

LBH3 Snoozeletter

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

August 31, 2006

Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

How I Spent My Summer Vacation by License to Thrill (as told to **Pillsbury Blow Boy**)

Summer was hard. Naturally, you're thinking that I'm talking about dealing with my Mom, grandparents and Dad, worrying about school, all that. No, I'm talking about puberty. As in, going through. It's a little weird, but I feel like I'm really starting to grow up, be responsible, and so on.

At the beginning of the summer, **Fishlips** asked if I would like to have a run with her and **Pillsbury** – the Blew Dress Run. Haring? Kew! Wearing a Blue Dress? Um, yeah... I'm OK with my sexuality... as long as I don't see anyone I know...

So, the summer fairly flew by – cross country practice started up, my Dad and I bonded over Xbox and stories of duct-taping classmates to flagpoles, and I spent some time romancing the ladies. It was a time where I could forget about school and the pressures of responsibility.

Finally, I got the call on Sunday... time to go scout the trail. "It's about fuc...er... foodally-doodally-ing time, dude." (Dad says swearing doesn't go over well with the ladies.) I had lots of neat ideas in my head for what we could do on trail, but I supposed I would have to defer to **Pillsbury** ('cuz I hear he's a real control freak).

Pillsbury picked me up to scout and on the front seat of his car was the most beautiful sight (OK, not the most... but top 10...er... top 1000 ever! (If you ask me, I'll tell you about 1 through 999, a la Wilt Chamberlain.)) – a red haring bag with my initials – LTT – embroidered (with duct tape) on the side. I hoped this was a good omen, and not a red herring!

We walked around Bluff Park and Belmont Heights, picking and choosing the best alleys for our trail. I had a few ideas, including taking trail to the end of the Belmont Pier and then swimming to one of those oil refinery islands. Snap back to reality – no one wants to swim 400 yards in a blue dress (except maybe for my Dad)!

Fishlips is really funny to scout with – we were

planning a beercheck at **Hitter in the Sh*tter**'s apartment. **Fishlips** kept saying, "We gonna have Mariquitas on Margarita... or something." (I wonder if her twins are as hot as she is... and I wonder if her pair of 15-year old daughters are cute, too.)

We checked out a bunch of bars – including the Reno Room, where Mom was a waitress. It was cool, because I just walked into the bars with my co-hares, and no one even asked me for an ID – either they think my "Mom" and "Dad" are with me or they think I'm 21! Way cool.



**Hey Lance,
the hat just
doesn't go
with the
dress.
Venus needs
to share
some fashion
tips with
you.**

We made a few more beer inquiries – Round Table, Murphy's, A.I., Kelly's, Black Crow, Limerick's and Ripples. We nixed a few of the choices, because it was best to limit the length of the trail. Better to piss off **Boy George** on a short trail (I wonder why he and **Royal Flush** are always trying to win the hash...) than the walkers (whiners) on a long trail.

Pillsbury took copious notes, and then we jogged back to the start (it only took about 10 minutes, so I calculated the distance as 2.7 miles, you know, based on my average pace), and made some decisions about scribing, how long to grow out my hair, college, and coordinating the beer and bag wagons. I volunteered to drive, but mentioned that I'm only allowed to do so on country roads or on my Dad's lap (hmm... maybe that's not such a good idea anymore).

As the week progressed, I was getting more and more nervous... the kind of nervous when you meet a cute girl, Google her, and hack into her MySpace account. I think I was less worried about

about the run and more worried about how I would look in the floral print dress **Pillsbury** bought for me or in Just David (**MTW**'s stepdad)'s dress from 3 years ago.

By T-minus-15 minutes on Thursday, I had a full flour bag, a floral print dress over a pair of ratty boxers, and the adoration from 3 sexy new boots. Lots of hashers got into the spirit of things – I remember **Ignorant F*ck** telling me that some people won't get dressed up, while others complain that the event besmirches Bill Clinton (who?).

Jesus Christ Superscar had on an extremely short dress (skirt?) that left little to the imagination. **Boy George** had a frock he said was conducive to his fast-twitch muscles (I asked **Tit Mitt** about that – she said "He's not talking about running."). **Snatch of the Day** and **Necrofishiatic**, as well as **Beefeater** (and son) and **Stumbelina**, made cute couples. And who could forget the belles of the ball – **Last Train**, **Sin D Bare** and Monica herself, **Howdy Do Me** (apparently, she's dyeing her hair red these days).

I barely had a chance to get some digits when **Pillsbury** said that we needed to be off. He mumbled some announcements, grabbed keys to the bag and beer wagons, and we were off. My job was to lay the first false. OK, run to the second set of stairs... where am I? Oh, well, just throw down some flour, and head up the stairs for the false. What? **Pillsbury** shouts that I am on the actual trail. Oops. Maybe running with this extra weight has depleted my brain.

