up because it seemed that there were many trails and the easy forward, never straight, way back to the start. Meanwhile back at the start there is a chalked message not from Confucious, that the trail isn't done yet. Many are stupid enough to heed that advice and find blue stuff on the railroad tracks. We finally find beer and are enjoying as a neighbor looks out his back door. There's another Confucious saying: "Confucious say. Woman may loose her virginity....but she will always have the box it came in." The friendly neighbor points us on the way to True Trail. I think about this point most of the thinning pack is smart enough to go back to the start. A few are stupid enough to press onward. Those that I remember are Pumpkin Head, His Significant Other, Screw, Vagina Whiner, Fart Connor, and Delia. It's getting dark, we have beer, therefore pissing spots are plenty, we have our sunglasses on, Delia has her reflecty vest on, and we have 2 small flashlights, all is well!

We find trail that leads us to the Chinese restaurant about 100 yards from the On On. Somebody offers to watch my dog Delia while standing on the front porch of a Chinese restaurant as I go back to my truck to unlock it to get "Dude, where's my Mullet" stuff out of my truck. No friggin' way, Delia is put in my fine truck and I bring Dude's stuff back. By the way Dude, your jacket is in my truck, I'll trade it for my haring bag. So anyhow I get back to the resruant as the search party is about to leave and I was awarded DFL.

So much shortcutting and nobody caught the hares! Way to go Hares!

On On
Fart Connor

PS. If you think I remembered those Confucious sayings, you owe me a beer!

Hares: Quarterstick, Deathwish and Eager Beaver Messiah College area

FKNA

The puters back. On the way home while listening to the "Whitest's Hits of all Time" I thought what the hell am I going to write for Hash Trash? Something about Eddie Mony singing about "Two Cases of Parasites", "Let's go drink some beeEEr"! Is this what a minister goes through every week? So here's this weeks sermon on the mound.

Me and Delia got to the appointed parking lot at Messiah College just on hash time for a couple of beers. Too bad that Delia has a license but can't drive me home. Thank you H5! There had to be a pack of about 40 wankers. H5 ROCKS! The hares Deathwish, Quarterstick, and Eager Beaver took off on a live hare trail with 12 minutes to get head. In the meantime virgins were reconciled. I do remember that there were 3 virgins. I think there was Just Randi, Just Erin, and Just Ummmmm. Hey, I'm not paid to do this, so there!

The pack takes off in a leisurely pursuit of the hares. The train that came by and blew the flour away helped some. So, anyhow the pack arrived at the first beer check that was far enough off the road to keep us out of the public spot light. Did anybody else see the Police car that drove by as the pack started off? Hmmm, if I'm really good I'll remember that the second beer check was under a bridge that 5 years ago a hundred yards away was a beer check that only Fart Connor found. Ohhhh! Hash pivot! On back to below freezing reality, "Dude, I Love My Mullet", decided that it was a good time to go swimming! Now as much as I hate cigarettes, I have to respect Dude! He floated downstream smoking! I should mention here that Dude also brought the tray from somewhere to slide on that provided entertainment for the hash, more on that later.

FUCK, I will get a computer place where I don't have to listen to shit turned up all the way on the TV beside me FUCK. So anyhow the trail went on. Through some nice shiggy to what I think was the recycling area for Messiah College. Piles of mulch and a beer check. Thanks to the tray that "Dude, I love my Mullet" found provided entertainment for the hash. I relived my college year sliding down the pile. Oh yeah, now I remember! Just Jason was sliding down the pile and later complaining how it hurt his "taint". [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Taint_\(slang\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Taint_(slang)) So anyhow many conversations were going on. I can appreciate the male version of "taint". This can revert to another variation of the "Vulcan Shocker", watch Star Trek. With all that, with what cut of meat from a cow do you get "tainted" Beef?

Just Colleen got named "Marsha Marsha Marsha". What an example for renaming, even though Yeast of Burden had a great name of "Box O' Clits"

I got a lot O shit to do
Fart Connor

Hares: Doodle and Wild Cherry

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg

Arrrrrr Wankers

Twas a dark and stormy night, OK, the sun wasn't out and it wasn't snowing. A cloud of anticipation hung over the hash, not to be confused with a hangover but I wasn't there for the Fat Boy. Beneath those clouds the pack wondered, would the cops pay us a visit, do the hares have enough flour, would brother and sister Billie Bob and Bobbi Sue marry their hemorphodite cousin from West Virginia? Only the trail knows and it's not talking.

Hares: Doodle and Wild Cherry

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg

So anyhow a pack of 83 wankers of various kennels, NFN, and about 10 from the Virginlands assembled at Wild Cherry's humble abode somewhere in Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania. As Wild Cherry and Doodle explained the marks to the confused virgins it occurred to me that with the crowd of about a whole bunch nobody could see the marks. Wild Cherry's garage is not finished yet. Why not paint the marks on the ceiling and they could be seen by all if he used a laser pointer till the final paint job is applied? Now it's sort of funny that the last time I was at Wild Cherry's place on my way home for the dollar ride on the PA Turnpike I got to the exit booth and I couldn't find my ticket and it cost me \$12 to go home, I thought I stupidly forgot to take the ticket at the booth. Today on the way to Wild Cherry's I put the ticket in my ashtray and as I was exiting the Turnpike I couldn't find my ticket again! Shit! I look in what is actually the frame for my ashtray and see the ticket in this space about 4 tickets in thickness. Luckily I have a knife in my "Bag O' Shit" that I carry on trail and retrieve the ticket and pay my dollar and realize that the other ticket has now faded into dashboard entropy. Oh, by the way, NFN, stands for No Frigg'n Name. The pack takes off right on hash time and sets a blistering walking pace trying to catch the hares Wild Cherry and Doodle on the Turd Anal Free Beer For All The Hashers. After a standard H5 mile, anywhere from 200 yards to a mile, we encounter the first of I think 3 beer checks and a shot check. I'm starting to feel better about starting an hour and a half before the sun goes down on a storybook day, many did have the foresight to bring flashlights however. Bless the hares. The sheer numbers of the pack led to a swift downing of good beer and the pack had little time to mess with mother nature. We again r@n through \$500,000 houses. Here hasher (ingenuity?) provided for the pack. A nice hill of construction debris and a 4 foot long by 2&1/2 foot round corrugated piece of pipe costing \$50 according to Dave the Mason, because he knows, entertained about 50 hashers. Actually there were 2 pieces of pipe and a trash can. Again through hashing I relive my childhood. Only then the local bullies stuffed me in a trash can and rolled it down a hill. After I crashed into the curb they were pissed because got out and asked them to do it again. Well, I might be adlibbing a little bit on that. A nearby beer check was found and brought back to the manmade fun place for the enjoyment of all who were about to partake of the fun. Hmmm, an idea for StinkOlympics? Didn't somebody think of that last year? It's gettin' dark and me and Delia follow the pack back to Wild Cherry's while tootleing on the bugle. I run into Willie Wanker and we play 2 part dis-harmony on our instruments, a bugle and a cow horn you pervs. This sounded so good there were Meese from Maine cumming for us. Meese is plural for Moose if you need to know.

Meanwhile, a good portion of the pack had blown off trail and went back to Wild Cherrys for beer and hot tub to wait for the pack to arrive. Oops, chronological break: On the way to the second beer check there had to be 50 wankers walking across a cut cornfield. I could see Glass Ass about 400 yards away talking with someone who drove their 4x4 into the field. Glass Ass was looking for his lost dog, Beer Slut, and explaining how he got 50 people with beer mugs, beer jugs, and Delia looking like a real search dog with her safety vest to help in the search! Back at the ranch Tub Slut and Dead Man Walking were AWOL from circle, I'm not sure who else they were in the hot tub with. The hares were dishonored for laying a great trail with enough flour. I must express my appreciation for their effort of placing a lot of beer at the beer checks, there was water too. Death Wish was RA for circle and he did a great job of telling the pack to "Shut the Fuque Up"! Visitors, virgins, Full Moon Fuque Ups, Grand Masters, Bleeders, Legion of Dumb, Technophiles, and transgressors were encouraged to down a tasty beverage.

I failed in my one job for the day assigned by She Came. I was to be sure Just Coleen got named. It was ruled that there were too many people. That's my excuse and I'm stickn' too it. Just Coleen, that spelling passed the spell check, hasn't done anything stupid on trail. She did find my glasses that I was stupid enough to wear in the barrel roll. The hash left the garage in peace to get a piece and delicious food was served!

Now I usually leave about this time because I know that even though there is crash space I'll stay up till some stupid hour of the morning and wake up feeling like shit. Today I stayed to see some of the fun that I usually represent at sleep over camp, only I didn't drink alcohol. What I need to do is quit drinking when I get home too! Blatant use of the female body to promote a Pittsburgh event on May 30 to June 1 by "Pelvis the Elvis". If I didn't get that name right.....errrrrrr? F Me Daily, oh yeah, she was one of the non-returners. Naked Snow Angels before going into the hot tub. Now maybe you didn't want to be there but I went outside to piss on the bushes on the other side of the hot tub and hear what sounds like a game of twister! Yep, Twister in the hot tub. Tub Slut soon exits the hot tub. Here has to be a crowning moment of the hash. Policeman is at the door asking for the owner. Apparently some mother is taking her 15 year old daughter home and there is a naked male in Wild Cherry's front yard in the dark, I guess it wasn't dark enough. The hash is admonished for naked people in the front yard, apparently making naked snow angels in the back yard is OK. Did the police get a 10-96 call? That's "Naked man in the front yard." in police lingo. If they got a 10-69 call, does that mean there are people having sex in the front of the house? Is that like a yard sale at a whore house? Flaming Earl Gay did well for himself by playing with chalk in the garage and pole dancing with his clothes on. Let us not forget Licky Mee, Da Piss Mode, and their hot looking Marilyn Monroe friend going to the "Snow Ball".

It's about 10:30 PM and I'm soberly on my way home listening to the radio when I hear this station that is playing the "Greatest TITS of all Time". I can't understand why women complain that men stare at them and don't listen to what they have to say! I enjoyed the music all the way home. Though I have to admit, I can't understand why Manfred Mann Band singing Bruce Springsteen's "Blinded by the Light", sings about douches.

On On
Fart Connor

Thanks to all the cheap bastards that attended our 3rd anal FREE BEER FOR THE HASHERS! It was great to see all of you happy and content! It's not so amazing that we broke a record is it? :-)

Thank you Wild Cherry for being so fun to do trail with and for being one of my best friends! You are truly one of the best guys walking around on the big blue!

See you all next year!

Doodle

Thank you to Doodle and Wild Cherry for laying such a great trail. And to WC for opening his beautiful home up to everyone. The virgin I

Hares: Doodle and Wild Cherry

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg

brought, Just Jackie, really enjoyed it and will probably come to more hashes. I liked meeting all the hashers from Pittsburgh and New York. As always, a great time.

On On!

Flaming Earl

FREE BEER STATS:

4 kegs were consumed on Saturday.

4 KEGS!!!!

Wild Cherry wondered how much do we go thru at Stinko in one night??

:-)

Doodle

4 kegs would be 496 pints of beer or about 25 16oz.beers per hasher. WOW!

That's funny, I don't remember drinking that much beer.

4-F You

I wasn't drinking so..... Who drank my beer???
Thanks Wild Cherry and Doodles for a super time had by all!!!

Just Colleen

THANKS TO ALL FOR A GREAT TIME THIS PAST WEEKEND AT WILD CHERRY'S. EXCELLENT TIME FOR BEING MY FIRST HASH. HOPE TO SEE EVERYONE NEXT TIME.

-JUST ANGEE

1 /12/2008 H5 Run #326

Saturday Hash

Hares: Bushrat

Capital Region United Way. Enola

Yeah well, a nice winter afternoon dawned as the hash fell upon the United Way near Enola for Bush Rat's about 99th haring. It should be noted that Quarterstick was there but couldn't hash because on Friday he had his "Wass The Difference" snipped the day before. It's rumored that Phone Sex couldn't attend because she had her deviated rectum repaired. Three of the five virgins were introduced. Just Josh and Just Stubby, who self confessed to having many No Trespassing signs placed in Perry County is his dishonor, were made to come by Just Megan. The third virgin, Just Jen, made herself come. Bush Rat took the virgins aside and demonstrated flour and chalk markings to confuse the virgins and saw to it that the hare took off right on time.

