



# Long Beach H3 Snooze

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

January 6, 2008

Hash Website: [www.lbh3.org](http://www.lbh3.org)

## POOP FICTION: INVASION OF THE BOOTY SNATCHERS

You see it all year long at the hash, the “accidental” feel, the pimple faced adolescent humor that sends them into hysterical laughter when any female body parts are mentioned, and the pawing, groping, and fondling of all female new boots. Think about how ugly it gets when they’re introduced at down-downs. Many are so frightened by these 3-legged slobs chanting, “tits out, for the boys, tits out for the boys” that they never come back. Most of the time, they manage to keep the sword in the sheath, the dog in the house, but given enough beer, on the right day, and our lovable beer-swilling idiots turn into lecherous, skirt-chasing booty snatchers, the most disgusting bunch of perverts to ever put on a pair of skid-marked running shorts and blow and whistle.

It all began innocently enough on a quiet street at the foot of the Brea hills. The warmth of the sun and the cool, clear air provided the perfect setting for today’s blond run hared by POOR AIMY, TAKE A # and MILF SHAKE. But all of this was soon to change.

While relaxing with WILD BILL, ALOUETTE, HARD DRIVE and OH ENEMA, I heard a god-awful racket coming from the crowd around LAST TRAIN’s beer wagon. PASSING WIND, BOYS R US, SEE MORE BUNS, UNDERCOVER, GOT MILK and LEANING HARD were laughing like a bunch of schoolboys that had gotten hold of a Playboy. “Vagina!” someone yelled out, sending the rest into hysterical laughter. Even by professional standards, it seemed a little early in the morning to be that gassed up, but it sounded like fun, so I joined them. I was soon followed by CAPTAIN HOOK, HOZER, SOSUMI, HOWDY and SCREW CAP to name a few. By 10 o’clock we were completely out of control and dangerously close to the edge. Locker room humor, sick laughter, and pornographic gyrations swept through the mob like a fever until POOR AIMY’s whistle called us in for hare announcements.

The announcements could barely be heard over the din created by the drunken hash men. The sight of the three harriettes in their blond virginal beauty was too much for the horny mob who’s beer to blood ratio had long since passed critical mass. These guys were cocked, loaded, and as serious as a 3-day hard-on. “Face down, ass up”, they chanted over and over again, working themselves into a foaming, rabid lather. POOR AIMY, TAKE A # and MILF SHAKE were in trouble. PINKY yelled to them, “go, go fast, go now!” The harriettes were then off like shoppers through the doors at an after-Christmas sale. Trying to tilt the scales between beer and buggery in their favor, I threw my entire supply of PBR into the mob. It only gave the harriettes a 15 minute head start, but it was all I could do.

The last of the PBR ran out just as FRUIT’s whistle sent the first wave of beer-bellied perverts across the road and into the hills, followed by BROOMHILDA, AT & T, GEEZER TEASER, MAJOR TONGUE, SNATCH OF THE DAY, FREE SAMPLES and LOW BEAMS, who just shook their heads in disgust at the loathsome comedy unfolding before them.

The first wave was quickly joined by the rest of the horny meatheads, as we hauled ass toward the top of Upchuck Hill. Here I was joined in anaerobic ecstasy by SIR LANCE-A-NUT, BEAVER, WHALEBONER, HEAD & SHOULDERS, CUMS IN A TUBE, ACHEY BREAKY FART and BUSTER. The trail led down into a heavily wooded area where we ran head on into a check that had hashmen BLACK & BLOOD, DICKKOREATER, ROYAL FLUSH, JOCK, NEMO, DANCING WITH SQUIRRELS and CUM NAIL ME running in all directions through the brush. Anarchy and disorder ruled the moment until SIN D BARE’s whistle in the distance got us back on trail that had us dodging spear like bamboo shafts, and ducking under razor-sharp branches as we turned up the volume to kick ass and hammered down the trail like an army of mad carpenters.

