

# LBH3 Snoozeletter

Long Beach Hash House Harriers Hotline (562) HASHITT 10/2/2008 www.lbh3.org

When the first thing I heard upon arriving at the hash was “**JESUS CHRIST**, wanna do something stupid?” and lightning didn’t immediately strike I should’ve known it was going to be an interesting night. It didn’t take long for the fun to start. I was barely enjoying one of my first beers (I’d already lost count) when I saw **PINKY** and **LAST TRAIN** looking at me, no problem...maybe they just want to say Hi. Then somehow with super human speed that left me no time to run and hide they were upon me and I hear “You’re scribing tonight”. If I wanted to pay attention or do homework I would’ve stayed in school, not started hashing. Before I could come up with one of the many reasons why that would be a terrible idea they were gone. I don’t know if they took off like the Flash, vanished into the sunset or if it was just that I’d had that many beers already and couldn’t pay attention long enough to watch them walk away. What seemed like seconds later the hares were off, or was it just one hare? I don’t really know because I wasn’t paying attention. Then what seemed like fifteen minutes later we were off.

Running along trail we ended up beside a glass divider, **JUST TONY** saw his reflection in the glass and wondered how he’d already gotten over there....we may have some competition for **ROYAL FLUSH** Trail then took us down into some really foul smelling marshland; **PINKY** must have been trying to throw off all the dogs that somehow ended up at this hash. It sounded like there was someone splashing around in the water but with the smell it was giving off I wasn’t about to stick around to figure out what it was. I mean, this thing had to have been living in the sewer for years. As hard as it is to believe, this thing sounded scarier and smelled worse than any hasher possibly could. I just



**TOP: Can you hear me NOW?**

**RIGHT: Read the fine print.**

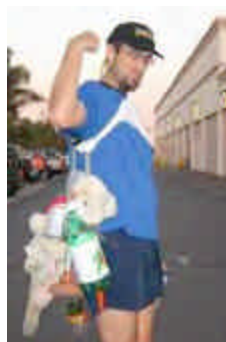


picked up the pace and hoped it didn’t catch me. The sun went down as I was running next to more water with **I DREAM OF WEENIE** when I heard the now familiar splashing. This time I braved a look and could see a hideous creature trying to climb out of the water. I was pretty tired by then but something about being in the dark with only another harriette for protection convinced me that running was a good idea. Turns out running actually gets you to the beer check faster, wow, who would’ve guessed. I’m definitely going to have to try that again next time. Only problem was the beer check was 4 miles into our 5 mile trail and at the bottom of a cliff. I had to stop and think, was it really worth my life to try and get down this rocky cliff just to get a beer that was probably warm by now? Who am I kidding...I didn’t think....On Down! By the way, I ended up sliding down on my butt so someone owes me a new pair of panties. Apparently lace wasn’t made to slide through gravel. **BABY CRACK WHORE** did a great job at the beer check, there were other people there but apparently whores get more attention. Off to the side **LOW BEAMS** had taken **LAYING MANTIS** and **JUST EVAN** off into the dark. It sounded like she was making promises of fluffy puppies and candy, but again, I wasn’t really paying attention. Where were their parents to protect them from this scary hasher? Hopefully they weren’t scared to badly. Then it was climbing back up the cliff to find trail, at least now I had a beer to help me see more clearly.

After the beer check I came across **RU PREGNANT**. He must not have realized I was watching when he threw his cane over the fence then backed up for a running start and cleared the fence in a single leap. Turns out he just keeps the cane to get the harriettes attention. Don’t worry **RU**; I won’t tell



