

LBH3 Snoozeletter

Long Beach Hash House Harriers Hotline (562) HASHITT 12/28/2008 www.lbh3.org

Honky Ass White Trash Christmas

This trailer park embarrassment was created by your hares Joe Dirt (**Leaning Hard to Crapio**) and Britney Spears (**Phallus in Porno Land**) along with a little help from **Sin D Bare** and a very bored looking **Donut Ho**. You'd be bored too if you were in your 20's and had to hang out with a bunch of old farts. Let's name some! **Fungus! Passing Wind! Hard in the Saddle! Undercover!** ME!!!! I just turned 4D fucking 5 and I can't even see what I'm writing here. Someone fetch my depends. It takes me a half hour to piss out 12oz of Ensure. But we're not here to whine about our skin melting off our faces. We're here to hash and this day's began and ended in that crazy little harbor town of San Pedro. The weather outside was delightful and great views were to be had if you like smoggy uninspiring shipping ports. Still the Pacific showed it's powerful strength and beauty but even that was up staged when **Jock** lifted his leg and let us know how cheap gas prices are. Oh well, good day for Long Beach hashing by most standards. I drove up just in time to get a decent parking space, pay my money and adamantly see to it that **Allouette** record my presence in order to earn 1 point for my total run count. I don't know why. I still haven't even sewed my 25 patch onto anything and I received that particular badge of honor 13 years ago. Let's hope we're all here 13 years from now. **Chinball Wizard** will be 24. **Absolut Whore** will be 27. Her kids will be even older than that. What's my obsession with age? Maybe it's because my nipples now face the floor. Perhaps it's my grey butt hairs. I don't know. Maybe I should see a psychopathologist. Maybe I need a good ass kicking. **Psycho Bitch** can probably help me there since she already thinks I'm hitting on her daughter. OK, back to pre-run stuff. When I walked back to my car I overheard **Horney Toad** and **Yule Jack Off** chatting it up in the finest of hillbillian slang while they greased up the dogs. Apparently they were upset that **Morning Cocktail** and **Blow Interest No Principles** were no-shows. One must concur. The Deliverance boys may be a little slow but their priorities are in line and how appropriate that they grace us with their presence at this particular themed run.

I somewhat missed the pre-run brief but **Cheek-a-boo** filled me in while her shorts played hide and seek up her poopie crack. But, does anybody really notice?.... She told me that there were prizes for picking up the most recyclables and finding a used



Trailer Park Barbie and Ken get ready to get trashed!



Sorry, just regular munchies. No RoadKill & MoonPies today.

tampon on trail. Wow! Really! Pick up a used tampon and carry it with you the whole time you're out there? Too bad they didn't let us know earlier. Perhaps we would have had a bigger crowd. The redneck hares took a guzzle of **J.C. Superscar's** distilled rotgut fuel and were gone. The bathroom would be their first stop. **Just Rhonda**, our friendly neighborhood merchant marine, told me of her gambling misfortunes and current break from semen. **Dry Slot** decided to take her clothes off. **Venus de Penis** wore candy cane stockings. **Search and Seizure** had reindeer antlers on his head. He looked more like a moose. **6-9 Split** took over for haberdasher and everybody looked quite trailer park festive. **Poor Aim** screamed "one minute" and.....Wait, **Poor Aim?** Where's **Fruit of the loom?** Was **Fruit** giving us a Christmas present by not showing up? It's just not a Long Beach Hash without him (please keep personal comments to yourself). I guess we'll have to make do. Make do? That sounds awkward and not a particularly a smart thing to say when I'm wearing depends. On a serious and sad note **Fruit's** absence was due to his brother passing away. Our condolences go out to **Fruit** and his family and this run is for them....The Pack took to trail.

We trudged up the hill in Friendship Park and my particular team at this point was **Just Rhonda**, **Night Deposit**, **Whiney Vaginey** and **Maxwell Stupid**. You see, when you run trail you got your team. These are the people you converse and hang with for the time being and you look after each other and keep a tight bond. Little "thumbs ups" and approving nods back and forth with one another. If you're running with



A stuffed pig? I wanted Jack Daniels as a prize.

