

Long Beach H3 Snooze

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

March 1, 2009

Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

LBH3 Screws Up Marti Gras

Marti Gras, Fat Tuesday, one last chance to indulge before the season of Lent; a time for reflection, penance, and self-denial. The Hashers from Long Beach lived up to the Marti Gras billing. Bright colors were plentiful and **Venus de Penis** and **Snatch of the Day** were dolled up with vibrant Marti Gras masks and colorful beads. **Sosumi**, **Necrofisiac**, and **Jock** were also sporting beads, but nobody wanted to imagine how they earned them or see them get any more.

Despite the pathetic directions from **Sin D Bear** (East? West? Who cares?) the turn out was impressive. Surprisingly, and even though we were in their own backyard, there were more Hashers from OC than LA. Pre-Hare Lies, everyone was milling about chatting about last week's adventures. In the fine LBH3 tradition of "Find a Last Minute Scribe" my services were requested after **Last Train** was not up to the task. Armed with a dull pencil and 2 scraps of paper I was equipped to make people famous. **Buster** was the ugliest fashion model we've ever seen prancing around showing off the latest T-shirt by **Sir Lance a Nut**. **Just Jean** was diligently filling out her information sheet for an eventual naming. **Moan 'N Fuck'er**, **Stillet-Ho**, and **Hurl Necklace** used the time to exchange beauty tips. **Just Kenna** was doing her best impression of a hot chick bouncing on a trampoline minus the trampoline.

The Pack is off! **Fruit's** whistle is still shrill and annoying. As we race across the street from Pan Pacific Park **Fungusamungus** immediately goes off on his own adventure short cutting the hell out of the trail. As we weaved through the neighborhoods we were cheered on by residents and busy yard sale shoppers alike. **Jesus Christ Super Scar** was trying hard to keep up with **Just Kenna** and looked like your typical dirty old man chasing after a pert catholic school girl. In an effort to decipher trail **JCSS** consulted **Kammonawannaleia** who pointed out where trail appeared to go. If she was wrong she would have lied to Jesus! Dashing through the grounds of Fairfax High School the hash collided with, tripped over, and got yelled at by swap meet vendors getting ready for the business day.

RESULTS OF LBH3 Run #1323

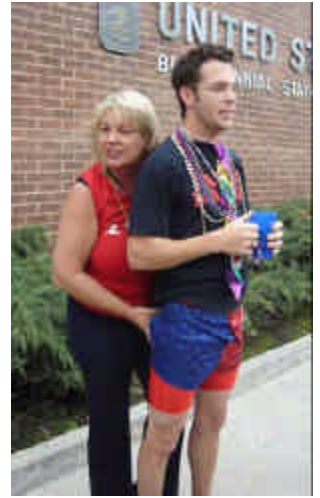
Date: February 22, 2009
Location: Los Angeles
Miles: 5
Hares: SIN D BEAR
Attendance: 72
New Boots: None
Visitors: CHESSY NUTS from Budapest, STROKING IN THE BOYS ROOM, STACK O MAN HO'Z, HURL NECKLACE, SLIPPERY MONS, Kenna Smith, Robin Atkin--LAH3, HOT WHEELS & D-BASE from Santa Cruz.
Returners: V-8, SEE MORE BUNS, HOP ON, CUM ON MY LONG RIDE
Patches: TITS AHOY - 200
Hashitt: Fungus--Did he have the hashit last week?—Too many long winded nominations
On-On: Gumbo Pot at Farmer's Market
Run Notes: Streets of LA, marks in Farmers Market swept up Beer Check in Tar Pits—Security guard erased checkmark A to A Chased out of park --no permit—moved to post office parking lot.



Sosumi took a moment to nostalgically glance around his old Alma Mater, Class of 1960. Things sure had changed from when he as a high school greaser chasing skirts.

