



Long Beach H3 Snooze

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

June 4, 2009

Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

POOP FICTION: Sounds of the Tape Magnetic, White Noise From the Black Box

Attention Walkers

At the last LBH3 Bored meeting, the topic “walkers leaving with the hares, or shortly after the hares,” was discussed. It was brought up because there are those who feel walkers should be allowed to leave whenever they want while others think that everyone in the pack should leave at the same time (as they do in most all other hashes). While some see a benefit of allowing walkers to leave early so they’re not on trail all night, others have observed that allowing the walkers to leave shortly after the hares ruins the first few checks that the hares have set to slow down runners, particularly FRBs. We know that walkers make it a point not to mark the checks or yell “on on,” but when FRBs arrive at a check only to look ahead in the distance and see a group of walkers heading up a hill or down an alley... the check didn’t have be marked to point out the direction of the trail, so of course the purpose of the check has been defeated.

After lengthy discussion, it was agreed that walkers can leave earlier than the pack, but no more than 5 minutes before the pack (at least 10 minutes after the hares). The Bored sees this policy as a fair compromise and is asking all walkers to support it. Any walker or runner who is concerned about coming in late to the On In can always go to the start and follow the directions to the end that should be displayed prominently on the ground.

We’ll try it this way for awhile to see how it works, will modify as needed... if you’ve got an opinion, share it with any of your hard-working Bored members.

MRA, Trailmaster

It was almost peaceful on the hill as the first sages of hypothermia set in. The dark, dank, smothering cold swept over the hill in sheets like silent wings, lulling the hillside into a nocturnal bliss as the fog crushed the life out of the sun. “Sweet Jesus, it’s cold in this fucking place!” I said as I got out of **BROOMHILDA**’s truck. Spring had unmercifully left the peninsula alone. Maybe the hill is some kind of magnet that draws cold air and weirdness to it like a lightning rod, but for whatever reason, being the creatures of bad habits that we are, we came here tonight to do it all over again.

Last year, the two-man Lynch mob of **YUL JACKOFF** and **HORNEY TOAD** won “Trail of the Year” for their campaign that took the Long Beach Hash to a new level of painful excitement, and despite the double indemnity clause in American law that prevents miscreants from being “Lynched” a second time, we showed up enthusiastically for another chance to stretch the rope.

Waiting for our second chance to wind up in jail or the emergency room at the hands of the Lynch boys were **ROYAL FLUSH, NICE HAIR, WILD BILL, ALOUETTE, BIG BOOBS, DEEP STROKE, DICKKREATER, A T & T, and WRECT HIM.**

RESULTS OF LBH3 Run #1337

Date:	May 28, 2009
Location:	Palos Verdes, Silver Spur Elementary School
Miles:	5
Hares:	HORNEY TOAD & YULL JACKOFF
Attendance:	73
New Boots:	Michael Ackermann, Tanna Cash, Brenda & Nikkol Denney, Kjerstin Elmen-Gruys, Pick Simily, Aidan Russell-Smith
Visitors:	CUM SO HARD ME DIE & CUNTOGRAPHER from Tucson H3 and FORREST HUMP from Japan
Returners:	CHOPENIS, JUSTINE THE BABE, Dave Potter
Patches:	Phallus in Pornoland = 50
New Names:	None
Hashitt:	SIN D BEAR for wanting the haberdashers to order “cute” Croch footwear
On-On:	Scully’s for karaoke or keg hang
Run Notes:	Five, count’em 5 beer checks! Scenic, horse trails, fun, good trail. On In at Yull Jackoff’s front yard. Hares provided a 6’ burrito & fixins’, sandwiches and other amenities.

The tone of misbehavior rang in my ears like a fire alarm as we boozed ourselves up in preparation to step off of the straight, narrow road to reason and into the blood world of animal survival and uncertainty.

The second hand on my watch sounded like sledgehammers beating on a rail as the hour of 6:30 arrived. In my heightened state of awareness, I was ready for anything the Lynch boys would throw at us, but what about the rest of the hash? Would they be ready to go hand-to-hand with the trail and the two best hares of 2008?

We had again driven ourselves to the raw, jagged edge of catastrophe in search of cold beer and adventure, and with all other options in life cast into the waste basket like yesterday's newspapers, there was nothing left to do but jump, and at 6:45 we did just that. As **FRUIT**'s whistle sounded, I pushed the "rec" button on my recorder and didn't look back. It was going to be all downhill from here.

We were only 300 feet into the run when we came to the first E/T split. The hares had warned us that if you weren't ready for a royal ass beater of a trail, you'd best take the turkey. The old man in me said, "Take the turkey," but the lunatic in me told me to take the eagle. With the hares' promise of 5 beer checks, the lunatic won.

