

LBH3 Snoozeletter

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT December 17, 2006 Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

POOP FICTION: THE HARD ROAD TO REVELATION

I knew this was going to be a tough weekend. There were 2 hashes in a 15 hour period that would plunge the hash deep into the perversions of the, "holiday season". We would soon be subjected to a sensory bombardment of blinding multi-colored lights and endless megadecible renditions of Jingle Bells. If you think the Small World ride at Disneyland is insufferable, our two day tour into a psychological meat grinder was guaranteed to push some poor soul over the edge. Fortunately, hashers know how to immunize themselves from the yearly pandemic of irrational behavior. We drink beer and lots of it.

But why do civilians continually subject themselves to the self abuse that begins at Halloween and ends with Christmas? All of their joyousness, and good will goes right out the window on December 26th. The gloves come off, and the shopping malls turn into bloody free-for-alls. All this leads up to New Years Eve. On New Years Eve, IQ's plummet faster than the December thermometer, and amateur drunks spoil everyone's fun. Professional drunks and hashers avoid these people like Count Dracula would an Easter Sunrise service. So what makes these people freak out during, "Hollowthanksmas"? I don't know, but this morning in Huntington Beach, birthday boy BUSTER CLAUS, the crown price of perversion, and his 3 Pickled Pixies, GEEZER TEASER, BLOW INTEREST and SPECIAL HEAD will take the hash on a ride down the hard road to revelation, thru the land of folly, foolishness, and spiritual foreclosure. So drink up boys and girls, the ride could get bumpy.

Ground zero for today's quest was the parking lot of an elementary school. The scene looked like cocktail hour at the UN. There were hashers from all over, all here to search for the true meaning and spirit of Christmas. Many were preparing for the crusade by getting tanked up and lubed at the beer wagon. Hashers like PIG IRON, OFF, CAPTAIN HOOK, JOCK, SCREW CAP, and SPONGEBOOB ROUND ASS, showed their great experience at crusading by having hoisted enough beer to be 3 sheets to the wind by the 10 o'clock start time. There were also so experienced drunk hunters present, like STUMBELINA, PACK MY CHUTE, WHALEBONER, MR RAT'S ASS and ACHY BREAKY FART, who reminded me of their motto:

"stay loaded at all times"!

Soon BUSTER CLAUS and his Pickled Pixies were off on down the road to revelation. 15 minutes later with the sonic salute of FRUIT's magic horn, the hash was off in a roar of righteous thunder. Onward toward the trail, the truth, and the beer!



What do you want for Christmas, little girl?

The trail wound thru the schoolyard, up over a fence and into a nursery. If there is something that needs finding, a hasher will find it, be it Christmas truth, or a stash of beer. We continued thru the nursery, up over another fence, and into the wetlands of Huntington Beach. No revelation yet, but plenty of good company like PINKY, CUMS IN A TUBE, FREE SAMPLES, and RODNEY QUEEN. After stopping to write in my notebook, I found myself alone. I don't know if it was the beer, or my long battle with mental illness, (remember the Metro State Nuthouse run?), but I began to hear the voices of 18th century highwaymen coming from the swamp around me. I don't know if it was the pounding of my own heart, or the beating of some savage's voodoo tom tom that scared the beejebers out my me, but I didn't wait to find out. I hauled ass and was soon up a hill and out of the swamp. I arrived in time to see FRUIT plunging downhill at full speed into a concrete tunnel – no lights, no restraints, no fear. The dude's got balls.



What do you want for Christmas, big fella?

At the top of the hill, I could see BOYZ R US, ROYAL FLUSH, BLACK N' BLOOD and 4H running toward what looked like a scene from Jurassic Park with a tall black metal fence around it, the kind used to keep wild animals contained. I'm sure glad these guys were here, I would have been sad to be the only human guest at some prehistoric carnivore's dinner party. In the distance, I could see hashers inside running toward the fence on the other side of the compound. I started to climb the fence to join them, but my sense of self preservation quickly put the brakes on my would-be heroism. I retreated to the familiarity of the good old man made concrete sidewalk that would lead me to the other side of the fence, and hopefully, the road to revelation.

