



LAH3 Hash Trash

August 2002
www.social.hash.org
98% fact free!

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

L.A. RUNS

- August 5th - Slow Entry
- August 12th - Fuckingham Palace
- August 19th - Pillsbury Blow Boy
- Monday, August 26th - SID
- Sept 2nd - We forgot who - Fagio as backup
- Sept 9th - Bent Penis & Penguin
- Sept 16th - Retracted & Spanky Yankee
- Sept 23 - Never Comes
- Sept 30th - My Cock Ho
- Saturday October 5th, **COCKEDöBeERFEST** (1st Saturday Run)

OTHER STUFF

- August 16th - Larrikins Campout - 10950 Boulder Creek Rd., Descanso, San Diego
- September 13 - 15, Westside Pirates board Catalina
- September - Interhash - Goa, India
- Sept. 27 - 29 - Can't Goa, Maui
- Friday, October 4th - Welcum to English misfits - pub crawl.
- October 5th PMS Bandito Parrotheads - Verizon Amphitheater
- LBH3 969th - October 11 - 13 @ De Benneville Pines - Double Entry (562) 755-3703
- Laughlin Mardigras Hash - Fri, Nov 1st, 7 pm
- PMS Roadtrip - Nov 29- Dec 1
- May 23-26, 2003 - America Interhash - Costa Rica - www.interam2003.com

Tardy Scribes

- RTD - Run 1115
- Lil' Dutch Boy - Run1117
- Squish - RUN 1123
- ? - RUN 1125
- Little Dutch Boy - RUN 1127



Interested in haring but you've never laid a trail? Don't know the difference between a Back Check and an Arkansas Blow Job? Then see Damian the Anti-Christ.

He's put together an Unofficial Guide for the Virgin Hare!

WHO ARE THOSE WEST SIDE PIRATES?

Sept 13-15th - West Side Pirates invade Two Harbors, Catalina - \$49.69

Beer, munchies and campsite provided - Schedule below is tentative:

- " Friday evening trail & campfire
- " Saturday morning scuba pirates diving for buried treasure
- " Saturday afternoon boaring charge thru the hills
- " Sunday morning memorial hash, BIG GREEN WEENIE & HASHSHIT AWARD presentations.

" Flyer to follow! ARRGH

Monday, May 13 2002, 6:30 PM

Skirtboy's SoNoHo Adventure

Run 1118

Skirtboy's SoNoHo Adventure (South - North Hollywood, we assume?) started off on a wrong foot when your humble scribe, Porno Queen, showed up and parked on the wrong side of the park. Of course, the rest of you sheep followed right along. By the time Skirt Boy returned from his pre-lay it was obvious that a mass migration would be necessary.

Once rightly relocated away from nosey neighbors, the kennel proceeded to pre-lube with refreshments provided by the ever-faithful brewmeister, My Left Foot.

Eventually, Dr. Mikey found a willing (read unsuspecting) harriett to pick a number between one and five and...**On-on!** The trail immediately turned South through the piss-reeking tunnel under the Hollywood freeway. We all held our breathe long enough to make it to the (relatively) fresh air on the other side at Ventura Blvd. A quick check confused the pack until we finally headed (head?) South on Cahuenga Blvd. West (get all those directions?). Round and round we go, then another check. Does trail continue on Cahuenga? No, my dear harriers. Up, up, up into the hills we go. When in doubt, go up some more. Okay, let's walk a bit. Jeeeee. Up some more.

FRB Oedipussy took off on a check, wisely taking the up hill route. The bastard sang out "On-on" so the pack came chugging up the hill. We reached the top of the hill just in time to see Pussy boy laughing and running back down calling out "False!". I'll get you for that one Oedipussy!

Down, down, down, back down to Ventura Blvd. A twist. A turn. A false. A check. Down under the Ralph's parking lot and back up to the boulevard. Then it was up & over the new freeway on-

ramp. At least for your scribe. I climbed a wall & met Skirt Boy just as he arrived at the start. Yeah, okay the FRBs took the long cut under the freeway & around the wall, but that's their problem.

