

# LBH3 Snoozeletter

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

February 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2008

www.lbh3.org

## THE WETTEST, WETTEST LAY

An important lesson to learn about keg-hanging is that it makes one an easy target. It's pretty hard to say no to anything after a good trail and free-flowing beer. I'm still learning this.

I was approached by **Dickoreater** to scribe his trail after a full day of hashing the week prior. First of all, I absolutely cannot comprehend why *anyone* would want me to scribe. After all, I tend to be DFL at all times and "indulge" in hash beer to the point of forgetting/misplacing many little things after a hash (clothing, self-control, my CAR). After making sure **Dickoreater** was fully aware of the aforementioned, I still tried to resist his entreaties. Only when lured by the promise of the cover of my bar tab at the Mortgage Burning Party did I relent. And so, here I am attempting to write.... I can't be bought, but I suppose I can be rented.

## THE HASH

It was a surprisingly nice morning in Hacienda Heights. Yet I had driven to the hash royally pissed at having to scribe - I'd blown off friends' hastily arranged trip to Mammoth. Why would I do such a thing? I couldn't find a replacement scribe and the guilt from ditching hash duties would wrack what's left of my conscience. Also, the torrential downpour the entire night before kept waking me, and with each disturbance to my sleep I awoke with my first thought being just how crappy the Sunday morning trail was to be in comparison to my other missed opportunity. Anticipating soggy, cold and miserable conditions (and to represent the lost, never-to-be-recaptured time playing in the snow), I wore a ski suit. Hell, if **Morning Cocktail** can show up in her funky, freaky outfits so can I, dammit.



**Ben Dover  
imparts  
Hash  
Flash  
wisdom to  
Snatch –  
SMILE!**

Rolling in early for once to the start I spotted the few early risers. **Ben Dover** was surprised I was on time for a hash. Or maybe the surprise stemmed from the fact that I drove up as he was in the middle of changing. **Hard Drive** and gal pal were having a quiet tryst in their car. Oddly enough, as soon as the beer arrived, everyone else magically appeared. It's strange how that happens. **Boyz 'R Us** solicited for a beer check girl, **Pinky** and **Geezer** dutifully set up the wares after making out in the car, **Sosumi** stared at my chest, and **Screw Cap** was actively grabbing asses. The rest of the mob milled about as usual. Basically, it was the same old hash. Same sh\*t, different day.

**Morning Cocktail** showed up in normal (!) clothes. I didn't know what was with that, and I changed out of the ski suit (I was getting sweaty, anyway). **JC Superscar** was in the middle of yet another campaign speech. JC and MC spotted each other and each began aggressively campaigning in earnest. Good god, guys! Pretty soon they're going to top Obama and Hillary in terms of competitiveness for the esteemed role of GM. Keep it clean; politics is an ugly business.

After the hare's warning that, duh, this was to be a wet trail we were finally off. The pack was on a residential street for about a millisecond before heading hard and deep into shiggy, straight up the first of many hills. The group went up and up, uprooting trees and roots and...well, you know. **Squish** overturned a log to marvel at the vast assortment of bugs (LA hashers don't often get the chance to experience nature). I made a sincere effort to keep up with the pack, but they blew on by, leaving a muddy and wet trail in their wake. I was back in the familiar position of being at the end of the pack. **Buster** commented how everyone at the back was Mexican - **Sosumi, Boyz, Screw Cap, Ben Dover. Bennie** hypothesized that this was because we were heading in a southerly direction and were fighting our natural instinct to head north. Apologies, I'm a bad story-teller. The joke was funnier at the time...really.

I then heard an orgasmic "oooooh," followed by an even more excited-sounding and much louder "OOOOHHHHHH!" Since it has been a LONG time since there has been anything remotely orgasmic in my life, I couldn't resist turning to investigate. In the distance I identified the screamer as **White Elephant**, frozen astride a chain link fence, appearing to have impaled her "sensitive woman parts" in the process. Yeeeeouch! **Just Hope** had made it over, and was in stitches laughing at her friend.

**Hope** took a drag off her cigarette and a swig of beer before attempting to help. What a pal! Ladies, sometimes those short cuts just don't pan out.

