



LAH3 Hash Trash

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

Febrewary 2003

98% fact free!

www.socal.hash.org

RU?

L.A. RUNS

- ÷ Feb 1st - Free Hand Job - San Juan Capistrano
- ÷ Feb 8th - Homo Homo Homo Homo & Ride me - 1:00 because of Founder's Balls
- ÷ February 15th - Fuckingham Palace
- ÷ February 22nd - Blow Hard & Too Long - Dr. Detroit's Birthday
- ÷ March 1st Circuitcision
- ÷ March 8th - open
- ÷ March 15th - Bunhuggers (Also Betty Ford weekend)
- ÷ March 22nd - No Balls at All
- ÷ March 29th - Open
- ÷ April 7th - Switch to Mondays
- ÷ April 28 - Little Dutch Boy

OTHER STUFF

- ÷ **February 8th - Founders Balls! - Long Bitch**
- ÷ February 11th - Worldwide - Gispert Memorial Hash. Many hash chapters hold special events on this day to commemorate Gispert's death - other hash chapters celebrate his birth, on July 31st. Some remember both.
- ÷ February 11-13 Dubai - InterGulf. Hosted by Dubai Moonshine H3. Info: Baldrick@hasher.net
- ÷ 21-23 February: France. - Sans Clue H3 #500. Paris. Hosted by Sans Clue H3. Sans clue yet, but will include 3 scenic r*ns, 3 freezing circles, several biÈres, famous Sans Clue hashbouffe, warm accommodation, etc. Contact Caitlin "MaBouche" Clarke, +33-147039521, sanscloueh3@yahoo.com
- ÷ 21-23 February: USA - NEWd and USED. New River, Arizona - <http://www.phoenixhhh.org/newdandused/newdandused.html>
- ÷ 22-24 February: New Zealand. - <http://www.nashhash.co.nz>
- ÷ 8 February - 2 March: Netherlands - <http://www.harrier.nl/carnaval2003.html>
- ÷ March 4th - 6th - **Iguanaaaaaa** - Beverly Hills
- ÷ **Betty Ford - Palm Springs - March 14th - 16th**
- ÷ 18-21 April: Netherlands - #69 - Bad Friday - <http://www.harrier.nl/filth/> (Fully Illuminated LunaTics of Holland)
- ÷ 18-20 April: USAmerica - Texas Interhash - <http://www.half-mind.com/tx.htm#TX35>
- ÷ 18-20 April: Australia - Aussie Nash Hash - <http://www.nashhash.hashgods.com>
- ÷ 1-4 May: Mombassa, Kenya - <http://www.africaninterhash2003.com>
- ÷ 16-18 May: China - 2nd China Nash Hash - http://www.harrier.ch/Calendar/document/20030516_SHH_Flyer.pdf
- ÷ May 23-26 - America Interhash - Costa Rica - www.interam2003.com
- ÷ 25-27 May: Norway - <http://home.no.net/bhhh/>
- ÷ May (exact dates TBD): Italy - Coast to Colisseum - plumley@tin.it
- ÷ 6-8 June: Germany - 15th German Nash Hash - <http://www.hamburghash.de/>
- ÷ 26-28 June: Netherlands - 11th anal Dutch Nash Hash - <http://www.harrier.nl>
- ÷ 4-6 July 2003: Estonia.- Interdick - Coincides with the Tallinn Summer Beer festival. - <http://www.helia.fi/~a0001232/lopput/nordick.htm>
- ÷ **Long Bitch 1000th**, July 4-6 - <http://www.half-mind.com/ca.htm#CA71>
- ÷ Interhash, Cardiff, July 2004

New LAH³ Bored

After reading the guidelines for mismanagement selection that Bent Penis had spent way too much time transcribing, I was of course disappointed that it didn't mention anything about naked women. And so I figured that the disorganization meeting would again be boring. So I was of course surprised that I was right. Butt at least there was beer and food. There was a lot of commotion during erections, with Hash Puppy O'Feel My Dick having his own private party and Hash Horror Just Iggy punctuating our noise with his yapping. Dr. Mikey had another lame brained idea about beer at mile 21 of the LA marathon. And Bumlicker tried to get us to raise dues. One of the new GMs vows to bring Blocks of Ice back to the circle.

