

LONG BEACH H3 SNOOZE

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

January 2, 2011

Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

POOP FICTION: BRIDGERUNNER: LOOSE NUTS AND THE HELL FIRE CONNECTION

As the last drops of Christmas cheer danced at the bottom of the glass in front of me, the rain pounded the roof above my throbbing skull like an army of carpenters trying to reshingle the place in a minute. The weight of the sound was unbearable, and then it all stopped cold, dead cold, just like **SIN D BARE** said it would. Something really treacherous and evil had just happened. Someone, somewhere, had just made a deal with Old Red. Business was kind of slow for him this time of year, it being Christmas and all, so he was ready to bargain, not the usual favors for souls kind of bargain, (the government and big business had already given him enough of those this year), but for something really neat like two courtside tickets to the Lakers game on Christmas, right next to the man himself, Jack Nicholson. How **SIN D BARE** and **DAMIAN** got them we'll leave up to the police, but the deal was done and the rain came to an end.

After dodging what had to have been half of the nation of South Korea on their way to church this morning, I made it to the start of today's hash, the be-all, end all, last run of the decade. When I got there, I saw **DAMIAN** and **SIN D BARE** looking like twin Nixons, feverishly wringing their hands with glee. Now nothing could stand in their way of dousing the joint LA/Long Beach Hash with a deep liquid trip through their cement Psychotropia.

Some of those ready to take the cake and spin off into the series of streets and bridges that hold LA together like a fat woman's girdle were **DR. MIKEY**, **FRUIT**, **BOYZ R US**, **ACHY BREAKY FART**, **ONE LEFT ONE**, **LAST TRAIN**, **SAY WHAT?**, **CAPTAIN HOOK**, **PINKY**, **MARQUIS DE SADE**, and **CALAMINE CRACK**.

After giving the usual 15 minute warning and enough sugar-coated propaganda to sweeten the Pacific Ocean, the two hares stole away with their recently acquired assurance that, today, they could do no wrong. They had a connection ...

The first part of today's trail took us through a rough looking neighborhood decorated with holiday ornaments like tinsel, colored lights and razor wire. The reflection of the lights on the saw-toothed wire made the whole place look like a giant aluminum Christmas tree, or a 4-alarm police action in progress.

After clearing our first section of trail, we found ourselves crossing an old pedestrian bridge that was covered with so much multi-colored graffiti that it looked like a painted floral garden. This was no place for a man either drunk or on psychedelics of any kind. The trail turned out to be false, but on the way back, the antiquated structure began to shake like we were having a 9.0 earthquake. Not wanting to wind up in the middle of the Pasadena freeway amid tons of falling bridgework, we got off this quivering live wire before we got smoked.



*It's not too late!
Rego's available for the
25th Anal Found'er Balls
Sat Jan 29 in Norwalk
Price is only \$60*

*The Hash Band will be playing and
the brew will be flowing..
Join us at the hash hotel
The Guesthouse 562-868-0991
12500 Firestone Blvd*

True trail took us into the familiar comfort of freeway shiggy and the first T/E split. The eagles were directed down into the LA River, while the turkeys stayed high and dry upstairs. I chickenshitted it out on the turkey and watched below as FRB's **HOWDY**, **IGGY**, **CHINBALL WIZARD**, **VICTORIA**, **LEFT ARMSTRONG**, **WHALEBONER** and **DANCING QUEEN** ran the river trail and then fought to climb back up the embankment to the first beer check. One slip there and it was time to ride the cheese grater.

Trail then led through more shiggy to a freeway overpass that had more junk strewn over it than the front straightaway at the Daytona 500 after the 1968 race where the entire field was demolished in a huge collision right in front of the main grandstand!

Once free of the debris, the trail led us under a bridge, along another river trail to B/C #2 located under yet another bridge, a gothic, cathedral-like structure that had become a sort of urban art museum, where hordes of spray can DaVincis had plied their trade while high on the toxic gasses that hissed from their aerosol "brushes." From there, trail led down some railroad tracks to "The Devil's Staircase." This was the best chance we'd had all day to get a tree named after us.

