

LBH3 Snoozeletter

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

February 17th, 2008

www.lbh3.org

It is with my deepest, most sincere gratitude that I give thanks to all of you for your electing me Scribe of the Year and having the faith in me to elect me as one of your GMs for 2008. For me, there is no greater joy than knowing I have pleased you, for you are my family, the people in the world that I hold the most dear. I would also like to thank the Found'er Balls committee, the 2007 Bored, and especially WILD BILL, ALOUETTE. JOCK and FRUIT OF THE LOOM for their fitting tribute to EJECT. Everyone in the world should be so lucky to have friends like we have as Long Beach Hash House Harriers.

With love to all, JC SUPERSCAR

With that said, roll the dice, we've got some living to do.

POOP FICTION: ROLLING STONED – RIOT ON BELMONT SHORE

The year was 1960. America was living in the jet age, the age of cool. Cool was life after 5, tuxedos, evening gowns, broads, booze, and cars with big fins that ate up the road to Vegas at 100 MPH. We lived in the shadow of the nuclear bomb, but said, "screw it", poured another drink, took a big hit off a Chesterfield and rolled the dice. Cool was everything. It was a way of life.

When the hash chose the age of cool for Found'er Balls 2008. I couldn't wait to revisit the time before warning labels, movie ratings, and the notion that drinking was bad. This would be our night.

Like Frank, Dino, Sammy, and EJECT, we too we were going to be cool.



**What
was in
that
martini
any-
way?**

With a little conjuring, some sharp clothes, and lots and lots of booze, we turned Sam's, an aging seafood restaurant on the Coast Highway, into the hottest place on the Vegas Strip, the Lava Lounge.

In the magic of the twilight hours, the deal was sealed. We were in, but would we, could we get out? I didn't care. I took a final drag off my cigarette, hurled the burning ember into the night, and walked through the door into Sam's. It was showtime

The walls inside Sam's reverberated with the good life of almost 50 years ago. Plastic palms, tiki torches, and the undeniable smell of cigarettes and whiskey told me that we had arrived in the house of cool. This man-made jungle was the natural habitat of the swayingest cats on the planet, and we be were being absorbed into their world.

By the time I reached the main dining room, the hash was already in full swing. The open bar in the hospitality suite had worked it's 80 Proof magic and we were now rolling in cool, drinking and carousing like the professionals, like Frank, Dino, Sammy and EJECT.

Through the haze and the din of several hundred drunken hashers, I wound my way to the bar, past so many familiar faces. On my way, through the crowd, I accidentally stepped on someone's foot. "Oh, sorry pal", I said. "Think nothing of it old sport, enjoy the evening. This is your lucky night", he said with a smile, as he seemed to disappear into the hot, humid air. That look, that smile, stopped me dead in my tracks. I looked around, but he was gone. Then I spotted a picture over in a corner under a light, that face, that smile it was EJECT. I made my way to the bar and ordered a drink, and another, and another, and then another. I didn't tell a living soul who I'd seen, but no one else spoke either, maybe they'd seen him too.

The rest of the night was a blur, a complete mental washout. We had hit the psychic jackpot, we had jumped into the river of time and were now just passengers along for the ride, but we were cool. I walked out of Sam's, lit up a smoke, and went over to the edge of the now deserted highway. I closed my eyes and let the night take over.

I don't know how I made it home from the Lava Lounge, but I awaked the next morning inside a house with the front door

wide open, lying in a pile of empty beer bottles that rattled like a jailer's keys when I rolled over. The early morning sun hit me square in the eyes like the light from a cop's flashlight, my head felt like cement and I felt sick, and at the same time, scared. What the hell went on last night? As I began to stir, fresh blood began to replace the alcohol in my bruised and battered brain and I began to remember. I had won last night, and won big. I had to get to the hash. I also remembered where I was. I was in an old house that belonged to a beautiful blonde. She stood over me like a guardian angel and said, "hey big boy, need a ride to the hash?" Two minutes later we were out the door and on our way.

