



LAH3 Hash Trash

May 2002
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We don't print the news that fits, we just drink from our shoes and shit.

RU?

Dear Hash Boy,

L.A. RUNS

- Run 1116 - May 6th - 3 Dicks & Chicken Little
- Run 1117 - May 13th - Skirtplate
- Run 1118 - May 20th - Passing Wind's Bday Run
- Run 1119 - May 27th - Porno Queen
- Run 1120 - June 3rd - Stupid Piece of Shit
- Run 1121 - June 10th - Dutch Boy
- Run 1122 - June 17th - Stupid Piece of Shit
- July 13th - Saturday - Farrah Fuccett & Breastplate
- Monday, August 26th - SID
- Friday October 6th, Cockedoberfest

OTHER STUFF

- May 9th - Beijing H3 run #1000; \$1700.
- May 17th - 19th Bay 2 Breakers, San Francisco
- June 25-28 - Wharf to Barf - Santa Cruz
- 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.
- May 23-26, 2003 - America Interhash - Costa Rica - www.interam2003.com

Trash would've been a whopping 12 or maybe even 13 pages, instead of the measly 11 that it is. But Kum Prik Pow and RTD didn't turn in their writeups, the lazy rat bastards. And RTD had almost a week!

I've got a problem. My girlfriend and I have been going steady for longer than I can remember. I always thought she was mine. But lately I've seen her making eyes at other hashers. So I've decided to make my claim official and pop the question. The only thing is that there is such a taboo on the M word in the hash that I'm afraid my drinking privileges may be revoked if it leaks out that I've just said yes. What shall I do?

Lost in Space

Dear Dr. Mikey,

Admitting that you've got a problem is the first step towards getting better. Harlot has more sense than you give her credit for. So no matter how big a rock you get her, she'll probably just say no. Still, propositioning her may be just enough to show her that you need to be committed. So what have you got to lose. Worse comes to worse, if she says yes and goes around telling everyone that they have to wear a red dress to the wedding, you can always say you were drunk when you asked, which will be easy for everyone to believe.

Hash Girl



Before his wildly successful hashing career took off, Fagio worked in an insurance office.

Saturday, February 16, 2002

Helter Skelter II - Hollywood Hills Revisited

LAH# Run #1104

The Hash assembled in the parking lot of Hollywood's Plummer Park on a sunny winter afternoon. The first three to arrive actually found parking spaces. Everyone else had to park blocks away. "Stupid hare!", scolded Dr. Mikey. "We usually need space for 40 or 50 cars." With what is for him an unusually brilliant rejoinder, Porno Queen replied "Doh!"

Luckily, as the beer arrived and attitudes improved, so did the parking situation. Several of the park-going civilians seemed more than happy to vacate their spaces one the hash took over the park.

Porno Queen, the intrepid hare, took off early to lay his actually live (gasp!) trail. Up, up, up, into the West Hollywood Hills. The trail headed straight, more or less, Vista, which empties into Runyon Park. Several of the pack, led by Dr. Mikey of will drink beer for tits fame, ignored the well marked right turn and "short-cut" into the park. They were never seen or heard from again. Well, one can dream. They found their way back to "A."

The rest of the pack followed trail up into the steep, winding residential neighborhood. "Man! This shit goes on forever," whined one hasher. "Not enough shiggy," moaned another. "When're we gonna get beer?" wailed a third.

A few checks, a couple of falsies. At the top of some hill the trail curved around a downhill bend and stopped at the end of a cul-de-sac not much there besides a porta-potty. Shit. Wait! The dollops of flour seem to go right into that house! Should we? Ah, what the hell. If that's where Porno is, we gotta. And so, the ever-faithful, blindly-obedient and obsequiously unquestioning pack would've been glad to run through someone's house. Instead, we followed trail through the under construction site, into the backyard with a wonderful view of the Hollywood Bowl and down a slippery hill fraught with peril.

