

LBH3 Snoozeletter

Long Beach Hash House Harriers Hotline (562) HASHITT 12/21/2008 www.lbh3.org

POOP FICTION; THE TARFIELD CHRONICLES

As the fall of 2008 descends into the black hole of history, we reflect on a years worth of hashes and hangovers, bumps and bruises, of what we've done And what we're about to do.

Like fools who stick forks into wall sockets, we're just looking for a little risky fun and cheap entertainment – no risk, no reward, right? Signal Hill is the South Bay's answer to the volcano at Pompeii. Just wait til something sets off the 2 billion barrels of oil that remain under the surface here. Shit has never hit the fan as hard as a volcanic explosion, or a good oil fire. All it takes is a little fuel, a little spark and the whole place kicks global warming up another level. Hashing on Signal Hill always carries with it a high degree of risk, embarrassment and injury: a perfect place to go up in flames as the whole world watches. That's why **4-H** brought us up here today to once again rake our fingernails across the chalkboard in the ticking little time bomb of a town that loves us so.

Grit your teeth Signal Hill ... here it comes again! Today's run began in a parking lot safely tucked away from the prying eyes of the teeming masses. This allowed the Hash to begin the ritualistic bombardment of our inner selves that makes our weekly meetings so much fun. By the 10:00 start time, the inside of my skull must have looked like the Battle of Britain, but I was not alone. Hashers like **BOYS R US, BEN DOVER, BLACK N BLOOD, JOEY & HONEY, ALOUETTE, MAKE IT A STIFF ONE, LANCE, VENUS, HE'S SO SWEET, JOCK, STUMBELINA, SNATCH** and **NECRO** had also joined the fight on sobriety and were ready to haul ass in the cold morning air and what ever perilous misadventures the plucky hare could find.

Shortly after **4-H** took off, the Signal Hill Unwelcome Wagons showed up. After showing the inner city shitty committee that we were fresh out of anthrax, we dashed off across Cherry Avenue in search of the hare, and more ways to wind up in prison.

The trail went south and into the Costco parking lot where the true face of the holiday season showed its fangs. The parking lot looked like a destruction derby as drivers fought for parking spaces and a chance to participate in the sadomasochistic ritual called holiday shopping.



Wrect Him signs up for a Bored position – how about you?



Looks like Hot Lips has found a new boyfriend!

After dodging what looked like an avalanche of rolling junk in the parking lot, we hauled ass behind Home Depot and found ourselves in what looked like a holding pen for Islamic detainees. They were actually a group of displaced Indians who showed us how to climb fences and falsify immigration documents.

We then lumbered up into the hill like a bunch of knuckle-dragging zombies, staggering through the brush and howling for beer. By now, my morning exercises at Dr. Scar's Open Bar and Traveling Medicine Show had fully engaged the klavern of anarchists that fill the rafters of my subconscious. As I rounded the corner of a large bush, I ran head on into a biggest "donkey" I'd ever seen. It reared its huge green head at me and prepared to strike. I picked up a 4-foot section of rusty drill pipe and prepared to pole-ax the snorting behemoth, when at the last second, I saw that it was only a jackass fucking a hole in the ground and I continued up the hill.

At the top, I caught up with **PIG IRON, WRECT HIM, LEANING HARD, FRUIT, PACK MY CHUTE, TITS AHOY, HOZER, SPREAD 'EM, FART & SMILE, CUM NAIL ME, HOWDY** and **WILD BILL**, and we continued on trail that arrived at the edge of Signal Hill's infamous "pit".

