

LBH3 Snoozeletter

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT December 24, 2006 Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

Sin D Bare and Beaner Bare's Hash Gala

As my truck Bobbled down Rancho Palos Verdes drive on the way to the run start at the Point Vicente Lighthouse in Rancho Palos Verdes, I had a gut feeling the area we are Hashing in today was going to be treacherous and reading the caution signs along the road didn't help. They Read "Constant Road Maintenance due to Continuous Land Movement" "Oh boy!"

In the parking lot, on this chilly last Sunday of autumn, I saw **Sin D Bare** with his bag of flower, practically running in place. He was Antsy. We talked about an Article in the Los Angeles Times Dec.4th in which Joel Rojas (aka **Sin D Bare**) is Quoted as saying, "ten years ago the city was endanger of losing its Gnatcatchers and now I see them fluttering in the bushes right outside my office window." You have to wonder if **Sin D Bare** is thinking about hashing when he speaks to the reporters.

Eager to bust out his trail, **Sin D Bare** grabbed his co-hares **Beaner Bare** and **Quincy** and took off promptly at 10 am. **Beaner Bare** was in her stroller and **Quincy** on his leash.

The pack put their bags in **Mr. Rats Ass's** camper and then salivated over the picture perfect panoramic view of Catalina island. The FRB's **IGGY** and **Cum Nail Me** were on pins and needles and hoping to get a hare snare. Soon we were off, following trail north on the bluffs. Below we could see the beautiful Pacific Ocean and waves were crashing on to the beach. After we solved a couple checks, the trail headed east. The Pack saw some people that left early going up some rolling hills and headed towards them. We came across the beer check where **Hozer** was begging **Tweedle Me** for a short cut.

After downing our Pabst Blue ribbons we headed south to a Turkey/ Eagle split. This is where things began to get a little ugly. **Jesus Christ Superscar** said, "I am taking the Turkey" **Erection Overuled** said "You can't do that, we are too far in front of the pack." **JC Superscar** reluctantly agreed and followed us up the Eagle. It soon became apparent, as we traversed the side of a ravine, that if you lose your footing, you are falling about 20 feet into a gully. Up Ahead we saw the FRB's scaling the face of a huge slope. Suddenly, **Jesus Christ Superscar** (in a moment of reconciliation) said "my vagina is getting wet. I am going back to the turkey trail."

E.O., **He's So Sweet** and I began climbing the perilous slope. **He's So Sweet** was having problems getting his dog (**Lushpuppy**) up the hill. Two thirds of the way

up the mountain the situation became more precarious when he fell and lost his Glasses. He couldn't see a thing without them. It was a scary moment until we spotted his shaded spectacles right near him.



Necrofisiac Gets ready to catch some gnats.

After destroying the stability of the slope, We reached the summit of the hill. We then trounced over some more coastal sage scrub (Gnatcatcher Habitat) and headed down a trail back to the Turkey/ Eagle split. Here I came up on **Ground Control To Major Tongue**, who said "The eagle must be long if you are this far behind!" That made me feel good. After the 2nd beer check (where **Sin D Bare** accidentally left **Quincy** behind) the trail headed back towards the Coast. **Wild Bill** said "Last time I ran this far in Palos Verdes I received a medal and a shirt." We Ran through some vacant land that Donald trump has an insatiable desire to develop. And back towards the start.

The run was A to A and down downs were a hit. **E.O.** was brought up for bringing left over Kegs from OCHHH (They buy 2 full kegs on the coldest rainy day of the year and 2 mini-me kegs on the hot summer days, Go figure). **Sir Lance a nut** got a down down for injuring his left nut and not being able to get out of the bath tub. This left **Venus da Penis** wondering if CPR training will certify her in that area.



These trails all look the same after a while.