Twenty minutes later we were back where it all began, a bank parking lot on an early morning street corner in Belmont Shore. By the time we got there, the lot was filling up fast with well-wishers from all over who had come by to pay their respects to EJECT. We were here to hash with the master one more time. Little did we know that EJECT was yet to play his final hand.

At 10 o'clock, the four bearers of his earthly remains hit the trail like he did so many years ago amid the cheering and whistling of those who have followed in his footsteps. The whistles sounded of joy, of loss, and of sadness, but also of the pleasure in knowing that he would be with us on another adventure as we would soon hit the trail with over 160 crazy, hung-over, beer-swilling, lunatic hashmen, hell bent on having a good time and showing the world what hashing is all about.

At 10:15, we hit the trail hard. Some looked well considering they'd been through Found'er Balls traditional raging all-nighter. Some looked like they hadn't slept since Friday, but trivialities like sleep could wait for another time, another day. This was the maddest weekend of all, seventy-two hours of total commitment



**Alouette:
Mistress of the
DataBase and
Keeper of the
Wall of Shame**

**Which
one's
Frank?**



This is the pure essence of cool, that cool space between both ends of a burning candle is where we live.

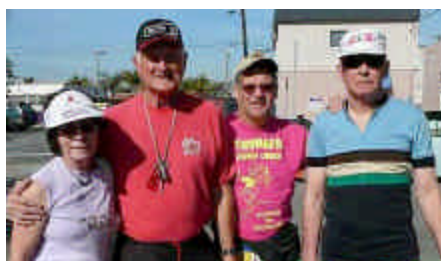
The first stop, 390 feet into the run, stacked the pack up like a train wreck as the mob poured into Legend's Sports Bar. Bartenders and waitresses dropped their towels and ran like hell knowing they couldn't pour beer fast enough. They'd seen a hash run before, but nothing like this.

By some miracle, the hash left the place standing and quickly hit the road in search of trail. "On EJECT", someone yelled in the distance to the south, and the mad dog pack bore down on the sound like a guided missile. Running hard in the morning sun soon brought us to the 2nd Street bridge and a fat, nasty check. Hashmen were all over the road trying to solve the check when all of a sudden, from the south, came the roaring of a big V8 engine. It sounded like it belonged to a top fuel dragster, but what came over the bridge and into view was an immaculate 1959 Cadillac sedan Deville. The caddy cut through traffic like a great white shark slashing through a sea of minnows, leaving in it's wake, two burning strips of rubber as it rounded the corner and disappeared down the narrow street in front of us. When the smoke cleared, I could see the unmistakable trail markings ahead. On EJECT!

The trail continued through the back streets to a park and to beer check # 2. Still reeling from the savage beating I'd received the night before at the hands of Jack Daniels, I imagined my brain must look like an old rotting hunk of roadkill nestled solidly behind my bloodshot, aching eyes. Believing in the time tested restorative powers of beer, I grabbed a couple and hauled ass. I wasn't sure of anything now except for the necessity to keep moving. I quickly found trail and pressed on to the south.

Trail wound through Belmont Shore to a check at a sandlot playground. Deeply into the throes of a 3-day binge, the combination of booze, lack of sleep and previous brain damage began to play hide and seek with my sense of reality. The trail seemed to expand into a huge mass of sand, flour, and ash, where children played happily among the ruins of what was once a normal mind. Through it all, I saw the same Cadillac as before speed by and turn down an alleyway. Who is in that car? For now, it didn't matter as I spotted trail at the entrance to the same alleyway that the caddy went down. I didn't know if I was running to something or from myself but I pushed on and soon found beer check # 3 at an Irish pub.

By now, I was too tired to stop, too far gone to quit, so I put my head down and hammered across 2nd Street toward the ocean where I found trail that led to the on-in.



