



LAH3 Hash Trash

www.hash.org

August 2001

LAH3 Bored Meeting July 17th 2001 at My Fathers Office

Once again leadership took its toll as we saw it was time to have another bored meeting. So we gathered at a fabulous bar that serves many beers on tap, EEB (everything except Budweiser). It was a great location even with the noise that was able to drown my voice out - can you believe that!

The meeting started with the first point of business being the abuse of the beer wagon. As bored members, we worship the ground that My Left Foot walks on and are pissed that the rest of you can not give him the same respect. So we have to now do some common sense guidelines:

- Please do not enter his van for any reason.
- Please do not use your key to open his van for any reason
- Please do not use his van as a trash can
- Please do not take anything out of his van.
- Failure to adhere to these common courtesies could result in a return of 2 Guys as the Beermeister and we certainly don't want that!

While still on the subject of the beermeister, there were several hash mugs taken out of Foot's van at the Hollywood Reservoir run. This has put him out of pocket, as well as generally pissed him off - you may have noticed he has been absent a great deal lately. Think about your actions. Those of you who took the clear mugs, the lighted bases are still with Foot and we'd appreciate that you collect them and pay the \$10 for the mug. There are 6 plastic LBH3 mugs unaccounted for. Thanks for the anonymous return of one of them.

The webmeister reported a major crash of our database. Unfortunately, he did not have a recent backup version so we are up shit's creek without a paddle. One Nut has kindly offered to chase down all of your details and reinput it onto the database when Quicktool gets it all smoothed out. Please assist One Nut as he wanders around harassing you for your phone numbers over the next few weeks. Big THANKS One Nut for volunteering to do this task!

The Hare Raiser Harlot is looking for someone to hare on September 3rd, which is on both Labor Day and America Interhash weekend. Otherwise the hareline is full for the next couple of months. Please note there is a SPECIAL EVENT planned for the first Saturday run in October.....**COCKTOBERFEST!!**

It seems our hash cash reported a grand sum of money which we're returning to you all in the form of beer and a special commemorative mug. Stay tuned for more details. But we highly recommend you clear your Saturday's in October in preparation!

On the note of our Hash Cash, Juggles has decided that keeping the cash under his mattress has led to some sleepless nights. So he has now deposited all the cash into the bank.

The Munchmeister didn't show for the meeting. But we all agreed he's doing a damn fine job. Pot Ho, our illustrious Hash Pusher, has done an outstanding job selling her wares and giving the harriettes a fine selection of sexy hash wear. Keep up the great work. She plans to release a Personalized Fleece for her Fall Collection.

The On Sex has gotten our newsletter online, which, after ironing out a few bugs, is working out well. Please let him know if you would like to receive a copy of the Trash by mail. He'd like to ask that you all get your write-ups in, in a timely manner. He doesn't like to pester people and thinks we need to create a Hash Pest position. If anyone is interested, please let Sara Legal know.

Our On Disk whined a lot, but then he is a Scotsman and he does have a shitty job. We do ask that when you turn up at the hash, check yourselves in with Bent Penis - you don't want him to set Penguin on to you, that's for sure!

Our Trailmaster, Dinged Up Dick, has new guidelines for laying trail. He will happily give these to anyone who wants them, as will Harlot. He would like all virgin hares or wannabe virgins to contact him if you have any questions on laying trail or getting laid.

The trail flash reported many shots of the purple armadillo, which she hopes to put on the web. The tit shots won't be there - they can be found on a picture board that will circulate soon. The Religious Advisor sent a small prayer for more beer and indeed we had several more from that point forth....

On On Cockodial and Oedipussy

A Mid Summer Night's Ream June 25, 2001,
the LAH3 1069

RU?

L.A. RUNS

Act lewd, Seems fun:

Phuck: How now, Hare, whither wander you?
Dinged Up Dick: Oer hill, oer dale,
(Fairy) Through bush, through brier,
Oer park, oer pale,
through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the FRBs here;
And I serve the Fairy Queen O'Feelya,
To dew her Orbs upon the green.
The Returners all so many there be
Lap Dancer, Hogwash, Ride Me,
Rear, Marv Albert, Bike Rack, Lickety Split,
Cream Puff, Ballwasher, Stupid Piece of Shit,
Flouncer, Fartini, Cum Sucker, One Nut,
Heave Ho, Hobie, Pukeface (the slut).
Too many wanking returners to name them all,
Two Tickets, Two Guys, Fistful and Damien.
I must go seek the Hashit we picked
for After All, It's a Small Dick.