Bush Rat sort of screwed himself by not having the beer wagon take off right away as many hashers were in no hurry to leave the beer on what turned out to be a large circle jerk that led back to the start. I wonder if he had to wait and hide for a while till all the hashers left? As the pack of at least 30 arrived back at the start 3 latecummers arrived, COGO, Luna Chick, and Sticky Buns arrived as the pack got there for beer. They didn't miss any beer checks so I guess that might be interpreted as intelligent hashing.

The trail crossed a road and it wasn't far till Purple Cooter saw the beer wagon passing by. Most of the pack ignored the trail that went through the No Trespassing signs and went straight for the beer. If you didn't look back you missed the No Trespassing signs on the land the rest of the pack went through. One of the concerned landowners visited the pack at the beer check and found that he and Tour de Puke played hockey together so all was sort of well.

The trail nears start but the pack kept going with the knowledge that there was another beer check ahead. Into a new housing development that we will never be able to hash through again because of \$250,000 homes that are almost built. We ignore trail marks from earlier and find new trail to yet another development that, judging by the wayth was piled, was going to be upscale homes by a golf course. Beer is found and the setting sun is admired by the pack. If the story goes right, M'Orally was Zenning for trail almost caught Bush Rat here. Half the pack followed True Trail and the rest just took the short way back to our start. Girth Brooks abandoned the Boy Scouts and joined us somewhere along this part of the trail.

Meanwhile back at circle, George Wash In Cum arrived with 2 virgins. GWIC doesn't do trail in over a year and gets here in time to do no trail but drink beer! Various admonishments are administered and many down downs were issued. Again, here's something I admire about H5, about 40 hashers counting the 5 virgins and we have no visitors. Maybe that's not a good thing. Anyhow, thanks H5 for supporting your local hash. It was dark and temporary RA's Panic Button and Fart Connor were butchering Swing Low Sweet Chariot, nobody ever accused

Hares: Bushrat**Capital Region United Way, Enola**

Fart Connor of being a good singer, when our 2 visitors did arrive. The cars had light bars on them. The hash departed in an orderly fashion as Bush Rat told the nice policemen that we weren't yelling On On, blowing a bugle, and barking at dogs in an attempt to disguise the fact that we were planting bombs to blow up the woods near Enola or the parking lot of the United Way.

&nbs p; On On
Fart Connor

12/29/2007 H5 Run #325

Dude Where's My Virgin Hash & Party**Hares: Dude****7701 Chambers Hill Road, Harrisburg**

Youse Analpores

Spanks to you all for attending Saturday's hash. I think we had 3 virgins, that's Pennsylvania Dutch for virgins. I remember Just Tara, that's because she looks a lot better than the 2 guy virgins, Just Boris with the spider stuff, and ummmm, Just My Math Works. A fine day was assembled for the hash to pour upon "Dude, where's my Mullet's Area 7701. We were warned about to not molest the goats but Billy had another thought in mind. Today I learned something. Male goats can masturbate themselves more than once a day and smear the stuff on their HEADS. That might explain their stankiness.

Pack was off right on time to follow the mis-marks of the hares. Today's trail was another high point for H5 intellectuality and another standard. Stumbmlin' trail was found as Bush Rat was off on his own. Meger flour was used to mark the way to an old abandoned silo. Who do you think found their way there but Quarterstick! First BEER CHECK! I join Quarterstick in climbing the silo to see that there is no other view than seeing a side of a hill with a new housing development or woods on the downhill. Here is an awesome view how man is FUCKING up nature. Fart Connor flashback! 1964 Yep, that's when I moved into East Petersburg, Pennsylvania. Our house was built on some Amish farm. This was back when it was cool to run into the basement of a house under construction. I can remember finding 16 penny nails that were thrown away because they were pointing the wrong way. 40 years later I'm in the same place, sort of. The big difference is I'm not stepping on pheasants and not so much wildlife that I wasn't even shooting at isn't running away, except for some orange-clad deer hunters. POOF! At least I wasn't fishing. That's another story.

Meanwhile back on the hash-trail. Marks to be found and the pack is on them. M'Orally Challenged is dowsing her own trail. We stay out of the farmers field with the appropriate marks I-->. I think somewhere at this ridgeline the hares were spotted in the distance and the pack followed without flour. Here might be an appropriate time to mention that I helped Dude and his underage cousin, Donn, who was his co-hare, place the beer checks. Just Donn carried the water. I guess the hares blew off one of the beer checks because there was lots of open ground to cover and I hear they were spotted at the next beer check that was found. Exemplars of H5, no over achievers here, let the hares go on their way and drink beer! I guess the hares saved their flour for this part of the trail because it was marked well through the nice thorny shiggy. What do we find next chalked on a log but "Hares caught here"! Apparently M'Orally, zenning for trail and Bush Rat on his own converged in the woods to catch the hares.

A nice hunter story ensued as I saw Eager Beaver chatting with an orange clad hunter. He thought we were conducting a deer drive, something about yelling On On and a bugle blowing, I doubt the 3 dogs on trail would have been approved of by the Game Commission though, but we weren't hunting. So anyhow we get to the 3rd beer check, it should have been the 4th, and admire the sun that is blessing us on trail on this winters day. Thanks Dude for starting the trail early. Two more beer checks to go and the sun is still out. Not a whole lot further and another beer check is found staying cool in a stream. Some late commers arrive, Interior Deficator and Just Troy, I think, are just in time to finish the trail. Here is some beer vessel stashing advise for any hares: Don't use Wesson Oil jugs for beer no matter how well they are rinsed out. To me it tasted like the good beer that some like to drink except that even that doesn't have a slimmy sheen on top. We saved that for hare down downs but forgot to issue it to them in circle. I guess that was the RA's stupid fault. So anyhow the packs attention span had been well used and all were ready to go back to the start. Where was the last beer check? Back at the start, there are no rules.

Meanwhile back at the goat ranch stupidity ensues. As good luck would have it there were 2 small fire vessels each about two and a half feet in diameter. How many hashers does it take to start a fire without Girl Scout Water? At least one to sit in a chair and give advise. About a half an hour later 2 fires were burning. The other fire sucked! A somewhat respectful circle was held where various admonishments were administered. Saturday is an example of why H5 ROCKS! We had a pack of at least 25 who did trail and a few others who got there later but no visitors. It was time for great food and hang around by the fires. We had great food and nasty songs were sung. The usually quiet Just Kevin even joined in with some versus of some songs. This young longhair confessed to be a computer geek but hates the Geek Squad. He also doesn't use the computer program Windows because it interfears with viewing porn. Please don't use this information for naming someone who hasn't done anything stupid on trail.

I used to fish a lot
Fart Connor

12/22/2007 TMINFMH3 Run #101

Full Long Nights Moon Christmas Hash**Hares: Girth Brooks and Sister Maria****Mt. Gretna Roller Rink, Mt. Gretna, PA 17064**

A super size THANK YOU

for cumming in Mt. Gretna & making another hash a GREAT time !!

THAT WAS AWESOME !!!

FOR THE VISITORS THAT CAME FROM AFAR & ANEAR ,THE VIRGINS , THE NON RETURNERS & THE WANKERS THAT CUNT HELP BUT BE THERE ,I HOPE TO SEE YA'S REAL SOON !!!

TO JOHN OF COLEBROOK TAVERN WHO KNOWS A GOOD TIME WHEN HE SEES ONE . I SAY WE SHALL RETURN !!!

TO 'MORRALY CHALLENGED FOR KEEPING THE POLICE BUSY BY BLOWING A BREATHALIZER READING OF 0.00 WHILE WE DROVE BY VIRTUALLY UNDETECTED,

YOU GO GIRL.

TO THE HIDE A GAY BAR

Hares: Girth Brooks and Sister Maria**Mt. Gretna Roller Rink, Mt. Gretna, PA 17064**

TO THOSE THAT RECEIVED PATCHES IN CIRCLE FOR DOING WHAT THEY DID TO RECEIVE PATCHES IN
CIRCLE,...CONGRADS
TO THE NEW MANAGEMENT OF H5 - WELL DONE
TO THOSE THAT GAVE BEFORE YOU - WELL DONE
TO THOSE THAT ARE STILL IN MANAGEMENT - THANKX
TO SISTER MARIA FOR A WELL EXECUTED PLAN .

WISHING EVERYONE A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A HASHIEST OF NEW YEARS ON ON

Girth Brooks

Friggn' Arrrrr' Wankers

What a Saturday! The trail started innocently enough when I woke up and decided it was time to recycle my aluminum. \$40 for 80 pounds. That's like FREE BEER! <http://www.stupid.com/stat/JSAV.html> If you don't count that I bought \$65 worth of beer. I did stuff around the house and it was time to hash.

Me and Delia arrived plenty on time at the roller skating rink in Mount Gretna. We had a really great turnout for a night hash. Proably 30 Wankers were stumbling through the woods in search of flour and beer. Girth Brooks and Sister Maria laid a great live flour trail. Blahh, blahhh, blahhh trail and we had fun for about 2 miles, and 2 beer checks, subsidising H5's trail mantra. We had circle in the woods and the fun was about to happen.

Now here is what I am trying to figure out. I go into the Hide Away bar in Mt. Gretna <http://www.mtgretnahideaway.com/> with an empty beer glass with some dried up froth on it and ask for a beer. Some dude gives me a hard time and I toss the glass in my truck and try for another beer. Nope, "You gotta go." Soos, I don't want to cause trouble and I get ready to make my way home for a good night's sleep. Not happening. The hashers rally! "If your bar isn't good enough for Fart Connor, FUCK YOU!"

We go down the road to the Colebrook Tavern for kareoke. Redneck Kareoke doesn't know what's in store for it. Why did the DJ Bitch cut off my lyrics to the end of the Police Song: "Every Breath She Takes"?

"Oh I can't pee
cause I got VD
My poor balls ache
with every piss I take"

12/14/2007 H5 Run #324**Fu&* Hershey Hash****Hares: Chapped Lips****Houlihans parking lot....27 W. Choco. Ave. F*@k Hershey**

It was a cold and windy night when the hashers gathered at a parking garage in Hershey for the F*ck Hershey Hash hared by the lovely Chappy. About 20 or so hashers showed up including one virgin- Just Phil . Little Sperm Maid made him cum. After milling around and drinking a few Mad Elfs and YingLings we finally circled up and the fine art of hashing was explained to the virgin. Finally we were off. The first beer check - bar was about 5 minutes away which was great because we were freezing.. I don't remember the name of the place but it doesn't matter - it was warm. Milling , BSing and consuming of pitchers was done. Okay so time to move ON ON.
After a nice easy brisk walk down Cocoa Ave, we ended up at Shakey's where we were carded!. Can you believe it? I guess the brisk air and beer must have made us look under 21. Another good reason to hash. So we milled around this place and drank more pitchers. ON ON to the next stop.

Taking our lives in our hands we made our way across 322 down over a hill and arrived at the Penn- a very good extemely local bar. Well there was even more milling than before and I believe there was more pichers ordered than before. Everyone's favorite hasher - KY arrived and there was much rejoicing. This is also were whiskey showed up - for me anyway. ON ON to the next stop.
I ended up auto hashing with a few other wankers to the next stop which was the Park Side. Another fine dive. This is where the night gets a little fuzzy. I do know that we had a fine circle outside on the porch where some patches were awarded and Just Colleen was almost named. More milling , more pichers and there's that whiskey again!. Thank goodness for designated drivers! Anyway a fine time was had by all. Thanks to Chappy for a fine trail. Congratulations to Puke Panther on his new job and F*ck Hershey!.
ON ON
Anal Nicole

PS: I seem to have lost my fine old fedora hat. If anyone has it,let me know. Thanks

12/1 /2007 H5 Run #323**Hanukkah Hash****Hares: Tour de Puke****29 Hunter Lane****Howdy Wankers**

Thanks to all who came out on a glorious late fall day to enjoy Tour and Deathwish's trail laying of the Hanukkah Hash. Me and Delia arrived in plenty of hash time to see about 20 wankers trespassing in PNC's parking lot drinking beer. The only parking spot left was the handicapper so I got out of my truck with a limp. Yeah, I'll bet you're waiting for more on the limp thing but forget it. It was great to see many who had been away for too long. Some of those were "I Love My Mullet, Dude", who doesn't even have a mullet, but was traveling around the country on his motorcycle for about 6 months. I also remember the guy who was relaxing beside Blow N' Tells barn about a year ago and his wife wouldn't let him come out and play again till now. We did have some visitors. Cause for Blindness, Wishbone Her, Lick Her Only, Dancing Fool, & ummm, my memory isn't perfect. We did have 2 virgins, Just Mike and Just Dave brought by Anal Nicole and Dude, I Love

Hares: Tour de Puke

29 Hunter Lane

My Mullet, respectively. Previous trails and lives were regaled and circle was had and trail marks disclaimed and Tour de Puke and Deathwish were off laying H5's Live Hare Trail.

