

LBH3 Snoozeletter

Long Beach Hash House Harriers Hotline (562) HASHITT 10/26/2008 www.lbh3.org

Snooze Article
October 19th, 2008 Hash

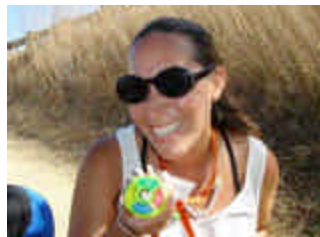
Another beautiful day in sunny Southern California. Another opportunity for **Blojack** to lay a fucked up trail. To experience this pleasure, one must first get to the hash. Easier said than done with those fucked up directions. Who was in charge of that? Clearly someone needs a lesson on which way is right, and which is left. Carpooling with **Last Train** may not be the best way to assure timely arrival at the hash either. Perhaps **Blojack**, intentionally fucked up the directions so as not to disappoint anyone anticipating a screw up. Such delay tactics were only minimally effective and somewhat self defeating as our late arrival allowed us to spot **Blojack** laying the first part of the trail. So much for that mystery.

As hashers preluded, **Alouette**, in true Halloween spirit, was busy checking people in wearing her devil horns. Not far from the early walker start, **Always Juicy** was observed slurping Jell-o with **El Posto Loco Fuckshot** abstained. The Jello-o would have looked appetizing if it weren't green. I am somewhat suspect of green slimy stuff. Back on trail, front running bastard's **Howdy Do Me** and **Dancing Queen** ran past in front of the pack galloping down the horse trials. They were closely followed by **Shaggy Dog** who evidently escaped from Guantanamo where he has been imprisoned as a suspected potential serial jaywalker. **Salt Lick** trotted off with the FRBs, his bottle of nourishment firmly attached to his waist. What kind of magical tequila do you suppose he has in there?

Over hill, over dale, we will hit the dusty trail ..



Sure glad that's over. Can't wait to do it again next week (if our shoes dry in time.)



Did you really steal that from AT&T's grandson?

Walkers Off! But Hozer's way ahead ...

While the FRB's were trying to solve the first check, **Poor Aim** carefully looked around to try to plan a short cutting route. **Pinky** followed as they headed away from true trail in hopes of finding a good shortcut. The check was solved allowing **Jesus Christ Super Scar** and **Stilletho** to head down the hill near the front of the pack closely followed by **Finger in the Dyke**. **VFW** ran past, his shirt pleading "Hump Me". **Snatch of the Day**, running with camera dutifully captured photographic evidence of every fucked up hasher on trail.

Night Deposit hobbled by wearing a knee brace. **Spread'em**, having recently returned from hashing in Washington D.C. was disappointed there was no S&M check planned on trail. I guess the politicians in Washington set new standards for hashing.

It appeared that we were nearing a beer check as one could see the vultures had begun to circle. The beer check was unmanned but well stocked with shitty beer. On down trail, **Hozer** and **Undercover** appeared to be having meaningful discussion. They must have been contemplating of the origins of beer. Over the river and through the woods, it was not grandmother's house but the next beer check we sought to go. **Phallus in Pornoland** remained on vigilant lookout for poison oak knowing that **Blowjack** finds poison oak like flies find shit.

The water crossings began innocently enough. The first one was fairly harmless crossing the stepping stones down stream. The second water crossing was likewise pleasant. While sipping down the meandering trail, listening to the birds chirping and crickets singing, it suddenly dawned on me; we were hashing **Fruitless**. Cheers.



Time for our weekly jello fix. This one's tequila!



Welcome home HUNG LIKE A BUG.



Hey AJ. How did you avoid a down-down for your new Munchmobile?

As we crossed yet another stream, it was apparent that the trail was carefully planned to make absolutely sure no hashers finished this trail with dry feet. 25 crossings later, it seemed too bad the flour wouldn't float as we could have had trail just stay in the stream. Hash marks disguised as horse shit were prevalent on trail. Avoid the horse shit, stay in the water.

Sum Dumb Chick and **Camel Tits** got stalled by the martini check as they sampled several martinis trying to identify the mystery ingredients. **Leaning Hard** vowed to stay at the martini check until all of the martinis were gone. However, he was easily distracted with a reminder that there were two more beer checks ahead, so back on trail.

