

# LBH3 Snoozeletter

Long Beach Hash House Harriers Hotline (562) 427-4488 4/10/3008 www.lbh3.org

## WHALEBONER & POOR AIM WRITE-UP

### By Last Train

The last Sunday run was hosted by Poor Aim and Whaleboner which is an unlikely couple. Kinda like Tissue Tits and Whaleboner. LBH3 had a Pain in the Boner, or at least he was visiting from San Diego. He has an RV he drives hashers around in and he always asks the harrietts if they would like to ride the Bonermobile. I have. The Hares scouted this run when they were shortcutting Dickoreater's trail two weeks ago. Hence the same location along with the exact same fucked up first check. This probably won't be a very good write up since Royal Flush and Morning Cocktail weren't there and they usually provide me with at least 3/4 of my material. Fungus is back from Perth so there is hope. Blow Interest was checkin' out Fruit in his spandex, which is why she later gave him a lap dance at the On on. The hares were off and with Whaleboner out of the way every single guy immediately hit on Tissue Tits. They all used the same pick up line too. "What the fuck are you doing with Whaleboner?" They must have used parts of her brain to stuff those bazooms. Tit Mitt donated a beer pitcher and seemed a little disappointed that I didn't get excited about it. We now have 10 pitchers but generosity is always appreciated. It wasn't long before Fruit of the Loom discharged in his spandex and the pack was loose. Nothing beats a loose pack.

Besides the first check,....(uh, did I mention that it was fucked up?) the trail was excellent. Perhaps trail of the year...so far. We only have NINE months to go. The first part of the trail was basically horse trails and those asshole hares forgot to tell us to bring our horses. It would have



**This new boot will fit right in!**



**Tissue Tits encourages Absolut and White Elephant to try the Kimchi. YUCK!**

made this 6 or so mile death march a little easier. Of the first things I noticed besides my Achilles tendon acting up was Veteran of Foreign Whores speaking fluent Spanish to new boot Jeorje (pronounced 'whore hey'). I understood two words. Let's see if you can guess which two. "bean bean bean bean bean FUCK NO bean bean bean." If you guessed the first and third "bean" you were correct. A-ha ha ha ha ha. Settle in folks it's gonna be a long scribe. See what you get when Royal Flush and Morning Cocktail don't show up. Come to think of it, how did Royal flush end up with a cute little Mexican girl and Cocktail with a big fat bong hittin' drunk? Am I being mean? We eventually made it out to Eu-clit street and then across Bastardcherry where we saw a yard sale being advertised, which is stupid because I don't know anybody who would want to buy someone else's yard, but you knew that the housing bubble really had burst when we saw the estate sale sign. It's so bad they're selling the whole state (NOW I bet you wish Flush and Cocktail showed up). After we spazzed out a few horses and dogs Pillsbury Blow Boy finally got his mug refilled at the first beer check that was MANNED by Always Juicy and Ass, Tits and Twat.

After we had a suck, the trail continued with a split. I was now meeting and running (well, walking) with Whore Hey who doesn't speak a word of English. It was awesome. I could call him any name under the sun and he wouldn't know what the hell I was saying. "So who brought you to the hash Whore Hey ya fuckin' dickhead."

"Que"

Be careful though, it won't be long before he does know what you're saying. Not that that is any reason to stop calling him names. Blow Interest ran with him for about half an hour before she realized he didn't speak the language. She blabbed away while he just sat there with a big smile and a load in his pants. Meanwhile, Pinky and I ran along the huge pond where the ducks told us what they thought of us by sticking their asses up at us out of the water. I think one of them farted, or was that Pinky? We came to a check when I saw Casper up ahead so I followed him only to find out it was some old woman with the same dopey Gilligan hat. Anyway, it turned out being trail! Along the train tracks I caught up with Sponge, Sin D Bare and Quincy the blood slingin' food compactor. Blow Interest, Cum Nail Me and I dog-sat while Tweedle and Sin D were going down under. The fucking dog's tail (which is a certified registered weapon) has a few reoccurring cuts and when he swings it around blood flies everywhere. The walls, your clothes and all my porn mags got hosed. I mean, I already had blood on my porn mags but this is going take away a little flair in my daily jerks. Let's get back to trail. Shall we?

After the Kimchi (sp) check we ran along a golf course, through a tunnel and along a creek. White Elephant fingered herself as Shaggy Dog ran by. Things went smoothly through the single track as long as He's So Sweet was solving the checks for me. Nice job Poor Aim and Whaleboner. Trial ended around a building and onto the top of a parking structure. A naming committee was already in force for Stilett Ho, or as she was soon to be.