The 12 minute head start is one of the things I enjoy most about hashing. In this case there were about 40 wankers having 20 different conversations, I know because since 1972 I've had AADD, I can hear them all. I think that's the year that AADD was diagnosed. Honest, I don't hear voices in my head. Weez off! The hares lead the pack through un-hashed territory at least 29 out of Tour's 50 plus harings through the Blue Cross territory. We come to a beer check near an exercise bike that I remember Grizz riding about 3 years ago. The new "Legion of Dumb", Deathwish, Quarterstick, and Cums and Glows took the bike for a wheelbarrow ride. On trail to jello shots. More trail, thanks for not getting more than our feet wet. An H5 standard to be sure. I know I'm missing something before getting to Phone Sex and Zebra Balls house. Surprise! Phone Sex and Zebra Balls had no idea that there wasn't going to be a beer check at their house for the like, the 4th hash near there!

The trail got urban, just like the other times we were here, and I was with a bimbo who liked to flash, not like other times I was there. Now you have to picture Fart Connor's mind set. There's a postal vehicle approaching and the bimbo who is with me is asking if the driver is a male. I tell her, "Yeah, it's a dude.", not caring because I like tits a flashing. There is also this dude raking his leaves. Bimbo suggests that I flash too, bad idea, ruins the whole thing. Shit! Babe driving postal truck says, "Why aren't you running!" Now picture bimbo babe flashing before that question was asked! Time for another beer while writing.

Back on trail. Piss Boy is calling the pack. Ohhh, he's waiting at a boob check! My pace was just right. Wish Bone Her arrived to save the day. Cause for Blindness is yet to follow for those slow of foot. There has to be some Hash God, Thanks For The Bimbos, "We love you!"

So the pack arrives at Tour's for down downs. Just for the record, She Came, did a wonderful job of keeping up with hash records. The scooter guy Just John was named "Whaco Jacko" due to his nakedness that I had the benefit to miss.

To rate this trail check out: <http://www.ratemypoo.com/>

What the hell did I forget about CD's on nipples? I love music.

Shitty Trail
Fart Connor

Two things:

First, isn't Dude's name--Dude, Where's My Mullet?

Second, which is kind of a mystery, who was the women (mailwoman--not male/woman) driving the mail truck? She stopped me and said, "Are, you just going to run by and not say, "Hi,"? She said that eveyone else ran by and didn't recognize her either. She looked very familiar and I am sure that she is a hasher, but with my "A" ADD that I've had since birth, I couldn't place the face with a name, anyway, I'm terrible with faces and my vision is getting worse in my old age. Who can name the mailwoman hasher. Quarterstick is guessing that she is the first Eager Beaver, but I don't think so because I would have never met her.

Bubba rocked last night, and Tour made some cash as the sexy Brittany Spears. Thanks Tour and the rest of Bubba for giving me the chance to dance freely and badly.

onon
eager

Thank you for the words of appreciation that I got from MANY of you concerning the hash awards.

But I want to make sure that EVERYONE gives credit to KY, our glorious Webmistress, who unfortunately was not in attendance yesterday, for keeping the statistics. She has developed a most incredible database to keep track of your runs and hares, way more sophisticated than any hash deserves, and certainly more complex than most H5ers would understand.

I am simply the conduit to get the awards off of the paper and into your hands, mostly for purely selfish reasons, but I had a lot of fun getting things up-to-date.

On-on,

She Came

Interesting sounding hash. Sorry I again missed it due to work. Bushrat spoke to me about missing so many hashes due to work and I shall be back out as soon a solution is established. Sorry Flounder for not coming.

I think I can help figure out the mail woman. Several weeks ago Bushrat, Quarterstick, Eager, Just Cate, and I went for a drive to look at a potential Turkey day hash. We found a great spot, but it was not ideal for the family hash. So after some warm apple dumplings at Brewsters we went our seperate ways.

My wife was working yesterday for the wonderful USPS in her MAIL TRUCK and spotted the Beav, Quarter stick, the guy with the rake, and a pair of boobs (not people). Instantly she knew it was a hash and was disappointed neither her nor I could participate. She yelled out to Eager who had no clue if she was a chick or a dude (which deeply depressed my wife while I chuckled). So the all important question of WHO WAS THE MAIL WOMAN/DUDE was my wife. My wife will now be delivering in a bikini in the middle of winter to HELP indentify herself for the FEMALE RACE.

Just Matt

Hares: Lockjaw, Grizz and Phone Sex

Central Dauphin Middle School

Wankers

I'll keep this short cause I got shit to do.

About 30 arrived for today's shitty trail. A visitor from Pittsburgh named Norton and his, ummmm, hot looking daughter, Just Tracy, did today's trail. Another visitor, larger than life, Cause for Blindness, did trail with her newly mended foot. The hares lied about where the start of trail was and found a better place for us to assemble and drink beer and piss in the parking lot.

The pack took off right on hash time and the trail was great. It went right 2 false's. WTF!! Ahhhh, the little known no rules un-marked check! Good thing there were a lot of hashers stumbling about in the woods for about a half an hour. That gave the hares a lot longer to fuck up the rest of the trail. That led of all things to a BEER CHECK a short distance later that on this cold November day the hares had the forethought to toss in the small stream, along with the cups too. I'm sure the beer killed the Giardia and the Cryptospyridium that was in the water. A really short distance later there was another beer check. With a homeowner that was wondering what we were doing on County property because he had recently been sued by some asshole that fell on his property and Phone Sex set him straight as why to Vagina Whiner and Cause for Blindness had gone off trail and crossed his property to get to the beer check, all was well.

Some few idiots left the beer check and did the big loop that led us back to the same beer check near the homeowners house but not on it and passed by a True Trail arrow that we must have walked right over and not seen.

The trail went back to Grizz and Lockjaw's new house, which really isn't new but old and cool because it has workshop in the back yard. I wonder if the workshop is going to be made into a brewery before the house is finished? Somebody has to have their priorities right.

Circle was held and Tour de Puke resumed his role with a new toy. I think he likes TASERS! Many down downs were issued and the hash went in peace looking for a piece.

Let us not forget our hashing neighbors in Reading who canceled yet another trail and join them on November 25 at Schlegel Park.

I got shit to doo
Fart Connor

Hares: Ruffie and Fart

Arrrrr Wankers

Thanks to all came out for this fine summer, fall, day. If you don't count the pre-trail drama it was a typical trail. You don't know about pre-trail drama, well I guess you lost out! OK, here's the skinny. Ruffie had an awesome trail partly scouted out and Ruff Butt, Fart Connor, Delia, and Desperate Dave/Takes It Up the Ass Like the Amish, unknown hare on trail, were thwarted by hunters with bows, arrows, and muzzle loaders. There's a gay hunting joke about "muzzle loaders" somewhere. Anyhow, even though we took the way in that we didn't see any No Trespassing signs, we had to blow off this trail. On to plan "B". Oh shit, no plan B. On to plan C.

Plan C: Ruffie finds trail on a map. Desperate drives the beer van. Fart Connor and Delia arrive on the morning of the hash and Ruffie, Fart, and Delia scout trail on bikes. This led to a really rare H5 occurrence, the hares were ready for trail before start time. There was a technical glitch in that there was no tub for the Troges beer. I had warm Old Milwaukee so I didn't care. "It doesn't get any worse than this." Beer was taken care of and all was well. The trail started on hash time at 2:30 PM.

Oh gheezeee, I need to thank the Troges Brewery for letting us park in the area! Their beer tastes good but I can't drink a bunch. Troges needs to make a "Pussy Beer" for people like me.

The hares finally take off. Ruffie rode a bike because she r\$ns about as fast as a evolution, so I had to do the real r*nnng. Puke Panther found flour on the Pac Man drawing and found a rugby ball. Hey, did anyone take the 100 foot loop to the FREE telescope on trail? The trail went to blah blah blah the first beer check! As I had to take time to fiddle fuck around to get the flour unlocked from Ruffies van that "Desperate Dave/Takes Up the Ass Like the Amish" had to mess around with so we could get to it I could hear hashers yelling, "On On", as I was not far from being caught at the first beer check! I'll bet that was Dick On A Stick. This was my kind of r*nnng terrain, mostly flat, so I took off at low speed. Lots of True Trail arrows and few marks.

Wow, what a trail! I at least had the sense to take the extra flour in the van because I thought I would out run the beer check vehicle! I love

Hares: Ruffie and Fart

H5! Yep, I got to the next check and no BEER VAN! Desperate did a great job of keeping the hashers happy! Stay there till they are ready to leave!

At this point the hares decided to make the trail easy to follow back to the start because the packs attention span had well been exceeded. Right up through "Da Hood". Let's just say that upon scouting that day the locals enjoyed seeing Ruffie, Fart, and Delia in the bike trailer scouting their neighborHOOD. Now there is something missing in that as I was throwing flour, I wasn't running through the Hood because it was uphill, probably because it was daylight.

It was such a nice October day that little children were looking at the hashers while teething on lead painted windowsills. Now, not to be stereotypical, but why were so many of the children scared of Delia? Her head was just white from flour. I don't think they were scared of me.

I tossed out flour that led to a cemetery on some tenth street and made it back to our start. I redidid trail back to the cemetery and my eyes are starting not to work! OK, the problem is my brain. I fixed it. Where the hell are the hashers? My typing is starting to beerteriorate. Many of the front hashers failed to see the tombstone that has the word HARE on it.

For those who are dumb enough to read this here is Readings trail for tomorrow:

<http://www.readinghash.com/AA2007.htm>

That's all

Fart Connor

10/6 /2007 H5 Run #318**Flaming Foliage Hash****Hares: KY and Rubber Dickie****Cabin in Tioga County (30 miles east from the PA Grand Canyon)**

Sunny weather, dirt roads, beautiful surrounds, wooded trail, not one but two camp fires, a cabin that feels like home, a million stars, the Hasher formally known as Just Kevin is now Dublin Dick, Mother Truckers chili kicked some ass and that segways into: five gallon bucket porto john, Panic Button conducts "On In" with great style, a lonely boom box, eggs and bacon and Lager for breakfast, fall colors galore, summer heat, Tioga County Rocks!!!!!!!, "is it really 1:30?, I thought it was 11!", Why is everyone laughing so much? Way to go and Thank you KY and RD!!!!!!! JEB

Please make that the inaugural Tioga County hash!!!

KY, how's your toes? big hug! PS

ps...LOVED the hash, the views of the trees changing colors, the food, the companionship...it just doesn't get much better! hugs and kisses to all, PS

P.S. Thanks again to KY & RD for an amazingly kick ass weekend in the wild north woods of Pennsylvucky. Great weather, delicious food, warm hospitality, spy satellites, and drunken debauchery....does it get any better?

Panic

KY and I want everyone that was at the cabin last weekend to know we had a GREAT time. What a surprisingly good turn out of "19" that signed in!

We may never see temperatures as warm as they were on that weekend again. 80 and 90 year records were broken! No rain except for a pre-dawn shower on Sunday.

Plenty of beer. By the time I returned the keg on Monday, it was kicked. I don't know why all of us didn't stay up there all week. Enough extra food to feed an army!

