



*Harriettes
have fun
Pimpin'
Habedashery
For LBH3*



Save the Date!
The 24th Anal Found'er
Balls

Sat Feb 7 2009
6pm-12 midnight
Alpine Village Klub Haus
At the 110 fwy and
Torrance Blvd

Stay tuned for rego
Information!

Long Beach H3 Snooze

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

November 30, 2008

Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

POOP FICTION: UNDER THE WIRE; THE ESCAPE FROM THE VALLEY OF THE SCREWS

If you ever lose your hash directory, just call Homeland Security, there's a copy of it on the wall of the L.A. office. They like to keep track of us. I mean, to us we're just a few blips on their radar screens as we've gone under the wire and into more "sensitive areas" than Al-Queda ever thought of, but to them, we're a four-star red alert about to happen. Ham radio operators have had a field day listening to the livid transmissions from sector commanders to their agents in the field. Things like, "How did those God damn people get that close to the runway?" and "Son of a bitch, where did those drunks get in at, that place is locked down tighter than a gnat's ass!" Oh, they're watching us all right. If they had their way, we'd all be locked up in some dark, nasty, old prison, stripped of our freedoms, our liberties and our beers ... But herein lies the true mad genius of JOCK and PACK MY CHUTE's Who Kilt the Turkey run. While H.S.A. watched the airports, utilities and other crucial parts of the infrastructure, we show up in the place where they least expected, but wanted us most, standing right under their noses, practically on the doorsteps of the Federal Penitentiary, drinking beer and dressed like the black sheep of the Scottish Brigade. Some of us wore kilts, some of us wore a garish mismatch of sweat soaked running gear, and most of us were loud, obnoxious and drunk! The stage was set, and as the players in today's psychodrama took their places, I knew we were about to roll the dice in a crapshoot with our asses on the line If you jump through the fire long enough, you're bound to get burned. So roll'em boss, and roll 'em hard. !

To the guard in Tower #1, that overlooked the entire harbor, our pre-run gathering must have looked like a scene from the French Revolution, where a mob of angry drunks stormed the Bastille, freed all the prisoners, and literally tore the place down with their bare hands. The guard grabbed the phone on the wall and pushed the red button that said "Warden" on it. "Sir, it looks like some sort of mob is gathering just outside of the main gate." The warden dropped the phone, ran to the window and pressed his binoculars tightly against the lenses of his black-framed glasses. Several hundred yards away, he could see the hash running around the Japanese Fishermen's Monument like a bunch of delinquent tourists on a sightseeing tour, yelling, belching, farting and drinking beer. Lots of beer! The warden then picked up the phone from the floor and screamed into it at the guard as his face contorted and boiled with rage, "It's that God damned Hash bunch from Long Beach, I recognize those red name tags from Homeland Security pictures. I'm calling H.S.A. I'm trying to run a prison here, not a mental hospital for alcoholic troublemakers".... And call he did!

When the warden dialed the H.S.A., he rolled a loaded set of dice with our names on it. The only question was, would our legendary good luck hold out?

15 minutes after pre-run instructions, the main event hit the streets. HOWDY, ROYAL FLUSH, CHINBALL WIZARD, CUM NAIL ME, WRECT HIM and SCABBY were first into what was to be many chain-linked and barb-wired streets. It was hard to tell where the prison began, or ended, but it didn't matter though, because the warden's call to H.S.A. had alerted the North Harbor Video Surveillance Team's cameras that followed our every move like a gaggle of plugged-in paparazzi. What's next? Invisible

walls of incarceration guarded by laser-eyed robot "Screws" programmed to de-energize anyone who tries to escape? Bullshit, I say! They have to catch us first, and moving targets make difficult prey.

Only seconds behind the FRBs were the walkers and the rest of the pack that included V.F.W., STILLET-HO, CHEWY, CAPTAIN HOOK, WILD BILL, PASSING WIND, POOR AIM, BUSTER, ALWAYS JUICY, CUMS IN A TUBE. FREE SAMPLES, BABY CRACK WHORE, SEARCH AND SEIZE HER, KAMMANA, SAY WHAT, SOSUMI, TITS AHOY, BOYS R US, FUNGUS, FRUIT, TIT MITT, SNATCH, NECRO, FART & SMILE, SCRATCH N SNIFF and ANAL SLEZIOLOGIST. We looked like a rolling police line-up as we sped by the semi-hidden spy camera that sent digital images of ourselves back to H.S.A.