The trail then led through a park where PIG IRON, NECROFISHIAC and OFF were stopped by an angry couple who demanded, "what the hell is going on here with all this running around and yelling!" They replied, "we're doctors of taxidermy, and we're here to stuff some beavers! Look out, there's one behind you!" As the frightened couple turned around, the hashmen made their escape through the park and to beer check number one.

Already at the beer check were TWEEDLE, BEANER BEAR, LITTLE DUTCH BOY, ALWAYS JUICY, KAMMANA, VENUS, TISSUE TITS, CORNIE and TITS AHOY. We looked like a bunch of third string gigolos as we ground to a halt in a cloud of dust and sweat, still gyrating like a pack of mad dogs in heat. The harriettes just stared and wisely kept their distance.

The trail led down into a sandy, brush covered ravine where we crashed through the dense cover completely out of control, slaves to alcohol induced madness and a series of biological connections that have gotten the drunken man into more trouble throughout the years than all the wars combined.

We quickly found ourselves at an Eagle/Turkey split. In the distance on the Turkey, I heard more yelling and screaming. Had the hares been caught and chased up a tree by the pursuing booty snatchers, or was it a gang of Whittier Blvd low riders engaged in some sort of primitive initiation rite? My thoughts were quickly slammed into the brick wall of reality as the air above me shook in a series of violent explosions. Above us was a US Army Blackhawk helicopter! It's rotor blades clawed at the sky, straining to keep the beast in the air while it's jet engines spewed forth a hellfire of burning kerosene and flame. "Oh shit, cops, it's the fucking army, haul ass, haul ass!" I yelled. Someone, somewhere had fucked with something, and we were left holding the bag. I ran for all I was worth into the woods and dove for cover, followed by BLOJACK, MORNING COCKTAIL and HE'S SO SWEET. The ground shook like an earthquake as the fire-breathing monster hovered above us. I thought we were finished, but for some unknown reason, the Blackhawk's pilot full throttled the beast and took off, disappearing over a nearby mountain, leaving us drenched in a maelstrom of mechanical fury, unburnt jet fuel and flying debris. "I'm hit", yelled BLOJACK. The Blackhawk's 100 mile per hour rotor wash had driven a Vietnam war surplus punji stick deep into his leg. With all the grit of John Wayne, Sergeant Troy, and Rambo, he pulled the bamboo spike out of his bloody leg and said, "fuck 'em. We're outta here". There were heroes made on this trail today. True grit, true American grit.

Ahead I could see hashers scaling the side of what looked like a near vertical mountain. We got there quickly enough and began our ascent. Hand over hand, foot over foot, we made our way to the top just as FRUIT sped by on the ridge above us yelling, "Short cutting bastards!" Semper Fi, brother.

Once at the top of the ridge, we found trail that went west and down into another wooded canyon. Here I was joined by MR RAT, FINGER and DOUBLE ENTRY. In the distance below, I could here more yelling and screaming. Beer logic told me that the hares were about to be snared. MR RAT and FINGER took the trail, but there was no time to lose. I didn't know what sort of sick and perverted action was going on below, but I knew I wanted in on it. I had trained heavily for this sort of thing back in the 70's and 80's playing in bands on the blood and puke stained stages of the clubs on the Sunset Strip. At this point, retreat was not an option, I had to go.

I jumped a fence with DOUBLE ENTRY and headed straight down hill toward the action. Like a dive-bomber, I sighted in on the commotion below and committed. We plummeted down the dry hillside like an avalanche, the roar of the disintegrating brush sounded like a wild fire that got louder and louder as we picked up speed. We were going so fast when we reached the bottom of the hill that we almost ran over FUNGUS and MOAN'N as we careened wildly out of control, across the trail in front of them, and into the woods taking out a number of small trees as we ground to a halt. But where was all the racket coming from? Where were the hares and the pursuing pack of boozed-up booty snatchers? Just then in the distance, I could see a lone female figure climbing out of the woods and up a short steep hill. I didn't know where the rest were, but this one was mine.

