



LAH3 Hash Trash

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

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

LAH3 NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY

THEME

PIMPS AND HOS
(PRIZES FOR BEST COSTUMES)

COST

\$10 BEFORE DECEMBER 15TH
\$15 AFTER DECEMBER 15TH



MONEY COLLECTED BY COCKO'DIAL DONE ME
TEL: 310 450 4320. CHECKS PAYABLE TO LAH3,
MAIL TO SANDY BINDER AT 1744 10TH STREET, #1
SANTA MONICA, CA 90404

DRINKS

CASH BAR (EXCEPT FOR DOWN DOWNS)

INCLUDES

MUSIC ~~INCLUDING~~ THE FEMALE HASH BAND
"PAINTED TOES"

FOOD
CHAMPAGNE TOAST AT MIDNIGHT
PARTY GAMES
STRIPPERS
SPARKLERS FOR YOUR ARSE
PARTY POPPERS
MYSTERY CELEBRITY GUEST

TIMING

6.30PM PRE-LUBE DRINKS
7.00PM HARES OFF
7.15PM PACK OFF (OPTIONAL)

LOCATION

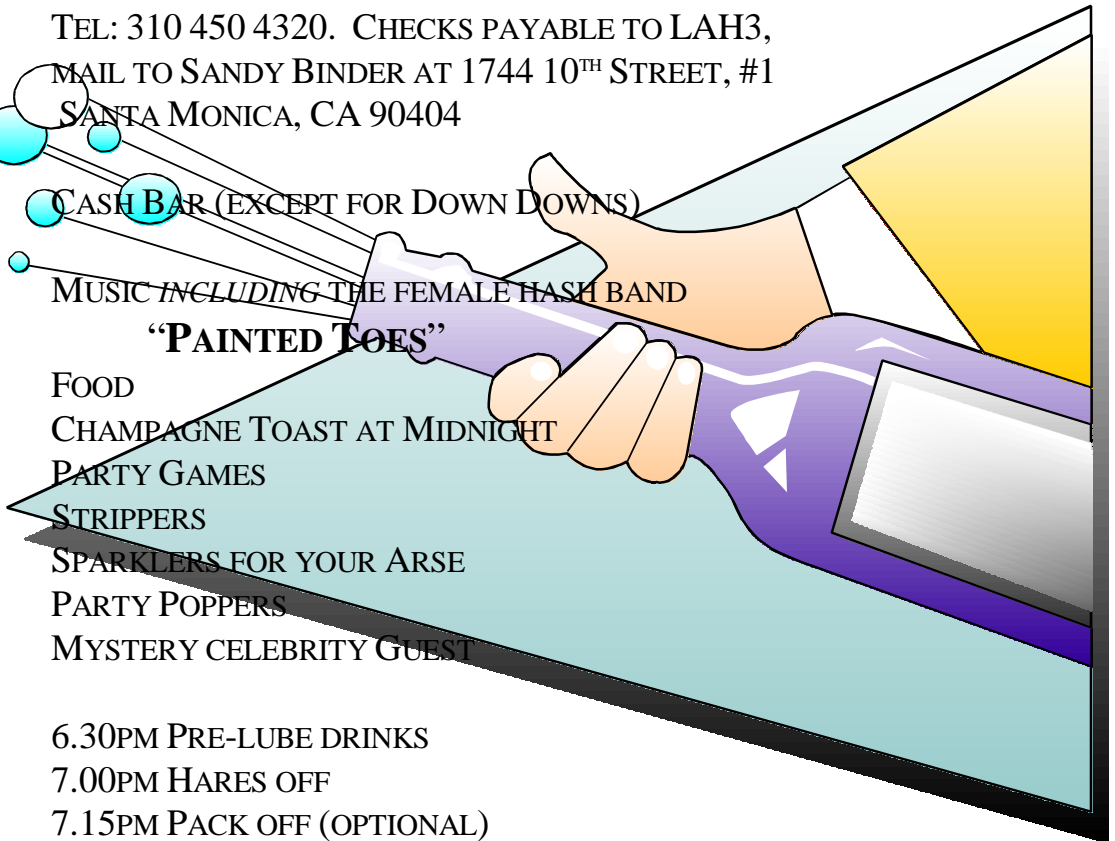
THE BITTER REDHEAD
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CORNER OF GRANT AND LINCOLN