10/6 /2007 H5 Run #318

Flaming Foliage Hash

Hares: KY and Rubber Dickie

Cabin in Tioga County (30 miles east from the PA Grand Canyon)

Thanks to everyone for the contributions of food and specialty booze. I was thinking of doing a Hash/get together up there over the winter!! (SNOW!!!!) We'll keep you posted. Without doubt we will make the Flaming Foliage Hash an Anal event!! It will either be held on the 1st or 2nd full weekend in October depending on what dates the weekend falls. Prime Fall Foliage Peak is usually about October 8th in that area. Thanks again and ON-ON RD

9 /22/2007 H5 Run #317

Saturday Hash

Hares:

1418 Mt. Wilson Road, Lebanon, PA 17042-3828.

Dearest Wankers

Thanks to the about 20 who showed for the last summer day. We had planned a human sacrifice in honor of the autumnal equinox but we didn't want to thin the pack. A nice warm humid day greeted us at Luna Chick's and Girth Brooks house in the Gretna Highlands. Just April, Just Matt, and 6 month old Just Alice made the arduous journey out the back door to join the pack. Visitors, more like bi-hashuals, Dick on a Stick and Lick Her Only were the few to arrive. We did have a new arrival though through geographic replacement. She wasn't real forthcoming about her hash name other than Tips for Tits or maybe it's spelled T.I.P.S. for Tits and has a special meaning that she didn't want to reveal. It almost seems like she doesn't like her name. She doesn't seem to be one to do stupid stuff so H5 might have to take it upon themselves to take care of that with the H5 standard name.

Right on hash time the hares demonstrated the flour markings with an admonition to stay on trail so as not to piss of any of the hunters who might be out there. I'd hate to be mistaken as small game. 12 minutes later the pack took off with the re-arrived 15 pound FRB medal hoisted by the volunteered Panic Button. There was also a new dog in the pack. Head First arrived with this about 25 pound black furry thing that looked like it had run into a wall. Apparently it recently adopted Head First. Newly named Sonny and Delia sniffed bung holes and all was well. The hares wisely made sure the trail avoided the neighbors pond that on a previous trail we enjoyed. That figures, today it was warm enough for all to enjoy. Outta the woods, past some curious home owners, and some road pounding later we arrived at a logging site. Just off road came cries of Beer Near! A nice sunny day, beer in what used to be woods, my dog and hashers by my side, it almost doesn't get any better than this.

Off road was to set the pace for the next couple of miles as the hares set a challenging trail to follow but still kept us on a trail. We were in an area with lots of cross trails. I think the hares chose a good route in that we must have gone in the right way to not see any No Trespassing signs. No trespassers were violated and we soon found a shot check in the woods. Some kind of tasty peppermint stuff. More trail and a beautiful pond with a scum O green. Even Delia stayed out. M'Orally Challenged took a dip and declared it to be refreshing. Shot check on the other side of the pond. This time tea and something appley. Plenty of drinks for the pack. I remember this pond from some other full moon event.

The trail soon came out to a road where we didn't piss off any hunters because they were in the field on the other side of the road. Their pissed off dog was in the back of their truck, probably pissed off because it wasn't out in the field. There was a babe watching over what I can best describe as a bread flat with about 20 quail in it. I guess they were stocking the field so they could come back later and blast them for tiny portions of dinner. The trail went through a nicely mowed field and past a hub cap that looked like a really cool hat. It is sort of like a Chinese hat you see worn in the rice paddies only the pointy part is missing. As we went to a beer check in the Colebrook Tavern where there was a family enjoying dinner and secondhand smoke it was really quiet as I entered. It couldn't have been because of the hub cap I was wearing and the purple stuff I had smeared on my face. Out the tavern and back to Luna's place we went on the last leg of trail.

Back at Girth and Luna's an amazingly quiet circle ensued, especially being that Phone Sex was there. Down down's were issued for real and imagined things and it was time to eat! We had some awesome pasta with venison. As the sun went down and the fire lit up days of glory and yore were discussed and many went their own separate ways to hash yet another day.

On On
Fart Connor

9 /8 /2007 H5 Run #316

Save Stony Valley Hash

Hares: Chapped Lips and Puke Panther

Here's ours:

There was a hornets' nest somewhere near the trail in the first mile. That's all we remember about the trail, 'cause that's as far as we went. Oh, and Cooter's face swelled up like she had a tumor when we retreated to the vehicles. Hope she's doing better today.

Fart's trash will be a lot more complete than mine, since I think he only encountered one suicidal bee.

Turn-the-Itch-OFF
and
Self Scratcher

And to think Bush Rat almost convinced me to not go to my wife's work picnic. Sorry to hear about the unfortunate happenings. Bees on the last trail, hornets on this one... I guess we have yellow jackets left, eh?

Just Matt

Oh, no! The hash was still much better than any "work picnic" I've attended, whether it's mine or (God forbid) my wife's!

The pleasant memories of chatting with Cooter-the-trooper & Deathwish over an icy cold beer while hanging out on tailgates in the beautiful

Hares: Chapped Lips and Puke Panther

rain.... listening to hashers in the distance....gentle thunder echoing through the valley....getting to know Yeast of Burden and Just Dave a little bit....wondering at the truthfulness of the story told by the AT hiker (17 miles off the AT with no appropriate rain gear, but a really cute purple outfit that would fit right in at the Hardware Bar? yeah, right)...waiting for the safe return of the hashers possibly more stupid than us who went on-on despite the extremely painful dangers we encountered...hitting the on-after at Just Josh's house (is that right?)....fantastic circle....good food....naming Just Josh "Rock Bottom".....on and on and on. The hash was awesome, despite the itching that kept me up all night from those hornets. Hey, that was, in retrospect an awesome experience, too, since I've never before been attacked by hornets! (Humans, yes, hornets, no.)

In sum, Just Matt, I'll remember forever the trail I didn't finish....you will forget your wife's work picnic in 2 days (or resent it much longer!).

Really, next time ditch the work picnic (don't ditch the wife! Bring her, too).

OnOn

T-Bo

I'll remember it too. I was hit 6 to 8 times, mostly in the legs, which still hurt, and twice in the face. I had a little trouble breathing, so I headed home and missed the circle. :-)

Next time...

Webelo Scout

All,

Perhaps I shouldn't have said "work picnic" as it wasn't put on by her work, but it was lot of people from where she works. I actually had a blast and from what I heard (from other veteran hashers) it was typical of after hash parties that happen. There was beer, a music, swimming, nudity, and those giant inflated things (a slide, climbing wall, and a cool pirate ship slide.

Agreed (on the subject of work picnics) T-Bo, though I would have come to the hash regardless IF I had not of committed earlier. I did not mean to "down" the hash. The bees stings I experienced at my first hash were MANY and although I'd pass on them in the future, I would gladly go back and do all over again. In addition, I'd probably just do it again to see the guy who forgot his shoes drink a beer out of the mud covered shoe that Fart had collected off a telephone wire and gave to him to use on the trail. I almost shit my pants when he drank it.

I'm really excited to get more involved with hashing. It is something I want to be more active in after just one time.

Just Matt

For those who attended the Stony Valley Hash and got stung/bit, I sure hope you are doing well. There is no way to control this mishap, but I just wanted to let you know I'm sorry. Maybe we should start carrying an Epi Pen for anyone who may be allergic. Fart could not type the hash trash because his hand swelled twice the normal size. We do expect it from you later Fart. Also, I was glad to see the Tiki torches made a big hit. Awesome hash, awesome on after.

To those who called my cell phone, Sorry I was not able to receive your messages. There is no cell reception at Stony Valley. Next time I will leave Rock Bottom's and Just Meghan's home number.

Howdy All

By now you should know the Hash to Save Stoney Valley started on a tepid day very near Stoney Creek at the dead end road hasher trap. Our hares Chapped Lips, Puke Panther, Ruff Butt, and Deathwish controlled the pack long enough to take off into with the woods with bags of flour and promises of beer and shots in the woods. A dude with a fly rod walked by casting suspicious glances at people and dogs drinking beer in the parking lot. He didn't have waders on this 90 degree day so that was OK. About 10 minutes later the pack took off in the general direction the fisherman went. I felt his coming fishing pain as I have been in a similar situation on the first day of trout fishing several years ago. That's why I like to fish this time of the year because most assholes are not out stomping in the woods and streams. One of our visitors, Wing Nuts, took off into the woods followed by calls of "Fu+k Wing Nuts". I'm sure the civilians enjoying the serenity of the woods enjoyed the serenade.

It was nice for a warm end of summer day to be in the shade soon going to the stream for the first crossing. As usual I was near the middle of the pack and on trail as the flour was found to cross us Stoney Creek. It's important to mention here that this was before the fun with animals that was about to be on trail. Did anybody else see the huge bald faced hornets nest 20 feet up in the tree at the first stream crossing? It was about 18 inches in diameter and 3 feet long. I waited a while for Quarterstick to appear so I could get pictures of him throwing rocks at this huge nest. The bastard shortcutted to the first beer check so I went on trail soon to discover the fun that the hare, this was Deathwish's part of the trail, and the FRB's were about to stir up. I soon heard calls of "BEES!" I know for the next half mile Purple Cooter, Yeast of Burden, and Bush Rat got nailed many times. It was funny to see 3 dogs running serendipitously through all this. I guess having hairy legs could be a benefit here. Keeping poison ivy off and possibly bees from getting close enough really jam their stinger in. However the backs of my hands are another story. Yeah, I shouldn't cry because I only got hit really good in the hand. The water was no escape because it was just deep enough that your ass would have been sticking out. Back to our fly fisherman, did anyone else see him. He was in the middle of the bee conflagration trail. He had to have heard the whole bee scenario. I'll bet that hearing the hashers getting

Hares: Chapped Lips and Puke Panther

hammered by bees was way more fun than not catching any trout. I would like to hear his rendition of his fishing day. Soon we made it to the first beer check. Mercifully the trail went back sort of past the parking lot and some of the injured wisely bailed and went home.

All this adventure in the first mile of trail. It all went downhill from here, and uphill, and cross hill, and over rocks, and under logs, and through more water. For some reason Wild Cherry had a tasty alcoholic cherry impromptu enjoyment for the pack. Wonderful wooded and watered trail on a day that the local 30 percent chance of a thunderstorm kept one hill to our north for a while. Finally the storm came our way but most of the thunder missed us. Large refreshing rain drops came straight down of the few at the back of the pack that were on their way to the last beer check. It is important to mention that we already had 3 beer checks and a shot check. Way to go H5, exceeding the standard for a beer check every mile. In a rare moment Tour de Puke was near the back and mentioned that he saw a rope swing! Warm pouring down rain, a rope swing, and 90 degrees, shit, no beer., the world is not perfect. Some of the local kids must have stole the 30 foot long half inch nylon rope. I hope nobody's boat is floating down the Susquehanna. To look at this made me realize that somebody put a lot of work into making this swimming hole. I know about that kind of stuff. As I recall Luna Chick, Just Josh, Just Megan, Tour, Delia, and myself were the swingers. For some reason the name, Rock Bottom, comes to mind. The rain ended and we made our way back to the parking lot blowing off the last beer check.

Out of the woods walks a redheaded beauty named Just Tina who was doing a side hike off the Appalachian Trail. She went back with the pack for circle at Just Josh and Just Megan's place not to far away to catch some local people in action. Let us not forget own J. Edgar Boozer and his recent adventure on the Appalachian Trail this summer. Circle was held and Just Josh got named Rock Bottom due to something about his ass hitting a rock before he got over the creek on the rope swing. Before this time I had accepted his offer of crash space in his yard. I did remember to set up my tent. Did Quarterstick do something stupid by the fire? Shit, I gotta' drink slower. Fun with a laser pointer. The hashers dissipated and I think some of Rock Bottom's friends show up and drink more beer. For some reason I recall everyone leaving the fire area. I stumbled off to my tent. Too bad I forgot to roll out my air mattress that was in the tent beside me. The sun came up and I awoke. I remember something about the night before and noticing that I only had 1 Old Milwaukee left. Woo Hoo, brush teeth, drink Old Mud, a quart of water and I feel better.

By now I 'spect that the swelling has gone down and your stung spots are itching a lot. Wow, could bee stings be used for male enhancement? After the swelling goes down you have an itch to scratch.

On On
Fart Connor

8 /27/2007 TMINFMH3 Run #98**Full Sturgeon Moon Hash****Hares:**

Ok, so I was stupid enough to volunteer for one hash trash and got drafted for another so her it goes.....

Dateline Tues. H5 Full Sturgeon Moon (maybe)

The hare: Lunachic (go figure, it is a fool moon after all)

Location: MYO park, Lenkerville (I know, she said Millersburg, but really it's Lenkerville)

The trail:

Where should I start, the beginning is always good, but not always the best.....so.....