**The hares:
Alouette, Jock,
Wild Bill, Fruit
and the spirit of
Eject.**

Reaching an on-in is always a satisfying experience, much like the first hit of a cigarette in the morning, but something here wasn't right. The air buzzed with a nervous energy that let me know that the show was just getting started.

A summer-like heat in the dead of winter, combined with 72 hours of over indulgence had set the stage and lit the fuse. All we could do now is hold on and enjoy the ride ... we were on the verge of a riot.

Over 160 of the rowdiest drunks on the planet had gathered near a boathouse by the water. A nearby roller hockey game had erupted into a bench-clearing free-for-all. Frantic 911 calls rolled into the police station, but the minute they heard the words, "hash house harriers", they hung up the phones. There was nothing in Belmont Shore worth getting killed for.

Acting quickly, the new Long Beach GMs gave the call to fall in for down-downs, and attempted to corral the riotous mob into a smaller area. Long Beach fell in quickly, but the visiting outlaws from the north and south poured in from both flanks and took aim. The new GMs were backed against the wall, but came out firing. A vicious verbal firefight ensued with the rookie grandmasters scoring big hits. The visiting Philistines countered by throwing two half naked lesbians into the circle who started going at it, which whipped the mob into a latherous frenzy. We counter attacked with a trio of better looking topless lesbians. This is Long Beach dammit, this is our hash, this is EJECT's hash! We then threw a bottle of EJECT's favorite brandy into the melee and began the chant, "tits out, for the boys, tits out for the boys!" The entire circle exploded like an atomic bomb just as our fledgling leaders screamed over the roar, "may the hash go in pieces". Instantly, I was swept into a raging sea of hedonistic fury, a whirling mosh pit of arms, legs, beer bottles and breasts. Luckily, I was flung from the circle in time to see the mysterious Cadillac approach from the north. As it grew closer, it looked even more beautiful, an energy, brighter than a thousand suns radiated from it's interior. It slowed just long enough for me to finally get a look at the four passengers inside. In the back seat sat Dean Martin, and Sammy Davis, Jr. At shotgun was old blue eyes himself,



Above: OK, who's got Brandy's other shoe? Right: Hash Harlot hits another yard sale.



Frank Sinatra, and at the wheel was our own beloved EJECT. He turned toward us and said, "good job Long Beach, you've made me proud! I'd love to stay, but I've got to get these new boots back, but I promise you, we'll hash together again". He then turned and said to his awestruck passengers, "now that's how to really swing!" He laughed proudly and floored the huge sedan. It's taillights looked like the business end of a Saturn 5 rocket as it took off into the sky, over the ocean, and upwards towards the heavens.

Air traffic over Long Beach was disrupted for hours.

On-Out Brother EJECT, On-Out and thanks.
DR. HUNTER S SUPERSCAR



There's nothing like a good old fashioned clusterf*ck



It's 1985 all over again.

What does the new LBH3 Bored have planned for 2008?

Save these dates: August 1,2,3 for our second campout in Tehachapi. Details available soon.

Don't miss out. It will be intense, (in tents.)

THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 985 Date: 2/23/2003 (5 years ago)
Place: Cerritos
Hares: 6-9 SPLIT, PILLSBURY BLOW BOY
Miles: 3 Attendance: 83

The pack began to assemble at Cerritos Park East. The previous 2 week's trails had been ball-busters, so the pack was hoping for a little rest & relaxation. We had been informed that the On-On would be at a nearby bowling alley, so the pack was ready to roll. When the whistle blew, we were off across 166th Street and into an industrial area where we ran by UPS and then hit some railroad tracks. We then ran through a residential area, back into another industrial complex and to more train tracks until we reached a field o' shiggy where NIPPLE SCHNITZEL was manning the beer check. Soon we reached a river crossing. The hares had placed pallets there to aid in our crossing, but still most of the pack ended up with wet feet. Soon we were on-in where we munched and drank beer until down-downs began with GM's 8 YELLOW SNOW and FAGGEDY ANDY presiding. The hashit was awarded to ANOTHER PRICK IN THE WALL for failing to assist a harriette at the river crossing and complaining about getting his shoes wet. FRUIT OF THE LOOM received his 900th run patch. Then it was on to the bowling alley. PEE WEE HUEVOS bowled from his wheelchair and even as a cripple, he managed to beat URINALIST. 4H proved to be the best bowler of the afternoon, even beating 6-9 SPLIT who was using her own personal bowling ball.

