

Special Edition Snooze LBH3 1000th Weekend



Hash Hotline (562) HASHI TT
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AVAST, MATIE - THE LBH3 1,000TH RUN -by BARNACLE (WILD) BILL

Saturday morning, July 12, 2003, I found myself standing on this boat. Not just any boat – a really, really BIG NEAT boat. A ship, actually. It's got port holes and starboard holes and aft stuff but I didn't see anything mizzen. It's really classy and it's not sinking and nobody's trying to shoot me and there's not an iceberg in sight. I had a lot of old friends are giving me hugs and I got an absolutely killer 20-pound goodie bag and everybody was raving about the Friday night paddle-wheeler. All of these are very good omens, and us mariners are big on omens. And tattoos. Sometime around 10:00 a.m. (no "red sky in the morning" - a very good sign) we got on a big bus with a keg and Bloody Marys and a bathroom and **SHIT HAPPENS** (from some foreign country called "South Carolinee") who had been married 5 times who, for some inexplicable reason, hit it off right away with **I DO DO DO DO DO**. We rode up to the LBH3 "Hash Playground" of Palos Verdes, and pulled into the "Rolling Hills Estates Tennis Club." Personally, I hang out there a lot when I'm not battering down the scuppers or sailing the Bounding Mane. I mean Main. They had the road blocked off and County Sheriffs were there waving us through and there was a horse show and it was all very exciting. We were all ready to run, but we had to wait around for an hour to let the Hares (**POOR AIM, OFF, PIG IRON, SIN D BARE**, etc.) catch their breath from all that strenuous pre-laying, and also the Hares wanted the marine layer to burn off so it would be really hot when we set out. Actually, that was okay, because there was an excellent breakfast spread laid out for us, and I got a chance to chat with some Hashers I don't see at every LBH3. **ZAPATA**, (who's now a Legend because he hasn't shown up since, like, the '80s, unlike the rest of us who have been watching each other growing old), **EJECT**, and **JOCK** were reunited, and lots of LA and OC Hashers made the commute to join in the fun. Many, many, old friends. Many, many, new ones. It was classic.

Results of Run #999

Date: July 11, 2003
Place: Long Beach
Miles: 5
Hares: DOUBLE ENTRY & GIVES GOOD HEAD & SHOULDERS

Results of Run #1000

Date: July 12, 2003
Place: Long Beach
Miles: Turkey - , Eagle - , Ball Buster -
Hares: OFF, PIG IRON, POOR AIM, SIN D BARE

Results of Run #1001

Date: July 13, 2003
Place: Long Beach
Miles: 5
Hares: PMS, ALOUETTE & TAKE A NUMBER

Finally, after 18 years of LBH3 history and adventures, we were off on the 1,000th run. Right into a damn tunnel. Wait, noooooo---not just any tunnel. This was a "tunnel" like the Queen Mary is a "boat." This was the Mother of All Tunnels. This was a tunnel out of Steven King's worst nightmare. It was dirty, slimy, stinky, foul, and utterly without end--it went on and on and on....You'd start sweating and your breath would come short, and you'd be thinking it was lucky you didn't have a gun and a single bullet - and then up ahead you'd see a softening of the dark, a glow, and you'd start to get your hopes up, that maybe you've worked your way back to the earth's surface---and it would only be a slender shaft of sunlight penetrating down a tiny opening, thereby re-inforcing the fact that you were still in an evil, merciless concrete tube with millions of tons of earth directly over your head, and there really is no way out. Many permanent bonds were made in that tunnel on that day (**TITS AHOY** and **ZAPATA**, for one)...Of course, the tunnel didn't bother me at all--I'll simply sleep with the light on for the rest of my life.

For me, the run started at the first beer check, conveniently located at "The Bus." This was more like it – beers, a pretty girl in a wheelchair (kinky!), some primitive wildlife from South of the Orange Curtain (**SHEEP THRILLS**), seeming right at home up in a tree. Oh, yeah, this is Hash! Had a lot of fun running on the horse trails, but it soon got hotter and dustier and I was very glad to find the 2nd beer check, conveniently located at "The Truck." From there, me and **REAR ADMIRAL** had a great tour of the Rolling Hills Farm Animals – we saw chickens and piggies and goats and ostriches and llamas and just all sorts of things we normally merely eat or screw. There was even a donkey, so **PINKY** can now honestly say that he got some ass at LBH3! Then the trail went ON UP for a very long time. Great bloody views; still, quite a burn. I was pretty tired, but **FALACIAL** was her super, cheery self. OK, she might have been breathing hard a little bit, but I kinda like that...Over the hill and down the other side to Beer Check No. 3, conveniently located at "The Bus." At this point, it occurred to me that I started at "The Bus," ran like a fool for over an hour, and ended up at "The Bus." Didn't seem like any point to running any further when, apparently, I was already there. Somehow, three more Hare miles (more like six, according to some) of this delirious fun was not exactly what I wanted on my plate right then....

More history was made when the DOWN DOWNS, for the first time in the long and checkered annals of LBH3, were interrupted by a Kamikaze attack. We've had cops, we've had irate citizens, we've had fat lady Vikings in horns and breastplate, we've even had a (real) Catholic Priest – but we've never ever had a Kamikaze attack. There is no limit to what **MR. RAT'S ASS** will do for attention. From there, it was back to the Raging Queen to rock the night away.

All in all, a great day which became part of a great weekend which has already taken its rightful position in the history books of the Long Beach Hash. Our thanks to the Hares, and to everyone who pitched in to make this weekend a truly magic event. So, shiver me timbers and blow me (down) - another Shitty Hash!

"The Tunnel" @ LBH3 1000th by Back Door Whore

My anticipation of the Long Beach 1000th Run began over a year ago when I was a member of 'the bored' and the planning of the event was in its infancy.

I would have never have guessed, speculated, calculated, dreamed, predicted, prophesized nor wished upon my enemy the fate of what will forever be known as, "**The Tunnel.**"

Saturday, July 12, 2003 was the long awaited 1000th Run for the Long Beach Hash House Harriers. The birds were singing, the busses were bussing, hundreds of hashers were taken to the secret 1000th start location. We sang, we drank, we ate, we joyfully waited....None knowing of the trail to be, the beginning of the 1000th trail. *The beginning of the end, the end of the beginning...or 'The Tunnel.'*

Trail began - and really, who gives a f*&ck what time, 11:00, 12:00. Who cares, it was a 3-day weekend and we had beer, breakfast, mimosas, bloody marys and hashers. Like I said, The 1000th trail began when it began and led us through beautiful Palos Verdes' shiggy. The trail head was enjoyable, (Head, who said Head?) and I think it may have been a slight grade down hill...and in the shade too. Yeah that's the ticket. Anyway, the trail was green, bright and full of bliss, a truly sun-shiny day. Until.....until the trail turned, turned and reared its grisly horned head and turned into the dark, merciless, neverending tunnel beneath the dark underground.

We followed trail arrows below and all 180+ hashers were now inside the dark tunnel. Glow sticks protruded from cold cement walls, faintly giving a haunting glow next to the darkness that surrounded the pack. Echos of Hashers reverberated throughout the hollowness, yet one could make out what was being said. I joke you not, running 24 inches next to another hasher, I could not understand what was said nor see what was projected from the dim glow sticks, only sounds of splashing resounding off each other.

It was dark, very dark and the direction of the tunnel turned frequently making one's mind play tricks in the shadows as the glow-sticks disappeared from sight, only to reappear again after a long turn. We squinted and stretched our eyes to see. Are the walls getting smaller? Is the Tunnel going up...or is it going down? Over 20 minutes have passed and there is no end in sight! Are Youuuuuuuuuuu?

The situation was manageable, up to this point. The question in my mind was when is this thing going to open to daylight? 25-minutes have passed now and there seems to be the smell of something putrid! Was it a dead animal? Or just the reek of sewer stench maybe? No..., oh-God no. It was not either...it was the unmistakable smell of GAS! Not just meager fumes, the gas filled inside the tunnel so thick I pulled my shirt over my mouth and nose, (tits out for the boys) O.K., no-one could see in the freakin' tunnel, but my tits were out, and I was running like an FRB! Images raced through my mind...

Tonight on Channel 7 news: Nearly 200 unsuspecting hashers were asphyxiated underground by Methane gas.'

Did I say Methane? Why not pump Methane Gas underneath the city? Surely *no-one* suspected us down there. Yes, more on Methane later. I thought after a few yards the smell would evaporate, it didn't. It was pungently strong and then we came upon the industrial fans. Why are there fans in a sewage tunnel? Unbeknownst to all, we were running beneath a huge dump. The fans were there to displace the natural Methane Gas that accumulated within the heap and under the ground...where WE were! God, please do not let a hasher fart....or click too many times on their dimming flashlight....30 minutes passed inside the tunnel. For those of you that run a 6 min-mile, do the math. We were in too deep, and there was no turning back!

With my shirt over my mouth and nose I thought about the others behind me. As the runners caught up with the walkers, the air in the tunnel would be tight, ok sparse... so I ran faster, the glow sticks blurred, not because of my speed, because I was HIGH....

I saw furry glow sticks, I saw river boats on the Mississippi and I saw Elvis.

Freakin' get me OUT of this tunnel! Wait. There's light...Light, oh thank you, light! I yell back to the hashers behind me "Light!" It bounces back...Liiihhhttt-shplash. The water was rising and then comes the disappointment: The light was only a slotted man hole from up above. A piss hole for the homeless, a drain for our daily toxins. A small tease of air, poking fun at us in the underworld. Steel grates blocked the tiny exit overhead. We continued running, falsely inspired by air. I relinquished myself to the darkness and held hands with Elvis, danced with rats and believed I would die here.

Liiiiiggghhhhttttt ! Could it be true? Or another deception? No, it was true, the endless tunnel has opened up and spat out the hashers into a ditch squinting like newborns. Ha Ha! I beat you, you freakin' tunnel! We all bounced with joy, unawares, the 1000th trail had *only* just begun.....

I chose only to scribe about "**The Tunnel**", being that it will be the core of my therapy sessions for weeks to cum. I was later told that 3-5 hashers with Claustrophobia were cured and many more stricken. I, in particular have a new challenge, to learn to short-cut and to learn in the future to give Elvis a fake phone number.

Here's to the Hares....Back Door Whore, LBH3

One-Thousandth-and-One Run of the Long Beach Hash

by Hi Ho

Sunday, July 13th 2003

There is something magical about one-thousand-and-one. Whether it is Arabian Nights, multiplying cats, or hash-trails run.

It was a slow recovery, wind-down morning in Nagas parking lot as the pack assembled. The blurry-eyed crew were greeted by **Kammonawannaleia's** & **JustJammit's** breakfast of oranges, bananas, Bloody Queen Mary's, Beer, Screwdrivers, Danish, Croissants, Muffins, Red Bulls and Coffee.

In a flurry of anthrax-pink-flour the hares, **Alouette**, **PaddleMeSilly**, and **TakeANumber** dashed up, over, and then under, the QueensWayBridge.

A convention of 30,000 Jehovah's Witness had gathered into the arena and brother **SuperScar**, moved with the spirit, began preaching to an apathetic gathering of idontgiveadams. With a sweeping circle of white chalk, around a pink-flour-blotch, he rolled his sermon out; "Brother and sisters, this is the pink stain of Communism, examine it closely, it lurks within our communities, it hides under our bridges, its insidious tentacles stretch even into the very hearts of our cities. If this continues, if we allow it to grow and fester, if we permit it to spread, the next thing we know, we will find soviet submarines berthed in our very own harbors, right next to cruise-line ships of foreign nations!" Pausing, **SuperScar** scanned the audience seeking support - **PackMyChute**, sitting on the curb, in the front row of the congregation, took a swig of beer, belched and scratched his balls.

A distinct advantage of hitting the trail at **Fruit's** first toot and being a consistent DFL 'is the rear-view scenery' and this Sunday morning, under the azure-sea-sky, Long Beach's wiggle-waggle-wanking scenery was at its unconditional best.

DFLing permitted passing and surpassing some of that weekend's finest assembled assets .**DiggeryDoMe**, **NightDeposit**, **CockADialDoneMe**, **NoTwat4U**, **PPLongSucking**, **Jane** (I don't have one) **AmeliaAirFart**, **TeenageEnemaNurse**, **BrownThumb**, **Free Samples**, made this dead-man-running, glad he came. Passing the marina, **BroomHilda** and **NastyHabit** were deep in conversation , "Why would a man would pay 60K for a hummer?" And speculating where they could find such a man.

By the lighthouse - the trail developed a **Jock** favorite a wet-dry (hash & splash) split, and the peculiar "Sounds of Silence" were noted by **Joe Izuzu**, as **FruitOfTheLoom**, departed from the marks in soft-sand and onto firmer surfaces. **LastTrainToCuntsville**, and **StupidPieceOfShit** went wet and wild thrashing. As **LTTC**'s dripping body brushed past **BackDoorWhore** she exclaimed, "Oh, I must be fantasizing, I thought he was naked." To which, Mr. **Cuntsville** replied, "Wow, I've been having fantasies too ? naked ones ? also about myself, ."

At a beer check manned by **Head&Shoulders** below the copper-topped Riviera apartments, **SumDumbChik** and **Flouncer** explained that a flouncer is like the ring-girl between rounds of a Vegas boxing match the job is similar only wetter they are used between scenes in the porn industry.

The trail led past swaying palms and another lovely bunch of coconuts, **SanFishB**, **BidetMate**, **MassageATwat**, **Falacial**. A check, double hare arrows, and a false, almost converted half the hash into JW's. A hooker on the corner of Ocean Ave asked **CaptainJerk**, "Whoa big-boy, are you glad to see me, or is that a Watchtower in your pocket?"

Past the home of THE POLE (creator of the world's largest American Flag one of his covered Hoover Dam he's now defunct but his ashes are in the eagle at the top of the pole.) The trail did a twist towards the **Joe Izuzu** Fellatio Foundation (aka Head Start on 4th Street) an ice-cream-vendor, then a cool rinse through a Laundromat where **SnowBalls** left his tag on a vending machine. A beer check found a collection of Hooters, **NeverEnoughSex**, **I DoDooDewDoDue**, **BeaverWankHair**, **TitsAhoy**, (who was once a tequila shot girl;) the restaurant's WC's are dedicated to the 1914 invention of John J Crapper.

It was a parking lot run and there was a lot of parking with the convention in town. Most grateful for the tour of indoor, underground structures was **FOTL** who says he is always on the lookout for dry places since I'm only one check away from homeless. (Is that beer-check, hash-check, or pay-check?) Mentioning which, **Tits**, **RubberDick**, and **MRA**, delivered the leftover milk, muffins and fruit to the homeless park we so frequently hash through.

Tuesday morning the Press Telegram's headline screamed that the weekend smog level was the worst in 5 years. Coincidence? Or, did 170 alcohol fueled, dust kicking, hasher's in overdrive since Thursday push the area air-quality to its limits?

Run 1001 was the capstone to a grand weekend adventure. A cool breeze graced the pack in the shade of coral and ficus trees, beside a quite lagoon for the On-In. The naming of **SquirtyOneFlavors** is a story you should hear straight from **Broom**. The On-On continued at Queen's Wharf where a tired pack languidly lingered over their lager, knowing it had been an experience never to be repeated. Well DONE! One and ALL!! Hip! Hip! HOORAY!!!

ON ON

Hi Ho

LONG BEACH 1000th WEEKEND EVENT (FROM THE RACCOON TAIL) by Ben Dover

Friday from the tail:

The gala event was well coordinated by the 1000th board committee. The Queen Mary was the perfect spot to put on a hash weekend. The Queen herself is haunted with ghosts, oh, I forgot, who needs them when you've got drunken hashers? (More hash ghost stories later). I wondered whom I would see first and it didn't take too long to notice **Boys R Us** driving his Saturn station wagon in reverse trying to find a perfect parking space. Did he learn his lesson in Mexico?

My ball and chain **S*tan** and I registered with **6-9 Split**, **Hi Speed Copulator**, and **Pinky**. **8 Yellow Snow** was already drinking while **Quatro Pinko Cheeko** and **Pokey** were passing out souvenirs to all blue tag hashers. We got a real neat room with a bird's eye view of the city and next door to us was **Capt. Jerk**. Here's a ghost story which Queen officials never mention, during midday and midnight we heard a pirate's howl next door, it went like this "Aaaaaargh"! A normal tourist would have been spooked, but a seasoned hasher knows better!

