



LAHB Hash Trash

May 2001

Run# 1058

- Norwalk

Hared by

Boys R Us and Wet Furry Thing

On sex notes

that in the next month or so, the trash should be available online, linked to our already existing website. If you don't know a damn about computers, you'll need to let me know before then (Cyrille 310 876-8759) so that I can make sure to include you in the mailing. I'll still be printing up 50 hard copies each month for the few that may actually get mailed, as freebies to new boots, visitors and whoever wants one while there're any left. We may wind up having two versions of the trash. The online version could have more pictures of better quality (though I have no scanner), and would be less space-oriented: larger fonts, more details about runs and so on on.

Down Downs ended in a furry flurry of activity as hashers, frozen to the bone, headed for their cars. I took this moment to ask **Boys R Us** if he had a scribe. He looked at me blankly and asked, "Since when did you need a scribe for LA?" Well wasn't it a shame hashshitt nominations were already closed! Then he added that last time he hared for LA he was told he didn't need to have a scribe. When asked, "When did you last hare for us?", he replied quite calmly, "Oh about 10 years ago." This may come as a shock to some of you, but things have changed a lot since 10 years ago. So future hares get your shit together and have a scribe!

On on to the actual hash - and no I don't think I deserve a down downs for whining. I am one of the GMs, after all, and can make such executive decisions as having each hash scribed - can't I? OK, back to Norwalk - now can I ask how many LA hashers have even been to Norwalk? Not many, judging by the crowd. Long Beach hashers on the other hand were in abundance, many of whom, it would seem, were confused about which hash they actually were at.

Hi Ho thought it was a Long Beach hash and **Pillsbury Blow Boy** thought it was a **Get A Life**. No accounting for intelligence or ability to follow website directions that clearly said LAH3. There were many returners, including **Chapped Dick** with his lovely wife **Lap Dancer** (who impressed the crowd with her mammories - and on such a cold night too!) They brought along a new boot, **Frank**, who hails from Germany (where is **Ballwasher** when you need an interpreter?). He didn't seem to mind the custom of drinking out of new shoes either, but maybe that's because **Lap Dancer** helped.

Other's that we hadn't seen for a while included **Farrah Fuckett**, **See More Buns**, **V8**, **PT Phuck**, **Bunhuggers**, **Wet Furry Thing**, **Breast Plate and Skirt Boy**, who gave some excuse about



Recognize these hashers? The big burly drunk with life pouring out of him in firehose gushes and the perky, bright-eyed ninny who just thinks he's peachy keen, even though he throws up every Saturday night and doesn't say a word until the second quarter of Sunday's game.

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a new addition to the family that has kept them busy. This new addition was not brought to the hash. However, the proud Dad was quick to whip out a photo every 2 seconds even when one was not asking about the kid. But if you thought there were a lot of returners, the list of visitors was nearly endless. **Riff Raff** felt insulted to be called a visitor attempting to claim LA hash status and blamed his wife for taking him to Long Beach. We saw through his pathetic excuses and put him in the visitor class. Most visitors were from Long Beach including **4H, Pillsbury Blow Boy, Fish Lips, Ignorant Fuck, Hi Ho, Pabst Smear, and Boys R Us**. Non Long Beach visitors were **GI Ho** from Vegas (and yes, another fine set of mammories) and **Rumpled Foreskin** from Orange County. Rumpled discreetly gave me some belongings of **Slippery Mons** to return to her so Slippery I have your clothes whenever you want them back!! The reigning hashit, **Sin D Bear**, who still can't understand multi-colored penises when lipstick is involved, had a serious drink off with **Cum Prik Pow** and **Fish Lips** over some story about long stemmed roses. **Cum Prik** thought he was going to be clever but failed, so was given the hash shit and another couple of down downs for good measure. No room for cleverness at this hash. There were a couple of birthdays including the new boot **Frank** and **4H**. From here things got blurry. There were a bunch of crimes and then it was off to the on on on where service was shitty but the food was good, when it did arrive. So on on. And **Harlot**, please do not get so desperate again for a hare that we end up in Norwalk - I'm sure I have enough dirt on most hashers to convince them to hare in such times.

Cock odial Done Me

PS: The trail? You want to know about the trail? If you wanted to know so badly why didn't you show up and do it!!

Want to prove your illiteracy?
Tell Cock O'Dial
You wanna be a scribe.
She'll be glad you did.

