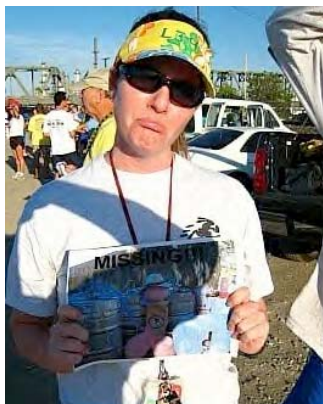


LBH3 Snoozeletter

Long Beach Hash House Harriers Hotline (562) HASHITT 8/14/2008 www.lbh3.org

Form LASW-6940 LAZY ASSED SCRIBE'S WRITEUP

The pack met at 611 Henry Ford Ave in the LA Harbor area. The hares Jock and Pack My Chute busily arranged for a bag wagon and a beer truck driver. The long lost Pile Driver surprised us with his/her/their presence. Venus was overheard telling Kammana that she had some of Pot Ho's prize-winning chili to serve at the on-in. The hares departed at 6:35 PM in the direction of Henry Ford Ave, throwing flour/paper/kisses/obscenities. Exactly 15 minutes later FRUIT blew his whistle (what else?) and the majority of the pack took off after the hares. Venus and SOSA shortcut as usual/ straight to the Chowder Barge. OFF and Pig Iron did not show up so no one had to/ got to stay behind and drink PBR. Your faithful scribe never (select one) saw trail/snared the hares/got poison oak/none of the above. The following information about the trail was observed/made-up. Overall the trail was (select all that apply) spectacular/brutal/hill-covered/shiggy laden/poison-oak choked/mind-boggling/too long/too short/flat and boring/ exactly the same as last weeks trail/run of the year/shitty.



Oh where,
oh where
has my big
pink dick
gone, oh
where oh
where can
he be?



Snatch, will these
do as a
replacement?

Let me know if you
see the train coming?



There were approximately 15 checks. Additional features were (select all that apply) cliff (up) cliff (down) tunnel river crossing freeway crossing snakepit nude beach mine field other: junkyards, railroad tracks, dirt roads, police, alleys, containers, the barrio, scenic harbor views. The On In was held in a parking lot overlooking the harbor. Long after everyone was in, the hares were still shuttling people back to the cars. While we were waiting for down-downs, a civilian and his child were/was seen observing us. The down-downs began at 8:30 PM after JCSS and Dickoreater told stories about train-hopping. There were (select all that apply) visitors new boots returners. Finally after a (select one) hilarious string of/ couple of wimpy hashit nominations, Snatch of the Day won the coveted hashit for losing Big Pink at Tehachapi, thanks to a clever nomination by Morning Cocktail. The pack adjourned to 24 Hour Truckstop Café at 9:00 PM for the On On. The food was (select one) great mediocre healthy fattening ptomaine-laden, but the atmosphere was truly amazing! All in all, another scenic junkyard hash.



When all else fails, run straight into oncoming traffic!



It was a picture post card finish!



The Buffalo Theory - In one episode of 'Cheers', Cliff is seated at the bar describing the Buffalo Theory to his buddy, Norm. I don't think I've ever heard the concept explained any better than this.

'Well you see, Norm, it's like this . . . A herd of buffalo can only move as fast as the slowest buffalo. And when the herd is hunted, it is the slowest and weakest ones at the back that are killed first. This natural selection is good for the herd as a whole, because the general speed and health of the whole group keeps improving by the regular killing of the weakest members.

In much the same way, the human brain can only operate as fast as the slowest brain cells. Now, as we know, excessive intake of alcohol kills brain cells. But naturally, it attacks the slowest and weakest brain cells first. In this way, regular consumption of beer eliminates the weaker brain cells, making the brain a faster and more efficient machine. And that, Norm, is why you always feel smarter after a few beers.'

Who can I stick with this thing? SNATCH might like it, even if it isn't pink and fuzzy.

Two aliens landed in the Arizona desert near a gas station that was closed for the night. They approached one of the gas pumps and the younger alien addressed it saying, "Greetings, Earthling. We come in peace. Take us to your leader."

The gas pump, of course, didn't respond. The younger alien became angry at the lack of response.

The older alien said, "I'd calm down if I were you." The younger alien ignored the warning and repeated his greeting. Again, there was no response. Annoyed by what he perceived to be the pump's haughty attitude, he drew his ray gun and said impatiently, "Greetings, Earthling. We come in peace. Do not ignore us this way! Take us to your leader or I will fire!"

The older alien again warned his comrade saying, "You probably don't want to do that! I really don't think you should make him mad."

"Rubbish," replied the cocky, young alien. He aimed his weapon at the pump and opened fire. There was a huge explosion. A massive fireball roared towards them and blew the younger alien off his feet and deposited him a burnt, smoking mess about 200 yards away in a cactus patch.

Half an hour passed. When he finally regained consciousness, he refocused his three eyes, straightened his bent antenna, and looked dazedly at the older, wiser alien who was standing over him shaking his big, green head.

"What a ferocious creature!" exclaimed the young, fried alien. "He nearly killed me! How did you know he was so dangerous?"

