

Long Beach H3 Snooze

Hash Hotline: (562)888-0LBH(0524)

January 1, 2012

Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

POOP FICTION: THE X-MASS FACTOR: DAMIAN'S DOUBLE CROSS AND THE MAIN STREET MIRACLE

With the weather being about as predictable as the lottery, we had about as much of a chance of getting another perfect day in December for **DAMIAN** and **SIN D BARE**'s combined LA/Long Beach Hash. Last year, they plumbed the depths of Hades to get us a deal and this year went back to the same well, this time with more on their minds than weather. You see, they were also promised Trail of the Year, but just as an elephant never forgets ... a bear never forgives. This year, our deviant duo were going to be the ones rolling the loaded dice.

Meeting with the devil at his favorite watering hole, The Boiler Room, they handed out their tokens of holiday appreciation as gleefully as a sadistic warden handing out one-way tickets to the electric chair. "Four you boys, I give you another perfect day for your run, I hope you have something cruel and unusual for me." With his volcanic eyes lighting up their corner of the room, he emanated an evil that left no doubt who they were dealing with. "Oh yes, your lordship, we give you a chance to purge your inner sanctum of some of the weaklings with whom you have placed so much faith in," said **DAMIAN**. And with that, **SIN D BARE** handed over a goatskin folder containing several documents. "These are the deeds to the homes of several of your underlings who have failed you, a few bank CEOs and Wall Street types who deserve to be sacrificed. By seizing their homes on Christmas Day, the peoples' thirst for revenge will be satiated, allowing the rest of your servants to quietly go about their financial dirty work." "Pure diabolical filth!" the devil shouted, his pointed ivories glistening with venom, "I'll throw the scum into the streets and let the rats take care of them. I'll take these to the county registrar's office today, after I have a little fun at the mall!" He then laughed that horrible, monstrous laugh of his and headed for the door. He had taken the bait and ran with it. He was fucked. It was his turn to squeal.



Our Christmas Eve hash adventure started in the parking lot of a school where we had hashed from before, but something was different, something was missing; no nosy neighbors and no cops. As the 12 o'clock start drew near, we were louder than an army of jackhammers and drinking beers as fast as LA's brewmeister could hand them out ... and still no cops. The deal had been done.

Fifteen minutes after **DAMIAN** and **SIN D BARE** pumped our heads full of verbal laughing gas, we were off into another perfect day.

Along with **DR MIKEY**, **HASH HARLOT**, **POT HO**, **FRUIT**, **CUMS IN A TUBE**, **FREE SAMPLES**, **SPECIAL HEAD**, **SPONGE**, **DANCING QUEEN**, **HARD IN THE SADDLE** and **OUT WHORE SHIT**, I headed out into the deserted streets that seemed to have been washed clean by the sun and quickly into the first section of several single-track trails.

Looking like a Broadway production of *Moses and the Wandering Jews*, we lumbered along until we reached beer check number one, where we proceeded to attack the innocent cans and bottles like a pack of rabid wolves. With the carcasses of at least two dozen empties lying in a pile under a tree, we picked up trail that led uphill to a series of streets.

Winding downhill through the streets, I along with **PRINCESS**, **V.F.W.**, **LAST TRAIN**, **HOMOSAXUAL**, **JUST ERIC**, **SCABBY**, **SHE BANGS**, **MARQUIS DE SADE** and **WRECT HIM**, followed trail until it reached a street and continued on across more single-track.

I let the others go on because I needed to take a monster of a piss. Spotting a large bush near a fence, I proceeded to conceal myself and got to work. On the other side of the fence, I could see through the unshuttered window of a house, a couple screwing their brains out. All of a sudden, the woman started yelling, "Get off me you idiot, there's a riot on television!" Sure



enough there it was in 48-inch Technicolor, a full-blown fist-swinging, pepper-spraying melee as last minute shoppers at a mall fought like dogs over the few remaining “Dr. Brownway’s Home Colonoscopy Kits”. With the possibility of any further free-range porn viewing gone, I packed up my ‘gear’ and continued on trail until I reached beer check #2.

The view from beer check two revealed the whole insanity of the L.A. experience; too many socio/economic subcultures forced by overcrowding to practically sit in each others lap, resulting in friction that periodically lights the place up for a few days. As I renewed my commitment to stay at least one beer over the legal limit, along with **TWEEDLE, YUELL JACKOFF HORNEY TOAD, ACHY BREAKY FART, LEANING HARD, CALAMINE CRACK, MOUNDS OF JOY and DR HOLE**. I couldn’t help but notice the sheer number of police vehicles with their flashing red lights converging on a shopping mall about seven miles away. You could faintly hear the blaring horns and sirens and detect the pungent odor of tear gas and pepper spray wafting up from the city below. This is where the televised mall riot must be happening! As I watched in a mixture of amusement and disgust, I heard **DAMIAN**, who had completed his portion of the trail, say to himself, “This is great, just wait til he gets to the registrar’s office.” I said, “Sorry, I couldn’t hear you.” He then said as he watched the holiday excitement below, “It was nothing, just enjoying the view.” His gleeful expressing betrayed nothing as the proverbial bucket of shit he and **SIN D BARE** had dealt the devil prepared to hit the fan.