ONE NUT's opinion of: "The Yenta's Passover Run" April 7

A large pack had gathered in Clover Park. I was helping FLIPPER adjust her yarmulkes when a passing police car made a u-turn and stopped. Two patrolmen emerged and sprinted in our direction. MY LEFT FOOT had parked the beer wagon right under the large sign which prohibited bicycles, skateboards, drugs, weapons, loud music, Republicans, and ALCOHOL, and he was busily engaged in pulling beers for the assembling pack. The cops ran right past him on their way to a bigger bust. No, not one of our ample Harriettes, but rather PULLS HIS OWN, who was standing on the sidewalk with two dogs. PULLS had seen them coming and, realizing that this could quickly escalate into an 'officer involved shooting', had grabbed each of his dogs by the collar. "But officer, they are on a leash, it's just a very short leash." "Put em in your car right now, or we will put you in the patrol car." The good officers left after PULLS had complied, the citizens of Santa Monica were safe, and FLIPPER had covertly poured out her beer for no reason at all. [For this crime the beer gods promptly sent a pigeon to soil her from above.]

The day had started out windy and rainy, but I came anyway since the Hares Dick On-A-Stick (DOAS) and BRAKELIGHTS had promised me a good lay. [I soon learned that they meant that they had used extra flower so that it would last through the rain.] The trail they had laid was to prove to be well balanced, that is to say that the lack of shiggy was more than offset by an overabundance of asphalt, just as the lack of checks was mitigated by an excess of marks. But I am getting ahead of myself here. Fearing a return in force of Santa Monica's finest, I elected to hit the trail early, setting out with the walkers, including ONE TWO GOO, POT HO, OFEELYA, and a few others.

We headed North through the park where we encountered the fence. Now this really surprised me, since DOAS has often bitched about fences. (Most other things she tends to whine about, but fences she generally bitches about.) Here we were, less than a quarter mile into the trail and we were confronted by a fence. It was rather low as fences go, barely 4 feet high, but it was of the wrought iron type, topped with nasty spikes. I made it over, as did most of the walkers, except for one of the new boots who impaled herself in a most embarrassing manner. I wonder if she ever made it off of the fence. No big loss, she probably wouldn't have been much fun after the fence anyway.

We emerged from the park and encountered the first check on Ocean Park Blvd. Running through traffic, we found trail behind some shops and continued North. At this point the trail resembled many other urban street runs, the only difference being the lack of checks and the apparent need to run through busier and busier traffic. BRAKE LIGHTS flashed repeatedly as WET CLAM and I darted about amongst the cars and trucks. I hope we got the run fees from all of the visitors before the run began, since I am sure that some of them are still plastered to the grill of an old Chevy.

We soon encountered The Wall. Now don't get me wrong. This was not The Wall of marathon fame, but rather a mundane cinder block wall, about 10 feet in

height. Fortunately, there was a dumpster strategically placed against the wall. One by one we clambered atop this and then up the wall, where we balanced perilously for a moment before falling over into a parking lot on the other side. This worked quite well, until three hashers climbed up at once. The plastic lid of the dumpster buckled and they landed atop a wino who had thus far slept through all of the ruckus.

We ran past Little Dutch Boy's office (thanks for all the chalk), and then through a small apartment complex where we encountered the other check. Do you believe that there is a dirt road in Santa Monica? Well, you're wrong. It is in Sawtelle, and it is the closest we were to get to shiggy on this run. But there were puddles to splash in, so we paused to have a little fun. Somewhere along here I met NUMBER ONE BREAST SELLER and her friend (Number 2?) Or perhaps it was Cellar? Sounds like just the sort of a dive where you would meet SHORTY THE PIMP. And I did. The trail continued past some film studios where STICKBITE alleged to be in a close relationship with John Waters and pointed out the way to his trailer. Through the tunnel under the freeway and ON IN.

HARLOT arrived fashionably late just as DR MIKEY was returning from his excellent shortcut which had enabled him to completely avoid trail. Rabbi OEDIPUSSY blessed the assembled pack with matzoh and Manischeivitz, which many a Hasher had to down down.

Returners included: COCKY SWAGGER, FLIPPER, SIN D BEAR, TITTY BEAR, BLOW HARD, PURPLE PENIS EATER, C-SECTION, NUMBER 1 BREAST SELLER, LAY ME AWAY, HEAVE HO, AND TWEEDLE ME. Surviving visitors included KARNAL KNOWLEDGE, BEAUTY, LAST TRAIN, WET CLAM, CRABS R US, 4H, CHRIS, STEVE and BEN.