2007 AWARD WINNERS

Best Trail: Run #1254 Whittier Narrows, Hare: 4H
Best On On: Run # 1233 Sunset Beach
Hares: Jock & Pack My Chute
Worst Run: Run # 1217 Garden Grove
Hares: Massive Two Tits, Venus de Penis, Bust Her Hymen, Sir Lance A Nut (with help from OCH3)
Most Deserved Hashit: Royal Flush
Best Scribe Write Up: JC Superscar
Biggest Whiner: Fruit of the Loom
Rookie of the Year: Morning Cocktail
Keeper of Big Pink: Snatch of the Day

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

Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org

RECEDING HARELINE

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 # 1269

DATE: 2/10/2008

PLACE: Belmont Shore – Washington Mutual on 2nd St.

HARES: JOCK, FRUIT OF THE LOOM, ALOUETTE,
WILD BILL

MILES: 4.3

ATTENDANCE: 163

NEW BOOTS: Jenn Andrews, Melissa Botten, Lindsay Klick

RETURNERS: Big Pete, BV Diva, Darth Vader, Cum Union,
Calamine Crack, Flouncer, Glider In, Hairy Palmer, Knee Pads, Little Dipper, Milf Shake, Nut N Honey, Peckerwrecker, Pee Wee Huevos, Scooter, Pokey, Popsickle, Quick Change, Quickie, Retracted, Rub Her Dick, Rodney, XLax

VISITORS: Krakatau-Moscow, Amy Mc26.2, Chlamydia. Detachable,
Dr Hole, Dr Mikey, Harlot, Flip Flop, Gangbanger, Gigo, Koresh, Martha F Stewart, Mooner, See More, V8, RTD, Stickbite, Walking Small,
Whack, Weed Whacker, Stock Ho

NEW NAMES: None

PATCHES: Popsickle- 5 Hare Patch

HASHIT: Just Brandie – a girl just can't have too many right shoes!

ON-ON: BBQ at Horny Corners, Bayshore & Ocean

RUN NOTES: Eject Memorial Run – 3 beer checks, run around Marina, golf course, ceremonial spreading of Eject's ashes at Alamitos Bay

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" Banaras	(562) 522-8774
mail to: Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org	
On Disk: Neva "Alouette" Higgins	(714) 526-7823
Brewmeisters: Steve "Head & Shoulders" Cantril	(562) 400-1099
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 # 1264

