

LBH3 Snoozeletter

Long Beach Hash House Harriers Hotline (562) HASHITT 4/24/2008 www.lbh3.org

I arrived at my first Long Beach hash as a resident of Long Beach, CA.

Nice Hair Fag told me, “**Sponge**, you’re scribing tonight, here.” Actually, what I heard was, “**Sponge**, I will give you beer tonight, beer.” I said, “OK. These Long Beach hashers are soooooo friendly.” **Jesus Christ Super Scar** welcomed me to the run by informing me he is visiting from the Planet Clitoris and demanded that I take him to my leader. Since Captain Sparrow is sleeping off a drunk somewhere and I am lacking new material, I offered him beer instead.

Moan n’ Fucker looked like a really sexy girl Speed Racer, decked out in red leather marked ‘Route 69’. **Last Train**’s a fag. She greeted me in some consternation, casting a nervous eye backwards to the gaggle of hoodlums observing our run preparations. **Broomhilda** lit several firecrackers out of her vending box and nailed the ‘lums with expert aim. Wow! Kill Bill 3!

Chewy shaved! Since **Last Train** likes them shaved, they ran hand in hand towards the bushes.

Pee Wee’s kid **Just John** styled in full racing gear and sitting in a working racecar stroller complete with light and sound.

The trail started out running directly towards the elementary school. Yeah, recruit them young. And then around the elementary school. And then a cluster fuck at the elementary school. Seriously guys, let’s nip this thing in the bud right now with some counseling and meds for y’all.

Down freeway embankment, crossed freeway, past a homeless guy’s bed and camp...he was Charon on our



**Gentlemen,
start your
engines!**



**I’ll pick Royal
Flush for my
Hashit
nomination.**

CORRECTION: LAST TRAIN wants you to know that the title of his 3/30 run write-up is really: WHALEBONER WRITE-UP POOR AIM

passage to the next place, hand out for a coin. The women drew close together as they ran, purposeful, across the heath.

Then, we entered a strange purgatorial world. We wandered through the grassy fields of the Long Beach Grand Prix ... beer, o beer, everywhere...but not a drop for us, for the hares blessed us with no beerchecks. Tecate banners whipped in the wind around us in these empty fields, inflated Tecate cans rocked back and forth, mocking us with their impassive faces. A Giant Western Sausage Truck set forlornly, unloved, on a pebbly track. And the harriettes mourned, for while the promise of beer and hot sausage was loud around us, we all came away undrunk and unlaid. And there was no rejoicing. All advertising.

I was so desperate for a beer by this time that I offered to flash one of the beertenders packing up his wares from the day. He politely declined. Oh, wait. I forgot I’m in Long Beach.

At long last, by the way, **Last Train** is a fag. Anyways, we entered the parking garage of the Hilton, rounded a corner, and lo and behold, the first beercheck. Warm Tecate awaited us, albeit served with a smile by a lovely blonde on tricked-out fuzzy black crutches. Shortcutters were already hightailing it to Hooters, where the Dirty Dozen sucked down the only actual cold beer on trail before the runners got there to be told with a smirk by overly-made up Hooters girls that there WAS NO BEER. **Horny Toad** and **Spanky** refused to go into Hooters because he was worried about his owner. Hashhit accusations for the hares began to burn in my ears.

However, the savage beast was soothed when the trail ran us through the middle of the night's entertainment --- 4 hot hot hoooooootttttttt motorcyclists doing twisty turny sexy hot stunts on their motorcycles in the air above the crowd. As the harriettes enjoyed the rewards, hands reverently placed in pants, **Last Train** sauntered up and commented, "You know what I would have liked better? A topless show!" All the excited females agreed quickly --- we want to see those hot motorcycling men naked just as much as **Last Train** does. Girls asked **Howdy Doo Me** on the road for photo ops. He agreed, but since he was FRB there's only a swoosh across the photos.



Just John has the fastest stroller in town.

I found visiting LA hashers **Asscrackistan** and **ZZ Topknot** sipping beer from the straw of their racing mugs. They missed the whole trail sitting in traffic. Oh well, what more can you expect from people who drink beer from straws?

Titt Mitt got awarded Best Junk in the Trunk, while **Fungus** took home honors for Smallest Dipstick.