I carried my digital camera to take action pictures for Friday night's hash number 999 hared by **Double Entry** and **Gives Good Head and Shoulders**. The trail took the hounds into Long Beach city and the homeless cheered us and the city folks didn't bother us. A far cry from the P.M.S. Red Dress Hash this year when we were pelted with eggs. I hashed trail with **Pull Toy, Back Door Whore, Last Train to Cuntsville, Just Ashley, Screw Cap, Urethra Frankgland, Sheep Thrills, Shoulda Been Gay, Nice Hair Fag, Beauty N' Obese, Mensa Cycle, Pillsbury Blowboy, Boys R Us, Batta, Achey Breaky Fart, Honey Do Me, Joey Buttafuckyou, Detachable Penis, Banana Split, Passing Wind, Under Cover, Erection Your Honor, Drippy Dick, Ham Boner, Big Gulp, Cum Nail Me, Weed Whacker, Stale Mate, Rub Her Dick, Massage A Twat, Marv Albert, Long Cutting Bastard, Snowball, Titty Bear, Screw Loose** and the rest of you wankers!

The On-In was at the paddleboat that had 3 decks! The grub was at the bottom; the free beer was in the middle, and the fresh air on top. Most of the hashers stayed in the middle until grub was served. **Faggedy Andy** was missing his red-light mug, so **Back Door Whore** sent herself on a mission to find it. You have to admire the blond harriette who looked in every corner and cranny. A drunken birthday boy hasher, **Boo Boo Bear** had it, and **Back Door Whore** scolded him.

The rest of Friday night was enjoyed on the top deck. **Just Say No To Crack** pretended to be a captain steering the wheel while **Fish Lips** and **Milk Near** admired his ability to maneuver the ship. **Hi Speed Copulator** and her beau celebrated their 18th wedding anniversary. **Flash Pants** and everybody else is soaking up suds at this point of the night!

Saturday from the tail end:

You would think we could wake up by 9:00 A.M. right? Here's another ghost story. We get a bang on the door at 6:00 A.M. **S*tan** and I looked at each other thinking this room is haunted so we won't answer the door and we put the blankets over our heads. The banging on the door gets louder and louder until we hear this heavy Scottish accent yell out, "We want your fucking rings"! **S*tan** whispered, "They want our wedding rings don't answer it"! Now I'm thinking we don't need stinking ghost, we got zombie hashers pounding at our door. Finally I answered the door and it was hung over committee members **Da Butt** and **Pinky** looking for **Shit Happens**. Wrong room they realized and off they went down the hallway (**Pinky** was later heard to say 'I don't like this'). Later that morning **Tits Ahoy** explained to us they didn't listen to her say 'M128'. We stayed in "A128" a floor difference.

Now this was the big day after 18 ½ years. It's very hot and sunny and no cool breeze from the Pacific Ocean. The Long Beach Hash House Harriers reached a milestone and **Jock, Eject,** and **Zapata** were proud papas. The hares were seasoned hashers; **Pig Iron, Poor Aim, Sin D Bare,** and **O.F.F. Fruit of The Loom** couldn't be happier as he blew his whistle and off went the hounds. The run started down a hill with **Krabs** and **Wet Clam** showing zest and in a hurry to get wet inside a tunnel. The infamous Palos Verdes tunnel from my very first hash (the run of the year) in June of '95. **EZ** who was the scribe back then would put it "The new boots who were there didn't know how lucky they were and might as well drop to their knees and rephrase 'Wayne's World' we're unworthy, we're unworthy".

Running inside the dark tunnel brought flashbacks of hashers from the good times of the past, some among the living, and some among the dead. Those brave souls who dare to hash with LBH3 like; **Darktanyon, Tuna Taco, James Bondage, B.O.T., Plata Pussy, Slut Machine, Break Lights, Liposuckthis, Southern Baptits, No Douchee/No Nookee, Staph Infection, Camel Humper, Big Green Weenie, Scooter, No Pricks In Me, Won't Let Him Cum, Rum Rico, Fine Ass, Sugar Tits, Milli Vanilli, Diamond Dick, and Hump Me Bogart**. Something like the ending of the movie "All Quiet In The Western Front" when it shows all those German soldiers looking over their shoulders.

We ran and skidded out of the tunnel with smelly and muddy shoes along with hashers like **Wild Bill, Alouette, Just Jam It, Acropolips, Pigs Tail, Satan, I Do Do Do Do Do, Glider In, Didgeridildo, Psycho Bitch, Stupid Piece of Shit,** and a whole host of others. The first beer check was inside the charter bus and hashers who decided not to hash the second trail were wise. It was a death march for those with a hangover. **Pinky** would testify and some pics from my digital camera will show proof.

The charter bus made one more stop and **Pokey** greeted us with water, beer, and Gatorade. The on-in was 3 miles away, some disagreed as **Sosumi** pointed out since leaving the beer check "I graduated from high school, went to college, got married, had kids, they went to college, and finally I'm drinking a beer". **Poor Aim** asked me what did I think about the trail, I told him it was great. I lived to hash another day. The down-downs were interrupted by kamikazes. Bonzai **Sheep Thrills** took a nosedive right at the down-down beer. Hashitt was awarded to **Sin D Bare**. Our shoes were full of crap and smelled real bad so we decided to leave them underneath **S*tan's** car to dry for the next day.

Saturday's night event was awesome! Wow! The Wall of Shame was a site to behold in awe. Great work by **Blow Up Doll, 8 Yellow Snow,** and the rest of the board committee.

You know who you are, stand up and take another bow. The Orange County HHH delegates, **Gigo** and **Sheep Thrills** awarded Long Beach H3 with a recognition certificate plaque and thanked LBH3 for keeping **Fruit of The Loom**. The hash band led by **Homosaxual**, **3 1/2 Floppy Dick**, **Last Train to Cuntsville**, and the rest performed the "Hit Parade" which hashers like **Sniff My Butt**, **More Sex**, **Hindlick**, **BV Diva**, **Fungus**, **Moan N'**, **Hi Ho**, **Pot Ho**, **Damian**, **Martha Fucking Stewart**, **Victoria Secretion**, **Howdy Do Me**, **Micro Screwery**, **Tweedle Me**, **Heave Ho**, **Bidget Mate**, **Pee Wee Sperman**, **Nut N' Honey**, **Nipple Schnizle**, **Pic N' Save**, **Pixilated Pussy**, **Broomhilda**, **Brown Thumb**, **Corn Hole Hussie**, **Flouncer**, **Double Entry**, **One Beat Off**, **Fellacial**, **4 N Lay**, **Penis Butter**, **Amy McMarathon**, and the rest of California styling hashers that dance and danced until the wee hours. If you didn't attend then YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE!

Sunday from the tail end:

You would think our hash shoes would still be underneath the car. They were missing. Who would take smelly shoes? I've come up with some hunches:

- A. The Groundskeeper
- B. Another Queen Mary Ghost That Haunts The Parking Lot
- C. High Flying Squadron Zeros
- D. Local Transit
- E. Sunday Morning Hares
- F. And Finally, A Hasher

A truly shitty hyper weekend!
Ben Dover

Trip Report to LBH3 1000th Weekend by Shit Happens

Well I was finally suckered by **8YS** and crew to make the trip to the OTHER coast and attend my first large West coast hash....and boy am I glad that I went. Without a doubt it was one of the well run, OVERORGANIZED events that I have ever been too...the people were friendly, the beer was good and the giveaways were OVER abundant...anyway here is my trip report...

I decided to fly to Charlotte last Wed and met up with several of the Charlotte H3 for a free concert and impromptu pub crawl...big mistake as I had to be at the airport by 7AM for my flight to Sunny CA the next AM...thanks to BAaah for hauling me out of bed and gettin me the church(whoops make that airport) on time...

I arrived on Thurs AM and was picked up by the ever popular **Cock-o-dial Done Me** who gave me a tour of Santa Monica and Venice and muscle beach....I got a first hand look at the craziness that can only be explained in the words of **Mr Jackson** as "those people"...wow, just about anything goes out there, and my eyes were definitely opened when I saw about everything and its brother and sister on skates on the boardwalk....enuf time for a couple of prehash beers and then we were off to the hash in San Pedro...or were we.....I got my first hand taste of LA traffic while we tried to get there on time...HOW IN THE HELL DO YOU PEOPLE SIT IN THAT DAMN TRAFFIC ALL DAY ANYWAY?...well we got to the hash as the tail end people were leaving and caught up to back of the back...I got diverted by the incredible scenery and the seal exhibit at the top of the 2nd hill where there were about 100 seals in cages...that I think were rescued or something. Anyhow, I somehow managed to find the end at a bluff that overlooked the ocean that had a view of the sunset and moon rise which was pretty awesome.

Down downs commenced, and since Mr. "Cop Magnet" was there, the cops came and shut us down since it seems there was play going on at the other end of the park and our lovely down down songs were disturbing them. I was very impressed that there were almost 80 fools there and the keg beer was cold and plentiful...well the circle was closed and off to the on after at a pizza place..I was lucky enuf to be transferred to the care of **Faggedy Andy** and **Back Door Whore** who took me home and put me to work for the event.....I did get some "real" beer at the grocery store, Henry Weinhard's private reserve, which you can't get over here....

On Friday AM, we loaded up the wagons with tons of hash stuff and decorations and headed over to the Queen Mary..or so I thought.....**Faggedy** took off his hat with a strange Logo on it and I asked what the hell that "Joe Jost's" was...well, man did I find out....the 3 of us went to one of the coolest bars that I have ever been to....they had these cool hot dog sandwiches on rye(Specials) pickled eggs and peppers over pretzels, and the coldest damn beer I have ever had in HUGE schooner mugs...hell, they even have a thermometer with 2 ft red neon letters with the current beer temp on it...it

was 29.1° F when I was there..What a cool hash bar(I guess that has happened a few time, huh?)..anyhow, we somehow found our way to the QM where we unloaded, stuffed packets(more later about that) and started drinking...the QM lady pouring beer told me take a tour and "Feel free to disregard the do not enter signs" so thats what I did.....2 hours later, lost in the engine room area, I wished that I would have laid a trail with bread crumbs to find my way out of there....hell, the QM is 114' longer than the Titanic was(betcha didnt know that!)..Anyhow, I somehow found my way out and made it to the rego area where I picked up the largest giveaways BAGS(plural) that I have ever seen...they had more cool shit in there then I have ever seen including a fleece vest jacket, t shirt, beach towel, cooler, limited edition Queen mary can opener and button, and about 20 other items...hell, they gave us so much stuff that I had to buy a new pack to haul it back on the plane in...awesome giveaways....

Anyhow, at about 6:30PM trail started and it was a awesome run around the harbor area in Long Beach that ended at a Paddle Wheel cruise boat that took us out for a 3 hour tour...the boat was nicely decorated with a lighted "LB1000th" sign that shone nicely at dark.....the beer was flowing, catered dinner was served, down downs performed and then dancin began..the cute waitresses from the boat took off their uniforms and jumped into the fray with us and were also having a great time...one disappointment though is that the strip tease queen of the East coast, **Tweedle Me**, does not take off her clothes on the west coast, so I had to operate from memory of her performaces at Hogtown and Hedon while she was dancing on Friday nite....well somehow I made it on the last bus and made it back to the hotel at 2 AM..the bar was closed so I think I went to bed....

Sat morning came way too early but at least there was beer, Bloody Mary's and screwdrivers on the bus...that they fixed for YOU.....man, talk about service....anyhow the busses dropped us off at the run start breakfast was served there(a really cool concept, since you don't have to rush thru breakfast to get to the bus), it was easy to make the start...The trail headed over thru a horse park where a horse show was going on and we headed down a canyon on trail that I thought was a dead end.....the trail ended up going into the LONGEST tunnel that I have ever been in. The tunnel was marked with hundreds of day glow sticks that were taped on the wall, and I know that I was underground for at least 40 minutes and was walking /jogging/running the whole time....you do the math...I think it was between 2 and 3 miles...I somehow missed the memo about the flashlights, cause I could have sure used one when I dropped my sunglasses into the tunnel slop and had to reach into the dark muck to find them...anyhow about 5/6 the way thru the tunnel it occurs to me that we are in an EARTHQUAKE area, and I wondered what would have happened if there were one and we were still down there...I could see the headlines now "200 hashers trapped underground, story at 11" and then there was the methane gas(no those weren't my farts).. somehow we managed to make it out of there to the first beer check...I wisely chose to get on the bus to the end and what a venue it was....a bluff overlooking the ocean with a 500' cliff and trail down to the ocean...after a brief attempt at bodysurfing in very strong waves, I made my way back up the hill to downdowns and Jager bombs which were flowing all weekend as there was a Red Bull sponsor who provided all the Red Bull, Jager and vodka that we wanted for FREE.. Other than the beer incident with Joe ranger, the venue kicked ass...my other observation confirms what **Mr Jackson** has said for a long time, and that is that there are a "bunch of poofers out there", as there was some of the BEST WEATHER that I have ever seen, sunny 60 - 80° and yet the Californians still managed to complain about being too cold/hot..what the hell was up with that , hell it was 116°F when I left SC...I would gladly PAY for weather like that with no humidity...anyhow, I missed most of the down downs as I took a group of rookies to Joe Jost's for round 2, and trip there and taxi ride back with the drunk cab driver was another experience....anyhow, we all made it safely back to the QM for the sit down dinner which several hashers slept thru(hey thanks for the extra food!!) anyhow, Long Beach awards were given out, random prizes given and then the hash band started, and man did they ROCK....And of course the highlight of the eventing was getting my "girls from LA" calendar personally autographed by most the ladies on the calendar (thanks **Oedipussy** for setting me up) The venue was at one end of the boat with our own private balcony overlooking the harbor.....anyhow, about midnite or so, we adjourned to the bar at the other end of the boat and we intermingled with the other groups who were on the boat, a couple of weddings, a Dr. convention, and a high school re-union....somehow I ended up in a room with a mix of all of the above and an Elvis imitator who played a mean guitar(thank you very much)...I think I made my way back to the cabin around 5 AM...When the alarm went off at 9:30 I promptly said "no thank you" and went back to bed till 11:30 when I was lucky enuf to hook up with **Blow Up Doll** who was on her way to the end of the Hangover hash...I understand that I missed a stop at Hooters, but hey, there were still tons of cute harriettes at the end of the trail along with plenty of food, bloodys and beer....at the end there was a naming of the sister of the only hasher that I know who has been married more than me, I do do do do do...(yep thats five folks)..anyhow, her sister got named **Squirty 1 flavors** due to her performance in bed the nite before(or so I was told.....) the hash ended and went to the on after at another kick ass dive bar/restaurant that featured Tuna Tacos(get your mind out of the gutter Dick!!) that were really good...the beer was cold and cheap too so it was a great way to finish off the evening....I helped **8YS** unload the truck and then after a couple of beers it was off to the ariport for the redeye back to sunny SC(that'd be South Carolina, kids).....All and all it was one of the best events that I have ever been 2 for several reasons..first of all there were no 2 hour bus rides anywhere, the beer was cold and drinkable, there was always plenty of food and you could even have seconds at the catered meals...there were more giveaways than I have ever seen at ANY event, THE VENUES KICKED ASS, and no matter what anyone else says, they were friendly to us east coasters.....Special thanks to all of those who carted my ass around all weekend and a special thanks to **8YS, Doll, Back Door** and **Fagedy Andy**....I had a great time and can't wait to come back again.....A truly shitty GREAT time....

Disrespectfully submitted,
Shit Happens

Jumping Jack Hash – It's a Gas! Gas! Gas!

by Pillsbury Blow Boy

Having participated in only one prior extended hash event, I was not completely certain what to expect. From the 969th, I heard horror stories about screaming babies and trails onto sacred Indian burial grounds, resulting in multiple decapitations and tomb desecrations. At the 900th, I remember the biggest issue was picking up **Buttsy Ross** from the airport, because it was a few days after September 11th. For the 1000th, however, I participated in some small part of the planning, like getting my co-webmaster to post information on the main site or contacting harriettes about T-shirt options, so I hoped it would go well!

On Friday, **Fishlips** called me at 4:30pm, wanting to go register. By the time we both got our act together, took the longest possible route to get to the Queen Mary, scouted for free parking spots, and ended up getting stuck driving back to downtown again, it was nearly 6pm when we checked in. Check-in was very straightforward – **Poke-A-Cuntess** and **Hi Speed Copulator** looked up our goodie bag number and called it out to **Paddle Me Silly** and **Cum Nail Me**, **6-9 Split** distributed our blue All Access wristbands after we signed our lives away, **Quattro Pinko Cheeko** and **Corn Hole Hussie** were on hand to sell raffle tickets and explain the raffle. I looked around at the selection and decided to put my ticket in for the Asian gift basket. As we emerged with our thermos bag, trash can, shirt, vest, lanyard treat, shirt, towel and other goodies, we were ready to make a mad dash to the car to put the stuff away, when we were commissioned by Haberdashery volunteers **4 N Lay** and **Wet Clam** to help them move the Haberdashery into the Hospitality Room. Quick work, then we lugged our supplies to **Fishlips'** car and headed over for a little run pre-lube.