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TINY HASHERS

FOR BABY SITTING SERVICES CONTACT
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L.A. RUNS

- " December 7th - Dr.Mikey & Harlot's unwedded bliss run
- " December 14th - Pollywood
- " December 21st - DWI (Xmas run)
- " December 28th - Oedipussy
- " Jan 11th - Tool & Suck my Hooters
- " Jan 18th - Porno Queen
- " Jan 25th - Bumlicker
- " Feb 1st - Hard Drive

Late Fucking Scribes

Rodney Queen - Run 1129 (Slow Entry's BUMLICKER)
Plaid Cow Disease - Run 1131 (Fuckingham's Bbq)
CREAM PUFF - RUN 1135 (Skanky Yanky Bday run)
Stick Byte - Run - 1139
Ballwasher- Run 1141
Plucker/Cumsucker - Run 1142
Pillsbury Blow boy - Run 1143

OTHER STUFF

- " 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
- " Betty Ford - Palm Springs - March 14th - 16th
- " 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, who's put together an Unofficial Guide for the Virgin Hare!

...A day late and a buck short, ..but here's the saga of Run #1136... -- Never Cums

Technically, I don't think that the hares are supposed to have to scribe. Cream Puff suggested that we encourage Bent Penis to scribe. Never Cums thought that it was too much to burden him with yet another scribing...when did he ever scribe any way? And, My Cock Ho was too busy with her fake-wrapped stubbed toe to even realize that we didn't have a scribe, or that we needed one. So, Never Cums and I (Slow Entry) are going to give you our best rambling of the night's occurrences.

Never Cums has never actually scribed for anyone, but he's hared twice. Wait! Oh, a correction, he's hared three times (that's "thrice"). Back up. Wait! He's been active in the Hash for nearly three years, on an "independent" basis, and he's only hared three times! I've only been hashing for 9 months, actively, and I've hared 6 times already - across three different kennels! Someone's slacking, and, someone else is over achieving.

We're just talking Sh*t. We have no idea

what this scribing will actually tell you about the 9/23 Hash, but we were there. You?

So, we'd both like to go to Prague, but there was a dude there at the start of the hash, a friend of Oedipussy. He's a homeless guy who lives in the parking lot in the park. At the start, he came out of his van for a beer. He loves the hash starts at Joslyn Park. Or maybe he just loves the thought of Retracted.

The therapeutic hares were off and tossing flour towards the first beer check while the handicapped and gimping hashers loaded themselves for a auto-hash experience

A blurred recollection of the night begins with Accidental Tourist hocking his "erector" set out the back of his car, and Porno Queen dropped his drawers for a shocking impromptu rendition of "Oklahoma", with BJs, as usual, there were Ofeelya and Cock o'Dial, My Left Foot was perfectly timely - arrived early and stayed late, love to the LA Beer Meister, Harlot wouldn't take "no" for an answer as she shamelessly solicited various hashers to fill her

upcoming Saturday 3pms, Dr. Mikey encouraged Harlot's direct interest in others as it left him to scheme what turned out to be another unsuccessful attempt at ditching the Hash Sh*t - that's five (or so) weeks. To his credit, there has been so much display of hash tit that it has pre-empted his ability to shake the Hash Sh*t, gee, love that wit. Then, with Pot Ho solo and My Cock Ho and her broken toe. Stop.

Cream Puff and Slow Entry were intentionally and prematurely ejaculated from the first beer check as Hoser, Joe Isuzu, Teenage Enema Nurse, and Kim (from Chicago who is really Irish) happened upon them and suggested that they would head out on the yet-to-be-laid trail ahead of the yet-to-be-finished imbibing hares.

