

LBH3 Snoozeletter

Long Beach Hash House Harriers Hotline (562) HASHITT 10/12/2008 www.lbh3.org

POOP FICTION; HUNS, PHILISTINES AND THE BASTARD SONS OF OKTOBER

As the Oktober sun set in the west behind Old World in Huntington Beach, the fading light cast long, ominous shadows as it disappeared behind the steep, tiled roofs of the Beer Garden. It is Oktober when the Germanic peoples of the world celebrate all things German: the art, music, and culture that helped shape our modern world. ... and then there are the Bavarians.

Many Germans see the Bavarians as nothing but peckerwood, redneck trailer trash, only concerned with drinking beer, raising hell, and doing it for the entire month of Oktober. The Long Beach Hash shares a spiritual connection with our Bavarian brothers and sisters; we too like to raise hell in Oktober, but with one small, insignificant difference. We like to raise hell all year long. For us, Oktober is just the kick off. That's why we're here at Old World and their Oktoberfest tonight, to see what we have in the tank, and to party like a Nazi for the next 744 hours. The hash goes back to Sunday on Oktober 5th, and those of lesser convictions and commitment crawl under a rock and then go into hibernation before the shit really hits the fan. I mean, the trails get longer and more intense, and alcohol consumption goes through the roof, Sunday hashes really bring out the beast in all of us. More time, more beer, and more ways to screw ourselves into impossible situations. We are the Huns, the Philistines and the cheeky right bastards of the New World only one thing stood in our way as we prepared to destroy another peaceful Thursday night Mall Cops and lots of them And here my friends, is where it all began, under a neon light in a parking lot far, far from home.



**Hey Mall Cop!
PPFFFFFFTTT to
you too.**



**Great disguise
Howdy!**



**TOP: AJ & BCW
welcome a new boot.**



**RIGHT: Hurry! The Mall Cop has no
jurisdiction on this side of the fence.**

The evening began much as it always does, in some remote corner of urban civilization where we drink a little beer, exchange pleasantries, and begin to scare the snot out of any and all passersby within hearing range. They know what's up. They're about to be hashed, and hashed good. This was our last Thursday run of the year, and we were goin' out in style.

The dull roar of impending disorder grew louder by the minute as hashers poured into the parking lot from all directions. Hashers like BOYZ R US, CHINBALL WIZARD, HARRY TWATTER and NUMB NUTS were some of the first to ignore the public drinking laws, igniting a rash of lawlessness that quickly spread to LAST TRAIN's Beermobile and signaling the end to any notion that this was to be a calm, peaceful evening.

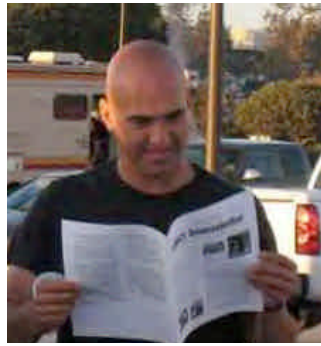
As the relentless hands of time struck 6:45, it was on. We ran like mad dogs into the night only to find, squatted in the middle of our trail, was the most contemptible form of law enforcement known to man, a Mall Cop in all his greasy, repugnant splendor.

Quickly splitting into two columns, we sped past him and his "command vehicle" like a pack of German U-Boats, as he flapped wildly and bellowed some unintelligible gibberish over his car's P.A. system. Directly behind me was BROOMHILDA, CUMS IN A TUBE, FREE SAMPLES, FRUIT, PMS, Just Tony, CAPTAIN HOOK, ALOUETTE and WILD BILL, and in their wake was the command vehicle and the Mall Cop still squawking like a dying chicken.

As we rounded the corner into the mall, we left the hapless goon behind, but our troubles with them were far from over. This may be our run, but this was their night.



**Der Bier Garten das
nein haben PBR. Jah?
Our German sucks,
Jah?**



**Of course it's all true. I read it
in the LBH3 Snooze. They'd
never exaggerate!**

Right after we turned into the main mall, we were descended upon by what seemed like an entire army of black-suited misfits who had watched "Cops" one too many times, but with no gun, and no power of arrest, they had all the deterrent factor of a senile, toothless, old watch dog that stood in a corner and barked at the walls. One of them, a bug-eyed loser in an ill-fitting uniform, attempted to detain me. I shot back at him, "I'm a journalist, god damn it, can't you see that I'm working, get the fuck out of my way!" He continued to sputter like a wet fart as I flew by on the trail that led to a busy street and out of their jurisdiction. How wrong was I.