Lot's of beers later, the circle began. I was quickly enlisted as scribe after saying something stupid to Skirt Boy like Semper Fi! Then Hash-Dip Penguin welcomed New Boots Malcom, Eddie, Greg and Mae. Co-GMs Bent Penis and Juggles His Balls administered down-downs to Skirt Boy for laying a shitty trail. Visitors: Papoose, Sin Cohones, Natural Born Clitoris, and Earl Necklace. Returners: Cleohasher, Billabong, Clitmust, Skirt Boy, NBC (wasn't he a visitor? , oh, well - just another beer), Little Feet, Brakelites, Cumsucker, and yes, me, Porno Queen.

Hash Shit noms went to Kenny G Spot and Bigatits for introducing Baby G to some untoward aspect of hashing. Bum Licker was awarded the prize, just for being a bum licker, I think.

Oedepussy was convicted of a hash crime for wearing some gawd-awful flowered shorts. Pillsbury got convicted in a trial by gravity of runn#*ing some damn marathon. Oedipussy's new shoes won him another down-down. Brake Lights had a birthday (F*ck You!)

'Nuff of this crap. Let's head to the Universal Bar & Grill for some serious drinking.

On Out

Porno Queen

YOU GOT ME GOING IN CIRCLES - by Dick On A Stick

RUN 1124 - JULY 1, 2002

Remember when you were little and you spun yourself around and got really dizzy and then tried to walk and you fell down? Well, thanks to **Sara Legal** and **Flipper**, the Hash had a similar experience on their trail. Except we didn't fall down and we didn't go around in circles on purpose. Rumor has it that this was a case of the right hand not knowing what the left hand was doing.

The pack gathered near **Flipper's** house and watched the delightful antics of **Nobby**, our official Hare Mascot. **Penguin** had him on a short leash (**Nobby**, not **Bent Penis**) and we were amused when **Teenage Enema Nurse's** dog looked lovingly at the Hare. **Pot Ho** was on the corner selling her wares to a soon-to-be-gone **Cum Prick Pow**.

When the Hare's were a no-show at 6:30pm, the walkers found pre-laid (or extremely early "live") trail and started off. Two blocks later, **Pot Ho** found Jesus lying on the ground, picked Him up, and handed Him to **Dick on a Stick** who ran under His protection the rest of the way.

The first check proved to be a challenge but finally trail took us through the Mar Vista Rec Center Park and into the neighborhoods of Mar Vista. Winding our way through alleys and freeway entrances 90% of the pack got caught in a very long, very clever circle jerk. I found out that I can still WHIIIIIIINE when I'm dizzy! Upon finding trail again, we ran past a dirt alley where we saw flour, but none went that way. Huh? What happened there? Oh well, we picked up trail again and again wandered the streets until we saw the BN sign. **Black and Blood** decided to get a pain in his side and he sat down while **Penguin** was directing traffic - Go right to the beer check, go left to continue on trail.

Losing trail shortly after the beer check, **Dumballs** and I decided to take a shortcut back to the start and ended up on dead end streets where we were definitely the minority. Oops. Thank goodness he had me and Jesus to protect him through those perilous parking lots.

(On sex notes what the scribe didn't see, though neither did he.) Lotsa hashers couldn't figure out how to get into the beer check, claiming the phone dialed into some old lady who wouldn't buzz them in. Evidently, the old lady minding the beer, was too selective about who she buzzed in.

After the beer check the trail had only two major flaws. First, the Philippine's back check, later renamed a clusterfuck, proved way too confusing

*for most of the pack. Those who solved it didn't mark it. While everyone else circled around a lot, eventually ditching the trail and finding it again pretty quickly. It wound around and then through a construction site. Saralegal stupidly threw one blob of flour to the left after the site, thinking no one would be stupid enough to try to climb or crawl under the large fence in that direction. Unfortunately, **Black and Blood**, among others, was not too happy with that small joke.*

Miraculously, we all found our way to **Flipper's** for Down Downs. Naturally the Hares had to drink to the tune of "Shitty Trail." And of course **Flipper** had to sit down to drink her beer. Lots of visitors and returners: **JoeyButtaFuckU**, **Pecker**, **Cocky Swagger**, **Oedipussy**, **Blow Hard**, **Too Long**, **My Cock Ho**, **Grouchy tiger**, **Farah Fuccett** and **EZ!** New Boots included **John**, **Pam**, **Tanya**, **Al**, and **Evelyn**. Do you remember them? I sure don't. **Penguin** had to do a birthday down down for her 21st birthday and **Pregnant Pause** drank for her anniversary. Somebody named **Bob** stood in for **Mr. Bean**.