The pack had assembled just up from the old canal (not that there are any new ones) in the MYO park in Lenkerville with Luna and Girth Brooks supplying drinks. Some recently absent hashers showed. Like yours truly (really when was the last time anyone saw me at a fool moon), Sticky Bunz, Licky Me, Raidr, and some others who shall be named later (or not). Trail got off to a rocky start because I stole the flour from the hare :) and decided that a pub crawl was just to simple, so I was off with the hare chasing me (forget circle there were no new boots anyway, except one and she stuck to Sticky, did I mention both were looking rather hot). So forget the 10 min. lead time, every one was late as it was. Across the bridge to the Millersburg Ferry (not that there is anything wrong with that, yes, I did make sure we got to Millersburg ok) and the beginning of an impromptu "booze cruise" a Beer Near was thrown down on the deck of the boat (in the river I think it's only a boat, not a ship) and my trunk was opened to reveal a case of Seranac brought back from Ithaca weekend. I downed one and horseplay ensued..... until.... ok, so licky me didn't learn to stay back after I've been drinking and I picked her up on my shoulder and proceeded to march around on deck, when she squirmed just a bit too much and she went overboard :0 Since we were close enough when it happened she was promptly fished out without the captain being any wiser(?) or he was just laughing his ass off too much to stop the boat any sooner.

Back to trail, the boat, once docked was a quick disembark to the next beer check, the swingers club in Liverpool. Licky Me was in her glory dishing spankings to all who would rear up. I was rolling on the floor from watching it all and a few others were in awe of everything thus far. this beer check had to be short so we would all make the return trip on the ferry. We all lined up at the door on the way out for our spankings, I do believe she got me harder than the rest for dropping her in the water (or maybe the concussion from Ithaca, when I dropped her on the ground), but hey I like it that way.

After docking back in Millersbug I turned the flour back over ot Luna and we proceeded to go on the standard pub crawl and wound up at the Millersburger for circle and free pizza and snacks duing Monday Night Football. Sorry if you showed and I didn't remember to name you, and I forget who fell into the canal while trying to cross on the tree, but such is hashing.

Remember also to never let the truth get in the way of a good story, or even a mediocre one.

8 /25/2007 H5 Run #315**Saturday Hash****Hares: Wild Cherry**

Dearest Wankers

What a great day for a hash. I know that because the Weather Man told me that there was a heat advisory to go out in the weather today. Twas a nice sunny day to arrive in an area that had gates that could be locked and trap all the hashers, though you could go on foot across the Conidiguinnet Creek to escape. Summer days like this are what make Pennsylvania a great place to hash year around. If that doesn't

Hares: Wild Cherry

make sense come out with us when it's 15 degrees. We were really crafty and hid about 20 vehicles, that's police talk for cars, by the compost pile to violate open container laws.

The hares, Wild Cherry, Phone Sex, and Zebra Balls arrived to take control of the pack of at least 30 who braved the heat and humidity this early in the day. Close to half of the pack was visitors and about 5 virgins. This seemed like a really small turnout for H5. I guess the rest of H5 stayed home to watch the Extreme Scrapbooking Marathon on the LOGO CHANNEL in the air conditioning! The pack took off on really good hash time and just as the hares had promised the trail started as advertised as Wet. The wild part was to follow later.

A short land distance and past some civilians looking at us as the first creek crossing. This was to set the theme for the day. The hares did a great job. The pack crossed a 4 lane highway without the police arriving to give J-walking tickets. Back into the shiggy and down to another cold stream where we didn't stomp on any native trout and at an underpass with the first beer check. Here is what make hashing special from many perspectives. Many are driving over us not even knowing we are there in their air conditioned vehicles. Hmmm, my participle is dangling. They are driving over us in their air conditioned cars, not realizing that we are there drinking beer. We are in the shade on a hot day in cool water drinking beer. Bush Rat forgot to read the note that the hares provided to avoid their notice. The rest of the pack was stupid enough to follow trail for about half a mile that made a big loop to within 100 yards of the first beer check. The trail went down the same stream for about another half a mile to another well placed beer check. Yuengling Lager and float toys. It almost doesn't get any better than this! Through more shiggy and back across the 4 lane highway did the pack wander following flour. Zig Zaggity back to the Conidiguinnet Creek and down we go. Theme for the day, FRB's find trail through the shiggy and some of the pack follows the calls of ON ON as we travel down creek. Those in the creek make a slight detour for beer in the shiggy. It should be noted that the whole time we were in this relative wilderness you could hear traffic going past. More trail and back across the creek and things got interesting. As the trail sort of doubled back and went up a hill my r*nnng prowess saved me for a second week in a row. Last week me and Delia were at Lehigh Valley and the hares and FRB's ran across railroad ties and a bee nest. They stirred up bee shit for the pack. I could see Delia and hear her yelping. Delia has found many bee nests and never let out a cry so I'm guessing that she was caught in the hasher stampede. I looked down to a bee tornado at the railroad ties and detoured around. Today was similar as Delia was following short cutters and I wasn't far behind as the cry of BEES erupted! Delia came running back to me with a nice collection of bees on her and others following. It was sort of like my great, great, great, great grandmother Emma said to my great, great, great uncle Zeb when the Indians attacked in 1839, "I kept beating them off but they kept coming and coming!" I only got stung once but others got nailed numerous times by the Yellow Jackets. G must have been with us as nobody had an Allergic Erection. We still have another beer check to go!

We were back in the general direction of the start and found the last beer check and La La La La La La La La La, shiggy and water. It was about this time that the hashers attention span had long been surpassed and many knew different ways back to the start. This is what makes an A to A trail great. As me and Delia were one of the last to leave and I saw the other occupants of the remaining vehicles I think that we didn't lose anyone on trail.

A thanks should go to Weblows Scout for finding the magnetic 2 foot by 1 foot sign that was affixed to the new door of my fine truck when I got back to Point A. Now here is a hash political disclaimer: I don't know who RonPaul2008.com represents but I got some cool magnetic shit on the door of my truck. Keep in mind I like Kinky Freedman too. He has a cool "In DOG we trust" t-shirt. I think I want one.

Back to Wild Cherry's abode for some delicious food and COOKIES. Only Wild Cherry could make cookies a food group, second only to Old Milwaukee. Wonderful food was consumed, circle ensued, and many hashers were abused. Thanks to our visitors, regular H5'ers, virgins, and our hares. Zebra Balls, the hare that didn't know the trail, Phone Sex, showed Zebba Balls the way, and special thanks to Wild Cherry for again opening his house and neighborhood for the hashers. The pack at Wild Cherry's thinned quickly as many left to get ready to see Bubba, central Pennsylvania's most intoxicated band, somewhere in Harrisburg.

Hashing is great
Fart Connor

Hares: ANGEL, Just Lays There, Doodle and She Came

Hey Now

Thanks ANGEL, Doodle, Just Lays There, and She Came for all you did to make the Power O de Poosay hash so much fun. From what I seen ANGEL had to put in a lot of time to find a venue that was hash friendly, sort of. Apparently in her own backyard she found a place otherwise known as The Quentin Riding Club.

In an attempt to properly prepare I took a half day off work on Friday for a hash on Saturday. Me and Delia loaded a pickup load of hashing stuff out of the "Barn O Hashing". If I had a bigger truck I could bring more shit. We arrived around 5 PM and set up camp. Blawb and her Just Doug arrived and plugged into the electricity for their camper. Now I get to relax till trail on Saturday. As the sun set the oppressive heat that stayed around even a night relented. Later at night when the club members departed Delia somehow snuck into the bar, she didn't drink though. It's too bad that she can't drive even though she has a license. Meanwhile back at camp things were happening. I sat in my camp chair alone in the dark and enjoyed another beer while I pondered the stars. Then it was time to crash and let the cicadas sing me to sleep on my air mattress that I forgot to close the valve so all the air doesn't leak out.

A comfortable sunny Saturday morning arrived. I had a nutritious breakfast of V8, Ramen noodles, Men's One A Day, a Monster drink, and beer. Some of the hares arrived and worried about why the other hares weren't there. There's beer checks to put out. A small supply of hashers arrived. There were even a couple of virgins. If I remember correctly they were Just Bill, on some name that starts with a B, and Just Nicole. Now being that they were virgins at an H5/Reading hash does that automatically make them Bi-hashual? According to directions previously dispersed from the hares that the pack actually remembered to leave camp and carpool to the bar for trail start about 5 minutes from QRC. Sister Maria carpooled himself to the start in his new Pontiac Vibe that only had 25 miles on it. A small pack of about 20 appeared at Cheers Bar. Let's not forget the dogs. Doodle and Glass Ass's new dog Summer, a fox hound at a riding club. ANGEL's dog

Hares: ANGEL, Just Lays There, Doodle and She Came

Marley went with the hares. Beer Slut, Delia, and Summer stayed with pack.

The hares gave trail marking flour throws to confuse the virgins and regaled them with tales of water moccasins, bees, shiggy a deer can't make it through, broken bones, and lost hashers. The hares take off after giving directions to the pack to go to the bar. There are directions we can follow. Beer at the bar and the pack is off after 12 minutes. 100 yards and into the shiggy by an automobile graveyard. I know this is a good idea but maybe not for the junkyard owner, this would be a cool place for a beer check. No such luck, wonderful shiggy that you can't walk upright through like a human, into woods, and back to the power cut. We scared out a couple of deer but mostly I heard something crunching through the brush or a glimpse of a white tail over an asshole. Down a hill to the land of boulders. It's somewhere near here where I fell on my ass. I can remember thinking, "That's going to hurt tomorrow." The trail goes into a bouldery stream that is designated as a wild trout stream. Some places the stream disappears under the rocks and you can hear the stream babbling under the rocks. Beer check in the stream! The other about 2 miles of trail would follow this pattern. Evil terrain, water, pollen, beer in a stream, and falling hashers. The pack arrives safely back at the bar and carools back to the QRC.

Back at camp circle is held where Just Doug, Blawb's other half, was named "Donald Frump" because he didn't do anything stupid on trail and his resemblance to Donald Trump and his need for hair care. Glass Ass and Doodle had some awesome chili made for our enjoyment. I think just Troy did some rapping. A great evening on the deck for drinking too much beer. Real plastic beer mugs were distributed to those in the pack who registered. They were decorated and personalized specially for this occasion by Just Lays There.

I stumbled me and Delia back to my tent and thought I was about to go to sleep. At least KY was smart enough to try and sleep in her vehicle. Apparently she froze her ass off and drove a hundred feet in search of She Came's tent and scared Wild Cherry as all he saw were headlights going for his tent, she stopped just in time. She Came and KY were cackling and giggling like little school girls at a sleep over and somebody's liquor cabinet was raided. Eventually they quieted down, maybe because they were spooning, and I finally dropped off to sleep.

I awoke in pain on Sunday morning and realized that I was right about the fall I took on Saturday and the valve I forgot to close on my air mattress didn't help any either. Now came the most work of the weekend for me, making all the shit fit back inside my truck. Evidence of that was witnessed by Big Rig and I think Doodle as they followed me shortly and saw me have to pick up my pirate flag on the flagpole that blew out of the back of my truck. I had to go back and get it.

ANGEL, She Came, Doodle, and Just Lays There, thanks for a wonderful trail. Where the hell were the rest of the hashers?

On On
Fart Connor

We just wanted to send out a "big" thanks to the hares for a fun hash! Your hard work is much appreciated!

OnOn,
BigRig & Jello

7 /29/2007 TMINFMH3 Run #97**Full Buck Moon Hash****Hares: Lunachic and Eager Beaver****Park n' Ride off of Rte 934 & Rte 22.**

What the hell would keep 18 or so of the bravest hashers in the world entertained in a severe thunderstorm? Well BEER seems to work just fine. Not to mention to the group of half-minds chances of being struck by lightning are like 280,000 to one or less. But when you add the fact that most of the trail was creek stomping, through a forest. The beer was helpful to overcome the odds. I think we beat the odds.

I feel very fortunate to again be entertained by the beer guzzling antics of H5 with hardly a scratch on me. Thank to Eager & Luna for the work they did and all those who showed up, truly a great 97TH full moon hash.

ON ON
Girrrth Brooks

7 /28/2007 H5 Run #313**Rock Hop Hash****Hares: Chapped Lips and Puke Panther****Falmouth Boat Access off Rte 441**

Friggn' Arrrgghh Wankers

H5 meets again to defile the downstream of Three Mile Island. Me and Delia arrived in plenty of time to catch a dip in the Susky. European Whore and Hung Like This arrived in time to join us as we soaked in the tepid water that there was no E Coli alert at the beach upstream at Harrisburg's City Island, at least that I know of. I hope if you are reading this you are having your First Drink of the Day, it's 1 AM Sunday so this is mine. Upon seeing Puke Panther making a circle of flour we decided to swim on in. Oh yeah, we're back to Saturday. Puke showed the marks that would be tossed about as our one virgin for the day looked on with a look of thinking WTF? If I'm correct, "Kicks Ass Like a Man" helped to bring him. I know that there are many Just Hashers out there that I don't remember their name so forgive me.