The pit is the result of a horrific explosion in the 1930's that killed scores of men and just about blew the whole hill off the map. They never attempted to drill there again due to the pockets of gas that hiss eerily up through hundreds of cracks in the ground like a nest of poisonous snakes just waiting for ignition. The only ones that venture into the



**Joey passes
Fence Climbing
101**

**NippleSchnitzel
cums for a visit.**



**Superscar (and ever-present PBR)
record accurate details of the events of
the day. Of course it's all true**

pit are dope heads, gangs of homeless psychopunks and hashers that plummet down the side of the mountain like drunken Kamikazes. We quickly dropped into the hellhole and wee soon up the other side and into a quiet neighborhood and back across Cherry Avenue. The trail then led us past the Signal Hill Police Station. I could see that nobody was there because all of the rich people on the hill had them out chasing hashers. I was fresh out of LBH3 business cards, so I left an empty PBR can and 5 pounds of mud and shit that I'd scraped off of my shoes on their doorstep to let them know we'd stopped by.

After dropping off our gifts of appreciation at the Signal Hill Police Station, I wisely hauled ass double time to avoid being cast as Rodney King in their annual Christmas pageant.

By now, I was hopelessly out of breath and sobering up rapidly, so I was relieved to find the beer check and the good company of **SHAGGY, DIRTY SANCHEZ, BEEFEATER, PINKY, HARD IN THE SADDLE, HAIRY PALMER, THE OTHER, SHE BANGS, ALWAYS JUICY, PILLSBURY, CALAMINE CRACK, DOUBLE ENTRY, OPEN FLY, CORNIE, O.F.F., LAST TRAIN, WHALEBONER, POOR AIM** and **TISSUE TITS**. Although we were down in a ravine and hidden from view, the cops in Signal Hill can smell public drinking like a shark can smell blood. We quickly drank all the evidence and hit the road, shamelessly wobbling down the street like a gaggle of glue-sniffing ducks.

The well-placed blobs of white flour led us over to Orange Avenue where we strained up the hill in red-faced muscular agony to the corner of Willow Street by the cemetery. As we ignored the red light on the corner in the name of uncivil disobedience, and good hashing, we nearly got flattened by a horde of holiday shoppers speeding toward Costco. Jaywalkers of lesser skills and conviction would have quickly filled their pants with liquid brown joy, but we all emerged on the other side of the street unscathed and unsoiled.

We would our way through a few more dirt lots and streets until we reached the Fantasy Castle, a former restaurant turned jizz joint that now serves up a nightly menu of sweet young things covered in oil and wrapped tightly in g-strings the size of Hitler's mustache, to an

audience of bug-eyed freaks, jabbering masturbators, and on very rare occasions, a rideless hasher who only went inside to get change for a bus ride home.

The trail went on for several more blocks, took a right turn and led us straight to the on-in on a street where Signal Hill stood behind us in all its majestic glory. At the end of the street where today's run finished was a sign that said "Loading Zone", and for the first time ever, we decided to obey a law in Signal Hill and began loading. And when the Long Beach Hash obeys a law, we really obey a law! By the end of down-downs, very law-abiding hasher was loaded beyond all expectations and ready to be fitted for a king-sized bastard of a hangover.

As **WEED WACKER** and **BROOMHILDA** steered me in the direction of her truck, I looked at the hill and thought, "Good God, we've screwed with those people! They roll into a ball and scream like a squished cockroach every time they hear a whistle, and get scared pissless anytime they see a stranger run by their house! We've got to do something!" At that moment, I vowed to do all I could to keep our Hash off of Signal Hill for the rest of the year.

Drink up Long Beach, it's going to be a long December.

Merry F*&^%ing Christmas,
DR. HUNTER S. SUPERSCAR



**Season's Greetings
from Signal Hill, a
picture postcard
day!**

**You do
25 runs
and
what
do you
get?**



THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 207 Date: 12/18/1988 (20 years ago)
Place: Rancho Palos Verdes
Hares: **ASync** and **HOTWIRE**
Miles: 4.5 Attendance: 58 cold, wet hashers