As the trail turned into a nearby trailer park, I noticed a dented, wheezing, old wreck of a car with "MALL SECURITY" crudely painted on the door, round the corner behind us against a red light and almost get center punched by oncoming traffic amid a symphony of screeching tires, blaring horns, and extended middle fingers. They chased us into the park, but we managed to lose them somewhere between the park's wading pool and their coin-operated TV's.

The trail led out of the trailer park, and up toward a freeway overpass. I was glad to see that PILLSBURY, KAMMANA, BUSTER, BIG PETE and AFTERBIRTH had escaped the Mall Cops, but I knew we hadn't seen the last of them.

The trail led down from the freeway overpass to a drainage ditch. As we ran through the cement channel, I could hear the Mall Cops on the other side of the wall warning the neighborhood to lock their doors and windows and turn out their lights. I could also hear one pissed-off neighbor yell back at them, "Get the fuck out of here, you pea-brained idiots, you're scaring my kids!" I had to laugh as I crashed through the shiggy, but I knew that even more trouble with them was ahead. What if they had called for back-up from the other Mall Cops in the area? We could have hundreds of pork-bellied idiots crawling all over the place in

minutes. I had to find the on-in fast, before they did.

The trail led down to the train tracks and back out to a street where I caught up with PASSING WIND, TWAT WEILER, ABSOLUT WHORE, SAY WHAT, PEANUT ENVY, NOT IN FRONT OF THE KIDS, BLOW INTEREST, GAY'S OK, UNDERCOVER and VENUS. They had seen the Mall Cops, but had wisely sent them in the opposite direction of trail by

telling them they were giving away free hot dogs at the Piggly Wiggly Gas N' Go mini mart. What the Mall Cops didn't know was that the nearest Piggly Wiggly is located in Alabama!

With the Mall Cops temporarily out of the way, we searched the area for trail and soon spotted it on the other side of the road. As we dashed across the street, I nearly became the hood ornament of a low-slung Mercedes being driven by a cruel-looking, sausage-faced bitch of a woman who snorted at me like a wounded cow as she sped by. Somehow, we all made it through the motorized shooting gallery intact, and hauled ass down the trail that led into Golden West College.

Once inside the college, the trail went cold. Maybe tonight's hare SIN D BARE had been captured by the Mall Cops and was sitting in a room somewhere, tied to a chair, being slapped silly with a rubber hose by a whole team of pig-jowled slobs, or maybe I was just lost. Regardless of the situation, I had to get out of here. I ran through the school and back to the railroad tracks where, up ahead, I saw something that stopped me faster than if I had run into a wall. Down the tracks in the distance, I could see lights coming toward me, not one or two, but at least a dozen. Mall Cops! The filthy cunts must have found the on-in and were now backtracking hoping to meet us head on. Prepared myself for a battle of Titanic proportions. I took off my lanyard and prepared to garrote the bastards with it until their heads exploded like a ten-pound zit. I hadn't had a beer in 45 minutes, and there isn't a court in the world that would convict me for what I was about to do to these useless swine for keeping me from it. I must have looked like the Boston Strangler as I charged towards the lights, but wait, these weren't Mall Cops; they were the FRB's racing into the on-in.

As we hauled ass into the on-in, we noticed the hash was huddled together in a dark, remote corner of the lot where tonight's run started and we quickly extinguished our lights. Concealed by the blackness of the night, we hurried through down-downs in an effort to get to Oktoberfest, where I couldn't wait to rape my brain with a few pints of the Nazi rocket fuel that the Germans call beer.

Our work here was done, but what about the Mall Cops? Later that evening, the local late news featured a breaking story about the arrest of several dozen Mall Security Officers who had attempted to kidnap and arrest a high school cross country team for allegedly running through a neighboring shopping center. The suspects were taken to the Metropolitan State Hospital for observation. SOME PUNKS NEVER LEARN!

