

LBH3 Snoozeletter

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

February 10th, 2008

www.lbh3.org

WHAT I MEANT TO SAY WAS.....

Well, the trusty digital recorder bit the dust and I have to rely on my aging memory to recall the days events, my mind being foggy on Super Bowl Sunday from drinking most of the day, so I don't think I'll be wearing a tag that says "Best Writeup 2008" in the future. Note to self: don't rely on electronics, use a pad and pencil to take notes.

Old joke: Guy goes up to airline ticket counter and tells agent "Can I get two pickets to Titsburgh?".

Embarrassed at what he had just said, he apologized over and over. The agent said "Don't worry about it, I do that all the time. Why, just this morning, I was having

breakfast with my wife and what I meant to say was 'Could you please pass the butter?', but what I actually said was 'You ruined my life you fucking whore!' ".

That joke came to mind when HiSpeed asked me to scribe before the run. What I meant to say was "When donkeys fly or when I grow a 10" pecker", but what I actually said was "Sure, no problem". Dammit all to hell. By the time you read this, Found'er Balls will be over and I'll be glad I don't have to keep hearing people tell me how good I look. Playing with the World Famous Hash Band is fun, but so is dancing and partying with everyone and not having Take A # make a face when harriettes walk up and flash the band. But I digress.....

I wanted to get to the run early just in case it was raining and I needed to put the Ratmobile awning out. As I was driving I wondered how many half-minded hashers would be there as early as I was because they didn't note the 11:18 Super Bowl start time. And the dipsh.....I mean the winners were.....Ben Dover and _____!



The pack out-runs the local gangs!



**We went to the mall!
Guess what we bought.**



Referee Blowing Nemo thinks Sin D Bare is out of bounds

HiSpeed was frantically waving her arms trying to get drivers' attention because she messed up the start directions (for the second time in a row she said), trying to wave people into the parking lot, rather than have them drive past the entrance and turn on the street noted on the run directions. Alas...too little, too late...hey everyone....let's watch everyone making U-turns! _____ and _____, habitual whiners, and several others made note of the \$!#&!*\$% directions.

There wasn't the usual frivolity and boisterousness that LBH3 run starts are known for, partly due to the cold and dreary weather; the chance to finally take off and warm up would be welcomed. HiSpeed, the Great Salt Lick and Blowing Nemo had flour bags in hand while making their pre-run announcement, trying to make us believe this would be a live hare run; not sure how many people they were able to fool. They would swear under oath that the trail wasn't pre-laid, but because their lips were moving I knew they were lying. These hares were finally off, followed by the walkers, and just before frostbite set in, the rest of the pack. _____, a frequent wiener and all-around great hasher, took off like a bat out of hell. (Oh, by the way, in case you noticed the blank spaces, I know how a lot of you like to see your names in write-ups, but as my notes are gone and I can't recall who did what, I left a few blank spaces for you to write your name in).

I'm relying on my recollection of the trail, I'd have to say there wasn't anything too freakin' surprising for this area....streets and more of them. On one occasion I saw WhaleBoner check-changing and directing the check-breaking effort like a long-haired Napoleon. I did like the beer checks, while I imagine Pinky and Fruit did not....Pabst and Coors Light(?) and jello shots, which helped take the sting out of having to run the many streets. I do recall Just Karen (Shaggy's wife) taking off

commenting as she approached the first beer check “A beer check? Already?” Whoa....the new boot is cocky. Soon after taking off again I saw Dancing Queen flying by; his heels never hitting the ground....and it finally hit me: this is why I keep hearing people say he’s ‘light in the loafers’mystery solved (I think). Fungus passed me up, and not that I’m a streak of lightning, but it’s obvious he’s recuperated nicely and he’s back in form, the shortcutting bastard. The pack was in lemming mode, one person would hit a check and pick a direction and everyone else would fall in behind, the pack didn’t seem too interested in strategically solving the check. Novel idea, maybe one day hitting a check and everyone checking different directions....I believe they call that....hashing! I’m digressing again....back to the trail I don’t remember...and attempting to summarize fast: streets, light beer, jello shots. In case you thought there should have been more marks on trail, blame the crows for eating it. Good idea to use Cheerios to mark trail when it can possibly rain, bad idea to use Cheerios in an area known for one of the highest density crow populations in Orange County (look it up, it’s a fact....really).