You could tell some of Ritalin people took that morning for ADD was starting to wear off. **Down and Dirty** was whispering sweet nothings into **Poor Aim's** ear and almost missed her down down. Another person having a hard time staying focused was **Royal Flush**. He Blurted, "Look at the Red Plane," and pointed in the air like he was on the episode of Fantasy Island. **Buster Hymen** was wandering around asking people how to get Man-glide off his hands. He said "The Gasoline isn't working". **Screwcap** was having his normal Senior moments. And **Low Beams** worried about **Beaver Bam Bam Balls**, who was out satisfying his addiction to geo-hashing.

Blow Interest no Principles received hash shit for playing Frog and the Princess on a Google chat room for IAH2007. Apparently she didn't realize her sexual fantasy messages were being sent to every-one on the list.

Faggedy Andy pointed out that **Fruit of the Loom** was getting jealous that Blow Interest was e-mailing other Hashers.

We did a short Keg hang with the normal Keg hangers. **Just say no to Crack** told me he was not running for GM next year. I was disappointed because **Pinky** and **Crack** are great GM's who maintain hash traditions. And I get the sense that they keep LBH3 from becoming an "eating club with a walking problem!"

The On-On was at a nearby sushi restaurant, where **Last Train to Cuntsville**, proceeded hit on the Asian waitresses. And **Beaner Bare** literally pooped out. And the best part was on my way home driving down the 405 frwy, **Blow Interest** pulled up next to me and Flashed Her High beams. Ooh La La!

In all it was another shitty Hash!

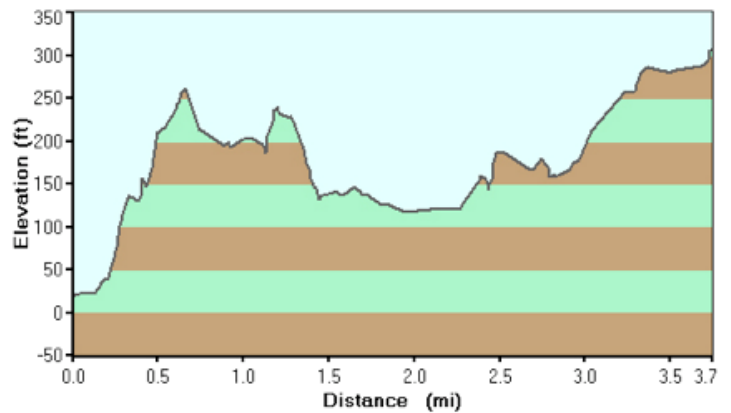


Just Jammit left the dogs at home today!
Buddy & CeCe missed their chance to snare Quincy.

Run 1194

Were, there I was, just minding my own business at a recent circle after a run, and then it happened. I was approached by one of our older (elder?) hashers asking if I had written up his run yet. I was completely taken by surprise. I suppose that either his mind is going (a possibility), or us younger runners all look alike to him. In any case, Jock couldn't remember who was supposed to do the write up, so I offered to do one for him, in order to ease his mind. Of course, my mind is probably as bad as his seems to be, because I didn't get to it last week (I hate when life gets in the way of hashing), so I decided I better do it this week so that it can be published before the end of the year.

Beams and I arrived at the start at Hill and Redondo late (go figure) and the pack was just about to leave. As the pack followed trail to the north, I headed straight up Hill St. Before reaching the top, I cut through the community rec center, where I stumbled onto the trail. I followed it up the drainage ditch to the top and through Signal Hill. Descending the other side of the hill, I again found myself off-trail. I paralleled until again stumbling onto the trail on the west side of Cherry. The trail circled back on the north side of the hill and back up the east side to the top again. Next the trail swung back along Panorama on the north side of the hill to the end at Dawson. For the most part, the trail was well marked and counter-intuitive. Congratulations to Jock and Pack My Chute.