Richie Cum in Hand had some pretty lame hash shit nominations. I nominated myself for finding Jesus on trail. **Saralegal** got nominated for having to remind himself to buy a toilet seat. **Porno Queen** got nominated for something.....non runner? Anyway, after a three-way tie, I was lucky enough to win the coveted Moose for not only finding Jesus, but then killing him.

Crimes: **Damian** for being old and arthritic; **Fungus** for complaining on trail (so what's wrong with that?); **Porno Queen** for using his cell phone; **Bent & Penguin** for having the keys to **Cock & Oedipussy's** house and **NOT** having a party there; **Fungus** for using his mug to carry cookies; **Head & Shoulders** for tossing **Fungus's** cookies.

Squish, **Harlot** and **Porno Queen** got honorable mention for being non-runners.

Since I had 4 beers, I'm sure there were other things I need to mention, but I was in no frame of mind to remember. I didn't attend the On On On, but I'm sure the Hash was well-behaved as always and the restaurant can't wait to have us back.

On Out.....DOAS

Yet Another Phucking Mitey Byte Run

July 15, 2002, Run #1126

Once again the pack gathered at Dr. Paul Carlson Memorial Park, or as the hare would have us believe, "Mitey Byte Park," in Culver City. Prelubers wondered if the cantankerous hare would lay a challenging trail as purported in his run posting, or just a flat boring circle jerk around Sony Studios--until the aspiring actor was discovered by a casting agent and given the starring role in next year's big blockbuster. Hey, I bet 3 Dicks and his entourage would like to attend that premier. Another possibility contemplated was a trail ascending the Fox Hills collage of oil rigs and later descending into some flood control tunnel, and having a close encounter with a community of trolls. Could it possibly be a repeat of his trail a few years ago that would find half the pack at Rancho Park, 6 miles from the start, while the other half was still trying to break a check in downtown Culver City?

A typical gathering of hashers was present: Bun Huggers looking like a toy shmu and only days away from delivering us a new baby hasher; Haireola finally snuck out of the office, after months of designing schools that will finally teach Dick and Jane how to read; Quickie on loan from the Hawaiian Hash, and recovering from a bout of rock island fever; Slippery Mons in a circle of one, because her office cohorts Allison and Allan whimped out and didn't cum; Poke-A-Cuntess was getting rave reviews from fellow hashers for the Long Beach July 4th bus trip; all the while Bum Lick Her was nearby attempting to secure a promise that he can cum back for next years run; Rodney Queen, trying to get someone to hare the Chapter 13th. He probably struck out, which means he'll use that old retreat trail of Retracted that any one of us by now could now do blindfolded. Because his wife says he's getting a paunch, Dumb Balls was given the choice of running with us, or creating his own trails at home. Obviously, he's not as dump as we thought, for he knows there are no beer checks to be had in his neighborhood. We'll never know Detachable Penis's prelude thoughts or premonitions, since he still had not arrived, and cum to think of it, he'd never done a Mitey Bite trail.

Damien was instructing new boot Aisa, a friend of Heave Ho's on how to read trail as the ADA (Americans with Disabilities Act) segment of the

pack departed immediately on the heels of the hare. Led by Hoser, this band of over sized and physically challenged gimps, prompted Damien to declare, "the Hash is a drinking club with a running problem, and not a drinking club with an eating problem." Oh well, it's still more fun then a pilates workout, or the Scarsdale diet.

