

# LBH3 Snoozeletter

Long Beach Hash House Harriers Hotline (562) HASHITT 12/07/2008 www.lbh3.org

## The Tale of ½ of the LBH3 Sunday runs.

There I was, 10,000 feet in the air, hair on fire, balls flapping in the wind, enjoying some turkey at the end of the hash when **Broomhilda** walks over and says, “Hey there **Necro** buddy ‘ol pal, wanna scribe today’s run?” Big smile, nudge nudge, wink wink. “OK, sure, I guess so.” Crap, now I need to remember what all happened on today’s hash and the gory details seen and heard from all the hashers and harriettes.

So this first ever “LBH3 hashes in two states at the same time” starts out on a foggy Sunday morning. **Snatch of the Day** and I ride down to 2<sup>nd</sup> street to the WaMu parking lot which was the run start of the first ever Long Beach Hash. One guy that was at both of those runs was one of our founders and our current hare, **Jock**, and his fearless co-hare, **Jesus Christ Superscar**. A surprisingly large crowd of hashers had gathered there, blocking the way to the ATM’s and telling all the civilians that their money was not available because it had been stolen by all of the bank CEO’s so that they could buy nice gifts for their families during this holiday recession.

We check in with **Broomhilda** and pay her the special one day low rate for the upcoming Founder Ball’s. Fellow bike rider, **No Tickee, No Lickee** was busy locking up his bike so it wouldn’t be stolen from any of the Belmont Shore lowlifes. We touched base with **RU Pregnant, She Bangs** and her mom to find out how the rest of the previous days Bohica pub crawl went and found out that everyone survived except for **Blojack** who is a no show today. **Fruit of the Loom** was standing off to the side doing his stretches and lubing up his mighty whistle. **Ben Dover** was wandering around trying to find a harriette to give a shoulder ride to but I don’t think he found any takers. **Dickoreater, Dances with Squirrels, Frozen Cum, Hard in the Saddle** and **Sosumi** were heard wondering how hung-over and in debt to pit bosses and one armed bandits our Laughlin running other half were.

So the hares were off and the pack began the hunt after the appropriate head start. We headed out of the lot down the back alley paralleling 2<sup>nd</sup> street. Luckily Officer Asshole did not appear to be out this morning so no one ended up with jaywalking tickets. Trail continued down the alleys for a couple blocks and then headed up to second where we



Hey – save some turkey for me!



Necro takes his scribbling seriously ....

continued to scare the civilians by running at them as a large herd of hooligans. The pack reached the corner of Bayshore and 2<sup>nd</sup> where we found a giant check in the middle of the intersection and wondered why there wasn’t a giant splat of a hare seen right next to it.

The check was solved and trail continued to the north into the neighborhood. **Jar Jar Stinks** was doing a mighty fine job of leaving pack arrows as we ran down a long sidewalk that cut between apartment buildings and across many streets. **Scabby Hayes** and **Passing Wind** were almost run over as they stood in the middle of the road discussing which apartments they had previously lived in or almost bought. Trail took a sharp left and continued to be a long straight jaunt back down toward the beach. **Hitter in the Shitter** and **Snowblower** ran by me but I overheard them arguing about which one of them was going to get to steer their tandem bike back home after the run. I’m not sure who won.

As we reach Ocean Blvd, we see **Superscar** hovering over a cooler and scaring away everyone that he didn’t think was worthy of a dose of hop nectar. **Scent of an Arabian** and I discussed the finer points of rock music while **Back Door Whore** and **Faggedy Andy** were complaining to **Waddling Wanker** and **Space Available** that they will be so happy when they are done dealing with diapers. **Just Cindy** agreed with them but said that her son, **Chin Ball Wizard**, just isn’t comfortable with out one on.

Trail continued through the sand, back up to the parking lot, then over to the beach path, through more sand and down

toward the peninsula. At this point the trail either had to turn around soon or we were going all the way down to the end of the peninsula. Sure enough, trail cut back and forth from the north side of the peninsula with views of the canals and Naples Island to the south side of the peninsula and the Pacific Ocean. Returner **One Track** was walking along with his daughter and teaching her the way to follow trail. **E=MC fucked** and I continued across the main road a couple more times and knew that we were getting close to the end. As we got closer and saw the pack we heard **Maxwell Stupid** yelling "I can't take all this zig zag running anymore." We turned and saw him running straight down the road, with the phone to his ear, headed straight for the channel. Luckily **Wrecked Him** was there to block him and send him the right direction to the On In.

