



# LBH3 BEER SCOUT CAMP 1300TH RUN WEEKEND

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT SPECIAL SECTION Hash Website [www.lbh3.org](http://www.lbh3.org)

The 28 July issue of Time magazine featured an article on how the Chinese are preparing for the upcoming Olympics. Among other things, they've really been cracking down on personal freedoms, in some sort of security paranoia. Here is a quote from this article:  
"Human-rights activists, public-interest lawyers and other dissenting voices have been jailed or harassed. Police even detained and interrogated members of the Hash House Harriers, a beery running club, suspicious that the flour they used to mark their runs might be part of a terrorist attack."

That's the very reason that Alouette and I were so conscientious about the Security checks at Tehashapee; as Sin D Bare has said on many occasions: "Your safety is our Number One priority."

Besides, it was a shit-load of fun!

ON ON  
**Wild Bill**

## FRIDAY NIGHT

Well it's my first camp out and I am just relaxing, settling in for a weekend of sun, fun, runs and well who knows what else, when all of a sudden a very innocent looking Dickoater and AT&T come walking by and ask "are you going to run?" and BAM!!!! I am hooked into my first write up. I can't really remember all that much about this Friday night run other than, The Hares promise 1 beer check and a "short" run since it's Friday and all. The Hares are off after trying to explain the two different arrows that we will be using this weekend and of course since the beer has been tapped for awhile the pack collectively said "HUH?!!! just lay trail", the walkers are off and then the pack is off, the first check is about 150 yards from the start and we are already lost, we soon get on track by the fast and furious front runners ( Salt lick and the rest, you know who you are) I am so nervous that I will forget something good that I feel a little light headed or maybe that's the elevation? or the eight types of beer? at any rate that is my excuse for not really having much to say about this run, cold beer at a check, big hill, lots of cows and a few



**Left: They don't call her Chili Pot Ho for nothing. Right: and for the rest of the weekend it was all Farts and Smiles!**

donkeys that were I am sure by the way they watched us were wondering what in the Hell we were doing climbing a hill ALL the way up only to come ALL the way down, climbing over a fence and ON-IN. I did ask a few of the other Harriett's what part of the run they liked best and the overall consensus is that "we like going DOWN best" As far as I am concerned the start to a very good weekend. ON-ON

**Stillet-Ho**

### RESULTS OF RUN # 1289 (Friday night)

**Date:** 8/1/2008

**Hares:** DICKOREATER, FUNGUS

**Place:** Tehashapi

**Miles:** 3

**Attendance:** 93

**Returners:** see Saturday Run # 1300 stats

**Visitors:** see Saturday Run # 1300 stats

**Hashit:** SPACE AVAILABLE – of course

**On-On:** Campground chili cook off followed by much farting to video of Blazing Saddles, then Rocky Horror Picture Show

**Run Notes:** short and sweet run around the campground

## THE CHILI COOK- OFF

The winners were:

1<sup>st</sup> Place – POT HO

2<sup>nd</sup> Place – Brewmeister's Chili – GGHS, LT,  
and CORNIE

3<sup>rd</sup> Place – SPECIAL HEAD

I won the chili cook-off with vegetarian chili!!! A number of hashers requested the recipe, and some one (can't remember who) suggested I give it to you for the Snooze. So here tiz'

thanks!

Pot Ho

### Three-Bean Chili

2 teaspoons olive oil

1 cup chopped onion

1/2 cup chopped green pepper

1 large clove garlic, minced or put thru press

1/2 to 3/4 cup water

2 tablespoons tomato paste

2 teaspoons ground cumin

1/4 teaspoon black pepper

1/4 teaspoon brown sugar

1 chopped chipotle chile in adobo sauce (or less)

1 15 1/2 oz. can garbanzo beans, drained and rinsed

1 can kidney beans drained and rinsed

1 can black beans drained and rinsed

9 oz. vegetable broth

5 oz. dark beer

1 14 1/2 oz. can diced tomatoes, undrained

1/4 cup chopped fresh cilantro

Heat olive oil in large pot and then add onion, green pepper and garlic, saute until slightly browned. Open beer, measure out 5 oz. and drink the rest as you stir in 3/4 cup water and the rest of the ingredients except the cilantro to the pot. Bring to a boil, then reduce heat and cook about 20 minutes, or until chili is consistency that you like. Stir in cilantro and serve.