Upon exiting the Queen Mary, we followed some arrows (carefully drawn by **Last Train to Cuntsville**) but like the *Ratmobile*, you could spot the cargo van from outer space. A small crowd was forming next to the cargo / bag / beer van, mostly the usual suspects – **Victoria's Secretions** (on a rare day where he wasn't dressed in civvies), **Fellacial**, **Milk Near**, and **8 Yellow Snow**. The hares, **Double Entry** and **Gives Good Head & Shoulders** were doing their usual pre-trail ritual of walking around casually – either because they had pre-laid 90% of the trail, or they were autoharing.

I spotted **Blow Up Doll** looking very officious and giving everyone big hugs. She looked ready to breathe a sigh of relief (yeah, right. Maybe in two days!). She introduced me to a couple of hashers visiting from Oman – **Drippy Dick** and **Banana Split**. I also met a couple of hashers who were big and tall – **Hind Lick** and **Headfucker**. Some subscribers to the HASHSC list serv may have seen a posting recently from **Headfucker**, praising **8 Yellow Snow's** ascerbic wit (regarding one **Ted Gambogi**, who attempted to unsubscribe from the list serv by "Replying All" to every message – if you missed this, e-mail **HomoSaxual** for the details). **Headfucker** and I had quite the conversation about hash debauchery (of which we both hoped we could some day partake), thus distracting ourselves from more insidious real-life problems (such as my lack of a job, the recent death of his mother and **Mary Tyler Whore's** health problems). We made arrangements to meet after the 1000th weekend to co-write a book entitled, "Using the Hash House Harriers to Deal With Unpleasant Problems, or how to drink oneself into a dumb stupor."

There were also a number of hashers present for the big weekend, but clearly unable to run – **Massage A Twat** (unemployment), **Little Dipper** (old age), and **Nippleschnitzel** (sore from running with **Cockrider**). I think they were the "designated beer checkers."

At some point after 6:30pm, though without **Fruit of the Loom** shouting, 'What time does the 6:30 hash start?' the hares set off. I was momentarily distracted from completely filling my mug. Approximately 15 minutes later, the pack set off.

It was not hard to determine where the trail would go (barring swimming across the channel), as the closest bridge to downtown was Queensway Drive. The FRBs followed a street and pedestrian path along the waterfront by the Coast Hotel. I reached the first check just behind **Nice Hair Fag**, **Cum Nail Me** and **Pinky**. Naturally, we bit upon the false, crossing under the bridge and falling behind more of the pack. Save the few of us breaking the first check, the remainder of the pack crossed the bridge on the right side, while we crossed on the left and then darted across 3 traffic lanes, over the median wall, 3 more lanes and over another wall.

Once across, we briefly were slowed by a number of falses behind the aquarium. The usual pack ploy of sprinting off in some direction and not calling "Checking" or "On One" ensued. (Actually, **Fruit** pointed out, in only the way he can, that "There is only 'On On.' There is no 'On One.'" Very Yoda-esque, **Fruit**.) Finally, **Fruit** called out, "On On!" though the trail actually went in the opposite direction towards Catalina Landing and meandered around the Catalina Ferry Terminal before reaching the first beer check near the L.A. River Bike Trail. I stopped briefly to refill my mug and then continued on the trail on Golden Shower Street and another check.

Wet Clam (for the first of many times this weekend) guessed incorrectly that the trail would head up the Gerald Desmond bridge and go to Queen's Wharf, while the rest of us went through the World Trade Center, back across Ocean and into a new apartment complex. Another tricky (obviously pre-laid) check waylaid most of the FRBs until **Freudian Slut** and I guessed correctly, taking us into a circle jerk and letting the pack catch up again.

We then recrossed Ocean, where **Fishlips** mooned a few Jehovah's Witnesses, ran up a few blocks to Lincoln Park, where she "Just Show[ed] One" to the oblivious homeless people. A few more alleys, parking lots, and a strip mall took us to the second beer check at the Blue Note Café, where live music and partying was in full swing.

We knew we were headed soon to a grand romance on some paddlewheel, but no idea exactly where it docked. Another evil check by the Long Beach Convention Center tricked us, but we realized the most direct way to the shoreline was straight ahead and down the spiral staircase (or elevator) and within minutes, we were at the end of the trail, collecting our bags and wondering what was next.

An imperceptibly sighing **BUD** told us that everything was taking place on the boat, so I boarded the Grand Romance, which was beautifully decorated with lights signifying the "LB 1000." The Grand Romance had a large paddlewheel in the back and 3 levels: the main (complete with dance floor, tables and disco ball), the intermediate (with a bar and booth tables overlooking the dance floor) and the top deck (a mostly covered deck with a few chairs and one or two tables) where the beer was. I scouted out a good table for dinner and down-downs, where I encountered **Sin D Bare** and late arrival **Alfredo Fed A Weenie**. I pointed out the irony of the Hare of the Year and Worst Hare of the Year meeting. (Seemed like something that might cause the universe to implode.) Both **Sin D** and I wondered where **Alfredo** had been. He informed us that he had been looking to buy a house for some time and finally a perfect little home became available in his city of choice, West Hollywood. **Sin D** comforted him during a private rendezvous in the men's room with "Gay's OK!"

I quickly changed into dry clothes far away from the amorous pair and went up to the third deck for some munchies and beer. Upstairs I met **Just Suzanne** (the college roommate of **I Do Do Do Do Do**, who indirectly was responsible for bringing **I Do** to the hash by bringing her to A Running Experience first), who signed up for the weekend last minute after dumping her abusive alcoholic boyfriend (hey, the Hash is a perfect place for a rebound!). I also had a nice talk with **Brown Thumb**, which helped pass the time between the end of the run and dinner.

Since most of the pack had headed down to eat, I thought I should probably do the same before they ran out of food or I disrupted down-downs. The line extended through the center of the dance floor, but **Flash Pants** (the DJ) at that moment was playing "American Pie," so the entire line (including **Heave Ho**, **Tweedle Me**, **Joey Buttafuckyou**, **Honey Do Me**, and **Nasty Habit**) was shucking and jiving. Even the servers and the waitresses were movin' and singin' along!

Dinner consisted of a simple (and tasty): salad (Caesar or Italian dressing), mashed potatoes, carrots, broccoli, rolls, and Chicken Piccata (lasagna for the Herbivores). Since most of the dance floor tables were occupied, I made my way to the middle deck and ate with **Sheep Thrills** and **Just Say No to Crack**. Our little advantage was we could pelt the first floor hashers with food and they couldn't really tell where it came from! Later, we were plied with chocolate or pumpkin cake.

Before I could get through the food, Down-Downs started. The combination of the disrespect of the circle and **8's** ability with a microphone, it sounded like "Blah Blah Blah... Visitors. Blah Blah Blah... down down down down down!" The highlight was **Wet Clam** trying to grab a beer and spilling it, followed by the entire group throwing their red and black cloth napkins to assist.

Once the obligatory songs and down-downs ended, the party really started. The music was varied and all really fun to dance to. I roamed the different decks and talked with various and sundry hashers about how fun this was. I caught **BV Diva** secretly smoking cigarettes and neatly avoided **Freudian Slut** and **Last Train** trying to squeeze in a "Quickie" (**Last Train** definition of a quickie: 45 minutes!).

Meanwhile, **Fishlips** got to yank on the Captain's horn in exchange for one of her impressive tit flashes. Mostly, I hung around on the top deck (because you could still hear the music but it wasn't deafening) with **Sperm Gurgling Hamboning Butt Whore**, **Ben Dover**, **Satan**, and **Cum Nail Me**. **SGHBW** was taunting some hashers down on the main level and they drenched him with beer (I have no idea how – did someone have a Super Soaker?).

At 10:45, the Grand Romance made her first stop at port, to drop off a few wise hashers ("Early to bed...") and pick up a few latecomers, most notably **Sequential Gangbang** (who is now working in New York City). I decided on one more go-round, mostly because my ride decided on one more, and at 11:30 we left the grand ol' boat behind with a multitude of hashers.

BUD had secured a bus (which had earlier taken Jehovah's Witnesses sightseeing) for our ride back to the Queen Mary, where some were staying and others had their cars. The bus was extremely full and the seats were so cramped that when I sat down, my knees kept my ass elevated 6 inches off the seat. So, it was, of course, ideal, that **SGHBW** sat down next to

me, pinning me against the window. Fortunately, for a time, he gave up his seat (What a gentleman!) to **Our Tits**. This made for an awkward few minutes as recently, **OT** admitted that she often thinks about me, despite being romantically linked with **One Beat Off** – slash – **Wheed Wack Her**. Any romantic underpinnings were squashed – literally – when **SGHBW** decided that he wasn't a gentleman after all and sat on her lap!

The ride, at least, was only 10 minutes or so, and most were too tired to continue in the vein of "Who Farted?" **Fishlips** and I made a quick getaway and I was home and asleep by 12:30.

Saturday morning came a little earlier than I wanted. Unlike the rest of the (I'll say "Smart," but only this once) pack, I had been tricked into registering for a Kayak / R*n Relay with one of my running clubs, starting at 8am. The plan was to stumble through the r*ce and then drive like the wind back to the Queen Mary, with **Fishlips** and **Fruit of the Loom** ?!?! in tow. Let's just say that hashing, dancing and drinking until the wee hours of the morning are not conducive to performing well in the morning (at least for me... though I haven't talked with **Just Kathleen** and **Nice Hair Fag** yet). Coming into the last r*n to kayak transition, my team was in 2nd, and we finished in 15th (out of 19)! **Fruit** was due to give the awards, but they weren't ready and he was getting antsy and transitioning from Dr. Jekyll into Mr. Hyde – and yes, we almost left **Fishlips** behind! I dropped the two of them at the gate, hoping myself to avoid the \$8 parking (Later, **Head & Shoulders** told me that he collected room keys which allowed him to park for free!). I drove around, but by the time I found a tenable parking spot, it was 10:50 and I was more than 20 minutes walk from the pickup. So, I parked good and close, but ended up having to pay.

Ironically, the buses weren't there yet! I probably could have parked in Naples and swum over and still had time to drink a beer or two! Apparently, some issues came up hash morning and combined with road closures, shitty directions from **Passing Wind** to the first bus driver, and 'acceptable hash behavior,' the second set of buses were a BIT late! Finally, around 11:30, the first of the last two buses showed up and filled to bursting. I decided to wait for the second bus, not too excited about repeating sharing a seat with **SGHBW**. I was joined by ten or so others, including **Pokey**, **Chunky Monkey**, **Fruit**, **Our Tits**, and **One Beat Off**. No updates later, around 12:00, **Pity Fuck** comes strolling down and says, "Damn, you all missed the bus, too?" He was just hoping to find out where the end was and join us. I told him that not only didn't he miss the bus, but he had time to get his run bag, have a quickie (with anyone but **Last Train**), and go for a swim around the harbor.

Finally, the last bus showed up around 12:15. The ten of us hurriedly boarded, whilst **Pokey** made arrangements to possibly drop us off at the first beer check. "Is that OK with everyone?" I was almost ready to comply, but then my conscience, **Fruit**, said, "Hell no! This is the 1000th. Try hashing. You might like it!" A few hashers were disappointed, but we pointed out they could just stay on the bus, if they wanted, in any case. I just hoped that we would be able to set off with the pack.

Despite all the stories of difficulty in getting to the start, traffic and road closures, we were at the start in 25 minutes, just 5 minutes after the hares started off. **Fruit** got off the bus just in time to shout, "TEN MINUTES!"

Having already stolen Sunday's munchies from the cargo van while still at the Queen Mary, the ten of us did not really need to partake further of oranges, bananas, yogurt, and danishes. A cursory filling of my hash mug, and soon the pack was off on the 1000th run. An unusual start to be sure, because due to some event, we actually had crossing guards assisting us across a not-so-busy intersection. I sheepishly smiled at the cop while toting my large mug of beer.

A few horse trails later, we found ourselves in a culvert heading for one of the many tunnels in this area. The ground was slightly wet and some walker harriettes were already whining. In their defense, it was a bit dark, despite glow sticks every few feet along the wall. I slowed to a walk, having no flashlight and not wanting to trip up some invisible hasher just ahead of me.

I could hear some wailing in the tunnel ahead of me – some hasher was really freaking out in the dark. I offered my arm and for a few hundred yards, I escorted **Tits Ahoy** along the tunnel. After that short bit, I had to stop because I was getting a bruise on my hand from her clenching so tight and bruises on my shoulder from tit recoil – I guess I shouldn't have made her run with me! A little further ahead, I heard yet another harriette scream, "Ohmigod! Methane gas! We're all going to die!" I wasn't sure I recognized the voice, but then someone shined a flashlight and who came running by, but the hash's bitch, **Hung Like A Bug**. Did we let her back into the hash?

After a time, I caught up with **Cockrider** and **Shoulda Been Gay**. They had flashlights and so made it easier to run. A few hashers complained that we were splashing them. (Boo hoo. We're in a sewage tunnel. You're hashers. Geez!) The tunnel wound around forever, with a couple of checks (that no one took) and a couple of extremely smelly muddy sections. For a time, I even had to duck my head – and that's when everyone began to freak out! "Am I hallucinating? **Pillsbury's** getting taller! Ack! I'm getting out of here!" Finally, I heard shouts of "Daylight" and everyone was rubbing their eyes and readjusting to the light. People hurried to get out of the culvert and over the fence (though there was an easy-access gate very close), and soon we were at Manned Beer Check #1. I gave a muddy high-five to **Nippleschnitzel** (how did she get there ahead of me?) and mounted the bus to refill my mug.

No time to chitchat as I saw **Skirt Boy**, **Big Gulp** and **Snowball** immediately set out again on trail. A few dozen indistinguishable twists and turns on a horse path and we found ourselves at Beer Check #2... only there was no beer, just a check. Later, beer check bitch **8 Yellow Snow** told me he was banging some harriette at Beer Check #1, and so got a little waylaid. I coulda used the beer, but hey, after this morning's bus fiasco, **8** deserved to get screwed!

The out trail from BC2 soon became familiar. Earlier in the year I convinced **Fuck Me, Stat!** to take the Eagle trail (in this very spot) and it ended up being a circle jerk, all uphill, on mud. Mud, today, however, would have been welcoming. It was hotter than hell and there was no shade, and no breeze. Even **Satan** said it was unbearable!

Each of the hashers around me would briefly take the lead and then the hills would stretch out, steeper and steeper. **Bun Huggers**, the mother of LO-ONG trail running (and Kyle), briefly chastised me as she RAN by, and then moments later was barely moving as I passed her, walking.

Finally, we reached the top and met up with **Chunky Monkey**, **Back Door Whore** and **Just Say No to Crack** (how'd they get up here so fast?) **Crack** was whining about his wrist (which he hurt on Friday's trail) and how it was impeding him on trail and in... other pursuits. **Back Door** and I convened an emergency Mismanagement Bored Meeting and renamed him **Couldn't Jerk Off on the Queen Mary with a Wristful of Ouchies**. While **Wristful** whined, the rest of us pressed on. At least for a moment we were off trail and on pavement, hopefully near to another beer check.

I then ran with visiting hasher **Big Gulp**, a slight, medium-tall guy, with a "high'n'tight." I thought his name was better suited for someone of **Double Entry's** size, but he told me he was named in Korea on his 5th run, when during down-downs, he slunk off with a harriette to get a blow job. The Naming Committee followed him, kicked down the door of the motel room just as he came in her mouth. The harriette's name? **Slurpee!** (The first, but not worst TMI of the weekend!) As I gagged myself, we descended some stairs to the 3rd beer check.

At BC3, there were a number of hashers who I had seen at BC1, who could not have passed me. I began realizing that most of the pack was not doing all of the trail, and some were just out for a grand ol' bus ride. Just as soon as I refueled (on beer, natch), **SGHBW** asked if I was setting out again, because, you know, he had been waiting at BC3 some time waiting for the NEXT hasher to come in. Ri-i-i-ght...

Tits Ahoy joined us, but ran back, screaming and jiggling when **SGHBW** told her that there *might* be some poison oak on trail. We were also joined by **Satan**, who had informed her minions that a breeze was in order. It helped.

Just as our conversation got into full swing, two ominous letters appeared on the hillside – the first Eagle / Turkey split – and only 90 minutes into the run! **SGHBW** was going to take on the Eagle with me, but **Satan** begged him to walk with her, and so, I set off alone (also, we heard **Fruit's** whistle in the near distance and wanted to enjoy the trail without that shrill piercing noise, or **Fruit's** whistle...).

From a distance, the difference between the Eagle and Turkey was obvious: The Eagle continued uphill on single-track and the Turkey meandered downhill on a wide road. I could see a wide swath of hashers mooning and mocking me as I climbed higher and higher. Finally, the Eagle swooped down in wide switchbacks under cover of neck-high (for me, at least) brush until the final descent – a 20 percent grade gravel / dirt mix.

With the added bonus of now dry shoes and a full beer mug, my only recourse was to take the hill slowly. I knew at any moment **HOMOsaxual** might come bounding down behind me, sending me flying and spilling my grainy nectar, so I would have to move with authority. Fortunately, there really wasn't anyone nearby within a half-mile of either direction.