I busted out of the woods and bore down on my intended victim screaming, "hare snare, hare snare", but when I got within firing range, I could see that it wasn't any of the hares at all. It was HOT PANTS. She alone had led the pack of bowlegged lotharios on a wild goose chase through this last section of woods. Bobbing and weaving through the forest, she ran the bastards into a state of total exhaustion, allowing POOR AIMY and the girls to escape unhanded and unsnared. An army of one, second to none, she had defeated the booty snatchers whose beer to blood ratio had by now declined to safe levels leaving them to stagger into the On-In about as dangerous as a bunch of first graders at nap time.

The run had been a total success. POOR AIMY and the girls were safe and the specter of uncontrolled lecherous bogie men running through the hills lessened with each passing minute as the sun made it's way toward the peace and tranquility of the evening. Today, as well as any other day, there is nothing better in this entire world than being a Long Beach hasher.

Thank you EJECT, for all you've done for us. This one's for you.

DR. HUNTER S. SUPERSCAR

### Receding Hareline

<u>Date</u>	<u>Run#</u>	<u>Hares</u>	<u>Comments</u>	<u>City</u>
1-20	1260	Marquis de Sade		Brentwood
1-27	1261	Dickereater	Rat's On On Party	Hacienda Ht
2-03	1262	Hi Speed & Friends	Super Bowl Party	Santa Ana
2-10	1263	Pinky & Hi Speed	Out Going GM run	Sunset Beach
2-17	1264	Boyz R Us & Damian		Huntington Bch
2-24	1265	Screw Cap, Whale Boner	Sloshball	TBA



# 589 THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY      Run # 589Date: 1/7/1996      Place: Cowan Heights – OC  
 Hare: PILE DRIVER Miles: 5      Attendance: 52  
 Hare – Pile Driver, off at 10:15AM. Pack off at 10:30AM (guess we must be in Orange County.) Trail headed towards the hills, and as usual, the FRB's sprinted off without marking trail for the rest of the pack. Not much is known (or remembered) about the rest of the trail or down-downs as there was never a Snoozeletter write-up done for this hash, although we do know that NO DOUCHEE NO NOOKIE got the Hashit for something to do with the 'M' word. The on-on was at some dive Mexican place, but the keg hangers had another adventure entirely. MR RAT'S ASS and LAST TRAIN decided to crash a jam session in a nearby garage. Meanwhile, we'd met MALCOLM, (who eventually became DANCES WITH SQUIRRELS) who had come out of his house to see what was going on when he heard whistles and thought there might be a football game in progress. The keg-hanging hashers all wandered in to hear the garage band, and DARKTANYON, SHORT STROKES, DOUBLE ENTRY, SCARLET O'WHORA, BOYZ R US, 2 BIT OAR, RODNEY QUEEN, PASSING WIND, FRUIT OF THE LOOM and DAINTY danced and drank and listened to the band play oldies for several hours. FRUIT declared that it was the best On-On that he'd ever been to.

#### **WEAKLY SNOOZE STATS**

**Run Date:** 12/30/2007    **Run #:** 1257    **Place:** Brea  
**Hares:** Take a #, Poor Aim, Milf Shake    **Miles:** 4.53  
**New Boots:** Brandie Trujillo  
**Returners:** V-8, See More, Tort Tart, Blowing Nemo, Bull Shit, Wilfred, Hard in the Saddle, Barney Stubble, Salt Lick, Riff Raff, Pity Phuk, Rolling Rock  
**Visitors:** Back Door Weed Whacker SLO, Chicken Choker--Foothill, Got Milk & Six Toes Up =OC, Bone of Arc=SD  
**Patches:** He's So Sweet=169,      Snatch=100  
**Hare Patches:** Poor Aim=85  
**ON ON:** Pablo-Mexican Food  
**Run Notes:** Trails, marsh, hills, fun, gnarley shiggy  
**Attendance:** 88  
**Hashit:** Morning Cocktail in a mensa moment forgot we were in the middle of hashit nominations and started an ass grabbing contest