Trail lead passed the big CBS Studio and down some back alley. It wouldn't be LA if you didn't encounter some chicken coop in some unexpected corner of the city. As we pushed on we found ourselves in The Grove dodging busy shoppers and tourists. The sanitation crew was out in force mopping up the flour and chalk trail markers the whole time cursing hashers under their breath. The marks that hadn't been swabbed up meandered through the small shops and restaurants of the LA Farmer's Market. **Sin D Bear** had predisposed the location of the after party and marked "On On On" at the entrance of the market. **Sosumi** and **Hurl Necklace** decided to make it a wine stop and started down-downs early. Upon exiting the Farmer's Market, the hare must have thought that he was out of reach of any hounds because he ornately decorated the corner of Fairfax & 3rd with chalk pictures and inspirational messages of "Peace & Love" and "Work for Peace" obviously getting ready for Lent. We then found ourselves running down a street that was lined with nothing but Jewish bakeries and delicatessens. I wonder if Markowitz went in for a locks and cream cheese bagel.

"Beer Near" is music to everyone's ear and the setting was in the La Brea Tar Pits. **Whale Boner** got super excited about some fossils they found there: **Hozer** and **Fruit of the Loom**. While hashers drank beer, hurricanes, and B.S.ed I learned that our resident FRB, **Howdy Do Me**, got passed by **Just Kenna**. Watch out **Phallus**, there's another speed-demon on the loose! I got a chance to chat with our furthest traveling hasher, **Cheesy Balls** from Budapest. You'll be relieved to know that hashing is exactly the same in Hungary except they do down-downs with insanely spicy bowls of hot goulash. The late comers suddenly showed up at the beer check and kept the party going. Most of them followed the rest of the pre-layed trail backward from A-prime. They vented their frustration about being all screwed up by the directions so I think we need to get **Sin D Bear** a Thomas Guide. The pace heading back out was a bit languid, but the speed picked up as we all got moving again. I saw the 3rd "Hare Snare" of the day and this one was by **Hozer!** Maybe too much fun at the beer check for the hare.

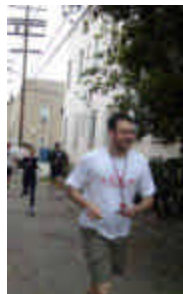


Finally to the On-In where the hashers attacked the munchies table and beer taps. While filling my vessel I overheard **Whale Boner** asking **Last Train**, "Are you going to do an anal one?" to which **Last Train** responded, "No. I'm too tired." I guess it's not just gals, gay guys come up with excuses too. **Chin Ball Wizard** learned that **Hurl Necklace** loves meat and will do anything to get it. The Circle got broken up because **Pinky** forgot to get a park permit for a gathering exceeding 5 people. No Problem, our fearless GMs lead us around a block wall where we finished down-downs in the Post Office parking lot.

On-On-On was back at the Farmer's Market where the gumbo was hearty, the jambalaya was spicy, and Marti Gras was in full swing. More late comers showed up and joined the party including a very hung over **V.F.W.** A New Orleans style jazz band was playing their hearts out and **Tissue Tits** and **Spread'em Bitch** were earning beads the old fashioned way.

Until next time, I remain as always,
your obedient servant,

Fart & Smile



receiving hareme

3/15	1326	Broom & JCSS – St. Patty’s Day
3/22	1327	Dickoreater
3/29	1328	Nice Hair Fag – Last Sunday Run/Anaheim
4/2	1329	Phallus & Sin D
4/9	1330	Kowpaddy Kowboy
4/16	1331	OPEN Grand Prix Run – see Trailmaster to sign up
4/30	1332	Fungus or SOSA or Weed Wacker

THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 767 Date: 3/7/1999 (10 years ago)
Place: Long Beach
Hares: IGNORANT FUCK, LITTLE WHOPPER
Miles: 6 plus Attendance: 47