The pack of about 25 took off after the standard 12 minutes on a trail that seemed really familiar to me. Me and Delia resisted the urge to bushwhack through the shiggy to the hiking trail about 100 yards away and followed the trail like the rest of the Lemmings. Sure as shit the trail went down river for a really long way before the pack found the first beer check. The hares seriously abused the H5 credo of a beer check every mile! Especially at the beginning of a trail. And then when we came to the first beer check there was a cooler really full of ice with not nearly enough beer for half the size of the pack! About this time a nasty looking pile of storm clouds complete with distant thunder was observed but by the grace of G passed us by. OK, quit busting on Puke and Chappy, they did go to great effort to set this trail, at least till later. OK, it's later! Another way long mile and still frugal beer and lots of ice.

If I remember correctly the trail went from the second beer check to the third beer check along a road. OK, maybe that's really stupid but if you were on trail and saw how the flour markings looked like a comet with a tail going in the direction of the possible motor vehicle hauling hares throwing flour you would understand. I must admit though that here is a cool thing about hashing, the pack gathered with the hares and socialized. There were many that wondered why there was a non-hasher pickup truck parked in the field beside us, we found out later on trail

Hares: Chapped Lips and Puke Panther**Falmouth Boat Access off Rte 441**

after the lengthy beer check. The trail went off the road and soon we encountered a civilian with a rifle and a scope! It wasn't even hunting season, especially for hashers! He was just blasting groundhogs. I recall Kicks Ass Like a Man's observation of one his groundhogs with it's head blown most of the way off. I'm not sure that she agreed with his observation of "That's where I ment to put it." The pack went merrily on to the last beer check before we got to the Susquehanna River at Chappy's car parked at to an entrance to Three Mile Island. Deathwish informed us that he and Yeast of Burden were to drive Chappy's car back to the start. Bullshitting car hashing bastards! I wish I would have thought of that first.

The Rock Hop really started about here. Fisherman were looking at us. Where is the security at Three Mile Island? What would happen if Delia had her red doggie backpack on and ran across the bridge with no guards? Doggie suicide bomber strikes Three Mile Island! Dog Shit Bomb! I fed her Alpo mixed with nuclear waste. Dirty Fart bomb! The world is safe. The trail goes down the river and here is where I think it is better to do trail drunk because the rocks are slippery and as long as you employ the whirling dervish you are OK. If you haven't figured this out by now, click on the colored shit for more entertainvent. Old Milwaukee clouds my brain. Let's go Roman! About the time of the Romans the original inhabitants of North America speared fish and got suntans with no suntan lines on them. Today we stumbled, crawled, rolled, falled, falled, rolled, yelled FUCK the hares to a shot check as darkness was setting. My eyes are having trouble lining stuff up. The hares arrived a mile out in the river and directed the pack in for a shortcut because it was getting dark soon. HmMMM, bustin' time! Who is the genius who thought of starting this trail 4:30 in the afternoon?

Hey Chappy and Puke, thanks for fucking up another trail for H5! Youse are great! If anybody wants to bitch about this trail let them hare a trail of their own!

On On
Fart Connor

Fart, sweetie..... trail was not f*cked up!! We thought it was awesome and thank God the rain held off. It's tough pleasing sooo many people with their schedules. We used to start our runs earlier, but then it cut into some folks bike riding time, so we started later and THOSE hashers don't make trail anyway. Then we had some complaining our trials are too short, so I lengthened it!?! Hmmm, I thought two 64oz jugs of beer at each stop was plenty....we did not want you folks drunk on the rocks. :-)

There was a couple of things you forgot to mention in your write up....didn't Mr. Alligator, Mr. Dolphin or Mr. Shark help you across the river and most importantly.who's motorcycle did Pro Boner help himself to? (Blow n Tell, please elaborate on that story so I can laugh my ass off again) It wasn't mine.

Who was that man WALKING & HOLDING HANDS on trial (he did not finish trail)....I believe it looked like DEATHWISH. Oh the Virgin Just Bret could not swim, so I towed him across the river using my Kayak. OMG, the nastiest fall I have ever witnessed on those rocks was Tour slipping and falling hard on his back. He was soooo lucky it was a flat rock. I have been on those rocks hundreds of times with Puke, we have fallen many times but that was the best fall ever!! I thought you were paralyzed Tour!!!!

Thank you Fart, great job on the write up. As always, I love you guys. Thanks for cuming out and having a great time with us.

OK, our Save Stoney Valley run won't be too long.

much love, Chappy and Puke

Hello Fellow H5ers,

I thought this hash was Totally Awesome!!! The trail was great, the rocks were extremely cool, and I enjoyed the float across the mighty Susquehanna. I totally loved it. I enjoyed the rock hop even more than hiking through "The Devil's Racecourse", which is a famous boulder field along the Appalachian Trail in Dauphin County. I talked a lot to a new hasher named "Just Ben" who came with "Kicks Ass Like A Man". It turned out that "Just Ben" is a geologist and he explained a lot about the rocks to me while we were hopping on them. I think "Gets Her Rocks Off" would have enjoyed this hash. I was glad it was longer than most hashes since it was so good, and I regret not cumming to the on-after. Maybe next time.

Kudos with a capital "K" to Chappy and Puke Panther for a "rockin" great time!

On-On,

Flaming Earl Gay

Hares: Piss Boy, Cums & Glows and Meatless**4 B's Restaurant in Emigsville**

Howdy Y'All

The Straub III hash started innocently enough as about 30 wankers with nothing better to do on a wonderful not humid Saturday summer afternoon arrived at 4 B's. Me and Delia got to the parking lot in plenty of time to see the slow trickle of hasher vehicles, with various examples of hashing misuse exhibited upon them, start to assemble in the designated area. As zero hour approached the stream intensified to a small flood of metal and human assemblage coming from all directions. Well sort of, nobody arrived by parachute, boat, or from underground. Make that a special note for future hares, that'll get the pack thinking about the trail to come!

The hares Meatless, Piss Boy, and Cums And Glows, did a great job of showing how marks should look on trail and got their 12 minute lead on the pack to live hare the trail. H5vers, visitors, and virgins introduced themselves to one another. You could see sparks of fear in the eyes of some of the virgins, Just Matt brought by his cousin Arch Enema and Just Rebecca presented to the hash from Mary Anne, as

Hares: Piss Boy, Cums & Glows and Meatless**4 B's Restaurant in Emigsville**

previous trail debacles, pissed off fisherman with hooks (That's better than pissed off hunters with guns, bullets too, but that season is soon upon us.), leech filled water crossings, broken bones, eating live cicadas, dog fights, earthquakes, ticks in hard to reach places, and other things that add to hashing were discussed. The hope that the trail would lead the pack under rt. 83 more times than the Re-hab Trail was mentioned. Of course the Re-hab Trail didn't go under rt. 83 because we were at rt. 81, but it didn't go under 81 either. Meanwhile, back at the edge of the shiggy, the pack was off! We're off to see what the dastadwy hawes have in store for us.

As in usual H5 style Dancing Fool from Philly way and Blinded by the Cause with girlfriend J-Ho, from New Mexico, USA way got away almost with the pack. It didn't take long to reassemble behind the brand spankin' new million dollar SPCA building that somebody put up for the hares to find a nice cool spot in the woods for the first beer check. The pack is back together as my beer addled mind tries to re-create the trail. Oh yeah, Dancing Fool, the last one in the pack, saw the BN! The whole pack almost missed the first beer check! Damn I'm glad we let you come along and pick up trash!

My little mind is in the shiggy with the beer. I think we had one more beer check before the trail went under Rt. 83 through a stream channel. Up a nice hill and into the woods near grandmothers house the pack went near an industrial park. Homeland Hashscureity. Beer in the woods! Ohhh ohhh, I remember some conversation that Blinded by the Cause started. Something about that licking windows on the bus taste like blue berries. I replied that that was only after a healthy mooning. That's even more fun than plucking clumps of fur off the remaining fat cat that is 16 years old. I guess you had to be there. The cat tangent is at my house. I remember railroad tracks and Bozo the Clown's sister trying to scramble down the sides of said railroad tracks to get away from the pack. Her significant other was waiting fearlessly for the hashers to pass so he could give her a hand. Many civilians look at us with "The Look". There was no 'splanin so we kept going. They wouldn't have been amused anyhow. Jesus Saves.

Somehow I'm missing a beer check. Well, I guess I didn't miss it, I just helped it to disappear. We still aren't back across rt. 83 and there are miles to go with a shot check too! After much stumblage the pack assembles under a bridge with a Shot Check. The hares went all out on this one! No mixers needed! Just take a shot out of the bottle of vodka! Mmmmmn, it doesn't get any better than this! Old Milwaukee Russian style!

The pack knows that this on the way back to the On In because we are out of beer and shot checks. Shit! It seemed like a long way till we got to the On In place. It was! At least the hares were ready with lots of beer. We were back at the first beer check that the hares had dutifully explained would be the On In point.

Let it not be forgotten that the hares at the last minute figured that the bar that let us park in their parking lot might be quite pissed if we did down downs in their parking lot with our own Straub's Wheat Beer, so the hares did well for the pack. See previous paragraph. Meanwhile back at the first beer check, hashers were getting ready to sacrifice a beer keg. All in the pack were accounted for and circle ensued.

Here is to the hares! They found a spot for a respectful circle where we could sing and yell FUCK loudly! And we did. Our virgins Just Matt and Just Rebecca were de-flowered in circle. Just Angelia got named something, I'll call ya' all at 6 AM when I remember. Damn, it been years. I care about Just Angelia's name!

On Out

Fart Connor

Hares: Wild Cherry and Phone Sex**Pull off on Rte. 114 by the I-81 interchange in Mechanicsburg**

Hey There Wankers

A nice cool early summer day greeted the 30 plus hashers who made it to Wild Cherry's and Phone Sex's "Re-hab Hash". Doodle was mentioned somewhere there too but she must still have been on the mend. We had a great showing of virgins and visitors for H5's live hare trail. If I recall correctly Phone Sex recruited 4 virgins, the only one I can name is Just Tom, more on that later. I think the other virgin came from the Pittsburgh contingent and I can't remember his name either. I gotta start writing stuff down on trail. Other visitors that I hope to recall correctly were Just Lays There from Reading, Cause for Blindness and Dancing Fool from Philly, and "The Pittsburgh 5". Hmmm, let's try to remember. Just Some Dude, Hung Like This, Man E Teaser, some dude who pronounced his name after doing the SHOCKER and talking with those fingers in his mouth, and Just Joy. If I missed any visitors kick me in the ass next time you see me. Let's not forget the dogs. JLT's dogs Molly and Cornelia, European Whore, she was a visitor too, little dog stayed at Wild Cherry's house and didn't do trail. My phrasing might have been better. Delia and the former Just Theresa's dog, Taco Bell, or something like that, did trail. I have to give the little

Hares: Wild Cherry and Phone Sex**Pull off on Rte. 114 by the I-81 interchange in Mechanicsburg**

Chihuahua credit because he is a trooper.

Wild Cherry gave a good demonstration of how he and Phone Sex would miss-mark the trail. 12 minutes later the pack was off. About 300 yards later the pack was at a major confustulation that led to a number of false trails on the wrong side of the road after a check back 8. About a half hour later the pack found beer real near back check 3. The hares have another story about how the pack messed up the trail. All was well, beer was drunk and we were soon off. The hares did a really good job of keeping the pack off roads and I suspect that if we were on trail we didn't see any No Trespassing signs. As the trail paralleled Rt. 81 I wondered why the hares didn't have us go under in the nice cool water. At least the trail was sort of easy to find as truckers blasted their air horns at us. Hmmm, new trail sign in the shape of a horn. Bimbo flashes tits at trucks while doing the universal air horn cord pull. Caution needs to be exercised to make sure that the Grizwalds are not going to wreck because of the distraction. This could be employed if the trail is on train tracks. I'll bet even female truckers would enjoy that too. Mother Trucker, please add your opinion. Ohhh, I crashed into a mental distraction.