The munchie table had two huge cakes. We had more cake than we would have had if we were actually celebrating something. We should NOT celebrate anything more often. For down downs our new GM's



**Up on the roof .....  
Nice romantic view, but not very quiet.**



**Too much corn liquor for Shaggy!**

dressed up (down) in overalls. At least Jesus Christ SuperScar did. It took Sin D Bare 15 mins. to chime in. You can't blame him though. You have to take J.C.'s crazy ideas with a grain of caution. Speaking of grain, Scar had the costume complete with moonshine. Nobody could keep a relaxed face after a swig of that shit. Mr. Macho Man Rats Ass couldn't even hold a straight face. He was more like Macho Man from the Village People. The visitor from Vagina (the home and founder of moonshine) drank it like water. Sin D Bare gave the Perth report. Hoser won the ballbuster. Alouette organized 6000 hashers because the drunken' Australians couldn't. Wild Bill kept his mouth shut when he wasn't throwing beer down it. Tit's Ahoy slutted it up with all the Japanese men. Fungus let his jeweyness get the better of him because of the weak American dollar by having his wife Moanin stay with his X-wife. Geezer Teaser would eventually get hashitt for having dyslexia and selling shirts that said "Interlash" (that's hash not lash). The Japs bought 'em up when they were'nt getting deep throated by Tit's Ahoy. Me so horny here at Inter-lash. We all sang them the "All Australians are illegitimate" song.

I received my \$2,400 patch only to be upstaged by Fruit of the Loom who got his \$4,676 patch. He had to find his on Blow Interest. I fucking got Quincy. I should have chopped his tail off right then. Sin D. said Quincy ate the patch so I guess I'm going to have to wait a couple days. Yes, folks if you achieve the big 600 runs you too get to feel up a dog. There's some incentive! Screw Cap received a piñata that was dressed up like Wet Clam due to a little mix up last week. He was allowed to take it home and do what he wants with it. Broomhilda brought up the fact that even though he's been given a nice coffee mug and hash pwtewr mug he still drinks beer out of the same Starbucks cup. After Fruit put us all to sleep with some winded baseball trivia reference we headed off to the On on at Rock'n Taco.

At the On on Tit's Ahoy came up to me and in her usual epileptic nature pointed out that Whore Hey sang and played guitar and his drunken' ass started singing to us right there AT THE TABLE. Holy fuck. Kill me. I tried to look like I didn't notice and asked Wild Bill what he thought of trail today and HE fuckin' didn't help. He didn't say anything because Alouette doesn't let him have any opinions. I then got up and helped Fuckshot/Buckshot up into her high chair. I'm done.

**RESULTS OF RUN # 1270**  
 DATE: 3/30/2008 Last Sunday Run  
 PLACE: Fullerton – Berkeley & Harbor, courthouse parking lot  
 HARES: POOR AIM & WHALEBONER  
 MILES: 6.7 ATTENDANCE: 88  
 NEW BOOTS: Jill Borders, Tor Hargens, Jilie McCristy, Meagan Reasoner, Jorge Tarango, Mary Guzman  
 RETURNERS: Wilfred, SOSUMI, HOT FLASH MAMA  
 VISITORS: PEEK-A-BOOBS– LA, PURPLE HELMET, PAIN IN THE BONER– SD, RFUS (RANDOM FUCKED UP SHIT) – Virginia  
 NEW NAMES: Carmen Hernandez – STILLET-HO (she loves shoes!)  
 PATCHES: I DREAM OF WEENIE – 25, LAST TRAIN – 600, FRUIT – 1100 and 1169  
 HASHIT – GEEZER for \$35.00 Interlash t-shirts, fortunately they didn't say LBH3 or have a date on them  
 ON ON; Rockin' Taco on Harbor  
 NOTES: 2 beer checks, mostly off road, Fullerton Creek trail, ended up On top of Fullerton Towers parking structure, good trail

## FIRST THURSDAY NIGHT HASH

That's right! Ladies and gentlemen of the hash, the Long Beach Hash on Thursday the 3rd of April was a complete success. The hare, HIT HER IN THE SHITTER, PILLSBURY BLOW BOY, CHEWCACA, (and sort of RUFUS) laid a perfect trail and it was the bestest thing since boobs! Great beer checks on of which was staffed by Chewy and Rufus which managed to stop more than a few wayward hashers.

We had two totally new boots, two second timers at a hash, and one first time LB hasher this week which were all awarded/recognized with down(multiple)downs.

The hashshit from last month, Space Available, was hooking instead of hashing so graciously Stumblina stepped in, tripping all the way, to fill in. He nominated several scum bags like Famous Anus for going to a stripping event and then not stripping and Pinky for crashing his car not getting hurt or arrested then saying, and I quote "bitch take me to the hash" and getting a ride from (the non-participatory) Geezer Teaser. But those weren't good enough were they? NO! So the hashshit for this month and the hare for next month is BLOW JACK for having sex with himself in a bushel of bush of poison ivy while he was supposed to be haring the other day and for passing out in the street and then saying he was okay to drive home. Piss on ya, Piss on ya. In Russian that means I love you if I'd had my way I'd piss on ya all day piss on ya piss on ya piss on ya!



