

LBH3 Snoozeletter

Long Beach Hash House Harriers Hotline (562) HASHITT 8/07/2008 www.lbh3.org

Trashy Hash: A Hare-y BASH

I worry sometimes when **Numb Nuts** is haring a trail, because those freaking BOHICA guys have no sense of, well... anything... when it comes to appropriate distance.

I also worry sometimes when **Bust'er Hymen** is haring, because those freaking Beaners have no sense of, well... anything when it comes to harriettes and well... procreating.

With **Bust'er**, there are so many trailheads that are off-limits, because he has to avoid Stalkers 1 through 69... but with **Numb Nuts**, there is seemingly no trailhead off-limits, though on a bicycle... there should be.

So, imagine my surprise when I find that these two idiots are haring together (The Odd Couple, anti-matter, Muff and Jett...) and it's not from **Bust'er Park**(ing Lot).

My major cause for concern on this trail would be that **Numb Nuts** might convince **Bust'er** to run another marathon, but disguise it as a hash... and that **Bust'er** would have 11 bar beer checks, but no beer.

I thought I might get a little insight into what I might find on the trail during Thursday's **Beer-O-Thon** committee meeting prior to the hash. **Spurtz**, **Numb Nuts** and I were putting the finishing touches on our version of the Beer Mile...only at Marathon/Half Marathon and 10K distances (you DON'T drink a beer every quarter mile, though)... on September 5th.



Hey – why are they having Bible Study in OUR parking lot?



Who R U calling a tree hugger?

Surprise NHF. It's a BUSTER!!!!



Numb Nuts, who is always bragging about his 100-miler prowess, was surprisingly tight-lipped. Even **Spurtz** said that he never got her that "tight-lipped" at home. I had gotten him too occupied with repairing my bicycle and putting on a special lock that would only open if I was using it for BASHing.

At about 5:30, they were desperate to get over to the start and we drove over, with the bike not yet repaired (Lost Hasher update: **Spider** was living in my gearshifts. Who knew?). We were early to the parking lot and there were tons of spaces, but it was rapidly filling up with Suburbans and SUVs (some Brainwashing Church activity, I think) – so almost everybody had to park on the street after a cute little girl with Tourette's told **Alouette** to "Get the Fuck out of our God Damned parking lot!"

I thought I would have a nice conversation with my favorite fattest harriette, **It's a Bust**, and tell her how I was finally going to do a hash without being the scribe. I was working my way to the waddler, when WTF! **Numb Nuts** asked me to be the scribe. Funk! Schniznit!

I still managed to have a conversation with the 5 or 6 hashers who were not going to Tehashshitty – **Just Steve**, **Just Sterling**, **Just Tammy**, **Just Snowblower** and **Just Hitter in the Shitter**. I guess only named people were going.

I had barely gotten a mugful of beer when everyone set off. I sprinted for about 7 yards and then wound up walking with **Just Sosumi** (also not going to the crapout – something about

Chili Crap Out, I think). We rapidly fell behind, missed the Eagle turnoff (though later, saw **Take A #** with a huge gash on her heretofore perfect legs, so good one, assholes!), and proceeded up onto the freeway, over an overpass, through the woods, to **Chewcaca**'s house we go.

Only **Chewcaca** wasn't there, nor any of his **Nipple-on** rugrats and wife. (Lost Hasher Update: **Chewcaca** has joined the Spanish Armada, which is currently invading Mauritius, Antarctica and Zimbabwe. Don't know when he'll be back.) So, looks like typical **Bust'er** beer check numero uno (that's number one for you non-Spanish speakers. If you don't know what that means, I'll sing "You're not Number 5" for ya...).

A little later, the flour looked a bit older (like the last **BOHICA** we did from **Chewy**'s) and it headed for the river trail. Even though there wasn't flour anywhere else, people on this trail seemed flummoxed (**Spread'em** and **Little Dutch Boy** finally gave up and ran down the street – an effective shortcut). We reached the fence that we typically go around, but it was underwater...which meant that **AJ**, "**The Other**," **Chubby Bust-y** and other height-impaired harriettes had to climb over.

This turned out to be torture because **Boy** "**I Wish this Trail were Longer**" **George** was bitchin' that he hadn't seen trail in 1.69 seconds, and he stopped to smoke a fag while we all continued on trail (Lost Hasher Update: ...until **It's a Bust** said, "Stop it, **George**, he's my Baby Daddy.").



**VFW gets a patch.
Rear Admiral stops by
for a beer!**



**Here's to
Uniballer!
And when
one drinks,
they all
drink.**

When we got to PCH, everyone was wondering how the trail could be A to A (hare lies) if we were heading in the total wrong direction. **Jesus Christ Superscar** said excitedly, "I bet we are heading to Joe Jost's;" while **Sosumi** conjectured that we were probably going to the 49r.