GM	Porno Queen/Titty Bear	Hasherdabberer	Pot Ho
Beermeister	Juggles his Ballz/Bent Penis	Songmeister	Damien the Anti-Christ
Munchmeister	Bike Rack/Ride Me (For four months only)	Webmeister	Dingedup Dick
Hare Raiser	Harlot	Trailmeister	Bum Licker
On Disk	Earl Necklace	On Sex	Saralegal
Chalk Hawk	One Nut	Hash Flash	Mycockho
Hash Cash	Cockadial Done Me	Religious Adviser	Dr. Mikey
Hash Dip	Asscrackistan	Circle Jerk	Open

New Year's Eve Hash, L.A.

The party began before it started as the most submissive Hos (Ride Me, Ofeelya, Wet Willie, My Cock Ho, Asskrakistan, Penguin, Pot Ho, Cockadial Done Me and her twin, Alligayboy Diddle Me), had spent their off hours on their feet, prepping the bar with condoms and stimulants for the festivities to cum. Saralegal, staple gun at the ready, helped keep the stable in line. Juggles hung out for a while, but beat it as soon as no one was paying attention, which wasn't very long.

About an hour before party time, hares, Bent and Juggles, laid trail, live and unscouted. Neither Hare remembered to anoint a scribe. Down-Down's rocked.

The party of the year was attended by any Pimp who was worth his weight in gold chains, often accompanied, of course, by his (or her) favorite Ho. Kenny G was pretty hot in his slinky metallic blue shift, as Juggles noted several times. After 2, some of the crowd dispersed to Hash Central. Earl

Necklace stayed at Bent Penis & Penguin's house and wouldn't go to bed until 5am.

So Thanks to everybody who came from all over, especially Painted Toes (you ROCK!) for making it another mother-frickin', awesome party. There's never been before never will be again such a fine collection of sleazy Pimps and slutty Ho's all in one place! Praise for the fine threads would be even more elaborate if not for the fact that most of you just pulled something out of the closet. The Bitter Redhead may be closed for some time until their remodeling is completed, as we nearly burnt it to the ground with the flaming-assholes-Guinness-book-of-records-attempt at midnight. The place looked like Beirut when that was over. We are still waiting to hear from Guinness as to whether we'll get a mention in their next issue. In fact, the "sparklers" were so hot, that several Hos, (Cockodile, Wet Willie and Fungus) walked away with nice burns as a mammary.

The Guinness Company Ltd.
Guinness House
Black Stout Road
Dublin
Ireland

3rd January, 2003

Dear Mr. Penis.

Thank you for your letter of the 1st, and congratulations to your team on a spectacular effort.

As you may be aware, Guinness does receive a great many requests for consideration of a new world record. Having said that, we were impressed with the originality of your entry. As far as I'm aware, this was the first time that we'd heard of a hundred people inserting lit sparklers into their arses, so it is not to be sniffed at.

As you may also know, we do have to enforce a very rigorous set of pre-conditions for all candidate entries into our prestigious "Guinness Book of World Records". After all, we're not talking about just any old shitty book of records here, this is the most widely-read¹ publication on the planet.

Unfortunately, it does seem that your team were not completely in compliance with all of our conditions. Had you consulted our "Guidelines for Consideration for Entry Into the World-Famous Guinness Book of World Records", Chapter 5, Section 73, Subsection 4, Para iii (a) you would have noticed that for any entry which occurred in a "house of public intoxication" (i.e. pub), that we require all of the entrants to consume at least three pints of Guinness, or as we like to call it, "the world's greatest beer"².

Our initial research revealed that you team were mostly drinking something called "Sierra Novado", which sounds like some cheap and nasty Guinness-substitute. That obviously will not do at all, at all. We cannot be seen to condone this sort of disrespect for Guinness, "The World's most-respected company"³.

Although rejection on these grounds may seem arbitrary and petty to you, it works pretty well for us. So it is with utmost regret that we have to decline your entry at this point. Since we are very fair-minded people, there is of course an appeals process, whereby, if you do not agree with our decision, you can stick it up your arse.

Yours truly,

Seamus Michael Patrick Connamaragh

Guinness
(Chairman)

References

1. Guinness Book of World Records, 2002 Ed, \$39.69 from any good bookshop
2. see (1)
3. see (1)

Best Run of the Year! Worst Run of the Year!

