

# LBH3 Snoozeletter

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

April 26, 2007

Hash Website: [www.lbh3.org](http://www.lbh3.org)

## POOP FICTION; THE LONGEST NIGHT

Spring is a time of new beginnings. As the cold darkness of winter fades into memory, the warm friendly sun brings to life the slumbering flowers. The swallows return to Capistrano, the hash returns to Thursday nights, and ROYAL FLUSH returns to the hills of San Pedro to hare another hash.

Allowing ROYAL FLUSH to hare a run is sort of like letting a lunatic drive your new car. He will most certainly put his foot to the floor, speed through an area completely out of control, and inevitably destroy the car in a horrific, flaming crash.

Knowing this, we left caution, better judgment, and common sense behind and bought another ticket to one of ROYAL FLUSH's rolling disasters, hoping for a bigger and better burn.

ROYAL FLUSH promised me that this trail would be bigger and longer than ever. Bigger and longer works great in pornographic movies, but can turn a hash into a catastrophic ocean of misery. Following ROYAL FLUSH through the hills is like going on a 3-day binge in a strange place. You get lost, drunk, and totally disoriented. You feel like a helpless spectator watching yourself commit unspeakable acts of public drunkenness, trespass, and indecency. So why do we do this to ourselves? I suspect it's the hashers' insatiable appetite for intoxication, danger, and all forms of bizarre unpredictable behavior.

With this, and other troubling questions in mind, BROOMHILDA and I pulled into the lot and prepared to jump head first into what could be the longest night of our lives.

Once inside the gates of Flores Park, I felt like we had fallen into some sort of suicidal trap. I decided if I was to survive tonight's hash, I would have to drink my way out. I went straight to HEAD & SHOULDERS' beer truck, and was soon joined by HORNEY TOAD, YULL JACKOFF, SPARKY, STUMBELINA, HE'S SO SWEET, WILD BILL, SIR LANCE-A-NUT, VENUS, and PMS. We kicked the kegs into overdrive and dropped the hammer. Hashers are a lot like firearms ..... they're more fun when they're loaded.



**Royal Flush swears to JC that he used 90 lbs of flour on this trail.**

Following ROYAL FLUSH into the hills, besides being extremely dangerous, also makes us prime candidates for arrest, so I assembled a crack team of lawyers and medical personnel that included E.O., SOSUMI, ERECTION YOUR HONOR, BABY CRACK WHORE and MORNING COCKTAIL. If they couldn't save us, we were screwed.

After blabbering on about beer, right wing politics and the trail, ROYAL FLUSH was off. All I could think of as he disappeared up the road, was that this was the result of a life lived too close to the edge, too bent for definition, and too intense to ignore.

With a blast from FRUIT's whistle, our counter-terrorist vanguard ground up the hill ant full bore. Spearheading our effort was PILLSBURY, FUNGUS, SPACE AVAILABLE, and PINKY. We ran to the top of the hill, thru the first check, and down into the neighborhood below.

The residents are so used to our delinquent springtime ritual that our presence had failed to get the desired response. We had about as much impact and shock value as a week-after-Easter parade being led by a drunkard in a bunny suit. I could not stand to bear this, our reputation was on the line! I zeroed in on one humanoid creep who was standing in his yard holding a garden hose and yelled, "quick get back inside, they're coming, they're coming!". Fearing he was about to be assaulted by an army of cops, Hell's Angels or IRS agents, he ran whimpering like a scolded puppy back into his house.

We then gassed it thru the winding hillside streets. Up ahead were CUM NAIL ME, VICTORIA'S SECRETIONS, LAST TRAIN, and SIN-D-BARE running trail like they had just stolen it. I hung on to the FRBs with all I had until we reached a check overlooking a huge clearing.