**The Saturday Hares – over 150 years old and still ready to kick your ass!**

## SEX, PSYCHOPATHS, COWPIES AND BEER. GET YOUR DEMERIT BADGE TODAY! ----by Morning Cocktail

I went to LBH3 Beer Scout camp to experience adventure and live life on the edge. I went to LBH3 Beer Scout camp to see what drunk people look like. I went to LBH3 Beer Scout Camp to stick a peeing frog down BLOW INTEREST skimpy shorts and SPACE AVAILABLE'S electric keyboard. I went to LBH3 Beer Scout camp to fulfill all of my Boy Scout fetishes of having cub, wolf, bear and cougar scouts sing dirty beer songs to me. I went to Beer Scout camp to hear an endless amount of fart and poo stories. I guess a chili cook off contest would promote that. Yes, even more disgustingly intriguing LAST TRAIN poo fart bathroom stories were told. Perhaps Long Beach H3 should provide a bathroom attendant next year to help him with all of his toilet needs. We'll ask ROYAL FLUSH if he can save that date on his calendar.

The moment everyone has been eagerly waiting for the entire weekend is finally here. SHEEP is going to jump naked with his Minnie Pearl hat off SIR LANCE A NUTS camper into the lake. No, the hares are going to give their dopey little pre run talk and start trail. POOR AIM, WILD BILL and SIN D BARE are the hares for this great Saturday Tehachapi trail. Why in the hell are these 3 hashers haring together? Why did they not allow any female hashers to hare with them? Is the opposite sex that much of a threat to them? The sexual tension would cause their palms to become sweaty and they would drop the flour bag and get snared? What is the connection? I don't get it.



**Into the hills of Tehashapi ran the 99 eager scouts. Reward ? A ball-buster demerit badge.**

Did they perv out on porno mags while bunking together in Boy Scout camp? Are they planning on getting their binoculars lens and go peep at the nuns in the near by nunnery during their holy Jesus yoga class. I know that is what GIVES GOOD HEAD AND SHOULDERS usually does. He whips out his yoga mat and does the dirty dog stretch right in front of them. I'm pretty sure all of the short cutting bastards do some kind of yoga even FUNGUS. Are they planning on a panty raid around the campground while everyone is out on trail? I know MASSIVE TWO TITS, DOWN WENDY and LOW BEAMS hid their panties in SPECIAL HEAD'S chili. Why do you think it won 3rd prize? What do you think those big brown chunks in her chili were anyways? These hares are completely sick and devious. That would make too much sense even for them. After several minutes of pondering this question, I finally figured it out. I googled together 3 phrases that best describe them "croc sandals", "trailmasters" and "dorky hares." The search results were shocking. All 3 hares have the characteristics of cult leaders. After reading profiles of cult leaders it makes complete sense. For example, cult psychopaths tend to be

be preoccupied with their own health while remaining totally indifferent to the suffering of others. POOR AIM asked me if I had any lip balm after the finish of the trail right in front of SUCK IT DRY (SID) who almost bled to death from doing trail. HOZER got his feelings hurt on trail by SARALEGAL and POOR AIM had total disregard for him too. I was going to let him borrow my lip balm but I didn't want to swap spit with the myriad of harriettes he's coaxed into having sex with. I'm so glad MICROSCREWERY showed all the campers how to make a tourniquet out of a cup of beer to save SID's life. BABY CRACK WHORE is even more resourceful. She can make a baby's diaper out of an empty beer can. PBR works best. Hey UNDERCOVER, she can even make the adult ones for you.

WILD BILL is obviously a psychopath cult leader. Another cult leader characteristic is sense of entitlement that is often demonstrated by the contrast between his luxurious lifestyle and the impoverishment of his follows. WILD BILL wears a huge gold dollar sign pendant necklace encrusted with diamonds and opals. Poor submissive ALOUETTE wears a single grain of rice that has her name engraved on it in a mini glass tube on a shoe string around her neck. This is for real. Scouts honor. WILD BILL says if she is more submissive next year he would buy her 2 bags of top ramen noodle soup and 2 rusty fish hooks to make a set of earrings. ALOUETTE says she would rather upgrade from a grain of rice to a single strand of dried fettuccine so she'll have room to have "My husband is a cheap bastard" engraved on it instead.

