



# LAHB Hash Trash

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

RU?

Dear Hash Girl (or boy?),

## L.A. RUNS

- Run 1120 - June 3<sup>rd</sup> - Stupid Piece of Shit
- Run 1121 - June 10<sup>th</sup> - Dutch Boy
- Run 1122 - June 17<sup>th</sup> - Open
- Run 1123 - June 24<sup>th</sup> - Detachable Penis
- July 1<sup>st</sup> - Open
- July 8<sup>th</sup> - Open
- July 15<sup>th</sup> - Farrah Fuckett & Breastplate (But maybe not)
- July 22<sup>th</sup> - Purple Armadillo Run - Old Fucks
- July 29<sup>th</sup> - Cumsucker
- August 5<sup>th</sup> - Slow Entry
- August 12<sup>th</sup> - Fuckingham Palace
- August 19<sup>th</sup> - Pillsbury Blow Boy
- Monday, August 26<sup>th</sup> - SID
- Saturday October 5<sup>th</sup>, **COCKEDöBeERFEST** (1<sup>st</sup> Saturday Run)

## OTHER STUFF

- June 1<sup>st</sup> Summer Get-A-Life; **Red line** hash & Pub crawl
- Wharf to Barf - July 25<sup>th</sup> - 28<sup>th</sup>, Santa Cruz
- September 13 - 15, Westside Pirates board Catalina
- September - Interhash - Goa, India
- Sept. 27 - 29 - Can't Goa, Maui
- Friday, October 4<sup>th</sup> - Welcum to English misfits - pub crawl.
- May 23-26, 2003 - America Interhash - Costa Rica - [www.interam2003.com](http://www.interam2003.com)

After 17 years of "living in sin" my loser's finally broken down and popped the question. I'd point out it was on one knee, no less, but everyone knows he always that way when he wants to see tits. I was so surprised I almost spilled my beer. And then I surprised myself even more when I told him I'd have to think about it. Now I'm worried. I mean, he always says why buy the cow when you're hung like a horse, whatever that means.

Sure I screw around. But do you think maybe he wants to make it official so that I won't be able to any more? (Never mind that he's not able to any more.) Maybe he just wants me around as a maid and a nurse (I do have both costumes, after all) now that he's visibly falling apart. Any suggestions?

Surprised in Santa Monica

Dear Harlot,

Premature ejaculation is no laughing matter. It seems logical that our prehistoric male ancestors were all rapid ejaculators. The Homo Erectus who could couple quickly with his mate and rapidly reach ejaculation was then free to deal with enemy tribesman and predatory sabre-toothed tigers. The slowpoke got clubbed or eaten. Therefore, only rapid ejaculators survived long enough to sire descendants. Thus, if speed of ejaculation were hereditary, we all should have fast ejaculatory reflexes.

The first thing a male must hold in mind is that orgasm is like a balloon: the longer you blow air into it, the bigger it gets and the louder the bang when it pops.

Hash Goy

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## Scribes corner of shame



RTD - Run 1115

Lil' Dutch Boy - Run 1117

Porno Queen 1118

## Attack of the Commonwealth

April 8 - Run #1112

As is the often the case when you put an Aussie and a Limy together, they are too pissed to know what to do. And so it started with Hogwash and Bumlicker. They started out by showing up in a tizzy begging for chalk so they could pre-lay their trail as the early people are prelubing. Why they couldn't use that time to just buy some flour and lay trail like everyone is a mystery.

Well off they go, drawing small lines on the ground, with many checks and many more falses. In the tradition of Dr. Mikey, Hairiola and Porno Queen blow through the 1<sup>st</sup> false of the trail, up hill and as it turns out, the absolute wrong direction. Here's a clue, when it says YBF on the ground, that means "you've been fucked." There is no need to compound the effort!

As enough time has passed since the run, nobody really remembers the trail now anyway. Lets just say that there were a lot of mistakes made by the pack because we couldn't see the noted chalk lines in the dirt or the trail through all the falses. We did of manage to find the beer check though. Amazing how we can sniff out free beer from 2 miles away. From there the trail was pretty much a straight shot to the cars, but I insisted on short cutting anyway. Why start doing trail now?