We continue along Ocean, through alleys and streets, by **Accidental Tourist**'s new house (damn, should have done a beercheck there), and over to the alley behind **Tealy Dan**'s digs. The trail is supposed to go through his backyard, but the gate is locked. Heck, I can climb over, though it's harder in a dress. (I think **Fishlips** senses just how hard, 'cuz she's definitely looking up my dress, but more on that later.)

I keep running and forget to unlock the gate for my co-hares. We rest for about 5-6 minutes and I shotgun one or two beers, and my p*ssy co-hares drink water. We continue on trail and wend our way through a bunch of alleys en route to 2nd Street. It seems unfamiliar to all of us, since **Pillsbury** "lost" his detailed directions on the trail (He mentions something about **Dances With Squirrels** not being there to find them.).

Somehow, we make our way to 2nd Street and Murphy's. **Fishlips** gets 5 pitchers of Pabst Blew Ribbon. Again, she and **Pillsbury** drink water, and I discreetly take care of one of the pitchers. I think the alcohol is helping me forget that I just saw my Cross-Country coach and my Home Room teacher at the last intersection. It makes me barely aware that I've sweated completely through the dress and my boxers are riding up my ass.

With all the palm trees and sand, I think I'm on an Adhesion island. Burp. I hallucinate that I see Quincy walking **Sin D Bare** on a leash. Oh wait, not a hallucination. But we convince him to forego a snare and head back to the bar to console **Boy George** ('cuz the run was less than 11 miles).



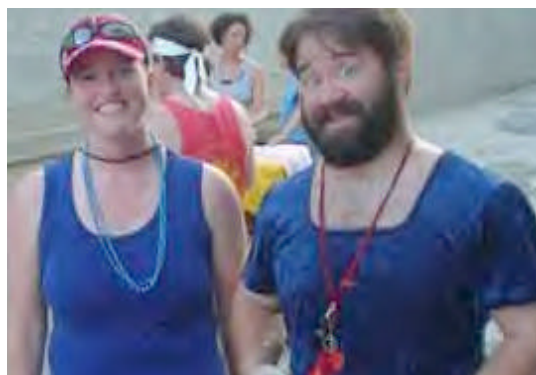
Hey Spread
'Em, we
have
something
for you!!
Cum and get
it.

We reach the On-In, and then **Pillsbury** and **Fishlips** have to go and retrieve the beer and bag wagons. I volunteer to help, but Dad's lap isn't in yet. My job is to watch their stuff and wait for the pack to come in. What they don't tell me is that I'm standing where horny Homos come cruising for dates. Great. (Though later, **Fishlips** compensates for this and for looking up my dress by giving me a private tit flash.)

When they return with the caravan of cars, I realize that my stuff is back in my Dad's car (at the start), so I'm forced to remain in the dress. Down-downs are the usual. **Crack** seems a bit off his game – maybe because he's not wearing any blue, or maybe because **Heinekey** gave me her phone number. The highlight has to be **Spread 'em B*tch**'s quest for her 69 patch. Some people are complaining that it's going on and on, but man, I could watch this for hours. I'm hoping that when I get my 69 patch, I can search **Spread'em, Flotation, Massive Two Tits** and **Blow Interest No Principles**, 'cuz that'd be an awesome adventure, eh?

Pillsbury ended up with the virtual hashitt for walking home (from downtown L.A.), though I think **Nice Hair Fag** should have gotten it for puking during a race (I mean, a r*ce) last weekend. Apparently, running faster than 11 minute miles upset his delicate constitution.

Well, I'm off to get ready for the start of school in a week or so... OK, not really. I'm actually trying to make good on the claims of the New Boots – that I made them cum! Until I hare again... On Out!



Who wore
it better?
Snatch of
the Day or
Necro-
Fishiatic?

This Date in History:

By LBH3's own Hashtorian, Alouette

Date: 3/11/1990 Run # 275

Location: City of Commerce, Vet's Memorial Park

PIG IRON and OFF were both virgin hares for this hash run. It has been called the PIG/OFF Marathon run totaling 8 great miles. When you think "City of Commerce" and "shiggy", well, they just don't go together. But the hares proved us wrong. It was a beautiful day for the first cumming of virgins! This first time, the hares found it all --- railroad tracks, lakes, rivers, some excellent checks (which led this Harriet astray)! They found tunnels, schools, parks, freeway on-ramps and off-ramps. They made slides (ah, the beauty of innocence). They cut obvious holes in fences and took us over bridges. The hares found fire hydrants and more fire hydrants - a fetish for fire hydrants? Is there something we don't know about those hares? We can now guess what happened to the forty pounds of flour the hares claimed to use: the local dogs peed all over it! ON CALL, the scribe for this hash, was also a virgin writer. Three new names were given at this trail - THUNDERTURD, ROCK HARD and REVOLTING. The two new boots were later named: Dave Lowry - WILLYSHAKER and Ken



Lee - UNIC. We still have OFF and PIG, and we know about ON CALL; wonder where the rest of them are now.

