



LAH3 Hash Trash

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

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

L.A. RUNS

- November 2nd - RTD
- November 9th - Mr. Bean & Pregnant Pause
- November 16th - No Ho (?)
- November 23rd - Creamy Cock & Balls
- November 30th - Never Comes
- December 7th - Pollywood
- December 14th -
- December 21st - DWI (Xmas run)
- Jan 11th - Tool & Suck my Hooters
- Jan 18th - Porno Queen
- Jan 25th Bumlicker
- Feb 1st - Hard Drive

Tardy Scribes

RTD - Run 1115 (Stick Byte's April 22nd bday run)
Rodney Queen - Run 1129 (Slow Entry's BUMBLICKER)
Plaid Cow Disease - Run 1131 (Fuckingham's Bbq)
CREAM PUFF - RUN 1135 (Skanky Yanky Bday run)
Slow Entry/Bumlicker/Retracted/Squish - Run 1136
Stick Byte - Run - 1139
JJ (now Asskrackistan) - Run 1140
Ballwasher - Run 1141

Pubic Service Announcement

courtesy of Dick on a Stick

Warning to all male clubbers and party goers: Police warn all male clubbers, party-goers and unsuspecting pub regulars to be more alert and cautious when getting a drink offer from a girl.

A Scotland Yard spokesman said "There is a substance around called "beer" and it is generally in liquid form. The substance is now being used by female sexual predators at parties to convince their male victims to have sex with them. The shocking statistic is that "beer" is available virtually anywhere! All girls have to do is persuade a guy to consume a few units of "beer" and simply ask him home for no-strings-attached sex.

Men are literally rendered helpless against such

OTHER STUFF

- Laughlin Mardigras Hash - Fri, Nov 1st, 7 pm
- PMS Roadtrip - Nov 29- Dec 1
- LAH³ New Year's Extravaganza, Santa Monica
- Bandito Hash, San Felipe, Dec 31st
- 16-20 January - 3rd annual Tex-Mex Intercourse Hash Fiesta. El Paso, Texas and Ciudad, Juarez, Mexico
- May 23-26, 2003 - America Interhash - Costa Rica - www.interam2003.com
- Long Bitch 1000th, July 4-6
- Interhash, Cardiff, July 2004

Interested in haring but 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!](#)

attacks. After several "beers" men will often succumb to desires to perform sex acts on horrific looking women whom they would never normally be attracted to. Men often awaken after being given "beer" with only hazy memories of exactly what has happened to them the night before, just a vague feeling that something bad occurred."

If you fall victim to this insidious drug and the predatory women administering it, there are male support groups with venues in every town where you can discuss the details of your shocking encounter in an open and frank manner with a bunch of similarly-affected like-minded guys. For the nearest support group near you just look up 'Public House' in the Yellow Pages.

LAH3 Run 1137 -- Monday, September 30 2002

Say Sayonara to Summer Hashing

Hares Juggles-His-Balls (or Beers)-San and His Most Ho-norable Ho's - My Cock Ho & Pot Ho

Conscripted Scribe 3 Dicks

Thinking it might rain or something, the Hares got off a bit early for L.A.'s "Last Monday Night Run" appropriately named "Say Sayonara to Summer". A few walkers wandered out behind the hares and immediately proceeded to get lost, or at least that was there excuse for not being seen until much later. Most of the small and still growing pack lingered, thirsting for pre-lube beer and better weather. **My Left Foot** thought the cold air would be sufficient to chill the keg but, after some whining from the pack, he finally conceded to use some ice. **RTD** ogled Foot's tropical tan as he de-shirted to more easily lift the ice bag.

Finally realizing that the only GM in attendance was busy laying trail, **Saralegal** eventually decided to blow a whistle (or something like a whistle) and the pack ran a short way through a promising iron gate toward Runyon Park -- but the gate just went into a driveway. The hounds soon arrived at the first check, which turned out to be a sharp U-turn into the streets and away from the anticipated shiggy hill climb (not without first punishing a few FRBS). Of course this old U-turn trick turned out be a giant circle jerk through the residential streets of Hollywood - a "Ho Ho" from **Juggles**. Around they went -- south, east, south, west, etc, and finally north. Just as it was getting dark, the Hounds followed the trail back up into the hills to begin a steep moonlight climb. Up until now, the Hounds could follow **Left Foot's** blinking taillights (on his bike), but at the entrance to the park the bike turned into a burden and had to be shouldered up a few cliffs. Alas.... no more taillights to follow. Fortunately, as we climbed, the fog and drizzle cleared so the hounds could look for hares.