Why would walkers do that?

Black and Blood, in a spontaneous burst of humor, lit up like a roman candle as he regaled the pack of family history from his youth spent "extreme bowling" - a religious activity involving chickens. Stick Byte was there and looser than ever given that RTD was home prepping to "tend the lizard". Oedipussy mowed through 2 foot-long animal-style chili dogs with the works at the third beer check... NOTE: It's a bonus to put a beer check on trail that is serving FREE happy hour treats. Cock o'Dial and Penguin just said no to the chili dogs, while Ride Me ran as if she were in a r*ce...what's up with that? Bidet Mate was mistaken by Spud the bartender at the Speak Easy for our own Slow Entry... I wonder if they'd be interested in a sisters-separated-at-birth-porn shoot?

Retracted stayed on trail and missed the unofficial fourth beer check at the Bitter Red Head and Rodney Queen made a sacrifice r*n back to the fourth beer check to rally the pack to finally On-In. Tweedle Me and Heave Ho made the most of each and every beer check, which led to dancing in the streets, in the car, at the On-On-On and, most likely, to bed spins at home. Ball Washer was sure to pre-lube the

hares, and not just Cream Puff.

Bent Penis was the crusader of the unofficial fourth beer check and Erection Your Honor tried to crusade CacTits - or was he just crude? Fellow Harriettes mobilized to ensure the continued return of CacTits, especially since she has proven herself very inclined to have those cac-titties out for the boys. Speaking of boys, Cock Rider and Juggles were plotting to overthrow Hash Nation - what is that? Mr. Bean was his usual self and Sara Legal refused Squishes implied advances out of respect for the elderly, uh, oh, you know.

What else can we say that neither makes sense nor fairly represents this hash. I know, a few words on the beer checks:

- Finn McCool's where bartender, Kevin, was serving up \$9.95 pitchers of Harp
- Santa Monica Bowl where the big-guy manager man, Don, was happy to serve us \$3.00 bottles of domestics
- Speak Easy where Spud from Glasgow was offering up Happy Hour chili dogs along with some cold ones
- Bitter Redhead for the fourth, and not so official, beer check

Naming: Kim (TEN's friend) assaulted Dr. Mikey because he had the hash shit and she wanted to grab his pole. There was a ... to name her "grab your pole", but Stick Byte noted the obvious likeness to a certain actress and she was christened Drew BarryWhore.

HashSh*t: Dr. Mikey continued to be hash sh*t as he as there was a tit-off between Penguin and another harriette decided to show their tits rather than do a drink off for hash sh*t, which excused them both and left Dr. Mikey holding the moose... Again!

LAH3. LORDY! LORDY! ELEVEN-FORTY! RUN: 10-19-02

OK, now that both of my sneakers are washed and free of hash beer; my French chambermaid “tart” costume is put away (thank you Penguin and SaraLegal for getting me zipped into it), my hair is no longer stiff from the beer I poured over my head AND my tits are warm again, I can settle down to my non hash-shit duties and scribe for Run 1140.

Anal Sex. Anal sex. ANAL SEX. Yep, that’s what I’m gonna write about; OK with you Bent Penis? Yeah. Anal sex...and the value of a hard-on in a men’s locker room with a homosexual male. See, that’s the question, men...if you’re sitting naked in a locker room and your mini-me stands up to be noticed, and is... by a gay man who comes over to you and plunks right down on your hammer...do you? Hammer him, I mean? Well, if you do, does that mean YOU’RE gay? Or does it mean simply that you’re an opportunist? Right place at the right time and all that. Hmmm...Bent Penis, did you figure that one out yet?

Yes, that was me, new boot Just JJ, in one of my first ever trail conversations with a lifer. Luckily I have 5 brothers, so I didn’t even blush (you couldn’t tell if I did anyway...). But I do digress. My scribe trail memories.

