

LBH3 Snoozeletter

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT February 25, 2007 Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

I would like to thank the Long Beach Hash House Harriers for voting me Scribe of the Year for 2006. I am deeply touched to know that you enjoyed my factual accounts of our weekly adventures. Alcohol and mental illness play a large part in their creation, but the main inspiration is love for the hash, and all of you, my friends.

With love and thanks to all, DR. HUNTER S. SUPERSCAR

AND HERE WE GO AGAIN

POOP FICTION; WEIRD SCENES FROM THE DOUBLE DEUCE

February 17, 2007, as the Chinese prepare for tomorrow and their New Year, the Year of the Pig, 6,000 miles away the Long Beach Hash House Harriers celebrate the start of their new year at Found'er Balls for the 22nd time.

Founders is always fun, but this year strange things happened. Maybe it was the magnetic pull of the planets, or maybe the power of numerology, but this year things might have gone too far. The events that happened defy description or explanation, but those who were there will understand. For those who weren't there, I'll do my best to explain the weird scenes from the double deuce.

In previous years, the Hash gathered at Founders for an orderly evening of awards, elections, and fun, but this year we took a hard right turn into the nuthouse. Beer got drunk, clothes came off, and hotel managers came unglued. Add to the mix cops, security guards, and other, "concerned citizens", and you get a monumental trip to the absolute limits of civilized behavior, and sent flying over the edge. The only question is how far we would go.



He's So Sweet and so is she.



Love was in the air

Like all great moments in history, it's not at the meeting where the event actually happens. It's when the mob spills out into the streets. It wasn't a meeting that got all the attention so many years ago in Boston. It was when Sam Adams, (I suspect that beer was the true cause of the rebellion), and his, "Indians" threw the tea into the harbor, and it was that way at Founders. Some won, some lost. Some played, some got laid. Most got drunk and mostly had a good time, but it was after midnight, at the after-party in the hospitality suite, that the weirdness of the whole thing began.

Midnight is a strange time, a time when the light and goodness of the day are buried deepest under the sinister cloak of night. At midnight, taxes become due, executions are carried out, and desperate bar patrons latch onto their last evening's drinks and hopefully someone to go home and bump uglies with.

At midnight, Founders ended. But as the door to Founders closed, the one to the after-party and the countdown to tomorrows' hash opened.

The after-party is the longest warm up to a Hash all year. Ten straight hours of sleeplessness, drunkenness, and sorts of other neurotic, "entertainment". Outsiders see the Hash as Huns, vandals, Philistines, and the destroyers of all that the square world holds dear. We see our actions as nothing more than "acceptable hash behavior".

When I arrived at the hotel, it was in a semi lockdown mode and guests were being warned to steer clear of the 7th floor. As I stumbled down the hallway to the elevator, I saw frightened guests running to their rooms and heard slamming doors being locked. Behind one door, I heard a frightened woman's voice say, "Oh God, they're out there, quick Henry, get the gun, get the gun!" I made it to the elevator just as the doors were closing and pushed the 7 button. The gentle hum of the elevator, and the sensation of ascending comforted me, knowing I would soon be safely with my own kind.

When I arrived at the hospitality suite, the scene reminded me of San Francisco in 1967. Love was everywhere. Thoughts, laughter, free love, and free beer filled the room. Good vibes were everywhere. In the morning, we would chase the flour-covered rainbow to a new adventure. Living in the moment, but racing toward tomorrow, we raged on through the night. Lit up like stars in the desert sky, tuned up, turned on, and soon to be passed out.



**We just
love our
balls!**

Shimmering like the golden strands of an angel's hair, the morning sunlight shone through the openings in the curtains of our room, freeing me from the gentle arms of Morpheus, and back to the light, to life and, "Oh shit, what time is it!" My beautiful BROOMHILDA was already packed and ready to check out and go to the hash. The glowing red dots of the digital clock looked like satanic red flames that spelled out the numbers 9:39 which bore a frightening resemblance to the numbers 666, (this is what happens when you sleep on your head in a corner!) I got up and was throwing shirts, shoes, hats, and anything else that didn't belong to the Hotel Huntington into my bags. I looked like a day-after-Christmas shopper at Wal-Mart having completely run amok. I was not going to miss the start of the hash for anything! Down the stairs to the first floor, I bobbed and weaved thru the traffic in the lobby like a Pakistani bell captain chasing a fifty-dollar tip, vowing jihad against any infidel who got in the way. I was soon through the lobby doors into the parking lot where I found the 1200th meeting of the Long Beach Hash.