15 minutes later, just as Snowball arrived on his Harley, the pack was off and heading north through the burbs, and eventually ending up at a check reminiscent of that run a few years ago. After much consternation the check was finally broken. Again heading north through town, and then a quick left at the old Red Line trolley tracks, through a tunnel inhabited by homeless, we held that course until we departed the rails to a park in Palms. While leading us through a parking lot the agile Bent Penis misplaced his right foot on a piece of plywood, only to have it collapse around him like a folding chair. After a tumble that only Head & Shoulders could duplicate, the lummox, I mean our beloved GM was on trail again with only a bruised pride, and a very dirty T-shirt. If it had not been for school boy experiences of being beaten up by the bullies, and trounced in every game of rugby, I'm quite sure we would have had to make a stretcher from that board and cart off his sorry ass to some place of eternal rest.

With the poor white trash community of Palms behind us, the pack headed for the other side of the tracks to the community of Cheviot Hills for a tour of how the opulent live and play. After a few miles in this neighborhood, and a realization that most of us are probably doomed to spend our lives on the wrong side of the tracks, the pack finally made it back to Culver City. Twisting and turning on numerous streets and alleys, the pack headed for a bucolic setting on the concrete banks of Ballona Creek to witness the sunset. Eventually the pack got back to the park where it all started 7 miles ago, on a supposedly A to B run.

Something was amiss at the ON IN---our religious adviser Dr. Mikey was a no show. Did he leave because his penchant for short cutting got him back to the park long before the rest of the pack, and since his key to My Left Foot's van didn't work on Head & Shoulders truck, did he go home to finally spend some good quality time with our beloved Harlot? Has

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 Me	Bonnie Gleeson (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 your money to Cock O' Dial

1744 10th St. #1, Santa Monica CA 90404

he lost interest in gawking at women's breast, or is he a typical rocket scientist who has becum a space cadet after a few to many down downs? If he wasn't snatched by aliens while on trail, maybe we'll find out next week what happened to him.

During Down Downs the scribe was engaged in a private party with Pity Phuck, and Squish regarding possible sanctions against them (me) for failure to turn in our work product to Saralegal for inclusion in the Hash Trash. As usual, Bent Penis was blabbering about some inane subject, while his cohort Juggles His Balls thought he was giving some new babe (Ride Me) the eye. While they both failed to notice the commission of this hash crime in their presence; we agreed that no threat of punishment could instill enough fear in our hearts to make us comply with Sarah's ranting's. We're only doing this because of our hedonistic desire to read our own prose, and the fact that nobody but ourselves will ever read it, is of little consequence to us.

At the start while changing into his running clothes, a hasher shocked a neighbor who thought he was a girl, and everybody knows girls aren't suppose to expose themselves in public. So for looking like a girl, our new femme, Retracted was awarded the Hash Shit.

At announcements, Hozer speaking for next weeks hares of See More Buns, V-8, and Slippery

Mons had the same old promise we hear year after year----- that this is the final final Purple Armadillo run--I only wish it were so. If you believe Hozer's line of bull, then you should cash out, and go buy a gold mine in Randsberg. Also, while the scribe was getting a little inebriated the old fox Frozen Cum, said he would buy me a few more beers if I mentioned his 16th Annual Anti Ranger Run this coming August 4th. To get there take 101 Freeway north 400 miles, after you cross the Golden Gate Bridge turn left at Mill Valley, go pass the 2AM Club (open 6AM-2AM, I've had many a pop at this watering hole) and go up to Mt. Tam for a really great hash and Bar-B-Que.

At last with every last drop of the keg consumed, the keg hangers headed off to the Sagebrush Cantina for the ON ON ON. Unfortunately, few stories of debauched behavior can be written at the time, since the place was closed, and the sidewalks had already been rolled up. The hare wasn't even there to direct us to another greasy spoon or some low life tequila bar. With no new venue for the merry pranksters to attend, it was decided to hang up our shoes, and call it a wrap until next weeks run.

ON ON,

Hard in the Saddle

Southern California Hash Contacts

Los Angeles	Winters: Saturday @ 3 p.m. Summers: Monday @ 6:30 p.m.	(562) HaShitt Change in summer ~ 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</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 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