Just in case the distance wasn't long enough, instead of running up the center part of Bellflower Blvd., **Numb Nuts** decided (Lost Hasher update: **Bust'er** was taken to the hospital, collapsing after only 17 miles.) to take us up the **STEEP** part of Bellflower, which **Sosumi** said was called "Airplane Hill," way back in 1904, when he attended college at Long Beach State. (It was called that because the lesser known Left brothers flew the **REAL** first airplane off of that hill, but the Associated Press said they couldn't list the name of the airship, "Pussy Hawk" in any syndicated newspapers.)

Soon, we made our way to 49rs, just as **Sosumi** predicted and had plenty of beer (and the winos had Wine).

When **Snowblower** blew on through, I ran with her back through the campus to the end of trail, and the usual yummy **AJ** and munchies, beer, namings, flashing churchgoers.

Highlights of down-downs included: Two namings – you can read the names in the stats, but I give you the runner up names (**Chopin Up Nuts** and **F*ck the Churchgoers' Kids**), and creative down-downs from **Hairy Twatter** – **Absolut Whore**'s son **Just Kyle** and I were asking about the Birds and the Bees before the run, so **Hairy** was no better than my parents were – he gave us a trashy book and told us to look it up. Look, I wanna know what love is... I want you to show me!

After keg-hanging for awhile and resting the legs (15K for the Turkey and 18 miles for the Eagle), half the pack went to Pete's at the Beach (as listed on the web), half the pack went to 49rs (as the hares announced) and half the pack went to **Numb Nuts** and **Bust'er**'s favorite hangout – Fantasy Castle (Lost Hashers Update: **Jesus Christ Superscar** just moved to Long Beach and got a job at Fantasy Castle. On his first lap dance, **Nice Hair Fag** threw up on him.)

--Pillsbury Blow Boy

THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 733 Date: 8/2/1998 (10 years ago)
Place: Big Bear Campout Weekend
Hares: NADIA CUM N EAT ME, DANCES WITH
SQUIRRELS, P.T. PHUQUE
Miles: 5 if by land, 2 if by sea Attendance: 52

Run #733 was the Sunday trail of LBH3's Squirrelly Campout weekend in Big Bear. Our small campground was pretty primitive, and we had to rent port-a-potties to accommodate the crowd. By Sunday morning, they were a) full and b) shrink-wrapped with saran wrap. At about 11:30 AM, we headed over to the other side of Big Bear Lake to begin our Sunday hangover run. After running for about 10 minutes, we reached a boat launch and a flotilla of canoes. Four (or more) hashers per canoe, we began to row across the lake. The slackers rode on a pontoon boat skippered by 6-9 SPLIT. Most made safe passage, but REAR ADMIRAL somehow managed to tip his canoe and WILD BILL, BUN HUGGERS, ALOUETTE, BLOW UP DOLL and BOYZ R US all ended up in the drink. They made it to shore about 45 minutes later. When we landed, we encountered an eagle/turkey split and those that took the very challenging eagle were totally beat when they reached the on-in 1 1/2 to 2 hours later. Many hashers and dogs headed straight to the lake to cool off and refresh themselves. Exhausted, cranky and tired hashers blew through down-downs in short order. For once, they were even grateful for the block of ice to sit on. REAR ADMIRAL got the hashit for "going down with the ship". Some hashers then headed home, while the die-hards headed to Frog's Restaurant for a bite to eat, including SQUIRREL's dog that took his bite out of POKEY's ass!

CUMING NEXT WEEK!

SPECIAL LBH3 BEER SCOUT CAMP WEEKEND SNOOZELETTER!

**See how we celebrated LBH3's
1300th Run. Who earned the
most Demerit Badges at Camp?
Who were the Chili Cookoff
Winners? To be revealed next
week ... along with Pot Ho's
Vegetarian Chili Recipe.**

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

Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org

RECEDING HARELINE

8/14 1292	POOR AIM, ALOUETTE Lingerie Run
8/21 1293	Open – see POOR AIM to sign up
8/28 1294	PILLSBURY, FISH LIPS – Blue Dress Run
9/4 1295	PIG IRON
9/11 1296	SIN D BARE
9/18 1297	Open – see POOR AIM to sign up

RESULTS OF LBH3 Run # 1288

DATE: 7/31/2008

PLACE: Long Beach – Studebaker & Anaheim

HARES: NUMB NUTZ, BUSTER HYMEN

MILES: 5.77

ATTENDANCE: 92

NEW BOOTS: Miranda Smith, Evan Trujillo

RETURNERS: OFF, SOSA, SPURTZ. HITTER IN THE

SHITTER, SNOWBLOWER, FLUFF BOY (and a late drop-in by REAR ADMIRAL)

VISITORS: SMOKIN' SEAMAN – Sacramento, JOEY

BUTTA FUCKU, HONEY DO ME, YAK IN THE BOX

NEW NAMES: Sterling Kwong is UNIBALLER, Steve Radovich is NOT IN FRONT OF THE KIDS

PATCHES: VFW – 25, PINKY – 400 and cap

HARE PATCHES: none

HASHIT: SPACE AVAILABLE – our Hashit magnet

ON-ON: PETE'S AT THE BEACH

RUN NOTES: Revival meeting at run start, beer check at 49'er.