The older alien leaned over, placed a friendly feeler on his crispy friend and replied, "If there's one thing I've learned during my intergalactic travels, you don't want to mess with a guy who can wrap his penis around himself twice and then stick it in his ear."



Left: Somebody really enjoyed Jock's wino check. Right: KAMMANA gets a big thank you for heading up the Tehashapi Committee.

THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 461 Dare: 8/19/1993 (15 years ago)
Place: Signal Hill
Hares: PEE WEE SPERMAN, PULL MY FINGER
Miles: 4 Attendance: 89

PULL MY FINGER was scheduled to hare this run with LIPOSUC THIS, but LIPO bailed at the last minute so virgin hare PEE WEE SPERMAN was recruited to take his place. When the hares took off, short cutters MAGIC, EARL SCHEIB, WHIFF N POOF, GLIDER IN and EZ stood at the edge of the parking lot trying to spy where the hares had gone. Soon we left the start behind the office buildings at the southwest corner of Cherry and Willow and headed for the flatlands. We all assumed that sooner or later, the run would go UP Signal Hill, and it did. FRUIT OF THE LOOM was everywhere, whistling, running down checks and generally giving anyone who wanted to hear it (and some who didn't) a piece of his mind. POPSICKLE ran afoul of FRUIT at the top of the hill due to a difference of opinion about the value of whistle-blowing during hash runs. We got a nice view of the pollution-enhanced sundown over Long Beach and then headed downhill to the beer check manned by 2 hash groupies. EZ attempted to assist SNAGGLEPUSSY down from a wall, but when he made a grab for her boobs, his offer was rejected. PULL MY FINGER was snared near the end of the trail when GLIDER IN helped remove him from a fence (probably not by his boobs!) LBH3 went on a naming frenzy and christened 3 hashers: REAR ADMIRAL, EAT SHIT & LIVE and BUNS OF STEEL. TWIN PEAKS got the hashit for "double peaks, double standard". The on-on was conveniently located across the street from the start at Curley's.

JOCK HAS AN IDEA

JOCK (that would be our founder) decided that the On-Sec (that would be me) should keep a list of hashers (that would be you) that would be willing to scribe on short notice (that would be the start of the run) in case the hares were too busy or too forgetful to find a scribe on their own. Any volunteers? Pencil, paper and gratitude provided.

Deadline for maps, write-ups, etc.
is **MONDAY at 5 PM: e-mail to:**
Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org

RECEDING HARELINE

8/28 1294 PILLSBURY, FISH LIPS – Blue Dress Run
9/4 1295 PIG IRON
9/11 1296 SIN D BARE
9/18 1297 Open – see POOR AIM to sign up
9/25 1298 Open – see POOR AIM to sign up
10/2 1299 LT & GGHS – Brewmeister's Run
(NOTE: this will be the last Thursday Run for the year)

RESULTS OF LBH3 Run # 1291

DATE: 8/7/2008
PLACE: Wilmington, 611 Henry Ford
HARES: JOCK & PACK MY CHUTE
MILES: 5.05
ATTENDANCE: 73
NEW BOOTS: Jen Leung, Charlotte Lauriston (UK)
RETURNERS: PILE DRIVER, HARD IN THE SADDLE,
FISH LIPS, ROLLING ROCKS, NO TICKEE, CAMEL
TITS, E.S.L.
VISITORS: PORN AGAIN – Scotland
NEW NAMES: none
PATCHES: PILE DRIVER - 369, DICKKOREATER - 200,
POOR AIM – 1000 (and a chair)
HARE PATCHES: JOCK - 75
HASHIT: SNATCH OF THE DAY – where oh where, is my
Big Pink Penis
ON-ON: 24 Hour Truck Stop
RUN NOTES: RR Tracks, dirt roads, junk yards and junk
yard dogs, trains, police on trail, harbor view on-in

MISMANAGEMENT COMMITTEE 2008

Grandmasters: Joel "Sin D Bare" (310) 544-5223
Kurt "JC Superscar" Markham (310) 675-5992
Hash Cash: John "He's So Sweet" Kotlarski (562) 420-1221
Don "Fungusamungus" Markowitz (310) 378-6453
On Sec: Susanne "Broomhilda" Gilmore (562) 423-6149
Bernice "Special Head" Banares (562) 522-8774
[mail to: Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org](mailto:Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org)
On Disk: Neva "Alouette" Higgins (714) 526-7823
Brewmeisters: Steve "Head & Shoulders" Cantril (562) 420-2830
Bill "Last Train" Nord (714) SLIMEUP
Munchmeisters: Kim "Always Juicy" Critchlow (949) 858-9386
Carmen "Baby Crack" Fernandez (310) 549-9406
Trailmaster: Dick "Poor Aim" Ames (714) 734-6979
Hash Pusher: Laura "Hi Speed Copulator" Gaber (562) 902-2443
Songmeister: Debbie "Corn Hole Hussie" Cantril (562) 400-1099
Hash Flash: Jaime "Buster Hymen" Ybarra (310) 872-6638
Jessica "Snatch of the Day" Alexander (562) 761-8289

Webmeister: "HomoSAXual" – lbh3beer@hotmail.com
Webmeister – Snooze: pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com