The hares had originally planned an A to A Prime run, but when they saw everyone hanging around the start, they said “so be it”, or more accurately “aw...the hell with it” and voila!....we had an A to A. At the OnIn, Faggedy Andy’s play-by-play: “well-marked turns, excellent job of hiding flour whenever possible, and too few checks” and something I don’t remember about the beer check. Someone, forget who (Long Ride?) thought that Semper Find Me should be more appropriately named Veteran of Foreign Whores. I told him that telling me couldn’t do a lot, not being a bored member, and that renaming is rarely done, and the pack couldn’t do it without the approval of the highest ranking members of the bored, so I referred him to the GM’s.

Realizing that he’d have better luck going straight to the top....I told him to talk to Alouette.

Down-downs started and soon the ever-popular patch-hiding took place (at least when two chicks are involved): Great Salt Lick had the pleasure of molesting her soul-mate HiSpeed for her patch. Still highly aroused, the pack was treated to another lezfest....the delectable LoBeams looking for a patch on the delectable Morning Cocktail. (They are both running for GM, they’d be shoe-in running mates if they promised to take turns hiding patches on each other at every down-downs). Then something the pack really didn’t need to see....WhaleBoner feeling up Shaggy Dog for his patch....a real buzz-killer.

Fruit of the Loom, who does hand out credit when it’s due, brought up the 2007 Bored and recognized them for a job well done, which is an understatement. The brewmeisters and other bored positions notwithstanding, not sure if it was noted that Pinky had served his 4th year as LBH3 GM, longer than anyone else in that position,,that’s a lot of abuse in front of the circle. The 2007 Bored will be a hard act to follow.

Down-downs over, the pack headed to ShitPackers house to hear the Painted Toes, see the big game, and just generally waste the day away in drunken revelry. His house is a great venue for the game, plenty of room, a spa and pool, and more big screen TV’s than Circuit City...a bargain at half the price. (Let’s keep Shitpacker happy and not piss him off so that he might be gracious enough to have us back next year). It’s 6 p.m.

Wednesday, the writeup submission deadline is here, so I’m On Out. On-On to Found’er Balls! MRA



Everybody knows Gay’s OK.



Some drank from their new shoes.

Everybody knows that harriettes all love a good weiner. (and they taste better with a little mustard!)



Some drank from whatever was handy!



Is Hot Semen Saver a Painted Toes groupie?



**IN MEMORY OF JERRY 'EJECT'
TEMPLEMAN
1941-2007
LBH3 FOUNDER
Grandmaster 1985, 1986, 1991
221 hashes with LBH3
Hared 21 times**

Flying West by Capt. Michael Larkin, TWA (Ret)

I hope there's a place, way up in the sky,
Where Airmen can go when they have to die.
A place where a guy can buy a cold beer
For a friend or old buddy whose memory is dear.
A place where no doctor or lawyer would tread
And management types would ne'er be caught dead!
Just a quaint little joint, kind of dark, full of smoke.
Where they like to sing loud and love a good joke.
The kind of a place where a lady can go
And feel safe and secure with the men she would know.

There must be a place where old airmen go
When their wings become heavy and their air speed gets low:
Where the whiskey is old and the women are young,
And songs about flying and dying are sung.
Where you'd see all the fellows who'd "flown west" before.
And they'd call out your name as you came through the door,
Who would buy you a drink if your thirst should be bad
And tell all the others "He was quite a good lad".

And there, through the mist, you'd spot an old guy
You'd not seen in years, though he taught you to fly.
He'd nod his grey head and grin ear to ear
And say "Welcome home, Jerry. I'm proud that you're here!
For this is the place where old airmen come
When their journeys are over and the wars have been won.
You've come here at last, to be safe and alone;
From the government rep and the management clone.
Politicians and lawyers, the Feds and the noise;
Where all hours are happy and these good ole boys
Can relax with a cool one and a well deserved rest!
This is Heaven, my Son. You've passed your last test!".