The hares announced that walkers should go first and leave immediately after the hares. HOT PANTS said she talked to POOR AIM before the trail and he said that the eagle trail is not too bad. He basically brainwashed her into recruiting poor innocent victims into doing the eagle trail and for her to do a bunch of other unmentionable sick illegal things later that evening. I guess that is what cult leaders like to do. I fell into their web of deception. I took a look at this huge mountainous steep hill that trail wended upward. I had no idea what was behind that big mountain and what kind of terrain the trail would take us. Was it going to be peaceful cascading waterfalls and air conditioned dive bars serving soft serve ice cream? Were there going to be luscious rain forests, steaming volcanoes, powder-topped mountains, rejuvenation hot springs, golden beaches, mysterious islands, glaciers and fertile wine valleys? My guess was "yes, of course." I chose the double eagle trail. I chose near death experience.



**Being a Beer Scout is hard work!**



**Yes, there was a demerit badge for Olympic mud-wrestling.**

**No! There was NOT a demerit badge for cross-dressing.**



I started trail with BLOWJACK, GEEZER, STILETO HO, and RTD. RTD broke out of her brainwashed daze and tuned back towards camp. She said she had to give STICKBITE the hash fashion goddess another tooth whitening treatment and iron his faggoty Richard Simmons dolphin shorts for tomorrow's trail. It made me remember what POT HO said about picking out clothes for DAMIAN THE ANTI CHRIST. She googled "asshole" "Filthy douche bag" and "hot fire flames" and then she gets to find him a suitable atrocious T Shirt or bandana. RTD googled in "arrogant" "controlling" "smelly" "Liberace" "fierce" and got STICKBITE those hideous tight zebra stripped bicycle shorts.

The pack was starting to drop off like flies. The trail was a continuous assortment of dry dirt, twigs and cow pies. These cow pies had the most ungodly designs and shape. ALWAYS JUICY said it remind her of her SPLASH and JOEYBUTTFUCKYOU's nut sack. I guess between the two of them they can make one complete nut sack. The trail was real tough with lots of loose gravel and dirt in a repetitive cycle of uphill and downhill. I was getting delirious with heatstroke. My survival partners were PLAID COW DISEASE, PASSING WIND, and QUICK CHANGE. I was on the verge of death but PLAID COW DISEASE was concerned with environmental issues such as the PBR beer can that was thrown on trail. We got a half hour dissertation of what an outrage it is that a hasher would throw that beer can on trail. I picked it up. We'll do fingerprint and saliva DNA analysis on it later when we get back to camp.

PASSING WIND and PLAID COW DISEASE talked about the history of the word "shit". It means "ship high in transit" Something about methane gas and shipping boats and salt water. They talked about a lot of other messed up stuff. It was kind of like a really bad episode of the "History Channel" when you don't even like the "History Channel". I'm more of a "Gilmore Girls" or Dancing with the Stars" kind of person myself. Much, much, MUCH... more refined taste than both of these hashers combined. I assure you.

I needed to think about something pleasant and soothing to get over this ugly cruel trail. The picture that came to my mind was the image of SNATCH OF THE DAY in her braids. She looked like a Swiss milk maid with her fair skin, double braids and gleaming smile. I was transported to the Swiss Alps for a few minutes instead of dried cow pies and oppressive heat. Gosh, I hope she's manning the first beer check. Milk and cookies sound good. I got separated from my wilderness survival teammates. I fell and slid down a sloping hill and I screamed really loud. I was lost. I remembered my carpool mate BUSTER HYMEN talking about how BROOMHILDA was introduced to the hash. She was in the middle of a N.O.W. (National Organization of Women) event and she saw the hash singing and laughing. She thought the hash was having so much fun that she would rather join up with the hash and she left N.O.W. I'm thinking I only wish a N.O.W meeting with women burning bras and tampons would occur on trail and save me. I would jump ship for sure.

