

LBH3 Snoozeletter

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

October 1, 2006

Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

Manhole Trail Visionary

I made the solitary trek up the 710 to Alhambra, mindful that I might be the only hasher at the hash, what with the Catalina Island and Parker, Arizona campouts. A sizeable number were also R*CING – **Nice Hair Fag**, **4H**, **Fishlips**, **Tealy Dan**, **Snowblower**, **Hitter in the Shitter**, and **Sofa King We Todd Id**.

Another racist bastard, **Ignorant Fuck**, drove up just after I did, with his bicycle, new shoes and Speedo jammed in the back of his car.

The crowd was somewhat subdued; it felt like an L.A. hash. All that was needed was the Roaming Check-In, **Damian the Antichrist**. Luckily, though, all I had to seek out was **Night** “Legs” **Deposit** and **Alouette** (who commented that she might be able to count hashers on her fingers and toes – wow! A harriette with a Ph.D!).

With such a small crowd, any new boots would not have an easy time just fading into the woodwork. Hare **Ben Dover** had recruited a couple of young lads from his neighborhood, said that they were seniors at Cal State L.A. and had attended his alma mater, Highland High School.

Both were clad in heavy metal band t-shirts and had bad 80s hairdos. I thought it too bad that all of the hash bands were out of town because they would have really dug these cats. **Jesus Christ Superscar** immediately gravitated to these two and they reminisced about Metallica, Van Halen, Iron Maiden and Poison. I wandered away from this conversation, which was punctuated by “Whoa!” and “Cool!”



I didn't go to Parker or to Catalina. LBH3 Rules!

I struck up a conversation with some LAH3 stalwarts, **Retracted**, **Spankey Yankey**, and **Tits for Treats**. All were excited about how easy the drive was for them; they didn't have to go to Long Beach to do Long Beach!



Somebody had to stay here and check in all 36 LBH3 hashers.

I looked around valiantly for the beer – **Last Train** and **Gives Good Head & Shoulders** were in Parker; Assistant Brewmeister-in-Training **4H** was r*cing, and our crew of jockey box denizens all seemed to be in Catalina (**Double Entry**, **Hung Like a Bug**) or Parker (**Fungus**, **Chewcaca**). So... we were stuck with the Assistant Back-up Brewmeisters-in-law, **Pig Iron** and **Open Festering Fish** and coolers full of Pabst Genuine Draft.

Around 10:05, as **Fruit of the Loom** got antsy, **Ben Dover** made his announcements: “Two beer-checks, one manned ... er... womanned, and one unmanned.” From the peanut gallery, I heard, “Heh Heh. He said womanned.” OK, not that funny.

I spent the remainder of the 15 minutes watching **Finger in the Dyke** and **Little Dutch Boy** change into their running clothes.

Soon we were off into an alley, just outside of the Alhambra Manhole Factory. I heard the dark-haired new boot comment, “Huh Huh. It says Man-Hole, dude.” I would love to regale you further with this intriguing conversation, but the trail continued over a wall (**Entertainment Unit** tossed some bitch over), so... I took the wimp route with **Geezer Teaser**, **Aftermath** and **Special Ed**. This took us through a parking lot, across a busy street and to the first (unmanned) beer check. **Fruit** strode right by the beer check, commenting, “I do not recognize this as an official beercheck, 5 minutes in, what kind of crap?” while **Pinky** untwisted a bottle of Sierra Nevada and **Just Say No to Crack** offered to skip the trail and carry the beer check (somewhat

We continued up and down streets and through some urban shiggy. I caught up with the wall-climbing pack in the Costco parking lot. **Wrong Hole Tim** was schooling the new boots about hash terminology. The blonde one pointed to **Spread 'em Bitch** and said, "Heh Heh. Chicks. Cool." **Tim** started to correct him, but I said to let him find out on his own.

More boring streets and unmarked checks (Thanks, **Iggy!**) and we were getting hot and needing another beer check, when suddenly, we were there. **Satan** was serving Port Floats, while **Just Rose** was inside screaming (she sampled too many floats and was knocking shit over). **Geezer Teaser** was just walking away when we arrived (Short-Cutting Bastard!) and **Spread'em Bitch** was trying to brush off advances from the blonde new boot, who commented, "Chicks Suck!" (Hmm... where's **Sin D Bare?**)



Somebody had to bring the Snoozes to Alhambra.