Juggles His Balls and a fellow new boot, Just Mike, were haring this run up Malibu Canyon Road (Thomas Guide 628 H1), and they chose an incredibly beautiful trail on a perfect day. When I arrived with SaraLegal, Porno Queen was there to greet us with his fast car, shoebox of money and news of baby on the way (Baby Niam, (aka Porno Rack(?)) & mother are doing well) Hashers hung around stretching and chatting ‘til we heard a cheer: “The beer’s here!” Ah, music to our ears. Penguin and Bent Penis had arrived with the most important ingredient to a good trail run: no, not the flour, silly...the BEER! Bent announced what a wonderful job they had done by bringing the beer.

Meanwhile, I chatted to Juggles about how my hiking sneakers survived my trip to all the countries ending in “stan” and he really seemed genuinely interested....little did I know why! (more on that later) While others chugged prior to the run, I sipped and noticed the thong panties pictures on

Pot Ho’s posterboard ad. \$5 bucks for some cool looking camouflage thong panties emblazoned with LAH3 in big red letters? Yes Yes Yes! Love them!

Just as I’m thinking “where’s the tiny T to match the thong, I hear “walkers off!” and that’s my cue to get going. Dr. Mikey shouted “five minutes” as I headed up the trail. I heard he was the religious advisor; maybe that’s why he gets down on one knee (more of that later). Twenty seconds into trail, I see two lovers on my right, coupled and practically copulating on a blanket right there! Get a room! I must concentrate on finding the flour, following trail. But it’s easier just to follow the hashers-with-baby-packs ahead of me. Cock-o-dial and Ball Washer were hauling big rocks into the stream so we could tip toe across to dry land. Whew, no one fell in; not even Never Comes who came with a leg brace. Soon the runners catch up and pass, spurring me on to pick up the pace too. “On on” I hear, and know that to mean we’re still on trail. Up and over, to the top of the hill, I stand gawking at miles of beauty, marred by only 16 homes. The wind feels good on sweaty skin right about now, but a beer would feel better...beer check, where are ya?

I catch up to Ball Washer and we talk about QuikDate, the speed dating thing I went to and met SaraLegal. Meet 6-8 potential dates in 1 hour. Wow. Hey Cream Puff, you better keep givin’ good head ‘cuz BallWasher knows the website to surf ... She moves on, ruminating I’m sure about the possibilities and I walk smack dab into Bent Penis, who slows down just enough to wax prolific about the value of a hard on in a men’s locker room. Anal Sex. I got so intrigued I lost my pen and couldn’t write down all the other hashers I want to rat on....I mean chatted with.

I’m loving the yackety-yak but there it is, a beer check! Trail’s almost done though, so I just keep heading to the end, catching up to Sara for a quick brew before down downs.

Smelly socks and t-shirts are peeling off, beer’s flowing, munchies are munching...happiness prevails...Then, just in time for down downs, OHMIGOD, “beer’s gone off” someone announces; “it tastes like vinegar.” Shit! I hope I don’t have to drink any of that stuff. Of course, Bent Penis got

double hash shit for sucky beer AND stranding his wife after a night of drunken debauchery (I think). The birthday fuck-you went to Heave Ho, and then someone announced that Lickety Split was away getting implanted (teeth, child, hair?). Cock-o-dial announced the New Year's Party on 12/31 @ The Bitter RedHead (a Pimp 'n Ho dress-up do). I'm learning new hash songs and relaxing in the knowledge that I haven't done anything to get noticed/drink beer when, wham! Juggles calls out "Just JJ." Huh, what'd I do? I'm to be named! He pulls out the story about all the stans I've been to (Uzbekistan, Kyrgystan, Turkmenistan, Afghanistan, etc etc) and offers me up as.....
...ASSKRAKISTAN (no, not "ass crack is tan")! Lordy, a country unto myself! Drink some shitty beer! I'm a trooper so I down it. Yuk, thank goodness it's a small cup! I teeter back to my spot in the crowd, thankful that's it for me, when Yikes, I hear it: "Asskrakistan, come up here." Shit, me