Finally, I made it to the first beer check. I don't need a beer, I need a hug. PASSING WIND and PLAID COW DISEASE were at the beer check. I think I will drink a beer instead. QUICK CHANGE said she didn't want a beer. I quickly reminded QUICK that this will probably be the last beer she will ever drink in her entire life. She guzzled down a PBR in 2 seconds. SIN D BARE was there and completely badgered us into taking the Eagle trail cause it was so much better. He said the fire road is for sissies. Psychopath cult leaders are able to use language effortlessly to confuse and convince. They also like to be the center of attention. That's why he likes to stick a lit firework sparkler up his butt, perform as a drummer in a rock band, breed horny chinchillas and do that GM thing. He packed up the beer check before everyone came thru so he could go into town to buy a bridesmaids dress for JOEY BUTTAFUCKYOU and HOWDY'S hash wedding and another pack of firework sparklers.

I was isolated from most of the hashers. I hope they are all still alive. There were a lot of animal skulls, vertebrae, bones act...on trail. I think some were even human skeleton bones. They were probably POOR AIMS hasher ex girlfriends from the past. I hope HOT PANTS is safe. I don't have her cell phone number



**LOST: one Big Pink Penis. Last seen keg-hanging with a group of inebriated Beer Scouts in Tehashapi.**

## RESULTS OF RUN # 1300

Date: 8/2/2008

Place: Tehashapee

Hares: POOR AIM, WILD BILL, SIN D BARE

Miles: 5.5 Attendance: 99

New Boots: Cathy Artino

Returners: TUNA TACO, MIKE CRITCHLOW, 3.5 FLOPPY, DOWN & DIRTY, DR. HOLE, QUICK CHANGE, JOE ISUZU, MRS. KEVORKIAN, PETITE BOUTE, SHIT PACKER

Visitors: 1,2 COVERED IN GOO & RUMP BUMPER – Sacto, EE I'M COMING, FINISHES WITH TOWEL – Humpin, DOC COCK – Albuquerque, RUB MY BUNS, FLUFF BOY – San Diego, TWAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT – Florida, RTD, SARALEGAL, STICKBYTE – LAH3, RUMPLED & SHEEP – OCH3, SPLASH, SWALLOWS BITCH, WETTEST LAY, UNIBALLER, MANHOLE MUNCHER, CUBBIE HOLE

Patches: BLOW INTEREST – 200, SHEEP – 100, PLAID COW – 69

Hashit: SPONGE – have you found my \$200 bag of pot?

On-On: Camping, Joey B. hash wedding with Friar Bill & Bride Howdy followed by catered dinner and Painted Toes

Run Notes: Scenic, fun run through the hillsides, fire trails and back country of campsite, many many beer checks and dead animals on trail. Turkey/Eagle and Double Eagle splits

Perhaps I should just start filing the missing person police report right now. This was getting truly grim indeed. Funny thing about POOR AIM, no matter what you are talking about he always responds with "Oh, I had sex there!" If you're talking to your bud VENUS DE PENIS about how you were in the frozen food section at Stater Brothers supermarket selecting a box of turkey pot pies to buy for your grandmother POOR AIM would respond "Oh I had sex there!" It could be a dumpster, a church, the DMV, Pet Smart store.....wherever. It doesn't matter. POOR AIM had sex there. When he filled out his profile for AREC (A Running Experience Club) under the category "hobbies and interest" He wrote, "I like sex." I guess he has to constantly remind the members of the opposite sex that he likes sex because most men are repulsed by it or something. I believe he also reminds the new boots during chalk talk every week also. I think we should start passing out flyers around the neighborhoods we hash in to make this important information known."POOR AIM likes sex!" Just think of the millions of women whose lives could be forever changed.

I feebly wobbled to the last beer check. POOR AIM was there mumbling something about "Where's froggy?" I asked everyone where the red plastic beer cups were. They pointed to the stack of cups sitting on the ground on top of smelly cow pies and animal skulls that had bugs flying around. POOR AIM proceeded to exclaim to everyone in earshot, "Oh, I had sex there!" He asked if I wanted a ride back to the finish. I decided I would squeeze every ounce of energy left in me and drag my lifeless body back to the finish. And I did. And then I ate a plate of AFTERBIRTH'S tasty cous cous and sucked down a beer while listening to PINKY'S music with cool songs like "Girl From Ipanema" and life was good again. I want to forget this ever happen but you crazy bastards want a full recollection of it in print. THANKS A LOT SCUMBAGS!!! See you on trail! ON ON!!