On down down, into the seating area of the Bowl, out the private banquet area, down Highland Boulevard. Ah-ha! Damien the Antichrist, leading the pack, catches sight of the hare. The hare sees

he's been seen and scrambles to take evasive action. Dodging traffic he darts across Highland, around a corner and lays a quick check. Runs, takes a left, lays another check, runs, runs, runs. See Porno Run! South on Cherokee, across Hollyweird Booleevard, hearing whistles right behind him against the echoing coolness of the lonely starless night. Don't matter. Gotta mark trail. Can't lose pack before beer check. Reaching down to lay trail...and Gotcha! Damien finds his way home, tearing into Porno's soft, fleshy underpinnings.

So as not to be obvious, the two then strode hand in hand to the beer check at Boardner's. After everyone had caught up and Porno had bought them a round, we jogged the mile or so back to the park for down downs. And although Porno had asked Bike Rack to Scribe, Cock o'Dial gave her down down notes to Holly the wayward waitress. So the events of that momentous occasion are lost to the ages. Except everyone drank, ate, hollered and stuff.

The on on on was back at Boardner's. And the though the food was all right, the service was slow that almost three month's later, several hashers are still there, waiting for ketchup for their fries.

Return of the Pedophile Run

March 16th, Run #666 (plus 442)

After a year of study with the Catholic Church in Boston, **Father My Left Foot** returned with his altar boys, **Road Kill, Videot, and Maalox Moment**, to lay trail in Manhattan Beach. As a former Sunday school teacher, I was entrusted to scribe their journey:

Since most of the regular pack was either at Betty Ford or filing lawsuits against the archdioceses, there was plenty of cold beer for the faithful wankers that came. The hares took off on bicycles, scooters, and foot, while **Into Men's Asses** attached St. Patty's Day pasties on the harriets, and the rest of the pack admired **Hash Harlot's** fashionable leprechaun outfit.

The trail began in the TRW parking lot. Within minutes the pack was lost. There was flour everywhere that led to nowhere. The hares were obviously having hallucinations, or had perhaps had a little too much wine during communion. Eventually, trail (real trail) picked up again across Rosecrans and over a grassy knoll.

As the wind blew the flour away the pack continued west, hoping to see the beer check that was promised by **Father Foot**. Instead, the trail continued through a shopping center, up stairs and directly into the wind (whining). It was rumored that the trail continued through the parking lot of Fry's, below the overpass, and then out to the wood chips on Ardmore. However, the short-cutters (who will remain nameless to protect **Marv Albert's**, **DDD's**, and **Retracted's** reputations) missed that part.

Alas, just when **Marv** thought he couldn't take another step (knee problems), he ran into **Pillsbury Blow Boy** running north on Sepulveda. "Don't say a word," whispered **Blow Boy**, "**Father Foot**" has a special surprise waiting for you at Grunions. They tasted so good that **Oedipussy** had two!" To which **Marv** replied with a groan, "I've had that surprise before and I'm still sore. I can't believe that **Oedipussy** went for two. **Cock o' Dial Done Me** must not be doing him these days." After **Blow Boy** explained that it was beer he was talking about, they parted ways, **Pillsbury** running towards the tall TRW building to the east, and **Marv** walking towards the beer check.

We soon realized that those miserable hares ran out of flour about the time they got halfway through the school, since the trail made an unmarked right turn. Later, we learned instead that **My Father the Foot** (no relation to My Mother, the Car) was caught unguarded when he was bending over to draw an arrow (what goes around, comes around), and refused to bend over again.

Finally, the entire pack made it back to the parking lot where **Oedipussy** and **Cock o' Dial** attempted to seize control. Apparently, the new "**Juggles His Bent Penis**" regime actually trusted these bastards, leaving them with the official hot pink clipboard. After both

Oedipussy and **Cock o' Dial** were stripped and flogged appropriately for their sins, the pack, who really didn't give a shit but wanted to kick some ass, settled down and let the tyrants run the show one more time.