January 4th (First run of the year)

By: I Do, Do, Do, Do, Do, Psycho Bitch, Stupid Piece of Sh*t, Dirty Hans & 3.5" Floppy D*ck

Psycho: We waited for Dirty Hans (visiting from Germany) and Marv Albert as long as we could, then left without them. Heading North in the "mommy mobile" that apparently can't go faster than 30 MPH, we finally see the Westchester Ralphs parking lot and made it to the start on time. Why is Joey Butta f*ck you saying "Don't hit me, don't hit me." He asked me to hit him last week, what a Dumb Ass.

I Do⁵: A to B or A to A? Where is the bag wagon? No one knew. What's wrong with Joey? What's wrong with men?

SPoS: I drove Psycho & I Do⁵ to the hash, they both had PMS. I am male, and I am bad.

Dirty Hans: Warum Ich hier was schreibe, weiss ich auch nicht. Immerhin ist es mir gelungen, am Redondo Beach Pier besoffen zu werden, ohne laufen zu muessen. Zeig Heil!

(Translation by SPoS: I missed the run, but it's ok because I went to the Redondo Beach pier and got drunk!)

Psycho: I guess Stupid is not a complete idiot. (Months of training are finally paying off!) I've got to pee so I give Stupid \$10 and run to Ralphs... I'm back and its time to start the run. Down the parking garage ramp, across the street. . . blah, blah through some neighborhoods, blah, blah running on streets, blah, blah, blah. . .

I Do⁵: I score runs by the quality of the restrooms I find. I told Psycho that I always find a flush toilet. She caved in early in the run and used a porta potty - if only she had some patience. While running through Loyola Marymount campus, I came across the school gym 10 minutes before closing. The gym is new, clean, and would obviously have a decent bathroom. I walked with confidence past the front clerk, down an airy carpeted hallway to the girl's locker room where I found a clean bathroom with flush toilets, TP, soap, and towels. On a scale of 1 to 10, I rate this run/bathroom a 6.7. Those with weak bladders should stick close to I DO⁵.

SPoS: I used a tree.

Psycho: Hmm, what is that guy on the corner selling? What a cute baby! Wow, he's selling a beautiful baby called Mail. Rats, I have no cash cause I gave it to Stupid. Now I can't buy the baby, bummer! Running on streets, blah, blah ...Here we are at LMU. Wow is that sexy thing a co-ed? No, it's Bike Rack she is such a hottie. She says hello, then "have you seen Porno Queen and my baby Liam?" Ah, no sorry I say, "I'm sure they will turn up. . ."

I Do⁵: Bigamy Tits should get the pack mule award for hauling junior, all 27 lbs, up and down "not child or dog friendly" trails. Marv Albert showed up after losing his wallet, finding his wallet, then losing it again! Sigh! He helped me and Bigamy Tits down a slippery ice plant covered slope, then proceeded to fall down it. A gentleman, but what a klutz. BT and I then rewarded him with tales of childbirths gone wrong. Marv found a hidden source of strength and picked up the pace to catch up with the middle pack. Whatever motivates a person. . .

SPoS: So I'm running along and I see this cute new harriette. As I get closer she looks familiar, so I say: "hey, are you related to Our Tits?" Turns out she was Cock-A-Dial's identical twin. What the f*ck do I know. (As I'm writing this, Psycho's dog Carson is nawing on Dirty Hans. Carson bit his hand earlier at the dog park and now Carson's chomping on his foot!)

Psycho: Cool, a beer check. With no beer!!! On What? burbs then apologies. At least he did not try to make it a sound affect like Homosexual likes to do. I walk over to a group of hashers and hear Stupid say "what is that growth under Sin-D-Bare's nose?" **Oh My God! Major flashback!** It is Sin-D-Bare that is growing the frightening mustache-like horror. I guess I saw it in San Felipe while doing tequila shots w/ Tweedle. Later that night while tossing & turning I kept having dreams about a horrible growth on someone's lip. It was an awful scary growth, and I could not remember who it belonged to... Oh My God, it WAS Sin-D-Bare! THAT IS JUST WRONG! Off I go

running down a path of squishy ice plants, then across the street I go. Look its Cum Sucker lying face down in some grass, I walk over him making sure to press his hash tags into his back... across the street I go...