Sunday Feb 24, 2008 10:00 AM

Location: Irvine

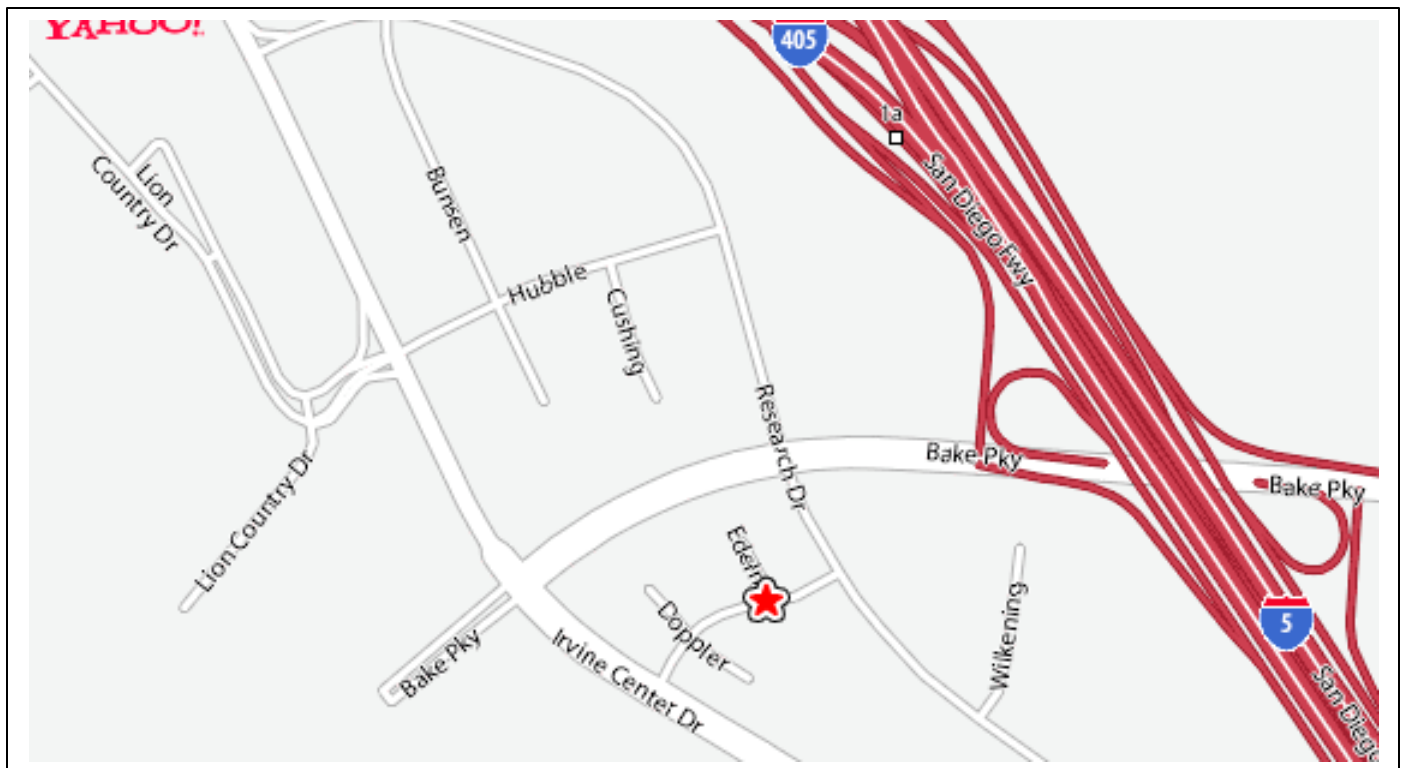
Thomas Guide: 891 C-4

Cost: \$4.00

Hares: WHALEBONER, WET CLAM, BACK DOOR WHORE, SCREW CAP - Directions: From the North take the 405 South until it merges into the 5 fwy, exit Bake parkway. Travel South on Bake towards the beach, make a left on Research, a right on Muller and another right on Edelman. Follow to the end of the cul-de-sac and park in the end lot. LFH

*****Ohkay, like, Oh my gosh. We're like outta the hood and in the OC. Leave your tagging devices and bring your Maui Jim sunglasses. This is the umpteenth anniversary of the converging and camaraderie of the LB and OC hashes Sloshball tournament! No need to bring gloves this year (although condoms do not apply), as this year we will be playing kickball! But do bring your appetite for shiggy, and afterwards an esteemed commitment to have a good time with pizza, beer and lots of delightful surprises. Lots of shiggy, bring a change of shoes etc; stroller pushers see hares for semi-alternate stroller options.**

*****On On Afterwards is the annual Sloshball game, an additional \$6 bucks gets you pizza and an extra keg of beer.**



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