We went down. We went up. Repeatedly. That about sums up the run. **AT & T** manned a beer check, finding the absolute highest, coldest, windiest point possible. She didn't seem to mind. Luckily, there was plenty of hot cider, and she was happily keeping herself warm with it.

I caught up with **Hard in the Saddle** and **Undercover**. We made it through the cactus-filled portion of trail, emerging to spot a Buddhist temple in the distance. We had epiphanies, and **Hard in the Saddle** sighed, saying "I can truly say that, at this particular moment in time, there's no place I'd rather be..." Awww, sweet. I assumed he'd been smoking something mind-altering and ran on.

Trail got closer to the temple. **Moanin** chatted with me, saying how the temple made her nostalgic for her travels to Angkor Wat. She ignored where trail led, and let her niece solve the checks. That was nice to see – I mean, children *should* be useful. In my opinion, they should come out of the womb ready to cook, clean and do laundry. Oh yeah, and fetch beer for their parents at the hash. **Sheep Thrills** tried to convert to Buddhism, but wasn't admitted inside (he's refused entry to many places – more on that later).

After more swampland and mud we finally made it to down-downs, which commenced beneath a covered patio area of a school. Nice...drinking on an elementary school campus. That, I believe, is one step away from dealing crack on a school campus.

I gathered last minute input about the trail.

**Necrofishi** enthusiastically said it was "AWESOME!" And what did **Morning Cocktail** think? "Uhhhhh....it was kinda....muddy," came her well-thought out and complex answer. Of course, **Fruit** felt the need to instruct since, "naturally, all trails should be 45 minutes to an hour long in order to be ideal. However, although this one didn't quite fit the criteria, it was very well marked, and in an interesting environment." Ookay. I then approached **Space Available**, but he backed warily away from me,

muttering how I was "mean and evil" to him at the Temecula New Year's event, then he vanished safely into the crowd, never to be seen again. Like, HUH? I've never been mean or evil to ANYONE! It's not like I was falling down drunk or anything, or destroying hundreds of dollars of wine (right, Blojak?! Correction: well, it's not like I destroyed hundreds of dollars of wine! I own up to being falling down drunk; there are too many witnesses for me to deny that.

Down downs were quick. I dutifully took copious notes. There were returnees like **Scabby**, **Just Say No to Crack**, **Iggy**, and **Heinekey**. There were visitors like **Dot.cum** and **Pyro** from Maryland. **Royal Hush** had a birthday. Hashers drank for many reasons. **Chewy** drank for having **Iggy's** picture on his Facebook site (it sounds like Iggy has the cowboy hat on, and that pic likely now receives the most hits of any pic ever, from gay men of course). **Chewy** received hash shit for complaining about having to pay a hash fee for the ever-increasing family each week, when they don't even drink the beer. Moreover, rumor has it that he had a tantrum, and "loosed" the taps to spill the beer (horrors), to show how much his family should be drinking. There's no excuse for beer wastage like that. Teach the woman to drink, and give the kids five more years and they'll be drinking, too!

I'm sure other things happened at down downs, but I once again did a "SOSA" later on at the party, enjoying myself so much and allowing myself to get so distracted and lose...my scribe notebook. Thanks, **Pinky**, for handing me that soggy bit of paper entitled, "Down Down List Long Beach Hash House Harriers." That helped. So what happened? Basically, it started raining (hard) and down-downs were over. Really, that's about it.

So to segue to the party....

**Salt Lick makes a rare appearance.**



**PMS knows these hills very well.**



**Yes, there is a light at the end of the tunnel .... The new Bored takes over next week!**



**Hey Sheep, how do you burn a mortgage when it's raining? You got any ideas?**

## THE DAWG HOUSE

I feel the need to mention that **Dickoreater** was insistent that I cover all aspects of his hash – both the trail AND the party – and asked for an especially long write-up. So I was obligated to be at the party. But hell, I'd have gone regardless. I mean, the hash band was playing at a dive bar in the same strip mall as a nudie bar, for God's sake. That's bound to be a good time.