It was Betty Ford weekend, and while many hashers were out of town, 47 of the faithful gathered at a junior high school near Cal State Long Beach. Scribes **POOR AIM** and **QPC** had a “Rush Week” Theme for their collaborative write-up and declared that **GM 8 YELLOW SNOW** was the president of their fraternity, *1 Tappa Keg*. The hares had promised virgin territory (in Long Beach? Are you kidding?), but when we took off, we went through familiar neighborhoods, tunnels and muddy creek beds. Gentlemanly hashers **POOR AIM** and **ASSFINDER** helped walkers **WILL WORK FOR SEX**, **FREE SAMPLES** and **4N LAY** navigate the mud, the only shiggy on the trail. Trail led all the way to Beverly Manor and Seizure World before coming to a merciful end at the on-in. Down-downs included some patches (69th for **QPC**, 100th for **PEE WEE SPERMAN**, who got to dive for his in **QPC**’s cleavage), and the awarding of the hashit to **8 YELLOW SNOW** for losing his “No Whining” sign. The on-on was at 3rd Avenue Pizza.

Gossip, Write-ups, Pictures, Hash Directions, and other Blasphemy **MUST BE RECEIVED by Wednesday at 5 p.m.** Otherwise, it will not appear in the Snooze! E-mail to: snooze@lbh3snooze.org.

Redneck Harley and...



Just a redneck!!!



Mismanagement Committee 2009

Grandmasters:	Eddie “Pinky” Scott “Sin-A-Bun”	(714) 756-BYOB (310) 544-5223
Hash Cash:	Don “Fungus” Markowitz Laura “Hi Speed Copulator” Gaber	(310) 378-6453 (562) 822-8400
On Sec:	JoAnn “6-9 Split” Levandoski Bonnie “Tweedle Me” Gleeson	(562) 858-6511 (562) 596-4368
	Email to: snooze@lbh3snooze.org	
On Disk:	Neva “Alouette” Higgins Victoria “Geezer Teaser” Rivera	(714) 526-7823 (714) 965-2062
Brewmeisters:	Bill “Last Train to Cuntsville” Nord Marz “Veteran of 4N Whores” Gamboa	(714) SLIME-UP (626) 488-8076
Munchmeisters:	Suzanne “Broomhilda” Gilmore Kurt “Nice Hair Fag” Hesse	(562) 423-6149 (949) 294-3773
Trailmaster:	Ed “Mr. Rats Ass” Guerrero	(562) 556-0282
Haberdashery:	Dick “Poor Aim” Ames Marcia “Take A #” Chaney	(714) 734-6979 (562) 902-9126
Songmeister:	Debbie “Corn Hole Hussie” Cantril	(562) 400-1099
Hash Flash:	Ed “Scratch N Sniff” Feng Jessica “Snatch of the Day” Alexander	(714) 943-1360 (562) 761-8289
Webmeister-Snooze:	Pillsbury Blow Boy – pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com	
Webmeister-General:	HomoSaxual – lbh3beer@hotmail.com	

SLOSHBALL (#1325)

Sunday, March 8th, 10 am

Hares: Screw Cap, Wet Clam & Whaleboner

Location: Irvine, LA (TG 763 B-2)

Cost: \$5 + \$5 for sloshball, pizza, & beer

Directions:

Take the 405 frwy south exit Sand Canyon/Shady cyn exit. Turn left on Sand Canyon. And make 1st right on Alton parkway and left at (2nd light) Laguna Cyn. The Make 1st Left into Parking lot.LFH From the 405 frwy northbound Take the Sand canyon exit and follow above instructions.

This is the Annual OCHHH vs LBH3. After the Run, We are playing Softball So Bring a GLOVE. If you don't have one you can probably borrow one. There is an extra 5 dollars if you are staying for sloshball this is to cover extra beer and Pizza. If you don't want to play, there is plenty of room for the hecklers! So bring a chair and enjoy! Sloshball is not Kid friendly!



Alouette
Neva Higgins
707 Nancy Lane
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