



LAH3 Hash Trash

April 2002
www.social.hash.org
Now 98% virus free!

We don't print the news that fits, we just drink from our shoes and shit.

RU?

Hash # 1103

Location: Secure Underground, Redondo

L.A. RUNS

- Run 1111 - April 6th - Cream Puff
- Run 1112 - April 8th, 1st Time Change Run - Oedipussy
- Run 1113 - April 15th - Hung like a Bug
- Run 1114 - April 22 - Used to be Good
- Run 1115 - April 29 - Open
- Run 1116 - May 6th - 3 Dicks & Chicken Little
- Run 1117 - May 13th - Skirtplate
- Run 1118 - May 20th - Passing Wind's 3day Run
- Run 1119 - May 27th - Porno Queen
- July 13th - Saturday - Farrah Fuccett & Breastplate
- Monday, August 26th - SID
- Friday October 6th, Cockedoberfest

OTHER STUFF

- April 2nd Bali - Easter; ~ \$ a couple grand.
- April 5th - 9th Anal Hasher/Wailer Ski Trip, \$175 - rmirviss@polymersealing.com (for flyer), or call (310-371-6694x139)
- May 9th - Beijing H3 run #1000; \$1700.
- May 17th - 19th Bay 2 Breakers, San Francisco
- June 1st Summer Get-A-Life; **Red line** hash & Pub crawl
- September 13 - 15, Westside Pirates invade Catalina
- September - Interhash - India
- Sept. 27 - 29 - Can't GOA, Maui
- October 4th - Welcum to English misfits.

Delinquent Scribes

Bike Rack and/or Hostess Polly - Run 1104

Flipper - Run 1106

Debbie Does Dingoes - Run 1108 (666)

Bent Penis - Run 1109

Ok, so it was on on following Two Guys, exactly three years from the day he was banned from haring the LA hash. He came back in grand fashion by not realizing the hash actually started one hour earlier than usual.

The hounds' eyes widened as we were led up out of the dark surrounding into the bright sunshine of the road down to the beach.

A bit of an out and back, past the bobbing boats in the marina, left much of the pack confused, with Suck My Hooters and Dr. Mikey heading straight for the nearest pub and the rest of the pack following the beach, past many bemused patrons of shoreline hostelries.

The scent of the hare led under the pier, then up through a cemetery before heading out to the spiraling residential area of upper Redondo Beach.

The down downs did not feel pressured by the time and the hastily approaching Founders Balls.

There were several non-runners: Spanky Yankee, Titty Bear, Retracted and Juggles His Balls, who all (to little surprise) did not take note of the earlier start time. It was especially dismaying that Juggles was late, as he had our beer in his car, sitting on the 405. Also a non-runner, our grand mattress, who was too upset to run having been saddened by news from Rodney Queen that Australia's head of state Queen Elizabeth II had died!

Bastard's Degree, Scrubbing Chubbies and Spanky Yankee gaily supported new shoes.

Hash shit for four more years went to Juggles for attending a baby shower, beating off stiff competition from Two Guys, who (shock, horror!) had the audacity to place a check at the start, and a self-nomination from Pregnant Paws.

Rodney Queen was soon corrected that Princess Margaret died; all is well in Croc Land!!

There was much consideration for a new name for Akiko, which ended up being "Oppai Wo Miseru," a loose translation of "Show me your tits!"

So with Dr Mikey and Suck My Hooters

back from the Pub, Cock-o-Dile relieved by the Queen's miraculous recovery, and Juggles talking up the positives of showering with babies, the hash departed in peace.

Under strict protest the following Hash is reluctantly scribed. Right after the takeover of the evil 'Penis and Balls Klan,' the tyrannical Bent Penis, in one of his first official acts in office, dictated the following drunken demand at me, "I want sex in the write up. Yeah! Lots and lots of sex. And lots of swearing. Lots and lots of swearing...lots of it..."

**OH-THREE, OH-TWO,
TWO THOUSAND AND TWO:
Run 1105**

Under the ever watchful Pulsating Sphincter on the 'BP' Sky rise Building (Owned and operated by evil tyrant 'Bent Penis') in Downtown LA, one of the most meaningful and historic occasions in the past 3 years was spit upon, greeted by rampant sex....sex, fucking, fellacio, peeling bananas.... to celebrate the "PASSING OF THE HELM" from the honorable and gentle Cockadial and Oedipussy to the despicable drunken bastard tyrants of Bent Penis and Juggle His Balls of the "Penis and Balls Klan". Frightened to show any disobedience, the pack succumbed to orders from the top: the new GMs wanted a heightened state of drunken orgy, specific for this passing of their flame, an orgy fit solely for the manic and repulsive new GMs.