again? What now? Some lame excuse about me being the scribe and so I gotta drink this crap again. Bleeackh! I can't swallow it. But, lo and behold, here comes Dr. Mikey, down on one knee and looking angelic. He'll drink it for me, says Bent, if I just show my tits. Me, Ms. 12 years of Catholic school and lots to confess? I know I'm gonna burn in hell for this one. I look to Sara to save me and he's laughing his head off (head, who said head?). No help there. So what to do...show my tits or drink bad beer? I try to just show my blue leopard print bra, but no takers. So, UP COMES THE SHIRT AND THE TITTIES GO WAVING SIDE TO SIDE.

Yours truly,

Asskrakistan

Hey Hasher, What's This?

- A. Decal, B. Auto Air Freshener, C. Tattoo
- D. One of the above and a great "stocking stuffer"

Stock up now for the *holi-daze* with great gifts from the hash!
There's a sale for December only on the following items:

On On Auto Air Fresheners (like above), regularly \$1.50, **NOW \$1.00**

L.A. Insulated Hash Mugs, regularly \$4.00, **NOW \$3.00**

On On Socks, regularly \$6.00, **NOW \$5.00**

Women's $\frac{3}{4}$ Sleeve Blue T-shirts, regularly \$10.00, **NOW \$8.00**

Black Hooded Sweatshirts, regularly \$29.00, **NOW \$24.00**

See Pot Ho at the hash for these great deals or e-mail her at crispot@yahoo.com. And remember.....Pay your dough to the Ho!



No HO? Yes HO! Fourth Anal HO Hash

Run 1144, November 16, 2002

Despite relocating from its beloved HOme at the corner of HOover and John, the fourth anal HO hash drew a large turnout for a sunny day in beautiful(?) North HOLLYwood.

Why in God's name were we hashing there? Well, tHOse wHO **came early** were rewarded with a **free viewing** of *Pot HO's* recently completed (ed. note: AND STILL NOT FULLY PAID FOR!) tile mosaics, as well as *Fuckingham Palace's* (with assistance from 3-1/2" *Floppy Dick*) woodworking prowess, inside the No HO branch of the **EL LAY** Library System.

AlthOUGH no one seemed excited about the "our-tist" check on trail, **Pot HO** asks that you see HOw many "artistic references" you can find in this *Wright-up*.

The Start: **Beermeister** *My Left Foot* was given the preferred parking spot near the base of the monument **HONoring** that well-known **nymph-HO-maniac** aviatrix *A-meal-ya (E)air-Head*, wHOse actual statue had vanished just like old *AE* herself. (The story you get from veteran pilots (usually after **guzzling** their fifth or so **vodka** (no telltale odor) and cranberry juice as they **swerve down the highway at 100 MPH** toward their next flight) is that *AE* and her "navig-ate-her" were trying to "HOLD the first **meating**" of the "100 foot high club" (since reengineered into the now infamous "**Mile High Club**"), when *AE* "pulled back on the stick" a little too hard -- aviation aut-HO-rities successfully hushed up the impending **scandal** when they found the **charred bodies** still *in flagrante delictHO!* Need further proof, incredulous ones? And just why do you think they started calling the Aircraft Crash Identity Device ("ACID"), that is BRIGHT ORANGE in color for easier visual identification, "the **black box**" from that day forward? In **HONor** of *AE* and her, well, you know, that's why!!).

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, *Glandma....er, Pot HO* and co-hare *OurTits* (an amalgram of *Artist* for tHOse of you wHO tuned in late), were explaining that this would be an art themed **trail**. And from our second minute thereon, it was obvious that it would be "quite a **piece** of work".