In down downs, **Numb Nuts** and his formula UHHH thanked Pabst Blue Ribbon for their sponsorship. He then gave his leftovers to the homeless and solved debt in the Third World. The hood guys in the park thanked us, and then drank the rest of our PBR. **Buster Hymen** was overheard, conspiratorially telling two young boys in the parking lot, "No, boys, you don't ever have to grow up."

Just John won the prize for Best Car.

The park rangers arrived to trample our liberties and to throw innocent hashers out of a public park before midnight just because we were exercising our right to free speech and congregation. Luckily, **Jesus Christ Super Scar** was on good terms with his little wanger ranger from a previous sting on the LBH3, and they went quietly away after **JCSC** sucked them off, humming the tune from 'E.T.'

Corn Hole Hussie was welcomed back to the hash after 5 too long weeks away from home. She was heard stating, "Even though this trail sucked, it doesn't matter." She was not angry about the lack of beer on trail, for she had befriended a group of men in the camp on the riverbed, and they had provided her with endless cans of ice cold Tecate. M&*^*f*)(^&()!!!!

Hashshit for **Venus de Penis**, who had announced on trail that **Lance's** panties have more skid marks than the racetrack has hairpin turns.

Hi Speed Copulator honored for 500 runs.

Tits Ahoy still lost on trail?

Birthdays: **Stumbelina, Massive Two Tits, and VFW**

on onnn to more people knowing songs. **Sponge**

Hot Wheels there, Bust Her. What did they cost?



Looks like Ben Dover has plenty of gas!



**R.I.P.
Libby "Loose Joint" Deschenes
LAH3 - LBH3 - OCH3
Foothill H3**

THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 172 Date: 4/28/1988 (20 years ago)
Place: Palos Verdes, Rolling Hills, Lomita etc.
Hares: POGUE MAHOWN & DOG BOTT
Miles: estimated between 11 – 100
Attendance: 64

In the 20 years since this hash run occurred, there have been some really bad ones!! Many have tried, but no one can top this run for **Worst Run Ever!** The run began at Palos Verdes Drive North and Rolling Vista, great territory for hashing. The hares had laid trail before, but not for LBH3. The scribe, McMUFFDIVER, referred to this as the “Palos Verdes Marathon”, and he wasn’t kidding. So we were off and running. We climbed some fences, we found a check at a school that took 15 minutes to break and by the time we reached Mile 6, we had not seen a beer check yet. Then we entered a veritable jungle where poison oak was plentiful. Once we emerged, we spent 20 minutes at another check. RIFF RAFF kicked the dirt and FRUIT swore. We trudged onward, and got really, really tired of hearing Palos Verdes peacocks calling “on on, on on”. Two hours and fifteen minutes later (on a Thursday night, by the way), down-downs began. DARKTANYON and his trusty truck, The Slophog, combed the streets looking for stragglers and found plenty. Some of us did not make it to the end until down-downs were over. The hares got Hashit for, get this, laying part of the trail from their car! Wisely, they provided free beer at the On-On to help the pack forget this trail from hell. 20 years later, we still haven’t forgotten it!

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

RECEDING HARELINE

5/8	1276	PIG IRON
5/15	1277	Open – see Poor Aim to sign up
5/22	1278	VICTORIA’S SECRETIONS
5/29	1279	DICKKOREATER
6/5	1280	Open – see Poor Aim to sign up
6/12	1281	4H
6/19	1282	PIG IRON
6/26	1283	SIN D BARE
7/3	1284	NICE HAIR FAG, IT’S A BUST