I Do⁵: Setting aside my bathroom rating, this was the scariest run I have ever been on. I thought for sure that I would fall to my death on the sand cliff. Like a nightmare from Aladdin without a cool Robin Williams voice. At the top of the canyon, I encountered several loose dogs. I froze in pure fear as a pit bull and three other dogs came towards me. I yelled to the idiot owner to please put their dogs on a leash. What kind of a psycho owns pit bulls anyway? After escaping near death again, I climbed out of the canyon to find myself in the middle of a DOG PARK! I am horrified of dogs and was completely alone. Dog park or no dog park, I insisted on the owners leashing their dogs. I cursed the hares for a path through hell! I can't wait to finish this trail, go back to Psycho's, and watch a poor German be mauled by a pit bull. Please, no puppies!

SPoS: There was this one time, in China, I ate dog. God, I like blondes!

Psycho: Now we are running through a lumpy, hole filled field of dirt and grass. To entertain myself I start yelling drill sergeant-like commands at the poor slob in front of me: Smells like Uranus, Titty Bear, and Hard in the Saddle. "No stopping," "Go, Go, Go", "Be all you can be in 2003." Wow, they sure can move it when they need to. . . and they did not dare stop until I passed them. I run up a trail through a canyon...How cute, look at the puppy dogs running off leash through the canyon. They are so cute. I wish Carson were here. No worries, I'll feed Dirty Hans, my German friend, to him later. That will make Carson happy.

3.5" Floppy Dick: While I was running, I may or may not have seen Oedipussy, Cock-A-Dial, Bent Penis, Retracted, Slow Entry, Double Entry, 2 Guys, No Balls, Dr. Mikey, DR. Goodwench, Howdie, Hung Like a bug, A** Finder, Pukeface, Alfredo Fedaweenie, Boys R Us, Achey Breaky, Eat Me Raw, More Sex, Tail & 2 Titties, Faggio, Ghunga D*ck, Scarlet O'Whora, Bunhuggers, poor Aim, and Nadia Cum N' Eat Me on trail...

Psycho: Dear God, don't let I Do, Do, Do, Do, Do or 3.5" write anymore. I want this to end!

I Do⁵: Here's to barbeque potato chips, Joey, Marv, Pillsbury, Stupid, Psycho, Bygamy Tits, and especially the awesome LA hasher who thought that I was in the calendar! Would anyone like me to be the Scribe for their next run??? I'm blonde!!!

SPoS: If anybody is actually still reading this, and looking for their name...I saw Fungus, Bumlicker, the guy we forgot to invite to our party but saw after the hash at Ralphs, Got Milk, Lickity, Circuit, Juggles, Pokey, Bush Baby, Heave Ho, Tweedle, Ride Me, Cum Sucker, the guy who burned down that poor fisherman's boat in San Felipe, D*ck on a Stick, Pot Ho, Damian, Hozer, some old guy who had Psycho sign his calendar, Suck it Dry, My Cock Ho, Our Tits, Crouching Tiger, My Left Foot, and Perfect A**hole. Anyway this was undeniably the BEST TRAIL OF THE YEAR (and the worst).

Psycho: Still on trail but Yippie the end is near, there is Ralphs! Oh Sh*t, we need to run across Lincoln to a park for the On In. Hey, the light is red and Almost Perfect is running into oncoming honking cars. I'll save him. "Grampa, Grampa, No, Come back! Blh, Blah Down-Downs start. Retracted & Bumlicker are chatting and I feel like I'm watching that movie Snatch again (can't understand a f'ing word). I decide to buy an LAH3 patch, but have no \$ because Stupid has my change. I ask him for it, and he only gives me \$6. Stupid is trying to rip me off! I guess he is an idiot. I punch him and he gives me another dollar. Stupid gets hashshit, a stuffed horse head on a stick. Carson would love to tear that apart, but Stupid gives it back to Bent Penis because he won't be here next week. No bother, I'll let Carson bite Dirty Hans later...

Dirty Hans: F'ing stupid American dogs... Like we didn't lose the war anyway. Heil Hitler!

SPoS: No Germans, Jews, or American Pitbull Terriers were seriously injured during the writing of this article.

On Out

Saturday, 1/11/03: Chapter 11/LAH3 “Cum Drink All About It” /Run 1153

Well, I just gotta start this with my favorite part of the whole episode: watching Damien smile/chortle/chuckle/guffaw at Bolo Head's (White House H3) joke...

