



Long Beach H3 Snooze

Hash Hotline: (562) HAS HIT

February 28, 2010

Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

POOP FICTION: HOT WIRED - AMPING THE BIG SILVER BALL

The names of all people involved in this torrid tale have been purposely protected from publication to protect them from possible prosecution. Don't worry, if you get busted for something, we'll swear to the gods you weren't there and are as innocent as a smoking gun.

The silver in this year's 25th Anniversary Found'er Balls promised to provide even more conductivity to the already overcharged bolt of lightning that is the Long Beach Hash. With the usual triple-barreled attack a certainty, we were assured that this year's Found'ers would produce a record number of high-yield incidents. When the smoke cleared on Sunday afternoon, we had exceeded all expectations of just how far we could go with a little extra voltage in the tank.

I've always seen Found'ers as a three part experience; the ball itself, the afterball, where the experience seems to peak in the pre-dawn hours of the morning, and the run at 10 AM, that separates us from the conventioneer, the poor bastard sent by some faceless, global conglomerate to hone his place at the corporate wheel in any number of identical Holiday Inn meeting rooms throughout the world. While they, the "social drinkers," pray to the toilet in the morning, begging to be shot and put out of their misery for their excesses, the hashers, looking like they were just released from a night in the tank, walk proudly through the hotel lobby looking for more. This is the draw that brings to Found'ers every year, the chance to prove beyond the suspicion of any living doubt that, "I am a Hasher, I drink like fish, fuck like a rabbit, and when the final reveille is blown, I go out with my shoes on, beer on my breath and a nasty song in my head." The stage was set, the players ready to take the markers. The only thing left to do was plug it in and watch the sparks fly.

This year's Found'ers was held in the same place as it was last year, Alpine Village. Alpine Village is a crumbling, deceptive little burg built by former National Socialists hoping to make you forget World War II by creating a picturesque little village filled with shops that sold miniature figurines, lederhosen, and books on how to judge a man by the shape of his skull. The owners must have forgotten whom they were dealing with and had unwisely let their guard down, thinking that lightning never, ever strikes the same place twice ... but they were wrong, so very, very wrong.

This year's assemblage of amped up superconductors was bigger and more powerful than anyone had ever seen, and we were close to fully charged when we walked through the doors, needing only a few more pints of electrolytes to finish the job. With a group that big, and that amplified, it was only a matter of time until someone, somewhere caused something to ground out and start a fire. We knew it was coming, we just didn't know when,

By eight o'clock, the ball was in full swing. The house was packed and getting hotter by the second, and then I noticed the sound. Reverberating through the room was an eerie hum, growing louder and louder like the sound a transformer makes before it explodes. Without warning, the first thunderbolt of the evening struck the bar at the entrance to the room, sending the bartender and his tip-jar flying, and the offending harriette into the arms of the Village black shirts who quickly disconnected her from the event before she could do any more damage. Once the fire started, it was impossible to contain. The house roared like thunder as hundreds of feet pounded the dance floor into splinters, driven into a dangerous overload by the Hash Band that turned up the rheostats til our brains burned.

As the evening raged on, it was impossible to tell up from down, right from wrong as we pinched, groped and ground our way to the midnight hour. When the lights finally came on, there was no place left to go but ... to the hotel!

The chain reaction had begun; there would be no stopping it now. Anyone or anything that gets in the way gets wired into the action and into the white-hot heat of the night.

Shortly after the last baller got evicted from the building, the busses began arriving at the hotel. By the time I got there, I'd consumed a little bit of everything I could get my hands on. I felt like I was going up, down, left, right and sideways. It was like being in a speeding car with five schizophrenic people all trying to steer, clutch, brake and shift gears at the same time. It was right where I wanted to be.

I didn't know where the hospitality suite was, but it wasn't hard to find. All I had to do was tune into the buzz coming from the 9th floor. When I got there, the after party was fully engaged and sending 100,000 watts of clear channel joy throughout the room and into the stratosphere. The reception was fantastic until our regularly scheduled program was rudely interrupted by a barrage of unwanted interference.

