



# LAH3 Hash Trash

October 2001  
[www.hash.org](http://www.hash.org)

## The Return of Hash Boy Girl

## L.A. RUNS

With the deepest regret I must inform you that Hash Boy has moved away, no longer to ~~plague~~ advise the LAH3. I'm sure we'll all miss his valuable opinions and clever advice. However, all is not at a loss. For I, Hash Girl, will fill the void of his left behind. Yes, it's true. One of your very own harriettes will now answer your most intimate questions, whether you ask or not. No need to miss that miserable Hash Boy with his stupid remarks and insulting replies. Not only was he an idiot, he was a pretty sad lay as well. Believe me, I know. Don't let the door hit that sorry ass of yours on the way out, Hash Boy, you sick, miserable fuck.

Hash Boy was kind enough to forward these final e-mails to me before I kicked his ass out of the state:

Dear Hash [Girl], I'm in love with Fagio. He has such beautiful hair, and he's in such good shape. I can't believe he actually ran the Badwater 135 miler. Do you think if I continue to train with the hash and run 135 miles, that Fagio would notice me too? S.B.

Dear Stick Byte, You haven't got a prayer. Despite his name, Fagio is not gay. Rumor has it that he is engaged a very fine harriette. Also, the hash is NOT a "training" club. Face it, you'll never be a stud muffin like Fagio, nor will you ever be able to run Badwater. You're damn lucky RTD puts up with a loser like you.

Dear Hash [Girl], I'm a slow runner and it seems that there's never enough food left by the time I make it to the ON-IN. \$3 seems awfully steep when all I get is a beer and a celery stick. Couldn't the hash increase its munchies budget by a few dollars? D.O.A.S.

Dear Dick, If I were you, I'd skip the celery stick and just have a few beers, which would increase your value per dollar, and make the rest of the pack look better at the same time. In any case, the LA Hash has the lowest dues around. I know it isn't easy being DFL, but you seem to manage it so well. Stop being such a cheap shit and get a job.

Dear Hash [Girl], Please settle a dispute between my friends. Who is the best looking guy in the hash, and which harriette has the nicest tits? S.P.S.

Dear Stupid, 1. Oedipussy 2. HashGirl

You may reach Hash Girl at: [LaHashGirl@hotmail.com](mailto:LaHashGirl@hotmail.com)

RU?

- Oct 1, Fistful of Fifties. Last Monday night run of the season. 3145 Coolidge, Westside
- Cockedoberfest, Saturday, Cocktober 6<sup>th</sup>. 12<sup>th</sup> & Olympic, Santa Monica. See Blurb, pg 4.
- Saturday, October 13: Taco Bob 805-252-7160 & Darth Vader
- October 20<sup>th</sup>, Farrah Fuckit & Breast Plate
- October 27<sup>th</sup>, Never Cums
- First Saturday November 5 (Guy Fawkes day (Monday) -2 Guys Falking & Tool.
- Nov 10, 4<sup>th</sup> Over the Hill Run
- Nov 17<sup>th</sup>, Creamy Cock n Ball Run.

## OUT OF TOWNERS

- **North South Intercourse**, A Pollo Randy, The Horny Chicken Weekend, November 23 - 25, Arroyo Grande. \$69.95 'til 8/1. [jreilly@wherenet.com](mailto:jreilly@wherenet.com)
- April 2<sup>nd</sup> Bali

## The Breast Stroke

There was a competition to cross the English Channel doing only the breaststroke. The three women who entered the race were a brunette, a redhead and a blonde. After approximately 14 hours, the brunette staggered up on the shore and was declared the fastest breast stroker. About 40 minutes later, the redhead crawled up on the shore and was declared the second place finisher. Nearly 4 hours after that, the blonde finally came ashore and promptly collapsed in front of the worried onlookers. When the reporters asked why it took her so long to complete the race, she replied, "I don't want to sound like I'm a sore loser, but I think those two other girls were using their arms..."

## Hare Hare, Hare Krishna

Did somebody say, reincarnation?

Gosh, the scene looked so familiar, but just a little ... different. There we were, trying to follow directions to the Labor Day hash, but instead we find ourselves at the Hare Krishna center of Los Angeles....oops! THERE'S the hash, on the OTHER side of Venice Boulevard.....

And there was Pot Ho as always, trunk open, displaying items to fulfill our basic devotional needs...but where did all those Long Beach hashers come from? It was, like, from a previous lifetime! There were the usual confused newcomers and converts. Swami Mikeyamiyandatrail was demonstrating to the unsuspecting new boots how everyone else should follow marks. Those new boots found the hash through the LA Times article, but said they decided to come anyway because they figured that probably not all the guys wear dresses. Good thing we didn't drag out the saffron robes!