The seemingly impassable trail that wound up from the tracks into Elysian Park was a mud slickened, crumbling, geological disaster just waiting to rain rocks, sand and fools down on the busy road below. Up ahead, perched on the side of the would-be Vesuvius were **TISSUE TITS**, **TIT MITT**, **SNATCH**, **NECRO**, **TAKE A #**, **MR RAT**, **SCRATCH N SNIFF**, **CUMS IN A TUBE**, **ON WHAT**, **V.F.W.**, **PRINCESS OF INCEST**, **PASSING WIND**, **SARA LEGAL**, **I DIDAROD**, **BLACK N BLOOD**, **BUSTER** and **LEANING HARD**, but with one foot in a grave situation and the other one tapping "Goodbye Cruel World" on a rapidly dislodging hunk of stone, we all miraculously made it to the top, even **SCREW CAP**, who hollered, "You damn fools!" at us as he hauled ass, looking and sounding more like a 20-something than our favorite "octodegenerate."

With the potential death drop behind us, we chased flour down the winding singletrack 'til we found our Valhalian reward at B/C #3. Here, the hares had left their salute to the survivors of the ordeal, enough beer and Jack Daniels to stun an elephant and unleash a Pandora's box of asinine behavior on the city below. So we drank up, and with all the still active brain cells we could muster, we lifted our heads out of the dirt and dry-humped the last leg of the trail that led us across another bridge, down the tracks and finally to a steaming, sweaty climax at the on-in.

Here, already lined up at **WRECT'IM's** combination depression bread line and floating mess hall were **POT HO, WADDLING WANKER, S.I.D., HOSER, SCABBY, O.F.F., SPECIAL HEAD, HIGH-SPEED, VENUS, RIFF RAFF, FREE SAMPLES, STICKY FINGERS, OPEN FLY,** and **MOUNDS OF JOY.**

Today's decade ending run was everything you could ask for in a Hash, and as we assaulted everything a sober, civilized, asexual society values at down-downs, we reflected on what a decade it had been. It was a fast one with a lot of strange and unbelievable things happening to a lot of people, but no matter how fast, unbelievable or strange it got, none of it was ever fast enough to catch us. We remain as we were, as we are, and how we will always be, the unsinkable Long Beach Hash... but what about Old Red and his trip to the Laker game? On my way home, I stopped by **BROOMHILDA's** to give her a copy of the Snooze, and saw on the front page of her LA Times sports section, a huge picture of Jack Nicholson, screaming at everyone in a basketball uniform, while a man wearing a red suit seated next to him, practically pissed himself from laughing so hard. "Jeez", I thought, "look at that nut, how the hell did he get that seat?" The answer is quite simple, my fellow Americans, he had connections ... two of them!

Disturbingly yours,

DR HUNTER S SUPERSCAR

LBH3 WEAKLY SNOOZE STATS

Run Date: 12/26/2010

Run #: 1428

Hares: Sin D Bare & Damian the Anti-Christ

Place: LA River and Arroyo Seco near downtown LA

Miles: 4

Attendance: 76

New Boots: John Jordan, Joanne Pace, Travis Zeehandelaar

Returners: Tracy Mansell, 2 Bit Oar, Fucking Crazy, Screw Cap, SID

Visitors: F'Orgy, Pot Ho, Dr. Mikey, Hash Harlot, Waddeling Wanker,

Sticky Fingers, Galalayho, Serial Box, I-Did-A-Rod,

Ball Washer, Left Armstrong, Cell Yr Ass, Gorilla Whore Fair

ON ON: Spring Street Smoke House

Run Notes: A 2 A, Koreans going to church, old industrial alleys, three beer checks, creek bed, homeless people, railroads.

Hashit: VFW-For being a "cookie" exchanger



» Receding Hareline

<u>Date</u>	<u>Run #</u>	<u>Hares</u>	<u>Comments</u>	<u>Location</u>
1-16	1431	Victoria's Secretions	Happy Birthday, F*k Me	TBA
1-23	1432	Hozer & Friends	SID's Birthday Run	Griffith Park
1-30	1433	Pinky & Chin Ball Wizard	Outgoing Gms Run	Norwalk
2-06	1434	OPEN! SIGN UP TO HARE!		
2-13	1435	Princess of Incest & Her Minions of Love	I Got the VD Spirit!	TBA
2-20	1436	OPEN- sign up to Hare!		
2-27	1437	OPEN -sign up to Hare!		