The natives were tolerant. Some even mingled. I continued to take notes after settling in; however, **Dickoreater** – true to his word – plied me with an immense amount of Guinness. It is unfortunate that, while it helps the iron levels in one's body and is (in essence) food, Guinness can make one have...diminished mental capacity. And my mental capacity was greatly impaired, but not so much that I didn't think that the hash band had gotten so good I didn't even *need* to drink to enjoy them play.

Hashers who blew off the wet trail began to trickle in. **Always Juicy**, **Joey Buttafuckyou**, and **Honey do Me** all made a grand entrance, proclaiming the party could start because they had arrived. They were immediately absorbed by the mob on the dance floor.

There was drinking. There was debauching. Predictable, ay? **Just Say No to Crack** was on the hunt for a female to participate in a threesome with him and his new wife. It's nice to know the institution of marriage is calming, and settles people down. **Lance** and **Venus** were trying to ~~corrupt~~ introduce their friend to the hash.

I had **Sheep Thrills** scout out the nudie bar while I worked on my beer (and write-up). It's all about delegation, you know. He reported back, and a mob of hashers was easily rounded up for a twisted field trip. Unfortunately, the doorman/manager/owner/whatever (?) didn't like the look of us. I'm guessing it was all because of **Sheep** – his presence often incites civilians for some inexplicable reason. I honestly can't venture to guess just WHY we were ejected so quickly from an empty dive nudie bar in a dive area of a dive town.... It *couldn't* have been because there were eight drunkards insisting on entering with drinks in hand. And the sight of **Buster Hyman**, with his camera eagerly at ready position to get some good booby shots in was, I'm sure, *perfectly* acceptable to such an establishment. Further, **On What's** act of bumping into the sliding glass door like a linebacker was *purely* innocent and accidental. He didn't MEAN to knock the door off the frame and break it! That was so minor an act, he didn't even notice. Nah, it was **Sheep Thrill's** fault alone – he's totally bad news and always gets the rest of us in trouble. The group realized there would be no nudie bar for us this day and dejectedly returned to the party. Since it was still in full swing, festivities began anew and disappointment immediately vanished.

The dance floor was being worked by **Tissue Tits**, who was looking quite fetching. **Moanin**, **She Bangs**, **Kammoniwannaleia**, **Down Wendy**, and **Baby Crack Whore** were all out there, too (all looking equally fetching). **Achy Breaky** and **Howdy**, of course, showed their spectacular dance form. Naturally, there continued to be dancing, groping, and beer spillage. Hashers cavorted on the dance floor, hashers cavorted at the bar, hashers cavorted in unexpected places. And it was good. It was all so good.

It was a great trail, and a great party. And after my day was done, that missed ski trip didn't look like the better option at all. Hell, I can ski any day.

See you ~~on trail~~ at the keg!

Stay Out Stay Alive aka SOSA



**Looks like Tits Ahoy is in the Dawg House again.**

**We love the Hash Band! Thank you Mr. Rat's Ass.**



**THANK YOU TO THE OUTGOING 2007 LBH3 BORED. Hi Speed Copulator, Pinky, Alouette, Poor Aim, Low Beams, He's so Sweet, Special Head, Broomhilda, Head & Shoulders, Last Train, Kammanawannaleia, Geezer Teaser, Corn Hole Hussie, Sin D Bare, Buster Hymen and Moan N' F@&ker.**

## THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 158 Date: 2/7/1988 (20 years ago)

Place: Rancho Dominguez/Compton

Hares: BROOMHILDA & NUDER

Miles: 6 Attendance: 66

Hashers gathered in the parking lot at the corner of Del Amo and Susana Road. The hares, BROOMHILDA & NUDER were off at precisely 10 AM. When the pack followed 15 minutes later, they took off and headed toward the railroad tracks. Soon they came to a slimy, slippery, wet, muddy, mossy drainage ditch that ran under roads and through tunnels. Most of the pack decided to run along side the ditch and had to climb over several chain link fences instead. Back on Susana Road, the FRB's snared BROOMHILDA, who directed them around a corner and into a construction site. Trail led through a partially completed building (which is now the Casino that you can see from the 91 Freeway). Soon ASYNC stopped to bow and pay his respects to the Miller Beer distributorship that we passed. We then entered the neighborhoods in Compton (and lived to tell about it) and soon reached the end on the Compton College campus. Hashit nominations included one for a new boot who was heard telling a bystander that this was the LA Marathon and he was leading in the race for \$100,000. The fellow replied, "There are a LOT of people ahead of you." DR. MIKEY ended up with the sacred plunger because he had been the recipient the previous week and had it stolen from him. DEEP STROKE received her 25 run patch. The on-on was great! The Tap Room was a low-life, sleazy bar with an epicurean spread of food prepared just for us, and very large schooners of beer. There was pool shooting, dancing to one of the world's greatest jukeboxes and more beer guzzling. Some hashers stayed all afternoon.

**Deadline for maps, write-ups, etc. is  
Wednesday at 5 PM: e-mail to:**

[Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org](mailto:Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org)

**SIGN UP TODAY: February 9<sup>TH</sup>,  
2008 LBH3's 23<sup>rd</sup> Annual Found'er  
Balls.**

**At Sam's Seafood in Sunset Beach**

**\$60.00 until 2/3/08 (today!)**

**\$70.00 for pay at the door**

**The Rat Pack guarantees that you  
will**

**Have a swingin' time.**

## RECEDING HARELINE

2/10	1269	Eject's Memorial Run	Long Beach
2/17	1263	BOYZ & DAMIAN	666 Run Hunt Bch
2/24	1264	SCREW CP, WHALEBONER	Sloshball
3/2	1265	BF Wknd/LA Marathon	-Nice Hair Fag
3/9	1266	CHEWCACA	
3/16	1267	OPEN	- St. Patrick's Day

## RESULTS OF LBH3 Run # 1261

DATE: 1/27/2008

PLACE: Hacienda Heights – school on Avalo

HARES: DICKKREATOR (solo)

Miles: 5.2

Attendance: 85

New Boots: Ashlee Ehrlich, Graciela Miller, Hope Uyematsn

Returners: SQUISH, SCABBY HAYES, PILLSBURY

BLOW BOY, IGGY, HEINE-KEY, Aaron Rosenthal

Visitors: Paul Latimer- Outback, AZ, SPITZ.CUM & PYRO

– Columbia, MD

New Names: none

Patches: none

Hashit: CHEWCACA – for bitching about paying for his whole family at the hash & then leaving the keg tap open

On-On: The Dawg House on Gale Ave. – RAT's Mortgage

Burning Party Part II with the Hash Band

Run Notes: hills, lots of shiggy, thru Buddhist Temple parking lot, beer check on top of hill with fantastic view

## MISMANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

<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) 420-1221
	Anne "Low Beams" Lattime	(562) 439-2031
<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
	Dick "Poor Aim" Ames	(714) 734-6979
<b>Brewmeisters:</b>	Steve "Head & Shoulders" Cantril	(562) 400-1099
	Bill "Last Train" Nord	(714) SLIMEUP
<b>Munchmeister:</b>	Diane "Kammonawannaleia" Eisner	(714) 658-2595
<b>Trailmaster:</b>	Joel "Sin D Bare"	(310) 544-5223
<b>Hash Pushers:</b>	Victoria "Geezer Teaser" Rivera	(714) 756-2962
<b>Songmeister:</b>	Debbie "Corn Hole Hussie" Cantril	(562) 400-1099
<b>Hash Flash:</b>	Jaime "Buster Hymen" Ybarra	(310) 872-6638
	Ramona "Moan N" Tucker	(310) 378-6453