The next section of trail was across a hill so steep that even the dirt had trouble staying on it. One wrong move here and it would be ‘bombs away’ into the rocky creek bed below. The odds of getting several dozen drunks fresh out of a second beer check across it was nil to none, but somehow those in

front of me, including **WHALEBONER, TISSUE TITS, ONE TRACK, KOWPADDY KOWBOY, HIGH SPEED COPULATOR** and **I’M ON MY PYRAMID** made it to the street below in need of nothing more than a clean pair of shorts and a cold beer.

Remember **SIN D BARE** and **DAMIAN**’s deal with Old Scratch? Well, right as we were about to enter the next section of trail, a lightly wooded, gentle rocky creek bed, they called his number down at the Registrar’s Office. Next!

“I’d like to foreclose on these properties immediately. I want these people on the streets by morning!” he said to the clerk, glaring into the hapless bureaucrat’s bespectacled eyes like a rattlesnake about to strike. Unrattled by the seething bogeyman on the other side of the window, the clerk picked up the documents, began examining them, and then burst into laughter. “You couldn’t evict a bed bug from a mattress with these. They’re just copies printed on the back of some stationery belonging to a guy named Rojas. Merry Christmas, clown. Next!”

There are no words, no phrases in the English language to describe the scene inside the registrar’s office as Satan stormed out of the building. Papers flew through the air as if a hurricane had suddenly become trapped inside the tiny room. Sheets of fire climbed the walls, melting the pictures and paintings that hung on them into grotesque images of death.

The scene at the registrar’s office was only the first page in Satan’s autobiography, a mere look at an eternity of evil dealings and revenge ... we were about to get read the whole book.

Jut as I entered the next section of trail with **NECROFISHIAC, SNATCH OF THE DAY, SCRATCH N SNIFF** and **6-9 SPLIT**, there was burst of volcanic-like heat, followed by a quick, violent tremor and it began to grow dark. That’s when the full fury of the hellstorm hit us. All at once we seemed to be at war with everything around us. The rocks’ asymmetrical shapes began to morph into skull-like heads and damning our every move. I knew there were others ahead of us ... I could see blood on the faces of some of the rocks. As we moved uphill and deeper into the teeth of the trail, the brush around us seemed to come alive and began beating us with their thorny, decaying branches while more rocks screamed from the creek bed below, their razor-sharp jaws clattering like the sound of a million typewriters, waiting to grind us to bloody pulp ... and then it all stopped..

Scooter Needs Your Platelets!

Former *GM Scooter* (William Souder) needs blood platelets every 7 to 10 days. **To check out if you are a viable donor, call UCLA Platelet Donation Center at 310-476-5339 and check to see if you are taking any disqualifying medicines.** If you can directly donate, call Jock at 310-629-8971 to carpool up to Westwood. **Early Saturdays is preferable to beat the traffic, but Jock is willing to drive up on Friday mornings for any interested donor.** For any additional info, call Don Feinstein (Darth Vader) at 310-476-5229."

Thank you- Jock

Receding Hareline

<u>Date</u>	<u>Run #</u>	<u>Hares</u>	<u>Comments</u>	<u>Location</u>
1-15	1484	Low Beams & Beaver BBB		
1-22	1485	Marquis De Sade		
1-29	1486	Sosumi, Tit Mitt & Mounds of Joy	Heff and His Bunnies	
2-5	1487	Take a #, Poor Aim	Super Bowl Party	Whittier
2-12	1488	Princess OI & Chinball Wizard	Out going GM Trail	
2-19	1489	Screw Cap & Friends		
2-26	1490	Southern Discomfort		
3-04	1491	Whale Boner and Screw Cap	Sloshball pre-lube to Betty Ford	

Up ahead, I saw a clearing and a flour-marked path that led up to the street. The first one out and over the top was **6-9 SPLIT** who led us to the on-in.

So what was it that plucked our drunken asses out of the fire and put us safely in the parking lot from where it all began? It seems that after unleashing living hell on us, old B-Bub stopped along side the road at South Central's Main Street Orphanage to tell the children that Christmas was full of shit, and that there wasn't any Santa Claus. But before he could utter another foul word, he got knocked on his ass by a man about the size of Godzilla in a red suit and white beard, who began to beat the heartless bastard with a reindeer whip, causing him to forget all about us on trail. So with the cheers of the children ringing in his ears like the bells of heaven, and the hash now safely on-in looking for Band-Aids and beer, Satan decided to cut his losses and haul ass for home. "Jesus Christ," he said, "It's bad enough getting swindled by those two, but getting your ass kicked by Santa Claus all in the same day is too much! Fuck it, I'm not dealing with anymore of those gawd damm hashers ... from now on I'm sticking to musicians."

Disturbingly yours,
DR. HUNTER S. SUPERSCAR



YOUR DIRTY MIND

It's just a lamp. What did you think it was?

