

Los Angeles Hash House Harriers IN THE RAG



MAY 2007

Psycho Bitch Slappin' Queens

PsychoBitch, Rodney Queen, 3.5 Floppy

MAY 7, 2007

DATELINE REDONDO-TORRANCE -

This was scheduled to be a fucked up **Fungus** trail but **Fungus** got some untimely and unfunny fungus on a kidney and had to have it removed three days before the hash. Seemingly, it takes you more than 3 days to recover from that. Pandemonium ensued when it was realized that we may be hare-less and any concern for **Fungus** was abandoned while multiple would-be hares were encouraged to step up and Save The Hash. After much jockeying, **XLAX** and **StockHo** bowed to the superior intelligence of

Rodney Queen, or maybe it was the superior assertiveness of **PsychoBitch**, and the hash was a go.



On the evening in question, a large, thrusting but barely-recognizable pack formed in a park somewhere south of anywhere interesting. I mean, Torrance, for the love of Christ. Going down the 405, Fergus (who?) kept looking at me as if there was a custody battle going on that he'd been unaware of, and was

maybe I was making a run for Mexico to steal him away from the **Penguin**. As if!! Monty's the cute one - I woulda taken him. Coulda got more pesos for him.

Fortunately the hares were extremely late getting started, so we had lots of time for the all-important pre-lube. This is an element of hashing that is all too often overlooked and in danger of disappearing all together, what with the average commute time to the hash increasing on a weekly basis, and all those idiots who go around demanding "what time does the 7pm hash start?" like we're on a schedule or something.

Civilian life in the 21st Century is already a bit too damn frenetic, without bringing that kind of nonsense into the Hash. In my opinion its not only foolhardy, but potentially dangerous to submit the human body to an energetic three or four mile stroll, without first preparing it with three or four pints of the old muscle relaxant. (I believe that medical science will back me up here, and I can selectively misquote some respected sources if pressed on the subject). Same thing with Down-Downs - you're always getting idiots trying to

rush things along, usually because the on-on-on kitchen is gonna close. Jeez, lets get our priorities straight people, this is not an eating club!

Eventually **Psycho** and **Rodney** quit yelling at each other and set off to lay trail. **Marv Albert** foolishly followed too close behind and was hopelessly lost forever. In contrast, **Three and a Half Inch Floppy Dick** stuck around at the A to “guard the beer” – give that man an attaboy! We have been short on that kind of dedication since **Couldn't Get Laid With A Fistful O Fifties In A Whorehouse In South Korea** went off somewhere to try to get laid and never came back. By the way, if **me** and Fergus (?) hadda stuck around with **Three and a Half**, would that have made us Four And Two Half Men? Not sure, but we probably would've been a damn sight funnier than Charlie Fuckin' Sheen.

Well, the trail itself kicked butt. Three - count them, Three - bars with beer provided in each one. And no stupid “you cant bring that kid in here” policy neither. In fact, the bartender in the Back Street Lounge (Bar #1) provided Fergus (?) with a free cocktail while he played Ms Pacman in the corner. Did you know they're called Blinky, Inky, Pinky and Stinky?

Then somewhere between Bar 1 and Bar 2, it all went off - violence on trail!

Not having witnessed said event myself, I can only report what I heard and then speculate, extrapolate, interpolate, stretch, bend, twist and tangle the truth to my own ends. What is known is that **Boy George** snared **Rodney**, and that

Rodney ended up with a sore face. What we can only guess at, is whether someone tried to force someone's penis into. (“I'm going to have to stop you there **Bent**, this is a family publication and you're scaring the new boots” - **Penguin**).

Anyway, whatever occurred, this is not the type of thing that we pay our 4 bucks for, gentlemen. We do not want to see almost-grown men bitch slappin' each other in the street. No. We want to see grown women wrestling each other naked in jello. Or mud. Or beer. But not



peanut butter. I don't understand that fetish at all. But in the interests of fairness, I'd be willing to give it a try just once to see if it does anything for me. So there's an invitation to all of you naked-peanut-butter-wrestling harriettes, just let me know if you're interested to convert me to your crazy ways - organize a demo, and I'll carve out some time in my busy schedule to give you a fair crack of the whip. No timewasters, please.