*Gossip, Write-ups, Pictures, Hash Directions, and other Blasphemy MUST BE RECEIVED by WEDNESDAY 5pm. Otherwise, it will not appear in the Snooze! Either e-mail to: snooze@snooze.lbh3.org OR snail mail to:*

**Bernice "Special Head" Banares**  
 3051 Ostrom Ave LB 90808

Mismanagement Committee 2007		
<b>Grandmasters:</b>	Eddie "Pinky" Scott	(714) 756-BYOB
	Laura "Hi Speed Copulator" Gaber	(562)902-2443
<b>Hash Cash:</b>	John "He's So Sweet:" Kotlarski	(562) 433-9633
	Anne "Low Beams" Lattime	(714) 775-6512
<b>On Sec:</b>	Susanne "Broomhilda" Gilmore	(562) 423-6149
	Bernice "Special Head" Banares	(562) 522-8774
	<a href="mailto:snooze@snooze.lbh3.org">snooze@snooze.lbh3.org</a>	
<b>On Disk:</b>	Neva "Alouette" Higgins	(714) 526-7823
	Dick "Poor Aim" Ames	(714)734-6979
<b>Brewmeisters:</b>	Steve "Head & Shoulders" Cantril	(562) 427-1513
	Bill "Last Train" Nord	(714)SLIMEUP
<b>Munchmeisters:</b>	Diane "Kammonawannaleia" Eisner	
		(714)658-2595
<b>Trailmaster:</b>	"Sin D Bare"	(310)544-5223
<b>Hash Pusher:</b>	Victoria "Geezer Teaser" Rivera	(714) 756-2962
<b>Songmeister:</b>	Debbie "Corn Hole Hussie" Cantril	(562) 427-1513
<b>Hash Flash:</b>	Jaime "Buster Hymen" Ybarra	(310) 872-6638
	Ramona "Moan N'" Tucker	(310)378-6453
<b>Webmeister:</b>	"homoSAXual" - <a href="mailto:lbh3beer@hotmail.com">lbh3beer@hotmail.com</a>	
<b>Webmeister:</b>	Snooze: <a href="mailto:pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com">pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com</a>	

## IN MEMORIAM



**JERRY "EJECT" TEMPLEMAN**

**1941-2007**

It is my very sad duty to announce the passing of one of the Founders of the Long Beach Hash House Harriers. Jerry "Eject" Templeton died in Palmdale of an apparent heart attack on Friday, December 28, 2007. Details are sketchy and we are standing by to receive information about the services from his family.

Along with JOCK and ZAPATA, EJECT was not only a Founder, but was very instrumental in shaping and expanding our Hash into a vibrant, internationally-recognized chapter. In the early days, he was one of our Grand Masters and was frequently a Hare. He helped organize road trips, and was among the first to greet newcomers and make them feel welcome at LBH3. As a matter of fact, that was how I met him in 1985. He had a big, booming voice and a wicked sense of humor, and his good will was positively contagious.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to know him will all have special memories of him, both as a friend and as a Hasher. Many will remember him at OCH3's annual Betty Ford Rehab Hash - dressed really sharp in a tuxedo and fitting perfectly into the role of "Old Blue Eyes." Others may recall him "camping out" at one of LBH3's raft trips to the South Fork of the American River - fast asleep on a chaise lounge, grinning ear to ear, and a bottle of brandy right by his hand! There was the adventure aboard the Catalina Ferry (a much-distorted and overblown account of a toe-suck upon a 14-year-old girl) that resulted in LBH3's permanent expulsion from that cruise line - so the next time we went, we booked in as the "Long Beach Bible Study Hiking Group."

In 1987, ASYNC and ALOUETTE took over as GMs from him and ZAPATA, but he returned to serve again as GM with ON CALL in 1991. Because he moved out to

Palmdale some years ago, many Long Beach Hashers don't know him very well. Over the last couple years, his visits to LBH3 became few and far between.

He had 221 hashes with LBH3. He was a Hare 21 times.