But the all night revelry had taken its' toll. TITS AHOY looked as if she had gone through an all night interrogation by the Gestapo. Others like ROYAL FLUSH, BUSTER HYMEN, and HOWDY wobbled thru the lot like drunken sailors on shore leave. Some like PMS, WILD BILL, ALOUETTE, JOCK, CUMS IN A TUBE, FREE SAMPLES, and SOSUMI had escaped the effects of last night's hedonistic orgy by some unknown mysterious means. Also see walking unscathed thru the wreckage were FAGGEDY ANDY, BACK DOOR WHORE, PIG IRON, OFF, FUNGUS, SPECIAL HEAD, and PASSING WIND. The rest of us had crashed, and crashed hard. Last night it was all about alcohol consciousness and the free ride to tomorrow, today it was about chasing the tail of the dog that bit us. The weight of our own indulgences had come crashing down on our hung-over heads. But there was no time for hangovers. We are hashers dammit, we drink beer and haul ass, and after a few beers from LAST TRAIN's Boulevard Beer Bomber, we were again ready to haul ass.

With the sobering blast of FRUIT's whistle, the menace was again loose on the streets of Orange County. Conservative complacency took a monkey wrench to the head as the first wave of screaming, still drunk hashers sped past the hotel and onto the nearby railroad tracks. We soon rounded a corner into an apartment complex, our whistles shattering the quiet Sunday morning air and any resident's notions that all as well in, "Surf City".

We ran thru a shopping center parking lot following the trail that led to more train tracks, a drainage canal and a large dirt lot.

When I arrived at the dirt lot with PILLSBURY, CAPTAIN HOOK, and STUMBELINA, I saw a group of nomadic tribesmen ahead. Although they looked like HE'S SO SWEET, BABY CRACK WHORE, ALWAYS JUICY, and SPONGE BOOB ROUND ASS, I couldn't take the chance of being captured and sold into slavery. The previous ten hours of living in the Altered States of America were too much for me. My focus had narrowed to just three things: run, find trail, and drink beer. Following WHALEBONER, I soon found trail that led to the beer check.



**Kamma
& Moan N'
christen the
pink
torpedo.**

Beer was the only glue that was keeping me together at this point. My sense of logic and rationality had long since deserted me in the early morning hours in the hospitality suite. There was nothing else to do here but get reloaded and run, and run I did, back to the trail that led across the street to a swap meet.

Swap meets are strange and dangerous places. In some ways more dangerous than the street bazaars in Calcutta and Bombay. Swap meets are a cutthroat circus of humanity, filled with dangerous freaks all looking for the next big deal. Ahead of me I saw IGGY, who was pushing his kids in a stroller being chased by a man with a diaper on his head who was yelling, "sahib, sahib, how much for the children!" Fortunately IGGY was able to get away from diaperhead who was quickly descended upon by a mob that stripped him of his bootleg Gucci sneakers. This gave POOR AIM, CALAMINE CRACK, 4H, NICE HAIR FAG, SAY WHAT, and myself a chance to get past the criminal frenzy, up over an embankment and into the college next to the swap meet.



Wow, check out Fruit's date. She's a real doll!

Another fine mess you've gotten me into Herr Von Leffern.



With the smell of hot dogs, cheap perfume, and B.O. behind us, we floored it thru the college. Past a bunch of ex-cons playing, "jail ball", and back to the outgoing trail that led to the on-in.

Finally it was done, we had sealed the deal and were home safe. Our rolling pandemic of lunacy had crash-landed, but all had made it out alive.

The last 24 hours had been like a ride in a runaway semi-truck plummeting down a winding mountain road, in the dark with the lights off, and with no brakes. We had missed head-on collisions by inches, taken out miles of barriers and restraints, and left a few societal conventions upside down in flames along the side of the road. We were hung-over, dog-ass tired, and most were still covered with traces of questionable substances of unknown origins from last night. We were totally hashed out. But as Bruce Springsteen would say, "that's where the fun is".

Happy New Year Long Beach.
DR. HUNTER S. SUPERSCAR



Hey Mr. Security Nazi, you didn't find ALL the Jack Daniels!

