

Long Beach H3 Snooze

Hash Hotline: (562) HAS HIT

April 29, 2010

Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

Virgin Hares, Virgin Trail...

Ain't No Virgin Scribe

by Nice Hair Fag, Jr.

(as told to Pillsbury Blow Boy)

Bump... Bump... Hee Hee. This is fun. Daddy was murmuring angrily to Mommy that Uncle **Pillsbury** had tricked him once again to hare Long Beach. (Oh, wait, Mommy says, "At least **Pillsbury**'s not haring.") In any case, it worked out VERY well for Mommy. She wanted to play volleyball on Monday with her buddies, so Daddy, me, **Not in Front of the Kids** (not in front of me, either), and **Gale Force Queef** (Oh, wait, Mommy says a Queef is a fun adult toy. But I want a Queef now!) went out to scout the trail for Thursday's run.

If you don't know me very well, I scouted my very first run in July 2008. That may be some kind of special record, because I wasn't born until December 2008!

Anyway, Daddy was pretty excited about the trail, because there was lots of great shiggy and 2 manned adult beverage checks (not his usual trash bags hidden in the bushes). Daddy was happy, too, because the run start was close to our house and there were a bunch of jungle gyms for me to play on (even though I prefer to run around in Hash Start parking lots – I like the element of danger... and the extra attention from Mommy and Daddy).

At the run start, once **Passing Wind** and **Achey Breaky Fart** started showing up to collect that green paper and make a bunch of checks on another piece of paper, I wanted to run all over that parking lot, but instead I pretended that I was locking myself in the car and driving away. Meanwhile, Daddy was running around trying to set up a bag wagon and get the keys to the adult beverage vehicle. (His virgin co-hares, by contrast were chatting nervously with their friends.)



Once Daddy had everything ready to go, he said something about "Orange County" rules, and fortunately, neither Mean Whistle Man nor Computer Dictator Lady were there to slap him upside the head. The two virgin hares had to chug a beer (and they were so excited – it was Sierra Nevada Pale Ale!) before they set out on trail. I waved bye-bye to Daddy and awaited the 15 minute time limit (which was timed independently by **Pillsbury Blow Boy, OFF and Howdy Do Me**).

The pack headed out on trail, and I could tell that they were all headed for Central Park, but Psych! I remembered that the trail went out by the bluffs. I shouted out "Dumb Asses! It's that way!" (Why does nobody understand me? Maybe it's for the best that my parents don't know that I know 4-letter words yet...) Fortunately, **Wynonna Juggs**'s dog (someone smaller than me) used its Bloodhound-sense and drew the pack in the correct direction. **Ignorant Luck** eventually caught up (don't know why he is running slower than **Ms. Juggs**...).

We came to an adult beverage check at **Not in Front of the Kids**'s car. We motored on, through some more greenery and up to a downed fence. I heard **Undercover** exclaim, "Why didn't I think of that? Drive my car through a fence to open up a trail!"

We went further and ended up in Central Park after all ("I slowed 'em for ya, Daddy, dint I?"), and ventured up through the Disc Golf course. A number of mildly inebriated hashers – **Aunt Venus**, **Uncle Lance-A-Nut** and **Grandpa Bust'er**, plus the generally crazy **Morning Cocktail** – walked aimlessly through the course, but not completely to the Monsternation of the golfers, because they were smokin' somethin' on the tee. (Oh, wait, Mommy says to say they were eating a carrot stick. Mmm... I like carrots.)

Bump... Bump... But no, the trail was a smooth park path, but there were some nice bumps at the second beer check on Gale Force Queef. I wish she didn't have so much covering her bumps up. She is cute and very fit, even though she made some negative comments about her lack of fitness. (Oh, wait, Mommy says I cannot date her for 10 more years.)

Mommy and I hopped in the car to drive back to the start to tell A.J. where the end was (Daddy forgot.) and left the pack to finish the trail. I was safely locked away in the car (earmuffs?), but I observed by looking at the reflection in the rearview mirror that down-downs were half over by the time Pillsbury, Bust'er and Donkey Punch finished trail. Hmm... What were they doing out there so long? (Oh, wait, Mommy says they were playing on the Monkey Business Bars. I love Monkey Business, too.)