Jock

THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 705

Date: 2/15/1998 (10 years ago)

Place: Los Angeles

Hares: POKEY, NADYA, SIN D BARE

Miles: 4 Attendance: 67

It was the day after Va lentine's Day, but the hares were still celebrating and promised us a tour of Downtown LA with some special lovely surprises. Sure enough, when the pack was off, they found a trail between some condos, which led across skyways and through the world trade center where the security guards were laying in wait after spotting the dollops of flour and chalk marks. We went through the Bonaventure Hotel and out to the Arco Tower garage where we found strawberries, whipped cream and fancy champagne at the beer check. From here, we solved a back check to the elevators. The alarm of the emergency door had rent-a-cops surrounding the beer check and HI SPEED packed up in the nick of time. We then went back and forth across Flower Street and up and down more stairs and ramps. Soon we reached Pershing Square and a couple more circle-jerk elevator rides. We ran past Angel's Flight, through a Mexican food court and reached beer check #2 where there were more exotic drinks and treats (Slippery Nipples and Stiff Dicks). After we ran through Union Square Park, we found a tricky false. Solving that, we passed the Mark Taper Forum and soon we were on-in. Down-downs included a song by the GREAT SALT LICK and a poem by STALKER GUMP. One or the other was rewarded by 6-9 SPLIT flashing her 36C's. Then there was a flour throwing, whip cream squirting, face-licking free-for-all, which resulted in CHEWY receiving the Hashit. The On-On was at Phillippe's.

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

Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org

ATTENTION ALL NEW BORED MEMBERS.

**PLEASE LET ME KNOW WHAT
CONTACT INFO FOR YOU THAT
YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE PRINTED
HERE -----✍
IN THE SNOOZE.**

Thanks – Broomhilda

RECEDING HARELINE

2/17 1263	BOYZ & DAMIAN 666 Run Hunt Bch
2/24 1264	SCREW CP, WHALEBONER Slosball
3/2 1265	BF Wknd/LA Marathon –Nice Hair Fag
3/9 1266	CHEWCACA
3/16 1267	OPEN – St. Patrick's Day
3/23 1268	SCREW CAP's 80 th Birthday
3/30 1270	Last Sunday Run – Open

RESULTS OF LBH3 Run # 1262

DATE: 2/3/2008

PLACE: Santa Ana – Carl Thornton Park on Segerstrom near Bristol

HARES: HI SPEED, GREAT SALT LICK, BLOWING NEMO

MILES: 4.89

ATTENDANCE: 66

NEW BOOTS: Jay Jones

RETURNERS: GREAT SALT LICK, GAY'S OK, Mike & Hannelore Nese

VISITORS: none

NEW NAMES: SEMPER FIND ME renamed VETERAN OF 4-N WHORES

PATCHES: GREAT SALT LICK -269, WHALEBONER - 200, LOW BEAMS – 100

HASHIT: MORNING COCKTAIL – for writing a check to BUSTER to pay for sexual favors

ON-ON: SHITPACKER's house for SuperBowl party

RUN NOTES: 2 beer checks w/ jello shots, street run through gang territory

MISMANAGEMENT COMMITTEE 2007

Grandmasters: Eddie "Pinky" Scott	(714) 756-BYOB
Laura "Hi Speed Copulator" Gaber	(562) 902-2443
Hash Cash: John "He's So Sweet" Kotlarski	(562) 420-1221
Anne "Low Beams" Lattime	(562) 439-2031
On Sec: Susanne "Broomhilda" Gilmore	(562) 423-6149
Bernice "Special Head" Banaras	(562) 522-8774
mail to: Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org	
On Disk: Neva "Alouette" Higgins	(714) 526-7823
Dick "Poor Aim" Ames	(714) 734-6979
Brewmeisters: Steve "Head & Shoulders" Cantril	(562) 400-1099
Bill "Last Train" Nord	(714) SLIMEUP
Munchmeister: Diane "Kammonawannaleia" Eisner	(714) 658-2595
Trailmaster: Joel "Sin D Bare"	(310) 544-5223
Hash Pushers: Victoria "Geezer Teaser" Rivera	(714) 756-2962
Songmeister: Debbie "Corn Hole Hussie" Cantril	(562) 400-1099
Hash Flash: Jaime "Buster Hymen" Ybarra	(310) 872-6638
Ramona "Moan N" Tucker	(310) 378-6453