Down Downs were not eventful as new boot Roxanne was unsuccessful at trying to flash. Someone needs to teach her that flashing involves actually showing the breast, not just some arm motions. It also should be directed to the crowd. It does no good to flash a blank wall!

Returners were: Fuckingham Palace, me (Cum Prik Pow), Little Dipper, Cocky Sauce, Darth Vader, Marquis De Sade, Never Cums, Piss on Earth, Penguin, Nutcutter and Slo Entry. My god, who was not a returner!

The only crime of any note was My Cock Ho for driving a golf cart through a glass door, I'm afraid I don't really remember the story, but I laughed a lot. I'm sure she would love for you to ask her about it again and again. But the hash shit actually went to the hares for advertising no shite beer at the beer check and then actually serving Bud Lite.

On-out

CPP

Monday, April 29 2002

Skanky's Virgin Hash

LAH Run #1116

The Trail began in the vicinity of the Gallery Café of Bergamot Station in Santa Monica, which seemed more like a wind tunnel. The directions to get there were blessedly correct. The instructions also promised it would be short and flat with more time for beer. Yeah, the Check's in the mail, and I'll call you in the morning. Instead, we would end up hopelessly running in circles.

The hares were supposed to be Nutcutter and Zan Skanky. In reality, the pack left many more marks than the hares, which I suppose makes the pack the hares. Nuttcutter had an unusual technique and left neat lines of flour every mile or so (is he a coke addict?), with checks marked by a cross. Early on, a couple of walkers incorrectly predicted the point where we would cross the freeway, and wandered off like the senile old men they are. There seemed to be more circle jerks than usual, but it was never clear that this was intentional, so that the runners never really passed the walkers. At one of the checkpoints, I asked Pot Ho why she was going in a different direction than the runners and she slyly commented that she was following the hare's wife. Turned out this this did not help her much. As usual, Rodney Queen went off and laid his own trail, this time near the Coffee Bean in the industrial park on Ocean Park. I guess it's because it's the only lay he can get!

The beer was the same tasty brew we'd consumed on the last full moon hash, in a park filled with Wicka tree and moon worshipers, that is, until they saw my moon, but that's another story. Back in the Circle, little Cock-o-pussy (or is that Oed-a-cock?) made a brief appearance. Other New Boots included Jason, Lauren, Sean, Gene, and Zan. Being a New Boot, Zan doesn't really have a hash name yet, but she has the Attitude of someone born to has, actually picking the moniker Skanky Ooooooze Pot for herself. There was no consensus on making that official and there was not enough momentum for my suggested Skanky Spanky

Ho and the naming was tabled.

Returners included Bob, Cock-o-dile, Oedipussy, Gives Good H & S, Heave Ho, Chunky Monkey, Earl N., Harlot, Jean and Mikey. Dr. Mikey interrupted the sacred proceedings of the Circle to have us look in the sky for the appearance of a brief flash of light that he predicted to the minute. Does he realize that in another place and time, he might be burned at the stake for such antics?? He never really said what it was a satellite?, a meteor? the Hale Bopp comet carrying the Heaven's Gate cult in their new Nikes? I could have asked, but decided it was more important to have another beer. The visitors included NBC, Honey Do Me, Just Say Yes, Hide the Chili, and Corn Hole Hussey.

Bumlicker whined about being made Hash Shit again. Butt maybe if he showed up in running clothes and actually carried the Damn thing he might be able to fob it off on someone else. Mr. Bean was a runner-up. It either had something to do with his failure to get Pregnant Pause and the dog to run into oncoming traffic or missing an episode of Star Trek. It's all a drunken haze to me. Birthdays celebrated the 10th Anniversary of the Rodney Queen Riots and Rodney was joined in his birthday molotov by his fellow Queen's. A beer mug in the shape of a breast was presented to Oedipussy so that he would not feel edged out by little Cockapussy's access to the real things. How Oedipal is that?