Dr. Mikey was awarded HASH SHIT for gaining 30 pounds from not getting any nookie from **Hash Harlot**. The pack, being quick witted as they are, noticed that **Hash Harlot** hadn't gained any weight, and therefore asked whom she was fucking. Since the number of studs she's been with was more than some hashers could count, it was determined that there were only two hashers that she hasn't done so far this year. Don't worry **Dr. Mikey** and **Dark Tanyon**; your number is coming up soon.

A very fine harriet, a flight attendant, was named "**Servix With A Smile**." This was chosen over "**TWA(t)**" and "**Straps Dicks On**", which also received howling from the pack. The visitors were: **Westward Ho**, **Titty Bear**, **Dry Hump**, **Holly**, **Pecker**, **Iggy**, and **Ignorant Fart** (another up-and-coming altar boy).

The returners were: **Pillsbury Blow Boy**, returning after a 50K (now that's a surprise); **In to Men's Asses**, who was getting into men's asses (his words exactly); **Dark Tanyon**, whose been running from Dallas since January; **7 Cum 11**; who came 11 times after drinking 7 beers (he doesn't remember a thing; **Stay Out Stay Alive**, who only came 7 times after drinking 11 beers (it was dark beer, no wonder) and; **No Balls At All**, who didn't cum at all.

There were many crimes but the only one written down by my secretary was: The hares blew through 15 pounds of flour and then ran out. And finally birthdays: **Oedipussy** (68), **Road Kill** (49); **Pillsbury Blow Boy** (14); and **Marv Albert** (101)...or something like that.

On Out, Debbie Does Dingos

P.S. I ain't no stinkin' delinquent scribe.

Run # 1109 - Retracted gets Spanked

March 23rd, 2002 in Pacific Palisades,
witnessed by Bent Penis

How easy it is to ruin a perfectly good day with a single moment of poor judgement. Like that time when Cameron Diaz asked me if I wanted to go round to her place to play Hide the Sausage with her and a couple of her Supermodel friends, and I said I had to go home to organise my sock drawer. Well something similar happened here at the end of Down-Downs when I asked an obviously-inebriated Retracted to tell us who his scribe was. Despite being editor of the Weekly World News, Retracted at that moment couldn't think of a single human being on the planet that could string a sentence together. All he could say was "It's you, isn't it, you fug'n fucker?", before collapsing into a gurgling wreck, spitting profanity and beer all over anyone within range. That's where I had the moment of bad judgement - I stupidly felt sorry for the poor bastard and agreed to scribe his shitty trail.

So it began: a bunch of Hashers standing around in Michael Lane wondering where the beer was. Retracted (stand-in Beermeister, Hare, and reasonably-sober-person at this point) had the keg stashed in a Jeep which he'd parked off the road at the trailhead. Was this a sign, we wondered? An omen? A portent, a signal, a cipher, an indication of the trail to cum, whereby wily old Retracted leads the pack a merry dance with tricky checks and sneaky falses and generally a whole lot of mischief-making? Well no, it wasn't like that. There were plenty of checks of course, but the trail almost always went straight on, with a monotony that fooled nobody except Oedipussy (picking on a cripple).

Anywho, we struggled ever-upward on a long and not-so-winding road to the promised beer-check, only to find a load of tiny 2oz cans of Sapporo. Somebody should tell the Japanese that this mania for making everything smaller has gone beyond a joke. I like small tits as much as the next man, but we have to draw the fucking line when it comes to beer. To make up for the trail, Retracted and Spanky set a 3-mile On-In, possibly the longest in living memory, with more

checks than the whole rest of the trail put together. Not all the pack were lost however, and Down-Downs began in a natural amphitheatre formed by storm drainage and piles of garbage.