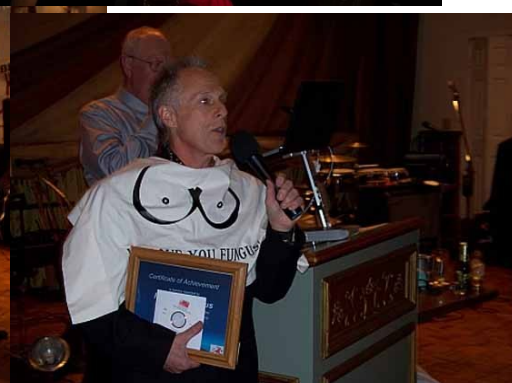
Standing at the door was the hotel manager and black suited goons who smelled of gunpowder and human grease, I pegged them instantly as North Korean secret service dropouts. I knew we were in trouble. I could tell by the look on their sweat glistened faces that they wanted to sodomize us! We represented everything evil, decadent and Western to these screwheads. We managed to sweet-talk them into leaving, but we knew they'd be back. I suggested that we set a trap for them, wait five minutes, pull the fire alarms, and then gun the bastards down with fire extinguishers when they returned. Cooler heads prevailed, and we decide to just run the misfits bloody with an elaborate game of hide and seek. When they came back, we all ducked into a different room and then went into silent survival mode. That way, the goons were sent to a different room each time they were called, finding nothing but more locked doors and silence. They finally gave up and disappeared, probably to some filthy downstairs basement washroom to lick their wounds in defeat and screw each other for their failure to short circuit our celebration.

The Sunday morning sunrise service that we call the Long Beach Hash snuck into the parking lot next to the scene of last night's hotel hoo-ha as smoothly as a proctologists greased finger, to prove not how much we could dish out, but how much can we take. We had gassed, thrashed and crashed our way through another Founders weekend. We had once again launched our uninsulated, three-pronged attack into an unsuspecting population and now basked in the sense of accomplishment. Our 3 mile run around the Torrance/Carson area was more of a victory lap than a hash, but those who had survived the evening with its stand-ups, its fall-downs, and all the agonizing brain trauma associated with an event of this magnitude reveled in their ability to crawl out of the pile of disorganized, soiled laundry that once was a nice, warm bed to smell the beer in the morning. We are the juice that lights the lamp at the end of the tunnel, the driving force that turns the wheels of confusion, and the most wonderful group of people to ever drain a keg of beer and raise hell. We are the Long Beach Hash House Harriers.

Disturbingly yours,
DR. HUNTER S. SUPERSCAR

I want to express my most sincere, heartfelt gratitude to all of you, the Long Beach Hash, for electing me Scribe of the Year for 2009. You are the big, loving, mad family I've always wanted, and to know that my work has pleased you, is for me the greatest reward I could ever receive. With that said, let's dress ourselves up, drink something really nasty, and go AWOL for the evening. Don't bother trying to explain what happened at Founders to the folks at work tomorrow. They'll just smile at you and call for backup!

With love to all,
JC SUPERSCAR



Receding Hareline

<u>Date</u>	<u>Run#</u>	<u>Hares Comments</u>	<u>City</u>
3-11	1382	Phallus, Nancy Queer, Numb Nuts	Long Beach
<u>First Thursday run of 2010!!</u>			
3-18	1383	2 Bit Oar & Pillsbury	Birthday/St. Paddy's run Palos Verdes
3-25	1384	OPEN! See Pillsbury to be a Hare	

THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

REHASH: THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 820 **Date:** 2/27/2000 (10 years ago)
Place: South Gate **Hare:** SPIDER
Miles: 4 **Attendance:** 45 (not afraid of rain!)