I wanted to see the end of Down-Downs, but Mommy told everyone that it was my bedtime (but we were really going home to watch the Series Finale of Ugly Betty), so I didn't get to see the police show up, Numb Nuts and Chin Ball Wizard drink a beer with a 'penalty sleeve' on, and the ON-ON hijinks at the Carl's Jr. across the street.

In my humble opinion, this was the best Long Beach Trail that my Daddy has hared in my life, and probably this write-up ranks in the top 3 all time (of the write-ups I have done). I can't wait until I get to hare my first trail with my Daddy (Oh, wait, Mommy says that I already excel at throwing own my toys, so why not flour?).



LBH3 WEEKLY SNOOZE STATS

Run Date: 4/22/2010 **Run #:** 1388

Hares: Gail Force Squeeze,
Nice Hair Fag, Not In Front of Kids.

Place: Huntington Beach **Miles:** 4.5

Attendance: 71

New Boots: Kelly Magnus,
Britta Brown, Meghan Boylan,
Harumi Maglasang

Returners: Stings When I Pee,
Cart Tart

Visitors: Donkey Punch OCH3

New Names: Whole Blow Out

Patches: Wynonna Juggs-25

Run Notes: Chilly, ocean beach, parks,
mobile home park, 2 beer checks, cops
at down downs(given 10 min to leave),
complaining people in new houses that
weren't there the last time on in was
there, cold, freezing and did I
mention chilly.

Hashit: Wrect Him - Didn't have
bananas for munchies so new boot who
liked to SUCK on bananas could have
one.

ON ON: Tumble Weeds

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

Receding Hareline

<u>Date</u>	<u>Run#</u>	<u>Hares</u>	<u>Comments</u>	<u>City</u>
5-13	1391	Morning Cocktail	The REAL Cinco De Mayo run	TBA
5-20	1392	<i>OPEN!!</i>	<i>Contact Pillsbury to Hare!!</i>	
5-27	1393	Phallus in Pornoland & Moanin' F*r	Birthday Run	TBA
6-3	1394	<i>OPEN!!</i>	<i>Contact Pillsbury to Hare!!</i>	

REHASH: THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

Run # 829 Date: 4/27/2000 (10 years ago)
 Place: Belmont Shore
 Hares: LIPOSUCKTHIS & WILL WORK FOR FOOD
 Miles: 5 Attendance: 117

This Thursday evening's hash brought us to Marina Vista Park. The pack was huge; the hares admitted to only scouting the trail once, and the scent of hare snare was in the air. While the pre-run pre-lube was underway, **ALOUETTE** cuddled Big Pink, a surrogate for the absent **WILD BILL** who was in Portugal. **HOWDY** smuggled an open beer into **FOOD's** flour bag, which would ultimately result in the pack following a trail of "flour biscuits." When the pack was finally off, we headed west to a check at 3rd and Nieto. Trail then headed north into the VA Hospital and CSULB. Soon we came upon evidence of Hare Snare # 1 by **PMS**. We proceeded across 7th Street to Hare Snare # 2 by **NUT N' HONEY**. We then turned south through Bixby Village Golf Course to Hare Snare # 3 by **LITTLE WHOPPER** and **IGGY**. After we ran through the parking lot of Live Bait and the beer check attended by **HOLD THE PICKLE**, we came across Hare Snare #4 by **MARV ALBERT**. After we passed the Golden Sails Hotel and Los Cerritos Channel, we came upon Hare Snare #5 by **8 YELLOW SNOW**. We then ran past some condos and to unsigned Hare Snare #6. Soon we reached the on-in located in a muddy field with oil derricks and construction equipment. Down-downs commenced promptly. **GM's** **DOUBLE ENTRY** and **STALKER GUMP** bestowed an impromptu hash name on FRB Just Laura when **STALKER** somehow misheard her "I'm speechless" as "I'm **FISH LIPS**." Patches were awarded to **FREE SAMPLES** (100) and **WILL WORK FOR FOOD** (269.) The hashit went to **CORN HOLE HUSSIE** for bragging that she never gets it ... the hashit, that is. The on-on was at Limericks where the hares were finally able to get some rest and relaxation after their multiple-snaring ordeal.