Phuck: Take heed the visitors cum all over,
Ho Sucker, Cyclops, Dog Boner, Bendover,
Resputtan, Skunk Dick, Natural Born Clit,
Hung Like A Bug, wherefore art thou chicken split?
Methinks the trail was shitty indeedy,
Whence did it go? For I followed the stench of Fartini

Dinged Up: The route began on a trail curvy but true
And found its way to yon rock with grand view
"If you're on pavement, you're off trail"
I said grabbing my teat
Only the chickens were allowed to run on the street.
For the eagles on the bridge appeared a check,
Henceforth the pack down the trail did trek,
Was it Fagio or Kenny G, I saw up river go,
Not far was beer that the fairies did bestow.
As the eagles did grovel on hand and knee,
"This must nae go much longer" was their plea.
Twas many a split, chicken, turkey, and eagle,
And a beer check up high with another view regal.
Whilst the turkeys no better did fare
O'Feelya supplied Mai tais with tropical flair.

Phuck: I heard for Penguin "Happy Birthday Fuck You" sung,
As I sloshed down a beer and hacked up a lung.
The new boots were run through the usual paces,
Alex, Robyn, Kate, Brendan, and Stacey.
Erin, Genevee, Philip and Nick,
If I hear one more rhyme, thinksme I'llbe sick.

It was a huge success, the LAH3 1069
Thanks to Fair O'Feelya and her Noble Dinged Up Dick.

- Aug 6 Two Guys 310-271-9166
- Aug 13 Stupid Piece of Shit's Plaid Cow Disease Run
- Aug. 20 Bun Huggers 310-645-9556
- Aug 27 Hung Like a Bug
- Sept 3:open
- Sept. 10th Damien & Pot Ho.
- Sept 17th, My Left Foot
- Sept 24th, Little Dipper's 69th.
- Oct 1, Open.
- Cocktoberfest, Saturday, Cocktober 6th. **(Date to be confirmed)**
- Saturday, October 13: Taco Bob 805-252-7160 & Darth Vader
- October 20th, Farrah Fuckit & Breast Plate
- October 27th, Never Cums
- First Saturday November 5 (Guy Fawkes day (Monday) –2 Guys Falking & Tool.
- Nov 10, 4th Over the Hill Run
- Nov 17th, Creamy Cock n Ball Run.

•OUT OF TOWNERS

- **Americas Interhash**, Austin Tx, Sept 1-4, 2001
- Long Beach 900th, Sept 14-16. More info below.
- **North South Intercourse**, A Pollo Randy, The Horny Chicken Weekend, November 23 - 25, Arroyo Grande. \$69.95 'til 8/1. jreilly@wherenet.com
- April 2nd Bali -

On Out..... Kenny G Spotspeare and Big-A-Tits the Bard

July 2nd Stuffed Buffalo

Run 1070

It was another perfect southern California summers day. The view from atop the ridge where I had shortcutted with Damien was spectacular. If there had not been so much shiggy in the way we may have even been able to see the city of Los Angeles glimmering through the hundreds of millions of pounds of chemical pollutants that we, as LA hashers, choose to ingest at more than twice the level of normal Angelinos. As I struggled to catch what oxygen I could from the smog, it occurred to me that Damien and I had climbed the highest peak in this area, a Feat that we should have been duly proud of except that we were hopelessly off trail and quite lost.

Before I go any further with this I would first like to say, I am quite a fan of lesbians, I even have a great documentary on them provided for me by Stick Bite at a Get A Life run. That being said, I should like to digress on the subject of Two Guys, who is screamingly out of the closet (not that there is anything wrong with that) and needs a seeing eye dog to assist his trail laying.

Damien and I finally hacked our way out of the Hollywood jungle, found a real shortcut through somebody's yard, and ran smack into Rodney Queen, Fagio and a dazed bunch of other victims of the evil Jonathan Long, lesbian. After we conferenced and got our bearings, we headed for what we thought was the true trail. In true hash form this entailed each of us heading off in a different direction totally convinced that the other guys were completely wrong. After about fifteen minutes of soloing and not seeing a speck of flour nor another hasher the cobwebs of doubt began to thicken. "Could one of those other idiots have actually been right? Maybe I should back track? Is this San Dimas?" Finally after twenty minutes or so of self-doubt and self-loathing, I happened across a civ, who was out for an evening promenade and in no way ready to be accosted on a lonely road by a bearded shiggy covered sweaty hasher. Going against all male instincts, I asked for directions. She kindly gave them to me casting a wary eye over her shoulder as her pace quickened to get to the other side of the street as soon as possible.