About 200 feet from the split, I stood with **CAPTAIN HOOK, PRINCESS OF INCEST, CHINBALL WIZARD, HOWDY, LAST TRAIN, MR RAT, I DID BUTT, POOR AIM, CUM NAIL ME, PILLSBURY, JANE FONDLE, 4H, BOY GEORGE** and **DANCING QUEEN** and prepared to take the first of what was to be several harrowing drops into the unforgiving peril infested brush. As I prepared to take the drop, I told myself, "Drink fast, haul ass, and tend to your wounds later!" I took a big hit of Pabst and committed.

We dropped down the steep trail into the brush. "Don't worry if you fall, God will stop you at the bottom," I yelled to the first wave of inebriated family members in front of me. "Don't worry, don't worry, and for God's sake, don't slow down!" People in front of me began falling like rain down into the canyon. It was a beautiful sight to see. We continued down into the canyon, gravity propelling us for all we were worth. "Double time, double time, God damn it, this is a hash, not a convalescent hospital!" I yelled as I skidded out of control down the rock-strewn, dusty path. There was beer out there, and it was only a matter of time before we found it.

We quickly found the first beer check where we reloaded and continued on. By now, I had so many stickers in my socks, I felt like I was being harpooned by a tribe of rat-sized pigmy bushmen. My spirits soared as we crashed through the brush chasing flour and the next chance to get deeper and deeper into a state of intoxication. We recklessly sped down the trail like a bunch of drunken sailors on a 3-day pass, no, make that a 4-day pass, through the rocks and brush, stoned on the moment and good beer. This is where we live.

After taking an unscheduled soil sample with my face, and being sucker punched by a legion of angry tree limbs, I emerged from the depths of a canyon and onto a road that led by the P.V. Golf Course along with Dr. **MAXWELL STUPID**. The trail had led us back into the shiggy and under a bridge where we found beer check #3.

After taking another 12 oz. shot to the head, I was in that blissful zone where everything in the world is right. All that I really needed now was motion, an ocean of motion, and motion I got, as my legs churned under me like a motorized egg-beater stuck on full throttle as I crashed through the brush with **JUST BRENDA** and **JUST NIKKOL**.

We continued to haul ass, covered in beer, shiggy and the remnants of our own foolishness and excesses until we arrived at another road where trail led us onto the "approved" walking trails of Rolling Hills. We ran for what seemed like miles until we came across beer check number four. Pouring more fuel into what was already a tense situation seemed like the right thing to do at the moment, so I did as we continued into the fading light in search of deeper, more depraved adventure and beer check number five.

Beer check number five was located deep in the heart of P.V. horse country" a community of jack-booted, khaki-pantsed horse fuckers that welcome outsiders as much as a Negro would be at a Klan meeting. Things could get very ugly here if we dawdled at the beer check, so I gassed up and hauled ass. Several minutes later, I came face-to-face with an overstuffed, sweating behemoth of a cow astride a four-legged glue factory reject. "Get off my property!" bellowed the shit-heeled, blathering old sow. Fearing that I was about to be stomped to death by the beast, I raised my tape recorder and pointed it at them like it was a phaser from the old TV series *Star Trek*, and screamed, "Get back God damn you, this thing's set on kill and I know how to use it! Get back, or I'll burn both of you like a cheap steak!" The old hag on the old nag recoiled in horror and shrieked, "Don't phase me bro, don't phase me!" She then goaded the old bag of bones into a full retreat and disappeared down the trail in a cloud of dust and freshly laid horse manure.

Freed from the ugliness of the situation, I ran hard on trail until I came to the top of a mountain with near vertical cliffs that led down into some sort of valley. In the valley below, I could see the trail that led out to another street. Already awash in an orgy of senseless risk taking, I decided with the others to 'surf' down the side of the mountain like the suicidal contestants at the Pipeline Masters on Oahu, where surfers plummet down the face of forty foot waves that break in about two feet of water. One wrong move here and you get ground into hamburger on the coral reef below. With the fear of drowning an impossibility and no coral in sight, we one by one assumed our big wave macho/sumo stances and dropped in. Sliding down the hill completely out of control unleashed an avalanche of dirt that chased us down the hill like a pack of mad dogs, creating a dust storm that rose hundreds of feet into the air. We slid, crashed, bumped and tumbled our way to the bottom like hapless miners who had fallen into an open shaft until we reached the bottom. Miraculously, we all made it to the bottom no worse for the wear, and in need of nothing more than a little first-aid and a few beers.

The trail led back to the street where we crossed over into a residential area where we quickly found ourselves at the On-In.

By the time we arrived, the festivities were already in full swing. I crashed in front of **LAST TRAIN**'s beer mobile and demanded that I either be set on fire or be given an infusion of PBR. Seeing that no one had a blowtorch, I was given a Pabst and sent on my way to finish this story. I watched in joyous glee as **PINKY, BUSTER, JACKMIE AUFF, HARD IN THE SADDLE, SNATCH, NECRO, SEARCH AND SEIZE HER, TAKE A #, PHALLUS IN PORNOLAND, PASSING WIND, STINKERBELL, FUNGUS** and **KOWPADDY KOWBOY** raised enough din to summon every cop within twenty miles, but not a single cop showed, and not a single neighbor screeched from an open window into the night. Why, you ask? The answer is simple; would you really want to break up a noisy, boozed-up mob at a house registered to a family named Lynch? Not in this lifetime brother, not in this life.