JUST A QUICKIE: FOUND'ER BALLS RECAP

(for those who weren't there, and those too drunk to remember what happened.)

The 22nd Annual LBH3 Found'er Balls was held on February 17th at behind the Orange Curtain at Old World in Huntington Beach.

Early arrivals lubed, schmoozed, checked out hash calendars and directories and busied themselves (while still relatively sober) trying to create profound – or maybe semi-intelligible – sentences from the word cards that had been set up on each table.

We all also had a chance to say hello to returners NIPPLE SCHNITZEL and POKEY.

A traditional Old World dinner of chicken, sausages, German mystery meat, potatoes, dumplings and a variety of salads was served. An array of delicious desserts was also available.

Then we got down to business. It was time for the Awards presentations. Winners were:

Best Trail #1197 – Beatty. POOR AIM, ALOUETTE & WILD BILL received the traditional ACHEY BREAKY FART "shoes".

Best On-On # 1201 Christmas @ GEEZER'S. GEEZER TEASER received the perpetual LBH3 chef's aprons along with a Big Dick chef's hat and a cookbook.

Whiner of the Year: FRUIT OF THE LOOM got a new girlfriend, until the wind got knocked out of her. She'll be easy to blow up again as she had whistles placed in all the appropriate places.

Kookie of the Year: FLOTATION DEVICES received a personalized sweatshirt and a book of stencils entitled "Royal Flush's EZ Guide to Laying Trail".

Hashit of the Year: Speaking of ROYAL FLUSH, he received a plaque, a be-jeweled scepter that looked suspiciously like a hashit, and a crown – which he still hasn't taken off.

Worst Trail # 1172 – ROYAL FLUSH was a winner again, along with PILLSBURY BLOW BOY and the absent HUNG LIKEA BUG. Since FLUSH was the common denominator for all 3 of the finalists here, it was not a surprise that he got the award.

Scribe of the Year – JESUS CHRIST SUPERSCAR was the winner here. He received nothing but the dubious honor of having to write up the Outgoing GM's Run.

SCREW CAP was presented with his 500 Run Jacket and was found later that evening asleep on the floor in it.

Who won the elections? Check out the updated Bored Directory elsewhere in the Snooze.

Then the Hash Band rocked us and rolled us, and even played us their version of the "Chicken Dance". They would have played all night but SIN D BARE got hi-JACKed by the dreadlocked security Nazi and the party was over at midnight.

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

MICROSCREWERY for her donation of hash goodie bags and the rabbit head beads.
PILLSBURY BLOW BOY for the Slide Show. Many hasher's names (and all of the captions) were translated – sometimes literally and sometimes loosely – into German, which provided extra entertainment.
EVERYONE who donated food and booze to keep the Hashpitality Suite buzzing after hours.

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:

**Bernice "Special Head" Banares
3051 Ostrom Ave.
Long Beach, CA 90808**

RECEDING HARELINE

3/11/07 1213 CUM NAIL ME (Betty Ford Weekend)
3/18/07 1214 TAKE A # and friends
3/25/07 1215 PILLSBURY & 2 BIT OAR
4/1/07 1216 MR RAT'S ASS
4/8/07 1217 FLO, VENUS, BUSTER, SIR LANCE
(end of Sunday Hashing – Thursdays begin 4/12)

Weekly Snooze stats 2/18/2007 Run #1200:

Run #: 1200

Date: 2/18/2007

Place: Hotel Parking lot HB

Miles: 3.2

Hares: JUST SAY NO TO CRACK, PINKY

Attendance: 100

Returners: Beauty N Obese, Chicken Choaker, Pigs Tail, Pokey, Scrotum OTR

Visitors: Bort, Nookie Monster—SDH3

Naming: Liz Burger is now HOT PANTS

Hash Shit: Whaleboner—wanted to get laid the night after Found'ers. Then jumped into bed between two Lesbians

ON ON: Rathskeller

Run Notes: Drainage ditches, shiggy, canals, confusing trail—trail ran back on itself to end at the start,

MISMANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Grandmasters: Eddie "Pinky" Scott (714) 756-2962