The hounds, adapting to the rough terrain, broke out all sorts of **Hi-tech equipment**. Miner's-cap lights, various LED beams and Halogen spots lit up

along the ridge to scare out the hares and **HOs**, who continued to elude the pack. Satellite geo-locaters, radios and maybe even infrared devices were also put into use, all to no avail. Lights were seen bobbing along all three ridges and whistles were heard in all directions, indicating that "trail-tracking hashers who can follow flower" is still an oxymoron. A check laid down in a collapsed cesspool scattered hounds in different directions, perhaps running away from the smell. Nevertheless, with the promise of "real Japanese Beer", most of the hashers (except a few FRB's who blew around the **HO-beer** hideaway) somehow came (as bunnies often do) upon the beer check hidden deep in the wilderness. The wilderness hideaway for the **HO's** beer turned out to be Errol Flynn's old barbeque site -- behind his old burned-up house -- where **Juggles** and **Cock Ho** were reported being seen looking for arrowheads behind the bushes.

The **HOs** had somehow lugged beer AND big bags of ICE (like it's going to suddenly get warm) all the way up into the hills. The **HOs** easily quenched our thirst and sent us out even further up the dark canyon where one would be foolish enough to go only as a result of drinking too much Asahii. **Pot Ho** graciously handed out short-cut maps for those who weren't drunk enough to go up into the dark woods.

When no one was looking one of the harriets tried to get it on with the scribe, mistaking him in the dark for **Hard in the Saddle**. So I had to explain that **Hard** was down in Laguna Beach helping **Squish** move out of his house.

After emerging from the shiggy, the on-in trail was a straight-in fire road. Nevertheless some of the hounds still managed to make it more difficult by getting lost on a real rabbit trail. This was ok for FRBs, but a few DFLs also managed to get screwed

up near the end of the trail. **Dick-u-mammeries**, being a new hasher, is excused for getting lost since **Head & Shoulders, RTD, Pillsbury Blowboy and Hard Drive** were at fault for leading her deep into the bush. What were those 2 Long Beacher Hashers doing way up in the Hollywood hills? Someone said **Dr. Mickey** was so lost that he never even showed up at the on in.

The pack soon wearied of waiting for stragglers and the circle began -- in someone's backyard. Down downs commenced by dishonoring the hares and conscripting a scribe, who normally works for beer anyway. The scribe fee was dutifully consumed and real hash business proceeded with a small semblance of returnees and visitors. Not remembering what (or who) was supposed to cum next, the (dirt) floor was opened to hash crimes. One of the Hare Ho's (I think it was **Cock Ho**) was nominated for falling off a cliff.

Damien called up **Saralegal** but then couldn't remember why. So after a few moments of staring into the trees, the evil boy from Omen accused **Sara** of being a GM wanabe because in the beginning he had told the shivering pack to start hashing. **Saralegal** tried to shift the guilt off himself by blaming **Porno Queen** for something, but the pack -- finally having consumed enough beer to be alert -- immediately saw through this trick and Sarah's whining was silenced with double down downs for both.

Before more serious crimes could be punished, the owner of the backyard where we were drinking appeared with a bright flashlight. The bloke had decided he didn't like our songs so he hiked all the way across his 5 acre back yard to tell us to move 20 feet over into the street. The hash respectfully replied that we would go after a few announcements, which of course were really just a few more down downs. Soon (as soon as we drank the beer) the now homeless pack moved a short distance out into the street, conveniently closer to the beer wagon.

After refilling beer cups, retribution for hash crimes continued in the street. In a very raspy

voice (no doubt thinking she could frighten the pack) **Slow Entry** succeeded in punishing **Never Cums** for not wanting to guard the beer-check beer (I couldn't help but wondering where were the Hos if not watching the beer?). **Juggles-his-Balls**, the illustrious GM, then confessed, for no reason, that he once left a plunger in the toilet of a blind person. I guess he thought there was a lull in the hash crimes. Nobody understood what **Juggles** was talking about and in the confusion we didn't know if we were doing hash crimes or hashshit. So, to get on with drinking, **Never Cums** was promptly awarded the hashit.

While **Never Cums** was trying to find the hashit, **RTD** nominated **Ride Me** for buying a new car. (Shouldn't she be made to lick beer out off the hood of a new car?) **Juggles-his-Balls** was made to drink out of yet another pair of new shoes, all the while spilling beer on his socks.

Out of nowhere, **Nick Nolte**, another friendly neighbor, walked into the front of the circle to tell us that he and his underage girl friends couldn't sleep because we were making too much noise in the street. Nick was given a beer and told he could join the hash. He took the beer and went home. Open containers were casually downed, a few more songs sung and next weeks Cocked Oberfest was announced. Promises were made that the Cock Fest would be a fantastic thing where for only \$5 you get 10 English beers, oversized wieners and other stuff. The pack departed for the on on on before Nick had time to call the local sheriff.