Back to the trail and we are now in bar #2, a quaint little biker-dyke dive called The Dolphin. Appropriately given the previous antics on trail, it was “Ladies Night” and there was a \$3 Margarita spe-

cial going on. If you saw Margarita, you could see why she was only charging \$3. **Titt Mitt** lapped it up and partied long into the evening with the ladies. **Rodney Queen** was drinking hard to ease the pain and the delay meant he would be snared many more times before the trail was done. **IdidARod** seemed oblivious to the homosexual tendencies of one of the regular girls, despite the leathers, tattoos, muscles and the fact that she was French-kissing a cute little blonde chick. He put the Indigo Girls on the juke box and spent the next hour trying to convert her to the cult of the penis.

Eventually we had to leave but it was only a short hop to Bar #3 - Jerseys - where I'm told we have hashed and on-on-on-ed many times. Maybe I was there, maybe not. I hear that kind of thing all the time "hey that was a great party at your house last night". No recollection at all. Maybe they're confusing me with somebody else. Anyway, Jersey's is the cat's trousers. Great bar, friendly staff, decent drafts and shit, they even have Air Hockey for chrissakes. Sorry **Pinky** but Fergus (?) liked that even more than Ms. Pacman.

From there it was a tortuous death-march back to the start, knowing as we did, that it could not be close and there would be no more beer. Not much of note happened, **Rodney** got snared a few more times until **Oedipussy** dragged him off somewhere for sexual purposes. **Cockodial** must not be coming up with the goods recently.

Don't remember much about Down-Downs because Fergus (?) was more interested in the deserted play area about 100 yards away and as a dutiful

father I felt I should supervise in case some paedophile was lurking in the shadows. Never pass up a chance to make a buck or two.

I am informed however that there were visitors - LBH3 was ably represented by **Jesus Christ Superscar**, **Broomhilda**, **Baby Crack Ho**, **Dr Hole** and **Titt Mitt**. **Kost** (?) was also visiting from ? Sorry for that but you can blame **Damien's** inability to write legibly in the dark while drinking heavily, or **Pot Ho's** inability to read **Damien's** writing. Or mind. Whatever, where was I? Ah yes, we had returners. **3 and a half**, **Numb Nutz**, **Marv** and **Pillsbury**. And we had some new boots but I think they were all dudes so who cares? **IdidARod** finally peeled himself off the scary biker chick just in time to get crimed for winning the beer mile and smashing **XLAX's** record in doing so. I have no idea who got HashShit even though I had to stand in with 3 lame nominations when the reigning HS did not show. Maybe it was **Oedipussy**. Yes that would be about right. For fighting on trail, the penalty for **Rodney** and **Boy George** was to slow-dance together while we serenaded them with "Love Me Tender (hash version)". A sight which simultaneously gladdened the heart while turning the stomach. Never had that happen before - nice job, GMs.

We hung around the parking lot so long that the on-on-on kitchen was closed. Jeez people, can't we get a little organized here? I mean we gotta eat for the love of Christ.

When we all finally did leave, **StockHo** realized she'd locked her keys in the car, so **XLAX** had to bribe some local

gangbangers with beer to help them get it opened. Hope they used the Bud Light and not any of the decent stuff. Everybody knows that Newkie Brown is wasted on gangbangers.

Good Job all concerned! Based on the

success of this trail, I propose that we introduce a three bar minimum for all future trails. All those in favor...

CONTRIBUTING SCRIBER: BENT PENIS

P.S. get well soon Fungus

I Do Like To Be Beside The Seaside

Retracted and Inbred Fred

May 14th, 2007

DATELINE JOCELYN PARK - Ahh here we are again in the People's Republic of Santa Monica. Some things never change in Santa Monica - Ye Olde Kings Head for a pint, 3rd Street Promenade and Hashing at Jocelyn Park. I'm feeling it's about time there was a plaque put up here honoring it for the most starts in Hash history. With the inclusion of West Side Pirates, Chapter 13 and Get a Life it has to be up there. There again that honour could go too **Retracted's** Beemer, the former **Pregnant Pause** mode of transport; what with her years of LA hashing and now it use as the beer wagon - "it's the perfect drinking machine". Which brings me on too the beer - Fat Tire - hallelujah - what an inspired decision it was to switch from kegs to bottles - now everyone's happy - Sierra Nevada for the faithful, Fat Tire for the connoisseurs and PBR and Miller for the non-beer drinkers - fantastic!

Now I've digressed enough lets get on with the run - after much slurping and imbibing at the Prelube - Inbred and **Retracted** take off. The walkers shortly follow - with **OneNut** leading the charge and then after the obligatory 15 - the pack follows - heading South and



then North across Lincoln into Sunset Park. After a handful of streets and alleys it is clear were lost - **Retracted's** patchy flour tactics causing havoc once again. Were back on Lincoln and have no clue where the trails goes. I see **Spanky** and press her for the usual inside knowledge, but she has no clue either - so we just keep on running heading down Ocean Park until once again a mark is found. Then were through the little park on 4th and heading towards Main St. I hear a voice in my head going Rick's Tavern - beer check, but realize it is not my in my head - it is **Dr Mikey**!!