The trail then took a detour from all the scrap metal containment, and electronic wizardry through a hole in the fence that led down to the docks where we passed a sight that almost made me lose my beer! On one of the slips below, there was a sea lion orgy in progress. Tons of shameless, disgusting blubber slapped together as fat, slobbering bulls huffed and grunted away while they furiously pumped anything male or female that would hold still long enough to get porked. The majestic salt air was fouled by the stench of dead fish, feces, and fat, greasy animal sex. I tried to warn those behind me, but I couldn't speak, the words were lost as I choked on my own vomit as the retinas in my eyes turned black in horror from what I'd just seen, but I was able to focus on the trail ahead and hauled ass just before I went blind. With my senses still in the recovery room, all I could think of was stay on trail and do not, for any reason, look back.

The trail led down another fenced and wired street past hundreds of mountainous storage tanks and reservoirs. As I ran by with DICKOREATER, AT&T, FROZEN CUM, TWATWEILER, LAST TRAIN, WHALEBONER, TISSUE TITS, BROWN THUMB and SPREAD'EM, I saw so many cameras flashing that they looked like the blinking white lights on a Christmas tree, but I could see why they were there. There must be enough explosive material in those tanks to turn the whole area into a flaming, full-size replica of Hiroshima.

Every move we'd made today, every beer we drank and every bit of forbidden land that we touched had been recorded, stamped, indexed, and filed by the H.S.A. There were so many coded transmissions being sent by the surveillance camera's wireless eyes that the air burned with the intensity of a Midwestern electrical storm. We were under the magnifying glass of a faceless, unseen entity, but in the whole of all things considered, we didn't give a flying patookie! There was beer and turkey at the end of this trail, and after a few more well marked turns, we found the on-in.

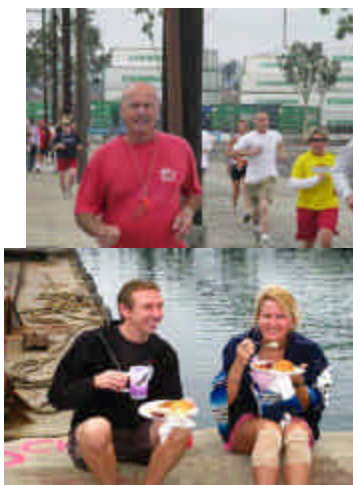
We never did find out Who Kilt the Turkey, but there is no doubt who stuffed the Hash! JOCK, PACK MY CHUTE and their "normal" friends had created for us, "Father Jock's Anti-Temperance League and Thanksgiving Stuffatorium for Feeble Minded Hashers and Those Too Drunk To Feed Themselves."

It was a beautiful sight to see so many hashers trying to drink beer with their faces so full of food that they looked like rabid chipmunks storing nuts and water for the winter. Down-downs soon began in front of so many surveillance cameras that it looked like a presidential news conference. Praise was heaped upon Father JOCK and his crew by good hashers like BLOW INTEREST, BLACK N BLOOD, CORN HOLE HUSSIE, 6-9 SPLIT, HI SPEED, CRACK, CHEEKY, LEANING HARD, BEN DOVER, SOSA, HEAD and PILLSBURY. The good Father and his crew were then honored with a surprise performance by BROOMHILDA, ALOUETTE and their In-The-Bag-Pipers. There wasn't a dry eye or crotch in the crowd as they ground their way like tarnished angels through a lascivious version of "The Bagpipe Song". So, with the house brought down around us in a hot, steaming climax, we headed to the on-on at the Chowder Barge like a flock of overstuffed pigeons with beer on our breath, and wood in our pants.

When we arrived at the Chowder Barge, the staff got a first hand demonstration that left no doubt as to why we are called the problem children of the running world. The sight of so many juiced-up weirdoes descending on the place caused several employees to jump overboard rather than face the onslaught of thirsty drunks. When it was all over, the exhausted staff got rich, and the Hash left broke, but filled to the gills on beer, chowder and the sweet taste of adventure.

As we were about to leave, I noticed an envelope under the windshield wiper on BROOMHILDA's truck. Inside was a letter that read: Dear Long Beach Hash House Harriers Thank you for your unknowing participation in "Operation Knucklehead". We've been watching those who've been watching you for some time to evaluate their efficiency as a security force. You defy logic, probability, and without a destructive motive, you are almost impossible to track down and intercept. Because of you and your boozed-up shenanigans, we are a safer nation today! It was signed, "Uncle Sam". As I was about to put the letter back in the envelope, I noticed the writing at the bottom of the page. It read, "P.S., drop the letter and haul ass, the fireworks are about to begin!" Just as I released the letter from my hands, it burst into a sheet of flames that quickly disintegrated in a shower of sparks that fell to the ground, starting a small brush fire next to the truck. The fire was quickly blown out by the rotor wash of a white, numberless Blackhawk helicopter that seemed to come out of nowhere. The wind whipped around us like a hurricane as the aircraft then climbed, banked hard to the right, and took off to some undisclosed secret location, somewhere far out of sight. Whoever they were, they were finished with us for now, but as long as there is a Long Beach Hash, cheap beer and the insatiable desire to raise hell, they will always have a job. Disturbingly yours,