It started with Dr. Mikey on his "21st year to the day from his start of hashing" – A 21 tit salute by those poor harriets, ordered against their will to flash their succulent flesh, to this obvious subhuman. Hormones raging, the pack took to the rolling, gang infested hills. Cocks were sucked, pussies manipulated, and Mango's balls were fondled. Juggles of the newly formed "Balls and Penis Klan" was strutting with his dick in a harriet's mouth while Ride Me was bumping Hard in the Saddle, riding furiously on his back through the rolling hills while whinnying like a horse. Psycho Bitch was on her knees screaming with pleasure (for

once), satisfied by Mango's deep prowess. Finger, Retracted, and Wet Clam (more about her and her Chinese alley escapades later) were off up the street, satisfying the local high school football team, swearing that the boys' liquid gems attributed to their obvious animalistic good looks. SEX. RAMPANT SEX. Sodomy, 69, missionary, tits, cock, shit, fuck, erection, clitoris, ass slamming, circle jerking, yummy liquids flowing, goddamn good! Damian and Stick Bite were nowhere to be seen – probably in the bushes snapping each other's beans...and just watching, watching, watching...

THE RUN

Sexy, good looking, FRB, Pulls His Own, in a display of unusual clarity broke off from the pack on the very first downhill. In an attempt to show off his unusual downhill skills, on his fourth step he found a hidden gopher hole and popped the shit out of his ankle. And in a rare display of raw courage ran the next 50 minutes of the run in agony. *And nobody noticed.* (Note to Penguin... point your damn scribe finger at me again and it will be 2 paragraphs about me next time...)

THE REST OF THE RUN

Dumnsht hares Juggles and Oedipussy lost their map on the first block and argued like 'the women they are' for the rest of the lay. Probably the reason for the crappy trail. Thought I was on a cheap tour bus of LA highlights. After not being shot by the gangs, we sauntered up and down hills toward Dodger Stadium. At the base was the beer check. Not to be halted, our hero, that handsome Pulls His Own (P Ho) broke from the pack and headed limping up the hill to the Stadium, only to find a false and save the rest of the pack. *And nobody noticed.*

Around a corkscrew overpass we wound, into Chinatown, where Wet Clam was selling her wares to Laundrymen and Cooks, lined up in an alley to sample her seafood. Evidence of her escapades were left for the pack to find – her Wet Clam ID tag, evidently her form of fortune in her cookie.

Thru China into Mexico ala Olveira Street, where Sin d' Bear stopped for a taco. Little visitors in the little shopping area were pushed aside by the mighty Hashers, hunting for their prey. On through the streets traipsed the unruly pack. A quick turn by

100 Porto Potties left Slippery confused – so many shitters, so little time, why are they all here???? ... a curious circle jerk around an office building – or was it the Music Center first? Who cares. More LA. Blah, blah, blah... Then the Disney building and the new Catholic hangout and we were hot on the hares' heels. The pack split off (cheated) and followed the hares after a visual. Finger, being the storm trooper that she is, followed true trail only to run into some guy with his pants down in the underpass smelling like Limburger cheese. Too bad Wet Clam wasn't there for him. A quick sprint to the finish and the decadence began.

DOON DOONS

Official handoff of the new GM manship and the new order was established. {OUT}: 'Oedipussy', and the ripe 'Cockadial' 'Foot', 'Harlot', 'Dr. Mikey', 'Cyril Legal', 'One Nut', 'Dinged Up Dick', 'Damian & Pot Ho', 'Juggles', 'Bent Penis', 'Ophelia',. {IN}: GM's – 'Juggles' and 'Bent Penis' – or is that 'Bent Penis' and 'Juggles' – time will tell.... 'Foot' as Beer Meister, 'Dr Mikey' as Religious advisor, 'Cockadial' as Hash Cash (watch out the money isn't siphoned off for our future little hasher), 'Penguin' as Hash Dip, 'Slippery' as the best munchies provider in the world (gotta butter her up or she'll spit in the dip), 'Damian' as Trail master, 'Porno Queen' On Disk, 'Harlot' as Hare Raiser, 'Cyril' as In News, and as the perfect reward for years of servitude 'Oedipussy' as Circle Jerk. Welcome to you all !!!!