I then took a turn in the right direction and came to an overlook that gave me a beautiful view of a bunch of hashers standing around at what looked to be a beer check. Damien then came up

behind me sputtering something about not believing that I had found trail and off we were to what turned out to be the B point on this truly shitty A to B trail. Now the real point of this hash trash is to put all of the Two Guys Fucking allegations out in the open where they belong. Namely:

- A) Where the hell did this guy learn to read a map?
- B) Is Jonathan Long a lesbian with a very small penis or is it an extraordinarily confused genderless couch potato with no particular sense of direction and no musical ability whatsoever.
- C) What the hell could have been going through One Chick Watching's mind?
- D) What could have been going through Two Guys alleged mind for him to tell Cockadile that I was his scribe without asking me first?

I realize that some of these questions are rhetorical and that others are in the vein of whether the chicken or the egg came first (by the way, the rooster came first), regardless I believe it is time for the hash to overcome the notions of mere down downs as retribution for hash crimes and give into the urge for hash capital punishment. To that end we should give whichever hasher is convicted of a capital offence to the sole custody of Fist Full of fifties for the weekend. What ever happens after that, death can only be an improvement. Speaking of hash crimes and such. I became too involved in trying to empty the keg to be bothered with watching whatever was going on with that sort of thing. I am sure that Fungus was guilty of something. Although, somewhere in the haze, I do believe that Dr. Mikey got to help some Harriet with her jogging bra discomfort. Also I recall that a member of the anti-hashing Uni-brow resistance was filming the whole spectacle. I am sure that the tape is being carefully analyzed in some third world backwater by top scientists to see if anyone gave away the secret recipe for Orange Julius or the Colonels eleven herbs and spices or whatever it is that the Uni-brows find useful.

May the Hash get a piece, because I sure as hell ain't since Wet Willie headed off for the Artic.

Cheers,

Kum Sukker

The Last 2nd Purple Armadillo Run:
or Have a purple armadillo.

You're going to need it to get through the trash, graffiti, hills, and stairs. It'll also help to dull the sounds of barking dogs you'll hear constantly throughout the run." Monday, July 17th really brought out the purple people, including yours truly. There were the hold outs, and the know nothings, who didn't get into the purple spirit of the evening. Several harrisers assured me, however, that they did have something on them that could be considered purple, if I cared to explore. I, being the good wife of Hozer that I am, declined their invites. At exactly 6:30 the hares loaded up in the Hozer mobile and proceeded to try to explain that this was a normal way for hares to start laying trail. See More Buns stayed behind to share that the whole pack could start at 7:30 min. after the hares because of the Hozer mobile thing.

As the pack took off over the bridge going away from the Arroyo Seco Park, we walkers were clued in to a little circle jerk that the pack was taking, so we were out in front for about 5 min. before Cockodile Done Me caught us on the streets going up hill. She only stayed in the lead a short time, however, as she checked a dead end.

This trail ran through the most trash laden, graffiti filled streets and alleys that we have seen in the last 10 years of L.A. hashing. Made us ask the ?: Don't they believe in trash pick-up in Highland Park and Mt. Wash. - or haven't these people been paying their taxes? And the smells!! We were definitely not in the restaurant district. Watch the news to see if a dead body turns up on the course in the next few days! Gas masks or surgical masks should have been standard equipment for this course. Sum Dumb Chick and Flouncer, however, were oblivious to all of this, as they carried on a non-stop conversation throughout the run--they had to gulp their purple armadillo's in between words. French Fry, Spuds' boy, did an admiral job of hanging in there throughout the course and got a lot of attention from spectators who were curious about how he got into this lunatic group.

The eagles got some chances to strut their stuff with a couple of up hill circle jerks. All the pack had to do 'the hill to end all hills' that was capped with 100 steps (at least it seemed like a 100) at the top. There were several 'love' notes in chalk left along the way for the hares, which expressed what several hashers thought of them. Hozer

(amazingly still alive) was jovially waiting at the steps to direct us up to the purple armadillo check at the top of the stairs. Several natives helped direct us, offered us a shower to cool us off, asked to join us and greeted us with the usual looks that expressed their thoughts of: "What the ____ is going on?" Fortunately, purple hasn't been designated a color by any of the local gangs.

