

LBH3 Snoozeletter

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

October 8, 2006

Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

The wheels on the bus go round and round

Ah, Sunday morning, what better way to spend a fall day than to run around in circles drinking beer?

As **Faggedy Andy** and I drive to out-of-the-box hashes, we usually use the ride time to catch up on meaningful topics of discussion. This Sunday, **Faggedy** explained in great detail how he mastered the art of peeing in a Starbucks cup in the front seat of a rental car. Ooooh, and you thought I married him for his money! Evidently, he was visiting the National Cemetery in Arlington Virginia and didn't want to desecrate the graves of those who served, so he took the last gulp of his ridiculously priced coffee and filled it back up with his version of a Grande Latte Crème of Surplus.

We arrived in Irvine after calling the hashline a couple of times to listen to directions given by **Blow Interest**, yes, you know you usually listen to the message more than once too. .

The hare, **Cum Nail Me** met us at the car. "so, um, are you walking?" he asks. Well no, actually, we just bought this new stroller, so we thought we might get a run at it. **Cum Nail Me** talked in a round-about way of walkers leaving early and there was to be this tremendous first check and blah, blah, blah. Well after the string of e-mails hatched by **Whaleboner's** Beef at LBH3, it was safe to say it was unsafe to be a walker leaving early. Unless of course you enjoy the controversy. So we declined to walk. "okay then will you scribe?" I love it when hares ask this at the last second. **Cum Nail Me** smiled his big, white perfect-teeth-cause-my-dad-is-a-dentist smile. Sure, I'll do it. Give a pen to a hormonal, opinionated female and here's what you get:

The lone hare made his announcement and was off in a puff of flour, **Last Train** was distributing misdirections to the upcoming Brewmeister hash. I told **Last Train**, sorry but we won't make it to the Brewmeister run, we are having the baby baptized. What, he says, you don't need that, we can do it at the hash with beer.

Wow, **Last Train** will make a wife very proud one day. **Beefeater** stepped up to tell me what a great cook **Stumbalina** is and how she may have him wear just an apron if we'd like to come over for dinner. How do you say no to that? **Faggedy** quickly did. **Just Jammit** arrived with her two little dogs and they scurried to **Poor Aim** sniffed his ass and realized they recognized him & wagged their tails.



Well, I'll be a One-Eyed Snake Charmer. (Yes, that's Just John's new hash name).

Just Jammit and **Pig's Tail** were rounding up a group of walkers and didn't hesitate to leave early, unfortunately they came upon the first series of lined up checks and didn't get much further than to the corner before the pack was unleashed. There was some confusion, **Victoria Secretion** said this is what happens when you have a separate walker trail. Huh? Why does everyone want to roast walkers? Anyhow, the pack got to the same corner, broke the checks and headed south into the industrial park where there was a Turkey/Eagle split. Being that this was the first time I could run without a baby dangling from my tit, I took the Eagle. I was quickly disenchanted to find that the eagle was just a simple loop to the left that soon reconnected with the turkeys. So maybe I wanted more, some trenches, waterfalls, fireworks. The trail then opened up to a beautiful man-made office building waterfall on both sides, okay, the hare pulled that one off.

I ran passed **Royal Flush**, **Corn Hole Hussie**, **Cums in a Tube** and caught up with the back of the FRB's that were running alongside MacArthur Blvd. **Poor Aim** was seen on the other side of the ditch, creating his own Eagle trail, I chuckled as I saw the beer check to our right. Any short cutter on the wrong side of the ditch would miss it. **Major Tongue** had a cooler of MGD. We used to call MGD dragon cum in college, I dunno why, but then we had pillow fights in our underwear for no reason. I was happy to see FRB's, Eagle and Turkey runners all together at the beer check. They must have been there a while already because I only gasped down a gulp of beer to see the majority take off again.

I followed behind **Pinky** and **Joey Buttafuckyou** and heard some woes about **Joey** trying to drink beer in Utah. "2 percent beer, what the hell is that all about" he said in his Soprano kind a way. **JC Superscar** quipped something about puritans and the hare must be one too because his trail went straight after a check.

There was a pretty good check at a rail road and then trail went back behind more buildings. There were a lot of loopy-loops and opportunities to short-cut. Trail went right on a straightaway where **Nice Hair Fag** told me that he was wearing an "I love ducks shirt" because he lost a bet with **4H**. Usually, he confessed, they would have a nice dinner together but all that has changed now since **4H** has a new girlfriend.