MORE: Dr. Mikey only counted 7 of the 21 tit Salute, a poor showing indeed from the newly appointed religious advisor. Psycho Bitch, Pillsbury, and Hung Like a Bug got the Happy Birthday fuck you. HASHIT Nominations: Cindy Bear (Self), New Boot Amy (lost keys in trunk?), Slippery (didn't know why Porta Potties were there), Juggles lost his map, Corn Hole Hussy (some Marathon toilet paper thing), Cyril for combing hair up like Don King to add supposed volume, Cindy Bear for getting taco, DAMN IS THIS THE MOST BORING SCRIBE OR WHAT?, Dusty (new boot) for not knowing China Town, Tweedle for choosing Grammy's over Hashers.... And the winner is DUSTY. To celebrate, Dusty got OFFICIAL NAMING "Slow Swallow"..... HASHCRIMES: Foot loses cup, Juggles forgets song, OFFICIAL NAMING – "Piss On Earth" for.... hell I forget.... This is really

hard.... Think it was the poor girl who has to work near Oedipussy... MORE HASHCRIMES: Hung Like a Bug for not running thru water fountain, Bent Penis for showing off his initials on a downtown skyscraper, Wet Clam for losing ID in Chinese alley, Oedipussy & Cockadial for getting a shitty coupon book, Porno Queen and Bike Rack for not running (some damn excuse about RACING), Got Milk and R – Tits (what's that 'R' for anyway? I haven't gotten any!) for making \$200 in Vegas and Finally.... Ride Me for new shoes... PHEW!

ON ON ON

Barbeque place on Sunset and Figueroa. Had keg side dinner with big blow up Bouncy Castle thing... the Hashers, true to their polite selves, kicked off the poor kids... last I saw, Psycho Bitch got off and soared above the top, tumbling the Castle and its occupants... Meat was decent, but did notice a big lack of dogs in the area. Actually the food was pretty okay and a good time had for all... I hobbled off and left early.... And nobody noticed.

ON OUT and fuck all of ya! Pull His Own

You guessed it...Run 1106

This writeup was written already. In fact, if the virus I'd released had been more discriminating, it would've sent the writeup to the Socal list server, instead of 200 or so tree huggers. What do tree huggers do with names like Cock o Dial Done Me and Dick on a Stick? Join the hash, I guess. And what did the Socal list get? An eviction letter. Honestly, hackers need to write their worms better. So, since the Socal list didn't get the "right" letter, here I go again -- and if this looks funny, it's because I still haven't finished reconstructing my computer and am composing online. (Awww, don't worry, you're all "protected" aren't you?)

..... Ah, the Mar Vista Rec center, how convenient for me since the car was busted (what of mine doesn't bust...) As I left the house I sneered at the neighbor kids and kicked the cats into the street...even the neighbor's Rottweiler slunk away from me. It was a gorgeous day, and as I tottled along I could feel the home values skyrocketing.

Ka ching! was all I could think of as I arrived at the park. So self absorbed I was that I had completely forgotten that it was Dick's birthday. In fact, it wasn't til during the hash when I crossed a corner with chalk marks on it guessing her age that I remembered. Oh gosh, how could I have forgotten... Wasn't it Dick who first drove me to hashes ten years ago? Wasn't it Dick who had me temp at her office when I was out of a job? Isn't it Dick who invites me to her Seders where I feast on bitter herbs and wine and get locusts thrown at my plate? Come to think of it, Passover is starting and I'm at home eating macaroni and cheese... hmmm...

Anyway, back to the beginning. Dick and cohare Pot Ho boldly intimated that this was a live run and took off through a kid's birthday party. We saw thru that ruse and didn't give them much time to escape. The pack soon trampled the birthday party and ran smack into a check on the other side of the park. After some confusion we found ourselves going north on Sawtelle. The FRBs were so cocksure they completely overshot the trail. I thought they were up at KFC getting some of the Colonel but they were soon coming back for a turn west, back into Mar Vista. The pack wound it's way thru the lovely (ka ching!) neighborhood, out onto National, thru the Whole Foods parking lot (filled with SUVs adorned with save the environment type bumper stickers) and down Barrington. As the pack turned into the hill area of Mar Vista I shortcut back into the park to make amends with the birthday girl. I do have a report of the FRB experience though: upon cresting the Mar Vista hill area, Finger and Damian had sex in the school yard until Juggles caught up and joined in. So now we know what the FRBs do when their way ahead. Head? Who said head?...

Thanks to Cock O Dial's notes we have an account of the down downs (I just remember the cake, which New Moonia brought for Dr. Detroit's birthday.) New boot was Dusty. Visitors were Chumley, Wet Clam and Little Big Dick (who was down from Alaska enjoying the weather.) Returners are too many to mention, except for Used to be Goob (I think that's supposed to "Used to be Good") and Vidiot and Maalox Moment. Oh yes, No Douchee showed up. Maybe he'll start haring again. (Who can forget the run through the Sepulveda tunnel where cars were doing 60 mph on our

flanks...)