I'm sure this evening's hash was full of criminals, but none were written down. The anonymous scribe only left a sheet of paper with a few illegibly scribbled names, so this account is partly based on my drunken, hazy and hungover memory and the rest was made up. Anyway, those margaritas at the On on on at Gilbert's, a Mex Diner Dive on Pico in S&M, were great.

On, On, Pregnant Pause

Thighs Wide, Slut!

Whitey's Return to the Hood

LAH3 Run #1118

I was telecommuting from home (for the last year that's been a euphemism for "unemployed") and thinking back on last week's hash when I got complimented by a transvestite at the ON-ON-ON (or was that EZ Goin' and I was just too drunk to tell?), when suddenly my phone rang. After months and months of listening to spiels by telemarketers, I finally knew to let the answering machine pick it up.

"Hello, Mr. Pillsbury? This is Mr. Passing Wind. I guess you're not home. I just know that what I'm soliciting, you WILL be interested in! So, call me back at 976-WIND for a great time!" Great! Now telemarketers had gotten a hold of my hash name, knew I was a virgin, and were offering me phone sex! But why were they having a guy call me?

Ten minutes later, the phone rang again. Again, I let the answering machine pick up. "Mr. Pillsbury. It's Mr. Passing Wind again. I really think this is up your alley. Cum and meet me at Slauson and Overhill Monday night and we can discuss some different options. Remember, 976-WIND. Oh, and the password is Hashitt."

So, over the weekend, Fishlips and I were "R"ing ourselves in Palos Verdes and she was telling me of an alarming phone conversation she had had with someone named Mr. Passing Wind. "Pillsbury, he propositioned me! Over the phone! The man sounded old! At least 44! I can't sleep with an older man." (I think she was still trying to get over a bad relationship with some dumb guy.) "Well, he called me, too. I didn't call him back, because I don't swing that way," I said. Weird!

At the finish line, we were met by Head & Shoulders and Just Dennis. They had just passed through the neighborhood and decided to have a beer and watch runners cum in. Head and Dennis had also gotten a call from this Mr. Passing Wind. Head said, "He wanted to TAKE me in his old neighborhood." Dennis said, "He told me he wanted to turn a TRICK or two in front of his boyhood friends." Needless to say, we were all creeped out by the phone calls, but curious as to how big this orgy would be!

So, Head, Fishlips and I set out from Long Beach a little early Monday night. We figured that we could wear a few of my masks from New Orleans and watch the proceedings a la Eyes Wide Shut.

When we arrived in the parking lot at the aforementioned cross streets, there were a few people

already there, also curious to see what would happen – Fungus, My Left Foot, Doctor Detroit... - but no Mr. Passing Wind, just THE wind blowing everyone! My Left Foot graciously provided us with some brew and we sat back to watch as more and more people arrived – Stupid Piece of Shit and Carson (a dog!?!); Mr. Bean, Pregnant Pause and Caesar (another dog!?!); Psycho Bitch; Little Dutch Boy and Finger; and Cock O’ Dile, Oedipussy and Just Aiden. I mean, I’ve seen nasty porn and Caligula, but 20 women, 30 men, 2 dogs, lesbians and a baby? Sick!

Finally, the mysterious Mr. Passing Wind arrived, not in a stylish upscale car, but in a rundown sedan, the backseat filled to the hilt with old papers, silverware, dirty clothes and shoes. “In my hand,” he began, “is the impetus that made you all cum.” In his hand were two plastic grocery bags filled with ... sawdust!

“I trust you all have the password,” he continued, “but I’ll ask for that in about 90 minutes.”

“My special assistant, Mr. Hard in the Saddle, will provide you with instructions on what to do next. I trust that you all kept this relatively secret, because this is a special event that only you few are privy to...”

Mr. Hard in the Saddle, a tall, butler-type gentleman, was dressed in running clothes and passed around a bag of chalk. “This will facilitate your findink of the ultra-secret location,” he intoned, “you must follow the trail fairy carefully, or you will find yourselves lost and without a chance to indulch in this fairy special pleasure...”

“Remember, do NOT follow us in your cars. You will not be able to follow in cars. In fact, we have hired a special security man to take you and your car away, iff you do not follow these instructions implicitly!” With that, Mr. Hard in the Saddle and Mr. Passing Wind were off, tossing a trail of sawdust into the wind, and leaving us in the company of an ominous looking security guard.