Grand Master: 1985, 1986, 1991

Awards:

1985 Most Creative Run (Run #31) - a channel swim, and ran through a free concert

1986 Best ON ON for the 69th Run - included a double-decker bus tour and a "Blues Brothers" band

1987 Sleaziest Male Hasher, Best AND Worst Male Buns, and Most Viewed Male Buns. Also named the "Real Mother" (it's a long story)

The stories go on and on, and hopefully the old-timers will share them with those of you who did not know him. In this way, we will remember him and keep him close to us. We will remember him - as we always have - at every Found 'er Balls. And in 2008, in El Dorado Park in Long Beach, there will be a new tree, planted in his honor and for his perpetual remembrance. So say we all.

ON ON, my old friend,  
WILD BILL

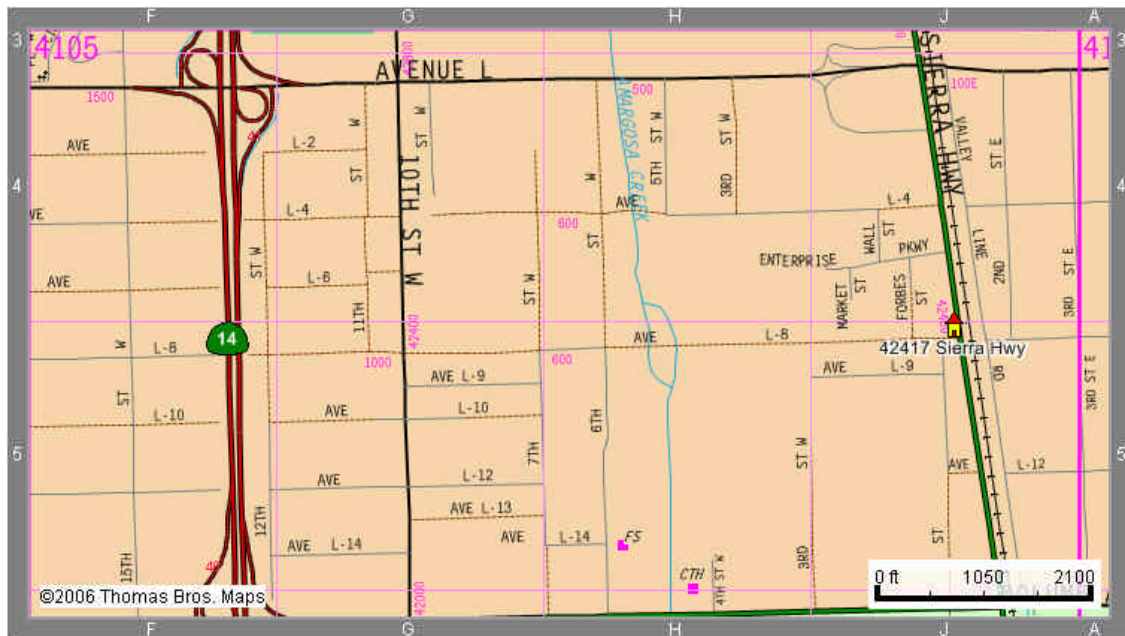
*Per Jock:*

*Eject's Memorial Service will be Saturday Jan 12th at noon in Lancaster.*

*Niko's Mexican Restaurant*

*42417 Sierra Hwy (near M Street) Thomas Guide 4105-J4/5*

*Hashers welcome.*



h  
Sunday, January 13 2008, 10:00 AM

Brea part Deux

Run 1259

Hares Blojack and Hot Semen Saver  
Thomas Guide 710-C6

Location Brea-Sol de Mexico restaurant rear parking lot  
Cost \$4.00

Take the 57 North past Imperial Hwy and exit Lambert east. After you pass Valencia Ave, Lambert turns into Carbon Canyon Rd-keep going past Brea Hills Ave, Tower Rd and Olinda Rd. Make a left on Olinda Place. Address is 150 Olinda pl.

It's back to Brea to run real shiggy(not the stuff that Poor Aim and Take a # define as shiggy). Let's see if the virgin hare Semen Saver can keep Blojack from making this trail another mini marathon.



Alouette  
Neva Higgins  
707 Nancy Lane  
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