**Write-ups, Pictures, Hash Directions
and other Blasphemy MUST BE RECEIVED
by Thursday 9pm. Otherwise, IT WILL
NOT APPEAR IN THE SNOOZE!
e-mail to: snooze@snooze.lbh3.org**

REHASH: THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run #1145 Date: 1/1/2006 (5 years ago)
Place: Huntington Beach
Hares: GEEZER TEASER, POOKIE, SHEEP THRILLS
Miles: 5.2 Attendance: 68

GEEZER's New Year's Hangover Run began in the parking lot of Edison High School on Magnolia Avenue. Surprisingly, 68 hardcore hashers were not too hung-over to show up at the start. **PINKY** didn't make it because he was recuperating after being attacked by a booby-trapped OCH3 keg. Nevertheless, **GEEZER** and her boy toys **POOKIE** and **SHEEP THRILLS** attempted to lay trail. Somewhere or other f'ed up after a check and everybody missed beer check # 2 down by the water. Scribe **VENUS DE PENIS** reported that **MOSSY PATCH** was complaining that her new thong was chafing her not-so-mossy patch. Is that TMI or what? **VENUS** also claimed that she was conned into scribing by **WET CLAM**. **CLAM** said that she couldn't drink champagne, short cut and scribe at the same time so she delegated her duties to the unsuspecting blonde. After the pack found its way to the end of the trail, down-downs began. We had 2 new boots and several returners and visitors from OCH3. The hashit was awarded to **FAGGEDY ANDY** for preferring to check out pregnant women at Lamaze classes rather than hot harriettes. Then it was time to adjourn to **GEEZER's** house for **PINKY's** birthday celebration. **TITS AHOY** got him a carrot cake that had "Happy Birthday Pinky - Break a Leg" written in pink frosting. We all enjoyed **GEEZER's** traditional tamales and enchiladas. The Hash Band had to rock out in the den instead of on the patio because it started raining. **BLOW INTEREST** managed to show up about four hours into the Hash Band's set and immediately curled up on the couch. **ROYAL FLUSH** saved the day when someone clogged up the toilet. What a guy! Of course, no birthday would be complete without a lap dance, so **WET CLAM** was happy to grind one out. **PINKY** got up and made a moving speech thanking everyone, and also swearing vengeance on the person who rigged the CO2 can to explode.

ALSO IN JANUARY 2006 - Run # 1146 on 1/8 - Just Samantha receives the hash name **MILF SHAKE**. Run # 1148 on 1/22 - new boot Melissa (later named **TIT MITT**) does her first LBH3 trail.



Mismanagement Committee 2010

Grandmasters:	"Pinky"	(714)756-BYOB
	"Chinball Wizard"	(562)858-6353
Hash Cash:	"Hi Speed Copulator"	(562)822-8400
	"Passing Wind"	(562)533-2246
On Sec:	"Special Head"	(562)522-8774
	snooze@snooze.lbh3.org	
On Disk:	"Alouette"	(714)526-7823
	"Achey Breaky Fart"	(714)224-2982
Brewmeisters:	"Last Train"	(714)SLIMEUP
	"Veteran of Foreign Whores"	(559)681-3866
Munchmeisters:	"Kammonawannaleia"	(714)658-2595
	"Wrect Him"	(562)228-5199
Trailmaster:	"Pillsbury Blow Boy"	(562)498-2016
Haberdashery:	"Bust'er Hymen"	(310) 872-6638
	"Princess of Incest"	(562)715-1708
Hash Flash:	"Snatch of the Day"	(562)761-8289
	"Venus De Penis"	(714)907-3359
Webmeister-Snooze:	pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com	
Webmeister-General:	"homoSAXual" - lbh3beer@hotmail.com	