THE TRAIL: First, we spotted the **walkers** almost immediately, milling around aimlessly. A clear sign that for them the **trail** was going to be a real *Pick-ass-HO!*

Since the **walkers** **HONored** their code and said nothing about what they had or had not done so far, the **pack** had to go find a long **YBF** (consult the glossary on page 24 of the **EL Lay H3 trailmaster guide** at <http://www.hash.org/2002/trailmaster.pdf>, as needed) themselves, tHOughtfully located at the bottom of the escalator (*Lewd Descending A Staircase?*) of the North HOLLYwood **Red Line(!)** station ("Sure takes a long time to r** back up tHOse escalators the wrong way," noted Bay Area visitor *Six of Nine*).

Backtracking to the first **check** and locating **true trail** to the *West* got the **pack** well **spread out**. Few seemed interested in solving the "*Ourtist*" **view check**, a street named after noted(?) color theorist *Josef Albers*. More seemed interested in "*Ben Street*," apparently **HONoring** either *Ben Dover* or *Bent Penis*. All seemed interested in the **EL LAY Rent A HO** newspapers scattered around on the far side of the freeway.

Before long it was obvious this might also be a *Van Gogh (Van HOgh?) trail* - not because of its beauty or value (precious little of either), but because we knew that *Pot HO* was driving to the **beer check** in her vehicle, and we all wanted to know just where in **hell** did that van go??

While **checking** parallel to a group of **hashers** wHO had obviously (I swear I heard a *Whistler*) stumbled back on **trail**, I found **flour** right at my feet and tHOught, "o-HO, they won't catch up to me in quite some while," only to have my glee dashed as I ran right into **cute little pink arrows** pointing straight back at me - meaning we'd all someHOw missed a big chunk of **trail**.

Sounds like nobody except tHOse recent **m-words**, *Heave HO* and *Tweedle Me*, actually **went all the way** out to the **gang graffiti** that has been mistakenly praised as "naive, latent artistic expression" in the No HO **sewer trenches!**

And HOw about tHOse sparsely laid granules of **flour** (Must have been for artistic (autistic?) reasons - a ritual search of the **hares' flour bags post-trail** revealed that they had plenty of **flour** left over - perhaps their H'Oerve was to have been minimalistic?) and **pink arrows** that looked like they had been **pre-laid** in August! Some job of *Haring*, that!

Pot HO had revealed that the **on in** would be at picnic tables near the start, but when we got there, *Ride Me* had already set up the **munchies** and the **beer** was flowing (no argument about that!) right at the start, immediately in front of the library. An early **busting** of the **circle** seemed likely!

The elapsed time from when the first **disgusted hasher** gave up and trundled back to the start (betting that was *Dr. Mikey*, who said, "I think I **blew** out my (K)nee, man"), until the last of the **DFL's** limped in **foaming** at the mouth (right, *Bent Penis*, the man who would rather die than miss a **beer** (and **blow job!**) check, must have been over an HOurl!

So *Bent* gets the last word: "That bloody **trail?** It just *Blue, Period!*"

THE CIRCLE: HOwever, we got through a fairly long circle withOut a single visit from the **police**, whoSe substation loomed dangerously nearby up the block. And *Foot* switched the **keg** over from **yellow fizzy** to **dark and flavorful**, and there was much rejoicing.

The hares were feted with an appropriate rendition of *Shitty Trail*. *Squish* demonstrated proper **guideline** form. New boots *Jackie*, *Steve* and *Sue* were welcomed to the **hash**, *Sue* demurring only after serious, **tantalizing guideline consideration** (What? No **tits** out for the *Beuys*?!). HOwever, she was summarily named *Tits* or *T(r)ears!* *Bum Licker* **drank** from the wrong one of his new **sHOes**, and *Sara Legal*, whoSe sHOes weren't new but did look like *Bum's*, **drank** from his *Wright* (oh yes, he was) sHOe.