RESULTS OF LBH3 Run # 1273

DATE: 4/17/2008
PLACE: Long Beach – Cesar Chavez Park
HARES: NICE HAIR FAG, DOUBLE ENTRY
MILES: 5
ATTENDANCE: 103
NEW BOOTS: Steve Radovich, Dawn Straub, Mary Briseno, Kellie Smith, Paul Szabo, John Surmon
RETURNERS: Liz Gear, PHALLUS IN PORNOLAND, DOWN WENDY, FISH LIPS, Sterling Kwong, DOUBLE DIPPER, ASSCRACKISTAN, SUCKS ON TRAIL
VISITORS: JUGGLINS WHORE-A-FIST –New Orleans, PVT. SNOWBALL – Wash DC, RHINO BALLS – Erie, PA, ZZ TOPKNOT - LA
NEW NAMES: none
PATCHES: BUSTER – 169
HARE PATCHES: WILD BILL - 25
HASHIT: NICE HAIR & DOUBLE – Sheer stupidity, 12 beers at Hooters beer check for 100 hashers
ON-ON: Auld Dubliner – Pine Ave.
RUN NOTES: Grand Prix pits and surrounds, street fair, moto-cross jumpers, 2 beer checks – one with warm beer & the other with 12 beers

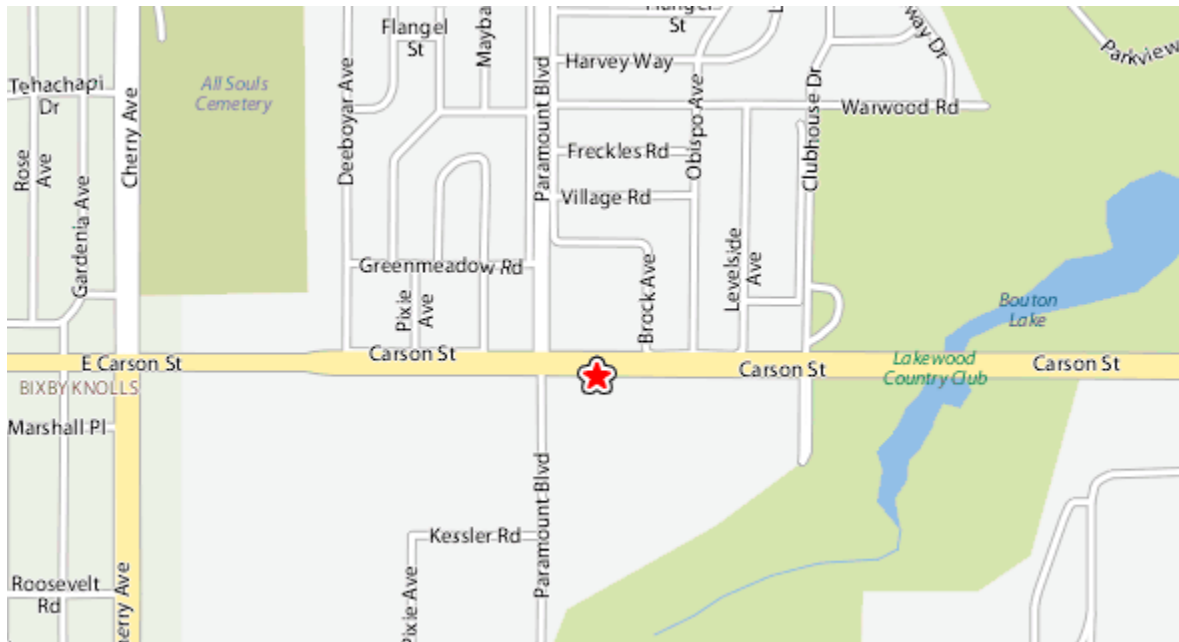
MISMANAGEMENT COMMITTEE 2008

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” Banares	(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 # 1275
Thursday May 1st, 2008 6:30 PM (aka Uno de Mayo)
Hares: BOYZ R US, BABY CRACK WHORE, BUST HER HYMEN
Location: Long Beach/Lakewood TG 765 H-6
Cost: \$4.00 worth of pinto beans

BUST 'ER SAYS: It's Stinko de Mayo. Directions: Back of Wal-Mart. The exact address for you winkers with GPS 2770 Carson St Lakewood CA and for the rest of us: From 405 N or S exit Cherry ave., head North (away from Signal Hill) Make a right on Carson St. Go about 1 - 2 blocks to Wal-Mart and make your way to the back. 605 N or S exit Carson head West past LBCC and past the Golf club, look to your left for the Wal-Mart. LFH
Possible Stroller friendly. Dog friendly providing a pitbull does not escape its cage. There will be a Jello Shot Check.
Witty sayings lost in cyberspace.



Alouette
Neva Higgins
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