Disturbingly yours,
DR. HUNTER S. SUPERSCAR

The First Five Dollar LBH3 Hash Gets You.....

Indeed, it was a bright beautiful day in Huntington Beach. For the third time in a row Long Beach Hash House Harriers had been trekking in the flatlands avoiding speedy 45+ mph traffic. Such is the thrill in life and with long time over due hare, RIFF RAFF. What more can we ask for? Ah yes! Cold refreshing beer. I had my plastic mug ready for drinking with BOYS R US and EZ. The conga line grew long looking for the beer van or the beer truck. It got hideous when we started a circle jerk many times over in the parking lot.

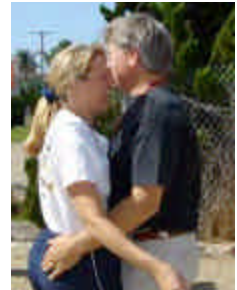
Then BROOMHILDA notified us there would be no kegs of beer, the brewmeisters were all at Parker, Arizona. Imagine the horror. Then the outrage! ALOUETTE threatened to drop her laptop from a tall building, SUPERSCAR yelled about cutting his hair, PIG IRON would run the trail backwards, OFF would no longer drive his Mustang to the hash, BEN DOVER protested he would trample on his bling jacket, CUM NAIL ME talked about being DFL, NECROFISHIAC threatened to shave off his moustache and beard, MORNING COCKTAIL warned us about becoming a nun, FRUIT OF THE LOOM would no longer blow his whistle, PINKY fumed he would go back to playing rugby, and JOCK stormed off. RU PREGNANT and PILLSBURY BLOWBOY tried to calm down the clan but it was hopeless. Soon afterward, JC SUPERSCAR proudly proclaimed he had Bailey's Irish Crème and cold Pabst Blue Ribbon! More joyous news arrived when ALWAYS JUICY showed with the munchies! The gold rush started, but a

dark haze appeared over the horizon like the money market pitfall that always brings a business curse for the month of October. RIFF RAFF was the hare. Did I say what could go wrong? The hare gave a gloomy report; he forecasted there would be no beer checks since the brewmeisters were not there. A sudden hush fell then 15 minutes later, total panic! Wall Street crashed on a Sunday morning!

SNATCH OF THE DAY and GEEZER TEASER scrambled for their cameras and took pictures as the drama unfolded: the sheer terror on the faces of hashers looking for beer or even sexual favors but to no avail. Trail was well marked until the turkey/ eagle split by the bluffs. The problem was the hare got too cute with the eagle marks. There were no arrows pointing which way to go, plus marks were too close together. What happened to trail? Where are those 700 billion dollars coming from again? Investors, Stock Brokers, Traders, and Hashers looked up to the sky in search of answers. BARNEY STUMBLE lost his balance and took a tumble to the ground. HE'S SO SWEET had thoughts of moving back to Chicago and CHOO CHOO and CABOOSE searched for potential buyers.

In uncertain dark times you hide and look for a safe haven. In this case it would be the on-in and hope there is beer. Down - Downs started with limited cans of beer like Tecate, Coors, and Pabst Blue Ribbon. I think the ceremony was very short with someone getting their 569th patch!

A truly shitty hash,
BEN DOVER



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.

RESULTS OF LBH3 Run # 1301

DATE: 10/5/2008

PLACE: Huntington Beach - Effingham & Brookhurst

HARES: RIFF RAFF

MILES: 6.4 ATTENDANCE: 50

NEW BOOTS: Debb Clay

RETURNERS: TWIN PEAKS, EZ, HEINE-KEY, CRACK,

Graciela Miller, GROUND CONTROL, BIG PINK

VISITORS: CHOO CHOO, CABOOSE, SCENT OF AN ARABIAN

NEW NAMES: none

PATCHES: OFF - 669, UNDERCOVER - 569

HARE PATCHES: none

HASHIT: BUSTER HYMEN for having 3 harriettes over for a party, waking up with his pants on & kicking them out

ON-ON: Out of Bounds Sports Bar

RUN NOTES: Riverbed, wetlands of HB. 3/4 of pack got lost at E/T split. On-In bike path at Atlanta & Brookhurst

THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run #744 Date: 10/11/1998 (10 years ago)
Place: Newport Beach
Hares: QPC, 4-N-LAY, WILL WORK FOR SEX
Secret Hares: POOR AIM, POKEY, BEN
DOVER
Miles: 5 Attendance: 81

This run was advertised as "Beach Blanket Bingo & Buffett". The directions advised us to "bring your boards, suits and parrot heads" because we would be hitting the beach. So the pack gathered in a Newport Beach industrial park and watched as the 3 hares (QPC, 4-N-LAY and WWFS) headed west, carrying flour in cute little sand pails. The cynics in the pack correctly predicted that there were going to be secret hares involved. BOYZ R US correctly predicted that the trail would lead to the oil fields. Those who stayed on trail soon found a beer check shrewdly placed between two buildings. After running by some apartments and up a hill, a second beer check was located. This one had margaritas as well! Trail then led through some soggy shiggy, over a wall, through a condo complex and then into Grove Canyon Park. The third beer check was on a bridge in the park. Here IGNORANT F*CK played "troll" and removed the turkey directions so that everyone had to go up a hill and along a narrow cliff edge path. Finally we reached the on-in. HOLD THE PICKLE got the hashit for letting EZ get her wet. Afterwards, we retired to the Tiki Bar for beer and cheap hamburgers.

RECEDING HARELINE

10/19 1303	BLOJACK	San Dimas (aka BFE)
10/26 1304	Halloween Hash – BROOM & JCSS	LB
11/2 1305	DICKOREATER	
11/9 1306	PIG IRON	
11/16 1307	SIN D BARE	
11/23 1308	JOCK, PACK MY CHUTE –Turkey Day!	
11/28 1309	Fri Night – Laughlin, NV (+ Sat & Sun)	

RESULTS OF LBH3 Run # 1299

DATE: 10/2/08
PLACE: Huntington Beach – across from Old World
HARES: SIN D BARE
MILES: 5 ATTENDANCE: 82
NEW BOOTS: Juan Cervera, Jr., Areliano Phaedra
RETURNERS: BARNEY STUBBLE, FROZEN CUM, MILF
SHAKE
VISITORS: none
NEW NAMES: none
PATCHES: MICROSCREWERY – 69, BEN DOVER – 500
(and a jacket)
HARE PATCHES: none
HASHIT : LOW BEAMS for losing out to Sin D Bare in a
"tit-off"
ON-ON: Old World Oktoberfest, free admission
RUN NOTES: Mall, drainage ditch with water rope to haul
yourself out. On-In 200 feet from the cars w/ no lighting. Mall
security ran us off

LBH3 INVADES LAUGHLIN THANKSGIVING WEEKEND NOVEMBER 28 - 30

**3 DAYS OF HASHING ON THE
RIVER.**

**COST: \$49.69 THRU OCTOBER
14th ** \$59.69 FROM OCT 15- NOV
2 *8 \$69.69 AFTER NOV 2nd**

**PARTY BUS OPTION IS
AVAILABLE at an additional cost of
\$60.00 per person. SEE REGO
FLYER ON-LINE @ LBH3.org OR
GET ONE AT CHECK-IN**

**Deadline for maps, write-ups, etc.
is WEDNESDAY at 5 PM: e-mail
to:
Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org**

MISMANAGEMENT COMMITTEE 2008

Grandmasters: Joel "Sin D Bare"	(310) 544-5223
Kurt "JC Superscar" Markham	(310) 675-5992
Hash Cash: John "He's So Sweet" Kotlarski	(562) 420-1221
Don "Fungusamungus" Markowitz	(310) 378-6453
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) 420-2830
Bill "Last Train" Nord	(714) SLIMEUP
Munchmeisters: Kim "Always Juicy" Critchlow	(949) 858-9386
Carmen "Baby Crack" Fernandez	(310) 549-9406
Trailmaster: Dick "Poor Aim" Ames	(714) 734-6979
Hash Pusher: Laura "Hi Speed Copulator" Gaber	(562) 902-2443
Songmeister: Debbie "Corn Hole Hussie" Cantril	(562) 400-1099
Hash Flash: Jaime "Buster Hymen" Ybarra	(310) 872-6638
Jessica "Snatch of the Day" Alexander	(562) 761-8289