**You want me to WHAT? Scribe?**



**I am Hashit, hear me roar .....**



**FUNGUS reminds everyone that weekly dues are \$5.00 beginning on 10/5.**



**We'll just stay here and guard the PBR while you're on trail, OK?**

only problems is that apparently they sent male officers and they weren't able to accomplish a thing, we should've sent over a topless harriette, that might've worked. Sorry **PILLSBURY BLOW BOY**, looks like you get to keep the hashshit another week. Or was this somehow part of your master plan so you wouldn't have to give it up. You did look like you were getting pretty touchy feely with the stuffed bear, and we all know that when a man hits that certain age he starts to get urges. After two

anyone, it'll be our little secret. I left **RU** so he could get back into character and came upon **UNIBALLER**. I didn't chat with him for long; apparently he has some sort of weird fetish about watching girls pee. He's so obsessed that he'll actually sign up for races just to get a chance to see the girls that aren't willing to wait for the port a potty. He invited me into the bushes to look at some of the pictures he's been able to get but all that talk about peeing and I needed to find a bathroom. Luckily we were On-In. As usual it looked everyone was in and I was DFL again. At least there was plenty of beer to soothe my pride. After few beers and some snacks, I started to feel a chill. Did I hear something? No, it's not possible. Off in the distance I saw the same hideous, disgustingly smelly creature that had been trying attack me earlier. Before I had a chance to scream and warn all my fellow hashers the creature got close enough for me to see it clearly. It wasn't a monster at all. It was just our DFL's **HAIRY TWATTER, BUTT DART, PLAYS WITH TOYS, DOWN WENDY, JUST SEPHINA AND JUST EVITA**. Sorry guys, I would've helped you out of the water if only I'd realized.

weeks of it being alone with you every night, I'm not sure what whether I feel sorrier for the bear or for whoever has to touch it next. Whatever was said to the cops sure had them watching our every move at this point; I guess they didn't really believe that we were a bunch of marathon running, missionaries looking for endangered species to save. Someone needed to provide a distraction so that everyone could get away. I don't know why nobody was volunteering for that task, so I decided to sacrifice myself for the hash. I ran through the police barricade that was surrounding my truck and dove in. They must not have expected me to come barreling through because it took them a moment to react. By this time **STILLET-HO** had created a road block and I floored it out of the parking lot. Tires squealing, radio blaring, this is the life. The law can't touch me, I'm a rebel, I'm too smart and fast for those pigs. About 30 seconds later I was pulled over on the side of the road for all the hashers to laugh at on their way to the On On On. They brought out the dogs, but thanks to **PINKY** I smelled like a marsh instead of beer and one full cavity search later I was on my way. I wish I could say something about the On On On, but since I'd already had all the excitement I could handle I didn't go.

**P.S. Has anyone seen my kids????**

On On  
Absolut Whore

Since **DONUT HO** didn't make it to the hash we were able to start Down Down's with confidence. What we didn't know was that someone had noticed the abundance of orange in our circle and thought there had been a prison break. We gave the new boots and visitors their down downs and then the flashing lights were upon us! All of a sudden our tight knit circle turned into close to a hundred random people wandering around a parking lot that for some strange reason had lots of empty cups on the ground, all that precious beer was dumped in hopes of looking innocent. We didn't look suspicious at all, nope...not one little bit. We were just innocent bystanders... aimless, drunken, innocent bystanders...**SIN D BARE** and **SPREAD'EM BITCH** approached the officers and tried to work their magic. The

**Hash Memorial Event**  
**Friday, October 17 2008, 6:00 PM**  
**Long Beach Hash Tree Dedication for Eject and Hash Memorial Service**  
 Location: El Dorado Park Duck Pond, Long Beach Ca  
 Thomas Guide: 796, F3  
 Directions: From the 405 South, exit Studebaker Road and go North past Stearns Street. Enter the El Dorado Park Golf Course parking lot and go North to the end. From the 405 (and 22) North, exit 7th Street and take the Studebaker Road turn-off and go North. Follow the above directions. The street across from the Duck Pond is Los Arcos.  
 It has become a Long Beach Hash tradition to plant a tree as a living memorial to Long Beach-connected hashers who have died. We will be dedicating a tree to a Long Beach Hash Founder **Eject**. Following the dedication, we will conduct a memorial service at the site of the other trees that have been planted in previous years. Then we will adjourn to the El Dorado Park Golf Course restaurant and bar where hashers will buy their own drinks and a toast will be given to those who have gone on. Any questions see Fruit of the Loom at a Long Beach hash. Please note the time.

## THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run 469 Date: 10/9/93 (15 years ago)  
Place: Featherley Park  
Hares: PIG IRON & BLACKJACK  
Miles: 6 Attendance: 52

The weekend of October 8 - 10, 1993 found LBH3 camping along the 91 Freeway at Canyon RV Park. After a Friday night run through the shiggy surrounding the campground (Run # 468), little or no sleep, and a fabulous breakfast, we were transported to the start of Saturday's trail, our 469<sup>th</sup>. The hares were off, and 15 minutes later, the pack took off in pursuit. We ran immediately through a trailer yard, a tunnel and a golf course. Then it was into a sewer pipe! It was so dark in there that you couldn't see the fool in front of you. The hares had set out glow sticks, but they didn't help much. Slosh, slosh, we continued on through a foot of sewer water. We finally exited into a ravine, and followed trail through a winding stream, mud, poison oak and quicksand. After more weeds, brambles and a narrow footpath, we reached Prado Dam. Right before the beer check, the hares were snared by shortcutters FUNGUS and NUT N' HONEY. Scribe HERMOANICA (formerly known as BUTT PLUGGER) sprained his ankle at this point, so what happened on the second half of the trail is left to your imagination. (Hint: it was more of the same) At the On-In, WEBFOOT was by far the dirtiest hasher, with mud all the way up to his crotch. MENSA CYCLE got the hashit for liking to do it in the dark, but not in dark tunnels. We were then transported back to the start, where we spend the afternoon participating in Hash Olympics; the team led by BLACKJACK and PLATYPUSSY won handily. The most memorable event was the egg toss, where FUNGUS led a group that hurled their eggs at EZ rather than at their partners. Then we ate, drank, and danced to a DJ until the wee hours of the morning.

### SAVE THESE DATES:

11/28-30

**LBH3 INVADES LAUGHLIN  
THANKSGIVING WEEKEND  
3 DAYS OF HASHING ON THE  
RIVER. FLYERS AVAILABLE  
SOON.**

**Deadline for maps, write-ups, etc.  
is MONDAY at 5 PM: e-mail to:  
[Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org](mailto:Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org)**

## RECEDING HARELINE

10/12 1302	LB Marathon – HI SPEED, PILLS
10/19 1303	BLOJACK Azusa (aka BFE)
10/26 1304	Halloween Hash – BROOM & JCSS
11/2 1305	DICKOREATER
11/9 1306	PIG IRON
11/16 1307	SIN D BARE
11/23 1308	JOCK, PACK MY CHUTE –Turkey Day!

## RESULTS OF LBH3 Run # 1293

DATE: 9/25/2008

PLACE: Huntington Beach, Airport Circle behind Ralph's

HARES: Pinky

MILES: 6.2 ATTENDANCE: 93

NEW BOOTS: Tina Forster, Sephina Frazer, Nick Lenkowski, Rhonda Shelton

RETURNERS: I DREAM OF WEENIE, LAYING MANTIS, BUTT LITE, MAKE IT A STIFF ONE, Evita Frazer, Mike Fallis  
VISITORS: GAY BOY FROM LA JOLLA, MAS PENIS POR FAVOR – SDH3, MARCO HOMO, PLAYS WITH TOYS, CHEEK A BOO, JOEY BUTTAF&CKYOU, HONEY DO ME – OCH3

NEW NAMES:

PATCHES:

HARE PATCHES:

HASHIT

ON-ON: Neptunes – Karaoke night

RUN NOTES: Muck, one beer check, lots of great big honkers on trail zig zag on streets, On In other end of parking lot, police shut down before patches, birthdays and hashit