Unlike **Dr Mikey**, I continue to follow trail with **Spanky** and **Just Grace** close by. We head across Main St and onto



Ocean (blimey no Main St beer check) at which point **Xlax** joins the fray. Were now heading north again, along boardwalk and **Xlax** sensing beer near is all but sprinting away from me. Sure enough, soon after we arrive at Big Dean's - the first beer check!

After a quick guzzle we leave Big Deans continuing North on the bike path - I'm running with **Dtac** and we stupidly ignore the highway bridge and continue on knowing something doesn't feel quite right - sure enough the dreaded BC10 is there and we realize we've been had. We back track and head over the PCH footbridge and back up to Ocean - then it's on up and through to Santa Monica Place where were surrounded by shoppers, wondering what the hell is going on - we turn the corner and end up in the Car Park for another beercheck.

If your getting tired with the details now - trust me it ain't over - we should have known better than to expect a short trail with **Retracted** and **Inbred**

in charge. After a hare snare by **Xlax** (I think), we end up going on the backside of the 10, pass the winos (was that **2guys** I saw in amongst them) and then into god forbid a storm drain - we clam-ber thru the tunnel - cursing the shitti-ness of it all. Then it's on out through the cemetery, up towards Pico where we end in the 3rd and final bar. Now the name of bar escapes me, but suffice to say - it was suitably crappy - shag pile, popcorn ceilings and cheap beer - the perfect Hash bar. What didn't escape though was the site of the venerable hasher, **Bent Penis** desperate for a beer - trying to get **Fergus** (didn't we name him?) and the stroller in - but the door-way was just too narrow - screw it I hear him mutter - as he dumps **Fergus** in favour of the beer. After a long inter-val, Father and Son are re-united.

Then it's back down to Lincoln and On In.

Down Downs: Now this is where my memory begins to fade - maybe it was the 3 beer checks, the copious amounts of fat tyre or the fact that was I utterly knackered from the trail. Anyway I do remember Hash shit nominations going to **Dr Mikey** - something about leading people down to Main St for the beer check, me for some stupid reason which I won't bore you with and **Rodney Queen** for well errh being **Rodney Queen**. Naturally it went to **Rodney Queen** or did it - f..ked if I know!

Then were the visitors - some old Swedish guy - Bjorn or something like that and well god knows who else. I really must pay more attention - On Out!!!!

CONTRIBUTING SCRIBER: BUM LICKER

Bum Lickers Bloody Run: Shitty or Shiggy

Bum Licker

May 21st, 2007

DATELINE HOLLYWOOD - The location was Hollywood at Cahuenga and Mulholland, a reasonable turnout of @ 25 hashers. I arrived at 7.02pm. **Bumlicker** being Bum licker (typical Brit) had promptly set off at 1900 hours. The trail commenced up a windy road for a short distance and then meandered into diabolical steep shiggy! The leader of the walkers as usual was **Potho** triumphantly doing her cardio workout which was great for me as I was in dire need of a pee! As soon as I saw bushes ahead I slowed down till she and **Darth Vader** disappeared, pulled down me pants and swatted. Couldn't hang about as **Saralegal** was hot on my trail. (Hey is it my fault the hare chose a location with no portaloos?) As we got further into trail the shrubbery seemed to grow thicker and the pathway shrink.

It was a wonderful night for looking out onto the Hollywood dam, listening to coyotes howling so very very close by (Yikes!) and dodge the never ending empty beer bottles on trail. Jeez **Bumlicker** how many times did you come up here scouting trail? Pick up your shit next time. In the distance I could hear the calling of "On-On" and within minutes those sweaty runners (**Damien**, **SBC**, **Marquez de Sade**, **Stick Bite**, **X-Lax**, **BBB**, to name a few) came hurtling by me kicking up dust mad fools. After hiking up Mount Everest we came to our well needed "Beer Check". Then it was all down hill. I slid timidly down the hill

closely followed by **Damien** who lost his footing but quickly redeemed himself, phew. I noticed **Black and Blood** taking a rest, thought he might have to be carried off hillside for a moment there but glad to see him alive and kicking at the down downs. We ran back uphill past the illuminated cross overlooking Hollywood Freeway and slid down to the Cahuenga pass. I am not sure what **Bum licker's** intentions were but we ended up running along Cahuenga pass with main stream traffic at dusk. Poor **Finger in the Dyke** almost didn't make it in she was millimeters away from getting knocked down by a bus, luckily only grazed her T-shirt. I almost caught up with **BBB** but just as I closed in she and a few others had a last spurt and jogged on in.