Heeding the warning, the whole group, dogs, baby carriage and all, set forth on the trail, which led to many dead-ends, across busy intersections, over fences, down steep dirt hills, and through oil fields. Halfway through the trail, Mr. Hard in the Saddle reappeared and the “bick

queer” offered everyone a “qwick beer.”

Cock O’ Dile Done Me and Finger in the Dyke were able to maneuver the baby carriage very ably throughout the entire trail, and even managed to overtake a few faster folks by following the trail exactly, while Gives Good Head & Shoulders tried to shortcut around a barbed wire fence, and found himself trapped in a heavily wooded area.

After about 60 minutes of hunting for the elusive sawdust trail (which had mostly blown away in the wind), we finally found ourselves back in the original parking lot. Mr. Passing Wind looked pleased. “Now we will sing songs, drink beer and congratulate ourselves.”

“Fuck that!” said Rubber Dick, “The password is...”

“NO! It is not time for the password yet. You must wait!” And Rubber Dick didn’t seem to mind in the least when Mr. Hard in the Saddle tackled him and then just sat on him...

“First, I am sad to say,” began Mr. Passing Wind, “there were two of you who didn’t follow the rules. You were seen driving a car. You are welcome to stay for the songs, but you can not stay for the celebration that all of you have been expecting.” And with that, Mr. Passing Wind ripped the mask from one of the people standing near him and revealed it to be Juggles His Balls! “I implicitly asked that NO ONE drive their car, that EVERYONE follow the trail!” And then he turned and removed another mask – Little Dipper! “You did not follow the trail at all!”

“VAIT!” said Mr. Hard In the Saddle. “Remember, they may stay iff they drink a beer and...flash their tits!”

“NO!” said Mr. Passing Wind. “You do not make the rules! I make the rules! I will make an exception and let them stay if everyone follows the rules from now on and at least one Woman flashes her tits!”

“But you,” Mr. Passing Wind gestured to Juggles His Balls, “and you,” gesturing to a masked guest with pale white legs, “must make it happen!”

And so, Juggles His Balls and the mystery man presided over the proceedings, singling out a few men and a few women (who were unwilling to make a sacrifice for Juggles) to drink beer for misdeeds. Finally, Mr. Passing Wind came to the front of the crowd and shouted, “Enough! It is time for the password.”

“Bumlicker! Retracted! Slow Entry! Tweedle

Me! Heave Ho! Front and center!” said Mr. Passing Wind. “These are the chosen few, the special ones who will receive the most pleasure, but only if you ALL get the password right!”

He pointed to Bumlicker. “You brought a gay lover to San Francisco! What is the password?”

“Hashitt,” said Bumlicker.

He pointed to Slow Entry. Why are YOU up here? Get out of here!”

He pointed to Tweedle Me and Heave Ho. “You two fed the fishes with barf and cried at the Survivor Season Finale! What is the password?”

“Hashitt,” said Tweedle Me and Heave Ho.

He pointed lastly to Retracted. “You are a fucking bastard and get everything you deserve. What is the password, everyone?”

“Hashitt!” we all shouted.

“That is the correct password,” shouted Mr. Passing Wind. You all can participate in the pleasure. Here is a map to the great hall where it will take place. Please get there before you all freeze to death!”

Fishlips, Head and I set off for the great hall. It was another 3 miles away by car, and Fishlips wondered aloud, “How much longer is this going to go on? We’ve been freezing our “ays” off for 3 hours now! I wanna get physical!”

The “great hall” turned out to be a karaoke bar/dive, where no one had heard of nor seen Mr. Passing Wind or Mr. Hard in the Saddle. Sure, we all stayed and had a decent time, noshing on shish kebab and knocking back beers. I guess it was a couple of old sick fucks who enjoyed a little sado-masochism – putting us through pain for their pleasure. Mr. Passing Wind is probably back in his manor telling Mr. Hard in the Saddle, Thighs wide, slut!”