Notorious shortcutter and hare snarer **SPIDER** volunteered to hare this run. Of course, other notorious shortcutters and hare snarers **IGGY**, **POOR AIM**, **WILL WORK FOR FOOD & WHOPPER** and **JOCK** were out to beat **SPIDER** at his own game on this rainy Sunday morning. At the prerun briefing, **SPIDER** announced that "old age, trickery and deceit would overcome youth, speed and strength," gave us complicated instructions about looking for a cassette player on trail and listening to the tape for more instructions, and then took off out of the Target parking lot into the wilds of South Gate. Trail led up the Los Angeles River bank and across a railroad trestle bridge where we could see swirling, rushing water in the channel below. Trail was well marked and came back across Firestone Blvd., through an industrial area and through South Gate Park. By now it was raining seriously, and when we climbed up on to another wet, slippery railroad bridge, we could see through the grating to the concrete below. **SOSUMI** walked across very slowly, hanging on to the railing for dear life. At the end of the bridge, we went through a muddy railroad tunnel under the 710, toward the sound of gunfire. Oh great! Thankfully, it was only coming from the South Gate Gun Club firing range and beer check #1. Trail then made a mile long loop to beer check #2 and returned to the Gun Club where new brewmeister **I AM THE WALRUS** was waiting with beer at the On-In. Scribe **STALKER GUMP** reported that **FRUIT OF THE LOOM** was winged by a pellet as we passed the back side of the range. Down-downs proceeded quickly as we huddled under the bridge in the rain. **SPIDER** had arranged for us to use the picnic tables at the club, but the thought of us holding our loud and sometimes objectionable proceedings near strangers with loaded guns just didn't seem right. **LITTLE DUTCH BOY** received her 25 run patch and **BEN DOVER** received his 169th. **8 YELLOW SNOW** got the hashit for some trumped-up charge. We then headed off to "something Mariscos," a nearby Mexican restaurant with big portions and reasonable prices.



Gossip, Pictures, Hash Directions and other Blasphemy MUST BE RECEIVED by Wednesday 5pm. Otherwise, it will not appear in the SNOOZE!
e-mail to: snooze@snooze.lbh3.org

LBH3 WEEKLY SNOOZE STATS

Run Date: 2/21/2010 **Run #:** 1379
Hares: Sin D Bare & Pinky **Attendance:** 112
Place: Torrance, Harbor Business Center next to Holiday Inn on Vermont
Miles: 3.2
New Boots:
Returners: Floatation Devices, Nipple Schnitzel, Pokey, Royal Flush, Marianne Theunissen, Mike Upchurch, Just say no to Crack, Heinekey, Tit mitt, Fart & Smile, Phallus in Pornoland, Red Hot, Moan N Fucker, Suckit Wench
Visitors: Chlamydia, White Elephant, Amy Mc Marathon =OCH3, Maui Waii, Robert Hangis=SDH3, Waddling Wanker =LAH3, Fucking Crazy=Tacoma H3, Geriatric Stud=Humpin
New Names: Nicole Cortez=AAAHHH
Patches: Necrofisiac=200, 2 Bit Oar=100
 Scabby Hayes=100
Hare Patches: Sin D Bear=70, Pinky=15
ON ON: Alpine Village Deli
Run Notes: Streets, fields, golf course, 1 beer check
Hashit: Undercover for taking lessons from RU Pregnant and asking Back Door Whore if she was pregnant.

Mismanagement Committee 2010

Grandmasters: Eddie "Pinky" Scott (714)756-BYOB
 Scott "Chinball Wizard" Wilson (562)858-6353
Hash Cash: Laura "Hi Speed Copulator" Gaber (562)822-8400
 Ken "Passing Wind" Peterson (562)533-2246
On Sec: Bernice "Special Head" (562)522-8774
 snooze@snooze.lbh3.org
On Disk: Neva "Alouette" Higgins (714)526-7823
 Tom "Achey Breaky Fart" Parkes (714)224-2982
Brewmeisters: Bill "Last Train" Nord (714)SLIMEUP
 Marz "Veteran of Foreign Whores" Gamboa (562)498-2016
Munchmeisters: Diane "Kammonawannaleia" (714)658-2595
 Jim "Wrect Him" Morgan (562)228-5199
Trailmaster: Emmett "Pillsbury Blow Boy" Rahl (562)498-2016
Haberdashery: Jaime "Bust'er Hymen" Ybarra (310) 872-6638
 Syndy "Princess of Incest" Prince (310)787-6900
Hash Flash: Jessica "Snatch of the Day" Alexander (562)761-8289
 Nicole "Venus De Penis" Ahern (714)907-3359
Webmeister-Snooze: pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com
Webmeister-General: "homoSAXual" - lbh3beer@hotmail.com

Sunday, March 7 2010, 10:00 AM

It's not baseball, it's not softball...IT'S SLOSHBALL!