Meet the newly-named Size McMatters. What's shakin' dude?



the FRB's, SCB's, mid-packers, turkeys, eagles, fuckin' walkers, whatever it may be, that's your team and everybody else sucks. Your team is everything that matters. Then you might stop at a beer check or take a rock out of your shoe and then it's time to move on to other pastures and create new teams (I think this team routine was funnier in my head than in written form. I'll stop). At one point **Geezer Teaser**, **Baby Crack Whore** and **Broom Hilda** made good use of their ski poles and forced us to do the limbo. There was no way around them. We scooted through an overpriced neighborhood and down around to a Catholic church. This shot us down the shiggy toward Donald Chump's 15 hole golf course (one of **Sin D Bare's** major fuck-ups). We tried to barrel down the dirt path but **Beaner Bear** was too damn slow. We pushed her outta the way and cursed at her. It was funny when she cried. Cute, but funny. Again, our impressive speed was squelched. This time by **Sanginastan** and what the hell was he doing? Picking up aluminum cans! "Get outta the way, you idiot!"

We got to the bottom where my achilles tendon was waiting for me to dart in front of the cars and snap. We spilled through Chump's golf course and just barely avoided the snobby patrons. At the beer check **Sin D Bare** took great pride in letting us know that he pissed on Trump's property. Quincy said, "big deal, I piss all over your property on a daily basis and I'll piss all over you if you don't untie me." The trail continued down to the cliff's edge where I and several double eagles repelled lower to the beach. Along the shore **Wrecked Him, He's so Sweet** and I ran into a familiar area where LBH3 once witnessed an actual baptism during down downs. Here we were graced with a check and I continued down the beach while **Whaleboner** swam out to see if he could find any flour. **Tweedle** and Quincy solved the check up a steep cliff. It was so tiring I didn't even have enough energy to grab **Tweedle's** ass in front of me. The second beer check was womaned by a very doleful **Donut Ho**. She must have been sober. Poor thing. After this we plowed through some shiggy along the road. I ran into **Undercover** for the eighth time. How does he pop up everywhere? ? I think there is about 6 of his clones wandering around every trail we do. I then

saw a bluebird or blue jay or whatever. The bird was fucking blue, alright? OK, I'm done writing about this trail. ON IN.

The trail was A to A which Long Beach takes great pride in not doing. Otherwise it was a mind blowingly exotic run. My GPS showed 5.92 miles in 1 hour 40 minutes. **Whaleboner's** more expensive model sported only 5.6 miles due to his Orange County shortcutting skills. By the way, **Whaleboner** is going to donate his hair to locks of love. Just who the fuck is going to want to wear that? I'd rather be bald with an uncircumcised dick on my head. **Howdy** skidded off to the Humpin Hash while **Fungus**, **Saddle** and **Dickoreater** bullshitted about crunchy low hygienic trailer park snatch. You know, the kind that smells like squid fish sauce. The pack feasted on slim jims. **Buster Hyman** demonstrated how he used to suck the oil out of them. Yuk, that's like going to Peru and drinkin' spit. When **Sin D Bare** and **J. C. Superscar** saw fit we commenced with down downs and flooded our loins with beer. Ahh, beer. Just say it. Kinda tickles the the little sphicty rectum.

We had a few visitors from the Philippines (Manila) and Humpin' hashes and I was abused for thinking my car was broken down because it was low on oil. Maybe **Buster Hyman** can spare a few slim jims and drip squeeze them into my engine. White Trash prizes went to **Corn Hole Hussie**, **Tits Ahoy**, **Snatch of the Day** and maybe some others for collecting cans. They received Hormel Chili and Nascar paraphernalia. The grand prize went to **Necrophishiac** for finding the used tampon and he was rewarded justly with....you got it, fresh tampons! **Donut Ho** also received some leopard panties but unfortunately she wore them over her brown sweats and not in the proper show some skin fashion. Anyway, well done, hares. Let's do Black Trash Christmas next year. I'm not too excited to fill you in on hashit nominations because I don't think I fancy the outcome. **Chewcaca** was nominated because he preferred to have his happy coat stitched up that morning instead of having sex with the cute little Asian pear that is **Pirate's Dream**. PBR will do that to ya. **J. C.** was jealous of **Chinball Wizard's** spot on representation of redneck America and thusly nominated him. **Fungus** made a few senile attempts that went sour but the anti-award went to yours truly for a nomination that backfired. I tried to nail **Phallus** (well, who isn't?) for rifling through **Pinky's** panty drawer in order to dawn a pair of ripped pink fishnet stockings. I was then unjustly accused of knowing what's in **Pinky's** wardrobe. Hey, cut me some slack. **Geezer Teaser** likes it when I wear pinky's stinkies. She's kinky that way. She calls them **Pinky's** kinky stinkies. Now, you folks can take this plunger and cram it! Oooops, I forgot about the writers strike. I'm done.