Finally, I reached the bottom and saw 3 more ominous letters – the Eagle / Ballbuster split. I thought, as probably had the 3-5 people before me, 'If there's a Eagle / Ballbuster split and no one runs it, will the pack salute you with one hand clapping?' I think my beer was making me hallucinate, because I turned and took the Ballbuster. The Eagle looked like it connected to the meandering Turkey Trail. The Ballbuster basically re climbed the 20 percent grade hill we descended (except on a hard-packed fire road).

During my ascent, I could see the descent for the Ballbuster – more of that fun, steep shit! I also saw 3-5 hashers behind me, also taking the Ballbuster. I wondered if **Nippleschnitzel** was ahead of me or behind me. In any case, I hurried on, so this new group of fools wouldn't slide into me.

The descent was an even steeper grade, but this time, there was nothing you could slip-slide on. Every step was sloshing (mostly) foam out of my cup. At one point, I had no idea where I could step without falling. I ended up jumping out of the path and walking down on brambles, past the difficult point and jumping back in. Right as I reached the bottom, I turned back just in time to watch **Stinkfinger** fall on his ass, get up, and fall on his ass again. Eh, they'll catch me soon enough! I took the opportunity to use the piece of chalk I had been carrying for 2 hours – to draw a pack arrow on a stone I lugged into

the middle of the road. Oh wait, pavement. As long as it doesn't rain again, my "**PBB** on the BB at the LB1K" should be there forever.

At the bottom of the hill, an poorly marked check sent me off on a wild goose chase and by the time I backtracked, **Stinkfinger** and his motley crew had caught up (**Take a #, Pull Toy, Rodney Queen**). The Ballbuster meandered into the Turkey / Eagle connection. We suddenly found ourselves in with some walkers, including **Just Jammit, Farrah Fuckett**, and **Amy McMarathon**. A few yards later, (unmanned) BC4. **Rodney** commented, "There's no beer here," because it was MGD and some light shit. Another Turkey / Eagle split awaited us here as well.

The Eagle (what the hell, it's the 1000th!) took a tall tunnel under Palos Verdes Drive. I could just about stand up in the tunnel. What made it Eagle-worthy was that there was a second tube inside this tunnel that took up half the space in the center of the tunnel, making it impossible to walk through. I solved that problem by sitting on the pipe and pushing my way across (you couldn't slide because it was serrated rubber). By the time **Rodney, Stinkfinger** and I emerged, those we had met at the beer check were long gone!

We traversed some trail by the coast and then eventually ended up at BC5, which was a long out and back along a peninsula to a view of a nude beach (unfortunately, we got to see the massive asses of two fat ugly guys!). I asked **Rodney**, "Any real beer?" To which he replied, "Yes." (Note: Same kind of beer as BC4!?!?) Maybe whatever **Rodney** had in his Camelbak was affecting his judgment.

The trail meandered back to Palos Verdes Drive, where we re-met our walker friends, who by now were complaining about the length of the trail (though I have the feeling that none of them had been out nearly 3 hours like the rest of us!), prompting **Amy** to change her name to **Amy McCranky**. Fortunately, there was another Turkey / Eagle split, and **Stinkfinger, Rodney** and I gladly left the PMS-Posse.

This next segment of trail edged a bit of a cliff and crossed a very narrow arched bridge with drop-offs on either side. I looked down into my mug and wondered aloud, "How much HAVE I had to drink?" and crossed VERY slowly and deliberately. On the other side was a fence to climb. The sign, once we surmounted the fence? "Danger. Do Not Climb Fence." Oh, now you tell me.

We went back down to ocean level and walked / jogged on stones and then climbed back up. **No Twat for You** said that once she saw the ocean, she went straight in to cool off (and clean off her shoes). A moment or so later, I saw those two glorious words, "On In." I could see most of the pack was already "in," and we'd better hurry if we wanted any munchies!

I took one sip of beer and then moved straight to water – I had been out on trail for 3 hours! Down-downs were a messy blur, which I spent sitting under a canopy trying to rehydrate myself and eat large quantities of chips, pretzels, pickles, meat 'n' cheese and Nacho Cheese! I passed on the Red Bull and Vodka and Jägermeister. A busload of hashers missed down-downs entirely because they wanted to make themselves all pretty for tonight. I made a token appearance in the circle for r*cing, which seemed like a lifetime ago. **Wet Clam** almost got the hashitt for guessing the end of the trail was at Queen's Wharf. As the clean-up began, **Just Jammit** and I had quite the adventure trying to dismantle the canopy (and it was only the assistance of **Double Entry** that we got it put away).

By 5:00, I was on the last bus, heading back for the Queen Mary. (We were somewhat delayed because **Just Kathleen (I Do Do Do Do Do's** sister) had heatstroke, and **Boyz R Us** got lost and made himself and some visitor DFL.) The bus ride seemed like a weird adventure with a bag of pepperoni being endlessly passed back and forth, and the bus was strangely quiet (it was **Wheed Wack Her's** doing).

When I got back to the ship, I made straight for the WC to make room for more food and to change my clothes. I thought I might head over and see if any help was needed, but actually, the event had already started. I grabbed a plate and got some appetizers (goat cheese pizza circles, prosciutto-wrapped melon, vegetables with dip, and quiches) and grabbed a beer. I made some small talk with harriettes, including telling **Sum Dum Chik** that she looked good in clothes - it was like a reverse pick-up line, "Those clothes that were on my floor last night look good on you now?"

I "saved" my seat at several tables. I put my hash bag at a table with **Hard Drive, Oh, Enema**, and **Undercover**, but after I decided to put the bag in my car, **Glider In** had taken my seat. Then, I sat down next to **Fishlips**, but I had **Cum Nail Me's** seat. I ended up taking the opportunity to get to know some other hashers – **Big Gulp, Skirt Boy, Just a friend of Skirt Boy**, a new boot, **Little Dipper, Fuxedo** and more. We had quite the animated conversation at our table, and had I been at other tables, like with **Fellacial** or **Milk Near**, I would have been listening to them snore.

Dinner was very nice – some mixed greens with balsamic Italian or Ranch dressing, Chicken, Fettucine, squash and asparagus. Large portions, too. Everyone at my table struggled with eating everything. There was also tiramisu for dessert.

Immediately following dinner (c'mon, let's get to the dancing) were a number of awards, presented to the "Mosts" of Long Beach (Most Runs, Most Hares, etc.), GMs and Founders. Like most down-downs, **Faggedy Andy** murmured his presentations (which on microphone sounded like, "Hey, luh luh luh luh Zapata luh luh luh sheep, peanuts and beer!" I had a little idea about that from e-mails. **8** was marginally better: "**Alouette**, you have luh luh without you luh luh how many times?" (I think she's hared 50 times... and claims only with male co-hares, but my first time haring, I co-hared with **Alouette** and **Fishlips** – ah, the beer is working its magic! – she'd forgotten the nightmare already!) Then **Fruit** made two presentations: one, to say how much he appreciates the consistency of the hash; and two, to thank everyone who helped out in putting on the event. At Team Runners High, they call him "The Mouth of the South," and he always does a bang-up job making announcements. His statement about what the hash means to him was surprisingly heartfelt and he didn't slur anything. As for the recognition, he cranked out over 50 names clearly and respectfully.

The highlight of the evening was the presentation made by **Sheep Thrills** and **Gigo** from the Orange County Hash. They had prepared a plaque for Long Beach Hash that they "read" haltingly, to great comic effect. Paraphrasing, it said, "We recognize the Long Beach hash as a viable real hash and appreciate everything they have done, especially keeping **Fruit** away from our hash. In recognition of this fact, we deed to you the City of Seal Beach."

Finally, the awards came to a close and the Hash Band started playing. It was extraordinarily hot in the Ballroom, and additionally, I was dead exhausted from all the day's events. I watched everyone dance and **Hung Like A Bug** (still exhaling methane fumes from the tunnel) was doing a running commentary on the harriettes: **Urethra Frank Gland** (best sense of rhythm), **Da Butt** (best butt), **Bun Huggers** (best looking recent mom), as well as a few dubious awards like Weirdest Dancer (oops, can't say, because **He'dsumi** if he ever found out) and Most In Need of Running Trail to reduce their guts (though, come to think of it, weren't these harriettes in bed by 7pm?).

I danced once or twice (from my seat) with **Heine Key** (in a *HOT* red patterned dress) and **Heave Ho**, and once when **Kammonawannaleia** hoisted me from my seat. I concentrated mostly on conversation the rest of the night and went over to look at pictures on the Wall of Shame. My favorite picture was not **Fruit** and the stripper, but **Gives Good Head & Shoulders** with his arm in casts, giving the photographer his middle fingers! It was an impressive presentation and I noted with great interest that I have been the Webmeister for Long Beach since 1998, yet I didn't run my first LB hash until 2000!

At 10pm came the raffle drawing. I wanted to see who would win and then I was heading home. **Fishlips** had made special plans with **Cum Nail Me**, who had a very soft, inviting Queen-size bed in his room. She had given him a private tit-showing, with promises for more, so I knew I could leave whenever I wanted. Just before the raffle came a quick rush to sell extra tickets (each person got one at registration and could buy additional tickets). **Bidet Mate** came over to our table and pressed us to buy more. **Bug** said, "If I buy them, will you go away?" Anyway, I stuck with my one ticket in the Asian gift basket, and what do you know? I won! The upset of the night was **Sequential Gangbang** winning the inflatable Spongebob Squarepants, even though **Hi Speed Copulator** had stacked the deck in her own favor. I don't know. It didn't seem like such an upset to me as earlier this morning, **Sequential** got laid by Just Jason (secretly named by **SGHBW** and myself - **Spongecock Squarepantsed**). Kinda ironic, actually.

Just after the raffle, **Fishlips** approached me about a ride home. I asked, "What about your fling with **Cum Nail Me**?" "OK, **Blow Boy**," she answered, "You can't tell anyone, but there are ghosts on the Queen Mary. **Nail Me**'s room was full of ghosts and all of them were dickless. It was too scary an omen. Let's go!" By 11:30, we were both at our respective homes and sound, sound asleep.

Sunday morning I awoke multiple times; I didn't want to oversleep the recovery run. My 5th wake-up was at 8:00, so I just got up. I left my house at 9:00, and it took me 5 minutes to get downtown and 20 minutes to travel from Ocean Boulevard to the Queen Mary Bridge (those damn Jehovah's Witnesses!) Luckily, the start was at Naga's Restaurant (and for once this weekend, I didn't have to pay for parking!). Basically, only the hares had arrived, and once **Kammona** showed up, **Hi Ho** and I were conscripted into setting up the continental breakfast (danishes, croissants, Bloody Queen Marys, O.J., bananas, oranges, yogurt, etc.).

Hashers continued to struggle in past the 10:00am departure time. I was excited to see that **Cockadile Done Me** was able to make an appearance. **Oedipussy** had been around for the entire weekend, while **Cockadile** was stuck at home with a sick, rashy baby. The baby went with **Oedipussy** and **Cockadile** was able to run all out!

The hares set out about 10:30am, across the Queensway Bridge (recovery run, my ass!) and back into downtown laying pink flour (important, because the Friday run was through some of the same area). Slightly different from Friday was that the first check broke towards the Aquarium, instead of towards the Catalina Express Terminal. We sped along the coastline until we reached the Wet / Dry split. Since I was wearing my disgusting shoes and clothes from the day before, I turned to **Cockadile** and said what the heck! **Cockadile** tossed her water bottle to **Krabs R Us** to hold until we got out of the water. We climbed down on the rocks, following **Cum Nail Me**, **Pinky** (who dove in head first!), and **Batta**. This was the best part of the trail, because it was extremely hot outside.

As I was nearly across, I looked back to see if anyone was following (much later **Stupid Piece of Shit** did, surprise, surprise), and saw **Krabs** still standing where we'd left her, staring into space. The gang of five struggled to get out of the water – it's hard to get leverage when you can't push up from the bottom – and then continued on the trail...and missed the first beer check.

We continued along the boardwalk and ahead could see **Da Butt** and **Mary Tyler Whore** walking. I turned to **Pinky** and said, "What an opportunity, am?" So, when we caught these two bodalicious babes, I gave **Da Butt** a big wet hug and said, "I'm so-o happy to see you." She was surprised, but didn't realize that I was soaking wet. "You ARE happy to see me," she said. "Well, I AM making you wet ALL OVER!" Maybe something was lost in the translation...

Just then, we reached a check and most of us were stymied by a tricky false that no one saw for 3-4 minutes! Soon after, we were back on trail and at BC2, just below Ocean Boulevard. I followed **Oedipussy** and the stroller across the sand, up a flight of stairs to a check through a few alleys (**Alouette's** specialty), continuing through a Laundromat (hashitt to **Oedipussy** for not stopping to let the baby ride the Merry-Go-Round inside?).

The run continued in a pretty predictable way, through parking lots, streets, alleys, etc. to the 3rd and final beer check at Hooters. Any other time, this would have been a perfect beer check. But when we arrived, they were showing Women's Professional Bowling on the TV, and there was no air conditioning! **Erection Your Honor** and I set off in the quest of the On In.

As we recrossed Ocean, roaming packs of hashers off trail were trying to find the beer check. **Faggedy Andy** and others turned back to seek out Hooters, while **Jesus Christ Superscar** followed us back to the end, through the Catalina Express Terminal Building and just off Golden Shore.

There was a perfect restricted parking lot that some entered by driving over the sidewalk, and others entered by backing in through the exit. The security guard saw us, but let **8** unload everything before kicking him out. The munchies and beer were plentiful (as this was the last event of the day) and the end location was ideal (the only place in town where there was a breeze).

Pic N Save put in an appearance, along with dog Tommy, who munched pretzels out of **Honey Do Me's** crotch and wanted to lick everyone. **Krabs**, presumably, was still standing by the lighthouse, staring into space.

The hares, **PMS**, **Take A #**, and **Alouette** were taking in the whole event in their pink-stained glory. **Pinky** and I (no loss in translation this time) smothered **Alouette** in a tall, wet, bloody (from rolling in bougainvillea) sandwich to tell her how much we enjoyed the trail (and also to give at least one of the hares the sensation of actually swimming their trail).

Down-downs were amusing, though everyone was pretty tired at this point. For hashitt, there were three pitiful nominations to deal with when someone suddenly nominated **Milk Near** for drying her shoes on the porthole of her room and then losing them out the window. Suddenly, it was Open Season on **Milk**: "It's OK. I'll go around and get them." "Oh, they'll come back to the ship." "Oh, they'll wash up somewhere." Etc. The GMs kept calling on **Shit Happens** to sing a song, and similarly named **6-9 Split** and others managed to continually drown him out.

They also decided to name **Just Kathleen**, who should have also won the TMI Award for the weekend. Besides down-downs, I heard 5 separate times about her sense of taste when it cums to... er... cum. Something about being able to distinguish taste before and after a vasectomy (I wonder what she would say about my cum...) And thus was she named (lest we forget) – **Squirty-One Flavors**.

Suddenly, the weekend was over, and we were off to Queen's Wharf for a nice On On On. We were met there by **Wet Clam** and a few others, who FINALLY guessed where we'd end up.

The parking lot was packed and I wasn't sure if any hashers had arrived, but soon was joined **PMS**, **No Twat 4 You**, **P P Longsucking**, and **Amelia Air Fart** to check out the spot, and inside were **Cum Nail Me**, **Sheep**, **Victoria's Secretions**, **Sniff My Butt**, **Bidet Mate**, and **Pokey**. Over a span of 2-3 hours, more hashers struggled in: **Alouette**, **Wild Bill**, **Gives Good Head & Shoulders**, **Corn Hole Hussie**, **Shit Happens**, **Fruit**, **BUD**, and finally an exuberant **8 Yellow Snow**, triumphant that a very successful Long Beach 1000th run was finally over.

Long Beach H3 1000th Weekend – Day 1

by 8 Yellow Snow

“All the Hash is a Stage.” – ShakesBeer

Well, the Hash sets have been struck, the Hash beer mopped up, the Hash props returned to proper owners, all the empty Hash kegs returned to the Bayhawk Brewery, and all the players and supporting personnel have finally gotten their non-Hashing lives back. We hope you enjoyed our production of the Long Beach House Harriers 1000th Weekend. Now it's time for one of those “behind the scenes” extras you get with DVDs now a days. We'll allow you to “peek behind the curtain” and experience some of the hubbub and hard work by the supporting cast and crew and some of the foibles along the way. So grab a six-pack or two, or in the case of Hozer—a fresh roll of toilet paper or two—and drink in some of the reminiscence of the LBH3 1000th weekend as seen through the half-mind of **8 Yellow Snow**.