FRUIT crashed through the check with the subtlety of a torpedo, and quickly found trail that led to the first beer check that was located in an abandoned guard shack near the highway. An abandoned and EMPTY guard shack! Some thieving swine had stolen our beer! Just then, I spotted a homeless man on the highway, so drunk he had to use his shopping cart like a walker. The cart was filled with empty beer cans, OUR beer cans! "You hijacking, mean-spirited motherfucker" I yelled. Oblivious to his surroundings, he mumbled through a mouthful of drool, "I get to keep the cans, man. I get to keep the cans". Down, but not out we powered up and hauled ass across the street where trail led down to Royal Palms beach.

Down on the beach, a gang of surfers had spotted ROYAL FLUSH's trail, and after finding his stash of flour, feared he was from some inland valley surf school, and was about to bring an entire busload of ho dads down the hill to clog up their break with an army of mindless, spastic, flapping kooks. The surfers went after ROYAL FLUSH like a pack of rabid dogs, but they were no match for the gritty plumber so they turned their shameful campaign of terror against a vacationing family from Poland, shattering over 60 years of peaceful relations, and pushing our countries to the brink of war. We wisely skirted their perimeter and hauled ass.



**Thank you Chewy for the PBR and the light at the end of the trail.**

After zigzagging across the highway so many times, it was obvious that ROYAL FLUSH was going to run until he ran out of flour, got arrested or dropped dead from exhaustion, so I said, "bullshit, I'm going to chase him down myself!" I kicked up my pace until the blood began to boil out of my eye sockets. I was now THE FRB, but I was soon joined by the talents of SPREAD 'EM BITCH and POOR AIM, and we chased the setting sun into the west, and were soon back on trail.

The trail led back to the cliffs where we came across what would have been beer check #2. This time, a bunch of cliffside, cave dwelling punks had stolen our beer and were holding ALWAYS JUICY hostage! Not only had they stolen our beer, now that stolen one of our harriettes! I clenched my fists and prepared to rain down a fusillade of chingasos on their leader, a pimply-faced geek in a cut-off shirt, but they scattered like the vermin scum that they are, and allowed AJ to escape. With the



**Cum Nail Me is happy cuz he's not Trailmaster anymore!**

**Spread 'Em is happy cuz she's an FRB.**



punks gone, we followed trail that led back to the ocean.

POOR AIM and SPREAD 'EM BITCH continued on, but I had had enough! "Damn you, you bastard, look what you're doing to us", I shouted into the vast, silent emptiness of the canyon before me. The silence was suffocating, I had to get out! It is here in the silence that true evil lives! I spotted headlights on the road above, and ran toward them like a moth drawn to a flame. Once I reached the top, I followed the road that took me to an intersection where I spotted the On-In below. I, the scribe, had "won the hash".

ROYAL FLUSH had intended the On-In to be held on a cul-de-sac on a cliff above the ocean by the Trump Golf Course, but two of Donnie's rent-a-Nazis had chased him off so we had the On-In on the street above.

Soon most of the hash was in, and huddled around a couple of lanterns that provided the only defense against the icy onslaught of a wind coming in from the ocean. Thanks to CHEWCACA's generosity, I was shielded from the cold by his gift of PBRs, but the combination of cold, fatigue, and beer was too much, and had rendered me useless to myself and society. There was only one thing I could do, find BROOMHILDA's truck and crash. And crash I did.

When I woke up, I gazed out thru the windshield to see what looked like a trail on the side of the mountain. It looked like one of the constellations had fallen from the sky and came to rest on the hillside. The stars created a trail that led to a glowing heavenly light on top of the mountain that shone down on the hash below, bathing us in the goodness of it's light. The mountain and its trail stood as an ever-present reminder that as long as there are mountains, there will be adventurers to hash them.

Our celestial trail would remain aglow throughout the evening, through the clouds, fog, and the ever-present arctic wind, until the sun forced back the curtain of darkness on this, the longest night.