Well anyhow back to the real world. We followed a wonderful stream as opposed to the jaggery shiggy, I mean this was really jungly if you were not on the trail. For some reason I forgot the shot check at Rt. 81 before we descended into the shiggy. We followed this stream just like the early pioneers that stole the land from the Indians that already knew the short cuts to beer. We found the beer and a tree for Quarter Stick to climb. Re-imbibed the pack followed trail sort of back to civilization. At least the hares did a great job of having beer on trail! Our next beer check was at some sort of pond where Q-stick should have been more quiet. Me and Delia dove in and found the water to be quite refreshing as long as you didn't jam your feet into the goo at the bottom. Plus that didn't stir up the snappin' turtles and I wasn't skinny dipping so I didn't have to worry about My Ding A Ling. About here was where Just Tom caught up with the pack and was kind of pissed. I do recall his significant other saying that she was concerned about him but I told her that he was with Dancing Fool and he was fine way before. Thank you Dancing Fool for all you do for the hashing world. The trail went back to where we parked and we were off to Wild Cherry's for down downs.

Most of the pack re-assembled and many were abused. Various wankers had great food and beer. Thanks to all the visitors and H5ers that attended or joined us after trail. There was something about the hot tub..... Oh yeah, I got in there in the daylight, that might be scary enough. With the exception of Cause for Blindness, it was a sausage boil. I left somewhere before it got dark but not before Just Theresa got named. If I have this correct she was named KALAM, or Kicks Ass Like A Man! Feel free to ask her if she likes that name. Let us not forget Just Joy, from Pittsburgh, who had way too many clothes on in the hot tub, with another shitty 70's song mentioned by one of her cohorts. This scares me because it's mellow and I remember it! It's Seasons in the Sun.

On On
Fart Coroner

6 /29/2007 TMINFMH3 Run #96**Full Strawberry Moon Hash****Hares:**

Hared by Bushrat and Panick Button. And truly for PB's first hared trail, I would have to give it a 9++...can't give it a 10...only the Army gets that! :) Any way, I don't usually drink at these events, but I did that night so my recall may not be totally accurate, but here it goes. We all arrived at a Church off 283 somewhere...I pray for our forgiveness...there was a good lot of us, 30 or more, hares got off...hmmmm...fairly on time...hash time that is...ran us thru a ton of shiggy...my legs tell the story on that issue. I think there was 3 BN's and 1SN...and i think there was running/walking in between each one...and some how we all ended up back at the church...I pray for our souls...rounding us up for circle was like a stoned cowboy trying to round up wild horses in a mid west hurricane...up we finally ended up at the church pavillion...i have been praying ever since we've left for our souls...circle was had by all then off to a local bar...now that bar was soooo cute! Like going back in time to around 1955 and I think it was the original fabric on the sofa! The hot dogs were consumed...i especially like the chilli on top...that's a flip for me...much beer was drank...fresh beer that istrue pennsylvanian beer...mmmmmm...doesn't get much better than that! I think we'll all ban Troegs at the hashes from here on out! not sure what time we left for home...after promises for kicking someones ass at pole the next time. THANKS!! for the great time! PS&ZB

p.s...i was suppose to remember something...but i forget...

6 /16/2007 H5 Run #310**KY's 5th Anal Birthday Hash****Hares: Rubber Dickie****Evangelical Free Church - Hershey**

Thanks Ky and Rubber Dickie too

Hey wait, who left the parking lot annex of the church with the big bag O flour? Oh, that was Rubber Dickie carrying the bag. Well anyhow the pack assembled on a great day with many arriving before the disputed hash time of somewhere around 4 in the afternoon. Phone Sex and the long time unseen Zebra Balls arrived fashionably on their scooters in plenty of time not to do trail citing a morning bike ride for their inability to do trail in the afternoon. There was a sign in the parking lot forbidding passing out in the parking lot. Oops, that's not what I meant. The sign said not to pass out literature in the parking lot. That was adhered to as Flounder passed out Yuengling Lagers that he had left to those who would partake. Long time non-returners, Coyote Ugly, Dirty Dancer, dog Spooner, and their new adoptee from the shelter, Delaney, arrived to put some doggie spice on the day. Skid Mark, Mother Trucker, Desperate Dave/Takes Up The Ass Like The Amish, and Just Jo arrived at the start not to do trail too. Let's not forget the about 30 others who came to do the trail!

Hares: Rubber Dickie**Evangelical Free Church - Hershey**

The live hare Rubber Dickie got his 12 minute head start and threw out a nice trail to follow. After a short distance it led to some blatant trespassing through what looked like some sort of Derry Township Municipal area to a beer check that the local Derry Township Homeland Security Police didn't arrive to protect the sewage pumping station. We drank beer there and Quarterstick was pissed because he couldn't find any big rocks to throw into the stream or at trains so he pissed in the stream. Shortly before we finished the beer, the last of the on hash extreme timers arrived. M'Orally Challenged and Dancing Fool came prancing through the woods to help finish off the rest of the beer. With the beer finished the pack was off and up the hill being that if we went any direction from there, other than back to the start, it was uphill.

I have to note that this part of the trail was really well marked as the flour was well placed in plain view on moss covered rocks, exposed tree roots, scraped off leaves, and other areas availing themselves to being floured. We didn't go too far till we came to of all things in the middle of the woods, a shot check! This worked well as the pack downed the tasty cream sickle flavored liquor and stumbled off through some of the nicest shiggy across a thorny rose covered log that Rubber Dickie found for the pack to enjoy. The trail couldn't have gone much more than another half mile till we came to another beer check. By this time some of our type A hashers were complaining about stiffening up because of too much beer drinking and not enough trail and the pack formed a long thin line through a field that really looked full of ticks. The trail seemed to go a long way, relative to the previous beer checks, through a field of soy beans, in case anybody cares what kind of farmers crops we were trampling, across a road into a nice residential development. The hare must have scouted well in that the trail went to this property that was for sale where we could trespass into the nearby woods for the last beer check. The FRB's put the beer check on the back porch of the house on the property. Yeah right, a house! 4 garages attached to a indoor volleyball court that the Legion of Dumb could hurl volley balls through the windows, attached to a 5 bedroom with a Jacuzzi in each type house. Somebody built a beach house in the woods. Story was that if the cops came we were a consortium looking to buy the house while drinking beer in the back.

From here the trail went a good mile on the way back to Rubber Dickies and Ky's with more blatant trespassing through somewhere as some amused condo owners looked on. At least they weren't shouting, cursing, and shooting as we passed. As it got dark the last of the pack stumbled in. Ky's dogs were ready to greet the pack. Sam, the coffee table, was pretty mellow as Spooner, Delia, and Delaney made their arrival. Cheyanne, on the other paw, saw it differently and it soon became clear that we had to "Keep em Separated". The dogs talked some smack but nobody stuck their leg in so all was well.

A rather respectful circle was had as many were dishonored for hash crimes of some sort. Dancing Fool got the only visitor down down. To the H5'ers who I failed to disrespect in print, thanks for coming out and making today a great day. Speaking of which, Bush Rat regaled the pack with the story of his type A swim of 4.5 miles and used the opportunity to raise more money so we can pay his way to swim across the Chesapeake Bay again next year. A naming was held, if I have this right, Just Brett, was named due to wanting to be divorced to marry again soon and not being able to hook up his trailer after Stinko, "Un-Hitch My Cock".

On Out
Fart Connor

Hares: Grand Master Bush Rat and The H5 Usual Suspe

To everyone that participated in, and was a part of Stinko, I want to give a big thanks. It is probably always my most tiring weekend of the year. We do a lot to make Stinko what it has become. I cannot count the number of compliments that I got. Every year, afterwards I ask myself, "what can we do better?" And I do not know that we have to get any better. As long as we do not get stale, but continue to change it up a bit. I cannot name everyone, you know who you are. Some did a lot and some a little, but it all counts. So thanks again for all of the hard work and dedication.

For those of you from H5 that choose not to attend, too bad. You miss out on a lot of fun.

There are some good events cumming up now, that we can enjoy even more,(because we do not work), like commotion by the Ocean, Ithica, Pittsburg, and later on Erie and Nittany. It takes support from your surrounding hash clubs to make the event great. So get out of town and support our friends who support us year after year.

ON ON to A.B.C on Friday and Family Hash on Sat
Bushrat

Hey Bushrat, Tour, Chappy and all the rest of you crazy H5'ers. Just wanna thank you for yet another great Stinko! You guys rock.
See you in Eerie
Swings Both Ways

128 acts of fun! THANKS FOR A GREAT TIME :) LOVE ALL OF YOU :) ENJOY, JLT

Hey Ya' Ky

I recall something about a dropped plastic jug of Yucca. I'm glad the glass didn't break.

Starting to recover
Fart Connor

I second that sentiment, Swings Both Ways -- H5, you guys rock! Thanks for making my first Stinko an awesome one.

On-on!

F*ck Nana

Wankers

Hares: Grand Master Bush Rat and The H5 Usual Suspe

Whyzit my eyes still can't focus but my brain doesn't hurt? The "Days of the week song", Monday is a recovery day. My hat goes off to the H5 Planning Committee. Some bruises, scratches, and poison ivy are starting to show but if that is the worst of this weekends injuries, I will survive! Disco still sucks! For those dinosaurs still on dial up there will be no pictures, Dead Man Walking.

I arroved after a nice spring day drive with the Dogwoods and the Redbuds in full bloom along the highway. Safety note: If you have AADD you have to take special care when you are looking at the flowers along the road when you are driving. "Wild Cherry", the parking attendant, directed me to put my fine craft in a junk yard, oops, I mean a parking space. In a few hours "Campo de Farte" was assembled. I hope I had the United States of America flag properly displayed. I love my country! USA ROCKS!

The healthy cholesterol laden breakfast I had at a local diner and the energy drink Monster kicked in and it was time to drink beer! Oh, by the way, the shit written in blue is a clickable link. Time to socialize with the new arrivals. This is an aspect of hashing that has made me to love this group. Nahh, love just sounds too gay. Oh no! Did I just step on another delicate foot? WTF, I had fun meeting everybody. I remember my first Stinko where I sort of felt intimidated by the crowd. How the hell do you get a gathering of people from a large geographical area and they all seem to know each other? I think I've come to learn that is what hashing is about. We are the world! Michael Jackson sucks too. Tent village was assembled and I was starting to think about my vow to maintain myself and not be hung over till Thursday. I visited with Desperate Dave Takes It Up The Ass Like An Amishman and Just Linda and socialized.

. Anticipation was in the air for the Celtic themed pub crawl. Is that any better than Phil Collins "Cumming in her Hair Tonite"? After about 6 hours of not drinking heavily Bush Rat herded the wankers onto the bus like the "Bus Packer" he is. I was dressed in my finest Ghetto Celtic but was referred to as being a badly dressed baseball player. At some bar along the way a civilian bimbo talked me out from under my pirate laden hat. T was a fine black hat with skull and crossbones and skulls on it. I do have pictures. I wonder if she wanted my skull and crossbones belt buckle too? I guess I should have thought of that then. Wow, that's right! Didn't we help some blonde babe with nice cleavage celebrate her 21st birthday? And what of the other bimbo that was getting married? As the Flash Mob of hashers left the bar the amused locals were hopefully thinking WTF. I don't think it was me but why do I think our bus driver was irritated? Didn't she have her little doughnut shaped thing on her seat? It was great that H5's Flounder couldn't make it to Stinko but still made it to the bar to visit. Oh, that's right, Deck Head's band was playing too. At least he had an excuse. Wasn't it Gerth Brooks who missed the hash bus and Flounder brought him back to Camp Climax?

If you don't get the Camp Climax thing I guess you weren't awake at around 4am on Saturday. Or maybe if you were awake then you're not admitting to it. For all the times I heard one or maybe more bimbos yelling "Oh God!", I thought I was at a church revival meeting! I wonder if any new souls were created? The next thing I knew was the sun was up and I didn't have any crunchy spots on my pants. Rats, I still had my pants on, was it all a dream? Oh yea, let's not forget the hasher safe Yucca containers for KY.