On out,

Pillsbury Blow Boy

## Bankrupt or Bawdy?

### Slow E’s 2¢ on Chapter 13

The first Chapter 13 run that I attempted was way back in February, originally posted on the 27th. I was planning a reconnaissance mission. I had seen the Chapter 13 runs posted, yet when I queried my fellow hashers about the group, no one was able to clearly articulate the purpose of the group. Even the GM, Rodney Queen, stumbled through an explanation. I was intrigued. Was it as transparent as its name indicated - a group bankrupt in some form, morally, financially, or emotionally? Or, was it merely a clever ruse to throw off the authorities? Was it truly a sex-filled, partner-swapping, sweat-fest where the lewdest of acts were not only acceptable, but encouraged? I set a course of discovery that would lead to wild and wet adventures of both pleasure and pacification.

As it turned out, the run on the 27th was erroneously posted prematurely... was this an indicator of a Rodney shortcoming? It’s possible, but no one has surfaced to own up an answer – 1 point Bankrupt. The actual run was on the 28th and only posted in enough time to rally a total of 5 hashers: Rodney, Saralegul, Hula Girl, Retracted, and me, yours truly, Slow Entry. Rodney set out to lay a quick 4. Sara and Hula Girl liked it, Retracted pulled out and I just ran - 1 point Bawdy.

While we were still hot and sweaty, swilling beer like high school kids on the side of a road, Coco and Shaun (civilians) came upon us. They were across the street in a condo complex hot tub and spied us on the street – 1 point Bawdy. They grabbed their clothes and decided to see what we were doing. “Wow, a keg!” said Coco, a little blonde spunkster. “Uhm, yeah, and Fiddle Faddle”, uttered Rodney – 1 point Bankrupt.

As this riveting conversation persisted, two guys in a 4X4 screeched around the corner, spotted us, stopped next to the now gathering crowd, and yelled, “Is this a kegger?” Realizing how effective the follow up was for Rodney, I spouted, “Uhm, yeah, and Fiddle Faddle.” We soon learned that Steve, the driver, knew Coco because he used to date her sister and that his passenger, Ari, was not a woman who he was looking to seduce with free keg beer found on the side of the road, but rather a long time band friend. I know – 1 point Bankrupt.

Being a resident of Venice, I was unfamiliar with the pervasiveness of Keg Awareness maintained by the citizens in the People’s Republic of Santa Monica. What a

cultural statement on the area. So aware are “they” that as Officer Mike Von Achen and his K-9 “Roy”, both of the SMPD, rolled up, it was no surprise that he too said, “Keg?” You know this is coming... “Uhm, yeah, and Fiddle Faddle” replied the group. Officer Mike was not having it. Ultimately, he was totally cool – only because we were all genuinely excited with his SMPD trading card he provided and the way Roy jumped out of the car proceeding to relieve himself immediately in some nearby shrubbery. 1 point Bawdy.

At the OnOnOn we dwindled to three. Retracted and I were volunteered to hare the next Chapter 13. Little did we know then, but that decision would breathe new life into Joslyn Park!

Retracted and I took our duties as co-hares quite seriously. We scouted every bar along what we anticipated to be trail for days in advance. Being that I was a Virgin Hare, and just out of college, Retracted coddled me throughout our scouting days, making sure that I always had a drink in hand and that I always drank to the bottom of the glass. What a nice man!

On the 13th of March, a group of about 25 gathered at Joslyn Park. There were Returners, New Boots, New Shoes, Blue Shoes and HashShits. The Retracted-Entry Chapter 13 was off. We laid trail like a mouse in house: up, over, under, down, beneath, below, above, through, in, out, and all over the area. Due to an unanticipated hosing from the West Side Pirates, who “coincidentally” laid trail from Joslyn Park the very night before, the entire Hash on-in’d prior to the hares. Yes, Retracted and Slow Entry were officially recognized as DFLs on their own trail. A bond was formed between the two - hell was to be paid! And, Oedipussy would be the first to make payment...Aaarrrr!