For months, the hareline read: **December 18 – San Pedro Charity Bar to Bar Run**. For the previous 3 years, the hash had participated in this event; however, the run was cancelled due to the organizers not being able to get liability insurance, so **ASync** and **HOTWIRE** were called into action on short notice. They decided to start their trail at Hesse Park, as they were familiar with the area. Hashers were skeptical as every time those two hared in Palos Verdes, it was guaranteed to rain! That probably explains the low attendance figure. Sure enough, when the pack took off, rain was threatening. The thunderclaps began about the time we hit the third check. Soon we arrived at a long flight of steps leading downhill. **DR MIKEY** decided not to give up the high ground, but a beer check manned by **GO GO DANCER** greeted those that stayed on trail. **TOILET SEAT** began to “treat” the Palos Verdes residents with seasonal selections played on his trumpet. This was about as far as you could get from what we were supposed to be doing at the Bar to Bar Run – singing Christmas carols to winos. As soon as we headed into the shiggy, the rain began and the dirt trails rapidly turned to mud. **TOILET SEAT** and new boot Paul found a hare’s flour bag hanging in a tree. Of course they removed it and flung the flour everywhere. **TOILET SEAT** got so carried away that he slipped in a mud puddle and bottomed out. We finally ended at Point Vincente Park. Boy, was it cold! GMs **ASync** and **ALOUETTE** zoomed through down-downs in record time. A new boot received the hashit for a conversation she had with **WILD BILL**. I’m sure that Fuddruckers was thrilled when we arrived there for the on-on, tracking mud all over their nice, clean floors.

24th ANAL FOUND’ER BALLS
Saturday Feb 9th, 2009
12/21/08 (today) last date for
\$45.00 price
12/22/08 thru 1/11/09 - \$55.00
Regos at check-in or online

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

RECEDING HARELINE

1/04	1316	24 th Anniv. Hash – JOCK, FOTL, WB, AL
1/11	1317	OPEN – see POOR AIM to sign up
1/18	1318	BOYS R US, CAMEL TITS – B-Day Run
1/25	1319	DICKKOREATER
2/1	1320	SUPERBOWL SUNDAY -
2/8	1321	OUTGOING GM’s Run – SIN D, JCSS
2/15	1322	OPEN – see POOR AIM to sign up
2/22	1323	SIN D BARE

RESULTS OF LBH3 Run # 1312

DATE: 12/14/08
PLACE: Signal Hill = Cherry & Crescent Heights, across from Home Depot
HARES: 4H
MILES: 4.7 ATTENDANCE: 76
NEW BOOTS: none
RETURNERS: DIRTY SANCHEZ, ASS THE OTHER, BEEFEATER, STUMBELINA, HAIRY PALMER, DOUBLE ENTRY, MAKE IT A STIFF ONE, YOU’RE THE DUNG THAT I WANT, CALAMINE CRACK, GROUND CONTROL, SHOULDA BEEN GAY
VISITORS: none
NEW NAMES: none
PATCHES: WEED WACKER - 25
HARE PATCHES: none
HASHIT : JC SUPERSCAR for CRS
ON-ON: Joe Jost’s
RUN NOTES: Classic Circumnavigation of Signal Hill, up and down, beer check by police station