I'll never tell what NHF would have made me do if HE'D won the bet.

. As I scurried to write this down while running, **Nice Hair** took notice and said, "oh shit, you're the scribe". I smiled that creepy smile you see in horror movies just before you find out that your friend is the killer. Don't worry, you only die if you're a teenager having sex, or drinking and making-out naked in a dark secluded campground.

After more railroads, trail led out into a paper shredder graveyard where I observed **Royal Flush** scratching his head as he examined a piece of paper on the ground that read: Do not discard. Trail went back onto McGaw, in a zig-zaggy sort of way and led back onto non-working RR tracks where **Poor Aim** boasted a hare snare. It wasn't a difficult feat, being that **Cum Nail Me** disclosed that he got a little lost at that point. Personally, I like to see hare snares, it gives proof of a live trail.

Trail then got really interesting. Running with **Tit Mitt** and the new boots, I learned that they had done the Humpin' hash marathon the day before. Incredible! A good number of LB'ers like **Blow, Howdy, Last Train, Numb Nuts** took that challenge too and made it to the Sunday hash. We came upon a fence with pizza boxes on top. **Ben Dover**, waited to help but I told him I rather liked fences. He stuck around anyway to see if there would be an underwear photo opportunity. **He's So Sweet** handed me his weiner dog over the fence and then 'helped' the new boots over.

The gentlemen sure does cum out in hashers when there are harriettes going over fences. There was then a cool ditch to navigate with a muddy stream at the bottom, I love that stuff, and then to another fence with **Ben Dover** again waiting to 'help' harriettes. He lifted a new boot over the **Ben Dover** way, on his shoulders. **Numb Nuts** asked why he took off his hat, Uh, to feel real fur? **Wild Bill** watched me put down my pad and pen to jump the fence. Hell, he said, had I known you were the scribe I would have been nicer to you. I told him he could fetch me beers at the On In. Oh the power of the pen is definitely mightier than the sword. We crossed the parking lot to the On In. Hashers gave reports to **Alouette**, our hash historian: Lots of Loops, Flat, Lots of Loops, Ditch. The trail was well marked and usually you don't appreciate that until you're on one that's not. Good job lone hare.

Soon **BroomHilda** was conducting a naming committee. I couldn't pay attention because **Fungus** and I were giggling in the back after she said the word pussy. I told **Fungus** to hold his tongue and say, "I lost my purse." Go ahead, I know you want to do it too. I again got distracted, this time by something shiny and wandered over to haberdashery to see **Geezer Teezer's** latest fashions.

I overheard **Corn Hole** telling **4H** to keep an eye on **Head and Shoulders** in Thailand, he rightfully said yes I will and ran away. **Moan** showed off the map shirt she created for the upcoming trip, it was really cool. I've never taken a **Fungus** Tour but I heard they're really great, but then again, I remember **Fungus** losing one of his touring patrons in the Costa Rica Rainforest...oh yeah, it was **Moan!** The guy loses his wife on his own tour! You may want to get yourself a satellite cell phone or some bread crumbs for Thailand. Or maybe that's why they are giving you a shirt with a map on the back, so if you get lost you can pull your shirt over your head and wander around in an attempt to get back to civilization.

Pinky called circle and I heard blah, blah blah, New Boots. They really were cute and were being prompted by the hounds to show their tits. One of the new boots said "*Get me another beer and I'll do it*". She was quickly met with a dozen beers from the willing pack. **Kommonawannaleia** called for an instant naming as **Cums in a Tube** noted that the hash is definitely not getting older. There were OC hashers, **Got Milk, Nut N Honey, EZ Goin, Joey** and a lot of other orange I can't recall.

Hashitt nominations from **Royal Flush** were entertaining, I like watching him try to rid himself of the award, he doesn't know he *is* the new Hashitt darling. He put down the Hashitt and said he didn't want to touch it, **Ass The Other Vagina** said she required that it be touched. It was soon picked up by baby **Rose**. The pack roared, **Satan** pretended **Rose** wasn't her offspring. Hashitt was a close call between **Royal Flush** and **Buster Hymen** but went back to its rightful owner **Royal Flush**. After some trivial hash crimes the hash was dismissed to the On-On at Garf's bar & grill. I can't report on the mayhem that ensued as I went home to resume my MILF, tit suckling duties. Thanks for the great day out, and to those going to Interhash, I hope you all have a safe trip to Thailand and bring us lowly hashers that cannot go some great stories home.