This may be a long scribe to read for some, but I hope it illustrates and reflects the hard work and devotion that so many people put into making this one of the most memorable Long Beach Hash events ever. It's all about the Long Beach Hash and its hashers that make it a magical experience.

* * *

Here it was, Friday, July 11, 2003—the first official day of the LBH3 1000th. This was a weekend that had been in pre-production for nearly one and a half years. **Blow Up Doll** and I had been up until about 3:00 AM making some final preparations for the weekend before we finally were able to fall into bed. The next thing we knew, we were awakened at 6:30 AM by the buzz-buzz-buzzing of our obnoxious alarm clock! Our coffee-maker on a timer had done its job and a fresh pot of the black waker-upper was awaiting us on our way to tend to our last minute preparations.

I started loading into my truck the 6 panels that comprised the set for the LBH3 Wall of Shame—a project that represented pictures of 18-and-a-half years of LBH3 Hashing and memorabilia from trails and special events along the way. The worker bees and contributors on The Wall were **Wild Bill** and **Alouette**, **Broomhilda**, **Paddle Me Silly (PMS)**, **Sosumi**, **Jock**, **Fruit Of The Loom**, **Blow Up Doll**, and that master carpenter who cut and assembled The Wall, **Cum Nail Me**. I also loaded other miscellaneous items like banners, jockey box from one of those local “ego hashes,” and other support materials. I got a call at 8:00 AM from **Gives Good Head & Shoulders** that he was on his way to pick me up so we could go to **Double Entry's** place of employment to pick up the panel truck that would do yeoman's duty all weekend as the Beer, Bag, and Munchie Van. **Double Entry** handed us the keys and sent us on our merry way. **Head & Shoulders** headed back to his house to gather up Beer paraphernalia and I swung back by my house to continue loading coolers, tables, and other support materials needed for the weekend of fun.

I called **GIVES GOOD HEAD & SHOULDERS** at about 9:30 AM and advised him I was loaded and rolling towards his house to pick him up. I was still getting used to driving the rental truck as I was driving down Carson Street. As I neared the intersection of Carson and Cherry, I suddenly see ahead of me about 25 yards another panel truck similar to mine swerve from the right-hand lane into the left-hand lane where a Mazda SUV just happened to be occupying space. Physics being what they are, these 2 vehicles could not occupy the same space and the inevitable collision occurred. Not much damage, but glass and plastic now littered Carson Street. Now I'm thinkin', “Just let me get to pick up the beer for the hash and be on my merry way.” Being the good Samaritan I pretend to be, I stopped, scrounged around for a pen and paper, wrote my name and phone number down, and ran back to the scene of the accident. No one was hurt and damage seemed minimal. I handed my info to the woman from the SUV, who already had a yellow legal pad out and taking down information about the driver of the panel truck. I rushed up to her and said, “I have to go, but I was a witness and here's my info.” I then hopped back into the truck and was even more diligent as I drove the truck to pick up **GIVES GOOD HEAD & SHOULDERS** at his house.

I made it safely, and **GIVES GOOD HEAD & SHOULDERS** and I loaded up more stuff into the van along with empty kegs to be returned to the Brewery. We pulled up to the Brewery at about 10:30 AM and the Brewmeister came out to greet us. There were 20 kegs of micro-brew awaiting us to be loaded onto the truck. **Last Train To Cuntsville** showed up as promised to assist in the loading of beer. Our backs started to ache just looking at the 3 pallets of beer, but then out rolls a worker with a hand-forklift!! Halleluiah!!

As the beer was being lifted onto the truck, the Bayhawk Brewmeister gave **GIVES GOOD HEAD & SHOULDERS** a box of goodies that he said could be included in our goodie bag. These included Bayhawk bottle openers and other give-aways. The coolest things were some buttons he had made especially for this event. Since Bayhawk used to brew beer for the Queen Mary way back when, he had some metal things that he had found that said “Her Majesty's Private Brew.” He had gotten one of his employees to turn the things into buttons!! So if you still have these from the garbage cans that were part of your give-aways (more on those later), these are true collectors' items.

It was now 11:05 AM and we were just tying everything down, when the valet parking attendant came up and said we needed to move the truck since valet parking had opened at 11:00 AM. It seems we were blocking the valet parking entrance to the Brewery/restaurant, and some Orange County business people actually had to get out of their cars and walk a few extra feet in the sun. So as I am trying to get things done so we could move the truck, Mr. Parking Attendant asshole starts telling me that this is for valet parking whining at me about never parking here again and I'm blocking his customers, blah, blah, blah, I tell him that he's talking to the wrong guy. His whining becomes more incessant. Again I say, “Dude, you are never going to see me again. If you want to waste your time, keep talking to me, otherwise, go talk to the person who told us to park here in the first place. Oh, by the way, here's a commemorative Queen Mary button; put it to good use and button your pie-hole!!”

GIVES GOOD HEAD & SHOULDERS and I slammed the back door shut and rolled out of the parking lot. We stopped to examine our load before heading out onto the 405 Freeway. **GIVES GOOD HEAD & SHOULDERS** looked at the truck suspension springs and let me know there was not much spring left in the springs and we were pretty much riding on the axle. I guess we should have gotten more of that Lighter colored Beer.

At 11:15 AM I pointed the truck north on the freeway. The truck now definitely rode differently with over a ton of Beer riding in the back. After a few miles on the freeway, **GIVES GOOD HEAD & SHOULDERS** turns to me and said I look very tense. I tell him that this is like driving a stagecoach with a chest full of gold, in this case the precious gold cargo was Beer for the LBH3 1000th.

Things were going pretty smoothly until we got on the 405 Freeway North to 710 Freeway South interchange. There wasn't a problem with the weight of the Beer shifting, it was a matter of trying to merge into traffic on the 710. Traffic was moving at its normal slow pace, and I was following the pattern of alternate cars merging into the slow-lane traffic. I had my turn signals on and had a slot as I looked into my rearview mirror where I saw a tricked up red pick-up truck. It looked like he was giving me space to merge in front of him, so I slowly merged to the left, remembering that I had the keystone to the weekend in the back of the truck – Beer! I am halfway into the lane when all of a sudden I hear the pickup truck blowing his horn at me. I guess he didn't like the fact that I was moving into his lane, even though it was my "turn" to move into the lane. Not wanting to make any sudden moves, I continued into the lane and he backed off – or so I thought. Next thing I knew, the red pickup truck was in the lane next to me by my driver's side door and laying on his horn. Not wanting any kind of confrontation or road rage, I looked straight ahead and ignored him, thinking all the time, "Must get Beer to Paddle Wheel and Queen Mary!" Next thing I know I see this hand with middle-finger extended right in front of my face. **GIVES GOOD HEAD & SHOULDERS** decides to flip the guy off and yell out, "Fuck you, asshole."

Well, as visions of bullets flew before my eyes, a case of road rage erupted. The red pickup then sped up and cut in front of me. I was now up to about 40+ miles per hour. The pickup then slams on his breaks and slows to less than 10 miles per hour. Again, I am chanting, "Must get Beer to Paddle Wheel and Queen Mary!" as I slowly applied the brakes to avoid spilling beer and rear-ending the pickup truck. Now the guy has pissed off all traffic and the truckers are now blowing their air horns at the situation. After a few seconds, the pickup speeds up to a reasonable speed and moves into regular traffic, but I notice he is still lurking ahead. I turn to thank **GIVES GOOD HEAD & SHOULDERS** with a friendly salute of my own. After about a mile, it looks like the pickup has lost interest and I see him put distance between himself and us. Either that or he was off to North Long Beach to gather up a posse of his homies and come back after us. "Must get Beer to Paddle Wheel and Queen Mary!" With that drama behind us, we slowly made our way to the Paddle Wheel, which would be the ON IN and Friday night party venue. With all the new construction in the area, we wound our way over dirt and grass and slowly made our way to where the Paddle Wheel was docked so we could off-load 6 of the kegs of beer. We had called **Wet Clam** to let her know we were there as she had some prep work to do. She soon drives up to the dock with Pinky, so now we have another back to assist in humping the beer to the Paddle Wheel. As we start to offload the jockey boxes, the first mate says he has to go exchange some shorts and he will be right back. The ever-diligent Haberdashery co-Queen says to him, "Just take them back to the store and buy some of our LBH3 shorts." The first mate rode off.

So now **Wet Clam** drags out a sign on which she had been working that had lights that spelled out "LBH3 1000th." She toted that up to the third deck of the paddle wheel while **GIVES GOOD HEAD & SHOULDERS**, **Pinky**, and I toted bales, er, I mean, beer kegs onto the boat. Since the bar was on the second deck, we had to hump the kegs up to the second deck and one up to the third deck. Since there was no elevator on this bucket of bolts, we all looked at the stairs to the upper decks that loomed afore us. The three of us looked at each other and in unison our half-minds said, "Well, let's get this over with." We used a hand cart to hump the beer up the stairs. I was on the uPaddle Wheelard side and **Pinky** on the load-bearing side. On the second keg, **Pinky** decides to just grab the cart at its axle and lift the keg up above the steps and push the keg up while I pulled from the top. After seeing him do this 3 times, I say, "Let me relieve you and I'll take the bottom position." After I swat **Pinky** away from my bottom, we start to hump the fifth keg up the stairs. I try **Pinky's** procedure of lifting the keg cart by the axle and pressing forward. I get about 2 steps and realize my back and legs were not up to the task. After bowing to **Pinky** for his previous endeavor, we got the fifth keg up to the second deck. By then we looked at the sixth keg and decide to store it on the first deck and if needed, we will enlist a drunken body to hump it up to the second deck during the party that night, or by then move the single jockey box down to the first deck. That turned out to be a good strategy as the sixth keg was not needed Friday night.

By now it was nearly 1:00 PM and **GIVES GOOD HEAD & SHOULDERS** and I left **Wet Clam** and **Pinky** on the third deck to finish wiring up their lighted banner. We headed over to the Queen Mary and drove the truck to the delivery area, where we were met by **Just Say No To Crack**. He was on his lunch break from work and had come by to assist in the unloading of beer and munchies onto the QUEEN MARY. Soon, **Kammawannaleia** showed up with her SUV stuffed to the tie-down rails on her roof with ON IN munchies and continental breakfast goods for Saturday and Sunday. She started sorting out her goods for the various days and **Double Entry**, **Last Train**, and **Just Jammit** showed up to assist in getting things arranged while **GIVES GOOD HEAD & SHOULDERS** took one of the kegs and rolled it up to the reception area.

Now things really started to get hot and heavy as the catering director came down to let us know where we could store the 8 kegs for the Queen Mary that we planned to use for the Saturday night party. Being Hashers, we stretched the envelope and asked if we could also store the rest of our perishables in his cooler and take them as needed each day. He seemed uncertain about this request, but with a pack of about 10 of us by now just standing there and staring at him to make a

decision, he caved in and said, "Sure, why not." Way to go, Tony!! This was indicative of the cooperation and assistance we encountered all weekend from the QUEEN MARY crew.

We now started offloading the beer and food onto a pallet. We commandeered a pallet-jack and loaded it to the max. Having been a supply sergeant in the Air Force nearly 30 years ago, I looked at the pallet that had been arranged by half-sober hashers and thought out loud, "That pallet load probably won't make it to the first bump along the way." It didn't.

The funniest part was using the pallet jack and the outside cargo elevator to get our goods to the next deck where there was the gangway to enter into the storage area. As I stood in the back of the truck, I heard the rattle of the pallet jack come to a sudden stop and **Hi Ho** and **Last Train** yell out, "Shit! The wheel is stuck." After watching them struggle a while, we all went over to lend our muscle and opinion on how best to resolve the situation. Obviously, this has happened before, as we found a piece of plywood leaning against the elevator that should have been put in place before rolling the pallet jack onto the elevator. The problem was resolved and LBH3 cargo continued to be loaded into the belly of the QUEEN MARY without major incident. No major incident, but there was the time that Hi Ho dropped the 6-pack of liter bottles holding the soft drinks not once, but twice! Only one of the six bottles actually ended up exploding!

By now it was nearly 2:00 PM and registration was to open at 3:00 PM to officially start the LBH3 1000th Weekend. I drove the beer van to a shady spot in a remote location of the QUEEN MARY parking lot and then headed back to the QUEEN MARY to find my way to the Aquatania Room, which contained the reception area. I walked in at about 2:15 PM and realized I had not consumed anything but a pot of coffee all day and my tanks were currently running on caffeine and adrenaline.

Kammawannaleia had brought in some sushi and other vittles for the LBH3 1000th preparation crew. I looked down at the sushi and mowed my way through about 2 pounds of raw fish and rice.

The back room of the reception area was a beehive of activity as last minute preparations of the goodie-bags were being made. Because of the last minute items donated by the Bayhawk Brewery, **Cum Nail Me, Rub her Dick**, and **Hi Ho** were busy re-opening the garbage cans that had been donated by **Pack My Chute** and adding the goodies to an already stuffed garbage can of goodies donated for the weekend by volunteers at the request of **Poke-A-Cuntess, Pack My Chute, and Brown Thumb**.

The black coolers that acted as the goodie bags had been stuffed with goodies according to size and lined up in order of registration number based on alphabetized order by **Quatro Pink Cheeko (QPC), Wet Clam, Corn Hole Hussie, 6-9 Split**, and whomever else they could pull into the fray to assist in stuffing and placing the bags wall to wall in the room.

With about 30 minutes to go before the official opening of the doors, the first keg had been tapped in the reception area and was being enjoyed by those who deserved it due to their participation in preparing for the event. The QUEEN MARY barmaid now made her appearance and seemed amused as we called out to each other in our Hash names, seeing the bustle of "pre-show" activity, and the smiles on our faces as we anticipated opening the doors to enthusiastic hashers.

Blow Up Doll took me to show me where our room was so I could freshen up a bit and wash some of the sweat, dirt, and crime from my body that had built up since my morning shower, which seemed so long ago.

I then headed from our room at the stern to mid-ship to the Aquatania Room. It was now after 3:00 PM, and as **Blow Up Doll** and I neared the LBH3 Reception area, we heard the din that indicated that the doors to this production had been opened and hashers were already getting into the spirit for the weekend. Just before we got to the reception room, we met **Gigo** with his arms full of newly acquired LBH3 1000th paraphernalia from his goodie bag. He raved about all the "great stuff!"

We entered the reception room and were immediately caught up in the sea of smiling faces of arriving hashers with their hands full of LBH3 goodies and beer. Some of us felt like tops as we continued to turn in circles attempting to greet each new arriving hasher. **High Speed Copulator** was the first person hashers encountered as they checked in. She would shout out their registration number and the goodie bag runner would grab the appropriate goodie bag and get it to the new arrival before they even moved on to the next station where they received their wristband for the weekend. As some of the committee at reception needed to be relieved, while they went to relieve themselves, other committee members would move in to man their station in a seamless pass over of duties. Even **Nipple Schnitzle** hobbled in on her crutches and started assisting with check in. **Corn Hole Hussie** and **Wet Clam** were pushing Long Beach haberdashery that has become so predominate at major hashing events lately.

At 5:00 PM, the keg in the reception area was drained. The strategy had been to have as much beer served off board of the QUEEN MARY in order to save a few bucks due to the corkage fee on the QUEEN MARY. So it was now time to open up the beer van at the start of Friday night's run to get people off the boat and into the parking lot for the start. I announced beer was now available at the start and I headed down to the truck to fetch the beer. Along the way I laid pack arrows toward the start of Friday's trail and where the beer would be. Hashers being the way they are, they were waiting for me at the start as I drove up with the Beer van, where they descended upon the tap like sharks in a feeding frenzy.

The pack continued to grow with hashers still driving up at the 6:30 PM start time neared. It was good to see some faces that hadn't been around lately to a Long Beach Hash. It was also good to see hashers visiting from locations outside Southern California who had made the trek to join us in the celebration and production of the LBH3 1000th weekend. These visitors included **Shit Happens** (South Carolina), **Banana Split and Drippy Dick** (Oman), **CIA** (Houston), **Have Shit/Will Travel** (Las Vegas), **More Sex** (Arizona), **Silicon Desire** (Colorado), **Big Gulp** (Fort Irwin), **Long Cutting Bastard** (San Francisco), **Hare Club For Queers** (Boston), and [your name here if I forgot you. Sorry].

Sheep Thrills and **Stalker Gump** attempted to fill the goodie-bag garbage cans with beer and take it back to the crew in the reception area, but they soon found out that the cans were not water-tight -- so much for using them for floatation devices.

Faggedy Andy, LBH3 co-GM, showed up pulling a suitcase. He said it was the special awards that we were presenting

Friday night. I said, "Dude, we are doing that Saturday night at the QUEEN MARY dinner. Don't you remember we discussed that and we had created the schedule together?"