Penguin introduced the New Boots (Jimmy, Brianna, Michelle, Joel and Marco) to the bloodthirsty pack, which had the smell of fresh meat in its nostrils. Joel claimed to be Slippery Mon's "nephew," celebrating his 21st birthday that very day by cumming to the Hash. Kids these days have no life at all. Even more bizarre, it seemed that Michelle thought Mitey Bite was a nice guy! Juggles helped young Marco along the road of sexual experience with an improvised game of "Marco Polo" - a re-enactment of the famous explorer's discovery of the East. Asia was represented by the breasts of Spanky Yankee, Sum Dum Chick, and My Cock Ho. A blindfolded Marco was given a full minute to "grab as much titty" as he could. History, Geography and Biology all in one lesson - educators take note! Marco needed a little help - if the original Marco Polo had had the same sense of direction, there would probably be no Benihana as we know it today.

Visitors were Urethra Frankgland, BunnySnatch, Tits For Hire and Horse Bum Fucker. I was drunk by this point, so I don't remember where everybody came from or why. The rest of this might have happened, or maybe I dreamed it...All the people who went to Betty Ford were arbitrarily deemed Returners, along with other sundry delinquents. Betty Ford escapades and escapees were prevalent throughout. At BF, Heave Ho & Ride Me had paraded their breasts clad only in latex paint, but they could not be persuaded to replay - you just had to be there. Bum Licker was nominated for Hash Shit for being pissed on by fellow-nominee Retracted, who was up there for, er, pissing on Bum Licker. Penguin got Best Supporting Actress for vomiting at the car window (as opposed to out of it), and lucky Bent Penis got 2 nominations - for not recognizing Penguin's tits on trail and for going to the sperm bank. Juggles had somehow come by some samples and so sperm, piss and puke were all liberally distributed on the eager and thirsty crowd. After a drink-off that was as fair as the Zimbabwe general election, Bum Licker won the hash shit by a short head, but nobody noticed as they were all cleaning themselves off. Hard Drive did a particularly poor job of even noticing that his hair was full of cum, so he was invited up for a "There's Something About Hard Drive" down-down.

A thirsty Retracted got a much-needed Down-Down for fucking a goat. Oedipussy, Retracted and of course Joel had a beer for their Birthday. We tried

unsuccessfully to form a 21-tit salute for Joel, but it was a bit cold and the harriets would not oblige - roll on Summer! I believe that Pregnant Pause was punished for impersonating an athlete, although it's hard to believe. And Two Guys Fucking appeared out of nowhere like the Virgin Mary to invite everyone to a party and show off his nice new hairdo, which looked a bit like a coat that my autie's dog used to wear. Standing in for Porno Queen, Cockadile began the On-Disk report but 3 seconds of standing up were enough for her, so she quickly passed it over to Bike Rack. The crowd seemed to prefer the Weather Report that Bike Rack gave us later (it was a bit nippy). New Shoes were spotted on Joel, Jimmy and Tits For Hire and Slippery was punished for not explaining the new-shoe thing to her new boot. At first she wouldn't flash in front of her "nephew", but Joel was persuaded to "take one for the team" and he gallantly turned around. That kid will never make a Hasher. At this point we ran out of material, but we continued to give Retracted Down-Downs anyway, because he was still standing.

The Hash got a piece (of fish) at the Reel Inn and they did pitchers and it was pretty damn good, and there was much rejoicing. And who should turn up at the On-On-On but Couldn't Get Laid With A Fistful Of Fifties In A Whorehouse In South Korea? OK, I'll tell you. Couldn't Get Laid With A Fistful Of Fifties In A Whorehouse In South Korea turned up at the On-On-On.

In summary, it was a thoroughly shitty hash, which didn't suck too much. And now I've finished this write-up, so that's nice too....

On-Out

Bent Penis

P.S. Anybody seen my hat??

Saturday, March 30 2002, 3:00 PM

Help Psycho Move or DIE!

Run #90278

Scribe?!? What, are you shitting me!! What's the matter with you people! Somehow no matter what I said the clipboard seemed to stay attached to my hand...thus I became scribe to the GREAT MOV E-IN RUN!