Bumlicker, Stick Byte, and Juggles had inside information and were able to A-to-B-and-back the beer check. Earl Necklace actually found true trail yet had failed to hear the instruction about the meaning of “CB” on trail, so he had no pearls of knowledge regarding what to do once he encountered the “CB”, so he was forced to retract. Sara Legul was cited as principally responsible for the pack never finding trail as he voiced false trail assumptions due to his participation in the WSP run...Aaarr!

Cream Puff and Stick Byte usurped the

circle from Rodney and the down-downs flowed. Piss on Earth and Cock Rider were given HashShit for making a liquor store stop only to come out with a single Mickey or for coming out with only a single Mickey.

The OnOnOn was a late one at the Firehouse on Rose at Main. Retracted had worked the pitcher situation to score \$9 pitchers of Bass and of Guinness. The bartender had this cool bent spoon with which I poured Black and Tans for hours.

Right about then, others started to ask me what Chapter 13 was about and I found myself thinking about the Fiddle Faddle and how to seek revenge on Oedipussy and wondering what I did with my Officer Mike trading card and where my beer was. But who cares.

The next Chapter 13 was an Easter run. Retracted hared, of course, from Joslyn Park, a given. There were two trails laid, one with flour for the Hash and one with colored eggs for any junior Hashers. Retracted was heard lamenting that he was up all night the night before coloring those eggs just the right shades of pastel blue, yellow, green and purple and how it just broke his heart that no young girls showed to have fun with his eggs on trail.

The next Chapter 13 was a Redemption Run. Retracted and I came back for more. We were confident that we could lay trail that the Hash could follow if only we could keep the West Side Pirates away from Joslyn Park...Aaarrrr!

Dr. Mikey, Slippery Mons, and Ball Washer lost trail at the beach shiggy, Flipper decided to go with her internal navigational pull and ended up in Venice while the rest of us ran in Santa Monica. Spankey Yankey lent her car to a Promenade parking garage beer check, 3rd floor – East End, and no one was lost through the Promenade. However, unbeknownst to the hares, the FRBs were gaining. Cream Puff, Bum Liquor, and Dancing Queen were competing for a hare snare. As the two of us leisurely approached the second beer check, Retracted looked back to see the pack gaining ground. As a true gentleman who speaks the Queen’s English, he yelled “Leg It!” and bolted. I looked back to see Bum Liquor and Dancing Queen within two blocks. I yelled to Retracted, “Help!” and he yelled back, “You’re on your own!” Within seconds, DQ had me in a wrestling hold from behind and we nearly crashed through the glass wall

of the auto dealership at 13th and Santa Monica. I hadn't realized what a contact sport hashing can be. After an exchange of pleasantries with the FRBs, they gave me 5. I left to an exchange of a different sort with my co-hare.

On-in everyone came. There was a real divide on those who liked the trail (those who beer checked) and those who whined (those who never beer checked). It was 80/20, favoring beer checked. I don't remember the circle or the OnOnOn, except that I laughed a lot. And, I think someone was explaining what Chapter 13 was about, but I don't really remember that either.

Bankrupt or bawdy? What?

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I could hardly swallow it all!

Mammorial Day Xxxtravaganja

LAH3 #1119

Just the Facts, as told by Slow Entry

Quick Tool, Oedipussy, and Hogwash snared Juggles just after the beer check. Juggles whined, "I asked them for 5, and they hardly even gave me 2. It was no surprise they caught me. Where's the glory in that!"

In an independent effort, Marque de Sade, cumming late and runnign the trail backwards snared first Saralegal, then Juggles. Juggles, armed with misinformation whined, "He lives around here so he knew how to short cut through my falses. Where's the glory in that!"

At the beer check, Juggles had to wait for the pack to protect the beer from some "Mexicans". He was later heard whining, "Dónde está la gloria en eso!"

Saralegul, the co-hare, said little, as usual, and avoided glory in any and all forms.

Bent Penis wanted it clarified that Down-Downs only sucked because of Juggles, following with, "everything only went well tonight because of Juggles."

As Damien sat bathing nearby, Sin-D-Bare was delighted to hear that there was poison oak on trail. Flashing an existing patch on his upper right thigh,

he said, "Yeah, this is healing and it's too bad. When the hot water hits it, it's orgasmic."