**Webmeister:** "HomoSAXual" – [lbh3beer@hotmail.com](mailto:lbh3beer@hotmail.com)

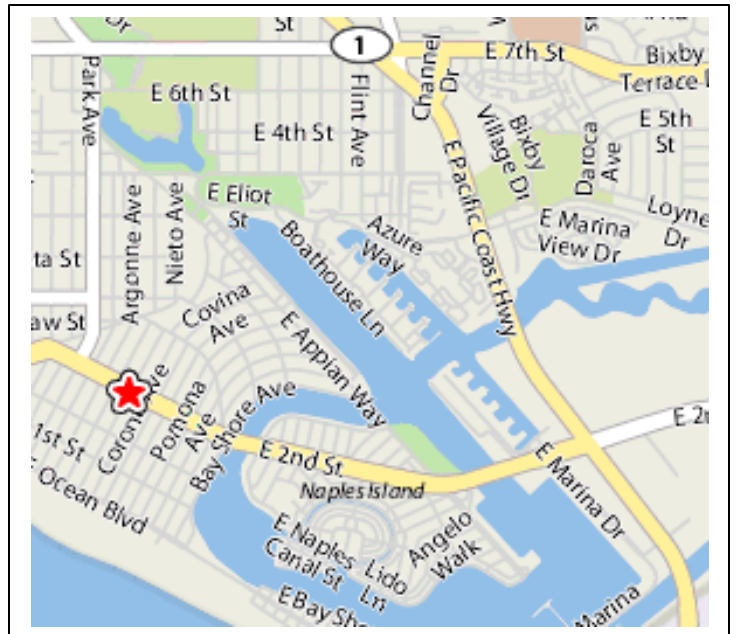
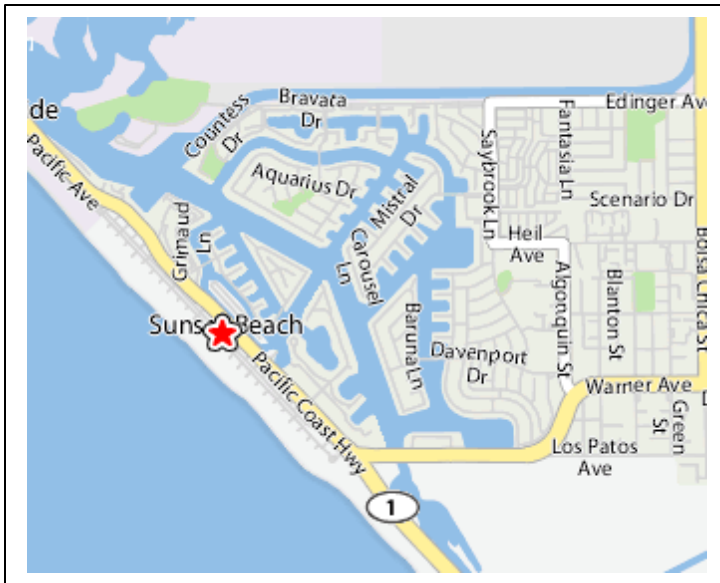
**Webmeister – Snooze:** pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com

**LBH3 23<sup>rd</sup> Annual Found'er Balls**  
**Saturday Feb 9<sup>th</sup>, Doors open 5 PM**  
**Location: Sunset Beach**  
**Thomas Guide: 826 J-7**  
**Cost: \$60.00 til 2/3, \$70.00 at the door**

**Next Long Beach Hash Run # 1269**  
**Sunday February 10<sup>th</sup>, 10:00 AM**  
**Location: Long Beach – Belmont Shore**  
**Thomas Guide: 826 A-B 2**  
**Cost: \$4.00**

Come and join the Rat Pack at Sammy's Lava Lounge, aka Sam's Seafood for the Found'er Balls. Address is 16278 Pacific Coast Hwy. From Long Beach and LA - Exit the 405 Fwy at Seal Beach Blvd, and go south to PCH. Turn left on PCH and once you reach Sunset Beach, look for Sam's on your left. Dress to Impress! See the hash website for info on nearby hotels.

Hares **JOCK, FRUIT, WILD BILL & ALOUETTE** are the hares for EJECT's Memorial Hash. Run begins at Washington Mutual Bank at 5200 E. 2<sup>nd</sup> Street in Belmont Shore. (same location as LBH3's first run in Jan 1985 and 20<sup>th</sup> anniv. run in '05.) Park wherever you can (legally.) This will be a Bar to Bar trail with a memorial ceremony for EJECT afterwards near Horny Corners. (from Found'er Balls Hotels, go west on PCH, then left on 2<sup>nd</sup> Street to the start).



**Alouette**  
**Neva Higgins**  
**707 Nancy Lane**  
**Fullerton, CA 92381**