HOW DO YOU GET A NUN PREGNANT?
-- *YOU FUCK HER!*

OK, now is that hilarious, or what?! Obviously, it hit Damien's funny bone because when I brought it up again at the on on on, his pearly whites were displayed again... He just busted up laughing at that silly joke! Whatever!

Anyway, I digress...

Slow Entry (Miss August) and Bumlicker (our *potential Mystery Hare*) promised lots of shiggy, hills galore AND poison oak.. Yep, sure, right there in the sunny streets of Santa Monica. Uh huh. Maybe that was code for bush, boobs and std's...or they're just liars....I know, I know: Acceptable Hash Behavior.

So we head out for a pleasant jaunt: east, west, north and south on the numbered streets, Lincoln, Main, sandy beach, Ocean, Ocean Park, Pico, Colorado, The Pier, you know- Santa Monica. I was walking with new boot Donna, a co-worker of SaraLegal's, and I hear we missed the part of the run thru Santa Monica Place (gosh, I wanted to buy a lipstick!). Although we sorta lost trail for a while, we did have a nice walk along Main Street and the beach; she showed me the original Muscle Beach, and even the building where EST (I think you gotta be over 40 to know what that means) became popular. Loved the "Great View" on the 7th street bridge. Calm Blue Ocean...go ahead, chant that three times and see how relaxed you become!

I heard there were 2 beer checks, but we only caught the one at some parking spot at an apartment building. Porno Queen was hanging out having a beer so I had a gulp while we talked movies: Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy finally being produced (maybe Matt Damon and Ben Affleck to play the two heads of Zafod Beeblebrock?), and his upcoming feature in Australia (we hope).

The On In had the usual peanut butter, carrots and Oreos, even though Ride Me wasn't there (thank you, Pot Ho - Co-Miss January - for your double duty chores). Oh yeah, and beer, beer, beer. Bike Rack was the picture of modern maternity, walking around in her green glasses with Liam milking the right tit sticking out of her H3 t-shirt.

4 H announced "if there's turf on the field, play

ball" and thus began down downs. Interesting that the New Boots were mostly kids under 15, but hey, we had them drink beer anyway. Fish Lips made a 12 year old cum, and I think Slow Entry made a few of them cum too (can you say pedophilia??). We sang "them them, fuck them" so they could go home and tell their parents what fun they had at the Hash, cussing and drinking. I know, I know: Acceptable Hash Behavior.

Birthday beers went to Porno Queen, My Cock Ho (Co-Miss January) and Pollywood. Pot Ho was shy and didn't want the birthday attention so she hung back and suffered the loss of another beer...

Retracted fessed up and drank from his new shoes, but SaraLegal said he'd get me if I fessed up to HIS new shoes (heh, heh...gotcha!).

Then Retracted got hash shit for leaving his shirt at Heave Ho's roommate's room (oohh!) Bidet Mate nominated Fungus for jaywalking in front of a cop in rule-ridden Santa Monica, but...you got it! Acceptable Hash Behavior so she drank. Our own Miss July - R Tits - got it for forgetting the address to her booty call. Never Cums got a shit nom for flying to San Felipe with R Tits and not joining the mile-high club...he didn't even test her flaps! Guess what? Never Cums won the Hash Shit!

We tried to name Just Scott, but couldn't come up with anything (where's Juggles when you need him?), so he's still Just Scott. I finally got my hash badge and they fucking misspelled my name: Asscrackist an. Porno Queen's new badge was OK though.

Returners were Harlot and On What. The two of them embraced, because obviously they were absent together, then Dr. Mikey felt left out so he grabbed On What for a big one on the kisser (gay's OK, gay's OK!). A threesome ensued and we enjoyed being voyeurs.

Hash crimes went to Slow Entry and Dr. Mikey for impersonating Bent Penis and Juggles, who had abandoned us to go skiing in Mammoth, and to Gives Good Head and Shoulders for being the BeerMeister. Sindi Bear was criminal for laying Sunday's hash trail during Saturday's hash. They all drank and I'd had a couple of beers by then so I forgot what we sang. Oh yeah, and Homo Homo Homo Homo said "Long Beach says hi."

Damien blew his own horn.