With the directional sense of a homing pigeon, I found trail inside a sports complex. Ahead I could see FISH LIPS, FUNGUS, LOW BEAMS, BEAVER BAM BAM BALLS, BEEFEATER and HAIRY PALMER, running across a clearing that led to the first beer check. I needed a beer, but made the ultimate sacrifice as I couldn't write and drink at the same time. I closed my eyes and kept on running.

Although burnt out and thirsty, I was revived by the spirit of the quest and the joyous drinkers around me.

I quickly found trail in a clearing that led to nowhere. I also found myself alone with no trail and no hashers. Was this peaceful clearing some sort of giant man-eating plant that had devoured everything unlucky enough to cross it's path? Feeling my own paranoia crawling over me like a straight jacket filled with itching powder, I ran like an Iraqi soldier til I was out of the clearing and back into the woods. The roar of silence in the woods was deafening. The fall sun shining thru the trees cast deadly shadows that concealed a true evil that hid in the darkened spaces. I was afraid that my crusade was about to come to a crashing finale on the business end of a Mohican's tomahawk, when I heard a sound in the bushes. The sound became a roar that would put a Concord to shame. At that instant, the surrounding bushes seemed to explode as a small army of hashers came crashing through them. Led by LAST TRAIN, NICE HAIR FAG, POOR AIM and PILLSBURY, this juiced-up juggernaut was hauling ass like had just stole something. I cheered like a damn fool, jumped aboard and held on for dear life as we sped thru the woods, and across the street and into beer check #2. There is no greater rush than a good hash.

Our speedball express came sliding into the beer check creating a huge cloud of dust, as we slammed on the brakes and began grabbing beers. With beer bottles pressed tightly around appreciative lips, and heads thrown back to drink, the hashers began to resemble a group of schizophrenic jazz trumpeters all playing a different song. The sound of guzzling, and belching stretched the boundaries of tonality to new heights. Members of this juiced-up jazz band included NECROFISHIAC, SNATCH OF THE DAY, BEN DOVER, SIN D BARE, CRACK and FLOTATION DEVICES. Miles, Dizzy, Yardbird and Trane looked down from the heavens and said, "Man, those hash cats can swing". Like nothing on this planet, brother.

As soon as our impromptu jazz club closed, and the last drunk was thrown out, we were back on trail looking for Christmas truth and more beer.

Up ahead, I saw a group of hashers running single file at full speed thru a park. This looked like fun, so I hauled ass and soon joined DUTCH, FINGER, DOWN WENDY, UNDERCOVER and PASSING WIND. We looked like a motorcade of Cadillac driving shyster lawyers on their way to the scene of a 40 car pile-up. But we were losing control. The mixture of beer bottle jazz, holidays, beer, and reckless speeding were too much. The formation began to disintegrate under the weight of this lethal cocktail as we crashed thru an AA picnic, several drug deals, and thousands of dollars worth of landscaping as we took aim at the On-In and pulled the trigger. We were home.

The down-downs were a joyous occasion. BUSTER CLAUS and the Pickled Pixies received a delightful symbolic flogging for their efforts, with BUSTER CLAUS receiving extra holiday tar and feathers for his 40th birthday. Some of those hurling brickabats at the hapless hare were BROOMHILDA, FAGGEDY ANDY, BACK DOOR WHORE, ALWAYS JUICY, HARD DRIVE, OH ENEMA, KAMMANA, MICRO, HOWDY, BABY CRACK WHORE, EZ, ALOUETTE, SIR LANCE A NUT, HIGH SPEED, HEAD & SHOULDERS and CORN HOLE HUSSY.

The hash and the wonderful On-On at PINKY and GEEZER TEASER's was a total success, but what about the crusade to find true Christmas spirit? Although no one spoke of it, we already knew where it is. It's out there between the malls, the shopping and the stress. It's with us at every hash. We live it and love it. So spit in the eye of all the everyday garbage that surrounds us, and have a beer with a fellow hasher. It doesn't get any better than this. Merry Christmas and On-out.