## MISMANAGEMENT COMMITTEE 2008

<b>Grandmasters:</b> Joel "Sin D Bare"	(310) 544-5223
Kurt "JC Superscar" Markham	(310) 675-5992
<b>Hash Cash:</b> John "He's So Sweet" Kotlarski	(562) 420-1221
Don "Fungusamungus" Markowitz	(310) 378-6453
<b>On Sec:</b> Susanne "Broomhilda" Gilmore	(562) 423-6149
Bernice "Special Head" Banares	(562) 522-8774
<a href="mailto:Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org">mail to: Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org</a>	
<b>On Disk:</b> Neva "Alouette" Higgins	(714) 526-7823
<b>Brewmeisters:</b> Steve "Head & Shoulders" Cantril	(562) 420-2830
Bill "Last Train" Nord	(714) SLIMEUP
<b>Munchmeisters:</b> Kim "Always Juicy" Critchlow	(949) 858-9386
Carmen "Baby Crack" Fernandez	(310) 549-9406
<b>Trailmaster:</b> Dick "Poor Aim" Ames	(714) 734-6979
<b>Hash Pusher:</b> Laura "Hi Speed Copulator" Gaber	(562) 902-2443
<b>Songmeister:</b> Debbie "Corn Hole Hussie" Cantril	(562) 400-1099
<b>Hash Flash:</b> Jaime "Buster Hymen" Ybarra	(310) 872-6638
Jessica "Snatch of the Day" Alexander	(562) 761-8289

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

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

**NEXT LONG BEACH HASH RUN # 1301**

**Sunday, Oct 5th, 2008 10:00 AM**

**Hares: RIFF RAFF**

**Location: Huntington Beach TG 888 E-2**

**Cost: \$5.00**

**RIFF RAFF comes out of retirement! Run begins at Gisler Park in HB. Take the 495 North or South to Brookhurst. Go south to Effingham Dr. Turn right, park in or near the school (LFH) It's been 5 years since RIFF hared a run. Can he do it again? Come find out.**



**LBH3 BEER CHECK & HASH RUN # 1302**

**Sunday, Oct 12<sup>th</sup>, 2008 \*12 NOON\***

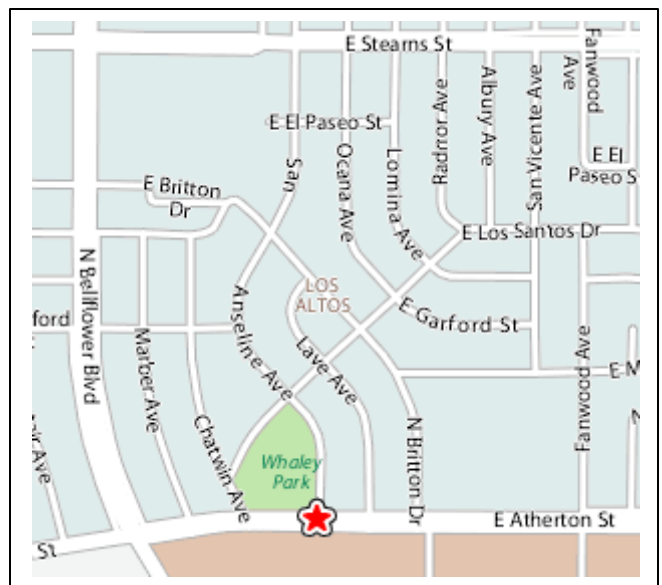
**Hares: PILLSBURY & HI SPEED**

**Location: Whaley Park, LB TG 796 C-4**

**Cost: \$5.00**

**Join LBH3 as we support the hashers participating in the LB Marathon. Beer handout (and coffee drinking) will begin about 9 AM. Pastry, coffee, PBR etc. donations welcomed. The HASH will begin at NOON.**

**Directions: FOLLOW THESE DUE TO ROAD CLOSURES! From the 405, exit at Bellflower Blvd. Go South on Bellflower Blvd to Stearns. Turn left. Turn right on San Anselme. Continue to Whaley Park.**



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