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

NEXT LONG BEACH HASH RUN # 1303

Sunday October 19th, 2008 10:00 AM

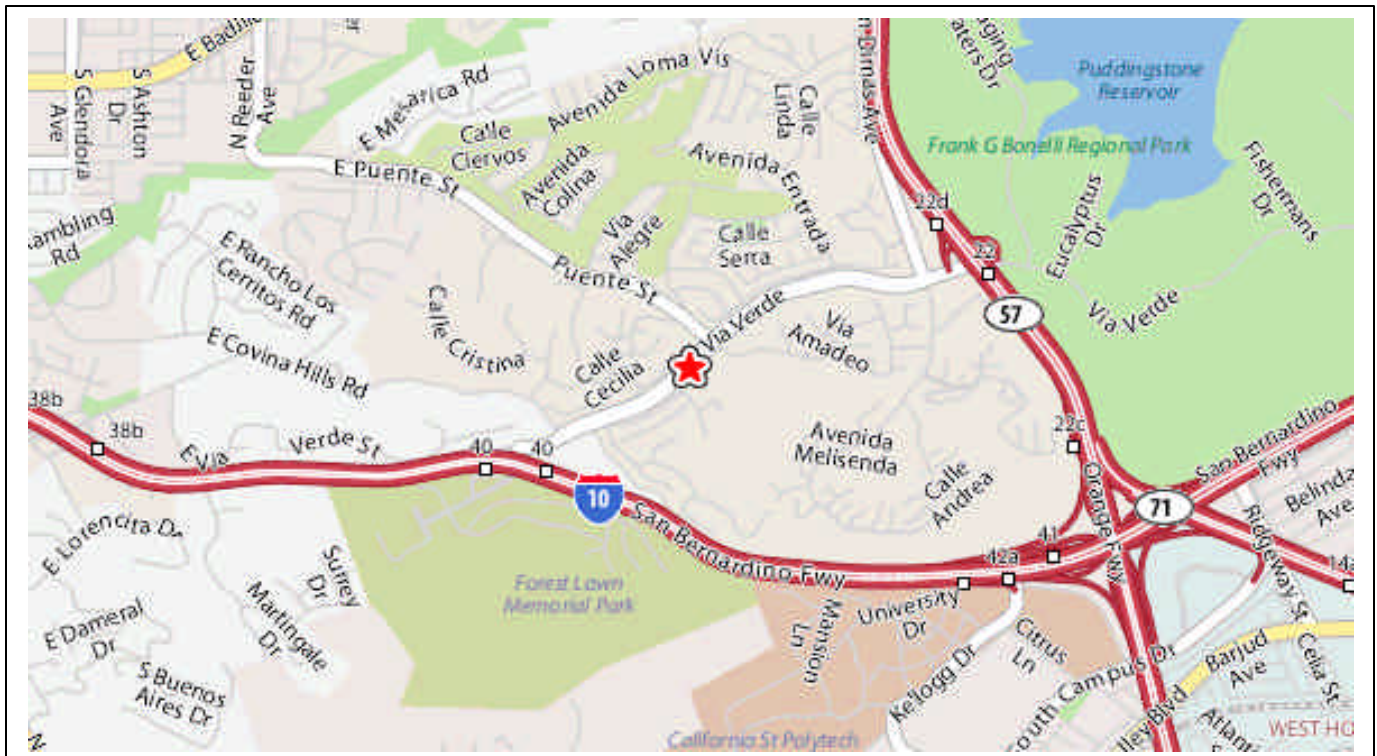
Hares: BLOJAK

Location: San Dimas TG 600 A-6

Cost: \$5.00

DIRECTIONS: From the 57 Freeway, exit at Via Verde. Turn left at Via Verde. Go about $\frac{3}{4}$ (I guess that BLOJAK means $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile) and look for the Von's Center. Park behind Von's at 1160 Via Verde in San Dimas.

BLOJAK also says "F*&@ the Box". (Hey dude, it's Sunday. There IS no box.) He also says that a "good hasher cums prepared for anything."



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