**Sure Happy It's Thursday – welcome back everyone!**



**This is the first time that Nice Hair Fag gives a trail TWO thumbs up!**

. Any how we had a great trail finished many, many noisy down downs until John Q Law made an appearance. Most of you did not witness this horrid event but your intrepid current GM JESUS (toot toot [that's the sound of him tooting his own horn]) spoke with him and informed him we were a running group at which he looked around felt completely secure by my impotent back up crew that were drinking in the dark (Pills and Passing).

I'd write more but I got pee. I-rock, I-ran etc... And to quote FARTMASTER "to those who are missing and those who are missed..." "Ladies and Gentlemen: take my advice pull down you pants and slide on the ice!" Et al.

On On, Chewy



**Who woulda guessed that the beer check would be in the '49'er.**

**Blojack es muy boracho**



## THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 442 Date: 4/15/1993 (15 years ago)  
Place: Long Beach Grand Prix course  
Hare: RIFF RAFF  
Miles: 4 Attendance: 68

The directions to this Grand Prix hash told us to specifically follow the detailed instructions to the run start at Shoreline Aquatic Park, as there were many street closures in the area. Never the less, the road closures had changed AGAIN since the map was made, and hashers had a heck of a time reaching the start. Trailmaster NUT N HONEY made his usual new-boot speech and one smart ass, that FRUIT invited, gave NUT a hard time. (This new boot later became LIPOSUCKTHIS!) When the pack finally took off, PIG IRON bragged of his short-cutting prowess and led many hashers back and forth under the same fence three times. The LBPD had been keeping an eye on us since the run start, and the scribe hoped that hash cash MOMSICKLE had charged the officer \$4.00 for the privilege. Flour was finally found on the Queensway Bridge, and then a monster check, the kind laid by a desperate solo hare hoping for a clean getaway. It worked, as the pack was scattered everywhere! We passed the lagoon, reflecting a line of hashers at sunset. Then we descended into the pits, where the security guards' attitudes seemed to be, "Oh, it's the runners again." Soon we reached the On-In. SCOOTER received the Hashit for making a pass at BONY ASS BITCH (a hash dog.) The On-On was at the Mardi Gras, a pretty high-class place for the hash. We proceeded the trash the place, terrorize the waitress, and dance a hole in the floor.

## JOIN LBH3 THIS SUMMER FOR "BEER SCOUT CAMP"

**August 1,2,3**  
**Campout in Tehachapi**  
**(same great location as 2006)**

## EARN YOUR BEER SCOUT DEMERIT BADGES IN A VARIETY OF ACTIVITIES

**Flyers available soon!**  
**(wanna help make this event a  
great one? See ScoutMistress  
KAMMANA.)**

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

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

## RECEDING HARELINE

4/17 1273	NICE HAIR, DOUBLE – LB Grand Prix <b><u>Get your Cardboard Race Cars ready!!!!</u></b>
4/24 1274	Open – see Poor Aim to sign up
5/1 1275	Cinco de Mayo – Buster, Boyz, BabyCrack
5/8 1276	PIG IRON
5/15 1277	Open – see Poor Aim to sign up
5/22 1278	Open – see Poor Aim to sign up
5/29 1279	Open – see Poor Aim to sign up

## RESULTS OF LBH3 Run # 1271

DATE: 4/3/2008 First Thursday night run  
PLACE: Long Beach – "Star Wars Park" 5<sup>th</sup> Street & Silvera  
HARES: PILLSBURY, HITTER IN THE SHITTER,  
CHEWCACA  
MILES: 5.3  
ATTENDANCE: 89  
NEW BOOTS: Armando Flore, Kyle Trujillo  
RETURNERS: HITTER IN THE SHITTER, SNOWBLOWER,  
Andrew Pye, BOY GEORGE, SANGINASTAN, BIG PETE, RE-  
PETE, MICRO SCREWERY, FISTS OF FURY, HORNEY  
TOAD, YULL JACKOFF, HELLO TITTY  
VISITORS: none  
NEW NAMES: Chrispin Pavelski is now FART & SMILE (he  
works for Smart & Final)  
PATCHES: HORNEY TOAD & MORNING COCKTAIL – 50,  
DWP & CAPTAIN HOOK – 100  
HASHIT: JESUS CHRIST SUPERSCAR – for his enactment of  
"Masterpiece Theatre"  
ON-ON: Pete's at the Beach  
RUN NOTES: Counter clockwise loop, trail through CSULB  
campus, Scribe took off with the hares, 2 beer checks