Dim Sum Tits was deemed a "short cutting bastard" as she basked in a rare moment of stolen FRB status. Fortunately, Juggles never learned about this because you know he'd just whine and find no glory in it.

Pot Ho wore camouflage, head to breast, a great assist to her on trail as fled through the bush after hearing a local homeowner yell for Help. Hot Rising Tongue ran up to ask if Pot Ho could hear the most probably distressed woman, Pot Ho simply acknowledged, "I heard it, but did nothing."

In typical Princess style, Dick-on-a-Stick whined on the turkey as she was caught on three falses, or caught with three falsies – I spilled beer on my notes so it could go either way. She wanted more trail but couldn't stand her own whining.

In a surprising turn of events, when Pregnant Pause and Mr. Bean were asked if they had any trail tale to tell, they replied in unison, "We have nothing to say."

Meanwhile, Cock O'Dial Done Me found no glory in being a wet "D" cup. She misses being a more manageable "A" cup and looks forward to the lactation subsiding.

Oedipussy, on the other hand, commented that her current cup size is "out-fucking-standing"! He added that the variety, the transition from "A" to "D", has been nice and is looking forward to the reverse transition. His final comment, on this topic, was that he "recently latched on to Cock and suckled 8 sweet ounces".

Just a request, "Can I please have another look at that Spider Man tattoo on Faggio's left, bottom side?"

The new boots Mighty Byte brought, Michelle and Michele, got lost on trail, passed out on trail, and left with Retracted for a ride to the OnOnOn. Poor girls! One of them got named Squish for the new maneuver she displayed while flashing teat of up, down, side, side, Squish.

Also named was 3<sup>rd</sup> time returner Jean, a dentist Jean, now 'Fill my Cavity.' She'd brought her son, Paul, now unofficially Maui Wauai and his friend John, now unofficially Moon over Miami. As soda was gone by down downs, and neither sacramental

wine nor priest was available for the two Catholic lads, they threw their beer over their shoulders, drenching some poor idiot. Good Catholic that he was, Moon over Miami thanked Sara for haring, saying, "That was the best fucking time I've ever had in my whole fucking life."

Bent Penis also wanted it known that he "really liked the young boys throwing the beer on themselves." Poor Penguin! Stick Byte, of course, just likes little boys.

At some point we discovered that Hot Rising Tongue, Pot Ho, and Heave Ho were auto-hashing the stroller trail. When confronted, Pot Ho had "no comment".

Has anyone noticed Juggles and Ride Me leaving their car unattended while it's still running? They run the air conditioner for Iggy, their canine. Is that really the best use of limited resources? Wouldn't Iggy be content with an open window or two?

Bent Penis was on his HeNis more than once this evening. Shouldn't that be controlled?

I have something written about "the perfect gummy, no swallow" with Stick Byte's name underlined. RTD - Care to explain?

Again, reading in the spilt beer section of my notes, Bum Liquor was quoted as saying, "If I last a minute, It'll be a miracle", with a follow on quote from Sum Dumb Chick saying, "It's not important. Tact it's reel". Anyone?

As usual, Retracted chased skirt, chatting up two college co-eds at the bar. Bum Liquor and Slow Entry stood and turned to ask, "Dad, do you want a cheeseburger?"

When asked what he thought of Retracted's friendliness, My Left Foot responded, "it's a good idea to me. Look, he's got two girls half his age." He stopped, took a breath, shook his head and continued, "He's an unreal mentor!"

"With tail on trail, it's always a great run."

-Anonymous

As the scribe, I felt that I needed to not limit myself to hasher commentary alone, feeling that a more complete piece could include observations from the civilian sector. So, I started with the two girls at the bar...

Katherine "with a 'K'" and Michele "with one 'L'" – both just graduated USC law school and are studying for the bar exam. Katherine is from San Francisco and likes the alcohol motivation within the Hash. Michele likes that it is clearly not a bleeding heart organization.

Ritchie Cum in Hand was excited about "girls like that" being at his new school, Harvard, but ultimately conceded, "I've got nothing."