With love, DR. HUNTER S. "JC" SUPERSCAR.



Manglide is at the top of my Christmas list this year.

**Did I miss something?
What the heck is Manglide?**





Abdul Ben Hashan and his harem.



So, how many Santas ARE there in Geezer's house anyway?

SIGN UP NOW FOR THE 22nd ANNUAL LBH3 FOUND'ER BALLS

Date; Febrewary 17, 2007
Place: Old World, 7561 Center Ave #49, Huntington Beach
Time: 6:00 PM til Midnight

Prices: \$35.00 til December 31st
\$ 45.00 – Jan 1 thru Jan 28th
\$ 55.00 – Jan 29 thru Feb 11
\$65.00 at the door

Hotel: Hotel Huntington Beach
7667 Central Ave, HB. (714/891-0123)
Book now before rooms are taken, Ask for \$89 hash rate.

Regos available at LHB3 runs or on-line.

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

E-mail your write-ups, directions, etc to:
Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org

Or snail mail to:
Susanne "Broomhilda" Gilmore
1900 E. 53rd Street
Long Beach, CA 90805

RECEDING HARELINE

12/31/06	1204	ROYAL FLUSH
1/7/07	1205	DEEP STROKE, BIG BOOBS & SIN D BARE
1/14/07	1206	OPEN – see Cum Nail Me to sign up
1/21/07	1207	FLOTATION DEVICES
1/28/07	1208	DOUBLE ENTRY – Robbie Burns Day
2/4/07	1209	The PAINTED TOES – SuperBowl Sunday at SHITPACKERS
2/11/07	1210	Open – see Cum Nail me to sign up
2/18/07	1200	MORNING AFTER FOUND'ER BALLS Outgoing GM's Run

Weakly Snooze stats 12/10/2006 Run #1201:

Run #: 1201
Date: 12/10/2006
Place: Huntington Beach
Miles: 4.5
Hares: Blow Interest, Buster Hymen, Geezer teaser, Special Head
Attendance: 96
New Boot: Dorie Roberts, Shawna Ward
Visitors: Great Sex & Rear End Wrangler-- Summit NJ, At Your Cervixxx--Tucson
Returners: Black & Blood, Liz Burger, Fish Lips, One Eyed Trouser Snake, Multiple Cargasm, Pull Toy, Barney Stubble
New Names: Joe Lenzini--Calamine Crack
Run Patches: Lickweenie=25, Royal Flush= 69
Hare Patches: None
Birthdays: Buster, Heine-key
Hash Shit: Buster for giving his underwear to Blow Interest (she told him she had no underwear on)
ON ON: Geezers –tamales enchiladas, beans rice etc
Run Notes: Fences, Tunnel, Shiggy , prelaid, around Central park

MISMANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Grandmasters:	Eddie "Pinky" Scott	(714) 756-2962
	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
	mail to: Snooze@snooze.lbh3.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) 756-2962
	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