I decided to wait around until the slower harriettes were done with their tipsy tipling (so I could perform my magic) and found myself behind them (the best position) on trail. **Tits for Treats**, **Spankey** and I trailed **Wild Bill** up on some railroad tracks and then off again. Up ahead, I saw **Broomhilda** and **Sum Dum Chik** trying to fend off the lust-crazed new boots, who finally seemed satisfied with getting really really drunk.

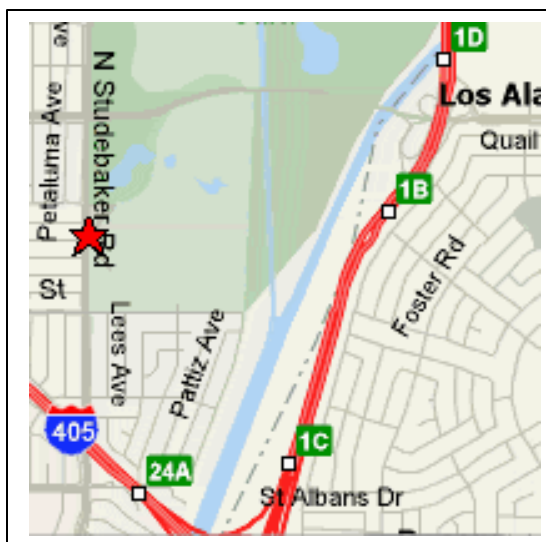
He's So Sweet had a nice spread waiting (more leftovers from the campout) and more PBGD (Pabst Blue Genuine Draft) and Budweiser. Everyone was commenting that **Ben Dover** did a fine job considering that he substituted for **Wet Clam** at the last minute.

As down-downs started, I watched **Tits for Treats** massaging **Bust Her Hymen's** swollen thighs (he fell down during marathon training). She continued with **Victoria Secretion's** tense shoulders and **Captain Hook's** prosthetic leg. be seen (but don't think that we didn't notice that watching other guys

Down-downs were the usual sordid mess, and they even "lost control," which was pretty hard to do considering the small size of the pack. By the time they finally brought up the new boots, the female couldn't grasp the "What doesn't go in you, goes on you," while the headbangers were fairly schnockered. When **Crack** asked, "Who are you and who made you cum?" the blonde stumbled over, ripped off **Royal Flush's** asbestos shorts, pulled them over his head, and said, "Heh Heh. I am Manholio. I need PB for my pie hole!" drank his beer and ran in circles around the circle. I think he's a keeper.

After a quick round of down-downs, some of the pack continued on at the ON-ON-ON, while I headed home to watch a Beavis & Butt-Head marathon on MTV, and figure out what to write about this shitty hash.

Pillsbury Blow Boy



Here's the map to the Tree Dedication.

See ya there!

TREE DEDICATION FOR MARY TYLER WHORE & ACCIDENTAL TOURIST DATE: Friday October 6th

TIME: 6 PM

PLACE: El Dorado Park, LB, TG 796, F-3

It has become a Long Beach Hash tradition to plant a tree as a living memorial to Long Beach-connected hashers who have died. We will be dedicating trees to AT and MTW, and will conduct a hash memorial at the site of the other 8 trees that have been planted. Afterwards, we will adjourn to the El Dorado Park Golf Course Bar where hashers will buy their own drinks & a toast will be given to those who have gone on. Anyone who cannot make the service can see FRUIT OF THE LOOM to arrange a mutual time for a private service.

Directions: from OC, go to the 605 Fwy, exit at Willow/Katella. Go west on Willow to Studebaker and turn left. Make a left into the driveway between the duck pond and the golf course bar. From north of LB, take the 405 south bound, exit at Studebaker, going north. Turn right into the driveway as above.