Laura "Hi Speed Copulator" Gaber (562) 902-2443

Hash Cash: John "He's So Sweet" Kotlarski (562) 433-9633

Anne "Low Beams" Lattime (562) 439-2031

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

Dick "Poor Aim" Ames (714) 734-6979

Brewmeisters: Steve "Head & Shoulders" Cantril (562) 427-1513

Bill "Last Train" Nord (714) SLIMEUP

Munchmeister: Diane "Kammonawannaleia" Eisner (714) 658-2595

Trailmaster: Joel "Sin D Bare" Rojas

Hash Pusher: Victoria "Geezer Teaser" Rivera (714) 756-2962

Songmeister: Debbie "Corn Hole Hussie" Cantril (562) 427-1513

Hash Flash: Jaime "Buster Hymen" Ybarra (310) 872-6638

Ramona "Moan N"" Tucker (310) 378-6453

Webmeister: "HomoSaxual" – lbh3beer@hotmail.com

Webmeister – Snooze: pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com

Long Beach H3 Hash House Harriers Run # 1212

Sunday, March 4th 2007, 10:00 AM

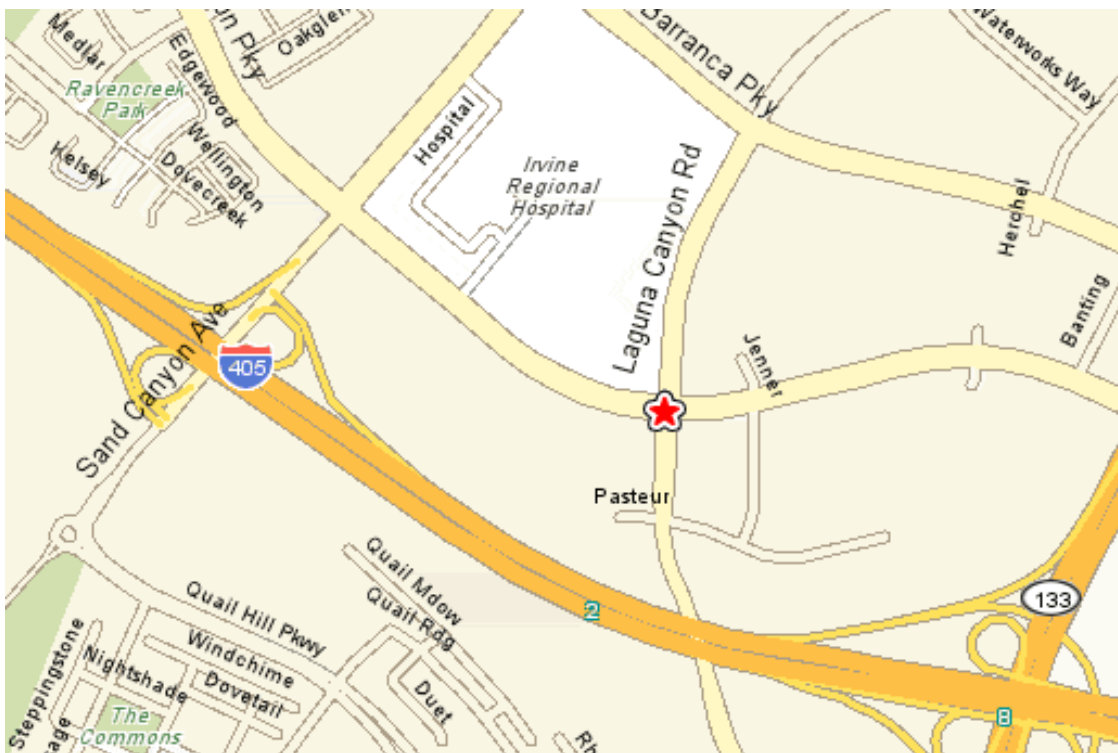
Hares: Wet Clam, Whaleboner, Blows My Mind & Screw Cap

Location: Irvine Thomas Guide: 890 H-1

Cost: \$4.00 (plus \$6.00 if you stay for Slosh Ball)

Directions: Take the 405 frwy. Exit Shady cyn/ Sand cyn exit. Take a left turn on Sand Canyon. Make your 1st right on Alton parkway. Then left on Laguna canyon. Take your 1st left into office complex and park it.

Bring out a glove if you have one and enjoy a game of sloshball after the run. There will be a 6 dollar extra charge for sloshball, pizza and beer. Nobody is too bad to play. If you don't want to play you can still watch with the hecklers. Trail is not stroller friendly.



**Alouette
Neva Higgins
707 Nancy Lane
Fullerton, CA 92831**