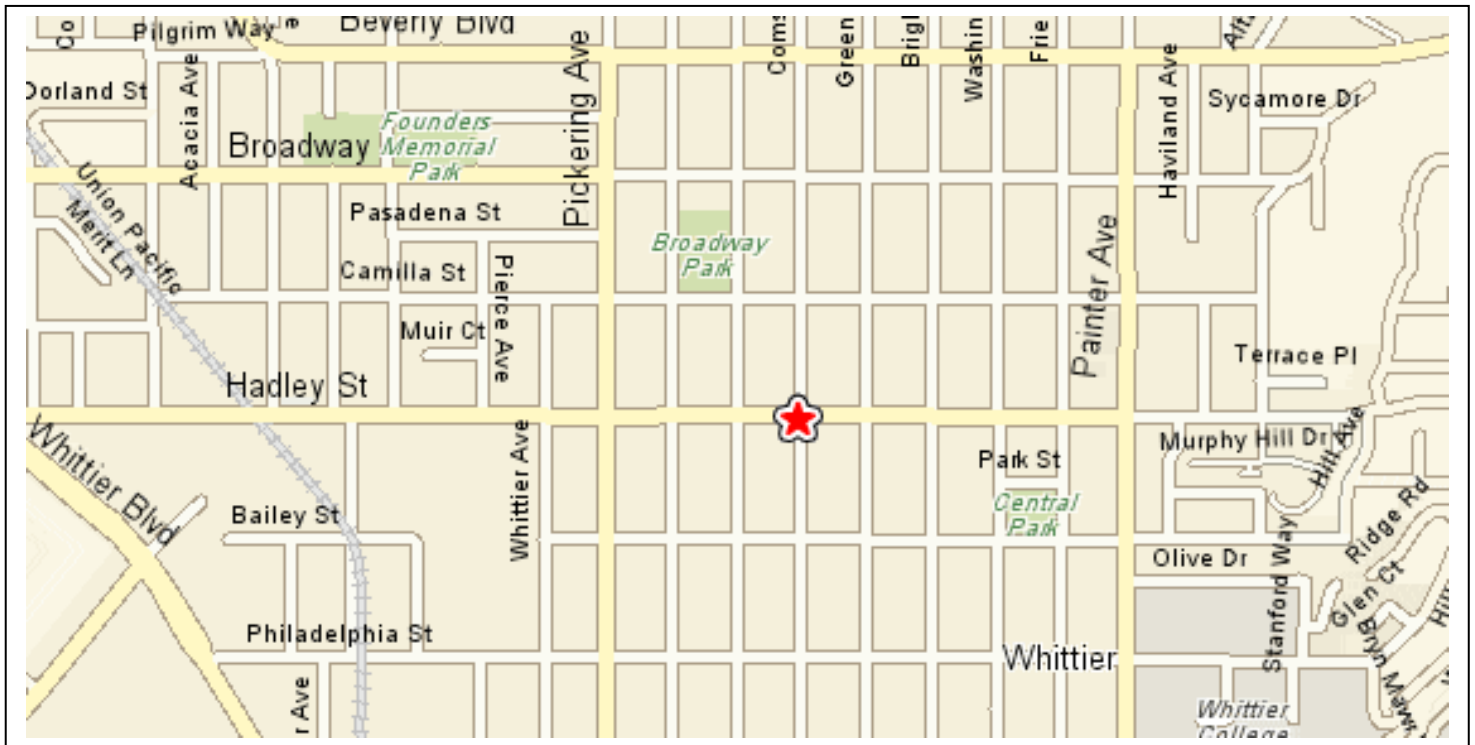
Webmeister: "HomoSaxual" – lbh3beer@hotmail.com
Webmeister – Snooze: pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com

LONG BEACH H3 RUN # 1203
SUNDAY DECEMBER 24th, 2006 10:00 AM
HARES: JUST SAY NO TO CRACK
LOCATION: WHITTIER TG 677 C-5
COST: \$ 4.00

X (Mucho) Mas en Whittier con Crack

Directions: 605 North. Exit Whittier Blvd East. Go left on Hadley. Go right on Comstock. Park in the lot on the right in front of the abandoned supermarket.

No Santa. No Santa's helpers. No elves. No reindeer. No backchecks. No pre-lay. Just a freakin' Christmas eve hash, dammit. Zoe friendly, Quincy friendly. Ho-Ho-Ho and some mo' Ho's.



ALOUETTE
Neva Higgins
707 Nancy Lane
Fullerton, CA 92381

HUNKA HUNKA BURNIN' DESERT
LBHHH Run No. 1198, Rhyolite, Nevada, November 26, 2006
- by WILD Aron BILL

I got up early on Sunday. After haring the Saturday run, and participating in most of the post-run festivities, I crashed and burned early that night. Which helped feed my gambling Jones, because at 4 a.m., I woke up, dashed across the sub-freezing parking lot and into the Stagecoach Casino, got myself a Tequila Sunrise and a heap of quarters, and headed for the video poker machines. And ran right into Space Available and Blow - who hadn't quite made it to bed from Saturday night! Well, then, what a Sunday this promised to be!