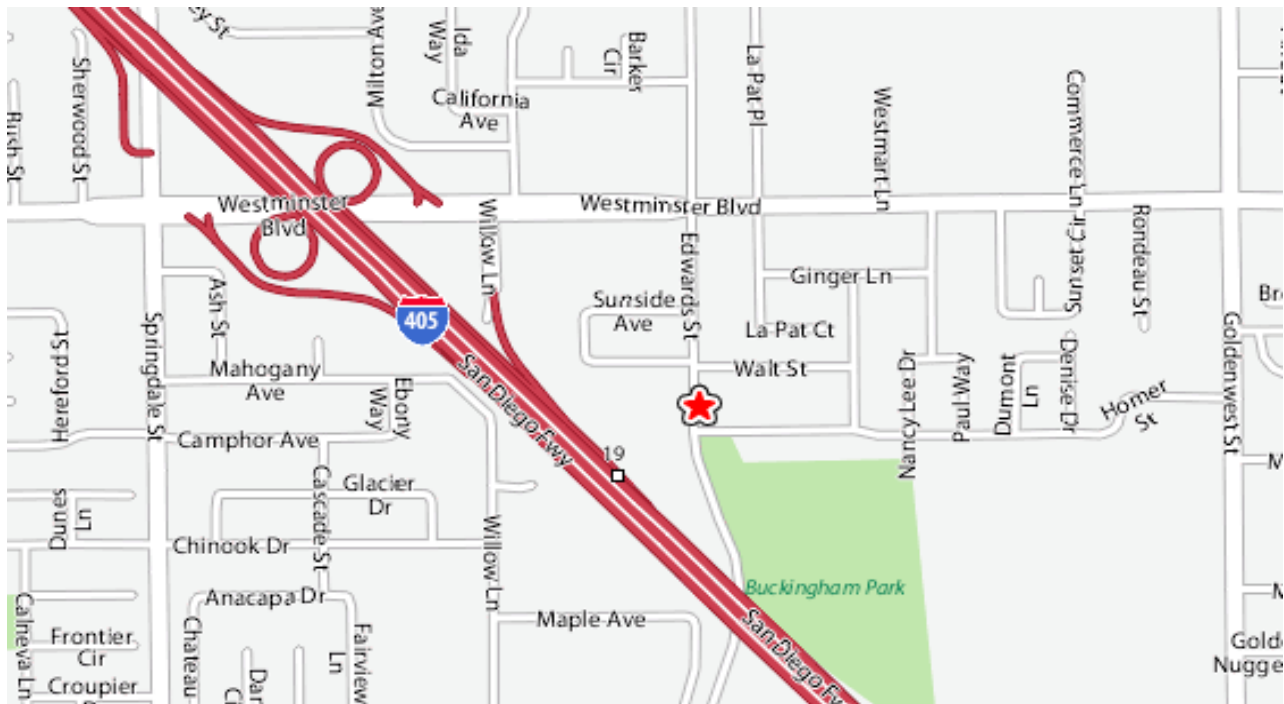
Webmeister: "HomoSAXual" – lbh3beer@hotmail.com

Webmeister – Snooze: pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com

Next Long Beach Hash Run
Saturday Feb 17, 2008 10:00
Location: Westminster
Thomas Guide: 827, G-2
Cost: \$4.00

The Devil made BOYZ R US lay this trail on a Sunday morning, in honor of his approximately 666th run with LBH3. He will be assisted by that ole' devil himself, DAMIAN . Give the devil his due by wearing red, black and flames.

Directions: From the 405 North or South, exit at Westminster Blvd east. Go less than ¼ mile on Westminster and make a right (south) on to Edwards. At the second street on the left (Homer St.) turn left and then make an immediate right into Buckingham Park. I.F.H.



Alouette
Neva Higgins
707 Nancy Lane
Fullerton, CA 92381