Visitors: *Hash Franger* (Oz for **condom**(?), altHOugh I think "dip sheep" has a different meaning **down there**), a prototypical Aussie replete with **beer belly**, **Puppetry of the Penis "skills,"** and **repeated loud, incomprehensible bellowings;** *Six of Nine;* *Two Bit Oar* and *Fucking Crazy* from Seattle; *Couching Tiger* (I think) from OC; *Massage A Twat*, her "similarly talented" friend *Just Kate*, and *SHOulda Been Gay* from Long Beach.

Returners: *No Nookie*, *No Douchie*; *Sum Dum Chik*; *Used to be Good*; *Debbie Does Ding-HOes*; *Almost Perfect AssHOLE*, *Fagio* and *Got Milk*.

Hash Shit: incumbent **scheisshalter** *Dr. Mikey* realized that nominating a male **hasher** with the right (h)**anus** denunciation might keep him from a **guideline**-related renewal. *Oedipussy's* ill-considered remark, "I don't want to see any more **tits**(!)" certainly filled that bill, regardless of any **BS** excuse he could make about "being taken out of context".

Hash Crimes: *Cock O Dial Done Me* recreated (partially) the recent **nude** protest by her Aussie sisters on a make-shift American flag; *Sin-D-bear* **drank** for his namesake, as found in the **EL LAY Rent A HO** newspaper classifieds; *Six of Nine* for telling *Cactits* that it was "too late" for her to get to the **hash** on time, because he was still on daylight's saving time (Gee-zus!); *Cock O Dial* and *Hash Franger*, no reason, except that *Retracted* wanted to sing them the "All Australians were born **illegitimate**" song he FINALLY learned in Shanghai last month.

Birthdays: *Cock O Dial* (no **cake squatting** this year!) and *Sin-D* again.

THE ON ON ON: was held at *Timmy Nolan's*, where we pretty much took over the upper floor, much to the dismay of a **hapless** elderly couple of *Dine-rs* who had their romantic **early bird special** spoiled by much **tomfoolery**. The netting installed to keep objects from **hurtling** down onto the next floor proved useful. *Hash Franger* treated us to a display of the **old Aussie ritual** of **semi-naked table surfing** (and breaking). We failed, HOwever, to convince the management that their policy of not opening the upstairs **bar**, for whatever nonsensical reason, was **recalcitrant, refractory and ultimately self-defeating**.

And **on** and **on**.

Damian the AntiChrist(H)O

Animated haring directions for the less than half minds

At Your Cervix found this little gem online! - & Circuitcision forwarded it on on

<http://www.h4.org/FunStuff/HashTour/HashWeb2.html>

AMY GOD!

Breakfest of Chant



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... I MEAN

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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

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THINGS THAT ARE DIFFICULT TO SAY WHEN YOU'RE DRUNK:

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Preliminary
Proliferation
Cinnamon

THINGS THAT ARE VERY DIFFICULT TO SAY WHEN YOU'RE DRUNK:

Specificity
British Constitution
Passive-aggressive disorder
Loquacious Transubstantiate

THINGS THAT ARE VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY WHEN YOU'RE DRUNK:

Thanks, but I don't want to have sex
Nope, no more booze for me
Sorry, but you're not really my type
Good evening officer, isn't it lovely out tonight
Oh, I just couldn't. No one wants to hear me sing

*A link to some Halloween hash pics provided by RTD,
who thus gets her name removed from the late scribe list:
<http://sppdserver.usc.edu/cathyd/halloween2002.ppt>*

Hash Harlot was at home happily jumping up and down on the bed and squealing with delight when Dr. Mikey walked into the room.

Watching her for a while, he finally asked, "Don't you have any idea how ridiculous you look? What's the matter with you?"

Harlot continued to bounce on the bed but exclaimed, "I don't care. I just back came from having a mammogram, and the doctor says I have the breasts of an 18-year-old!"

Dr Mikey snorted and said, "What did he say about your 50 year old ass?"

"Your name never even came up," she replied.

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

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