



RU?

LAHB Hash Trash

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

hare
March ^ 2003
98% fact free!
www.hash.org

L.A. RUNS

- March 1st Circuitcision
- March 8th - Titty Bear & Porno Queen
- March 15th - Bunhuggers (Also Betty Ford weekend)
- March 22nd - No Balls at All
- March 29th - maybe Pregnant Pause & Mr. Bean
- April 7th - Switch to Mondays - open
- April 28 - Little Dutch Boy

OTHER STUFF

- **GET A LIFE Girly RUN - 03-03-03**
- 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
- May 25-27: 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

"Long Run" is one of those very relative terms. One hasher might do 20 miles on straight pavement in the middle of August and think it's a breeze. Put that same guy on a 3 mile trail in the dark through 2,000 yards of ankle-deep, shoe-sucking mud followed by a 30 yard swim across a flooded creek, exiting said creek by crawling up a 20 ft. near vertical muddy bank with nothing to hold onto but tree roots, pushing through 100 feet of greenbrier at the top only to find fifty feet of open space leading to a storm drain, slogs bent over through knee deep black-water and inhales cobwebs for a mile and pops up in the middle of a lake that's 3 ft. deep with 2 ft. of sludge underneath and smells like rotting corpses, only to climb an 8 ft. chain-link fence; then run across a 10 acre field of berry vines, cuckle burrs and bull nettle, ending under a bridge inhabited by a wino named Merle. Then give that guy a luke-warm Meisterbrau and ask him about "long runs."

Mary Tyler Whore Fundraiser - Febrewary 1st

A few weeks before LA's furthest southern jaunt that I know of, I asked Asscrackistan if she was interested in schlepping all the way down there. She said no. Then a few days before the run she actually had time to look at the web and see what all the fuhrer was about, changed her mind, asked if I was still interested and apologized, which I thought was pretty cute.

So we got to Amtrak expecting to see hordes of hashers on what Tweedle advertised as "The Party Train!" only to find that Farrah Fuckit and Breast Plate were the only ones there besides us. (Eventually we got a down down, presumably for believing Tweedle?) The ride was uneventful, though I lost my sunglasses. The train was practically empty. So with just the four of us we had a pretty wild time! Although, we weren't allowed to put our feet up. We all bitched about why the train time meeting was set for two, seeing as how the run was at 3:30, barely enough time to disembark and get to the run before it took off. As we were legging it to the start, we saw hares Tweedle Me & Free Hand Job across the street and running down an embankment. So I figured I knew a short cut. Once the hash left, I headed straight there, promptly got lost, because I was following Fungus, (D'oh!) and wound up close to DFL.

The shiggy was great, the countryside beautiful. That far at the end, I'm always surprised at how solved checks are unmarked. And then I wonder if at the end of the pack I'm supposed to mark them. After running up and down hills, through planned communities, sloshing through streams (watch MTW riding across one of those on the back of her friend so as not to get her dainty little feet wet), shortcutting through a golf course up another hill through bramble, along the side of a road, up another hill, where Psycho Bitch was screaming at her dog, who cowered, ears flattened and tail twixt her legs, probably afraid of being whipped yet again. Finally, a beer check. Of course, everyone was gone by then. So after a quick chug, it was on again, down a hill, back through the same golf course, under an overpass through the same stream and on in.

There were still a few blow jobs left when I got there which was good `cause the beer seemed flat.

While we were having munchies before down downs, a large green ball was being knocked about. And someone, I forget who, in their zeal to knock it good, accidentally slugged Pinky in the mouth with a fine backswing. I still don't know if when he thanked me for giving him a hash crime for it whether he was serious.

I don't remember much of down downs. Titty Bear stood in for Mikey as RA, but only managed one extra drink when Krab r Us flashed as a trade off to give Hashitt back to Cindy Bear. Unfortunately, no scribe seems to have been enlisted, despite an attempt to find out from Tweedle if she had one, which is why I'm trying my hand at transcribing what was some sort of memorable occasion.

After down downs, everyone repaired to their various quadrants. Asscrackistan hadn't done the trail b/c she was helping move the bags or something, so she was full of energy and jumped my poor old creaking bones for what must've been the 30th time that day. I'm usually good for a couple dozen goes but I'm making shit up as I go along to get myself in trouble.