**DR HUNTER S. SUPERSCAR**



**Tell me again why I do this every week?**

**Deadline for Thursday write-ups: Mon at 5 PM**

**E-mail your write-ups, directions, etc to: [Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org](mailto:Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org)**

**Here are a few more of the winning sentences from Found'er Balls.**

**Fungus's Table:** Have a loud oral party in your butt crack

\*"Do my juicy succulent pussy"(sounds great when Moanie says it!)

She has the biggest tits & short shorts

Hashers – you can fuck nude animals with sex toys on our shiggy trail and swallow my hairy hard-on

**Geezer:** \*\*Women have a dick or beaver problem check the ass at Howdy do me\*\*

**Joey Buttafucku:** Hashers and sexy women deliver friendly lubrication

Try panting it looks good

Why wrap all the tasty head

**Last Train:** \*\*Keep all the Man Glide from Sosumi\*\*

Tweedle Me does Hashers

Drink PBR

**Save the Date: Sunday August 12<sup>th</sup> for the LBH3**

**Love-In in the Park.**

**A day of hashing, music, beer, feasting and peace and love, man.**

**Details and registration info coming soon. Groovy!**

**RECEDING HARELINE**

5/3 #1221 Baby Crack, Buster CINCO DE MAYO  
 5/10 #1222 Pig Iron Signal Hill?  
 5/17 #1223 Head & 4H  
 5/24 #1224 Fish Lips & Pills – Nightmare B4 Xmas  
 5/31 #1225 Jock Junkyard Run  
 6/7 #1226 Open ? see Sin D Bare

**Weakly Snooze stats 4/19/2007 Run #1219:**

**Run #:** 1219

**Date:** 4/19/2007

**Hares:** Royal Flush

**Place:** Angels Gate Pk San Pedro

**Miles:** 4.5

**Attendance:** 63

**New Boots:** Taffy Tingley, Monique Plaisier, Andreas Kirmse, John Willis

**Returners:** Baby Crack Whore, Horney Toad, Justine the Babe, Marv Albert, Massage a Twat, Shoulda Been Gay, Soiled My Shorts, Space Available, Victoria Secretion, Yull Jackoff

**Visitors:** Retracted, Spankee Yankee, Marquis De Sade

**Hash Shit:** Royal Flush for leaving a note on some stashed beer, "Please don't take this beer it is for Hashers" --the note was left --Both ice chest and beer were gone.

**ON ON:** Jerry's Pizza on Gaffey

**Run Notes:** A to Z--1 circle jerk, backtrack, 2 beer check (1 stolen beer) start at Angels gate ended by Trump golf course--hassle by cops, poorly