Another unmanned beer check, again stocked with shitty beer. At least the company was good. After a moment's hesitation, **Leaning Hard** stuffed an extra road pop in his pocket in case there was too much trail before the next beer check. Can't leave all that shitty beer sitting in the woods. **Howdy** and **Salt Lick** had evidently snared the hare at the turkey eagle split. Makes you wonder who laid turkey and who laid eagle. Finally, arriving at the On in, one was better off with a large jug than a small vessel as the beer was waaayyyy down the hill from the circle. **Gives Good Head & Shoulders** got the beer wagon as close as possible, still a hike. **Shaggy Dog** made some obscure comment about

claw removal in response to **Leaning Hard** complaining about hamstrings. **Dancing Queen** said "hamsters" and knowingly explained "It's a butt thing". Watch your pets around **Dancing Queen**.

After a surprisingly good trail, the hare was observed inquiring whether various hashers' feet were wet. He was obviously pleased to see all wet, muddy shoes. The only known complainer was **Poor Aim** whose shortcutting attempts took him the wrong way.

Camel Tits came prepared for down downs with a small battery operated device. No, not that one, one that flashed colored lights and made noises. Something with an age limit of 3 and up. I wonder if she got the recommendation from **AT&T** and **Dickorater**'s grandson. She explained that it enabled her to withstand **JC** and **Sin d Bear**'s long winded stories and not fall asleep. **Afterbirth** stood in at attention for the absent **Fruit of the Loom**. **Wild Bill** said he was pleased to see another asshole standing in **Fruit**'s spot.

Dickorater declared himself stupid for following **Blowjack**'s trail. **Geezerteaser** stormed into down downs screaming "Where is my scotch" just in time to hear the hash singing her happy birthday. **Corn Hole Hussie** missed down downs entirely as she prioritized the drinking beer which was too far from the circle to allow her to experience both. Acceptable hash behavior.

The true DFL was **Screwcap** who was finally located and rescued shortly after down down's concluded. He insisted that he should have never have gotten lost as he is completely familiar with the area. As he had to be rescued in a vehicle, one may have doubts.

Blowjack failed to show up at his own on on at Tony's. **Afterbirth** tried to amuse the crowd by regurgitating into her water glass. Guess she didn't like the olives.

After the on on as we retreated towards civilization, **Leaning Hard** in his Prius blazed past **Last Train**'s van on the 57 freeway while **Last Train** was yelling "my vehicle is bigger". You go, **Last Train**.

Final report, a fun day of hashing and surprisingly lovely fruitless trail by **Blowjack**. On-on.

SHE BANGS

**LBH3 INVADES LAUGHLIN
THANKSGIVING WEEKEND
NOVEMBER 28 - 30
3 DAYS OF HASHING ON THE
RIVER.**

**\$59.69 FROM OCT 15 - NOV 2 **
\$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**

THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 256 Date: 10/29/1989

Place: Cypress

Hares: BROOMHILDA & GOLDIE YAWN

Miles: 6.5 Attendance: ??

Costumed hashers gathered in Cypress Park for BROOMHILDA's 3rd annual Halloween hash. ALOUETTE provided commemorative t-shirts to be sold that had the Batwoman logo displayed prominently across the front. BROOM, dressed as an Indian Maiden, and vampire GOLDIE YAWN departed promptly at 10 AM across the park and out of sight. The day was very windy, and as hashers took off to follow trail, they found dust and flour blowing everywhere. Trail headed behind buildings, along side a ditch with Halloween decorations and down a single file width dirt trail. Hashers found whistle toys and Halloween candy, but scribe POONTWANG wished that the hares had left Visine instead. Trail soon led to the "Batcave", complete with resident Creature, fake spider webs and sound effects tape. The "batcave" led through a slime and shiggy filled ditch and exited behind an apartment complex. After the beer check, trail ran along some more drainage ditches, past the back of Forest Lawn, and to the on-in at another park. There, hashers found humorous Styrofoam headstones with inscriptions such as "PIG IRON - "TRIED TOO HARD and MITEY BYTES THE DUST. Outstanding costumes such as NUDER's cow outfit and JOCK's clown suit were acknowledged. The hashit was awarded to DEEP STROKE for flirting with a motorcycle cop. The pack then adjourned to a Chinese restaurant for the on-on.



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

RECEDING HARELINE

11/2 1305	DICKKOREATER	Hacienda Heights
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 PUB CRAWL
11/29 1313	Saturday	- Laughlin the main event
11/30 1310	Sunday	- Laughlin w/ Vegas Hares

RESULTS OF LBH3 Run # 1303

DATE: 10/19/2008

PLACE: San Dimas - behind Vons, 57 Fwy @ Via Verde

HARES: BLOJAK

MILES: 9 ATTENDANCE: 61

NEW BOOTS: none

RETURNERS: HARD IN THE SADDLE, DRY SLOT, HUNG LIKE A BUG, PABST SMEAR, SHAGGY DOG, SALT LICK, DYKE MAKER, NIGHT DEPOST, FINGER, DUTCH, SCREW CAP, HOT FLASH MAMA

VISITORS: POLY WOOD, BUN HUGGERS

NEW NAMES: none

PATCHES: PACK MY CHUTE - 200, BROOMHILDA - 969

HARE PATCHES: BLOJAK - 5

HASHIT : SIN D BARE - for levying fines for hashing on Palos Verdes trails

ON-ON: Tony's Pizza

RUN NOTES: very pretty and scenic, 20 knee deep river crossings, 4 beer checks, long, beautiful day

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 # 1305

Sunday November 2nd, 2008 10:00 AM (don't forget to turn your clock back!!)