Dinner at the dive wasn't bad, service sucked because someone somewhere forgot to plan for it somehow. We sat at a table across from Never Cums and Big Breasted Blonde Chick, whose name I so easily forget, who preached at me about relaxing because we were in Orange County, so I shouldn't be upset that the food was taking forever. So I bit her head off and she bought the table a round of drinks. Weird, huh. The Hash Band started before we were done eating and were great as usual. I can never understand how they keep playing without taking a break. Sort of like the Energizer (tm) bunny, they do some playing and keep on laying. We danced until about midnight. I got to see Penguin get smacked in the shoulder with a chair by Bent Penis. When I asked her how shoulder was the following week, she was still wondering where the bruise had come from, not that anyone had been drinking or anything.

An uneventful night and same train ride home. No one turned in my sunglasses. In the aftermath, MTW wrote a very poignant note to our hash list, thanking everyone, telling us we're a godsend and stuff like that. I could hardly do it justice if I tried. It

certainly brought a tear to my eye, though and follows for any of those you who might have missed it. I asked if I could put some contact info for her in the trash in case anyone wanted to get in touch with her and was told no. But then she wrote another letter to the list giving out all her particulars. I asked

if she'd changed her mind but getting nothing back, here's her e-mail: heatherstevens@netscape.net

Hope you're doing okay Mary. Beat this damn thing.

To those who participated in the fund-raiser:

Thank you. I am so overwhelmed by your generosity. To give you a little 1-800-PERSPECTIVE, the amount you raised was more money than I earned in all of last year. (Diane (Kammonawannaleia) can attest to that; she does my taxes.)

Because of you, I can exist without worrying where rent and petrol and prescriptions -- and food for Connor -- will be coming from, for the next three months.

And because of you, I bought hats today. Saturday, my hair was falling out in clumps. By Sunday, it was mostly gone. It is now about a half-inch long (what's left of it; my mom cut it). But I went to Target and bought the cutest hats you can imagine. Thank you.

What is most awe-inspiring to me, however, is your generosity of spirit. You are saving my life. You buoy me, strengthen me, energize me to keep stumbling along and occasionally even run.

The magnitude of this spectacle, the near-blinding unreality, the garishness of the Cushing's Syndrome and the freakish state of being bald reminds me quite a bit of a circus.

So in this cancer circus, I am walking the tightrope of chemotherapy. Death is below me. I'm wobbling, trying not to lose my balance. But you -- all of you, your thoughts and prayers and energy -- are the netting under me. So I can't fall; you catch me and I bounce back up to land safely on the tightrope once again.

Don't you see? This is because of you.

Blessings -- and my most heartfelt gratitude.

On and on and on -- I love you.

Heather (Mary Tyler Whore)

A Zagat Survey Review of LA Hash #1156

back.'

Prelude

Expecting 'an above-average crowd' of hashers due to the 'convenient location' near the Long Beach Found'er Balls, outgoing 'brewmeister extraordinaire' My Left Foot brought two kegs of that which 'makes life worth living'. Unfortunately, one of them was Miller Lite which more than one hasher described as 'watered-down piss.' The crowd was indeed above-average but 'not very big' as only thirty or so showed up to 'get their hash on'.

La Trail

"Short and sweet' and filled with 'great urban shiggy', the trail started in Ken Malloy Park and weaved its way through a 'wetland marsh' that might have been 'breathtaking' had it not been blemished by 'hardly used' condoms and the 'dirty asswipe' of homeless people. Leaving the 'crime-ridden park', we quickly found Nice Hair Fag 'manning' a beer check in a 'quaint, friendly neighborhood' with a 'vicious dog in every yard'. Hares Ride Me and 4H were kind enough to pack a cooler filled with 'delicious bottled ambers' and 'mouth-watering pale ales'. Back 'on trail', we ran through the park to a 'polluted lake' retained by a 'leaking dike' which prompted several hashers to 'comment' to Finger and Dutch. I spotted Earl Necklace running along the top of the dike to 'keep his shoes dry' so I felt it was my 'honor and duty' to push him in. He claims he will someday 'get me