Dim Sum Tits was working on a civilian for herself. She'd seen him in a front booth and solicited Into Men's Ass to make the connection for her. He made his move and Dim Sum Tits was denied. Into Men's Ass told a tale of pushing her as an "Asian spin toy" and of Jeff saying, "yeah, I'm watching the game."

Note to self: Jeff is from Colorado, just outside Denver, a city called Evergreen. He's in LA visiting Lauren (who served as our waitress). She's from Boston and just moved to NoHo. They met in Las Vegas. She was on business and he was there for a Bachelor's party. They've never hooked-up; they're just friends. In fact, Jeff is 26, Catholic, and a Virgin.

Oedipussy commented, "no fucking way!" I think it was disbelief, but it could have been a summary statement on the situation. In support of Jeff, Cock o'dial reminded us that Pillsbury Blow Boy is a 33 year old Virgin. – That was actually new information to me.

On a side note, Into Men's Ass told me he thought that we'd be the perfect couple: Slow Entry Into Men's Ass. If there's a man who thinks that phrase is "perfect", he ain't the guy for me! ...not that there's anything wrong with that.

Spankey Yankee simply asked, "What means 'entry'?", possibly referring how Retracted got his name.

I also vaguely remember a woman in a red shirt who was not into the Red Wings, Stick Byte or Retracted. Her friend, who refused to give her real name, preferring, "An Innocent Bystander," stated she was into the cookie process as she thought Into Men's said Entenmanns. I wonder how much cookie she'd want if she knew what Into Men's thought of as "perfect".

I'm assuming this is a follow on comment to an earlier conversation with Oedipussy, as I have him

## 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	Tweedle Ho	Bonnie or Megan (310) 313-1050
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  
Cock O' Dial,  
1744 10<sup>th</sup> St. #1,  
Santa Monica  
CA 90404

quoted as saying, "Get in early. It goes too fast." Sounds like healthy father-son competition.

Taking over for Slippery as the new LA Munch Meister, Tweedle Me is in a quandary about the munch table tablecloth: Cotton/Poly Blend or 100% Cotton?

The non-nutter Michelle noted that she's moving out because Mighty Bite is moving in. "You know, I don't want to kill my buzz with food." Is she referencing a Mighty Bite Protein Pack?

Porno Queen showed at 6:30pm ready to Hash only to realize he was 3 ½ hours late. Alerted about his any-minute arrival to Sonny Mc Clean's, I dashed to the car where I was conscientiously storing the HashShit after so unjustly being awarded the damn thing earlier. As Porno entered the bar I cheered the Hash on chanting "HashShit" and was met with no opposition in passing it on to Porno, who graciously accepted it.

Later, Porno told me a sad tale. He had planned on nominating himself anyway because on his birthday Hash (1/20), after the Hash left the OnOnOn he hosted at his home, his GPS was... Missing! "Those thieving hashers," he thought, AND held accountable for the missing man-toy. That is, until he decided to clean his house, move

the hat rack – or was that the Bike Rack, and viola! There it was. Yes, Porno, we agree with you... you are the HashShit!

Porno also told a happy tale. He and Bike Rack are expecting to become parents on 12/4.

Returners: Mighty Bite, Marquee de Sade, QuickTool, Dr. Goodwench, Faggio, Almost Perfect Asshole, Beauty and Obese, Stick Byte, RTD, Achey Breakey Fart, Too Long, Blow Hard, Squeeze DJ, 3 Dog Floosie, Fill my Cavity, Squish & Acid Queen

Visitors: Krabs'R'Us, Into Men's Ass, Likes to Fuck Sheep

New Boots: Michele, Moon over Miami, Maui Wauai

NonRunners: Goodwench, Squeeze DJ, Slow Entry, Ride Me, Hot Rising Tongue

I certify that the aforementioned is based on true and actual conversations and events.

On out

-Slow Entry

### Southern California Hash Contacts

Los Angeles	Winters: Saturday @ 3 p.m. Summers: Monday @ 6:30 p.m.	(562) HaShitt Change in summer ~ 2 <sup>nd</sup> 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 <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</i> (818) 761-1853
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

Saralegal

11120 Queensland St. #H57

Los Angeles, CA 90034