Crimes were too numerous to mention (and I left before they were reported). Is there any truth to the rumor that a certain Hasher was in the process of recycling some beer when he was appalled to discover a bright red discoloration of his member? As I hear it, he was certain that he must have contracted some particularly lethal social disease and was attempting to explain this to his young lady when, upon examination, she determined that it was only lipstick? A particularly bright lipstick, definitely not her shade. Is this why he got HASHIT? [He's lucky that she didn't insist on cauterizing it.]

See you on trail... ONE NUT

[P.S. She says, "If you scribe our run, I'll make dinner for you. It will be just you and me and a few of my girlfriends. Bring something appropriate, it is going to be a Seder." Anyone know where I can get a bottle of kosher bubble bath?]

To be sung to the tune of "The Addams' Family"

Their drinking is compulsive
Their running is convulsive,
They're morally repulsive,
They're Hash House Harriers.

Chorus: Da da da da (snap fingers twice)
Da da da da (snap fingers twice)
Da da da da, da da da da, da da da da

Their flatulence is rude
Their genitals protrude
when They're running in the nude
They're Hash House Harriers.

Chorus

They're always shiggy tracking
And constantly bush-whacking,
Intelligence they're lacking,
They're Hash House Harriers.

Down Down Down Down, etc . . .



LEADERS OF THE PACK

Grandmattress	Cock O'Dial Done Me	Sandy Binder	(310) 450-4320
Glandmaster	Oedipussy	Dave Binder	(310) 450-4320
Religious Advisor	Dr. Mikey	Mike Kobrick	(626) 398-8733
Hare Raiser	Hash Harlot	Carol Noonan	(626) 398-8733
Hash Pusher	Pot Ho	Beverly Crist	(323) 857-1865
Brewmeister	My Left Foot	Alan Templin	(310) 318-0876
Munchmeister	Damien	Andrew Crist	(323) 857-1865
Hash Flash	Purple Headed	Yogurt	Slinger
Trail Flash	O'Feelya	Jill Cordova	(310) 581-1105
Hash Cash	Juggle My Balls	Greg Eyink	(310) 264-9834
Webmaster	Quick Tool	Mike Carlton	(310) 578-6485
On Sex	Sorta ill gull	Andy Cohen	(310) 876-8759
Trailmaster	Dinged Up Dick	Mike Holt	(310) 581-1105
Hash Dip	Pukeface	Di Madio	(310) 392-3466
Chalk Hawk	One Nut	Bob Heil	(310) 318-1796
On Disk	Bent Penis	Ian Glen	(310) 260-9695

RU?

- Friday, May 4 -6, VCH3 / H3SoB / H3O / SBH3 / CCPH3, 4th Anal Hare'N'Tick Campout Hash, Holiday Group Site, Wheeler Springs, 8 miles from Ojai. Call Max Lode for details (805) 964-5099
- Randsburg H3 #8 & **Wild Wild West Road Trip May 5-6**, Team Couch Potato hits the trail to the olde west mining town of Randsburg in the Mojave Desert just 2.5 hr. up Hwy 14 or 395 out of L.A.. Cum up Saturday morning to the Whitehouse Saloon & Floozie House, Wild West Marathon that afternoon., 10 mile run and campout at the Tuttle Creek Campground in Lone Pine - camping free - and party all night for the marathon - 10 mile or 5K Sunday morning. There are also motels in Lone Pine for those that insist on comfortable slumber. Ask TiTular head Hozer (HozerLAH3@aol.com) or RA See More Buns (tomsmb@aol.com) for more info.
- **Sexy Post Stinko de Mayo** run, Sunday May 6th 2 p.m. \$4. Somewhere in South L.A. County.
- May 7th **Boo Boo Bear**, 7 p.m. Jellystone Park