## POOP FICTION; LOOSE NUTS – THE HARD-ASS RIDE OF THE BOHICA

Sunday's blood-curdling, hard-ass adventure started the night before. As most of the hash danced like savages under the incessant rock and roll spell cast by the Painted Toes, I was drawn away from the camp to the black hole the sky created by tallest mountain in the hills that surrounded us. There in the darkness, was the blackest of holes that had somehow sucked the life and the light right out of the evening sky, leaving a void that stars, wayward aircraft, and even U.F.O's avoided. The reflection of the stars in my quart of moonshine illuminated the volatile contents like a jar full of fireflies. But when I raised the jar to take a sip, the blackness of the mountain extinguished the tiny lights, leaving nothing but the liquid hellfire contained within. This was the stuff of trailer park legend and National Enquirer cover stories, and I knew that somehow, some way, tomorrow's hare NUMB NUTS would take us straight up that awful mountain and into a perilous land that bowed only to the sun. It would be a long, sleepless, dark night.

I was awakened early Sunday morning by the sun that bore through the window of our tent like a laser beam. The effect of the previous 48 hours of high altitude drinking had left bodies strewn about the camp like fallen trees after a hurricane. But somewhere deep in the souls of the living was the need to climb out of the dirt and do it all again. This is what hashers do. There is no alternative.

Some of those who were just too far gone to know when to stay down were WRECT HIM, LEANING HARD, FUNGUS and LOW BEAMS. The rest of us waited for the call and it came several minutes later. NUMB NUTS rolled out of his fortified command center and down to the waiting group, looking more like Douglas McArthur than the future Motorcycle Hall of Famer that he is. "This is it, scouts", he spoke, "the only way out of here is in a Medivac Helicopter, or on two wheels with a Bohica badge. Don't crash or get lost because we just might be unable to identify what's left after some wild animal gets done playing with you." He secured the chinstrap of his helmet, downed a Pabst and hauled ass toward the mountain. Fifteen minutes later, we were chasing tire tracks and flour. I didn't know where he was leading us, but I was sure that this trail would not lead us to the Promised Land.



**And it's SNATCH in the lead – hot on the trail of the missing Big Pink Guy!**



**Fungus is ready to roll. Dickorater is ready to hoof it.**



**Moan'N demonstrates a Bohica-style down-down.**

We ground our way up out of the encampment to a rutted single-track trail that was covered with hundreds of tire-popping, flesh-rending, jagged rocks that looked like sharks' teeth. Standing hard on the pedals, we powered on til we reached a downhill paved road. Just what I'd hoped for.

I pointed my fat-tired Schwinn down the road and wound it up for all I was worth. There is nothing in the cycling world that dives faster and deeper than an old Schwinn Strand Cruiser, so I just held on and plummeted down the road like a 2-wheel avalanche, far above and beyond my limits of control.

I flew through the broken check at the bottom of the hill and continued on another paved road that led uphill and deep into the mountain. I'm glad that FRB's SALT LICK and PEE WEE HUEVOS had broken the check, because had I taken the lower road, I would have wound up in Bakersfield before I could have stopped the speeding Beach Cruiser.

The laws of gravity and inertia soon put an end to my up hill attack, and I was soon pushing the old beast in the company of PLAID COW, PASSING WIND and UNDERCOVER.

We soon came across another road that led to a convent. Had NUMB NUTS led us this way to seek salvation or receive last rites? Only he, and this sadistic bastard of a mountain knew what was in store for us, but we were getting closer to the answer, one step at a time.