**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) 420-1221

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) 400-1099

Bill "Last Train" Nord (714) SLIMEUP

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

**Trailmaster:** Joel "Sin D Bare"

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

**Songmeister:** Debbie "Corn Hole Hussie" Cantril (562) 400-1099

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

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

**Webmeister:** "HomoSAXual" – [lbh3beer@hotmail.com](mailto:lbh3beer@hotmail.com)

**Webmeister – Snooze:** pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com

**Long Beach Hash House Harriers Cinco de Mayo Run # 1221**

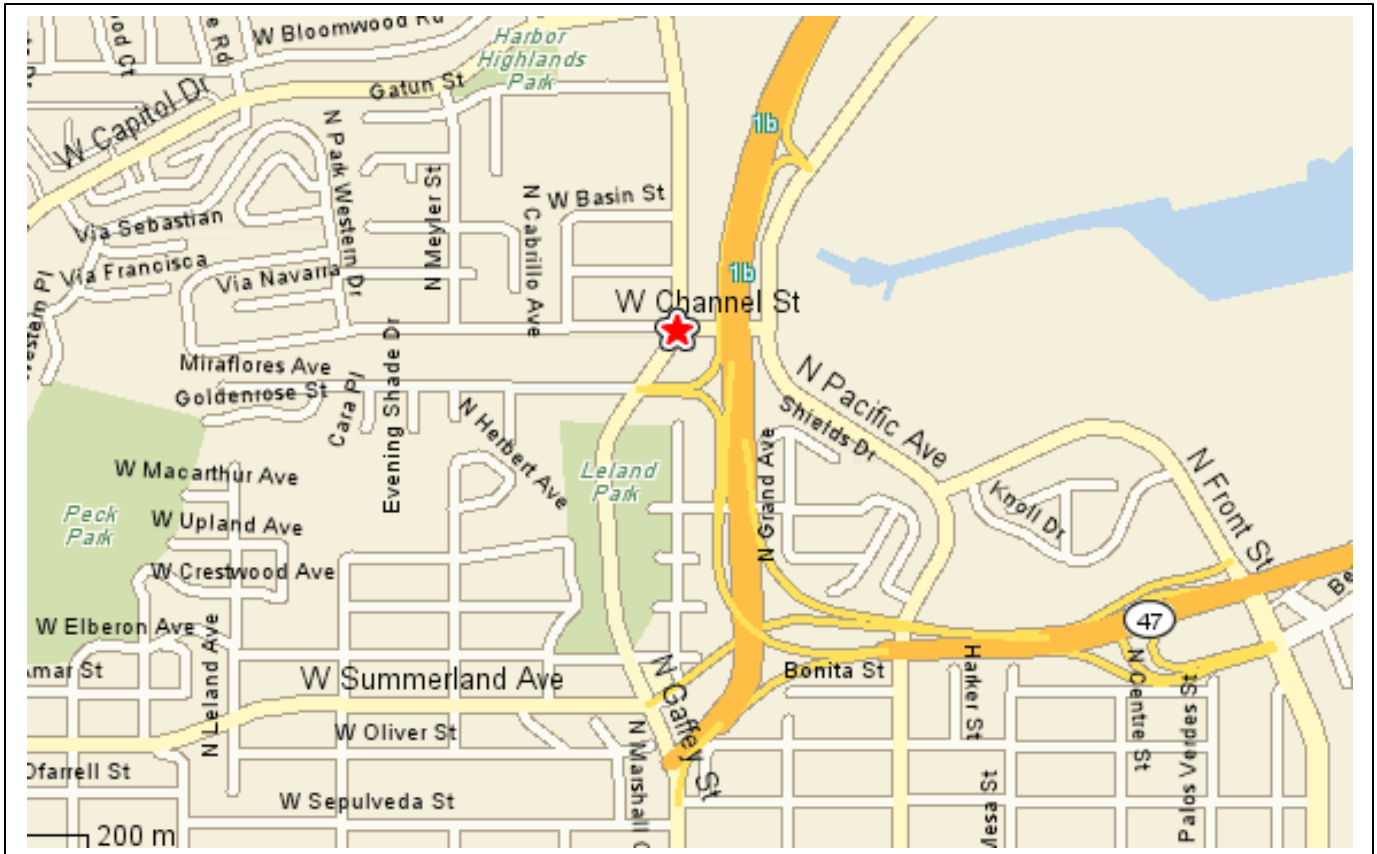
**Thursday May 3<sup>rd</sup>, 6:30 PM**

**Hares: Buster, Baby Crack and company**

**Location: San Pedro TG 824 B-3**

**Cost: \$4.00**

**Directions: from the 110 Fwy, take exit 1B toward Channel St/Pacific Ave. Turn right at N Gaffey St. Turn right at W Channel St. Make a turn or u-turn into the Park & Ride under the freeway. From LB, take Ocean Blvd west across the bridges, at the end of the 2<sup>nd</sup> bridge, take the exit towards I-110. Keep right at the fork, follow signs for Harbor Fwy/Los Angeles and merge onto I-110 N. Take exit 1B toward Channel, turn right at John S Gibson Blvd, and turn into park and ride. Mas cerveza, por favor.**



Alouette  
Neva Higgins  
707 Nancy Lane  
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