Last Train to Cuntsville

24th ANAL FOUND'ER BALLS
Saturday Feb 7th, 2009
Alpine Village in Torrance
Only \$55.00 until 1/11/09
Fliers available at check-in or at hash.org

THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 481 Date: 12/26/1993 (15 years ago)

Place: Torrance

Hares: **3M** and **TUNA TACO**

Miles: 4 Attendance: Lots

Because Christmas Day was on a Saturday in 1993, LAH3 and LBH3 held a joint run on Sunday December 26th. The run was advertised as the "Boxing Day Run" and hashers were advised to wear their boxer shorts to celebrate. The run began at Sur La Brea Park on Crenshaw and 236th Street. LB GM **3M** and LA GM **FUNGUS** were supposed to be the hares, but **FUNGUS** had the flu, so **TUNA TACO** stepped in at the last minute. Scribe **SHORTSTROKES** decided to draw her write-up in cartoon form, which confused LA's computer savvy On-Sec **DESIGNER DICK**. Since the LB Snooze was still "low-tech" at this point in time, (read: cut and paste) her artwork reproduced nicely in print for posterity! Hash Cash **MOMSICKLE** declared that this run would be a freebie, but those in attendance were urged to contribute to the **SUTEKI BUNS** Memorial Scholarship Fund instead. So, the hares took off, and the pack followed them down some railroad tracks. Apparently the usual shortcutters got lost. Eventually the pack all arrived at the on-in at a nearby school. Here everyone displayed his or her boxers proudly. Several couples wore matching shorts in the tradition of **ON CALL** and **AUTO ROTATE**. Down-downs were a bit unusual, as we had 2 sets – LA's and LB's. **HOZER** was nominated for the LB hashit for having a wife that went after-Christmas shopping instead of hashing, but **DICKKOREATER** won the sacred plunger for having a wife even stranger than **SID**. The on-on was at Crest Pub. ****CHECK OUT SOME OF THESE 1993 HOLIDAY BOXERS**. Who are these guys? **Dick on a Stick, Hozer, PMS, SeeMore Buns, Magic, Tuna Taco.** **



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

RECEDING HARELINE

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
3/1	1324	OPEN – see POOR AIM to sign up
3/8	1325	SLOSHBALL – Whaleboner, etc.

RESULTS OF LBH3 Run # 1314

DATE: 12/21/08

PLACE: San Pedro, Friendship Park – 9th & Western

HARES: **PHALLUS, LEANING HARD**

MILES: 5.6 ATTENDANCE: 81

NEW BOOTS: Ben Jordan

RETURNERS: Long John (ran with LBH3 in 1986, now in Manila), HUNG LIKE A BUG, PET SEMATARY, WINEY V., SANGINASTAN, Rhonda Shelton, YUL JACKOFF, HORNEY TOAD, PSYCHO BITCH
VISITORS: G-STRING, DIRT ROAD – Manila H3, EO – OCH3, VILLAGE TOOL – San Diego H3

NEW NAMES: Tyler Van Aken is now **SIZE McMATTERS**

PATCHES: none

HARE PATCHES: none

HASHIT : **LAST TRAIN** – backfire! How do you know what's in Pinky's underwear drawer?

ON-ON: San Pedro Brewing Company – 6th and Pacific

RUN NOTES: Hills, beer check on the bluff, great views, another beer check on the beach, 3/4 of pack got lost at a back check and came in 30 minutes later than the shortcutters. A to A prime. White Trash pick-up with prizes.

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 # 1316

Sunday January 4th, 2009 10:00 AM

Hares: JOCK (and ALOUETTE, PACK MY CHUTE, WILD BILL)

Location: Belmont Shore – Horny Corners TG 826 B-3

Cost: \$5.00

LBH3 24TH ANNIVERSARY RUN: Join our esteemed founder Jock and his merry band of Old Fart Helpers as they celebrate the 24th Anniversary of the founding of LBH3. Take a break from hills and shiggy and cruise the streets of Long Beach where it all began. Wear your oldest LBH3 haberdashery and relive those ancient memories. Bring a mug with you on trail to use at the multiple beer checks.

Directions: From Long Beach, 405 South to 22 West, From OC, 405 North to 22 West, from regions north take 605 to 22 West. Exit 22 West at Studebaker, turn left (south) at end of ramp. Studebaker south, turn right (west) onto Westminster/2nd Street. Cross PCH, over the bridge into Naples, drive through Naples. As you approach the second bridge, get into the left lane. At the end of the bridge, turn left at the signal onto Bayshore. Bear left onto 54th street which dead ends at Ocean. Park on Ocean Blvd or pull into the parking lot on the beach and LFH.



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