So there we are at the end of the peninsula where **Jock** is serving up another one of his great holiday turkeys and **Superscar** was passing out more beverages to wash it all down. Returners **Sponge Boobs Round Ass** and **Screw Loose** were seen milling about as well as **Pabst Smear Ribbon**, **Captain Hook**, **SOSA**, and **Sponge**. Everyone was filling up with the turkey and gravy and hash snacks. **Chewcaca** and **Pirates Dream** were packing **Jar Jar** and **Poop Machine** into the new and Army approved minivan. **Chin Ball** and **Just Cindy** were off to the side having a family discussion, which makes me think that he was upset that his mom let everyone know he still wears diapers

As I hear a chorus of "Kumbaya" start up, I turn around to see Park Rangers pull up asking who is in charge as the LBPD follow up close behind. Our current GM approached and tried to make peace while our ex-GM **Pinky** walked away saying, "Damn, I'm glad I don't have to deal with this crap anymore." The badges were not happy about our peaceful turkey eating gathering and said that we needed to have a permit to have more than 20 people together. **Royal Flush** said that he wasn't part of the group and was just there to service the toilets that we had surrounded. **Always Juicy** offered to flash the officers to receive forgiveness but the female officer wasn't too amused. **Sir Lance A Nut** bee lined it out of there saying that he couldn't risk going to jail because he had a jewelry party he had to set up for **Venus de Penis**. **Beaver Bam Bam Balls** started snooping around the Rangers vehicle saying that his GPS assured him that there was a geocache in the vehicle somewhere and he was going to find it. After repeated threats from the officers and rangers to step away from the vehicle and **Beaver** insisting he had to find it, they ended up pepper spraying him and threw him in the car with the cuffs on. As they drove off we could hear him yelling, "Make sure the **Hash Band** doesn't forget about me on Friday at **Shaggy Dog's** fundraiser!" Good thing **Low Beams** is an attorney, maybe he'll get off easy. Looks like we need to get our toys or cash to **Corn Hole Hussie** soon so they can be donated to the LBPD toys for tots drive and remind them that LBH3 isn't a bad group of people.



**Hey – look who's out on trail again. Maybe he's just motivated by following Phallus!**

Apparently we annoyed one of the few nearby rich homeowners who are possibly one of the guilty parties that illegally extended their homes on to the public beach but can't handle a gathering of people in their vicinity. Or it could've been **Spread 'Em Bitch** who was seen sitting in a vehicle by herself on the phone. Maybe she called in for back up so she could get out of there and call it a day. Regardless, we all had to leave and had the wherewithal to reconvene back at WaMu. **Superscar** held an impromptu down-down to announce that **Jock**, **Broomhilda** and himself provided the day's food and drink, and to give thanks, then announced the On On which ended up not even being open. As the remaining pack scoured the area for another place to eat and drink, **Morning Cocktail** discovered that she had previously been visited by other cops that issued her a parking ticket. The meter states that it is monitored "Every day except Holidays" and apparently Sunday is not a holiday.

Even though the On In was broken up before Down Downs, the hash had been run, the pack had been fed, drinks were consumed and everyone returned. Another good hash was had and hopefully the Laughlin troops enjoyed their side of it as well.

**Necrofisiac**

**Which one has the parking tickee ....**



**And which one is No Tickee .....**

## THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 754 Date: 12/6/1998 (10 years ago)  
Place: Whittier Narrows  
Hares: **BEN DOVER, CRACK, 6-9 SPLIT, POKEY, A TAIL & TWO TITTIES, PMS**  
Miles: 4 Attendance: 72

December 6<sup>th</sup>, 1998 marked the date of **BEN DOVER**'s 69 BEER SCAVENGER HUNT in Whittier Narrows. The day was clear, cold and windy as hashers gathered at Streamland Park. We were informed that the objective was to look for checks numbered 1 thru 69, and to find the beer near each mark. When the pack took off, we headed up to the top of the dam and across Rosemead Blvd. where we found a panicky **6-9 SPLIT** looking for the beer van keys that she dropped when she made a pit stop. Plodding ahead through bushes and across a stream, the pack found more checks, and more beer hidden at each one. After check # 17, the pack dropped down an embankment and entered a storm drain tunnel. Although the tunnel was 10-12 feet high, the floor was covered by flowing, ankle-deep water. Soon, FRB **HOWDY DO ME** came flying past, yelling "Circle jerk! Circle jerk!" Most excellent – the longest, darkest, wettest, circle jerk, out and back, underground loop on record! The pack sang happily in total darkness, proceeding arm-in-arm back to daylight. They later found out that they had **PMS** to thank for the experience. We passed the golf course and the shooting range to an elevated drainpipe that crossed a raging creek. From here it was on-in to a park on Rush Street. This gave everyone a chance to put on some warm, dry clothing. **POOR AIM** got the hashit for finding beer at the checks and pouring them out! Alcohol abuser! Most of the pack headed to the on-on at a nearby Mexican restaurant.