Disturbingly yours,

DR. HUNTER S. SUPERSCAR

Receding Hareline

6/11	1339	Kowpaddy Kowboy, Signal Hill
6/18	1340	Sin D Bare
6/25	1341	Phallus in Pornoland
7/2	1342	Jock
7/9	1343	Poor Aim & Take A #
7/16	1344	OPEN – SIGN UP
7/17-7/19		Ortega Oaks Campout



THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 1057 Date: 6/3/2004 (5 years ago)
 Place: Norwalk
 Hares: 8 YELLOW SNOW
 Miles: 4.5 Attendance: 83

The run was advertised as a "training run for the GET A LIFE H3 Green Line Run" and started at the end of the Green Line, the park and ride lot in Norwalk. Of course, **DAMIAN** was doing some last minute pimping for the GAL event, which would start at the other end of the train line. Right on schedule, lone hare **8 YELLOW SNOW** took off and headed along the Foster Street green belt. The trail basically zig zagged back and forth under the 605 Freeway and went through a lot of freeway shiggy. There were many hare snares, including one by **BACK DOOR WHORE & FAGGEDY ANDY**, one by **HOWDY** and another by **POOR AIM**. Several harriettes ran into some hot firemen and stopped for a Hash Flash photo session with them. Trail finally ended behind the Food for Less on Imperial Highway. Once again, **8 YELLOW SNOW** proved to be a cop magnet as we were visited first by a security guard and then by the LA Sheriff's Department. Diplomat **PINKY** spoke to them and convinced them that we were harmless. Down-downs included patches for **CRACK** (200) and **SEE MORE BUNS** (169). The hashit was awarded to **FUNGUS** for going to the river and leaving the keys and instructions for the new ski boat at home. We then adjourned to the on-on at Puerto Nuevo where **TITS AHOY** was heard to gush, "I don't like Mexican food, but this place is great!"

ALSO IN JUNE 2004 - Run # 1059 on 6/17/2004 - new boots Lisa (now **GROUND CONTROL TO MAJOR TONGUE**) and Wayne (now **D.W.P.**) first ran with LBH3.



Mismanagement Committee 2009

Grandmasters:	Eddie "Pinky" Scott	(714) 756-BYOB
	Joel "Sin-A-Bun"	(310) 544-5223
Hash Cash:	Don "Fungus" Markowitz	(310) 378-6453
	Laura "Hi Speed Copulator" Gaber	(562) 822-8400
On Sec:	JoAnn "6-9 Split" Levandoski	(562) 858-6511
	Bonnie "Tweedle Me" Gleeson	(562) 596-4368
Email to: snooze@snooze.lbh3.org		
On Disk:	Neva "Alouette" Higgins	(714) 526-7823
	Victoria "Geezer Teaser" Rivera	(714) 965-2062
Brewmeisters:	Bill "Last Train to Cuntsville" Nord	(714) SLIME-UP
	Marz "Veteran of 4N Whores" Gamboa	(626) 488-8076
Munchmeisters:	Suzanne "Broomhilda" Gilmore	(562) 423-6149
	Kurt "Nice Hair Fag" Hesse	(949) 294-3773
Trailmaster:	Ed "Mr. Rats Ass" Guerrero	(562) 556-0282
Haberdashery:	Dick "Poor Aim" Ames	(714) 734-6979
	Marcia "Take A #" Chaney	(562) 902-9126
Songmeister:	Debbie "Corn Hole Hussie" Cantril	(562) 400-1099
Hash Flash:	Ed "Scratch N Sniff" Feng	(714) 943-1360
	Jessica "Snatch of the Day" Alexander	(562) 761-8289
Webmeister-Snooze:	Pillsbury Blow Boy – pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com	
Webmeister-General:	HomoSaxual – lbh3beer@hotmail.com	

Gossip, Write-ups, Pictures, Hash Directions and other tidbits **MUST BE RECEIVED by Sunday at 7 p.m.** Otherwise, it will not appear in the Snooze! E-mail to: snooze@snooze.lbh3.org.

Haven't We Been Here Before?!

Thursday, June 11, 2009, 6:30 p.m.

Run: 1339

Hares: *Kowpaddy, Necrofisiac & Mystery Hare*

Location: Long Beach, Marina Parking Lot at Boat Sales Ramp

Take PCH South to Studebaker Rd. make a right turn to Marina parking.

From PCH North thru Seal Beach go over bridge to Studebaker Rd. make a left turn to Marina Parking.



Alouette
Neva Higgins
707 Nancy Lane
Fullerton, CA 92831