This Date in History:

By LBH3's own Hashtorian, Alouette

Date: 9/25/2002 RUN# 925

Location: SANTA ANA – 7 MILES

Cum Nail Me's first run started in the dirt piles at the NW corner of Centennial Park. The hares Smells Like Your Anus, Boyz R Us, Wet Furry Thing and EZ Goin'---pretty scary, huh?! Trial went SE, past the lakes and soccer games, then turned north toward Fairview. We came upon an area that looked like a Taliban compound after a "Daisy Cutter", all level and nothing but dirt. There was a Turkey/Eagle split that had the eagles going through a drain and tunnel. The turkeys paralleled along the street. We turned into a park then north through a housing tract. One of the local rascals felt pity on us and handed out water. EZ was at the 1st beer check clutching a half-full champagne bottle and he didn't seem interested in sharing. There was a 2nd tunnel. It turned out to be long and very wet. The water kept getting deeper. It was just like the garbage pit scene from Star Wars without R2D2 to save us. For some reason it Smelled Like Uranus down there! After that experience, I skipped the third tunnel. After passing yards full of pit bulls and rottweilers, we finally exited through an open gate to find beer check #2. Trail finished by again running through the park back to the start. Cum Nail Me is the only new boot (out of 4) that decided to cum again!



**Somebody
had to stay
here and
run the trail.
(OK, walk
the trail!)**

**Deadline for Sunday write-ups is
Wednesday at 5 PM.**

**E-mail your write-ups, directions, etc
to:**

Snooze@lbh3snooze.org

Or snail map to:

Susanne "Broomhilda" Gilmore

1900 E. 53rd Street

Long Beach, CA 90805

RECEDING HARELINE

10/8/06	1189	LAST TRAIN, HEAD, 4H – Brewmeisters Run
10/15/06	1190	FLOTATION DEVICES
10/22/06	1191	GEEZER TEASER & Company
10/29/06	1192	BROOMHILDA & JCSS Halloween Hash
11/05/06	1193	PIG IRON
11/12/06	1194	JOCK
11/19/06	1195	NICE HAIR FAG
11/24/06	1196	BEATTY – BEN DOVER & BUSTER HYMEN
11/25/06	1197	BEATTY – POOR AIM &
11/26/06	1198	BEATTY – LAS VEGAS HARES
12/3/06	1199	4H
12/10/06	1201	GT, BLOW & PINKY

WEAKLY STATISTICS

RUN # 1187

Date: 9/24/06

Place: Alhambra

Miles: 4.6

Hares: BEN DOVER & SATAN

Weiners: PIG IRON, SPREAD 'EM BITCH

Attendance: 36

New Boots: Stacy Marshall

Visitors: None

Returners: FINGER IN THE DYKE

Run Patches: SMALL BAG OF NUTS - 25

Hare Patches: none

Birthdays: WILD BILL

New Names: none

Hashit: ROYAL FLUSH for sporting a camel toe and being prepared for anything with his asbestos underwear and socks.

On On: Moe's Southwest Grill

Run Notes: high wall at first check, street run, port and ice cream check, RR tracks

MISMANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

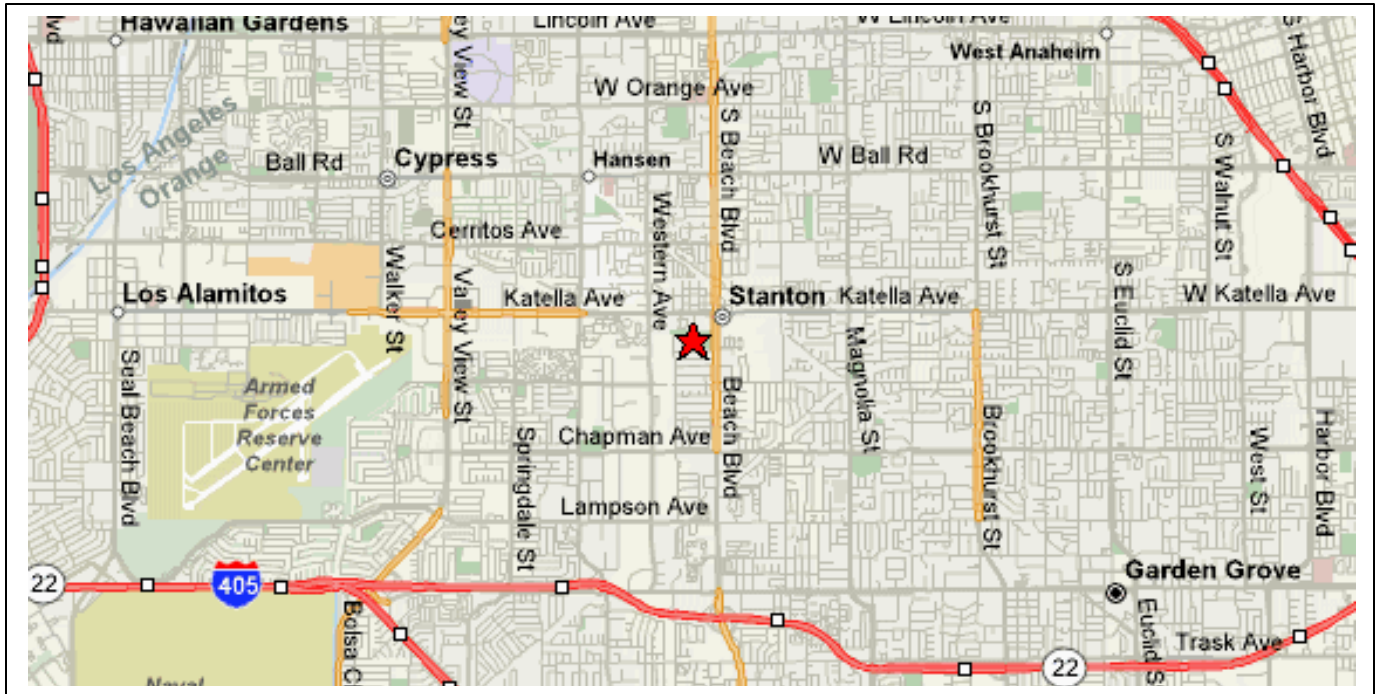
Grandmasters: Eddie "Pinky" Scott	(714) 965-2065
Chris "Just Say no To Crack" Miller	(562) 696-1537
Hash Cash: JoAnn "6-9 Split" Levandoski	(562) 422-3599
Nancy "Night Deposit" Mohler	(310) 379-9040
On Sec: Susanne "Broomhilda" Gilmore	(562) 423-6149
Bernice "Special Head" Banares	(562) 522-8774
snooze@lbh3snooze.org	
On Disk: Neva "Alouette" Higgins	(714) 526-7823
Brewmeisters: Steve "Head & Shoulders" Cantril	(562) 427-1513
Bill "Last Train" Nord	(714) SLIMEUP
Munchmeisters: John "He's So Sweet: Kotlarski	(562) 433-9633
Anne "Low Beams" Lattime	(714) 775-6512
Trailmaster: Mark "Cum Nail Me" Davis	(714) 850-1646
Hash Pushers: Victoria "Geezer Teaser" Rivera	(714) 965-2062
Tammy "Blow Interest" Strong	(714) 492-0117
Songmeister: Debbie "Corn Hole Hussie" Cantril	(562) 427-1513
Hash Flash: Ben "Ben Dover" Almeida	(323) 221-5905
Jaime "Buster Hymen" Ybarra	(310) 872-6638

Webmeister: "HomoSaxual" – lbh3beer@hotmail.com

Webmeister – Snooze: pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com

LONG BEACH HASH HOUSE HARRIERS RUN # 1189
SUNDAY OCTOBER 8TH, 2006 10:00 AM
HARES: LAST TRAIN, HEAD & SHOULDERS, & PLATYPUSSY
LOCATION: probably Stanton
COST: \$4.00

OK. This run has a title “The Brewmeisters and Supreme Beer Bitch Run”. It has a start location “somewhere in Stanton”. It’s a small town, check out TG 797, far right side of the page. There ya go! Check the calendar on-line or the Hash Hotline later.



ALOUETTE
Neva Higgins
707 Nancy Lane
Fullerton, CA 92381