Saturday morning and the sun is up, I know that because I'm awake. Why do I still feel half toasted? Crack another Old Milwaukee and have breakfast and think about it. Hash Olympics are about to start soon and everybody is preparing. I still think rolling hashers down a hill in 55 gallon drums would be entertaining. Wow, keg bowling with hashers in a 55 gallon drum! Go Jimmy Hoffa! Why is Saturday such a blur? I do recall trail with a nice hill and beer in some places that must have taken some effort to get BEER to a scenic spot. On mental auto pilot. Meanwhile back at the camp we had circle. How I remember that I'm not sure because I took a nap. I think 2 hashers got named. I can actually remember one of them. Just Erik, Lil Spremaid's significant other, got named something. Once I get my mind right I'll do my best Strother Martin imitation from "Cool Hand Luke". "Shakin' the bush boss!" That has nothing to do with anything, I'm just on a mental tangent. I guess Bubba is getting ready to take the stage.

Does anyone else get the irony of having Stinko at a Girl Scout camp? BUBBA ROCKS! Then we had the Midnight Naked Run! I think this looks like a scene from "Night of the Living Dead". "Ohhh, Gina, I want to eat your brains". See, I told you I liked you for more than your looks! Oh, do I recollect this correctly? Bubba came back and there were necked people dancing around. When Bubba finished the crowd went to the fire where there were drums being played. I was told that the bugle didn't match the drum beats so I put it away. Or maybe it a disguised attempt to say that my musical abilities weren't adequate. Oh yea, there were still naked people dancing to the drumbeats by the fire. Sorta like the "Bertha Butt Boogie". That came out before it was called Disco so it's ok. As the drum beats slowed and the fire died the remaining hashers went to their respective crashing sites. I had a nice cozy spot in my hammock where I nestled till daybreak and it was time for me and my bugle to wake the dead.

Breakfast and perfect planning by the H5 Stinko committee as we were on the emergency keg. At least the bastards didn't want my Old Milwaukee. Does that mean that there's not a kick the keg hash next weekend? Cheery bleary eyed people made their way about. This could have been a scene of "Morning of the Living Dead". I just thought of that, I wonder what a search will turn up. Shit

Somewhere on Sunday morning I lent my phone to somebody who lost their phone and needed to call it to find it. The phone was found and my phone was returned. Now I can't find my phone! If that is the biggest problem this weekend we should all be well. If anyone found my phone please return it and don't call the Irish Phone Sex Hotline at 1-900-SASSY LASSIE

Disclaimer: If I forgot to mention any important events or your children took your classic car out of the garage for a joy ride; It wasn't me, I was in Colorado having a nun for breakfast.

Hashers rock my world!
On Fuckin' On
Fart Connor

Saturday night I was a little drunk and somehow caught my feet up in themselves and fell off the back steps. Fortunately there were hashers all around to witness, and assist. I didn't think anything of it- too drunk to really. But I noticed a huge scraping of skin was off my left foot. I figured I had a blister that had torn open. Miss Chappy played Doctor and cut off the nasty hanging skin, washed it up and bandaged me. Well, turns out, I scrapped my foot on something when I fell, AND sprained my toe and ankle! Ha! Stupid drunk.

Hares: Grand Master Bush Rat and The H5 Usual Suspe

Peace O' Chum

Every March and April, I eagerly await Stinko as the unofficial start of the summer season. Just a few weeks ago, it didn't look like it would get warm enough for our fun, as usual I was wrong.

I would like to offer my thanks to all who made Stinko the f'in success that it was (In alphabetical order):

Ass Spelunker, for keeping Bubbles from being Bubbles (NOT)

Big Rig, my condolences on your loss. Our "Moment of Loudness" was a touching tribute.

Bush Rat, since it's been a whole 48 hours since I told you what an awesome event it was.

Chappy, for being the heart and soul of the event. Not just queen of the kitchen, but also getting out there as hare... Incredible.

And more incredibly waited until 11am on Sunday to have a meltdown. I promise, next year I will offer more help.

Dairy Queen (Nee, PopTop) for giving me... (Never mind...What goes on at the hash...)

Death Wish for keeping the tradition of the Drunk Tank alive. Without it, I'd have looked pretty dumb in my baseball outfit.

Fart: When I was in bed Monday morning I heard a horn. It turned out to be a car alarm, but I couldn't help myself repeating what I heard on Sunday morning: "Fart, I'm gonna wrap that horn around your neck".

And for your usual hash humorist-in-residence musings

Fuzz Buster, for not being mean to me (I'm a sensitive guy after all).

And for the wonderful can condom I won in the Sumo rassle

Grabbag, for stopping at the private party on trail, and taking time to have oysters and chardonnay.

Also for giving some of us a 'boots on the ground' perspective of what going on in I-Rak.

Grizz Sniz, for not killing us Massengil-style on the Fat Boy hash

Lock Jaw and Slim Jim: Thanks for hiding the homebrew next to my car. And especially for that last taste of Stinko: Pepper beer -I can still taste it.

Pork Screw, for climbing that hill, and luring into following. We got a little extra exercise, so I guess it was not so bad.

Pro Boner, for upstaging me with your major league arm.

Purple Cooter, for saying hi. I almost missed our annual 30 second conversation.

Quarter Stick, for waiting til 10am on Sunday to blow stuff up.

Salt Lick and AARP(enis), for keeping up the NYC tradition of traveling to other peoples hashes.

Sister Maria, for the mad scientist rendition of the "hot" tub.

The fire girls. (Didn't catch your names), for giving me a chance to juggle my flaming torches.

Tour de Puke, for all you do and the never fading sense of humor.

UFO for making up that great story about getting bashed by an 18 wheeler.

Whoever thought to buy the case of Off and make it available to the hashers. I found a tick on me on Monday, without the Off, there would have been more.

Yupper, for keeping me from getting too lost on the trail.

And of course everyone else that contributed to the marvelous event.

Oh Yeah, one more thing.

I heard someone hypothesize that I had dog toys and a bowl in front of my tent as a protest against the No Dogs policy.... Not true. It was just Dog E Style thing.

On-Out

Senor Dog E Style

GM of Summit HHH

You guys all rock. Everyone in NYC was jealous of my shiggy-induced bloody legs.
Cant wait to see you all again.

Salt Lick.

Greetings all,

While recovering from Stinko at work all day Monday, I read an article about the dangers of heavy binge drinking and its health effects. Really scared the Sh*t out of me! So right then and there I decided no more f*ckin reading!!!!

But seriously folks, thanks to to everybody who worked their ass off to make stinko an awesome event. I had a blast and am looking forward more hash events! Panic Button

Hares: Deathwish and Dick-On-A-Stick

Cape May, NJ - Captain Blackbone's

Thank Ye Deathwish

This weekend Deathwish worked his full time job, hosted about 30 wankers, was financially responsible, got a rusty nail in his foot, and performed first aid on Cums And Glows.

Great Sex and Rear End Wrangler hosted the Friday night pub crawl which was a real arduous affair. We ended up at a bar called Cabanas and just kind of stayed there. It was here that I learned that there are those who are drunker n' we are. There was a great Bubba like imitation band there called Scatterbrain <http://scatterbrainrocks.com/home.cfm> but they didn't know the Van Morrison song "Brown Eyed Girl" so the pack left.

Back to Deathwish's for relatively free beer for all the hashers. Due to the nail in Deathwish's foot there's another verse to the Jesus Saves song. I think JLT might know something about that. Deathwish cranks his bar quality stereo for the benefit of those trying to sleep below. Just about midnight Delia helps sing along with "Who Let the Dogs Out" Arrrrr Arrrrr. G.H.R.O. and Pissboy arrive about 1 AM Saturday. The Purry Cunty contingency, consisting of Licky Mee, Mellon Balls, Da Piss Mode, I Love My Mullet Dude, and Alice Trooper arrive to get the party started at 2 AM. Alice Trooper is a one man guitar playing show. I almost go to sleep but Da Piss Mode goes hasher diving.

Somehow I wake up and the sun was just coming up, I'm still alive! Deathwish goes to work. "Dick On A Stick" steps up to the plate and hares the trail by himself and improvises. Yep, sleep 2 hours, drink beer for 8 hours, and the pack stumbles off on trail. I think we need to do a better job of telling virgins that catching the hare doesn't mean tackling him and putting the hare in a headlock. Chappy can do a great rendition of the capture. Rear End Wrangler was just an FRB and not the hare and got tackled. Apparently DOAS got caught as he made sure the pack had beer and had to improvise on trail because one of the beer checks got stolen. I think he was caught at the barrrrr, Cabanas.

We ended up at Captain Blackbones where we had a bar to ourselves! Hasher Heaven! A somewhat respectful circle was held and the band warmed up. Alice Trooper and Just Jim, who made what used to be a church into "Captain Blackbones", tuned their guitars. Somewhere about this time Cums and Glows took a tumble off the handicap ramp to the bar! A classic moment. He came back to the bar bleeding like hell from his ear and Deathwish performed first aid. Most of the pack must have blown their partying wad on Friday night because when Alice Trooper broke his thong, oops, I mean a guitar string, they went back to Casa De Deathwish and crashed. Just Jim, Alice, I Like My Mulled Dude, Ruffy, and Tub Slut provided guitar, percussion, and lyrics. Fuckin' awesome!

I had an awesome 3 hour nap and woke up as the sun was coming up. Comes and Glows was already gone and on the way home. I must have done a good job of not drinking too much because I didn't wake up drunk, hung over, and felling like shit! I just felt like shit for the 150 mile drive home. For some reason the Purry Cunty contingent that left an hour before me passed me on New Jersey Route 55 and "Da Piss Mode" made me glad that I had hasher shit on tailgate.

For those of you who went over the Delaware Memorial Bridge. As you turned onto rt. 41 did you see the blue and yellow 6 inch high by 3 feet long sign that pointed to the Detoxification Center? I thought, "Yeah, I could use some of that", and felt better and drove home.

Arrrrrrn Out
Fart Connor

Greetings Wankers,

I would like to extend a big thank you to Deathwish and DOAS for a great hash this weekend. The hospitality was second to none.

I contacted Cums and Glows at the hospital on Easter Sunday where he found out that he has a broken clavicle.

Yes indeed! Christ has risen, but Cums and Glows has fallen! He said he will be fine. Legion of Dumb. Nuff said.

Vaya con Dios,

Piss Boy

Cums & Glows went to the hospital for a freaking CLAVICLE????????

What a pussy!!!!

It's not even a WEIGHT BEARING BONE!!!

:-)

Maybe our next circle needs beer AND milk. So all the broke dick wankers can have stronger bones.

Wait, I forgot that *I* am one of those broke dicks (that's a military term). Actually, I once HAD a broke dick - its called a penile fracture.

I was hammering away on my girlfriend at the time when the phone rang and I was called to go fight fires in Idaho. I figured since I wouldn't see the bimbo for a couple of weeks I would really give her something to remember me by. Well I guess she got tired of the extra velocity and moved and my manhood collided with some part of her that didn't budge and before I knew it I was bent like Tiger Woods club this week at Augusta. I was screaming and hollering out for an icebag.

Hares: Deathwish and Dick-On-A-Stick

Cape May, NJ - Captain Blackbone's

I kept ice on it during the whole flight west on a USAF C-141.

The penile fracture is real. Seriously. And you can die from it. Potentially causes gangrene of the peter. Look it up if you don't believe me!

I dug fire line for a few days in excruciating pain.

A couple of days into the deployment we were sitting around a campfire with an Eskimo firefighting crew from Alaska. The one eskimo asked me why I was walking funny and I told him the story. He laughed so hard the piece of whale blubber he was chewing on (I am NOT making this up!) flew out of his hand and gatorade hosed from his nose.

Turns out he was some sort of medicine man in his tribe and he said he would do a healing dance for my schlong.

Thankfully, my wang healed and I didn't get glandular gangrene.

This story sounds like something from a late night FART CONNOR rambling. I think I have done a few hundred too many math problems while all you drunken f'ers were having fun at the Cape.

Get better C&G you crazy bastard.

OE

A few comments need to be made (sorry this is global, don't know individual emails)

1. Cums n Glows - please email me or call (610-781-9306) - just want to make sure you are okay? Do you remember anything from last night? falling? Confessions? Falling off the cot?
2. Alice - those days might just work ;) You ROCK dude!
3. Somebody left there camera at Captain Blackbones - contact Deathwish.
4. Pictures from the weekend are processing and will be out shortly
- 5.. Thanks for a great weekend in Cape May - HASHERS ROCK!!!! LOVE, JLT