But something wasn't quite right ... the beer van was missing! A cooler of Bud was sitting forlornly in the parking lot. Seems that Swami Mikey needs to purify his beer-buying heart and be delivered from an unhealthy attachment to material existence by spending a few more bucks on the good stuff. Will karmic redemption at down-downs be possible?

After Sri Sarahlegal promised a path to enlightenment and the possibility of better beer, he was off, trailed by the devoted walkers and soon the rest.

It seems the pack -- a small, select group of followers -- must have been exhausted by the spiritual exercises of their holiday weekend. Everyone stood blissfully at the checks except Dancing Queen, who did all the checking, in every direction. He is always so full of divine energy! Even Damien was check-hanging -- what strange rituals do they practice in Austin? At one point Kum Prik Pao was trapped on the wrong side of the locked exit from a parking garage -- valiant effort Kum Prik! And I do recall seeing Just Say No to Crack break the Turkey side of the Turkey/Eagle split.

I have always been confused by that neighborhood -- hey, where does National go after it intersects Overland anyway? No transformation of consciousness on this trail -- maybe in another lifetime. In fact, as we all milled aimlessly at a check, some poor bastard holding a small bouquet of roses walked up and asked where Motor Avenue was. He definitely needs some illuminating if he thinks 20 folks in sweaty white t-shirts walking in circles at a 5-way intersection have any idea where they are, but then, this is just a few blocks from the Krishna temple.

After some time on our long and hilly road to enlightenment, Hash Harlot and Penguin screeched to a halt outside the door at Irish Times pub, trying to convince the pack that the moment had come to enhance our spiritual mood at a long overdue beer check. The actual beer check was at a seedy sports bar around the corner. First Harlot tried to persuade the bartender that we were supposed to get free beer (hops, they are related to lentils, right?). When that didn't work, she managed to convince some sensible, cash-carrying hasher that it was better to get good beer than free beer. Harlot -- get to work on Mikey!

The less spiritually evolved among us downed the swill at the beer check, then tried to follow a loop over the existing trail which eventually led to a fence, dark railroad tracks and freeway border shiggy. Grouchy Tiger Hidden Tampon impaled her leg on said fence, later leading to a hash crime nomination for bleeding at every run, causing her to demonstrate her highly developed, um, spiritual consciousness, by acceding to the guidelines, showing her tits and making Swami Mikey, Humble Servant of God and Hashers, drink some of that Bud.

After following a false On-In mark into the Krishna Center, we arrived at Sarahlegal's home temple. Chant and Be Happy, according to the Bhagavad-Gita, so Sri Oedipussyita and Sri Cockodialdonemanya led us in the usual ritual search for the secrets of immoral -- whoops, I mean, immortal -- wisdom.

Mikey inched closer to redemption when 6-9 Split called upon him to carry out the guidelines yet again. Krishna may say "You are not your body," but it would take years of yoga for me to be able to get my shirt off if I were built like 6-9 Split.

Richie Cum in Hand proved yet again that he needs to transcend...something, and ended up reincarnated with another lifetime of hashit.

Krishna warned against contaminating your body with meat, well, with beer, too, come to think of it, but the on-on-on was at Versailles anyway.

Let's see, how does that mantra go? And the Hare, and the Hare.....

On on ananda

Little dutch boy.

## Damien's Devil Hash

*Before I even start to write what I remember about Monday's night hash, please join me in a moment of silence for all those who perished in NY and Wash DC.*

It took about 15 minutes once I got off the Santa Monica Freeway at Robinson just to get onto National (whinning). Someone who lives in the area needs to complain to the traffic people about the lousy light timing and no turn signal there. You'd think with today's technology it would have been fixed by now.

Anyway, the usual gathering of half-minds showed up in the rear of the Von's food store waiting to run the Devil and his assistant's A-A trail. The two hares decided to split trail right in the beginning using colored flour and chalk to avoid a mix up with the previous week's LAH3 trail. Pot Ho went to the right and the Devil to the left. When the pack took off, everyone for some reason followed Pot Ho's trail (except for myself, Little Dipper and later Oedipussy ).

For some other reason SinD Bear started to follow but realized I was there, chickened out and joined the main pack. After several blocks and a few short falses, the three of us joined up with the walkers from the Pot Ho group. Oedipussy and I passed them only to find ourselves on a short devilish circle jerk, where we finally joined up with some of the front runners from the Pot Ho group. As we wondered for a while longer the three of us again ended up at a beer check manned by Pot Ho, at a park I have been to before.