### 24<sup>th</sup> ANAL LBH3 FOUND'ER BALLS

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**SATURDAY FEB 7, 2009**  
**Alpine Village in Torrance**  
**Only \$45.00 until 12/21/08**  
**SIGN UP TODAY!**

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

## RECEDING HARELINE

12/14	1312	4H	Signal Hill
12/21	1314	<b>OPEN</b>	– see POOR AIM to sign up
12/28	1315	<b>POOR AIM, TAKE A #</b>	Blonde Run 5
1/04	1316	<b>OPEN</b>	– see POOR AIM to sign up
1/11	1317	<b>OPEN</b>	– see POOR AIM to sign up
1/18	1318	<b>BOYS R US</b>	– Birthday Run
1/25	1319	<b>OPEN</b>	– see POOR AIM to sign up

## RESULTS OF LBH3 Run # 1310.5

DATE: 11/30/2008  
PLACE: Long Beach – Belmont Shore – WAMU parking lot  
HARES: JOCK & JC SUPERSCAR  
MILES: 4 ATTENDANCE: 68  
NEW BOOTS: Melissa Browne, Joni Thieme-Weinberg  
RETURNERS: Screw Loose, Sponge Boob, DWP, Back Door, Faggedy Hitter in the Shitter, Snowblower, Morning Cocktail, Sindy Prince, Tina Forrester, Sponge, RU Pregnant  
VISITORS: E-MCFucked  
NEW NAMES: none  
PATCHES: none  
HARE PATCHES: none  
HASHIT : none  
ON-ON: Panama Joe's on 2<sup>nd</sup> Street  
RUN NOTES: winding trail thru streets and alleys of Belmont Shore, one beer check, on-in on the beach at the end of Ocean Blvd. Peninsula. Park Rangers broke up the party before down-downs, but not before we ate the turkey!

## 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 # 1312**

**Sunday December 14th, 2008 10:00 AM**

**Hares: 4H**

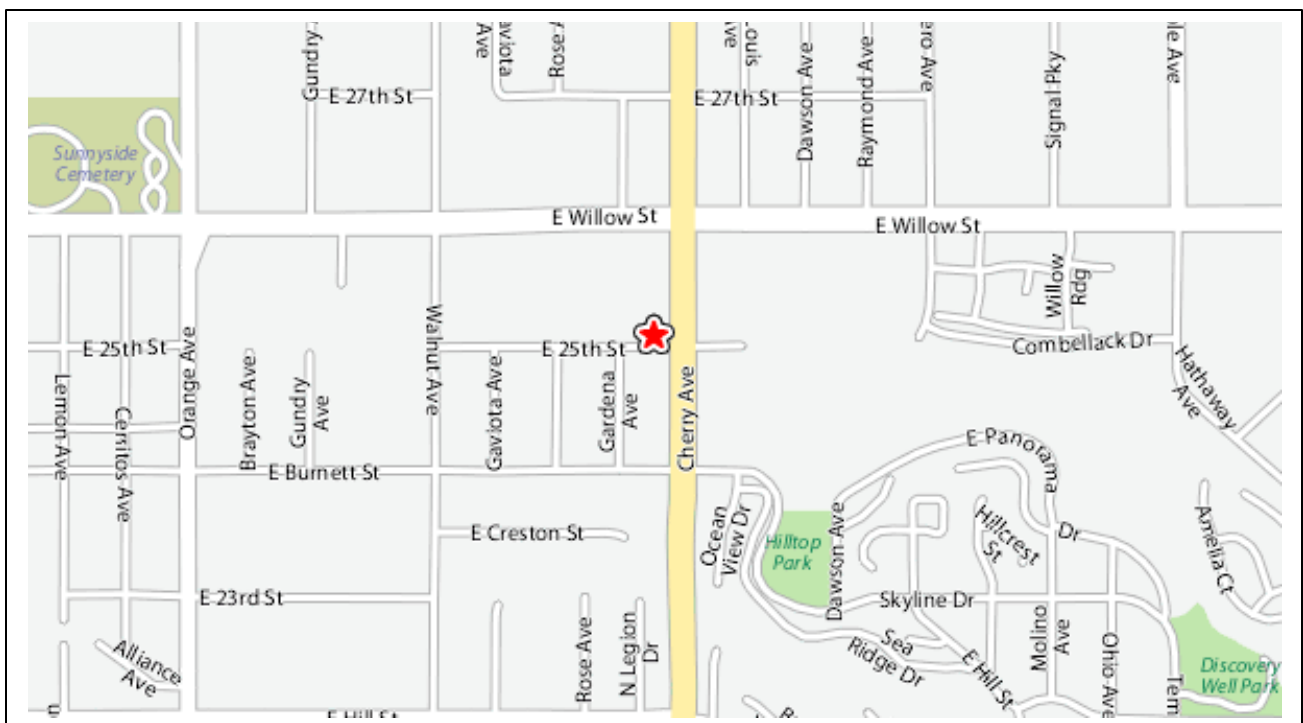
**Location: Signal Hill TG 795 G-3**

**Cost: \$5.00**

**Hare 4H is calling this the “Crazy Donkey” Run. Cum find out why!**

**Directions: Heading South on the 405, take Cherry Ave South exit and drive South on Cherry. Make a right on Crescent Heights Street (across from Home Depot) and make a right into parking lot entrance.**

**Heading North on the 405 exit Lakewood Blvd and go South on Lakewood. Make a right on Willow. Then make a left on Cherry Ave then a right on Crescent Heights Street. Make a right into the parking lot. NOTE Older TG’s (and Yahoo Maps) show this street as 25<sup>th</sup> Street.**



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