DR. HUNTER S. SUPERSCAR



Receding Hareline

| <u>Date</u> | <u>Run#</u> | <u>Hares Comments</u> | <u>City</u> |
|-------------|-------------|----------------------------|--------------|
| 12-14 | 1313 | 4H Lucky Trail of the Year | Pico Rivera |
| 12-21 | 1314 | Corn Hole Hussie | LA |
| 12-28 | 1315 | Poor Aimy and Take A # | Blonde Run#5 |



THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 1030 Date: 11/30/2003 (5 years ago)
 Place: Signal Hill
 Hares: **POOR AIM & BACK DOOR WHORE**
 Miles: 5 Attendance: 56
 It was Thanksgiving Weekend and many hashers were out of town at North/South Intercourse. In addition to the regular stay-at-home hashers who showed up at the run start behind the office buildings near Cherry & Willow, old-timers **ZAPATA** and **GLOMAR EXPLORER** made a rare appearance. When **FRUIT** blew his whistle, the pack was off and headed south to the barrio! Scribe **FAGGEDY ANDY** regretted his decision to run with **BOYZ R US**, fearing that **BOYZ'** lack of Spanish might be a handicap in dealing with the homies there. Once we all made it out safely, we went over a rusty fence, up a hill, and arrived at the Signal Hill cemetery. From the cemetery, we headed toward a hospital and soon reached the beer check manned by **BLOW UP DOLL** and **BROWN THUMB**. Before the run, hare **POOR AIM** had promised us some "never-been-seen-shiggy". We finally arrived at his "find" and guess what, we'd already seen it. We then zigzagged through some oilfields where **JC SUPERSCAR** and others ran into a crusty old fart who yelled at them for trespassing. Finally, after more zigging and zagging, we arrived back at the start where substitute Brewmeister **4H** had provided a keg of Sierra Nevada. Four new boots were introduced at down-downs, including Jaime Ybarra (that's **BUSTER HYMEN** to you). **PACK MY CHUTE** received his 69th run patch, while **POOR AIM** received his 800th. The naming committee christened **DR. THORNY BUSH**, and **COCKRIDER** received the hashit for feeding **FINGER & DUTCH's** pussy. (meow)



Gossip, Pictures, Hash Directions and other Blasphemy MUST BE RECEIVED by Wednesday 5pm. Otherwise, it will not appear in the SNOOZE!
 e-mail to: snooze@snooze.lbh3.org

LBH3 WEEKLY SNOOZE STATS

Run Date: 11/23/2008
Run #: 1308
Hares: Jock & Pack My Chute
Place: Terminal Is. Memorial to Japanese Fishermen on S Seaside St
Miles: 3
New Boots: Lisa Swanson, Sheri Bundsen, Tracy Gray, Fernando Ramos
Returners: Mc Furburger, Pirates Dream, Chewcaca, One Track, Jar Jar Special Head, Poop Machine, Sucket Wench, Twatweiller, Fluff Boy, Micro Screwery, Anal Slez, Achey Brakey
Visitors: Juwopaho (Tampa Bay H3?)
New Names:
Patches:
Hare Patches: Pack My Chute=10
ON ON: The Chowder Barge
Run Notes: Smells like fish. Seals along the dock. Ran along the wharf. A to B. Jock brought Turkey and fixings for the Hash.
Attendance: 88
Hashit: Buster Hymen for inviting who he thought was Leaning Hard into his shower and being disapointed that it was Sin D Bare