He gave me this glazed look for about 10 seconds and then said, "Oh, yeah, huh?" This was just the first of many "Oh, yeah, huh?" incidents that we would exchange throughout the weekend as we attempted to work as one half-mind between us. By 6:30 PM, the pack had grown to the size of the 180 hashers who had registered for the weekend and the Hares, **Double Entry** and **Head & Shoulders** made their pre-trail announcements: Good trail, 3 Beer Checks, lots of shiggy. They were then off in a cloud of flour in about the only direction there is to go from the QUEEN MARY – straight for Downtown Long Beach. The pack continued to prepare for trail by consuming more beer and chatting amongst themselves.

It was now 15 minutes since the Hares had taken off, and Fruit Of The Loom blew the pack off for LBH3 Run #999. As the pack disappeared into the sunset, the QUEEN MARY parking lot suddenly became eerily silent. Speaking of eerie, some stragglers were hanging out at the beer van, when who should come strolling up but a late hasher with a red LBH3 jacket in his hand like one of the ghostly legends on the Queen Mary. I knew from the old LBH3 pictures I had been poring over for the last few weeks that it was the long-lost Long Beach Founder, **Zapata**. I had expected him to be shorter and wider than the person who stood before me, but the years had been good to him. I guess that can happen when you stay away from hashing for over 10 years!! His co-Founders also thought he might be a bit bigger as they said to order him an extra-extra large shirt for the weekend. **Zapata** stood and had a couple of Beers with us and **Mr. Rats Ass** and others stood and took in some of the lore that **Zapata** reminisced about.

It was soon time to close up the B-van and head over to the ON IN at the Paddle Wheel and have the hashers bags and beer waiting for them. I closed up the van and **Mr. Rats Ass**, **Snowball**, and other riders formed a caravan as I swung by the front entrance to pick up **Blow Up Doll** to take her to the end to do late registration for those who showed up late and headed directly out on trail instead of going to the Aquatania room for registration. Registration was open until 8:00 PM where QPC and Corn Hole Hussie stayed and then took the water taxi from the QUEEN MARY to the Paddle Wheel.

We drove onto the grassy area of the Paddle Wheel and in the dusky distance we could see the Paddle Wheel illuminated with its normal lights and the lit-up LBH3 1000th banner hanging from the side of the top deck to greet hashers ON IN. Just as we drove up, the first hashers were running ON IN. Perfect timing.

We started to offload the hash bags and get the beer flowing again from the back of the truck. Over the next hour hashers continued ON IN and grabbed a beer, soda, and/or munchies, and cool off a bit before heading over to the Paddle Wheel. The committee continued to go about their duties and make people welcome as they boarded the Paddle Wheel and headed toward the beer and bar. **Flash Pants** was set up and ready to go as happy hashers toured the 3 decks of the PADDLE WHEEL and scouted out its many attractions that would keep them occupied until 1:00 AM.

Dinner was soon served and not one hasher went without food or beer for the rest of the night. **Faggedy Andy** and I jumped in line to get something in our guts to absorb the alcohol before we started Down Downs. While we ate, **Back Door Whore** acted as Beer Bitch and prepared the spread of Down Down beers and also held a sharp object to ward off those hashers too lazy to go get their own beer and try to snare a beer off the Down Down beer table.

With all the hashers served and sitting on the 2 decks of tables looking toward the stage and dance floor, **Flash Pants** prepared a microphone for us and covered his sound creation system with plastic to prevent any back-splash from Down Downs. I think he has done this before.

Down Downs were soon started and the Long Beach Hash House Harriers Founders were brought to the front. I'm not certain when the last time was that these 3 were actually together at a Long Beach Hash, but it is the first time I have seen them together in my 10 years of hashing with Long Beach. It was great to see such a reunion and to present them with the Beer and song they so richly deserve for starting the Long Beach Hash in January of 1985. Here's to them!!

We then moved on to recognize the Hares, out of town visitors, and those who have not hashed with Long Beach for over a year. Those included **Alfredo Fed-A-Weenie**, **Amy McMarathon**, **SOS**, **Batta**, **Hindlick**, **Mensa Cycle**, **Stalker Gump**, **Zapata**, and [your name here if I forgot you. Sorry.].

Other Down Downs happened and when we attempted to recognize **Wet Clam** for the signage she created, the beer was knocked from her hand not once, but twice. We started to clean it up and suddenly there was a storm of dinner napkins raining down on us from the second deck to be used in assisting to clean up the spillage. With about a hundred wet napkins now on the floor, **Shit Happens** took this opportunity to perform a "carrier landing" on the napkins that now covered the dance floor. As with any carrier landing, it looked more like a controlled crash than a landing.

Down Downs came to a peaceful conclusion and then it was "party on, Garth!" for the rest of the evening as **Flash Pants** cranked up his music machine and kept the dance floor hopping for the rest of the evening.

The PADDLE WHEEL now made hourly stops back at the dock to drop off hashers who were party-pooing and heading back on the bus provided by the PADDLE WHEEL. The bus was one of those last-minute cast changes, as originally we were to be dropped off at the Catalina Express dock next to the QUEEN MARY, but due to lack of dockage space, the PADDLE WHEEL had to hire busses to haul our drunken asses back to the QUEEN MARY. This was probably a better deal as Hashers were deposited directly in front of the QUEEN MARY instead of having to stagger a couple of hundred yards to the QUEEN MARY and possibly suffer the fate of landing in the drink right next to that Russian submarine off the bow of the QUEEN MARY.

The crew of the PADDLE WHEEL was into the spirit of the hashers and one of them even ended up being Alouetted by **Sheep Thrills**. As the hour grew late and the pack grew thin, we made one last tour of the harbor. After **Blow Up Doll** had written the payment check to Pat of the PADDLE WHEEL for services rendered that evening, Pat bought us a drink. I rarely opt for mixed drinks or straight alcohol, but for this occasion I opted for a vodka martini and **BUD** did the same.

It was now 1:00 AM on Saturday as the PADDLE WHEEL made its final docking on our Friday night party. We made one final last call, **Flash Pants** spun his last CD, and we made a final sweep of the PADDLE WHEEL to ensure everyone disembarked. As usual, **Boyz R Us** was one of the last to leave the boat. He was on the second deck, and **Wet Clam** and I assisted him in going down the stairs. I was on the down side of him and keeping him steady. Even though he was heading down the stairs, he kept trying to go UP the set of stairs that only he could see. He finally made it safely off the boat and I put him in the care of a couple other hashers as I headed over to the B-van to drive it back to the PADDLE WHEEL and load up all the night's bootie. As I got out of the truck and headed down the dock to the PADDLE WHEEL, **BVDiva and Martha Fucking Stewart** were heading the other direction, being officially the last two hashers to abandon the PADDLE WHEEL for the evening.

It now came down to **GIVES GOOD HEAD & SHOULDERS, Pinky, Wet Clam, BUD**, and I too haul everything off and get it back to the QUEEN MARY. We were able to get that done by a little after 1:30 AM. **BUD** and I took a few moments before we headed back to the QUEEN MARY to hang out over the rail overlooking the harbor and catch our breaths. We took in the fresh evening's cool air, and watched as the crew of the PADDLE WHEEL battened down the hatches and turned off the lights. It was like watching a once-bustling theater fade to black.

We then got into the truck and headed towards the QUEEN MARY. We parked the truck and headed toward the QUEEN MARY Hotel entrance. We encountered **Boo Boo Bear** in the parking lot without a shirt heading away from the QUEEN MARY. Evidently, he had walked off the QUEEN MARY without his shirt and then tried to get back on board. Security would not let him in (No Shirt, No Shoes, No Shervice), so he was just wandering around. I think **Boo Boo Bear** and **Boyz R Us** are related. **Weed Whack 'er** saw the predicament and offered **Boo Boo Bear** a shirt from his car in the parking lot and probably offer **Boo Boo Bear** a safety briefing.

BUD and I then headed toward the lobby, where we encountered **BVDiva** and other hashers coming from the depths of the QUEEN MARY up the stairs. It was now after 2:00 AM, and any thoughts of going to the Observation Bar for more drinks were dashed. As about 10 of us stood there, a QUEEN MARY security guard came up the stairs and advised us that we should leave the area. We told him of our predicament, and he said, "OK, you can stay here, but be quiet."

Knowing that the "be quiet" part was not going to happen, **BUD** and I said, "See ya!" and we headed to our room. We finally fell into bed at around 3:00 AM. **BUD** called down to the front desk for a wake-up call for 6. The person at the desk said, "AM or PM?" Damn, it would have been nice to get about 15 hours of sleep, but she said, "Yeah, 6:00 AM." Ugh! As Dandy Don Merideth used to sing on Monday Night Football:

Turn out the lights, the party's over.

They say that all good things must end.

Turn out the lights, the party's over.

And tomorrow we will do it all again!!

Long Beach H3 1000th Weekend – Day 2

Dang, 6:00 AM came early that Saturday morning of July 12, 2003. This was the big day of the actual Long Beach Hash House Harriers 1000th trail. I rolled my ass out of bed, put on the coffee, and headed to the shower. **Head & Shoulders, Kammawannaleia**, and I had agreed to meet at 8:30 AM at the delivery area to sort out Beer, munchies, and continental breakfast for the day's festivities. Just as I was out of the shower and ready to start the new day, **Wet Clam** called our room and said she needed to get into the Aquatania room to get some of her decorations for the Britannia ballroom we would use that night for the Dinner, awards, and dancing. As there was limited access as to who could call security and get into the room, at about 7:00 AM I headed in that direction. As I got to the stairs, I heard **Wet Clam** and we headed down toward the Aquatania room. I needed to get hold of security to come unlock the door. As luck would have it, we walked by the Queen Mary gift shop and I saw a security guard in there. He was about to make a purchase, so it looked like he wasn't on duty, but I decided to ask him anyway. Just as I started to speak, I realized it was the same security guard who had chased us out of the lobby about 5 hours ago. I asked him if he was on duty. He gave me this look like, "I remember you!" I was hoping that my change of Hash shirt and shorts would have thrown him off trail, but nooooooo. You can't get anything passed these rent-a-cops. He proceeded to say, "No, I'm not on duty."

Wet Clam and I sheepishly said, "Okie, dokie," and headed for a house phone to call security. About 15 minutes later they made an appearance and opened the door. **Wet Clam** had already gone back to the ballroom, so I gathered her rock salt needed for her decorations and headed to the ballroom. It was already bustling with activity as the decorating committee was starting to set up their hard work done by **Wet Clam, Back Door Whore, Tits Ahoy, Afterbirth, Fish Lips, Chunky Monkey, and Moanin' Fuck 'er**.

I saw **Cum Nail Me** and said, "Just the man I want to see." We headed down to my truck to load up the panels for the Wall of Shame. We put them on a baggage cart and headed back inside. I now got called by **Kammawannaleia**. It was 8:30 and she wondered where I was. I left **Cum Nail Me** to struggle with the 4 feet by 4 feet panels and wrestle them onto the elevator. I drove down to the delivery area to let **Kammawannaleia** start her preparation. I walked back to the elevator and **Cum Nail Me** was still wrestling with the panels. They wouldn't fit into the elevator the way we had them set up. We finally got them on and then got off on the main deck and wheeled them toward the Britannia room. Needless to say, after we wheeled them to the stern, we were not on the right deck. We got on another elevator to go up one flight. I pushed a button. Uh, oh! I could feel the affects of gravity and knew I was not going up. Next thing I knew, the doors opened and I was looking at the lowest deck on the ship where housekeeping, laundry, and security were. Some Queen Mary personnel

squeezed on and I told them where I would like to go. They kind of snickered and pushed the appropriate elevator button for me. I then got off on the right floor where **Cum Nail Me** was still waiting for me and we wheeled the panels into the ballroom, where **Blow Up Doll** was also and assisting with coordinating Queen Mary personnel to assist the preparation of transforming the ballroom into the evening's Hash venue. Once again, the Queen Mary staff was very accommodating as they asked how many tables we needed for the wall and we had them within 5 minutes.

Then the house phone rang and one of the Queen Mary staff answered it. It was someone looking for **Blow Up Doll**. She talked on the phone for a bit and then I heard her say, "I think you need to talk to **8 Yellow Snow** about this." Before she handed me the phone, she warned me that it was **Pig Iron** and "there's a problem with the start of today's trail." **Pig Iron** was one of the Hares for the LBH3 1000th that was scheduled to start that day at noon, as were **Poor Aim**, **Open Festering Fish (OFF)**, and **Sin-D-Bare**.

I had driven to the start the previous Saturday just to see where it was and gauge the distance to the ON IN. When I was there I had been pleasantly surprised at how few people were actually at the park and how much room we would have to set up our continental breakfast and "staging area" for the beginning of the run. So when I got on the phone and **Pig Iron** said, "We have a problem with the start location of the run," my stomach did a series of flip-flops. The start was in an Equestrian Park and evidently today was the day of a big event and the park was closed to those not participating in the equestrian event. However, we could still park in an overflow lot across Hawthorne Boulevard. Not that big of a deal – or so we thought. I said to just go with it and the hares had to re-think some of the start of trail.

I headed back downstairs to the delivery area to assist with prepping the beer van, leaving the decorating committee to do their thing. Along the way, I encountered **Poor Aim** and we discussed the change of plans for the start. He picked up some items he needed from the beer van and headed out with tires squealing. When I arrived at the delivery area, the munchies committee was at full throttle. **Kammawannaleia** was barking out orders, sorting through munchies and breakfast items, **Just Jammit** was cutting up muffins, **Hi Ho** was brining down his exploding sodas and various other items from the Queen Mary reefer room, **Head & Shoulders** was arranging the beer to be put on each bus, **Double Entry and Last Train** were again depleting the Queen Mary of its ice supply, and things were falling into place. Little did we know that in another area, things were slowly unraveling.

At 9:30 AM the 2 busses showed up that would transport the pack to the start of the trail in Palos Verdes. **Poke-A-Cuntess** coordinated the busses to the proper place in the parking lot, **Kammawannaleia** took the items to the bus to be loaded, and I drove the Beer van to the busses to provide beer and to transport bags to the start. Things were working like clockwork with a jockey box, bloody Queen Marys, and a server on each bus in the form of **6-9 Split and Brown Thumb**. The first bus went off on the scheduled time of 10:00, just as the Queen Mary blew her big ol' whistle. We had one glitch where we were going to have beer at the start, but we were now short one jockey box because it was in the possession of **HomoSAXual**. The problem was, we did not know where he was. So we loaded a jockey box onto the second bus and it left at about 10:20 AM. Still looking good for time. However, there was now a bit of a problem at the start and the busses were having a difficult time. The first bus was supposed to be back at the Queen Mary to pick up its second load at 11:00 AM. Due to the logistics, it did not get back to the start until nearly 11:45 AM. It quickly loaded up and headed back to the start. This left about 20 hashers at the start to be picked up. We expected the second bus to show up shortly and whisk them away. So we waited, and we waited, and we waited. I got a call from the Hares. They wanted to start as they said the pack was getting restless. I said we would all start together, just hang in there. We continued to wait for the second bus. It finally showed at 12:30 PM – only one and a half hours behind schedule. Just as we were closing things up, **Pokey** suggested we take the remainder of the pack directly to the first Beer check instead of the start. I said we can take a vote, but one "No" vote meant was all go to the start and start at the same time. There was at least one "No" vote, so we all started to head for the start. I got another call. It was another plea to let them go ahead and start. I told them we were on the way and to wait. **Double Entry** and I then jumped into the Beer van, and followed by **Mr. Rats Ass's** Rat Mobile, we gunned it to the start. Just as we rolled in behind the last bus, the Hares were off. I parked the truck, some hashers got sunscreen out of their bags, and 15 minutes later the pack was off – only 1 hour behind schedule. Not bad for all that had happened.

With some order established and quietness upon us for a while, **Double Entry**, **Kammawannaleia**, and I rested a bit and enjoyed a beer. We then headed over to the second beer Check, where we were to provide water and beer. The three of us squeezed into the 2-man cab and we headed over to the beer check. We had mis-gauged the time and had to make a detour, so by the time we got to the beer check, some of the hashers had already gone by and the check had been broken. Nonetheless, we were there for most of them and provided beer, water, and Gatorade to the thirsty hashers while listening to tales of trail as it had been up to that point. The final hasher passed through and we decided to head out.

We had heard that **Hung Like A Bug** had aborted the trail through the tunnel and headed back to the start. Since it was an A to Z trail and we had not planned on taking anyone back to the start because the busses were going from the ON IN directly to the Queen Mary, we closed up the beer check and made a sweep back to the start to see if **Hung Like A Bug** was there. He was not, so we headed to the ON IN at Abalone Cove Park about a 15 minute drive away.

We headed toward the Pacific Ocean and Palos Verdes drive. We were soon overlooking the blue water and parked at the ON IN. We started setting up for the ON IN on a bluff about 100 yards from where we were parked. We knew we may be working with Ranger Asshole when the park attendant, who also took our money to park, would not let down a chain to allow us to drive to the area to drop off the beer and munchies. So, we started humping everything down there, including the kegs of beer. Ranger Asshole sees the kegs we are hauling, and comes over to advise us that we cannot have kegs in the park.