Birthdays went to the aforementioned and to Juggles and Sum Dumb Chick (No Douchee's ever patient landlady.)

As usual, hashcrimes were numerous but poor. Dr. Mikey was suffering from lack of beer due to too few titties. The beer cups ("A"s) were so small that the harriettes finished off the beer without having to bare anything. No doubt Dr. M will be making a point to bring cups to the hash from now on. He looked so dejected I almost felt sorry for him.

Hashshit went to Marquis (Cock spells it Marque -- the commonwealth really know how to murder French. Have you heard a Brits say "Marquis"? They pronouce it "Markwiss") de Sade for saying that Orange County has better Down Downs. Hope he's more subtle in court. (Hope Cock still gives me her notes after this!)

The Ononon was a Break Shot where the managers had yet again not communicated with each other about our cuming and some poor waitress had to do us all at the same time. Juggles appropriately stayed home (having picked a fight with a bouncer three times his size there last time.)

Happy Birthday Dick! Flipper

Hash #1107

"Hard-In-The-Saddle's Free Pizza Run"

09-March-2002

While the prospect of swallowing Hard-In-The-Saddle's pepperoni and stuffing your face with his hot, greasy pie may not sound appealing, that is precisely what we did after the down-downs, which were held at the new home of the hare in Eagle Rock. Hard-In graciously provided pizza to the hungry pack and, unlike the beer that he provided at the beer check, the food did not go to waste.

Most of the beer-check beer did go to waste because all but a handful of hashers managed to get themselves hopelessly lost by a relatively straight-forward check not much more than a mile into the trail. They eventually reunited with true trail, but not before they bypassed the beer check which was held in a secluded spot at the end of a nice stretch of

shiggy.

Down-downs were fairly lame. With the hair busy buying pizza, Pollywood stood in for Hard-In's down-down. Hash Shit, Slow Swallow, ran the trail but left before down-downs, which if I recall, is the reason she got the hash shit in the first place. Cock-O-Dile stood in for her and the dubious prize was eventually awarded to Damien for the first time ever, believe it or not. Returners included Fagio, CumPoser, SkirtBoy and BreastPlate. The only visitors were from Long Beach and most of the crimes were m-word related.

On-Out,
Juggles H. Balls

Worthless Dumbass Filler:

Learn Chinese in 5 minutes... (make sure to read these aloud)

- =====
- 1) That's not right Sum Ting Wong
 - 2) Are you harboring a fugitive?..... Hu Yu Hai Ding
 - 3) See me ASAP..... Kum Hia Nao
 - 4) Stupid Man Dum Gai
 - 5) Small Horse Tai Ni Po Ni
 - 6) Did you go to the beach? Wai Yu So Tan
 - 7) I bumped into a coffee table Ai Bang Mai Ni
 - 8) I think you need a face lift Chin Tu Fat
 - 9) It's very dark in here Wao So Dim
 - 10) I thought you were on a diet Wai Yu Mun Ching?
 - 11) This is a tow away zone..... No Pah King
 - 12) Our meeting is scheduled for next week..... Wai Yu Kum Nao?
 - 13) Staying out of sight Lei Ying Lo
 - 14) He's cleaning his automobile Wa Shing Ka
 - 15) Your body odor is offensive Yu Stin Ki Pu

L.A. Red Line Hash and Pub Crawl ! Saturday, June 1, Hares Off 1:00 PM

Ride the Red Line and tour 9 dive bars in Downtown L.A., Hollywood and Mid-Wilshire!

\$9 hash cash covers your drink and munchies at the pre-lube and down downs, 3 subway tokens, and lots o' pitchers o' beer at the first dive bar on all three legs!

Three scenic trails (degrees of difficulty carefully calibrated to the cumulative number of pubs already visited), 7 hours of mirth and merriment, and marauding packs of hashers will surely produce an adventure you'll never remember! Parking, pre-lube and down downs will all be on 8th Street, just west of Wilton Avenue, mid-Wilshire district, Thomas Guide coordinates 633 G3. Follow these (Mis'd)-erections: oExit the 10 at Crenshaw, go north ~ 2 miles to 8th Street.

oTurn right on 8th, go four and a half blocks.

oLFH on your left, on the street at the south side of Wilton Place Elementary School

ARRIVE EARLY! You'll get your Red Line tokens (a \$4 face value) and timetable, a listing of every station, pub and trail, your official Pub Crawl ID, and be served ice-cold beverages and munchies at the pre-lube. Hares off at 1 PM sharp!