It starts with the few, the brave, the stupid (?) meeting **Psycho Bitch** at her storage unit. A total of six harriettes and 8 harriers are in attendance. Although the incredibly intelligent **Plaid Cow Disease** and **Fungus Amongus** were part of the group, it took the ever present **Moan-n-Fucker** to save the day and figure out how the vehicles should be loaded. **Tweedle Me** turned the beer van into a moving van which totally screwed up **Stupid Piece of Shit**. He couldn't seem to figure out the jockey box was needed for the beer and kept driving around in circles.

We manage to load up all the vehicles and make our way to the run start. With 15 minutes to spare **Sin-D-Bare** suddenly freezes in his tracks when he remembers he is the hare and that he has no flour! Has he been haring too much???

Finally, the hares **Sin-D-Bare**, **Psycho Bitch** and **Stupid Piece of Shit** are off with the promise of a great trail.....what happened, anybody?

Lots and lots and lots of streets combined with apartment parking structures. I'm walking the trail with **Flipper**, **Clitmus Test** and **Little Dutch Boy** (who's carrying Kyle.) Flipper and Clitmus are so bored they are dredging up bear stories that their parents used to tell! We heard the beer check on the pier at Naja's Place was pretty good, alas the walkers did not get there in time to share in that festivity.

The On-In was at Psycho Bitch's new home (Congrats!!!) cute place! Down Down festivities were begun with **Bent Penis** and **Juggles** in rare form. We even had a moment of drinking for the passing of the queen mum. Lots and lots of visitors and returners were pulled up. Hash shit nominations were settled with a drink off between **Oedipussy**, **Bum Lick-Her** and the **Jewish Princess**. The **Jewish Princess** won the price her crime the same as it is every year around Easter - crucifying Jesus.

The coup de gras, the icing on the cake, the (okay you get the picture) was at the very end when Sin-D-Bare

is called up yet one more time. For what you ask??? For finally answering the question on everyone's mind...is he or isn't he gay...the answer is: Okay well lets put it this way. To show his undying devotion to **Camel Spit** he wears her trademark socks! He is given a tea bag down down for such behavior. Does **One Hump** know about this ??? She is pregnant again...who's baby could it be...until next time!

On Out!

BVDiva

**THE HASH GIVETH &
THE HASH TAKETH AWAY**
By Princess Dick on a Stick
Run #1111 - Been There, Done That

Okay, so I went to Temescal Canyon, AGAIN, but this time I had to bring along my sleeping buddy, the Hash Shit. While stretching with NO NUTS and ONE NUT, I was suddenly aware of 8 squirrels encircling the Hash Shit. Maybe they just wanted the bunny that was attached, or maybe they thought there were actual nuts to be eaten, but it was a creepy sight, a scene out of "The Birds." A sight scarier than all those squirrels was SKIRT BOY wearing traditional Scottish kilts, socks, and what was with those shoes? More on that later.

After the usual pearls of wisdom by our hares, CREAM PUFF and BALL WASHER, they took off throwing sawdust (beats Fruit Loops) towards Sunset. Us walkers immediately followed and 15 steps later, the Hash Shit weighed 50 pounds. Whine. Through the school and the tunnel and up school steps we went and way too smart to fall for the YBF trail at the first check.. We wound our way across Sunset and up El Medio, past the day laborers who thought my Moose was a dog. Peasants! The FRB's caught up while we were still on the street and after a bit of confusion, MARQUIS DE SADE found trail and we continued off-trail.

As we got higher and higher, I had to take off

my T-shirt (Whiine) and wrap it around the Hash Shit. HAIRYOLA saw HOZER holding it for me and remembered that when it came time for Hash Shit nominations. Finally, a Turkey/Eagle split came into sight. Naturally, I took the Turkey. And then the weirdest thing happened. A parallel universe opened up, the time continuum appeared, and I was the FRB. Sure there were two new boots ahead of me, but, hey, they don't count. I was all alone on trail, no one behind me. And as I journeyed on that winding trail, I kept thinking "Where the hell is everyone else?" Once we, er I mean, I hit street again, the first beer check was right up the hill. And only those two new boots (who don't count) and me were there to greet CREAM PUFF. Three seconds later, I started out, once again alone and once again going uphill.