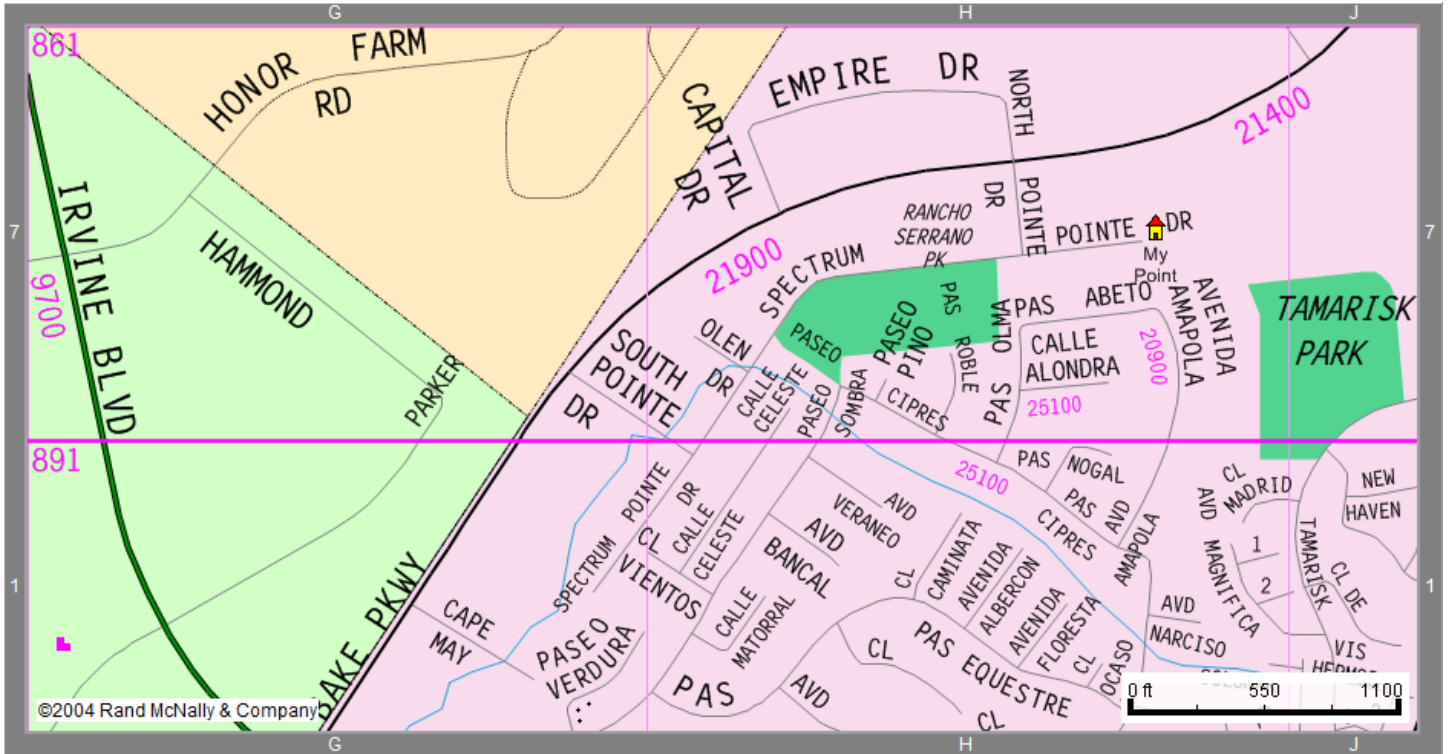
Run 1381

Hares: *Tissue Tits, Whaleboner, Sheep Thrills* and *Screwcap*

Location: Lake Forest (Spectrum Pointe Drive Lake Forest, CA 92630-2278)

Cost: 5 bucks + 5 bucks for Pizza and beer

Take the 405 south Exit Bake Parkway; go left on Bake Parkway; go about 2 miles. Just past Trabuco turn right on south pointe dr then go left on Spectrum Pointe dr follow to the end. LFH Spectrum Pointe Drive Lake Forest, CA 92630-2278



Alouette
Neva Higgins
707 Nancy Lane
Fullerton, CA 92831