## MISMANAGEMENT COMMITTEE 2008

<b>Grandmasters:</b> Joel "Sin D Bare"	(310) 544-5223
Kurt "JC Superscar" Markham	(310) 675-5992
<b>Hash Cash:</b> John "He's So Sweet" Kotlarski	(562) 420-1221
Don "Fungusamungus" Markowitz	(310) 378-6453
<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
<b>Brewmeisters:</b> Steve "Head & Shoulders" Cantril	(562) 400-1099
Bill "Last Train" Nord	(714) SLIMEUP
<b>Munchmeisters:</b> Kim "Always Juicy" Critchlow	(949) 858-9386
Carmen "Baby Crack" Fernandez	(310) 549-9406
<b>Trailmaster:</b> Dick "Poor Aim" Ames	(714) 734-6979
<b>Hash Pusher:</b> Laura "Hi Speed Copulator" Gaber	(562) 902-2443
<b>Songmeister:</b> Debbie "Corn Hole Hussie" Cantril	(562) 400-1099
<b>Hash Flash:</b> 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)  
**Webmeister – Snooze:** pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com

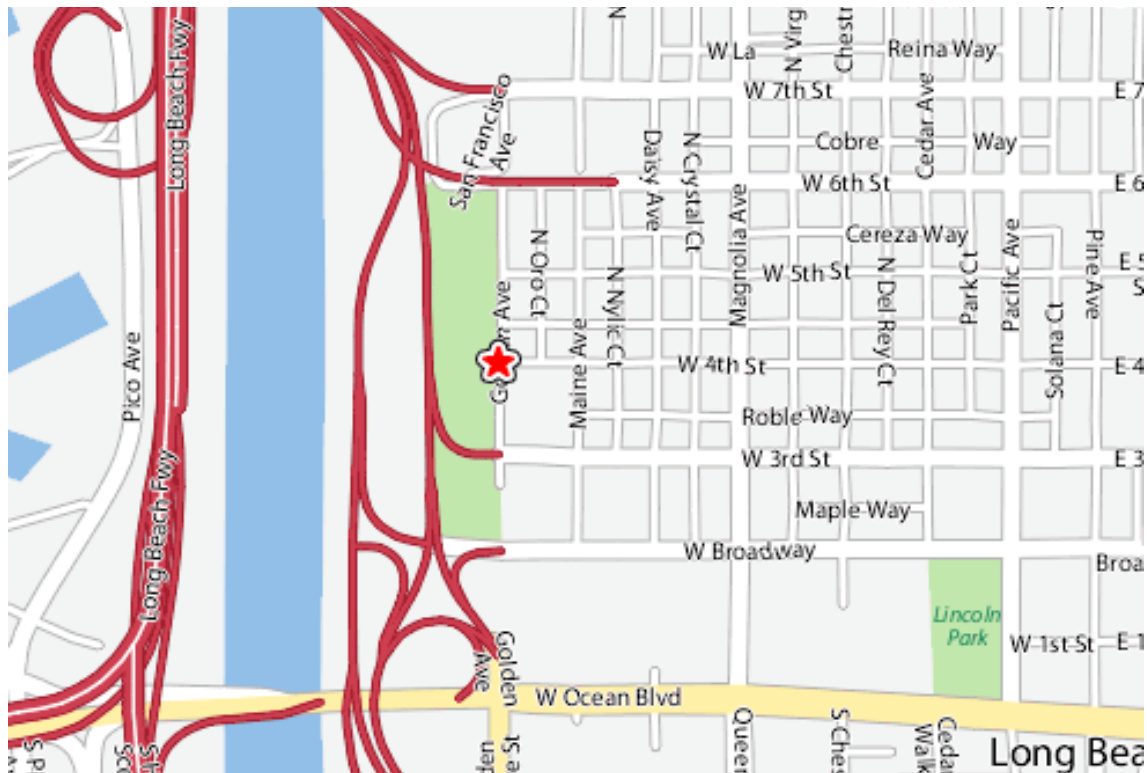
Next Long Beach Hash Run # 1273  
Thursday April 17<sup>th</sup>, 2008 6:30 PM  
Hares: **DOUBLE ENTRY & NICE HAIR FAG**  
Location: Long Beach, Thomas Guide: 795 C-7  
Cost: \$4.00

Run begins at Cesar Chavez Park

Directions: From the 710 South, get off at Ocean. Left on Ocean, left on Magnolia and left on 5th St. into the park. It is the same place last year's Grand Prix run started, but has a different middle and end. "I promise", says NICE HAIR FAG.

This is the final race in Champ Car history. Maybe the final Long Beach H3 Grand Prix run? We say that every year though.

There will be awards for the best "Cardboard Box Car". At least wear whatever type of racing clothes you have. Even if it is your Speed Racer P.J.'s from when you were a kid.



Alouette  
Neva Higgins  
707 Nancy Lane  
Fullerton, CA 92381