It was great to see **RTD** and **Stick Bite** at the hash; gosh I did miss that sick sense of humor. I was informed that he had taken a tumble, luckily just a graze not bleeding. (Does he have blood, is he really human?). DFL was **Retracted** as usual, mind you he normally starts 30 mins after hash has begun. The highlight of the evening had to be **SBC** trying to re-park the beer truck. It must have taken him 10 minutes and they say women are naff drivers. Not entirely sure why he even decided to move it a whole 20 feet higher up the hill in the first place. **Almost Perfect Asshole** came through yet again with another killer joke. We had a new boot run named **Connor** who was lucky enough to be named on his very first hash "**Connor**

Retarded” or **“Kinda Retarded”**, which he managed to pull off quite convincingly and with little effort. Just kidding **Connor. X-Lax** did a splendid stand-in for **Imbred** as GM. Quite a natural. There was the normal boob flashing and Fergus being very well trained by his dead beat father had the front row spot, where once flashed squealed with delight and started running round in circles with a huge grin on his face, yes, just like his Dad. Fergus was also sporting a dapper T-shirt with the word **“BUM”** written across front in honor of

the hare. I almost thought I had gotten away with being called up to flash my tits. (Please just once leave my boobies out of the hash). But it was not to be all thanks to **Bum licker** something about a sore crotch, **Hard in the Saddle** and a piece of grass. How people get their stories mixed up.

All in all it was an enjoyable run, not too short, not too long, just right...and lotsa shiggy.

CONTRIBUTING SCRIBER: CELL YOUR ASS

Star Wars VII: Leia My Organa

Beaver Bam Bam Balls and Low Beams

May 28, 2007

DATELINE PALOS VERDES - When we left our story, **Darth Vader** was on the rise atop the Dark Side of the Force. As we begin a new chapter in our tale, however, a generation has passed. **Darth Vader** has gone into retirement to marry some Chinese hasher. And those affiliated with the Dark Side (West Hollywood) remain in hiding until they can regain power.

There are now heroes, who use the Force (aka **“Beetlejuice”**) for good - **Beaver Bam Bam Balls** (or **‘Quadruple B,’** son of **‘Triple B’**) and **Leia Beams** (descended from the beautiful Princess Leia of Chapters 4 through 6).

The usual motley crew (though, where’s heavy metal rocker **Jesus Christ Superscar** when you need him?) have assembled at the Rebel Base on planet Pee Vee, and prepare to gird their loins with Sierra Nevada



Is this a Long Beach mating ritual?

and Blue Moon Hefeweizen. What they do takes great bravery.

The ever-robotic **C3E.O.** is rusting away, because he cannot find his little friend **RTD2**, who has been taken pris-



Good... er uh... to see you back, Fungus?

oner by evil overlord **Stickbite**. Even **Chewcaca** and his hirsute brethren, **ZZ Top Knot**, are nowhere to be found (perhaps babysitting the accident prone **Jar Jar Stinks**)

Even as the small band of rebels await their fate, a message comes in that the Dark Side is on the rise and threatening the small Full Moon **Fungusamungus**. They have killed **Leia's** granddaughter, Kidney Organa (alas, poor Fungus), and are preparing to vaporize the entire moon.

So, with a heavy heart, our heroes **Beaver** and **Beams** leave the safety of the Rebel planet and set out on the trail of saving their fellow rebels. They are followed by lesser heroes, following the emission trails left by our heroes. The trail is taxing and difficult and after a while, this secondary party seems to be irrevocably lost.

Just then, they spot what appears to be a small white object, laughing merrily – it is their old friend, **Pillsbury Blow Boy**. “My friends,” he begins, “Do you not remember? In your hearts, you know this is the same trail I used when I defeated the Dark Side two months ago.”

The pack then followed a treacherous path through an asteroid belt, where they saw signs of a great struggle. “We may be too late,” sobbed **X-Wing Leader Lax**, “but we must press on.”

Further ahead, they spotted an out-of-place hero, **Hairy Twatter** (wrong story, btich!), who was consoling a moderately damaged **Leia Beams**. She had taken many hits in the attack, was bleeding profusely, and her guidance system was massively damaged. Handy **Howdy Do Me** managed to get her back on track.

CONTRIBUTING SCRIBER: **Pillsbury BB**