BRING EXTRA MONEY for more food and drink - hey, for \$9 we're not gonna be able to feed you well and ply you with beer at every pub for the whole damn day!

Late? Lost? Confused? For a good time call (213) 924-4175 for info and directions at any time on the day of the event.

The hares (Damian the AntiChrist, Retracted and Stick Byte) ask that you let them know in advance (with no obligation) whether you plan to attend. Simply tell them, "You're damn right I'll be there!" at an upcoming LA, GAL, Ch. 13 or Full Moon hash, or via e-mail atcrist2@aol.com.

MISMANAGEMENT

Glandmistress	Juggles His Balls-Greg Eyink-gmich@earthlink.net	(310) 264-9834
Grandmattress	Bent Penis - Ian Glen - aliglen@prodigy.net	(310) 392-8032
Religious Advisor	Dr. Mikey	Mike Kobrick (626) 398-8733
Hare Raiser	Hash Harlot	Carol Noonan (626) 398-8733
Brewmeister	My Left Foot	Alan Templin (310) 318-0876
Munchmeister	Slippery Mons	Karen Tallman (323) 937-3440
Hasherdabbery	Pot Ho	Beverly Crist (323) 857-1865
Hash Cash	Cock O'Dial Done Me	Sandy Binder (310) 450-4320
Webmaster	Dinged Up Dick - Mike Holt - dingedup@hash.org	(310) 581-1105
On Disk	Porno Queen	Rodney Montague (323) 769-3780
On Sex	Cyrilegul - anjucohen@hotmail.com	(310) 478-7633
Chalk Hawk	One Nut	Bob Heil (310) 318-1796
Trailmaster	Damien	Andrew Crist (323) 857-1865
Trail Flash	O'Feelya	Jill Cordova-Holt (310) 581-1105
Hash Dip	Penguin	Alison Glen (310) 392-8032
Circle Jerk	Oedipussy	Dave Binder (310) 450-4320

Remember!

You can *Save your sorry ass a Bunch of Money* by paying for runs on a quarterly (\$20) or yearly (\$60) basis.
So...

Give or send your money to Juggles,
3207 Colorado Ave. #1, Santa Monica CA 90404



May 17 - 19 2002

- Friday:** SFH3 evening hash in San Francisco, followed by beer, food, music, and beer.
- Saturday:** East Bay H3 hosts the Ball Buster and regular hash in the Oakland hills, followed by beer, food, music, and beer.
- Sunday:** Bay to Breakers! Stagger along with the hash float for 7.1 miles through the streets of SF, followed by the legendary picnic in Golden Gate park, complete with beer, BBQ, and bloody marys.

Goodie Bag!

Beer!

Nudity!

But wait, there's more...

Accommodations:
HOTEL VINTAGE COURT
 650 Bush Street
 (Near Powell & Stockton)
 www.vintage.court.com

To book a room contact
 Scarlett O'Hairy
 (aka: Tara Bietz)
 tbietz@yahoo.com or
 415 392-0847

...cum for 3 hashes, stay for 5!

Thurs 5/16 - Gypsies in the Palace annual pre-B2B Hash (\$5)

Mon 5/20 - annual Pink Tutu post B2B hash (\$5)

Registration Fee: \$100 (before April 1)
 \$110 (after April 1)

Make checks payable to "SFH3" and send with registration form to:
 Alex "W-He" Livingston
 159 Carl Street #1, San Francisco, CA 94117

or log in to www.paypal.com and use your credit card. Send fee to sfh3_payment@hotmail.com with registration information.
 Call W-He with any payment questions: 415 665-2539

Name _____
 Nerd Name _____
 Home Hash Address _____

 Email _____ Phone _____
 T-shirt Preference S M L XL

I understand that running and/or drinking are dangerous and that I may harm myself doing either. I am over 21 years of age and legally able to drink. I will not hold the San Francisco Hash House Harriers, and of its officers, or any of its representatives liable for any injury that I may incur as part of my voluntary participation in any activities organized by SFH3 during the May 17 - 19, 2002 Bay to Breakers weekend.

Signed _____

Dated _____

Southern California Hash Contacts

Los Angeles	Winters: Saturday @ 3 p.m. Summers: Monday @ 6:30 p.m.	(562) HaShitt ~ 2 nd Monday in April
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 th @ 7 p.m.	Debbie <i>Corn Hole</i> Hussey 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

Saralegal
11120 Queensland St. #H57
Los Angeles, CA 90034