We followed the directions to the On On On at The Firehouse on Main Street and walked in to see Tennessee whup Pittsburgh in overtime. Then Philly & Atlanta duked it out with Philly leading 13/6 at the end

of the 3rd quarter. Dinged up Dick and Heave Ho were rootin' for Pittsburgh... R Tits stranded Bolo Head for another booty call, and Slow Entry is obviously in love with that hunk she was skipping down Main Street with (girl, I saw you smoochin'!). Damien laughed at that damn joke again, and said he wants Pot Ho to jump out of his birthday cake in March. With or without icing?

More fun & games in LAH3 land.

On on,

Asscrackistan

18 Jan 2003 Hash Run

My names Glen Dale, I'm a cop. (OK, a Dick). We received word that a gang of alcohol abusers were gathering on Glenoaks Blvd. The gang was the notorious Hash House Harriers led by the well known alcohol abusers best known by their aliases, Juggles His Balls and Bent Penis. As you might deduce, these non-de-plumes come from sexual crimes committed by them. But let's not digress. The crime we are assigned to investigate today is alcohol abuse. No sooner then we had arrived, two of the gang members took off, leading us to believe they were heading for the soon to be scene of the crime. By clever interrogation, we learned that they were gang members Kenny G and Big-a-tits.

So contemptuous were they of our detection abilities that they laid not one, but three trails, which would eventually lead us to the scene of the crime. The trails were marked T, E, and S. Deductive reasoning told us this must mean The Enemy Scorned. We shall see if they have underestimated us!

It was agreed that our patrol would split up, one member to follow each trail. I choose the S trail to follow. So off I went wondering around Glen Oaks Blvd. through the residential area, avoiding dead ends, until I reached the point where the street heads up to park and golf course.

There ensued some confusion there about where the trail went, but with the help of patrolman Circuitcision and his faithful dog Spot, we soon found the trail again. It was a winding firebreak road. On this trail I was astounded to find an old member of this gang who was known as Big Foot. Apparently he is now retired and leading an exemplary life, free from any taint caused by his former membership in the gang.

I wound down the hill and soon came to the scene of the crime. Many members of the gang were gathered in a park, and alcohol abuse was rampant. In order to gather overwhelming evidence, I carefully watched the drinking orgy. And in order to appear inconspicuous, I participated in the drinking. It was necessary to drink many portions, but I looked on it as a sacrifice in the line of duty. Unfortunately, this caused me to miss most of the ceremony that occurred. Something about Hash Shit, new boots, and Hash Crimes all accompanied by the singing of something called "It's a Small Dick After All" directed at two of the gang members, Small Dick and Dr. Mikey.

Due to my drink induced fogieness, the gang got away scot free! So it seems Alcohol Abuse will continue unabated due to the cleverness of this rogue band!

From your chastised dick, Glen Dale (alias Almost Perfect)

Interested in haring but never laid a trail?
Don't know the difference between a Back Check and an Arkansas Blow Job?
Check out Damian the Anti-Christ's
Unofficial Guide for the Virgin Hare!
Online at [Http://www.hash.org/2002/trailmaster.pdf](http://www.hash.org/2002/trailmaster.pdf)

MISMANAGEMENT

Glandmistress	Juggles His Balls-Greg Eyink-gmich@earthlink.net	(310) 264-9834
Grandmattress	Bent Penis - Ian Glen - aliglen@prodigy.net	(310) 479-8363
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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Governor's Office News Brief

Governor seeking head for new combined compartment.

The Davis Administration announced today, amid concerns of the State's deepening budget crisis, that two major state agencies will be combined to reduce administrative costs. Effective February 1st, 2003, the California Highway Patrol and the California Department of Fish & Game will be merged to form the new California Department of Fish & CHiPs.

Tropical Fungal Outbreak!!

Fungus in Every Dank and Dark Corner of the Earth

The Tropic of Fungus

Remembrance of Things Hashed

Dingleberry Finn

Hops of Wrath

The Scum Also Rises

As I Lay Flour

The Odor and the Fury

Under the Vulva

Spreading Fungus?

“Who Said Head?” Revisited

Fungus Covers the Earth

From Here to Machu Pichu

When God Made Me, He Broke the Mold

The Portrait of the Hasher As an Old Fart

From Beer to Eternity

Fungus Amungus: a F**king Moaner?

Southern California Hash Contacts

Los Angeles	Winter: Saturday @ 3 p.m. Spring: 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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