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# Long Beach H3 Snooze

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Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

March 2, 2008

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

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## A Day for Sloshing

### slosh

1 : to flounder or splash through water, mud, or slush  
2 : to move with a splashing motion <the water  
*sloshed* around him — Bill Alcine> *transitive verb* 1  
: to splash about in liquid 2 : to splash (a liquid) about  
or on something 3 : to splash with liquid

As I slosh my way down to Irvine in the pouring rain, I read that the hares want us to show up in our Maui Jim sunglasses. Since the sky is darker than **Wet Clam's** blonde roots, I figure only **Howdy** will actually show up in sunglasses since he always wears exactly what the hares request. When I exit the freeway, I see that **Barney Stubble** is in the car next to me. When the light turns green, he immediately takes off in the wrong direction. I begin to wonder if all hashers drive like they run trail. As I approach the start location, I see **Fungus** in his car arriving from a totally odd direction which answers my question. I get to the start and think there's only **Fruit** and 5 other idiots who showed up to run in the rain cause I didn't happen to catch everyone hiding under coverings. The sky has gone from dark to gray (**Wet Clam's** actual hair color), it's barely sprinkling but yet everyone is covering under circus tents like they're in the middle of some typhoon. In the old days, hashers stood in the rain waiting for the hash to start. Now, everyone is under portable protective

coverings. What hasher is sober and coherent enough on a Sunday morning to not only manage to find their running shoes and remember to bring a frickin mug, but to also bring along their handy dandy portable circus tent because God-forbid anyone get wet before spending an hour running in the rain. Since I want no part of this new wimpyness, I do what I've always done when it's raining at the start of a hash...stay in the car. After a few minutes, I roll down the window to hand a dollar to a scary old homeless woman dressed in garage sale giveaways, who despite my attempts at avoiding eye contact, has succeeded in getting my attention. When the window rolls all the way down, I realize it's **Wet Clam** asking me to scribe. I tell her that I don't scribe because I'm not funny and I type slow. She reminds me that it will be an opportunity to make fun of her. I agree to scribe.

From my rearview mirror, I can see **Whaleboner**, **Wet Clam** and the top of **Screw Cap's** head giving the run instructions. I think of all the trails **Wet Clam** and **Screw Cap** have collectively screwed up and I debate whether to even get out of my car. I finally decide to venture out and quickly discover that **EO** has set up a mini-bar in the back of his car with special concoctions to warm people up. **Sheep Thrills** pours me a little hot tea and fills the rest of the cup with Whiskey. **Fruit** gives the 1-minute warning and I wonder how I'm going to make this hot cup of

disappear in less than a minute. Problem solved: I give my cup to **Morning Cocktail**.

The pack is off and immediately everyone is lost. No trail to be found...how can this be? Half the pack curses **Screw Cap** and other half curses **Clam**. Eventually trail is found and we arrive at a fence that we need to get over to take us down to a flowing creek. I see **Whaleboner's** 2005 North-South shirt float by (inside joke). I avoid the creek since the last time I tried to cross a flowing creek with Quincy we got swept away and tumbled head over paws down the creek on our way to the ocean. Plus, Quincy is recuperating from a \$5000 stomach blockage operation and so if he gets hurt again he's gonna be put down like an old dog. By the way, the same rule should apply to **Wet Clam**. It turns out that they found part of a plunger and Last Train's underwear in Quincy's stomach. Solution: **Last Train** is cut off from visiting Quincy. The short cut around the creek gets me way ahead of the pack and the next thing I know I stumble upon some old Mexican gardener's homeless encampment...oh wait it's **Screw Cap** manning the beer check. I'm amazed that he made it this far. He tells me how his shoe got stuck in the mud and his co-hares left him to the wolves. After Quincy drinks a beer and I squat to take a dump, we're back on trail. I end up doing the whole trail by myself and so here's what I bet happened on trail:

**Rat** complained that his shoes were getting muddy and no one blows their whistle

**Pinky** and **Hi Speed** pissed in their little thimbles

**Bendover** waited by the creek for a damsel in distress so he could carry her over the creek on his shoulders

**ATT** took one step from under the canopy at the run start, was hit with a light sprinkle and stayed put for an hour

**Last Train** pointed repeatedly at foliage asking whoever was around him whether it was poison oak

**Tweedle** day dreamed of **Hozer** naked

Quincy day dreamed of **Last Train** naked

**Leaning Hard** pissed multiple harriettes off by sloshing through the creek and getting them all muddy

**X-LAX** and **Damian** ended up chest high in muck trying to find a way to not get their feet wet

**Ignorant F\*&K** gave up trying to win the hash so he could introduce his hot young girlfriend to the entire pack

**Cum Nail Me** helped an elderly harriette across the creek

**Morning Cocktail** tried to rock hop across the creek, fell on her ass and then laughed her ass off

**Weed Whacker** wiped off **Morning Cocktail's** ass

**Gay is OK** wiped off **Weed Whacker's** ass

**Fruit** stepped in Quincy's fresh shit on trail

**Pilsbury** stepped in his own fresh shit on trail

**Royal Flush** sprinted by both beer checks trying to beat **Barney Stubble**

**Shaggy Dog** was stopped by the OC sheriff

**BusterHyman** did his Fool on the Hill imitation

**Sosome** followed Fungus

**Fungus** ended up in Lake Forest

After sloshing through creeks and gullies, running along muddy roads and up and down hills, the trail ended up at a parking lot across the street from the start. There to welcome the brave souls were all the usual All-star wimps. Also at the end was a very confused **Wet Clam** as she couldn't figure out where the run start was. It's so sad when our elders start losing their mind. I agreed to walk her to the start.

After the usual trough feed, beer guzzling and bull shit stories, the pack assembles for the greatest down downs ever led by our incredibly funny, handsome and charming new GM's. I'm not sure what actually happened as we sloshed through down downs, but I do remember seeing **Moanin's** ass and getting a great long look at **Tissue Tits** and **Blow Interest's** sexy underwear during the patch giveaways. Oh yeah, since it was Oscar night, the hash version of the Oscars, the Hashies, were given out to very notable hash recipients with Broom Hilda helping out as a very elegantly dressed awards bimbo. The most notable award being the Lifetime Achievement award that was given to **Screw cap** for not being dead yet. However, when it came time to compete for the Hashit, **Tweedle Me** swept the field for confessing that she had a recent dream of **Hozer** naked.

After down downs everyone stayed around for the annual sloshball game, which this year featured a kickball version pitting OC, Humpin and LA against LB. I had to leave cause smoking 2 cigarettes gave me the Hershey squirts. However, **Whaleboner** tells me that LB won and that he has photos that he will sell. Speaking of Hershey squirts, Clam once told me that she doesn't put carpet in her home because Hershey squirts are so much easier to clean off her tile floor.

Another very shitty and sloshy hash  
On On

Sin D

**LBH3 WEAKLY SNOOZE STATS**

Run Date: 2/24/2008  
Run #: 1264  
Hares: Whaleboner, Wet Clam, Screw Cap  
Place: Irvine Mulner & Edleman Industrial area  
Miles: 3.5  
New Boots: Sam Brown, Sandro Olivieri  
Returners:  
Visitors: Jalapenis, Put a Dick in It--Humpin'  
New Names:  
Patches: Gay's OK=50  
Hare Patches: Whaleboner=10  
ON ON: Sloshball--pizza, beer  
Run Notes: Light Rain. GREAT shiggy, 2 river crossings, 2 beer checks  
Attendance: 71  
Hashit: Tweedle for having a wet dream about a firm, well endowed, buff & studdly Hozer then telling Sin-D all about it!

Receding Hareline

<u>Date</u>	<u>Run#</u>	<u>Hares</u>	<u>Comments</u>	<u>City</u>
3-16	1268	<b>OPEN</b> -See Poor Aim to sign up!	St. Paddy's Day ?	
3-23	1269	Screw Cap	80 <sup>th</sup> Birthday Run	TBA
3-30	1270	<b>OPEN</b> -See Poor Aim to sign up!		
<b>4-3</b>	1271	<b>OPEN</b> -See Poor Aim to sign up!	<b><u>FIRST THURSDAY RUN</u></b>	
4-10	1272	<b>OPEN</b> -See Poor Aim to sign up!		
4-17	1273	<b>OPEN</b> -See Poor Aim to sign up!	Grand Prix?	
4-24	1274	Sin-D-Bare		TBA