Munchies included the usual, but also had two roast turkeys with all the trimmings! It was truly a feast by hash standards. Lots of stuff happened, but I can't remember what happened last week, let alone a month ago. About all I can remember was Royal Flush driving everyone crazy demanding that his "green duffle bag" be located. His blue sports bag was eventually located. Later the cops showed up. The only problem they had with our gathering was that someone had parked the beer wagon in a red zone. Having that towed would have sucked. It was moved and happiness returned. Oh, yah. There was also "the incident." All I can remember about it was heated discussion about back checks not being allowed on trail, denials of laying a back check, and golden liquids flying through the air. Any other questions about "the incident" should be directed to the 19 November issue of Long Beach H3Snooze.

The après was at The Annex where all had drink and fun. The shuffleboard table was active the whole time.
BEAVER BAM BAM BALLS



Just some leftover Thanksgiving turkey – or is it leftover Hamboner?

This Date in History:

Date: December 8, 1985 Run: #49
Place: San Pedro
8th Bar to Bar

About 20 Southern California Hashers joined approximately 400 runners for the eighth Annual San Pedro Bar to Bar Run. This is sort of a massive hash for the masses with about 40 (count 'em 40) beer checks!!

The Insanity began behind the Croation Hall. The hashers brought canned food donations of, you guessed it, canned hash. After an aerobics warmup with the help of a local band, the noisy horde took off in search of the first bar. It soon became apparent that not all 400 runners could fit inside any one of the local dives all at once, so the most alcoholic of us became FRBs in order to get to the other bars to down some of the golden elixer. We first visited and sang Xmas carols in the dives along the waterfront, and then Ports O'Call Village. From there, we ran/staggered/crawled back into San Pedro and back towards the start (with a few more bar stops along the way!). The end of the run party was INCREDIBLE. A great band, lots of dancing, and LOTS of beer kept the hashers very happy. Some of the more astute hashers---Jock, Eject, Wild Bill, and Re-peter began a frenzied recruitment drive among the female members of the crowd, handing out official LBH3 Snoozeletters. Were they successful? Who cares! It was a great day, and the LBH3 did their part for this great San Pedro charity. Merry Christmas!



I didn't see any of these people at the 12/17 hash – did you?

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

- 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

Deadline for \$35.00 price for Found'er Balls is Dec 31st.

Weakly Snooze stats 12/17/2006 Run #1202:

Run #: 1202
 Date: 12/17/2006
 Place: Rancho PV Lighthouse
 Miles: 6.5
 Hares: Sin D Bear
 Attendance: 82
 New Boot: Lee Fleurot, Bill Hunter, Cassie Jones, Tim & Joan Kelly
 Visitors: Damien, Erection Overruled, Got Milk
 Returners: Dirty Something, Hard in the Saddle, Horney Toad, Kounter Klit, Rachel Royston, Reina Gaber, Spread 'em Bitch, Widdle Dick, 'Yull Jackoff
 Run Patches: Kounter Klit=25, Sir Lance a Nut=50, Soiled My Shorts=100
 Birthdays: Last Train
 Hash Shit: Blow Interest for sharing her intermost secrets and intimities via Internet to the entire Hash World
 ON ON: Asaka—Japanese food
 Run Notes: Shiggy, Ballbuster eagle cliff, Beautiful views, Along shoreline, hills

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](mailto: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 # 1204
SUNDAY DECEMBER 31st, 2006 10:00 AM
HARES: ROYAL FLUSH
LOCATION: PALOS VERDES TG 793 G-7 COST: \$ 4.00

Join **Royal Flush** for the last trail of 2006. From the 110 Southbound and the bridges, exit Gaffey Street (end of the freeway). Turn right at the light onto Gaffey. Continue on Gaffey until you reach Palos Verdes Drive North, a multi-directional intersection. Turn a hard left onto PV Drive North (uphill.) After you cross Western Avenue you will see signs for Montecillo. Turn right onto Montecillo and make an immediate left onto the dirt field. If you hit PV Drive East you went too far past Montecillo.



ALOUETTE
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