After a quick pit stop the trail got screwed up for a while cause the devil had placed part of the looping trail too close to the beer check, which resulted in most of us finding it and running backwards, wondering what the heck was going on. It was the hare arrows pointing the wrong way that cause Oedipussy and others to continue running trail backwards, while myself and Richie cum in Hand went about solving the check near the beer check and discovering it went the opposite way. Eventually I lost Richie Cum in Hand and had Finger in the Dyke cuming up my Ass ( of course she was shooting blanks).

Another circle jerk and eventually finding a Devil and Angel split all on my own at this point, I being on trail all the way, went for the Devil and eventually ran in with Oedipussy again who found his way home.

Thanks a lot Damien for asking me to scribe this hash at the last minute, and now I can't remember much more. It was nice to see Fartinini and Para Thighs again. There were many returners, who as usual were gone for a week.. Cum on GM's. A true returner is someone who has not been around for at least 4 weeks or more. Such as Fartini, Two Tickets to Para Thighs, Wet Willy, My Left Hand, and maybe Suck my Hooters. The rest were imposters ( Marque De Sade, Cum Sucker, Ofeelya, Dinged Up Dick, DarthVader, Dr Detroit, Fagio, and Flouncer).

Richie Cum in Hand somehow again ended up with the hash shit cause he drinks a beer almost as fast as Flipper. Penguin should have also gotten it cause she is still on European time and doesn't know what day it is (of course she might have too much time on her hand and doesn't care what day it is). It was funny watching Dick on a Stick's co-worker covering his eyes everytime she showed her tits, cause he has to work with her and doesn't want to be distracted at work knowing how beautiful her tits are under her street clothes.

I can't remember the hash crimes, so you didn't miss anything either. The on-on-on was at the Devil and his assistant's house, where pizza, and Jacuzzi were provided. I hung in the parking lot for a half hour deciding to go or not, and didn't. So I am sure everyone at the on-on-on had a great time without me.

**ONON**

**FUNGUS**

### 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
Circle Jerk	Fistful of Fifties		
Trail Flash	O'Feelya	Jill Cordova	(310) 581-1105
Hash Cash	Juggle My Balls	Greg Eyink	(310) 264-9834
Webmaster	Quick Tool	Mike Carlton	(650) 903-9525
On Sex	Cyrilegul	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.*

### LAH3 Cocked Oberfest

- " Hares Cock o'dial done me & Oedipussy
- " Saturday October 6<sup>th</sup>, 3 p.m., Cummemorative first Saturday run of the year.
- " Santa Monica, Corner of 12<sup>th</sup> and Olympic
- " Thomas Guide page 671, F2.
- " Cum and find 5 kegs from 5 nations on Trail
- " Free mugs to first 100 hashers.
- " Great giveaways.
- " Take the 10 west to Cloverfield (26<sup>th</sup> st). Turn right at top of off ramp. At Olympic turn left. Turn right on 12<sup>th</sup> street. Park in the lot on the right or on 12<sup>th</sup> street. Look for hashers.

**You'll Drink to this!**

If you bought \$1000 worth of Nortel stock one year ago, it would be worth \$49 today. If you bought \$1000 worth of Miller beer one year ago, drank all the beer, and traded in the cans for the nickel deposit, you would have \$79 today.

### Limerick Selection

There was a young lady named Alice,  
Who used dynamite for a phallus,  
They found her vagina,  
In North Carolina,  
Her arsehole in Buckingham Palace.

When her daughter got married in Bicester,  
Her mother remarked as she kissed her,  
"That fellow you've won,  
Is sure to be fun,  
Since tea he's fucked me and your sister."

**Southern California Hash Contacts**

Los Angeles	Summers: Monday @ 6:30 p.m. Winters: Saturday @ 3 p.m.	(562) HaShitt 1 <sup>st</sup> Saturday October 6th
Get A Life	Winters: Monday @ 7 p.m.	Dwight <i>Stickbyte</i> Deslauriers (323) 851-6527
Full Moon	Monthly, near the full moon, @ 7 p.m.	Don <i>Fungus Amungus</i> Markowitz (310) 594-5292
PMS	Monthly, near the 28 <sup>th</sup> @ 7 p.m.	Debbie <i>Corn Hole</i> Hussey Cantril (562) 427-1513
Chapter 13	Monthly, near the 13 <sup>th</sup> @ 7 p.m.	Scott <i>Rodney Queen</i> Young (310) 399-2508
Valhash	Like, whenever (monthly)	<i>X-Lax &amp; 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 <sup>nd</sup> Saturday @ 3 p.m. Summers, every 2 <sup>nd</sup> Thursday @ 6:15 p.m.	(805) 730-TOES

Cyril  
9815 Venice Blvd  
Los Angeles, CA 90034