ALSO IN APRIL 2000 - Run # 825 on 4/2 - Just John gets named **BUTT BUDDY**.



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	

Thursday, May 6 2010, 6:30 PM

The 2010 Sextoe of Mayo dash for the US Hash!

Run 1390

Hares *Bust Her Hymen* and *Victoria Secretions*

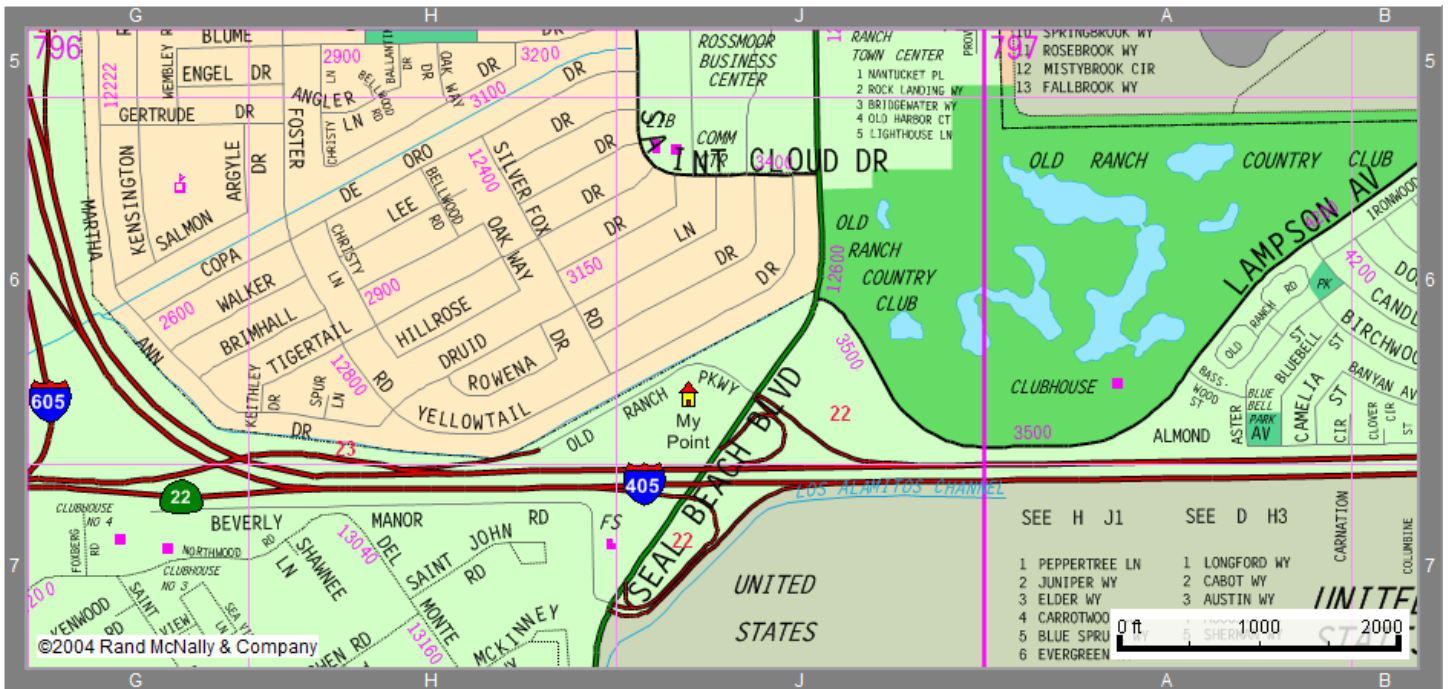
Location Long Beach(ish)!

Thomas Guide 796-J6

Cost 5 pesos

Heading South on the 405 from LA, Head south till your almost in the OC.
Take the SEAL BEACH BL/LOS ALAMITOS BL exit onto SEAL BEACH BLVD
toward LOS ALAMITOS/ROSSMOOR go 0.73 mi. Turn LEFT on OLD RANCH
PKY. Go behind the office complex on your left and LFH.

Heading north on the 405, take exit #22/SEAL BEACH BLVD/LOS ALAMITOS
go 0.26 mi. Continue on OLD RANCH PKY. Go behind the office complex on your
left and LFH.



Alouette

Neva Higgins

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