REMEMBER
- 1st LBH3
Sunday run
will be
September
10th.

Stumbelina, the lingerie run was LAST week.

SPECIAL HEAD Will be The Snooze Editor for September:

Deadline for Thursday night write-ups is Monday at 5 PM. Deadline for Sunday write-ups is Wednesday at 5 PM.

E-mail your write-ups, directions, etc to:
Snooze@lbh3snooze.org

RECEDING HARELINE

9/10/06	1185	HUNG LIKE A BUG - First Sunday Run
9/17/06	1186	DANCES WITH SQUIRRELS
9/24/06	1187	WET CLAM & SIN D BARE
10/1/06	1188	HITTER IN THE SHITTER
10/8/06	1189	LAST TRAIN, HEAD, 4H - Brewmeisters Run
10/15/06	1190	FLOTATION DEVICES
10/22/06	1191	GEEZER TEASER & Company
10/29/06	1192	BROOMHILDA & JCSS Halloween Hash

WEAKLY STATISTICS

RUN # 1182

Date: 8/24/06

Place: Long Beach, Junipero & Ocean

Miles: 3.54

Hares: FISH LIPS, LICENSE TO THRILL, PILLSBURY BLOW BOY

Weiners: BEN DOVER, ACROPOLIPS

Attendance: 89

New Boots: Milena Enguidanes, Susanne Kunz, Zakari Lawrence, Jessica Ruiz

Visitors: ASS THE OTHER VAGINA - LA, GRASSY ASS - SD, POUND PUPPY aka POLE POUNDER, ROLL MODEL - Houston

Returns: ACROPOLIPS, LEANING HARD. MICROSCREWERY, Steve Mills

Run Patches; BEN DOVER -400, SPREAD EM BITCH - 50, JAR JAR STINKS - 25

Hare Patches: none

Birthdays: none

New Names: none

Hashit: PILLSBURY - for missing the "last train" home from his Mensa meeting

On On: Panama Joes on 2nd Street

Run Notes: Beer checks at Murphy's & TEALY DAN's hours, zig zag thru streets and alleys

MISMANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Grandmasters: Eddie "Pinky" Scott (714) 965-2065
Chris "Just Say no To Crack" Miller (562) 696-1537

Hash Cash: JoAnn "6-9 Split" Levandoski (562) 422-3599
Nancy "Night Deposit" Mohler (310) 379-9040

On Sec: Susanne "Broomhilda" Gilmore (562) 423-6149
Bernice "Special Head" Banares (562) 522-8774
snooze@lbh3snooze.org

On Disk: Neva "Alouette" Higgins (714) 526-7823

Brewmeisters: Steve "Head & Shoulders" Cantril (562) 427-1513
Bill "Last Train" Nord (714) SLIMEUP

Munchmeisters: John "He's So Sweet: Kotlarski (562) 433-9633
Anne "Low Beams" Lattime (714) 775-6512

Trailmaster: Mark "Cum Nail Me" Davis (714) 850-1646

Hash Pushers: Victoria "Geezer Teaser" Rivera (714) 965-2062
Tammy "Blow Interest" Strong (714) 492-0117

Songmeister: Debbie "Corn Hole Hussie" Cantril (562) 427-1513

Hash Flash: Ben "Ben Dover" Almeida (323) 221-5905
Jaime "Buster Hymen" Ybarra (310) 872-6638

Webmeister: "HomoSaxual" - lbh3beer@hotmail.com

Webmeister - Snooze: pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com

LONG BEACH HASH HOUSE HARRIERS RUN # 1184
THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 7th, 2006 6:30 PM
HARES: ROYAL FLUSH and ROYAL FLUSH
LOCATION: San Pedro TG 824, C-6
COST: \$4.00

This is the LAST THURSDAY NIGHT RUN for LBH3 (well, until next April anyway) and also REDEMPTION RUN REDUX for ROYAL FLUSH. Directions: take the 110 Fwy South 'til it ends in San Pedro on Gaffey St. Make a left and go to 7th Street. Make a left. Go down 7th to Harbor Blvd. and go right. You will now go half a mile to the stop sign. You will see Bloch Baseball Field (according to Mapquest – the address is 1500 S. Harbor Blvd.) on the left side of the intersection. Go straight the throw of 3 hashits and make a left into the dirt parking lot.

This will be a tour of the historic waterfront of San Pedro & all it has to offer. The On-On will be at Walker's Café at the intersection of Paseo del Mar and Gaffey. P.S. Shortcutters, you will enjoy this one. On-On, ROYAL FLUSH.



ALOUETTE
Neva Higgins
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