FUNGUS and DINGED UP DICK decided to do the run backwards and were shocked that I was the first one they saw. Finally, MARQUIS and DR MIKEY caught up to me and passed me by, but as I was solving checks myself and started the loooong process downward, still carrying the Hash Shit which now weighed 100 pounds (whiiiiine), I had an epiphany: "Being an FRB sucks!" Running alone, with a Moosehead Plunger, looks very, very strange to passerbys.

The second beer check was at the Hares' house and I would have been the first one there except I let FINGER, HULA GIRL, and HOGWASH run past me. After a fabulous alcoholic fruit punch, and chips and salsa, I was ready to head on in. Across Sunset and through the neighborhoods brought us back to the cars.

With the help of the GM's crib sheet, here's what happened at Down Downs: Visitors were DRY HUMP (who had already left) and WANKERS ISLAND. Returners included NO DOUCHEE NO NOOKEE, SUCK MY HOOTERS, BALL WASHER, TOOL, BREAST PLATE, SKIRT BOY, and SID. Patrea and Julia were the New Boots who don't count since they auto hashed back to the start after the first beer check, and Lenny. What do you expect from Government workers?!?! Hash Shit nominations were fabulous, with me leading off: PORNO QUEEN for multi-tasking...talking on his cell phone while checking people in; HULA GIRL for saying "I won the Hash"; BENT PENIS for NOT remembering Scottish Independence Day and having SKIRT BOY show him the proper dress for the occasion. RETRACTED and SPANKEE YANKEE allegedly got engaged on trail, but that turned out to be an ugly (very ugly) rumor. HOZER was nominated for allowing me to give him the Hash Shit while I undressed on trail. And there were others

Hash # 1113 - Manhattan Beach

nominated, but I don't remember. Bottom Line: I got the Hash Shit again and had to drink what was now my third, or sixth down down. Who's counting? FINGER, 4H, and HAIRYOLA were the birthday honorees. Hash Crimes were waaaay too numerous to mention all of them, but Damian had to drink for being the father of Elizabeth Hurley's baby, ex-pats had to drink AGAIN for the Queen Mum being laid.....to rest. And BENT PENIS whipped out his teeny weeny.....shot glass and rambled on about some thermo beer glass the Japanese invented that automatically fills up when empty. Our Japanese representatives - I can't spell their names, but you know who I mean - did down downs. DR MIKEY was very disappointed when no tits were shown.

The big announcement of the day came when SUCK MY HOOTERS dazzled us with her ring that TOOL gave her. Yes, they are getting M'd next year! And just when I thought we were done, god bless RODNEY QUEEN. Someone brought him up for the hash crime of having terrible, undrinkable beer at the Chapter 13/31 run on Easter Sunday. JUGGLES thought that warranted him being Hash Shit, and so I reluctantly gave up my plunger. I guess I'll just have to find something else to stick in my bowl (wink, wink)!

Mort's Deli was the scene of the ON ON ON and for those who didn't go, you missed out on great entertainment from our own CREAM PUFF who made a tie out of the paper placemat, spoke like the Godfather and called himself Mort. Ya' had to be there and drunk to find it funny. Which we all found quite hilarious. Thanks Hares for a great last Saturday until October Hash!

On Out.....Princess Dick On A Stick

It must have been a long time since I last hashed because I didn't even know Cock O' Dial was pregnant until I ran into Break Lights last weekend. The proud parents made their debut with little Oedipussy Jr. at this run. Since I have been gone so long, I also allowed myself to be bribed with a Volkswagen pen to be the scribe.

The run started behind Longs Drugs which was smart since at the last hash I ran, we were trying to convince the cops that we really were Kmart shoppers. The hares - Hung Like a Bug and FarFromFucking fooled us by not taking us straight to the beach. Instead we ran across Rosecrans into the industrial center, where we ended up on some railroad tracks. I was running with two other FRB's, Slippery and Slow Entry. Rodney Queen and Hard in the Saddle tried to pass us, but we ditched them at the beer check.