Skippy marks, street run, walkers were FRB's, FUNGUS snared here

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) 420-2830
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

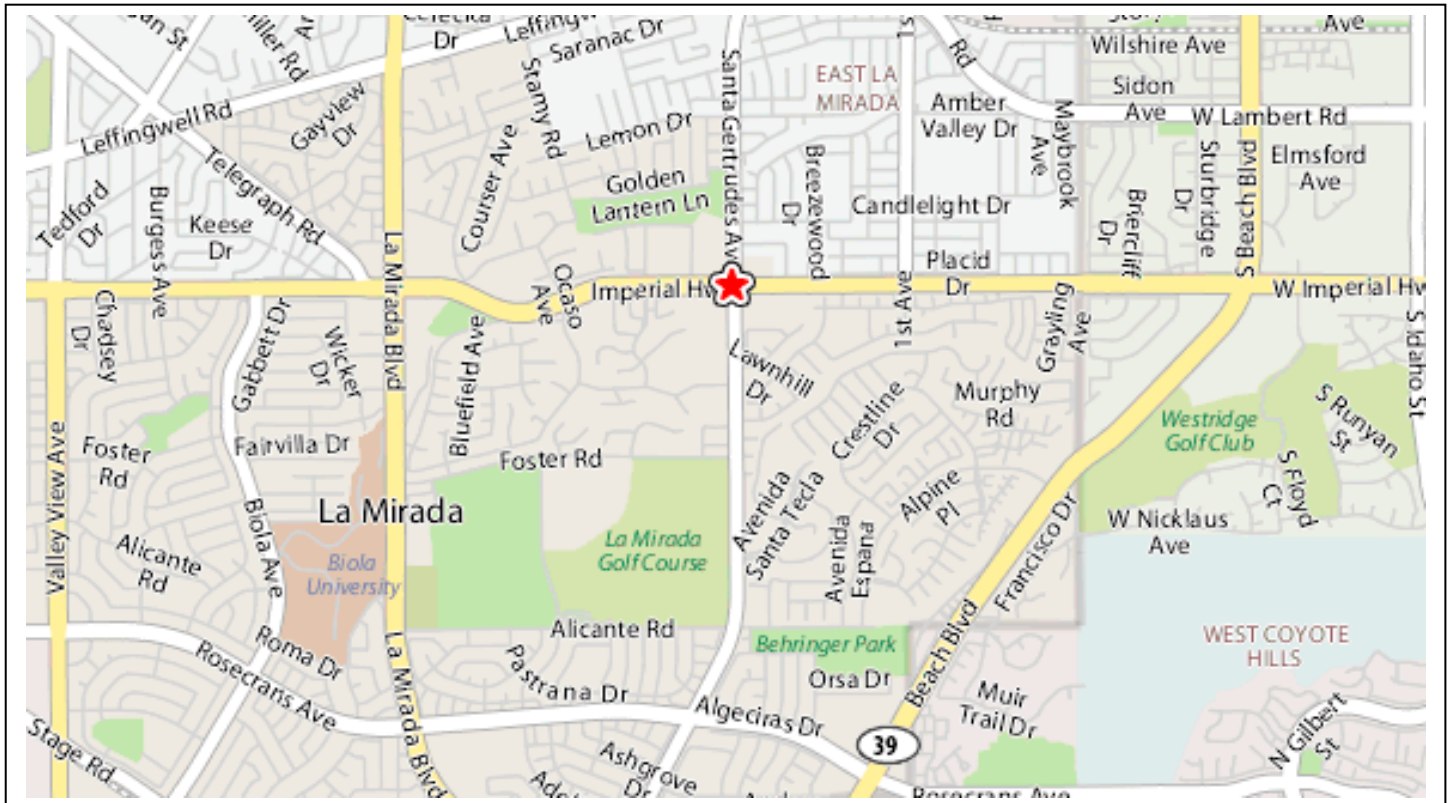
Webmeister: "HomoSAXual" – lbh3beer@hotmail.com

Webmeister – Snooze: pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com

Next Long Beach Hash Run # 1292
Thursday August 14th, 2008 6:30 PM
Hares: ALOUETTE & POOR AIM
Location: La Mirada TG 737 J-1
Cost: \$4.00

Directions: Find your way to Beach Blvd and the 91. Go north on Beach Blvd, left (west) on Rosecrans, right (north) on Santa Gertrudes. Turn right into the strip mall at the southeast corner of Santa Gertrudes and Imperial, drive behind the strip mall and look for hashers.

It's time to dress up in your finest frillies and strut your stuff at the LBH3 Lingerie run. After the Tehachapi campground, and Jock's Junkyard run, it's time to slip into some silk and chiffon and let your cleavage glow....Will Howdy trade in his Tehachapi wedding gown for something a more racy???



Alouette
Neva Higgins
707 Nancy Lane
Fullerton, CA 92831