Mismanagement Committee 2008

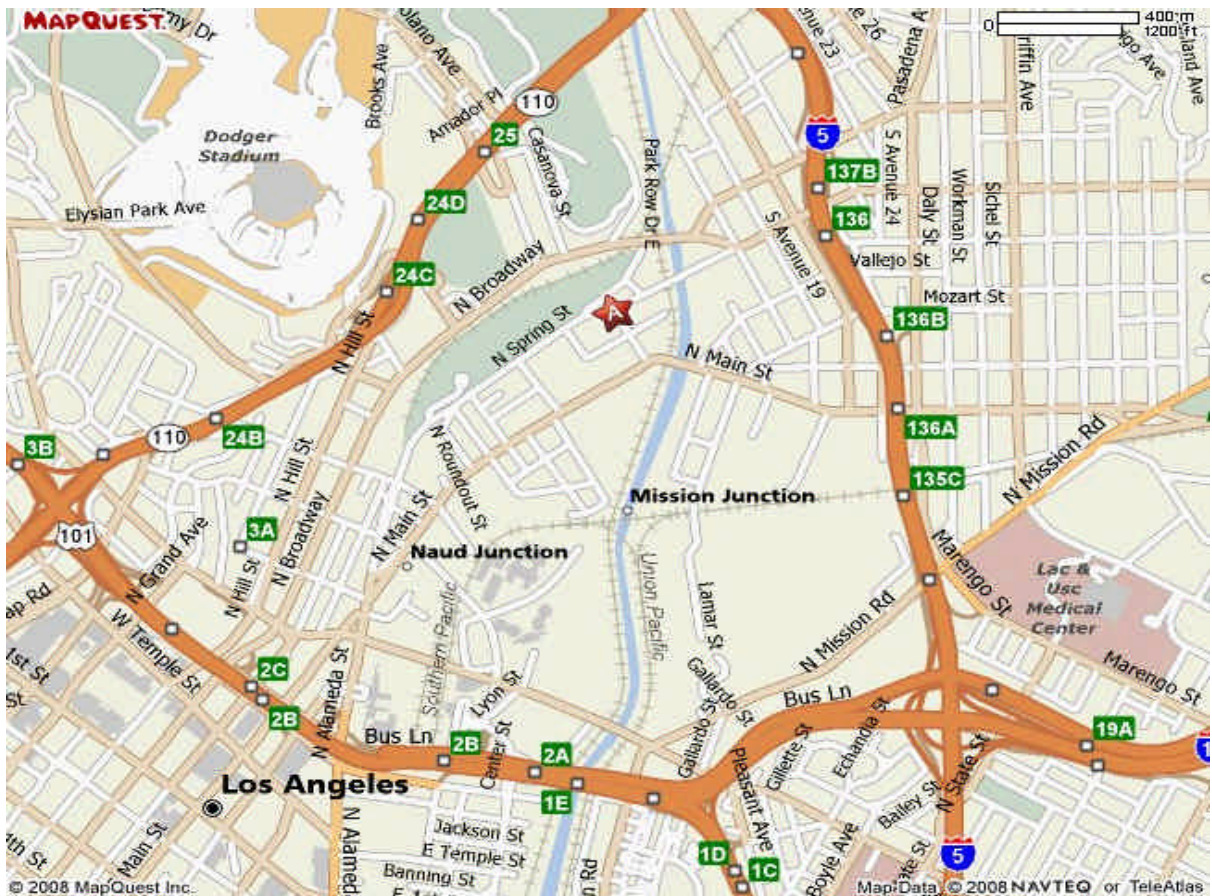
Grandmasters: "Sin D Bare" (310)544-5223
 Kurt "JC Superscar" Markham (310)675-5992
Hash Cash: John "He's So Sweet: Kotlarski (562) 420-1221
 Don "Fungusamungus" Markowitz(310)378-6453
On Sec: Susanne "Broomhilda" Gilmore (562) 423-6149
 Bernice "Special Head" Banares (562) 522-8774
snooze@snooze.lbh3.org
On Disk: Neva "Alouette" Higgins (714) 526-7823
Brewmeisters: Steve "Head & Shoulders" Cantril(562)427-1513
 Bill "Last Train" Nord (714)SLIMEUP
Munchmeisters: Kim "Always Juicy" Critchlow (949)858-9386
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) 427-1513
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

Sunday, December 7 2008, 10 AM

Pearl Harbor Day Revenge.....A day that will live in Hashing Infamy

Run 1311 Hares *Sin D Bare*, *Phallus in Porno Land* and *Donut Ho* Location the outskirts of LA's Little Tokyo
Thomas Guide 634 H-1 Cost \$5

From LB, take either the 710 Fwy or 605 Fwy North to connect to the 5 Fwy North. Once on the 5, take the 101 Fwy North and just before downtown LA, exit at Alameda Street. Go North on Alameda past Vignes where Alameda turns into Spring Street. After you pass the Metro station at College street, look for a big open park on your left. Turn Left into the park entrance and drive on the gravel road till you get to the parking lot. LFH. 67 years ago on this day, the japanese attacked Pearl Harbor (to learn more, rent the movie starring Ben Affleck). Pay back is a bitch cause it's now time for the LB hash to invade LA's Little Tokyo.



Alouette
Neva Higgins
707 Nancy Lane
Fullerton, CA 92831