Then the trail took us across Sepulveda into the neighborhood of the million of dollar homes of Manhattan Beach. My Left Foot proudly pointed out his home. This is also where we (the FRB's) came upon the walkers. Dutch Boy and 2 Fingers were having a romantic stroll through the area while Accidental Tourist was leading the pack. Now this is where it gets confusing and we lost our FRB status. On the other side of Sepulveda we saw an arrow that took us right. Halfway down the street we realized that we were off trail and accused Fungus of planting a fake arrow. So we missed the last part of the trail which I'm sure was the climax.

The hash shit nominations were Dick On a Stick for taping Bachelor or maybe for getting laid or maybe for getting laid while taping Bachelor?; Oedipussy for bringing his son wearing new shoes; StickByte for coming in number 69 in a race; Little Dutch Boy for calling in a bomb scare; Damian for his fashion statement. And the winners were Bum Lick Her and Hogwash for advertising quality ale beer at their run and supplying Bud Light.

Down downs ended with a beer drinking contest between the walkers and FRB's, with the walkers winning thanks to Pot Ho distracting the FRB's.

The on on on was at Fleming's Steakhouse where the hashers dined on prime rib and fine wines.

On On

Crude

More Tedious Filler

- # Energizer Bunny arrested - charged with battery.
- # A pessimist's blood type is always b-negative. Practice safe eating - always use condiments.
- # A Freudian slip is when you say one thing but mean your mother.
- # Shotgun wedding: A case of wife or death.
- # I used to work in a blanket factory, but it folded.
- # If electricity comes from electrons... does that mean that morality comes from morons?
- # Marriage is the mourning after the knot before.
- # A hangover is the wrath of grapes.
- # Corduroy pillows are making headlines.
- # Is a book on voyeurism a peeping tome?
- # Banning the bra was a big flop.
- # Sea captains don't like crew cuts.
- # A successful diet is the triumph of mind over platter.
- # Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.
- # A gossip is someone with a great sense of rumor.
- # Without geometry, life is pointless.
- # When you dream in color, it's a pigment of your imagination.
- # Reading whilst sunbathing makes you well-red.
When two egotists meet, it's an I for an I.
.....

A school bus was taking a bunch of kindergartners home one day when a fire truck zoomed past. Sitting in the front seat of the truck was a Dalmatian. The children began discussing the dog's duties.

"They use him to keep crowds back," said one youngster.

"No," said another, "he's just for good luck."
A third child came to a different conclusion. "They use the dog," she said firmly, "to find the fire hydrant."

Dear Hash Girl,

I just bought a new house. To help pay the bills I'm renting a room to a fellow hasher. I never thought I'd have to worry about him hitting on me. Now I feel stupid, though, because I've fallen for him and he can't get it up. I can hardly sleep knowing he's in the next room, only inches away. I want him so bad I can taste it. I know everyone in the hash would laugh at me if they thought there was anything between us.

At a loss,

Stupid in South Bay

Dear Stupid,

I haven't laughed so hard in a long time.

Thanks.

Hash Boy

a hash song ...

The Real Gilligan's Island

Just sit right back and you'll hear a tale,
A tale of a fateful trip,
That started with a drippy dick,
And a cold sore on my lip.

The skipper started getting rough,
He grabbed my scrotum sack,
Pulled it back between my legs,
And shoved it up my crack.

The professor sucked off Mary Anne,
And Thurston Howell the 3rd,
Was nuzzlin' Gilligan's asshole,
Hopin' for a turd.

Mrs Howell and Ginger were doin' 69,
Ginger thought her period was late,
But it was right on time!

San Francisco Hash House Harriers **ON ONI**
 2002 Bay to Breakers



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-Ho" 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-Ho 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 driking 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 _____

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 - anjrucohen@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 Holt-Cordova (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

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.

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