Sunday January 9, 2011, 10:00am

Run:1430

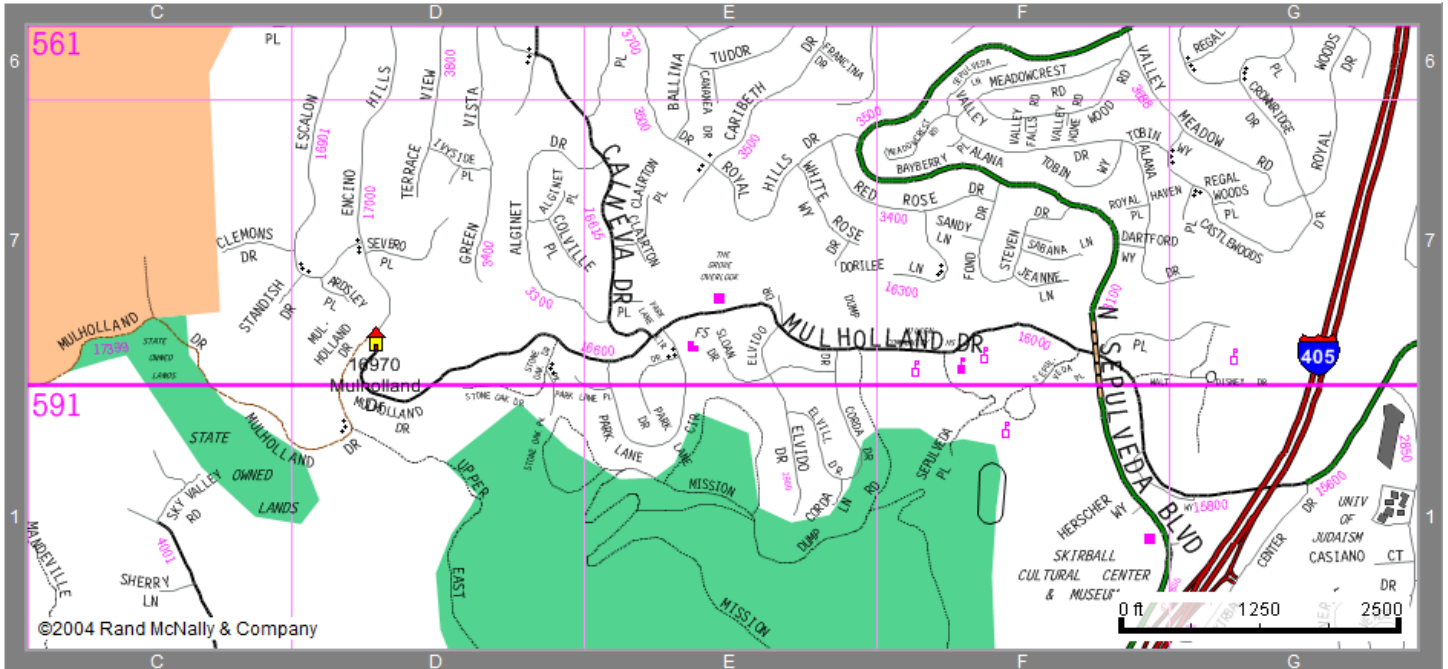
Hares: *MARQUIS de SADE*

Cost: \$5

Location: Beginning Dirt Mulholland, West LA

TG: 561-D7

Take the San Diego (405) Freeway to Mulholland exit. Turn left on Mulholland (west). Go for 2 miles until the pavement ends. Park & LFH. If you're on Encino Hills Drive, you've gone too far. Cum join Marquis for another all-shiggy (well, almost all) stroll in the Santa Monica Mountains. A beer-check atop a tall tower commands a stunning 360° view of Long Beach, the L.A. Basin, San Fernando Valley and snowcapped San Gabriels. No running in creeks this year, but the Eagles might find themselves "on the ropes." If he doesn't flake out, there might be a Roach Coach at the end. The turkey trail is dog- and stroller-friendly. The eagle isn't.



Alouette
Neva Higgins
707 Nancy Lane
Fullerton, CA 92831