We had been advised by the Hares that we could have alcohol in the park. Ranger Asshole says, "You can have alcohol, but you are not allowed to have kegs." We spent about 15 minutes discussing this illogic with him. **Pack My Chute** said, "That's like telling someone it is ok to smoke, but it's not ok to smoke long cigarettes!"

Ranger Asshole notified us that the county sheriff was on the way. At this point I was almost ready to pack everything up and head on back to the Queen Mary and make the best of it. Then **Mr. Rats Ass** said Ranger Asshole said as long as the kegs are kept on the truck, we can use them to dispense beer. Again, I mentally scratched my head trying to figure out the logic. Whatever!

We moved everything from its original location to an area closer to the trucks. The majority of the pack was now ON IN and the thirsty and hungry hashers started gathering under the canopies provided by **Mr. Rats Ass** and **PMS**. About that time, the sister of Wanker's Island shows up. **Wanker's Island** had said he would donate Red Bull, Vodka, and Jägermeister to the 1000th weekend. He was not able to make it, but his sister drove all the way out to Palos Verdes from the Inland Empire to deliver as promised. We are very grateful to **Wanker's Island** and his sister.

It was now 4:00 PM and we were now 1 hour behind schedule. We had planned to start Down Downs at 3:00 PM, but again, the show must go on. The first bus left at 4:00 PM for those who did not want to stay for Down Downs (gasp!) and head back to the Queen Mary to get all gussied up for the evening's events. Wankers!!

Faggedy Andy and I set up Down Downs and we started them shortly after the first bus left. We vowed to keep Down Downs going until the last bus showed up to take the last die-hard hashers back to the Queen Mary – and we did it. In all honesty, I think those who left before Down Downs missed some of the best we have ever done, because we more or less let the pack conduct the Down Downs, coming up with any excuse for someone to drink.

The highlight of Down Downs was the final mission of the Kamikaze Down Downs. **Wild Bill** ran into the field behind Down Downs in full military gear with his air raid siren blaring. Over the bluff came a squadron of Down Down Kamikazes complete with wings, led by their commander, **Just Say No To Crack**. They all did a crash landing and it was funny watching them try to pick up Down Down cups with their cardboard wings with not much success. **Just Say No To Crack** was given a special Down Down for being the world's worst Kamikaze because he had flown at least 5 Kamikaze missions. We all know a Kamikaze pilot only flies one mission – his last! So, according to **Just Say No To Crack**, this was the death of the Kamikaze Down Downs.

The last bus finally showed up at 5:00 PM to shuttle the last group of drunks back to the Queen Mary. The rest of us stayed to break down the rest of the gear, load up the beer, and head on back to the Queen Mary. We were now back on schedule as **Double Entry** took over the driving duties back to the Queen Mary.

We arrived there a little after 6:00 PM, the time scheduled for opening the Britannia ballroom to awaiting hashers. We off-loaded the jockey boxes to the bar manager so he could get the beer flowing. I shut the truck up, drove it back to its spot in the parking lot, and headed back to the Queen Mary Hotel. As luck would again roll snake eyes, there was a biker wedding reception going on and I had to wait 15 minutes to get on the elevator. When I did get on, I was a bit smelly from the dust and wind and from the smell of beer. It was a bit ironic having a bunch of scruffy bikers looking at me like we would normally look at them on a crowded elevator. I high-tailed it off of there as soon as the door opened.

I had gotten off on the wrong floor and was now a bit lost on the ship. As I wondered the decks looking for B Deck, I cut across one of the passages from one side of the ship to the other. As I came to an intersection in the hall, I nearly bumped into a non-Harriette, who let out a scream. I thought my smell and appearance had frightened her, but she said, "We're on the 'Ghosts of the Queen Mary Tour' and you scared me to death." I guess I did feel a bit like death warmed over.

I met up with **Blow Up Doll** and headed to our room to take a quick shower. She told me the crowd was gathering in the ballroom and ready to party.

I freshened up and headed up to the ballroom with **Faggedy Andy's** props and presentation material. We gathered briefly to go over our agenda for the evening. By now both of us were pretty much in a complete fog and probably had less than quarter of a mind combined between us. He wrote the agenda down on his hand. I was just hoping he didn't decide to jack-off between then and the time of our presentation, otherwise we would be wiped out and have no idea what to do.

The pack of 180 hashers continued to mingle and take in the great decorations and the memories from the Wall of Shame. The band was set up and ready to go. Dinner was served at about 7:30 and things were pretty mellow with the combination of the glow from the Hashers and the fact that they were either still hung over from Friday night, exhausted from the Saturday afternoon trail, or a combination of this and other factors.

As dessert was being served, **Faggedy Andy** and I started the ceremonies and special presentations. The presentations included re-introducing the 3 Founders: **Jock, Eject and Zapata**; most runs by a Hare and Harriette: **Fruit Of The Loom** and **Broomhilda**; and most hares by a Hare and Harriette: **Riff Raff** and **Alouette**. The ex-LBH3 Grand Masters in attendance were brought up and said a few words to the 3 Founders – all unflattering remarks, indeed!! **Faggedy Andy** presented the founders with special gifts: a blow-up cow for Jock, a 12-pack of Pabst for Eject, and a jar of Vaseline for Zapata. They were also presented with commemorative polo shirts.

Fruit Of The Loom then read a list of the LBH3 1000th Committee members and they were brought forth and recognized. This made it evident of the kind of team and its size that goes into putting on an event such as this that has given the Long Beach Hash its reputation for putting on super entertaining events throughout its 18+ year history. Here's to all who made it happen!! **[See list within this Snooze of all those on the committee and volunteers]**

A couple in orange attire, **Gigo** and **Sheep Thrills**, read a declaration in recognition before the masses. In short it said, "Thanks for all the great Long Beach Hashes. In honor of being a superior hash, Seal Beach has decided to secede from

Orange County and is now a part of Long Beach.” Or words to that affect.

It was now time to Rock The Boat! The LBH3 Hash Band of **Last Train, Sin-D-Bare, HomoSAXual, 3.5” Floppy Dick, and Gay’s Okay**, took the stage and kept the dance floor going until the last call at midnight. It was another perfect venue for the Hash as we had plenty of room to wander, and we could go outside to the back deck and take in the cool evening air and look out over the City of Long Beach skyline.

There was an intermission for the band so we could announce the winners of the raffle prizes. **Poke-A-Cuntess, High Speed Copulator**, and others went about reading off the names of the winners and doling out the goodies. Thanks to those of you who bought all the raffle tickets and a special thanks again to **Pokey** and her crew for rousting up the prizes that everyone was clamoring after.

At midnight, the band stopped playing, but the party wasn’t over yet. Those hardy souls who could still stand meandered from the ballroom at the stern to the Observation Bar at the bow. There was still some cleaning up to do, and some of the committee continued on working to ensure everything was gathered up, cleaned up, and collected into one area for picking up the next morning, or I should say, this morning, as it was now 1:00 AM as the remainder of us headed down to the Observation Bar to join the rest of the LBH3 1000th Eagles.

Once there, the party was still in full swing, with Hashers mixing with civilians and dancing and drinking the night away with the Elvis impersonator spinning tunes until closing time. **Blow Up Doll** and I ordered one last Guinness and headed back to our room, again putting in for another 6:00 AM wake-up call before we fell into our bunk at a time somewhere around 2:00 AM. Again, strains of Don Merideth ran through my head as I drifted off to slumber land...

Long Beach H3 1000th Weekend – Day 3

Having gotten used to nights with 3 hours of sleep, I actually woke up at 5:30 AM before the alarm clock went off. I put on the standard pot of coffee and went through my morning routine – things you really don’t care to be privy to, I am sure.

By 7:00 AM **Blow Up Doll** and I were ready to head out into a new day – the final day of the LBH3 1000th Weekend. This would be the Sunday morning hangover run, so I didn’t expect more than half of the 180 weekend attendees to show up. But, there was still one more act in this 3-act production, and the committee was ready to put their hearts and souls into going out with a bang, or pass out trying!!

We headed back to the ballroom to gather up all the decorations, articles, and paraphernalia from the previous evening’s party. Once again, **Cum Nail Me** was there at the ready to hump the panels from the Wall of Shame back into my truck, and the rest of the decorating committee was there to salvage what they could to be recycled at another LBH3 event. Great job on the decorations, crew!!

I went to retrieve the beer van one last time and saw that the Sunday Hangover Hares, **PMS, Alouette**, and **Take A #**, had already prepped their flour with red food coloring to distinguish it from the Friday night trail flour, as some of it was scattered on the ground at the back of the Beer van. I drove the truck over to the delivery area again for our 8:30 AM rendezvous with **Kammawannaleia** and her crew to prepare for the mornings continental breakfast, Bloody Queen Marys, and other munchies for the day.

When I arrived, **Head & Shoulders** was already in process of bringing down the remaining beer from the previous night, **Just Jammit** was ginsu-ing her allotment of muffins and croissants for the day, and **Hi Ho** was again pitching in wherever needed. We were in dire need of ice, and the ice machines on the Queen Mary had spit out the last of their capabilities before we arrived. Every now and then, one of the 3 machines would act like a stingy Las Vegas slot machine and spit out a few pieces of ice at a time, but not near enough to quench our need for ice for the jockey boxes and food. Oh, well, we’ll make do.

At one point while we were shuttling stuff back and forth from the Queen Mary reefer to the beer van, I saw a guy with some bags of ice and an ice sculpture in the shape of a dolphin. Not knowing whether he was coming from a previous night’s event or going to a current day’s event, I pointed to the sculpture while salivating over thoughts of striking the ice block mother lode and asked him, “Are you done with that?” He must have been the sculptor, because he shot me a look like “How dare you ask such a question!!” but he just looked at me and said, “NO!”

By 9:30 AM we had done the final loading, sorting, slicing, and dicing, and we all bid our final “Bon Voyage” to the security guard in the delivery area. He had witnessed nearly 48 hours of madness watching us prep all of our munchies and continental breakfasts right under his nose, while at the same time raiding the Queen Mary ice machines of all the ice normally used by the catering people.

We now headed over to the start of the Sunday morning LBH3 Hash #1001 – The Start of a New Millennium of LBH3 Hashing. It was in the parking lot of the Naga restaurant, so I get to use this joke one more time: We were trying to be discrete and not be noticed, so we were Naga-hiding!!

Just as I was parking the Beer van and turning off the engine, I hear this sound to my left of a chain scraping against metal and then the screeching of rubber as a car comes to a halt. I look over and see **Jock’s** car sitting there. He had driven his car into the adjacent parking lot and did not see the chain barrier with yellow tape draped all over it and had driven right through it at about 25 knots and snapped the chain with the front of his car!! And this is the guy who is a retired naval officer who used to drive ships and now is in charge of cargo ships in the Long Beach Harbor!! Give this Hasher a wide berth!! **Kammawannaleia** had arranged to have coffee delivered to the start because of input from **Tits Ahoy**. At the time of the request I considered it whimpy whining, but guess who was one of the first to partake of the black gold? Yes, moi!! Thanks

Kammawannaleia and Tits Ahoy!!

The pack started to grow to numbers larger than I had thought would be here, but then when you tell hashers things like “free bloody Queen Marys, mimosas, continental breakfast, etc.” it tends to draw a crowd. Being it was a hangover hash and we still had people checking out of the Queen Mary, we were in no hurry to start at the announced 10:15 start time. Just chill and enjoy.

We did have a shortage of water at the start, so **Head & Shoulders** and I scouted around for a spigot. We did find one but decided there was enough water to get people through the start and we would “confiscate” some of Naga’s water with the assist of some pliers after the pack was off. At that time we filled some coolers and made a batch of Gatorade.

I’m not sure what time the Hares actually went off, but they eventually did. The pack continued to consume and walk about in zombie-like states of mind. We even had some Sunday only people show up in the form of **Liposuckthis** and **Southern Baptists**.

The pack was finally off and headed back toward downtown Long Beach. **Head & Shoulders** and I gathered up the water, **Kammawannaleia** collected the munchies and drinks, and **Head & Shoulders** and I headed over to man the second of 3 beer checks on this trail. We had a very hung over **Titty Bear** and yet-to-be-named hasher, **I Do Do Do Do Do’s sister**, in tow. We got to the beer check just as the front-running-bastards came by. The pack of runners and walkers trickled in over the next half hour. We were in a parking lot near the beach at Ocean Boulevard and Shoreline Drive. It was metered parking, but we had just pulled up and set up the beer check. We had 2 drive-bys by the Long Beach Police Department, but we had the cooler containing water and Gatorade predominately displayed on the tailgate of **Head & Shoulders’** truck. Each time the cops drove by and just waved, not even checking to see if we had fed the parking meters. That yearly Toys For Tots donation to LBPd seems to be paying long-term dividends.

The last of the pack straggled by on its way to the third beer check at Hooters, and we all packed up and headed to the end. Or at least I thought I was heading to the end. I got lost and called **Head & Shoulders** and **Blow Up Doll** on the cell phone to tell me where I was supposed to be. I was supposed to be at the Catalina Terminal. I headed in that direction and the next thing I knew I was back in the parking lot of the Queen Mary!!

I finally got to the ON IN and it was next to a gated parking lot. **Head & Shoulders** had figured out how to get in, and he was holding the automatic barrier up to let people in through the exit. This worked fine for a while until I pulled up into the parking lot with the beer van to offload beer and munchies at the ON IN. As I shut off the engine, a uniformed guy came walking toward me with ticket book in hand. I saw that this guy actually had badges on him that said “Sheriff,” so I listened to what he said. He said this was private government property and we were parked here illegally and I had to leave. I kindly asked him if I could offload some stuff (I left out the Beer part), and I would be gone in 5 minutes. He said it was no problem and even said he was sorry that we couldn’t park here.

Anyway, we offloaded the munchies and beer into the ON IN area and he didn’t say word one about the kegs of beer and jockey boxes. I drove the truck over to a parking lot about a quarter mile away and caught a ride back with

Kammawannaleia, **Double Entry**, and an SUV full of munchies.

The pack was still coming in when we got there, and the beer was flowing, and the weather was great and we had an out of the way place for an ON IN and Down Downs. **Jock** was his normal self and bitching about Down Downs starting so late, as if that is what he lives for. Anyway, it was a great end to three days of hashing with plenty more to come for those who chose to stick around. Hashers were chillin’ and soaking in what remained of the weekend. Just before we started Down Downs, I heard a Harriette squeal and looked over to see **Pic ‘N’ Save’s** dog, Tommy, lifting its leg and pissing on **Heine-Key**. Heine-Key, Schmeine-key, fuck that shit!! Pabst Blue Ribbon!!

We started Down Downs with a bigger crowd than Saturday’s and it was another rousing session as **Milk Near** seemed to get the brunt of the abuse because she had wanted to dry out her shoes and decided the best way to do it was to throw them through the port hole in her room. Go figger, it cost her Hash Shit!! We got **Eject’s** weekend date, **Elaine**, up as a new boot as this was her first exposure to the Hash. If she lasts through this weekend, **Eject**, you’ve got a keeper.

Down Downs were finally over, we had sent the hash off in search of piece, and it was all over but the shoutin’. The normal keg hangers hung, and at 4:00 PM it was finally the last, last call and the jockey box was disconnected. We cleaned up the area to make it cleaner than when we came, and **Tits Ahoy** gathered up all the perishables to take them over to a nearby park where the Long Beach homeless congregate. She came back to report they were very grateful to the LBH3 for its contribution. Maybe this is a new tradition we can do more frequently.

I then loaded up **Shit Happens** and **Fruit Of The Loom** into the beer van and headed over to the ON ON at wharf 555, or whatever it is called. There were still some hashers there and we went in to order some of that great seafood. As I finished my beer and was consuming my salmon and BBQ shrimp, **Fruit Of The Loom** brought me a beer. I say brought, not bought. He said he went to buy me a beer, but the owner gave him 2 on the house, so technically, he didn’t really buy me a beer.

We finally finished and the last of us left the restaurant. I was going to take **Fruit Of The Loom** home to his doorstep, but we got on Ocean Boulevard and got caught in the Jehovah Witness traffic gridlock heading toward the Long Beach Convention Center. It was so bad that **Fruit Of Then Loom** finally said, “Just let me out here and I can walk home.” No problemo. He got out and at the next intersection I did a U-turn and headed back to the 710 freeway. **Shit Happens** was still with me as I would be taking him to LAX later for a midnight flight back to South Carolina. We made a stop at **Head & Shoulders** and **Corn Hole Hussie’s** to drop off all the empty kegs, leftover munchies, and other miscellaneous items, with **Shit Happens** helping us hump the stuff off the truck.