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

LBH3 WEAKLY SNOOZE STATS

Run Date: 12/24/2011 **Run #:** 1481 **Attendance:** 81
Hares: Damian the Anti-Christ & Sin D Bare **Miles:** 3.9
Place: PV, Silver Spur School PV Drive North
Returners: RU4697, I don't Give Enough, Big trouble, Bum Licker, Cell Your Ass, Dicky Leaks, Dr Hole, Dr Mikey, Fucking Crazy, G-String, Gorilla Mask, Got Milk, Hanky Wanky, I Do Do Do Do Do Do, Long John, One Nut, Pot Ho, Quick Change, Soaked Wood, Sponge, Stock Ho, Stupid Piece of Shit, Titty Bear, Waddling
Visitors: CT, Jim, Jessica, Joannie, John, John from the Valley, Melissa, Weeno, Admirral Sacbar, Bastard Fucker,
ON ON: Lampost Pizza
Run Notes: Very scenic--ocean views at beer checks, LOTS and LOTS of hills, poison oak, bloodon trail.
Hashit: Rodney Queen who had a ready reference (not himself, thank goodness) for a harriette who was looking to hire a male stripper

Mismanagement Committee 2011

Grandmasters: "Princess of Incest" (562)715-1708
 "Chinball Wizard" (562)858-6353
Hash Cash: "Hi Speed Copulator" (562)822-8400
 "6-9 Split" (562)858-6511
On Sec: "Special Head" (562)522-8774
 "Morning Cocktail" (562)338-5826
 snooze@snooze.lbh3.org
On Disk: "Mounds of Joy" (714)292-1035
 "Passing Wind" (562)533-2246
Brewmeisters: "Last Train" (714)SLIMEUP
 "Veteran of Foreign Whores" (559)681-3866
Munchmeister: "Wrect Him" (562)228-5199
 "Kammonawannaleia" (714)658-2595
Trailmaster: "Victoria's Secretion" (562)381-5592
Haberdashery: "J.A.K.O.B." (562)688-7572
 "2 Yung 2 Du" (562)338-5449
Hash Flash: "Ballsagna" (314)420-2654
 "Got Dibs" (714)350-8948

Webmeister-Snooze: pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com
Webmeister-General: "Wrect Him" jmorga11@gmail.com

Sunday, January 8 2012, 10:00 AM
27th Anniversary of LBH3

Run#: 1483 Hares *Hi Speed, Great Salt Lick* and *6-9 Split*
Location Long Beach, CA Cost 5.00

On Jan 6, 1985, the Long Beach Hash ran for the 1st time. Cum celebrate our special day with 3 young harriettes as they lay you a trail worthy (we're not worthy) of the Founders - Jock, Eject, and Zapata. Go south on the 710 and exit Anaheim go east over the bridge and make a right into the parking lot of the old West Coast Choppers shop. Bring \$ for the taco truck which will be at the end of the run.

REHASH: THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 374 Date: 1/5/1992 (20 years ago)
Place: Signal Hill Attendance: 52
Hares: *Glid'er In & Hotwire* Miles: 5.5 (2.5 w/flour)

The 7 Year Itch Run celebrated the 7th anniversary of LBH3, but the rain kept quite a few hashers away! When scribe **ATEPLAY** arrived, the first thing he noticed was hare **HOTWIRE** trying to remove mud (prelay?) from his shoes. Promptly at 10 AM, the hares were off straight through a muddy field. **POPSICKLE**, dressed in a poncho that resembled a condom, drank a beer while we waited the required 15 minutes. When **FRUIT** blew his whistle, some of the pack followed him through the mud while others headed down the street toward Willow. There was a beer check that only a few hashers found. From there, trail led up Signal Hill and down the other side. How original! Hare **HOTWIRE**, worried that the rain would wash away flour, attempted to make sure we could find his trail by laying down pieces of paper with arrows drawn on them in permanent marker. Nevertheless, the hares were snared on Spring Street by shortcutters **SHOKUNASHI**, **POPSICKLE**, **PIG IRON**, **PILE DRIVER** and others. Since it was still raining, the hares decided to end the run at Uncle Bill's where there was a roof overhead. The on-on was going to be here anyway, so it proved to be a good idea. (Uncle Bill's was a great bar that was in the building that is now Fantasy Castle.) As we entered the bar, the place became an exhibition of 'quick change' out of our wet clothes and into dry ones. We held our down-downs inside while the stragglers straggled in. We had no new boots, no new names, and Founder and GM **EJECT** got the hashit for cross-dressing and wondering if the hash would be cancelled due to the rain. We also gave a ceremonial down-down to **JOCK**, **EJECT** and **FRUIT OF THE LOOM** (standing in for **ZAPATA**) for founding LBH3 seven years previously. Hash Pusher (somewhere along the line the Bored position title got changed to Haberdasher) **GO GO DANCER** hawked commemorative t-shirts while we enjoyed more beer, chicken wings and buffalo burgers.



"So that's why little boys can run faster than little girls - BALL BEARINGS and STICK SHIFT!"

A cartoon illustration of a young boy and a young girl. The boy is on the left, wearing a striped shirt and pants, and the girl is on the right, wearing a dress and a bow in her hair. They are both smiling and looking towards each other.