After what seemed like an eternity (actually only 1 hr. and 45 min.) and as it was approaching darkness, we finally returned to our original starting place. Down, downs started fairly soon with the usual abuse of the hares: See More Buns, V-8, Stalker Gump, Slippery Mons, and Hozer, and they made no apologies for their abuse of the hashers. There were the usual new boots, visitors, returners, and birthday F-U's and hashshit was awarded to Bike Rack for showing too much skin (???) on trail in her bike shorts (go figure). The awards for best in purple went to Cockadile Done Me in a Fredericks of Hollywood special; Bike Rack in the latest & shortest bike shorts by Armstrong's of Tour du France, H.H.H.; and Flouncer in a Santa Monica Locals Only, H.H.H. mix and match. Fungus tried to score a prize by wearing a bra, but it was considered that he had confused this run with the lingerie run. Moaning Fucker also received whoreable mention for her purple g-string and a tit show. Bent Penis was positively fetching in his purple feather head gear - all the harriettes were squealing "Tickle me, tickle me!"

The on, on, on was upstairs at the Sombrero, which featured some exquisitely costumed Mariachis.

On out, S.I.D.

Below is the secret formula for the Purple Armoredildo for those that could not get enough or thought it was just grape KoolAid.

" 1.25 oz rum
3 oz Tavern sweet and sour mix
1 oz Blue Curacao
2 oz Cranberry juice
1.5 oz 7up (non diet)

Add crushed ice and serve on top of a hill at sunset to worn out sweaty hashers who busted their asses climbing the steps.

RUNNER UPS

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	Syrilegul	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

*Remember, to bring your own mugs to runs, just in case we're short a few, and remember, too, that you can **SAVE A BUNCH OF MONEY BY PAYING FOR RUNS ON A QUARTERLY (\$20) OR YEARLY (\$60) BASIS.** Send or give your money to Juggles, Greg Eyink, 3207 Colorado Ave. #1, Santa Monica CA 90404.*

**Deadline for the Trash is near the end of the month
1st cum 1st served. Submissions to andycohen@altavista.com
by snail mail to: 9815 Venice Blvd, Los Angeles, 90034
(310) 876-8759**

Long Beach H3 900th & Campout Weekend, September 14, 15, 16
Jackson Flats Campground, Wrightwood, California

Friday: Altitude/Attitude Adjustment LBH3 #899 at 7:00P.M.

*After-Hash Munchies, Beer, Soda, Chili Dinner, More Beer, campfires

Saturday: LBH3 900th Hash With Spectacular Trails at 1:00 P.M.

*Continental Breakfast, Bloody Marys, Mimosas, Beer, Gourmet-like Dinner, campfires, Down Downs

Sunday: Mexican Independence Day Bandito Hangover Hash - 11:00AM

*Continental Breakfast, Bloody Margaritas, Beer

Plus Goodie Bag and more for ONLY:

*\$59.69 Until Thursday, July 12; *\$69.69 Until Thursday, August 9; *\$79.69 After August 9

(After September 7, no Guarantee of Goodie Bag)

A detailed map and any additional details will be provided upon receipt of your hard-earned \$\$\$.

Hotels in Wrightwood 6 miles away for those who are not "campground-Friendly"!

For more info, contact 8 Yellow Snow! 714-394-6669; LBH3_8YellowSnow@hotmail.com

Southern California Hash Contacts

Los Angeles	Summers: Monday @ 6:30 p.m. Winters: Saturday @ 3 p.m.	(562) HaShitt 1 st Monday April 9 th
Full Moon	Monthly, near the full moon, @ 7 p.m.	Don <i>Fungus Amungus</i> Markowitz (310) 594-5292
PMS	Monthly, near the 28 th @ 7 p.m.	Debbie <i>Corn Hole Hussey</i> Cantril (562) 427-1513
Chapter 13	Monthly, near the 13 th @ 7 p.m.	Scott <i>Rodney Queen</i> Young (310) 399-2508
Valhash	Like, whenever (monthly)	<i>X-Lax & Karnal Knowledge</i>
Foothill	Monthly, Sunday @ 3 p.m.	Terry <i>Magic User</i> Phelps (949) 583-0341
Long Beach	Winters: Sunday @ 10 a.m. Summers Thursday @ 6:30 p.m.	(562) HaShitt
Orange County	Every other Saturday @ 10 a.m.	Jeff <i>Walking Small</i> Miner (714) 361-1536
Ventura	Every other Sunday @ 2 p.m.	(805) 643-4136
Santa Barbara	Winters, every 2 nd Saturday @ 3 p.m. Summers, every 2 nd Thursday @ 6:15 p.m.	(805) 730-TOES
Get A Life	Winters: Monday @ 7 p.m.	Dwight <i>Stickbyte</i> Deslauriers (323) 851-6527

Syrl
9815 Venice Blvd
Los Angeles, CA 90034