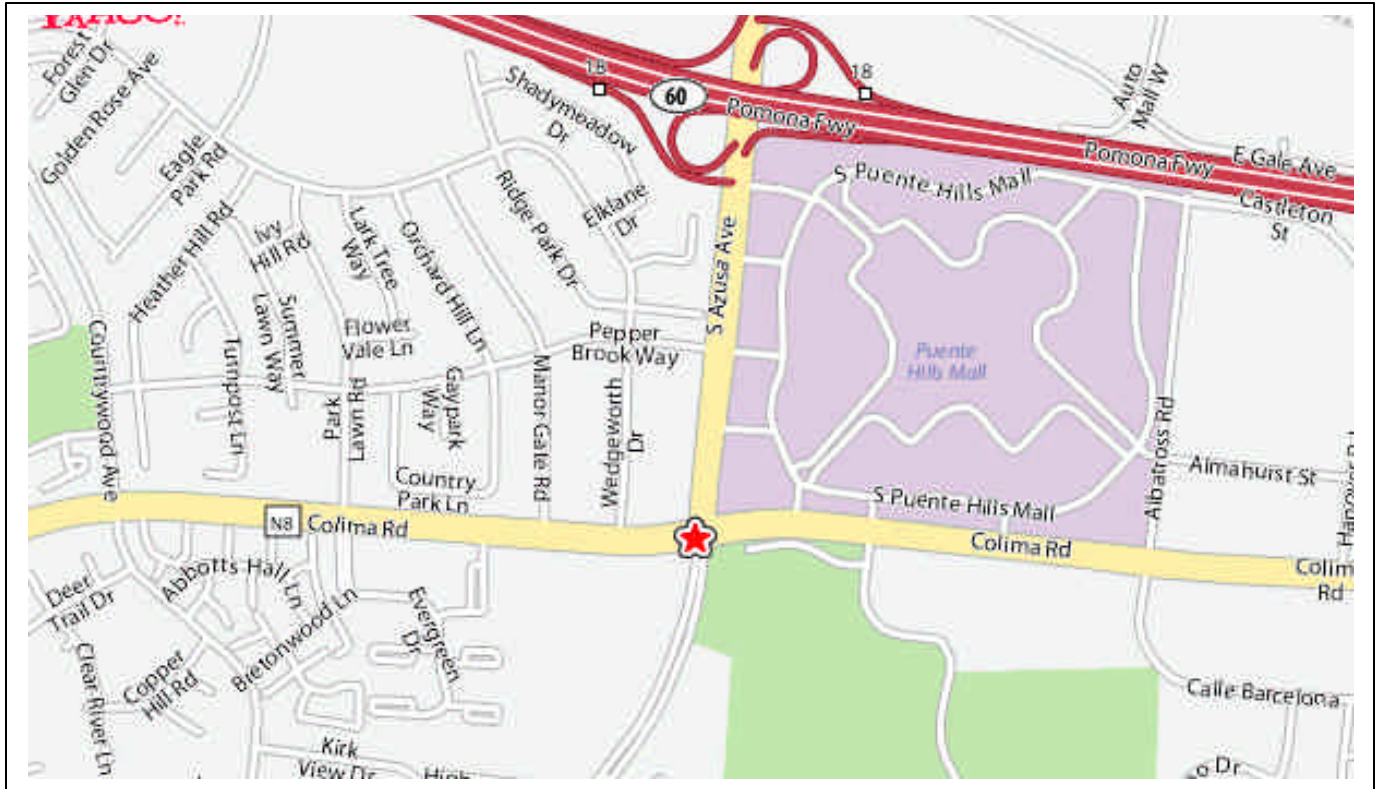
Hares: DICKOREATER

Location: Hacienda Heights TG 678 G-5

Cost: \$5.00

DIRECTIONS: From the 60 Freeway, exit at Azusa Avenue and head south. Enter the first parking lot past Colima Road. Park in Medical Center parking lot.

Those directions are short and sweet. Will the trail be the same?



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