At the appointed time, I appointed my car out of Beatty, down the highway, and took a hard right turn into the lovely suburb of Rhyolite. I'd just toured this place the day before, but there was a keg involved, and all the right people - so seeing it on this glorious Sunday morning was like seeing it for the first time. Again. Our Hares for the day were those wild 'n crazy Las Vegas Hashers - Hunka Hunka, Koresh, Golden Eagle, Pokey...Pokey? Isn't she??...oh, wait, we traded her to the Vegas Hash for Big Boobs. The mind reels. But, the view from downtown Rhyolite is impressive: tall desert crags looming to the west and north, mining activities to the east toward Beatty, and absolutely fuck-all down the valley to the south - a wasteland growing even more desolate until the craven expanse becomes Death Valley. The Nevada guys point to that direction with pride: "We sell that 'farmland' to East Coast people," they brag and snicker. By the way, what is it with the pink Naked Lego Lady? Then the Hash bus pulls up, and off get a whole buncha Hashers looking a lot like the "Night of the Living Dead" guys - guess the Sourdough thing went okay last night! And who gets off? Blow! Coulda swore she stayed up all night - again - and yet, here she is! Anyway, Hunka "Up Jumped the Monkey" Hunka had us all stand inside a box by the potties so he could talk some more. About what? Dunno, missed it, had more than one Tequila Sunrise that morning, so he was bearable. At the appointed time, the hares appointed themselves past the ghost train station and ghost jail and disappeared into the shifting, whispering sands. Fifteen minutes later, we were off in pursuit. About a hundred yards into the desert, the "Lazy Bimbo" trail split off to the right. The Lazy Bimbos - one of which was Boyz R Us - all went that way and ended up on the bus, riding around drinking. Shoulda gone that way, I reckon. But at the next check, I knew for sure that the trail would obviously go right - toward the Lazy Bimbos - and proceeded accordingly. Which put me at the back of the pack, since the trail went further north and then turned left. Left? There's nothing there but that big-ass hill....

Yup - it was up the big-ass hill. So we went up, and up, and I reeled in a few folks, but we kept climbing...until I got to what had to be a desert mirage. Way up on the mountain - a Beer Check! How'd it get here? Who cares? So I had some beer and admired the view, and watched as the Turkeys went down from there and the Eagles went Class 3 up from there. Since I'd been talking to Jose Quervo since 4 a.m., I was just about ready to opt for the Turkey, when up comes Alouette. She has this silly habit of collecting desert rocks. They're pretty, they're nice...they're heavy as hell, and she collects them on her way UP the hill! So, I either take the Turkey and help her carry 3 tons of desert rocks down to the bus in the distance, or I go up Class 3 rock with Passing Wind. See ya, Alouette! The view from higher up was even better - you could almost see Area 51 from there. Then a half-hour of stagger-stagger crawl-crawl brought us back to the ON-IN at the bus. There was indeed something for everyone there - a fantastic sandwich bar, where you could make it yourself and therefore had no grounds to bitch, copious amounts of beers, and several bottles of liqueurs, most of which were way too good for this rabble, especially in a ghost town in the middle of the stinking desert.

Initially, I was thinking that I couldn't wait to get away from this pathetic expanse of grimy nothingness, filled with the dreams and decaying rubble of an era that is long past, and will never return. But gradually (as I sipped a great cup of Yukon Jack), I came to feel a kinship with those prospectors and gamblers who, long ago, had once made this town vibrant and exciting. And I realized then that I was flashing back to "The Shining", and that Alouette and I were the only ones left in the parking lot, and we'd been keg-hanging again! All in all, another shitty trail - thanks, you Vegas bastards!

**ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL LBH3 ROAD TRIP. THANKS TO
ALL THE PLANNERS, HARES AND ENTERTAINERS THAT
MADE THIS 4th ANNUAL BEATTY BLAST POSSIBLE.**