Down Downs

Although Penguin was absent, honored visitor The Penguin, one of only five hashers to have attended every Interhash, did her down downs as well as 'a few of his own'. Other visitors included Liquid Dick, Nice Hair Fag and Cock O'Dile Done Me's parents (Bruce and Sheila?) who promptly received the names Hannibal Sphincter and Choking Chickens. Titty Bear 'stood in' for his brother Sin D Bear as hash shit and staying 'true to form', was unable to get rid of it. My Left Foot presented me with a 'beer delivery guy' tee shirt since I'm 'relieving him' from duty as beermeister. 'Expect quality to suffer' due to 'unreliable service' from here on out.

EI ON ON ON

Lampost Pizza provided the 'ideal setting' for 'more beer' and 'hot slices of pizza'. My Cock Ho displayed her proficiency on a Japanese video game/dancing machine that made several of us round-eyes look like 'uncoordinated buttocks'. Damien, Pot Ho, Oedipussy and Cock O'Dile were in a hurry to get to Found'er Balls. Titty Bear kept 'whining' that his mommy wanted him to 'be home early'. The 'unexpected benefit' of starting the hash an hour early is that we were home in time to 'go back out' and 'drink more' later.

A farmer has about 500 hens, but no rooster, and he wants chicks. So, he goes down the road to the next farmer and asks if he has a rooster that he would sell. The other farmer says, "Yep, I've got this great rooster, named Kenny. He'll service every chicken you got, no problem." Well, Kenny the rooster costs \$3,000, a lot of money, but the farmer decides he'd be worth it. So, he buys Kenny. The farmer takes Kenny home and sets him down in the barnyard, but first he gave the rooster a pep talk. "I want you to pace yourself now. You've got a lot of chickens to service here, and you cost me a lot of money. Consequently, I'll need you to do a good job. So, take your time and have some fun," the farmer said, with a chuckle. Kenny seems to understand, so the farmer points toward the hen house and Kenny takes off like a shot. WHAM! Kenny nails every hen in the hen house -- three or four times, and the farmer is really shocked. After that, the farmer hears a commotion in the duck pen and, sure enough, Kenny is in there. Later, the farmer sees Kenny after a flock of geese down by the lake. Once again - WHAM! He gets all the geese. By sunset he sees Kenny out in the fields chasing quail and pheasants. The farmer is distraught and worried that his expensive rooster won't even last 24 hours. Sure enough, the farmer goes to bed and wakes up the next morning to find Kenny on his back out in the middle of the yard, mouth open, tongue hanging out and both feet sticking straight up in the air. Buzzards are circling over head. The farmer, saddened by the loss of such a colorful and expensive animal, shakes his head and says, "Oh, Kenny, I told you to pace yourself. I tried to get you to slow down, now look what you've done to yourself." Kenny opens one eye, nods toward the buzzards circling in the sky and says, "Shhhh .. they're getting closer."

MISMANAGEMENT

Glandmistress	Porno Queen - Rodney Montague	(323) 769-3780
Grandmattress	Titty Bear	
Religious Advisor	Dr. Mikey Mike Kobrick	(626) 398-8733
Hare Raiser	Hash Harlot Carol Noonan	(626) 398-8733
Brewmeister	Juggles His Balls/Bent Penis	(310) 264-9834
Munchmeister	Bike Rack/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 - mqholt@yahoo.com	(818) 342-0769
On Disk	Earl Necklace	
On Sex	Saralegal - anjrucohen@hotmail.com	(310) 478-7633
Chalk Hawk	One Nut Bob Heil	(310) 318-1796
Trailmaster	Damien Andrew Crist	(323) 857-1865
Trail Flash	My Cock Ho Mika	
Hash Dip	Asscrackistan JJ Sweeting	(818) 807-4829
Circle Jerk	Oedipussy Dave Binder	(310) 450-4320

*Save Your
Sorry Ass A
Bunch of Money*

By paying
for runs on a
quarterly (\$20)
or yearly (\$60)
basis.

Give your money
to Cock O' Dial

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

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 11	Monthly, near the 11 th	Tina <i>Slow Entry</i> Piñeiro slowentry@verizon.net (310) 301-1081
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