- **Lick My Lizard Hash** May 10-13, 2001 in Colorado Springs. Bill "KeepsItUp" Wade 719-598-1740: keepsitup@earthlink.net
- Friday, May 11, 7 p.m., Mum's Day, Run 13-5, Hares *Stroke Me* and ?, Marina Del Rey, \$ 4 We're going Chapter 11 this month, so that all of you wankers can spend Sunday with the only woman that loves you - no matter how much of a _____ (Pick your own adjective) you may be.
- Friday, **May 11 -13**, 8:00 PM, Rock Hard Hash, hare *Powertool*, Morro Bay, \$79, 200 mi. North of L.A. on 101, at San Luis Obispo turn West on #1 for 12 miles. Event location: Group includes beer all weekend, camping fees, shirt, pub crawl Fr. nite, meals Saturday & Sunday morning & runs Saturday and Sunday.
- Saturday, May 12, 10 a.m., Val to Breakers
- May 18 - 20 **Bay to Breakers**
- **Los Angeles H3 China**. Saturday, May 26 2001, *Swiss Piss* and *Interloper*, Cost \$1510. See More Buns is in contact.
- Sunday, June 10, 3 p.m., Bars on Bikes - B*A*S*H, Run 74 Hares *Karnal Knowledge* and *Others*, Like somewhere in the Valley Cost Depends on how much you drink
- Friday June 22nd, 6:30 pm. San Diego's Annual **Red Dress Run** - What's his Name (858) 505-0363.
- **Americas Interhash**, Austin Tx, Sept 1-4, 2001
- **North South Intercourse**, A Pollo Randy, The Horny Chicken Weekend, November 23 - 25, Arroyo Grande. \$69.95 'til 8/1. jreilly@wherenet.com

Deadline for the Trash

is near the end of the month

1st cum 1st slurped Submit to
andycohen@altavista.com

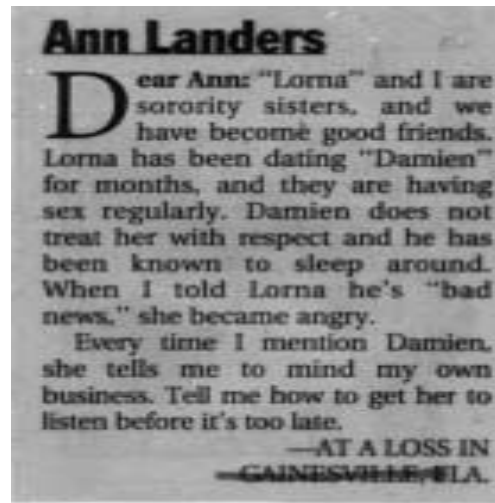
by snail mail to:

9815 Venice Blvd, Los Angeles, 90034

or call me (310) 876-8759

**WANNA GET TRASHED?
THEN PAY YOUR DUES &
GET DE NEWS (& BEER)**
Send or give your money to
Juggles, Greg Eyink
3207 Colorado Ave. #1,
Santa Monica CA 90404
Runs & News \$20/Quarterly;
\$60/Annually;
News Only \$15 /Annually

Ann sent this to Hash boy
'cause it was too much for her.



Dear At a Loss,

You're not giving me much to go on here, but it sounds like you have a thing for both Lorna and Damien. Time to cum out of your shell. Next time they go on a "date," ask if you can tag along. If Lorna says no, Damien will try to change her mind, that whoremonger, and Lorna will see you're right. If she wants you to join them, well, you win either way.

Hash boy.

Keep those cards and letters cumming.

FDA WARNING:

Due to increasing products liability litigation, American beer Brewers have accepted the FDA's suggestion that the following warnings be placed immediately on all beer containers:

WARNING: The consumption of alcohol may leave you wondering what the hell happened to your bra.

WARNING: The consumption of alcohol may make you think you are whispering when you are not.

WARNING: The consumption of alcohol is a major factor in dancing like a retard.

WARNING: The consumption of alcohol may cause you to tell your friends over and over again that you love them.

WARNING: The consumption of alcohol may cause you to think you can sing.

WARNING: The consumption of alcohol may lead you to believe that ex-lovers are really dying for you to telephone them at four in the morning.

WARNING: The consumption of alcohol may make you think you can logically converse with other members of the opposite sex without spitting.

WARNING: The consumption of alcohol may make you think you have mystical Kung Fu powers, resulting in you getting your ass kicked.

WARNING: The consumption of alcohol may cause you to roll over in the morning and see something really scary.

WARNING: The consumption of alcohol is the leading cause of inexplicable rug burns on the forehead/knees.

WARNING: The consumption of alcohol may create the illusion that you are tougher, smarter, faster and better looking than most people.

WARNING: The consumption of alcohol may lead you to believe you are invisible.

WARNING: The consumption of alcohol may lead you to think people are laughing WITH you.

WARNING: The consumption of alcohol may cause a disturbance in the time-space continuum, whereby gaps of time may seem to literally disappear.

WARNING: The consumption of alcohol may cause pregnancy.