MISMANAGEMENT COMMITTEE 2008

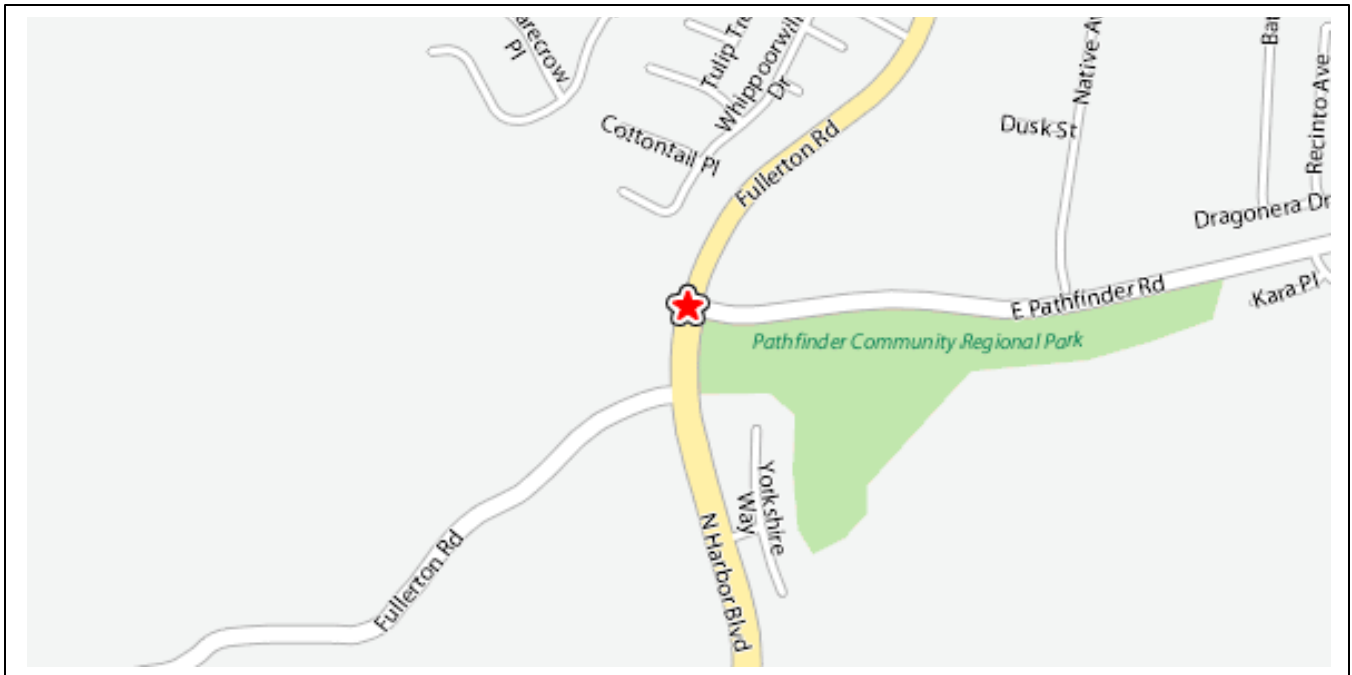
Grandmasters:	Joel “Sin D Bare”	(310) 544-5223
	Kurt “JC Superscar” Markham	(310) 675-5992
Hash Cash:	John “He’s So Sweet” Kotlarski	(562) 420-1221
	Don “Fungusamungus” Markowitz	(310) 378-6453
On Sec:	Susanne “Broomhilda” Gilmore	(562) 423-6149
	Bernice “Special Head” Banares	(562) 522-8774
	mail to: 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 # 1315
Sunday December 28th, 2008 10:00 AM
Hares: POOR AIMY, TAKE A #, CHANEY GIRLS
Location: Rowland Heights TG 708 J-1
Cost: \$5.00

BLONDE RUN # 5: Take a # and her blond daughters and Poor Aimy take you on a tour of some virgin hashing territory. Guaranteed: virgin shiggy, tunnels, multiple view checks, horse manure, no streets, multiple eagle-turkey splits. Possible: Chaney Girls Kissing Booth in exchange for Run of the Year votes, Brownie Checks, multiple beer checks. If it rains within 5 days of the start, bring spare shoes or hip boots. Walkers and dogs should expect to do the full Turkey trail.

Directions: Get on the 91 Fwy and head east past the 5. Exit at Harbor Blvd and go north. About 2.2 miles past Whittier Blvd, turn right onto Pathfinder Road. Take the first right into Pathfinder Park. At the T, turn right and drive up the hill and park in the Park parking lot. LFH.



Alouette
Neva Higgins
707 Nancy Lane
Fullerton, CA 92831