I then finally headed home, where we offloaded the rest of the truck at about 7:00 PM. **Shit Happens** hung out with us until it got to be close to 9:00 PM. At that time I said, "Dude, I need to get you to the airport before I nod off from exhaustion." So we headed off to LAX where I dropped him off at the curb at 9:30 PM for his midnight flight and I made one final journey home. After getting home, popping one last beer, and checking some e-mail, I finally crawled between the sheets with **Blow Up Doll** at about 11:00 PM. It had been a hell of a weekend and it had been well worth it to see all the smiling faces on the hashers all weekend and everyone having a great time.

My beer is raised to those who attended, but my beer is raised to the highest of heights to those on the LBH3 1000th Weekend Committee and the volunteers who pitched in and made this one of the greatest Long Beach Hash House Harrier events ever!!

THANK YOU, ALL!!

ON ON

8 Yellow Snow

HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

(at least one weekend of it)

by Mr. Rat's Ass

They asked for scribe donations, so I'll put in my 2 cents worth. It's little secret by now that a number of hard-working and selfless individuals made the weekend a unique, well-organized, and value-packed event. Say whatever you want about LBH3, just don't say that they can't pull off a great hash campout, bus ride, whatever....

Rather than describe every second of my experience (I haven't got the time and you don't care), I'll just relate a few of my significant recollections.....

The week before: in preparation for the LAST Kamikaze down-downs on 1000th run Saturday...a party at my house to prepare for war (fabricating/painting the custom-fit cardboard wings, headbands, t-shirts) with **Crack, Acropolips, Nice Hair Fag, and Sheep Thrills**...drinking beer, cruising the internet for any clue on writing our hash names in Japanese...drinking more beer.....coming up with the eventual battle plan of sending **Wild Bill** ahead with his air-raid siren to distract the pack and adding the element of surprise.....victory would soon be ours.

Friday afternoon: arrived at the Queen Mary to view the finely tuned machine that was 1000th check-in and haberdashery. All hands were on deck handing out wristbands, raffle tickets, goodie bags, beer. It made me think of all the times that I've heard LBH3 called an 'anal' hash....well, maybe a little bit....but add to that: well-organized, with a consistently selfless, hard-working, and creative mismanagement, aided by a pack that rolls up their sleeves to pitch in before they're even asked....add it all up.....priceless.

Saturday early evening:**Gigo** and **Sheep Thrills** presenting LBH3 with a mock award....very clever, very funny, as only they can do.....it was good to see a lot of OCHHH in attendance, showing their support....the tongue-in-cheek pseudo LBH3/OCHHH hash rivalry suspended for the weekend so we could party together....

Saturday late evening: leaving the ballroom at midnight, many of us head for the Promenade bar to continue the nights revelry....hashers were present in full partying force.....on the stage, an Elvis impersonator was packing up his stuff ...at the bar, an older lady sits by herself, listening to the music, gazing wistfully at the dance floor....made you think that perhaps she was dreaming of her youth, when she would dance the night away. **Shoulda Been Gay** remarked to a few of us that someone should ask her to dance.....not out of pity, but to perhaps bring a smile to her wrinkled face and make her night a little memorable...no one volunteered....so **SBGay** mustered up our collective courage and decided to make his move, being a nice guy (weird, but genuinely nice..... a true gentleman)... he strode up to the lady confidently.....his hand reached out.....we all sighed when the lady declined ...our collective hopes dashed in three words..... "no, thank you" a poignant moment lost.... we were all disappointed....none more so than **Shoulda Been Gay**....her loss....

Saturday later evening: the bar was closing at 2.....what now?....acoustic guitars were piled high in the corner of the bar.....we needed a place to play.....who had enough guts to let a bunch of noisy drinking hashers invade their room, their privacy, at 2 a.m.?stepping up to the challenge, **CockRider** and **Nippleschnitzel** were stu....I mean, gracious enough to offer their suite....and the bars patrons fell into line behind her wheelchair, winding their way through this maze of a vessel, stumbling behind a two wheeled Pied Piper.....20? 30? More? hashers eventually made their way to the room.....guitar cases opened..... **Sheep, Shitpacker, HashBand Jeff** and myself taking turns leading the pack in song.....surprise ...the phone rang.....the crowd was hushed into silence.....the caller informing **Cockrider** that complaints were coming in about the noise....security was on the way.....sensible caring people would have called it a night.....but not hashers...singing and drinking commenced anew.....again the phone rang.....more complaints from fellow passengers...it was an unspoken consensus that perhaps we'd wait for security to arrive....finally...a knock at the door....guitars and voices fell silent.....we were finally busted.....who's this at the door?.....Elvis from the bar?!....was he on the Queen Mary staff?was he asked to come up and shut this party down??.....the crowd remained strangely

silent as he strode to the back of the room, with that stride only an Elvis can do.....and with a curled Elvis lip he asked to borrow a guitar...quicker than you can say "momma baby", Elvis broke into the first of many Elvis classics....hip-shaking, the whole bit.....I was surprised at how many hashers knew the lyrics to the King's songs (besides me)..... Elvis even hung in there when we played Eagles, Doors, Steely Dan, whatever.....life was good.....and again, the phone rings (was this the 4th or 5th interruption?).... I was sure we were on borrowed time so I bailedmy watch said 4 a.m....I could hear the singing fade as I walked away down the long corridor.....I guess those complaining passengers were right after all.....it was kind of noisy after all.....

Sunday afternoon: down-downs were over....many hands joined in to help clean-up.....there was a sizable amount of food left over from the weekend.....**Tits Ahoy** mentioned that we should perhaps give it to the homeless (she knew a local park where they could be found)....if we could help take it to her car, she would deliver it....(it seems behind those double D's beats a heart of gold). It turned out logistically easier to steer the Ratmobile to the park, where the food was unloaded and placed on the sidewalk.....and the hungry did not need a formal invitation.....they came forward, said 'thank you' as they carted away fruit and pastries and yogurt and milk. This small gesture of charity served to put the weekend in perspective for this hasher.....how very fortunate we all are....very fortunate indeed....thank you Tits.....thank you LBH3.....

MRA

What a great weekend! Thanks to the LBH3 mis-management and to all who helped put it together. Great trails, especially Saturday, even the second tunnel on the Ball Buster. Non stop alcohol, excellent food, a truly world class event.

Stinkfinger
Oregon H3

LBH3 Organization Committee never misses the opportunity to raise the level of the bar! Looking forward to 2000th!

BUG!

THANK YOU!!!!

That was amazing! What part? You name it. Every part. Great organization by the committee. Really wonderful team work. For such a small price I was constantly reminding myself that I didn't deserve it all. Great people everywhere. I met soooo many fun hashers. It was really a celebration. Even Fruit Of The Loom was smiling constantly. :) It was just awesome everywhere I turned.

This past month was very hard for me . My fathered suffered a massive stroke and is somehow surviving. My mother died nine days later on June 22nd.

You all really helped put a smile back on my face and life back in my heart.

Thanks a lot everyone,
Headfucker

Just returned from Long Beach's 1000th run weekend. Fantastic event, on a par with an Interam or World Interhash...

Arrived at the Queen Mary Friday evening just before the start of the run. The run headed across the bridge and meandered through downtown Long Beach before ending on a paddle boat. Don't remember much after that except the paddle boat cruised Long Beach harbor for several hours. The staff was cool and even participated in the down downs and dancing. Lots of munchies, plus dinner, and of course, beer... I think we got back to the Queen Mary around midnight or so, where it was off to the observation deck bar for more alcohol..

Saturday's run was in the Palos Verdes area (between Long Beach and LA). Fantastic run.. The first leg featured a mile and a half jaunt through a tunnel. Yep, you read right.. Average time in the tunnel was about 30 minutes..

Several of us, however, skipped the tunnel and ranged the area looking for the emergence of the pack.. God knows how we located them, but we caught up with them at the second beer check.. (First beer check was at the tunnel exit).. The third leg was the most scenic.. Trail went up a bridle path over the rolling hill estates. Spectacular views of LA, Long Beach, and the ocean... At the third beer check, (after two hours on trail), a bus was waiting to transport the turkeys to the end.. The eagle trail continued onwards, mostly downhill.. I think they had two more beer checks with the run finishing on the beach (where the Iguana hash in Hermosa beach ended a few years ago). I heard the eagle was about 9 miles total..

After that, it was back to the Queen Mary for dinner, dancing, and revelry in the ballroom...

Some of us also included an extracurricular visit to Joe Jost's bar in Long Beach.. All I can say is if you are ever in Long Beach, a trip to Joe Jost's is mandatory..

On Sunday, there was the hangover run (actually fairly long for a hangover run) which included a stop at Hooters in Long Beach..

Did I mention the goodie bag? It was actually a cooler stuffed to the gills with all sorts of stuff including a t-shirt, a towel, and a fleece vest..(top quality items, all of it)

It was clear to this hasher that this was a meticulously planned event. Organization was superb. And this was reflected in the success of the weekend. Everything went off without a hitch as far as I could tell.

Overall, I would rank this as one of the top 10 events I have ever attended.

Thanks to everyone in Long Beach for a great weekend!!

CIA
Houston H3
Iguana H3

I've said it before, but I'll take the time to restate:

You can NEVER GO WRONG at any LBH3 event. I've attended several, and they are always FIRST RATE.

On-On,
Gopher

Thanks to you and the team for all your hard work in putting on a fantastic 1000th weekend. I had a great time! The logistics and organization for something like this are huge and you guys did an outstanding job.

Thanks again for a great (local too!) Hash weekend.

Gigo

Fuckin' GREAT !!

Pinky

I want to offer my congratulations and thanks for a job well done. I know I speak for the other Founders when I say we are more than pleased with the job you did for the 1000th. I personally would like to thank you and the rest of the entire Hash for the welcome back I received, now I wonder why I was gone so long (Oh, yeah, I got married for a while). Thanks again, 6-9 Split would you please pass this on to the rest of the 1000th Committee?

Zapata

The End

PHOTO GALLERY

Visit the Long Beach Hash Website for more pictures <http://lbh3.hash.org/>

LBH3 Run #999

Friday, July 11, 2003

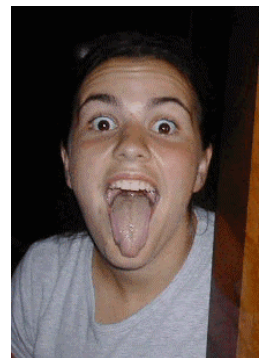


PHOTO GALLERY

Visit the Long Beach Hash Website for more pictures <http://lbh3.hash.org/>

LBH3 Run #1000

Saturday, July 12, 2003

Run & Down Downs

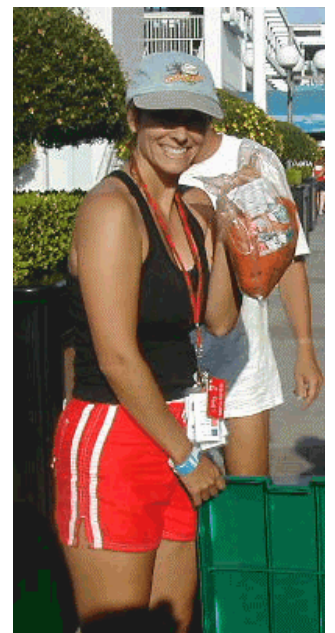


PHOTO GALLERY

Visit the Long Beach Hash Website for more pictures <http://lbh3.hash.org/>

LBH3 Run #1000 (cont.)

Saturday, July 12, 2003 Party and Afterhours

Sunday, July 13, 2003 LBH3 Run #1001



LBH3 1000th Guest List
Thanks for Helping us Celebrate!

4N Lay	Free Samples	Micro Screwry	Shit Packer
6-9 Split	Freudian Slut	Milk Near	Shouda Been Gay
8 Yellow Snow	Fruit of the Loom	Mitey Byte	Silicon Desire
Achey Breaky Fart	Fungus	Moan N' Fuck'er	Sin-D-Bare
Acropolips	Fuxedo	More Sex	Skirt Boy
Afterbirth	Gigo	Mr Rats Ass	Sniff My Butt
Alfredo Fed-A-Weenie	Gives Good Head &	Nasty Habit	Snowball
Alotta Vagina	Shoulders	Never Enough Beaver	Sosumi
Alouette	Glider-Inn	Nice Hair Fag	Stalemate
Amelia Airfart	Groughy Tiger Hidden	Night Deposit	Stalker Gump
Amy Mc Marathon	Hamboner	Nipple Schnitzle	Stinkfinger
Back Door Whore	Hard Drive	No Twat 4 U	Stupid Piece of Shit
Banana Split	Hard in the Saddle	Nut N Honey	Sum Dum Chik
Batta	Have Shit/Will Travel	Oedipussy	Take A #
Beauty N Obese	Headfucker	OFF	Teenage Enema Nurse
Ben Dover	Heave Ho	One Beat Off	Tits Ahoy
Bidet Mate	Heine-Key	Our Tits	Titty Bear
Big Gulp	Hi Ho	P.T. Phuque	Tort Tart
Blow Up Doll	Hi Speed	Pack My Chute	Tweedle Me
Boyz R Us	Hindlick	Paddle Me Silly	Twin Peaks
Breast Plate	Homo SAXual	Passing Wind	Undercover
Broomhilda	Honey Dew Me	Pecker Wrecker	Urethra Frankgland
Brown Thumb	Howdy Do Me	Pee Wee Sperman	Victoria Secretion
Bull	Hung Like A Bug	Penis Butter	Wax My Ass
BV Diva	I Do Do Do Do Do	Pic N Save	Weed Whacker
Captain Jerk	Jesus Christ Super S	Pig Iron	Wet Clam
Chunkey Monkey	Jock	Pigs Tail	Wetback
CIA	Joe Isuzu	Pillsbury Blow Boy	Whale Boner
Cock O'Dial Done Me	JoeyButtAFuckYou	Pinky	While Your Down
Cock Rider	Juggles His Balz	Pixilated Pussy	There
Corn Hole Hussie	Just Ashley	Poke-A-Cuntess	Wild Bill
Cum Nail Me	Just Brent	Poor Aim	Zapata
Cums In A Tube	Just Doug	Pot Ho	Just Suzanne
Da Butt	Just Elaine	PP Long Sucking	
Damian	Just Jammit	Psychobitch	
Debriefed -not cuming	Just Jane	Pull Toy	
Detachable Penis	Just Kathleen	Quatro Pinko Cheeko	
Didgeridildo	Just Michael	Ride Me	
Double Entry	Just Say No to Crack	Rodney Queen	
Drippy Dick	Kammonawannalea	Rub Her Dick	
Eat Me Raw	Krabs 'R Us	S.O.S.	
Eject	Last Train	Satan	
Erection Your Honors	Little Dipper	Screw Cap	
Faggedy Andy	Long Cutting Bastard	Screw Loose	
Farrah Fuckett	Loves Big Pussy	Sequential Gangbang	
Fellacial	Martha F. Stewart	Sheep Thrills	
Fish Lips	Marv Albert	Shit	
Flouncer	Mary Tyler Whore	Shit Happens	
	Message A Twat		

A Great Big Thank You to all LBH3 1000th Committee Members and Volunteers!

Core Committee:

8 Yellow Snow
Blow Up Doll
Corn Hole Hussie
Double Entry
Gives Good Head & Shoulders
Paddle Me Silly (PMS)
Poor Aim
QPC

General Committee:

6-9 Split
Back Door Whore
Faggedy Andy
Kammanawannaleia
Krabs R Us
Last Train
Mr. Rats Ass
Nipple Schnitzle
Pinky
Pokey
Wet Clam

Volunteers:

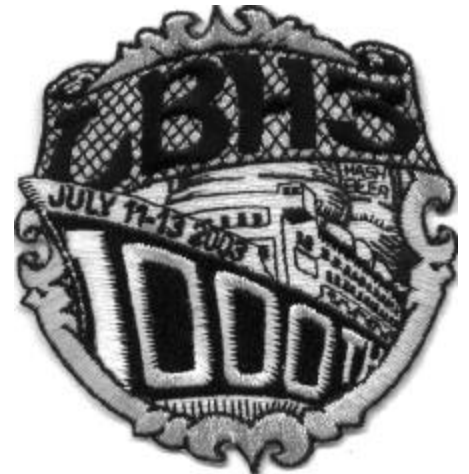
4 N Lay
Alouette
After Birth
Broomhilda
Brown Thumb
BV Diva
Chunky Monkey
Cum Nail Me
Fungus
Hi Ho
Hi Speed
Just Jammit
Just Say No To Crack
Massage A Twat
Pack My Chute
Passing Wind
Pee Wee Sperman
Rub Her Dick
Sequential Gang Bang & Friend
Shit Happens
Sosumi
Take A Number
Tits Ahoy

Special Thanks To:

Flash Pants and
The "Hash Band"

For providing hours of entertainment and
helping to "Rock The Boat"!

and to
Nut N Honey for the awesome artwork!



Hi Speed
Laura Gaber
11723 Santa Gertrudes Ave.
Whittier, CA 90604