BACK DOOR WHORE

This Date in History:

By LBH3's own Hashtorian, Alouette

Date: May 18, 1995 Run # 555

Location: Long Beach, Belmont Olympic Pool Parking lot

Death of the Jockey Bpx Junk Brewmeister Junket: Hares DICKOREATOR and 8 YELLOW SNOW. Yes, you might think that Last Train has always been THE Long Beach Brewmeister, but it was not always so – we are now talking pre-LT. I couldn't tell you where this hash took us because the Hares didn't even know. We reasonably expect that he Hares should scout and decide where trail should go. But in this case, the only scout sighted was at the ON ON – BLOW UP DOLL's son (soon to be named TWATWEILLER). An additional suggestion for setting a good hash run is to THROW flour – not squirt it from a water bottle and expect the hash to find those little flour farts. Yet another guideline – and probably one of the more important ones – is to let your beer truck and bag wagon drivers know where the end is. This is important!! Packs have actually hung their hares for NOT having beer at the end of the run (note see LBH3 Run #519). Sadly, these pathetic Hares neglected to do so. One of the few redeeming points of this run was the beer check – pitchers of beer served at Naples Bar & Grill. The Trailmaster consumed yet another Down-Down for not checking with the hares about the quality of their run. The ON ON was held at the Belmont Brewing Company, with entertainment from B.O.T. I guess the bartender didn't like our witty songs and jokes and asked us to leave several times, so we finally did. FRUIT was asked what he thought of this run: "They are great Brewmeisters".

QUARTERLY DUES OF \$39.00 ARE DUE NOW. PAY THE HASH CASH.

LIST OF RUN FEES

Dues:	\$ 4.00
Minors	\$ 2.00
Punch cards	\$ 45.00
Minor Punch card	\$ 20.00
Quarterly Dues	\$ 39.00
Annual Dues	\$156.00

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

10/15/06	1190	FLOTATION DEVICES, SPECIAL HEAD, PILLS
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

WEAKLY STATISTICS

RUN # 1188

Date: 10/1/06

Place: Irvine

Miles: 5.1

Hares: CUM NAIL ME

Weiners: BARNEY STUBBLE, DOWN & DIRTY

Attendance: 81

New Boots: Rachel Reyston, Carolyn Riley, Amber Rusinyak

Visitors: BONER OWNER

Returners: ASS THE OTHER VAGINA (yes you are now a returner), RICHARD BLANKO, EZ GOIN, GOT MILK, HARD DRIVE, NICE HAIR, NUMB NUTS, NUT N' HONEY, ONE LEFT ONE, RU PREGNANT, SAY WHAT, SOILED MY SHORTS, TITS AHOY, TWIN PEAKY, CATHY WEINBERG

Run Patches: none

Hare Patches: none

Birthdays: WHALEBONER

New Names: John Sullivan is now ONE=EYED SNAKE CHARMER for saving harriettes from a rattlesnake

Hashit: BUSTER HYMEN for announcing that his company (recognizing his IQ) decided he was better suited to being a patient at Metro State Hospital (near the start of the upcoming Halloween Hash trail)

On On: Garf's on Bristol

Run Notes: loops and loops thru business parks, RR tracks, flat, asphalt

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
	Kurt "Nice Hair Fag" Hesse	(949) 294-3773
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 H3 RUN # 1190
SUNDAY OCTOBER 15, 2006
SPECIAL 1:00 PM START TIME
HARES; FLOATATION DEVICES, SPECIAL
HEAD, PILLSBURY BLOW BOY
LOCATION: LONG BEACH TG 796 C-4
COST: \$ 4.00

ATTENTION: Due to the Marathon, there are street closures. Use these directions to avoid them: From the 405 North or South, exit at Bellflower Blvd and head south. Turn left on Stearns (2nd signal after turning onto Bellflower). Turn right on San Anseline, and follow until you reach Whaley Park at San Anseline and Los Santos.

As with last year, we are will be meeting at Whaley Park on Atherton around 9:30 AM to support our drunken fool friends who are celebrating their own "M" word runs ("marathongs").

AT 1 PM, THE HASH WILL BEGIN. The hares promise something interesting – after all, we are starting late, so no square street run. There are rumors that at least one breast will be flashed.

NOTE: Mapquest has reformatted their on-line maps. If you think this new format map sucks, please visit www.mapquest.com and tell them so.

ALOUETTE
Neva Higgins
707 Nancy Lane
Fullerton, CA 92381