Shortly after most hashers had "soberly" departed, some whaco Rodney King wanabe -- apparently insanely celebrating the release the Speed DVD -- blindly peeled rubber around the corner, ripping full bore the wrong way down the one-way street where euphoric hashers had recently been standing. A minute later loud sirens were heard a few blocks away. Thanks, Nick, for chasing us out of the street a little early.

I was betting Cockadial was too drunk to remember she made me her scribe... then reality hit me... she never forgets... anything...

Cocktoberfest... October 5th

My initial reaction when pulling up to the hash was one of disappointment. This could have been the start of any run, any time. No one was dressed for the occasion. No one. I at least had spent the good part of 15 minutes looking for a costume... lederhosen to wear on my head or something... only to settle for head coming out of my pants. I figured I'd be underdressed as usual... but nothing. No outfits. Even Faggio was wearing the same old nipples, black shorts, pigtails and chest hair. There were no oomph pa outfits, no cocks a flying... nothing.

I was frankly ashamed to be a hasher at that moment. Wondering if I'd found the Val Hash by mistake, a hint of gold caught my eye. Penises were everywhere, every size, every form. On lanyards... I was given mine.... The smallest of the bunch... curious... since Damien was handing out said cocks did he know something about me he wasn't telling... did Pot ho tell?... I was now in Cocktober heaven, small cock and all... ready for the festivities... then I was blind sided with a full frontal hug from Our Tits... seems she mistook me for Nut Cutter and wanted to show her support.... I didn't have the guts to tell her I wasn't the one with the Telly Savalis head. I had to help her through her pain and made sure I hugged back... real tight... real close... humnnn "Our Tits"... hey I get it now... Sorry Nut Cutter but a guy's gotta do what a guy's gotta do...

The Hash Run: 5 kegs from 5 countries. The first stop took us to Canada. Barely a sweat was raised before the first stop of libation. We all seemed to down a few (Juggles kept holding us back to drink more) and it was off to America I believe... not my favorite stop I must say.... Stick Bite was flying his colors for all to see... the Harriet's feigned disinterest but brushed by him all the same. RTD was taking bets on whether he'd take it to the streets.... England held the next momentous beer check with English muffins and ginger crackers for snacks. Oedipussy kept plying

the baby with beer like a proud father... Juggles made repeated attempts to stop the child abuse but to no avail.... Oedipussy was just too damn proud... Much lingering at the shopping cart.... I was feeling no pain after that dark ale.... Then Japan... the hash was waking up and getting lively... Japan was my personal favorite, crisp and clean, a palate cleanser of sorts after the heavy British invasion... damn all the harriets were looking GOOD... then off to the final stop at Australia... by then you could have given me piss and I would have drunk it. Our-Tits kept humping the throbbing head coming out of my pants (when the cats away....), by then the head had lost its hair and was bald as.... maybe she was still trying to make it up to NutCutter.... Once again I provided an outlet... 2 Guys Fucking kept striking my head as if angry at my prowess (sending shock waves up and down my own cocktoberfest in my pants)... Drew Barry Whore went for a ride on the old head proving that once a Barry Whore, always Barry's Whore (inside joke).

On to the Down Downs.... Don't have a clue what went on. I was invited by this scabby looking girl to a homeless encampment across the street. Always the opportunist I went a visiting with beer in hand. I mean, you never know... Seems she was part of a threesome, one of the group wearing horns on his head. They were set up in a van with a tent outside, a big bed, and a TV powered by a long extension cord stealing electricity from one of the businesses. Cool set up. I invited them back for down downs and poured them a few... The English gent got a chance to air his penis as he was passing a large bell to 2 Guys. This bell is to travel around the world and end up back in.... in... oh shit I hope somebody remembered, Abu Dabi, I think..

I took my final piss as everyone was dispersing, when Psycho Bitch snapped. Like some beast of a dog she jumped me and took me down to the ground striking me repeatedly in both heads. She's fucking nuts... or in heat.... Or both! Kept trying to grab head in my pants but I held on for

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	Ride me	Michelle Eyink (310) 264-9834
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

dear life, I mean I'm not that easy... well not with a foaming snarling bitchdog. She needed head but couldn't have it... drove her crazy I guess... She feigned a release and then went at me again with abandon. I fought for my life (and my head). It ended as fast as it began. She jumped into a van and was off... tongue out, head into the wind, sitting in someone's lap as she drove away.

ONONON.... No clue what the pack did. Didn't fucking care... My personal ONONON was at 3:30 AM on a cold tile floor hurling up my toenails for about an hour after being kicked out of bed for being stinking drunk.

When is Vaginavemberfest?

ON OUT ... Pulls His Own....

Photo from Erection, your honor



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 fungushhh@yahoo.com
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

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