Further up the hill, we saw PINKY and GEEZER TEAZER with several coolers filled with ice cold beer, the essence of our existence. Was it a mirage? Or a cruel trick being played on us by the black energy of the evil mountain? I trusted nothing before my eyes in this thin air and crushing heat. The eyes may lie, but the tongue never falters. It was beer all right, and Pabst at that! I asked PINKY who was ahead of us. He said that besides PEE WEE HUEVOS and SALT LICK, some hashers on foot like HOWDY, BIG BOOBS, DICKKOREATER and POOR AIM had also beaten us to the check and had vanished as quickly as they had arrived. I began to pick up a strange

vibration from the earth below me. Had this pyramid-shaped mountain been the temple of some lost civilization whose human sacrifice had once washed the mountain in blood? Or was it the volcanic gateway to the innermost depths of Hades? No time for speculation, only motion would lead to the answers. Up ahead, I saw a broken check laid over what appeared to be the image of Satan's trident burned into the ground. The mark off the check pointed down, but down into what?

Somewhere along the way we had gotten separated from LAST TRAIN, BUSTER, DOWN WENDY and STICKBITE. I feared the worst, but hoped for the best as we headed downhill where we found beer check number two. As we came to a stop, the only sound we could hear was that of dust and rocks that had been dislodged by our passing. It was almost like they were stalking us and now awaited our next move. "This place gives me the fucking creeps! I'm getting the hell out of here, every man for himself", I yelled as I pointed the old Schwinn down the trail and held on.

Gravity now became an ally, but I had picked up more speed than I had bargained for and was now caught in a life or death battle between the terrain and the chassis designers at Schwinn. I was hitting bumps so hard that my eyes rattled in their sockets like a Montana farmer's teeth in the middle of January. My knuckles crackled like roasting popcorn as I held the handlebars in a death grip and took aim at a wide clearing ahead. Unfortunately, blocking the trail and the clearing was a locked gate. I quickly backpedaled to activate the rear wheel brake but it was useless. Pieces of flaming metal and ball bearings shot out from the grossly overworked unit like fireworks. This was it. It wasn't a question of if I was going down; it was a question of how hard. I pictured myself lying in a twisted heap at the bottom of a ravine covered in bloody sweat and cactus needles with the only thought emanating from my fractured skull was that of beer and my beloved BROOMHILDA. Just then, I saw SNATCH and NECRO feverishly prying at the rusted latch on the gate that sprung open just inches ahead of my front wheel. As I sped toward the clearing, I found myself in a garden of jagged rocks that looked like the devil's own cheese grater. One wrong move here and you'd wind up looking like a used tampon! Somewhere still on this malignant wart of a mountain were HOZER, SID, SCRATCH & SNIFF, MOAN N' FUCKER and FART AND SMILE. I had to warn them! "Danger, danger, this whole fucking mountain is out to get us. Haul ass! Haul ass!" As the words were leaving my lips, I spotted the on-in below. I didn't even attempt to brake as I descended toward the finish like a bolt of lightning hurled by an angry god at those at the bottom who dared to disturb the sanctity of the mountain. Beerless, brakeless, and totally out of

control, I took aim at the pond behind the main staging area, and prepared to bail out. Instinctively, I tried one more time to drop anchor, and this time it worked! The rear wheel on the old Schwinn locked up tighter than the vault at Fort Knox. I just might make it. I held on, and at the last second, pitched the bike sideways and slid into the staging area in a cloud of flying dirt and debris. I picked myself up and ran toward the beer just as the bike burst into flames. Soon, I was joined by the rest of the running and cycling world's Black Sheep. We made it. We had danced in the lake of fire and lived to tell the tale, God must truly love the mad souls who drink themselves into a lather and chase each other though the hills all in the name of a good time.

This, my friends, is BOHICA!

Disturbingly yours,  
DR. HUNTER S. SUPERSCAR

### **RESULTS OF RUN # 1290**

DATE: 8/3/2008

Place: Twohashandpee

Hare: NUMB NUTS

Miles: 5

Attendance: 93

New Boots: see 1300

Visitors: see 1300

Returners: see 1300

Patches: none

Hare Patches: NUMB NUTS -5

Hashit: MORNING COCKTAIL for getting lost on the Lazy Bimbo's trail. This was a walking trail going from tent to tent.

On-On; campsite

Run Notes: Bike or run this trail up and down the hills around the campground. TWEEDLE and MOAN'N were tied with the same number of Demerit Badges but TWEEDLE won in a drink-off



**Who is  
that  
mystery  
Bohican  
anyway?**