**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](mailto:snooze@snooze.lbh3.org) OR snail mail to:**

**Susanne "Broomhilda" Gilmore  
1900 E. 53<sup>rd</sup> St. LB CA 90805**



**Mismanagement Committee 2008**

- Grandmasters:** "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  
[snooze@snooze.lbh3.org](mailto:snooze@snooze.lbh3.org)
- On Disk:** Neva "Alouette" Higgins (714) 526-7823
- Brewmeisters:** Steve "Head & Shoulders" Cantril (562) 427-1513  
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) 427-1513
- Hash Flash:** Jaime "Buster Hymen" Ybarra (310) 872-6638  
Jessica "Snatch of the Day" Alexander (562)761-8289
- Webmeister:** "homoSAXual" - [lbh3beer@hotmail.com](mailto:lbh3beer@hotmail.com)
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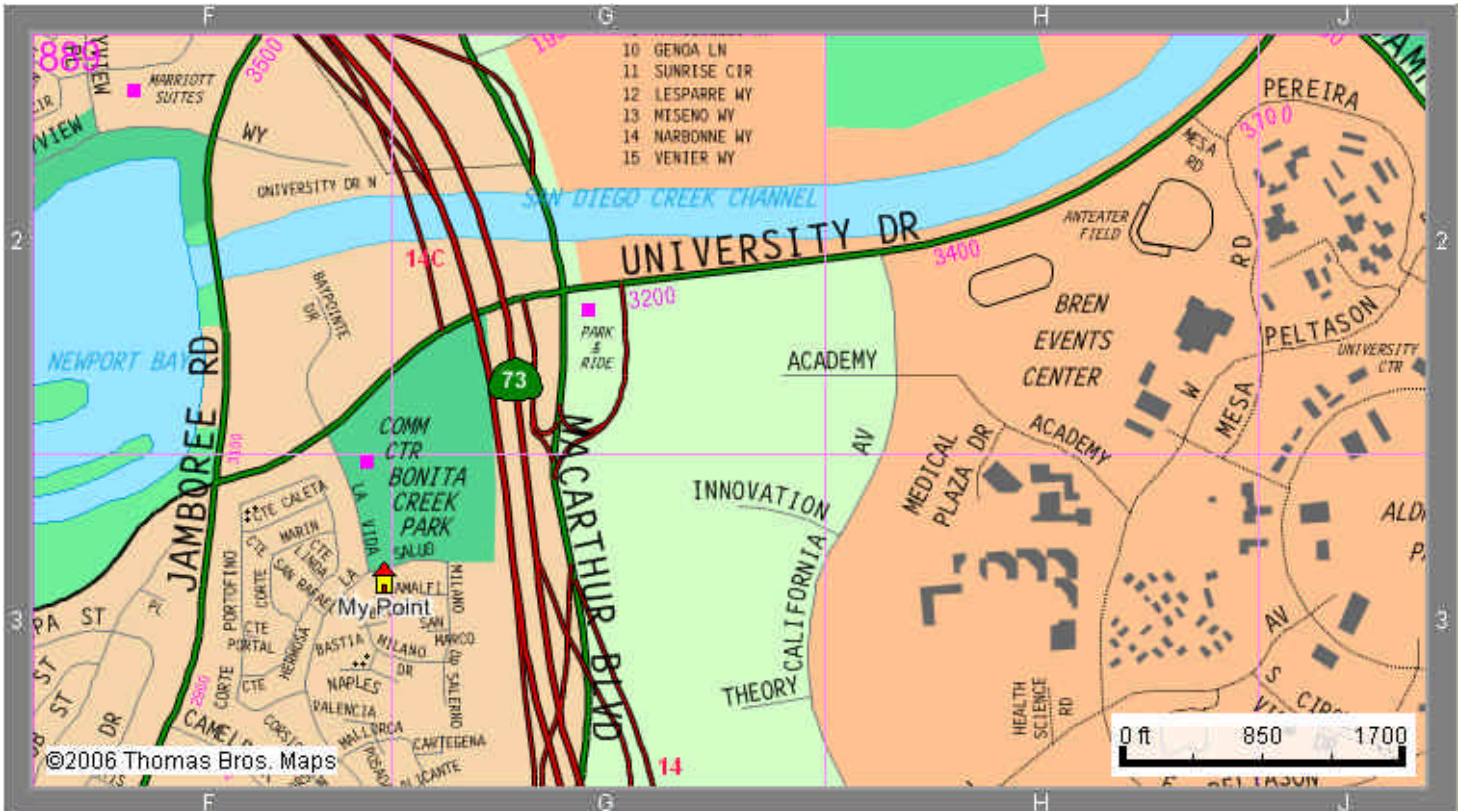
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Sunday, March 9 2008, 10:00 PM  
DON'T FORGET TO SPRING AHEAD

**Run:** 1266      **Hares:** *Poop Machine, Pirates Dream, Chewcaca, Jar Jar Stinks and Numb Nuts*

**Location:** Bonita Creek Park in Irvine      **Thomas Guide:** 889 G3      **Cost:** \$4.00

**Directions:** From the HUMPIN Hash take the 405 North and exit University/Jeffery Rd. and head west (left under the freeway) Take University until you go under the 73 tollroad pass that and make a left at the next street La Vida then a Left on La Salud then a left into the park parking lot From the LBC take the 405 south Exit MacArthur Blvd and head south Make a Right on Jamboree and a Left on University then a right on La Vida then a Left on La Salud then a left into the park parking lot.



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